

### The Pages of Congress.

Fifty of the brightest boys of the United States are employed at the national Capitol as pages to Congress. Little fellows of from twelve to sixteen years of age, each with a round, shining silver badge on the lapel of his coat labeled with his number, they run in and out of the halls, now darting through the aisles under the very nose of a member who is making a great speech, now carrying great armfuls of books to one Congressman, and now taking a letter to post for another, bringing a glass of water to the man who is speaking.

Here one is moving about with a great album in which he asks each of the members to write his name; and there are others busy taking the cards of ladies in the reception-rooms to some Congressman whom they wish to call out.

The pages of Congress are gathered from the four quarters of the United States. They are chosen by the sergents-at-arms of each House, and represent nearly every State. The pay of a page is two dollars and a half a day, for the session, including Sundays, though there is no work for them on that day. They generally save some of their money, but they must spend enough of it to keep themselves well dressed. They do not have a very hard time, and on ordinary days their hours are from 9 o'clock until the House adjourns, at four or five. About half of their Saturdays are holidays, as the Congress often adjourns Friday over to Monday.

The daily sessions begin at noon, but the boys must be present earlier and file each Congressman's bills for him.

After Congress meets they have plenty to do in running errands. During a night session they grow very sleepy, and as a general thing they are not asked to remain. When a member wants a page he claps his hands, and the pages, who, when not busy, are generally standing about the clerk's desk, in front of the House, or sitting on the stairs leading to the Speaker's chair, run to him for their orders.

There are thirty-six pages in the House of Representatives, and fourteen in the Senate. Two of the House pages are mounted, and it is their duty to carry letters and messages on horseback for Congressmen from the Capitol building to all parts of the city. They ride to the Capitol, put the letters in a pouch, which they carry by a strap across their shoulders, and then ride off for answers to them.

Sometimes these boys carry notes to the President, sometimes to the Secretary of War, sometimes to the Attorney General, and, in fact, to all the great departments of the Government. They enjoy their work, and they are a little envied by the boys who stay under cover. Speaker Carlisle, the tall, grave, smooth-faced man who presides over the House, has a page for himself, as have also the sergeant-at-arms of the House and its clerk.

The pages are chosen by the sergeant-at-arms of the two Houses, and before they are admitted to work they must take the oath of allegiance to the United States.

Is the position a good one for the boys? Well, on the whole, and for, perhaps, one session, yes. The associations are not bad, and if bad boys are discovered among those chosen, they are quickly dismissed for fear they may corrupt the others. The duties of a page compel him to be polite and gentlemanly, and he learns a great deal. During the recesses of the House they often discuss among themselves bills and questions which would be thought beyond their comprehension, and they delight in aping their Congressional masters.—*Youth's Companion*.

### Wall of a Crusty Old Bachelor.

What is married but mismatched—too often married? Nature plays many high old quirks and quirks. She wraps gratitude and affection in the hide of a dog, and swaddles baseness and brutality in broadcloth and fine linen. She permits two-legged donkeys to bray in our legislative halls and dine at our Delmonicos, while their superiors in every worthy quality and qualification munch coarse straw in a thousand unchinked country stables. She builds quadruped men and biped swine. But all her oddest, maddest freaks are tame and rational compared with the wild whimsies of love and marriage. Look where you will, what a world of tangles and misfits. All jumbled, lop-sided, ill-assorted and middle-flummixed. No incongruity is too crazy, no vagary too monstrous. Eagles mate with moles, and swans with hedgehogs. Tom Thumbs pine for she Goliaths. Sons of Anak wed human humming-birds. Mighty-brained heroes and statesmen rave over little butterflies, puny wax dolls, taffy-faced pygmies; and women who would grace a court ally themselves with counter-hoppers, numbskulls and boobies. Kings bow down to ballet dancers and queens take refuge in the arms of cooks and coaches. Who ever heard of a half-dozen Presidents' wives. While Andrew Jackson ran the White House like an emperor, or his old wife, for whom he murdered Dickinson, smoked her cob pipe in the backwoods of Tennessee. Where are, and where have been, all the Mr. Hemans, Mr. Ristoris, Mr. Harriet Beecher Stowes and Mr. Jennie Junes? Every fellow gets the wrong woman, and no woman gets the right fellow. And in all lands and climes, in every condition and estate, the Cupid-wounded, hymen-bound gosling and gosling have a hard road to travel to a paradise of squash—an imaginary elysium, whose roses are too often rue. To love is to be ecstasically miserable. To court is to vibrate between the orthodox and the Japanese hells—from a hell of fire to a hell of

ice. To marry is to plunge headlong into both at once, and to take the chances of looking forever like one-half of a Caroline chariot team, which usually consists of a blind jack and a mooly cow, or a scrubby calf and a knock-kneed jennet. Marriage has been likened to fies on a dining-room window—all on the outside are butting their heads against the glass to get in, and all on the inside are butting their heads against it to get out; and, go which way it will, there is always a pane ahead of them. In view of all the chances, the only wonder is that any flies are foolish enough to want to get in.—*Col. Pat Donan*.

### His Mother.

Captain Jack Crawford, the poet scout, pays the following eloquent tribute to his mother: "I had a Christian mother, my earliest recollections of whom was kneeling at her side praying God to save a wayward father and husband. That mother taught me to speak the truth when a child, and I have tried to follow her early teachings in that respect. It would require a much larger book than this to tell the story of my life and the sufferings of one of God's good angels—my mother. To her I owe everything—truth, honor, sobriety, and my very life. Her spirit seems to linger near me always; she has been my guardian angel. In the camp, the cabin, the field and the hospital, on the lonely trail hundreds of miles from civilization, in the pine-clad hills and lonely canyons, I have heard in the moaning night winds and in the murmuring streamlets, The voice of my angel mother whispering soft and low.

"And these sacred thoughts have made me forget at times that there was danger in my pathway. Nor will I ever forget

The day that we parted, mother and I,  
Never on earth to meet again;  
She to a happier home on high,  
I a poor wanderer on the plain.

"That day was perhaps the greatest epoch in my life. Kneeling by her bedside, with one hand clasped in mine, the other resting on my head, she whispered, 'My boy, you know your mother loves you. Will you give me a promise that I may take it up to heaven?' 'Yes, yes, mother, I will promise you anything.' 'Johnny, my son, I am dying,' said she; 'promise me that you will never drink intoxicants, and then it will not be so hard to leave this world.' Dear reader, need I tell you that I promised 'yes,' and whenever I am asked to drink, that scene comes up before me and I am safe."—*Ex.*

### A Heartless Boy.

Boys of a certain age are sometimes singularly lacking in every sentiment of tenderness and feeling. When arrived at this trying age, boys are a source of infinite terror and mortification to their family and friends.

They have no secrets; they tell everything they know and more too.

A lady tells the following story in illustration of the lack of feeling manifested by a certain hobble-de-hoy boy at a time of general sorrow among other members of his family.

"The family was poor and ignorant," says the lady. "I heard one day that an older daughter of the family had died suddenly, and I went over to the house to see if I could be of any assistance. I found the entire family, with the exception of a boy 10 years old, giving way to the most violent grief. There was such a hubbub I could hardly make myself heard when I spoke.

"After nearly an hour's effort I succeeded in quieting the family down, and was about to take my departure when a girl of 15 or 16 suddenly glanced over her shoulder in the direction of the corpse and screamed out:

"Oh, my poor sister Nanny! The boy referred to scowled furiously, clenched his fist, and flying across the room gave the weeping girl a vigorous blow, saying as he did so:

"Now, you! you want to start me up again, hey?"

"His reproof came too late. 'Maw' was 'started up again,' and all my efforts to calm her and the rest of the screaming family were unavailing."—*Detroit Free Press*.

### Canvas-Back.

"What kind of a fowl do you call this?" asked a boarder of a K street landlady, as he sawed away at a piece of his plate.

"Why, Mr. Jones, that's duck—the real genuine canvas-back," she answered in indignant astonishment.

"Canvas-back, eh?" he queried. "Well, I should say the canvas had slipped around in front. Bring me a pair of scissors."—*Washington Critic*.

MEN in the lumbering camps of Northern Maine and Canada have to depend so largely upon salted foods that they have a great craving for acids, and if they can not get raspberries or blueberries will seek and eat with avidity the large black ants which can be readily found in decayed timber.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly*.

Restful Nights, Days Free from Torture, to his rheumatic sufferer who resorts to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. That this benign cordial and depurative is a far more reliable remedy than colchicum and other poisons used to expel the rheumatic virus from the blood, is a fact that experience has satisfactorily demonstrated. It also enjoys the advantage of being unlike them perfectly safe. With many persons it relieves them perfectly. To rheumatism exists, which renders them liable to attacks after exposure, in wet weather, to cold winds, air, changes of temperature, or cold when the body is hot. Such persons should take a wineglass or two of the Bitters as soon as possible after incurring risk from the above causes, as this superb protective effectually nullifies the hurtful influence. For the functional derangements which accompany rheumatism, such as colic, spasms in the stomach, palpitation of the heart, imperfect digestion, etc., the Bitters is also a most useful remedy. It is only necessary in obstinate cases to use it with persistency.

Des Moines, Iowa.

Always look for the Z Stamp in red, on front of Wrapper, and the Signature of J. H. Zeilin & Co. on the side. None other is genuine.

### Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expressage, and \$8 carriage hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

613 rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the **Grand Union Hotel** than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

### He Ought to Pay Some of Them.

A gentleman met Senator Beck for the first time in a dozen years, and the greeting was cordial.

"Ah, Senator," said the friend, "you don't look a day older than you did the last time I saw you."

"I'm a little grayer, possibly," suggested the Senator, with a pleased smile.

"You are looking in excellent health, too," pursued the friend.

"Thank you. And do you know," continued the Senator, "that I am 64 years old and I never paid but one doctor's bill in my life, and that for a broken arm."

"Is that so?" asked the friend in surprise.

"Fact, I assure you."

"Well, Senator," said the friend, with a significant smile, "don't you think it is almost time you were paying some of them and preserving your credit?"

The Senator moved for an executive session and presented a bill of exceptions.—*Washington Critic*.

It is always safer to err in favor of others than of ourselves.

### Youthful Indulgence

in pernicious practices pursued in solitude, is a most startling cause of nervous and general debility, lack of self-confidence, and will power, impaired memory, despondency, and other attendant of wrecked manhood. Sufferers should address, with 10 cents in stamps, for large illustrated treatise, pointing out unfailing means of perfect cure, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A SCIENTIST says that a very strong solution of salt applied boiling hot will preserve wood. This is important to those whose wood pile has to be protected by a spring gun.

BETTER results are derived from Hall's Hair Renewer than from any similar preparation.

A SAILOR need never starve while at sea. He can get bread at the Sandwich Islands and milk at Cows.

### ROUGH ON ITCH.

"Rough on Itch" cures skin humors, eruptions, ring worm, tetter, salt rheum, frosty feet, chilblains, itch, ivy poison, barber's itch. 50c. jars.

### ROUGH ON CATARRH

corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic cases; also unequalled as gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.

### ROUGH ON PILSES.

Why suffer Piles? Immediate relief and complete cure guaranteed. Ask for "Rough on Piles." Sure cure for itching, protruding, bleeding, or any form of Piles. 50c. At Druggists' or Mailed.

### A Most Liberal Offer!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated VOLTAIC BELTS and Electric Appliances on thirty days' trial to any man afflicted with Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, Manhood, etc. Illustrated pamphlets in sealed envelope with full particulars, mailed free. Write them at once.

"Rough on Ratz" clears out Ratz, Mice. 15c.

"Rough on Corns," hard or soft corns, bunions, 15c.

"Rough on Toothache." Instant relief. 15c.

WELL'S HAIR BALMAM.

If gray, restores to original color. An elegant dressing, softens and beautifies. No oil nor grease. A Tonic Restorative. Stops hair coming out; strengthens, cleanses, heals scalp, 50c.

"ROUGH ON RILE" PILLS

start the bile, relieve the bilious stomach, thick, aching head and overloaded bowels. Small granules, small dose, big results, pleasant in operation, don't disturb the stomach. 25c.

Why go limping around with your boots run over when Lyon's Heel Stiffeners will keep them straight.

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

### Another Life Saved.

Mrs. Harriet Cummings, of Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: "Early last winter my daughter was attacked with a severe cold, which settled on her lungs. We tried several medicines, none of which seemed to do her any good, but she continued to get worse, and finally raised large amounts of blood from her lungs. We called in a family physician, but he failed to do her any good. At this time a friend who had been cured by DR. WM. HALL'S BALMAM FOR THE LUNGS advised us to give it a trial. We then got a bottle, and she began to improve, and by the use of three bottles was entirely cured."

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### Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chills, sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scorful, or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption, send 10 cents in stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE most gigantic sharks in the world are said to be found near Australia. Of course this discovery makes the New York bar mad, but facts are facts.

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A KANSAS editor has carried phonetic spelling to a fine point. His paper alludes to "11worth."

If you suffer with chills and fever, take Ayer's Ague Cure. It will cure you.

THE red flag is righteously transformed into the red rag.

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