

Congratulations on Marriage.

About the first of March a Colorado editor took two very important steps, viz: he sold out his paper and took in a life partner. Perhaps he had to do the one to carry him triumphantly through the ceremonies and trip incident to the latter. Be that as it may, the knot was tied, and "Dicer Swift" addressed the following open letter to him. There is an originality and freshness in it not found in any "Complete Letter Writer," and it is safe to say that the fair bride has pasted it in a scrap-book for future reference:

FRIEND CHARLIE: It is with the most profound sense of joy that I address your journalistic nobbs on this gleesome occasion.

I learned by yesterday's mail of your great luck in the capture of a winsome, winning maiden to share your meal ticket, and free transportation over all railroads and their leased lines. The blind goddess of love has swooped down upon your lonely sanctum, and partially bereft you of your old-time freedom. Where the merry popping of beer-bottle corks and stale chestnuts was once heard throughout the silver hours, now the brain repository is comparatively quiet and measurably still. The nut-cracker is broken at the handle, and the corkscrew is twisted out of shape, and buried in the back yard.

The glad smile that now welcomes you when you turn in at evening's hallowed hour, although it come from but one pair of lips, is worth twenty per cent. more than that of the hours of other days, and the grocery bill mocks the languid pocket-book.

I don't know what it is to be married. Love has never caught onto me fractionally, and sat down on my neck, and walloped me around the cook stove and up over the flour barrel, but I can enter into your heart and see the internal workings of your warm affections.

Cupid has at last given you your first wife, with a full set of natural teeth; she is now the peri of your home circle, and for many years to come will stand the racket of matrimony without ground feed. She is your one vast wealth of wife, and you must teach her to shun the job press like she would the deadly chewing-gum, or some day she will fit to the limitless hence.

Marriage, however, is the aim of all mankind; it is also the aim of woman-kind. We can not live always on the catch-as-catch-can plan, and be happy.

We are born into this world without our knowledge or consent, and we jump into matrimony like a fireman rushing to a burning brewery or a female seminary.

To-day you rejoice that you still live, and your humble home howls with mirth and music. You have brought a wife to your fireside to gladden your declining years, and make life interesting to you.

Now, to be sure, some of your old mashes are stricken, and they feel as one who don't care whether the next circus stops at Canon or not; but that will soon pass away and the sun will once more light up their pathway.

When the spring round-up comes along some pleasant sunny day, it will bring to them some bullionaire, in leather pants with the seat cut out, who will far surpass and everlasting lay over a poor plodding molder of public opinion.

In closing, I desire to express my hope that ere this letter has reached you the first quarter of your honeymoon has passed, and that you are beginning to take your meals at regular intervals.

Give my love to your bride when you have leisure, and believe me to be always your solid pard and co-celebrator in any event of this kind which may ever occur to you in the hereafter.

Should a rime-nipped subscription list ever knock your paper galley-west, and throw a shadow over your home, do not hesitate to draw on me for what genuine grief and sympathy you need to carry you through.

Yours with a sob in one hand and a smacker in the other. Dicer Swift.

P. S.—Please send me about five extra copies of this week's paper, not necessarily to put under carpets, but to show good faith, and to help my best girl reconstruct her bustle. Dicer.

The Death of General Wolfe.

General James Wolfe led the English army sent in 1759 to take Canada from the French. The battle was fought on the Heights of Abraham, above Quebec, September 13, 1759. On the night before, the British had climbed the precipitous cliffs, and by daybreak were marshaled for battle in the rear of the French army. Hastily the soldiers were drawn from the trenches before the city, and sent to check the advancing columns of the enemy. The ground was uneven, and the lines advanced brokenly. The British reserved their fire till the columns were within forty yards, then discharged their musketry. The close fire threw the French into confusion. Wolfe was leading his advance in person, and now ordered a charge. But the French, who had a gallant leader also, rallied and pushed their enemies back. Wolfe was wounded, and in urging a second charge was again struck. Still pressing forward, a third ball wounded him in the breast, and he fell just as his soldiers made another charge and were victorious. As the dying commander was being carried toward the rear, the shouts of victory fell upon his ear. "They flee!" cried one of the attendants who were bearing him. "Who flee?" asked the dying hero. "The French are running everywhere," said the officer. "Then I die happy," said the General, and expired.—*Inter Ocean*.

One is never conscientious during action; only the looker-on has a conscience.

Deserved Promotions.

President R. R. Cable, of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway, announces the appointment of E. St. John as Assistant General Manager of that company. Some months ago Mr. St. John received the appointment of assistant to the General Manager, and then assumed the duties which fall to the position which he now takes. There will be but one comment on the gentleman's promotion, and that, that in qualification, ability, and past devotion to the interests of the corporation he has served so long and well he fully deserves the place he has been chosen to fill. In whatever capacity he has been tested, from the lowest round of the ladder up through the various grades, he has demonstrated his entire fitness for the duties and interests intrusted to his charge, and discharged them so well that advancement on merit was also a certainty of the future. His record is one that he may well be proud of, and those officials and opponents who have crossed swords with him in the numerous tilts that have enlivened Western railway history in the past will be the first to concede his eminent fitness for any position embraced in the railway world. A close student of railway problems, an acute observer of passing events, forcible, and with a touch of combativeness, when the aggressive is the right method, he has made his influence felt at the right time and place. That he will be universally congratulated is assured, and, better still, there will be no touch of envy or jealousy in the chorus.

Mr. St. John entered the railway service in 1862, as clerk in the general ticket office of the Quincy and Toledo Road. On July 4, 1863, he became attached to the Rock Island General Ticket Department, progressing through various grades until on June 1, 1879, he was appointed General Passenger and Ticket Agent, a position he has continued to hold to date.

The vacancy made by Mr. St. John's advancement promotes Mr. E. A. Holbrook to the position of General, and Mr. George H. Smith to that of Assistant General Passenger Agent. Both gentlemen deserve the recognition thus given, and will doubtless make equally good records in the future as in the past.—*Chicago Times*.

Surest Tranquillizer of the Nerves.

The surest tranquillizer of the nerves is a medicine which remedies their supersensitivity by invigorating them. Over-tension of the nerves always weakens them. What they need, then, is a tonic, not a sedative. The latter is only useful when there is intense mental excitement and an immediate necessity exists for the quietude of the brain. Hostetter's Bitter is a sure tranquillizer of the nerves by giving them with the power requisite to bear, without being harsh or disturbing unhealthfully, the ordinary impressions produced through the media of sight, hearing, and reflection. Nay, it does more than this—it enables them to sustain a degree of tension from mental application which they would be totally unable to endure without its assistance. Such, at least, is the irresistible conclusion to be drawn from the testimony of business and professional men, litterateurs, clergymen, and others who have tested the fortifying and reparative influence of this celebrated tonic and reagent.

A Cap. Breton Parson.

He was a tall, angular parson of the old severe Presbyterian type. As the local idiom has it, "You world know by his English that he had the Gaelic." He was preaching in a brother parson's pulpit to a congregation who were strangers to him. Descanting on the lamb as a type of gentleness, meekness, etc., etc. said:

"The lamb is quite and kind. The lamb is not like the other beasts—the lion, and the tiger, and the wolf. Ye will not be runnin' away from the lamb. No. The lamb is kaind; the lamb will not eat ye, whatever."

"And there is food in the lamb, too. Oh, yes, you will be killin' the lamb and the sheep when the cold weather will come in the winter. You will be wantin' some good strong food in the winter, and it is then you will be killin' the lamb."

"And there is clothing in the lamb—he is good for the clothing. You will tek the wool off him, and you will mek clothes for yourselves. And how would you and I look without clothing?" etc.

At the close of the exercises he gave out the following very peculiar notice, to explain which I must state that ravages had been made among the Presbyterian flock by the influence of a divine of a different persuasion: "And there will most likely be a family from X. that will be baptized here after meetin' on Friday night, but"—here he leaned forward, and added, in a loud stage-whisper—"ye'll no be saying a word about it, dear bretheren, as I do not think they want it known."—*Harper's Magazine*.

A colored servant girl who was sick with malarial fever refused to take medicine, but sent to a negro sorcerer, who gave her a bottle containing a live lizard, with instructions to place it under her pillow. After she had grown very ill her master made her throw the lizard away and take proper medicine.

"A Great Strike."

Among the 150 kinds of Cloth Bound Dollar Volumes given away by the Rochester (N. Y.) American Rural Home for every \$1 subscription to that great 8-page, 48-col, 16-year-old weekly (all 5x7 inches, from 800 to 900 pages, bound in cloth) are:

Law Without Lawyers, Danielson's (Medical) Family Encyclopedia, Counselor, Farm Encyclopedia, Boys' Useful Pastimes, Farmers' and Stock-Five Years Before the breeders' Guide, Mast, Common Sense in Poul, Popular His. of United States, Universal History of What Every One Should Know, Popular His. Civil War (both sides).

Any one book and paper one year, all postage paid, for \$1.15! Satisfaction guaranteed. Reference: Hon. G. R. Parsons, Mayor of Rochester. Samples, 2c. Rural Home Co., Ltd., Rochester, N. Y.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expressage, and \$3 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.

Drinking in Burmah.

A correspondent of the *Indian Good Templar* writes from Bhamo: "Burmah is a fearful place for cheap drink and heavy crime; the native manufacture what is called shaun-sho; it is supposed to be made from rice and lime. One may form an idea of its power when I assure you that it will dissolve a Martini-Henry bullet in thirty minutes. It burns the inside out of those who drink it. We are glad to hear from the same source that determined efforts are being made by Burmah Good Templars to suppress the sale of this fiery poison, and they have no doubt that Government will take action shortly in the matter in their own interest, if not in that of the temperance cause. Among other doubtful mercies, Burmah will be favored with a revised abkarry ruling, which is sure to moderate the strength of this dreadful poison. Much more to the point are those efforts now being taken by members of our order to have temperance pledges widely circulated, and an alliance formed against the ruinous traffic."

The Weaker Sex

are immensely strengthened by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all female derangements, and gives tone to the system. Sold by druggists.

MISPLACED switches cause a great deal of trouble, not only to railroads but also in the family circle.

HALL'S Hair Renewer is cooling to the scalp and cures all itching eruptions.

FAME is a greasy pole.—*Unknown philosopher*. And it takes a deal of sand to climb it.—*Merchant Traveler*.

A PHYSICIAN, writing of extraordinary fecundity, says that when he was in practice in Northern Vermont he had the care of a family in which the mother had given birth to twenty-five children, having three pairs of twins in the crib at one time. This woman had two sisters who had borne respectively twenty-two and eighteen children. "It is needless to say that all three families are poor in a financial sense," remarks the doctor.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly*.

Nothing Like It.

No medicine has ever been known so effective in the cure of all those diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood as SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA, OR BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, the universal remedy for the cure of Scrofula, White Swellings, Rheumatism, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions, Venereal Sores, and Diseases, Consumption, Goitre, Boils, Cancers, and all kindred diseases. There is no better means of securing a beautiful complexion than by using SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA, OR BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, which cleanses the blood and gives permanent beauty to the skin.

THIN PEOPLE.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health, and cures Dyspepsia, Malaria, Impotence, Nervous Debility, Consumption, Wasting Diseases, Decline. It has cured thousands, will cure you.

HEART PAINS.

Palpitation, Dropical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Ague, Liver and Kidney Complaint, Sleeplessness cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." Elegent Tonic for Adults or children.

LIFE PRESERVER.

If you are losing your grip on life try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots. Great Appetizer, and aid to Digestion, giving strength to stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels.

APPLIED EXTERNALLY,

IT IS THE MOST EFFECTIVE AND BEST LINIMENT ON EARTH FOR CURING SUDDEN COLDS, CHILLS, PAINS IN THE STOMACH, CRAMPS, SUMMER AND BOWEL COMPLAINTS, SORE THROAT, &c.

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