

SOME MEASLE STORIES.

Philosopher Arp Comforts the Children with Thrilling Tales.

[Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.] The measles have come again—the measles and the meanest sort of measles. Eight of the flock have long since graduated in all the infantile diseases and have their diplomas, and now Carl and Jessie are down and it takes lots of nursing, for they are real sick. They are tender-hearted now, very, and want their mother or me close by or in sight all the time. I sit between their two beds and tell them stories and have to hold a hand of each to keep them even. When I lovingly fondle one I have to fondle the other, too, for they are jealous. The old stories have to be repeated. There is the beaver-dam story and the runaway nigger and the black pony and Tip from the Yankees and my school butter scrape and some others that I have a patent on, and I have brought them all along down the corridors of time and cheered many a weary hour for our restless, eager children.

Then I told these measly children about my going to Boston with my father and mother and brother when I was only eight years old. How we took passage in a sail vessel from Savannah, and were out forty days at sea, and had awful storms, and at last were run into by another vessel in fog as we neared the harbor, and how our own vessel went down, and the passengers all had to get aboard the other vessel, and how my mother would not consent to come home by sea, and my father had to buy a carriage and two black mares, and also bought a black pony for my brother and me to ride on, and how my father's sister came home with us and Mr. Maltbie, who was his schoolmate, and so there were four in the carriage and two boys on the pony, and we came all the way to Georgia and it took over two months, and we never crossed a railroad nor saw one, for there was not one to cross, and how I had to ride behind most of the time, and one day as we saw some wild grapes up in a vine over our heads, my brother got me to stand up on the pony's back so as to reach them, and as I swung up to the vine he rode off and left me hanging there, and I got mad and cried and waited for the carriage to come up, and I told on him, yes I did, and they let me ride in the carriage until I got over my pouts.

Then I told these measly children that my good father was dead and my dear mother was dead and my brother was dead, and so was my aunt and Mr. Maltbie and the two mares and the pony, and the carriage was worn out and gone, and I only was left. Then they put their measly arms around my old neck and kissed me so lovingly that I was glad I was not dead.

Mrs. Arp flies round all the day fixing up something. She makes them chicken soup, and tastes it and seasons it and tastes it again, and she fixes up toast and gelatine, and she feels of their feet forty times a day to see if they are warm, and she doses them with onion juice, and she keeps a camphor flannel on their breasts to make their old measly cough easier, and she keeps the room dark to keep the light from hurting their measly eyes, and away in the night she is slipping and sliding around like a ghost and putting her hand on their measly foreheads to see if they haven't got fever or something. Such is life in this measly world, and we must take it as it comes, and be calm and serene, measles or no measles. She is reading old Robinson Crusoe to them now, but by and by she will stop, and then they will be yelling for me. I thought that our crop was laid by, but it has got the measles, just like the cotton sometimes takes the rust.

A Street of Tombs.

An interesting discovery has lately been made in the direct line between Pompeii and Nocera. The digging of a well in a vineyard revealed the existence of a street of tombs, about one thousand feet east of the amphitheater of Pompeii. If the whole street is as closely lined with tombs as is the portion laid bare, it will be one of the most important discoveries lately made in that part of the world, but unfortunately money is wanting, so that the excavation is going on very slowly. Most of the tombs are covered with rude inscriptions painted in red, many of them being in the nature of advertisements, the tombs thus serving the purpose of a newspaper along the much frequented road. The exact date has not yet been accurately ascertained, but they probably belong to the periods of Julius Caesar and Tiberius. A contrast may be drawn between the condition at Pompeii and that of Pergamon, which, although double the size of Pompeii, has, thanks to the Prussian Government, been laid clear within eight years. In the latter, beautiful, finely painted statues, votive offerings to Athena, and belonging to the sixth century, B. C., have been found buried in earth and literally forming the foundation of the houses above. Their style of art is one hitherto not supposed possible at so remote a period, and they cause the ruins of Pompeii to appear quite modern. The discovery of an aqueduct, which probably dates back to the time of King Solomon, is reported from Jerusalem, and it is confidently anticipated that the further excavation of it will bring to light some extremely interesting and valuable inscriptions.

THE minstrel show may be dead, but the people never grow tired of sitting up with the corpse.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

JONES has named his dog Wellington, because of the animal's proficiency in rending a bone apart.

Where Are Tom Paine's Bones?

Some six or seven years ago I was returning from Winchester to Waterlo, when London bookseller got into the train at Farnham, and recognizing me as a customer of his, we entered into conversation. He told me he had been to the sale of the effects of Cobbett's sister, who, I believe, had recently died, and among the articles he had purchased was a trunk, which he believed to be full of Cobbett's pamphlets, but upon unpacking after purchase he found a paper containing human bones, and marked "The Bones of Tom Paine." Having them in the train, he said he would sell them to me at a reasonable price if I was willing to purchase; but I declined the offer.

I cannot recollect the bookseller's name, but the date of the sale, which could no doubt be ascertained, would fix the date at which they changed hands. What became of the bones afterward I never knew, not feeling sufficiently interested to inquire.

GEORGE POTTER.

The mortal remains of this philanthropic but culminated individual have probably not been reinterred since they were brought to this country in 1810. A similar inquiry to that of M. A. Oxon has previously been made in "N. & Q." Following up the result of that inquiry, I made a pilgrimage to Guilford in 1876 or 1877, and endeavored to trace the "bones," as I was then preparing a biography of Cobbett. I succeeded so far as to discover a tradesman who recollects that his father possessed the box of relics, which had come into his possession after the sale of Cobbett's effects in 1835. But no information could be obtained definitely as to what had become of the box or its contents, and I had no subsequent opportunity of following up my researches on the spot.

I may add to this memorandum a record to the effect that a lock of hair from Paine's desecrated skull came into my possession some years ago, which had previously belonged to Mr. Tilly, Cobbett's secretary.—*Notes and Queries.*

COLONEL R. S. WITHERS, Fair Lawn Stock Farm, Kentucky, and Joseph Cairne Simpson, Esq., Secretary Pacific Coast Blood Horse Association, commend St. Jacobs Oil for all horse complaints. Sold by druggists and dealers.

Canada and Independence.

Canada has as large a population as had the United States when they fought for and gained their independence. Should Canada now declare for independence, she must be prepared to take her place among the nations, must immediately face the building and equipment of a navy to protect her coast line and fisheries, must establish standing army at least as large as that of the United States, must follow her very considerable commerce to every part of the world with a consular and diplomatic service, must enormously increase her foreign department of government, and, severed from British connection, pilot her own way through the treacherous shoals and dangerous whirlpools of international complication.

With international relations with the United States so varied and complicated independence would probably be the prelude to annexation, a contingency which the interest, sentiment, and patriotic attitude of the great mass of Canadians forbids even to be discussed. While all Canadians of any character or standing oppose the suggestion made, probably the French-Canadians are the most determined in opposition to independence and its probable result.—*A Short History of Canada*, by George Bryce.

SIR ROGER TICHBORNE, of England, was cured of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and recommends it highly. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere.

Buttons on Coat Cuffs.

Everybody of an observant turn of mind has noticed the two or three buttons on the cuffs of military coats, but few know the origin and reason of this custom. They were first worn by soldiers in the English army. The first uniform coats of the English army had no buttons on the cuffs, and the soldiers used to draw the cuff of their coat across their nose and mouth on every occasion when a pocket handkerchief or napkin might have been called into requisition. As a matter of course, the cuff became shiny and defaced. Punishment and reprimand were tried, but they did not stop this habit, and at last board of officers met and suggested the buttons on the sleeve, which was adopted. They were first worn on top of the sleeve, but they have moved backward as the handkerchief has moved forward. To-day the uniform-coat of every nation has buttons on the sleeve or cuff.

Woman and Her Diseases

Is the title of a large illustrated treatise, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., sent to any address for ten cents in stamps. It teaches successful self-treatment.

No Mutuality.

"Did you see that hoss you was talkin' of buyin'?" asked one Austin darky of another.

"Yes, I seed him."

"Did you buy de hoss?"

"No, I didn't buy him, becaze dar was no mutuality."

"What do yer mean, niggah?"

"Dar was no mutuality. I seed enuff ob de hoss, but de hoss didn't see enuff ob me. He was blind in one eye. Dar has to be more mutuality in a hoss trade."—*Texas Siftings.*

SIGN of good breeding—Getting the prize at a dog show.

Excitement.

Moxie bids fair to create as extended an excitement through the country as the discovery of the telephone. Its extreme harmless simplicity and extraordinary power over the liquor habit, and nervous exhaustion in weakly women, are enough to make anything so. It seems to cover a field medicine, tonics, and stimulants cannot reach, while it readily recovers them from abuses at once, seeming to act like a food, as it creates no reaction, nor loses its effect. Its sale is marvelous. Drugists all keep it.

Give Me Excess of It.

"Music," says Carlyle, "is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite and lets us for moments gaze into that." I am easily moved "with concord of sweet sounds." I love the "old and antique song more than light airs, and recollected terms of these most brisk and giddy-pated times," but never did I appreciate Carlyle's saying until a few nights since, when I heard Patti sing "Home, Sweet Home." I will give you one stanza myself:

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,

Be it ever so humble there's no place like home; A shanty from the skies seems to hollow us there,

Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere.

Home! home, sweet, sweet home!

7b3r3's 1 no place like home;

7b3r3's no ho place like home!

Burdette.

Safety from Malaria.

The most vigorous constitution, and the strongest physique, are not proof against a disease, the germs of which impregnate the air we breathe and the water we drink. The true preventive, the surest defense, is to fortify the system with a medicine which possesses specific virtues as a safeguard and remedy. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is precisely this article—proved by conclusive tests to be so. Not only on this continent, wherever malaria gives birth to the malarial infection, but in the tropics, where fever and ague assumes its most malignant types, the incombustible, all-healing medicine has for over three centuries proven its efficacy. Chills and fever, dumb ague, bilious remittent, alike yield to its influence and are prevented by it. The word "fever" has no place in the lexicon of possibilities when this peerless article is used. It tones the stomach, arouses the liver when sluggish, and promotes healthful activity of the kidneys and bladder.

An Unexpected Pleasure.

The children of a certain school were instructed to write compositions on the subjects of "An Unexpected Pleasure," the occasion being a public examination. There was a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen, and many compositions were read, but none of them created as much surprise as that of a little girl. It was to the effect that a man and his wife had long desired to have children to play with, but they never had any. The husband went off on a trip, but did not get back for five years. When he entered the house he found two little babies. "This," concluded the composition, "was an unexpected pleasure to the good husband."

Professional Etiquette

Prevents some doctors from advertising their skill, but we are bound by no such conventional rules, and think that if we make a discovery that is of benefit to our fellows we ought to spread the fact to the whole land. Therefore we cause to be published throughout the land the fact that Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the best known remedy for consumption (scrofula of the lungs) and kindred diseases. Send 10 cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption, with unsurpassed means of self-treatment. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE DUDE'S COLLAR is said to be getting lower. Is this one of the effects of the decline in stocks?

UNLIKE other cathartics, Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" do not render the bowels constipated after operation, but, on the contrary, establish a permanently healthy action. Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using them. By druggists.

If you want to make a friend, praise a dog in its owner's presence.

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Writes Mrs. Eliza Ann Smith, of Vermilion, Erie Co., Ohio, to tell the ladies everywhere that nothing surpasses Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic for all irregularities. "It cured me when the physicians and all other remedies failed."

FOR dyspepsia, indigestion, depression of spirits, the general debility in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Cal'say," made by Hazard, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic, and for patients recovering from fever and other sickness it has no equal.

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BEST, easiest to use, and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

One Fact

IS worth a column of rhetoric, said an American statesman. It is a fact, established by the testimony of thousands of people, that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula, scirrhea, and other diseases or affections arising from impure state or low condition of the blood. It also overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appetite, and gives strength to every part of the system. If you need a good blood purifier, tonic, or appetizer, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"My daughter received much benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla as an excellent tonic after a protracted attack of bronchial pneumonia."—REV. P. H. ADAMS, New Hartford, Conn.

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