

PETS OF FASHION.

Equine and Canine Favorites of Society Ladies.

"Domestic Pets a Specialty," was the legend which induced a reporter to pay a visit to the house on which it was displayed, the establishment of a veterinary surgeon, in the northwestern section of the city. The "doctor" proved to be communicative, and soon gave his caller several points on the ills and pills of pets.

"My practice is not confined to the treatment of domestic pets," he explained, "for my legitimate line is horses. But I have called attention to this specialty merely to let the public know that I have not overlooked the needs of some important adjuncts of fashion. In this line I have most to do with dogs and ponies; cats do not seem to need my services, or if they do their owners do not think so. As a rule my patrons are of the wealthy classes, some of whom are passionately fond of their pets, and would rather sacrifice small fortunes than lose them. The small ponies (especially the Shetlands) are often the objects of the most lavish affection. I treat the animals at the homes of their owners, making regular calls, just the same as the physician does for relief of human ills. At times I have had odd experiences with the brutes, finding it often a hard job to make them take their medicines; but regular physicians have the same trouble sometimes with their patients.

"The favorite dog at present? Well, I think that the setter is growing in popularity. The Gordon and Irish setters of good breed will bring fancy prices now, not from the hunter, but from ladies of society. Yes, the pug has lost his grip. Every dog has his day, you know, and the pug has had his. There seems to be a tendency now toward the growing popularity of large animals instead of smaller specimens."

"Have you ever run across any cases of hydrophobia in your experience, Doctor?" was asked.

"Oh, yes; I have often been called in to cure dogs suffering from that disease; but my services were, of course, of no value. The only remedy for a mad dog is a bullet. Although M. Pasteur claims to effect the cure of persons who have been bitten, I doubt if he would undertake the treatment of a rabid dog. I think that he would draw the line at that point. There are some features about this mysterious disease which are misunderstood by people generally. In the first place, notwithstanding the belief, or rather the idea, that the so-called 'dog days' of the summer months are most productive of hydrophobia, statistics and my experience tend to show that the majority of the cases of rabies occur during the months of October and November. Then, too, dogs are often shot because they are supposed to be suffering from this disease, when in reality they are troubled with nothing more serious than a neuralgia of the mouth, what we call in humans tooth-ache, which, exciting the salivary glands, gives the dog the appearance of the dreaded frothing as seen in hydrophobia. Then the dog, being harassed and driven around, he soon really looks as though he were mad. As I have said, in a great many cases the neuralgia is mistaken for the other disease.

"In my regular practice," he went on, after a pause, "that is, in my veterinary career, I have treated some very fine horses. This city contains a number of good stables, owned by those itinerant families who flit away from the asphalt with the first warm wave. They transport their horses to the seaside or the mountains and keep them here only during the fashionable season. The recent paper chase craze has resulted in an increased activity in the horse trade. As in the case of dogs, there is a tendency toward a certain class of animals, and so in the stables I have seen evidences of a decided preference for good, solid, handsome coach horses, rather than fancy breeds, or saddle horses.

"Getting back to dogs," he said, "a case has just come to my mind of a lady, moving in the highest circles, who drove up here one day in a handsome carriage and sent for me to come to the curb. She was pale and trembling, and seemingly laboring under intense excitement. 'Get in, Doctor, quick, and come with me at once. Oh! I am so afraid that he will die. Poor little dear! Come, hurry, please, my darling will die while you wait.' Divining what she meant I went to the house and found the 'darling' to be an ugly pug, suffering from an overdose of raw beef. I soon brought him around, and when I turned to go confronted the fair owner, who, with tears in her eyes, blessed me for saving the life of the 'dearest, sweetest dog in Washington.' —*Washington Star*.

The Knights of Labor.

In 1869 a society was formed in Philadelphia by Uriah S. Stevens, among the clothing cutters of that city. Its object was to protect the working classes and aid in the development of skilled labor, and from the first it founded and cherished the idea of developing it into a national organization. In 1871 this first society was regularly organized as Local Assembly No. 1. A ritual was adopted, and the society was called the Noble Order of the Knights of Labor. All its workings and even its name were to be kept by members an absolute secret, under penalty of dismissal, all necessary public reference, as the announcement of meetings through the press, etc., being made by the use of five asterisks. In 1881 the name was made public. The order increased in Philadelphia until nearly all trades were represented in it, and branches were formed in many other cities. In 1878 a general assembly of

North America was formed, with the supreme office of general master workman. As now organized the order consists of an executive board, composed of a president and three members, elected annually in October by the General Assembly. This assembly is composed of delegates from district assemblies, which in turn receive funds and delegates from the local assemblies, all being subject to the executive board. The local assemblies are each made up, generally, of workers in one trade, but there are also mixed assemblies, which unite workers in various trades. The motto of the order is—"An Injury to One Is the Concern of All." Its declared aim is to organize, agitate, and educate, with a view to the final solution of the labor problem; also to improve the condition of the working classes, and to prevent injustice and tyranny on the part of employers. Any person over 18 years of age, who is of good standing in his trade, is eligible to membership without regard to sex, color, creed, or nationality, unless he belongs to one of the "interdicted classes," i.e., bankers, brokers, lawyers or liquor-dealers. The cost of membership consists of initiation fees, which are regulated by each local assembly for itself; monthly dues, regulated according to the needs of the assembly, and a small tax for the support of the General Assembly. The order has an insurance branch, organized on the mutual benefit plan.—*Toledo Blade*.

Alas, Poor Poet!

James Chambers, the beggar-poet, born in Sobam, Cambridgeshire, in 1748, though by no means an ignorant savage, was absolutely untamed, and his life was more like that of a hare or bird than a civilized human creature, but with this notable exception, that hares and birds are scrupulously clean, whereas he was not so, and endured every vexation that accompanies uncleanness. He slept in sheds, pigstyes, in the open fields under hedges and in the shelter of haystacks; barns were his favorite sleeping places, but with this notable exception, that they were luxuries rarely enjoyed, as farmers were disinclined to let him enter them for the purpose. He was always in rags; and in the portrait which was taken as a frontispiece to his poems he is presented in a tattered soldier's jacket, breeches too short and unbuckled at the knees, a sort of stocking on one leg and one shoe down at the heel; his hair hangs about in disorder and his countenance has the inquiring look, "What will the kind lady or gentleman do for me?" His elbows stand out awkwardly, and over his right arm hangs a roll of ballads. When a child he was at school for one month; he was never christened, nor did he ever marry; but it is said that "He formerly made some progress toward matrimony by forming an acquaintance with a young woman, who after a number of successful solicitations and hapless endeavors left him a prey to the pangs of pungent disappointment." He consoled himself with dogs, keeping a great number of them always about him for companionship, probably on the principle of that German philosopher who said that the older he grew and the more he knew of mankind the more he loved dogs. He had only vague notions of how to behave himself, for although he was gentle and sensitive, and burned with hatred of injustice and cruelty, and really felt grateful for kindnesses rendered, he scarcely ever gave thanks for them, even for a draught of well-beloved home brewed beer. Although so scant in the expression of civility, he was sober and strictly honest, and moreover faithfully performed whatever he had promised to do, while the utmost confidence might be placed in his truthfulness. He must have been constructed of a singularly tough fiber, for his ways of life hardened him to the endurance of a wild animal. After supping on hard, moldy crusts, he would sometimes wake in the morning covered with snow driven through the crevices of the shed wherein he had been sleeping, his limbs so benumbed that he could not feel the cold, and though his constant complaint is of hunger, his health seems not to have suffered from these distresses, for at the age of seventy-two, though his wretchedness is fondly dwelt upon by his biographer, no allusion is made to his bodily health.—*Nineteenth Century*.

The Prince and the Freemason's Sign.

While at Osborne, Prince Albert, the late husband of the Queen, was in the habit of getting up early and walking about his farm. Passing a farmer's house, he stopped to make some inquiries, knocked at the door, and asked the servant if his master was in? The servant replied: "He is in, but not down stairs." "Oh, very well," was Prince Albert's reply, and he was about to leave. "Would you be kind enough to leave your name, sir?" said the servant; "my master would be angry if I did not tell him who called." "Very well," said his royal highness; "you may say Prince Albert." Upon which the man drew back, looked up significantly, put his thumb to the tip of his nose, extended his fingers, and exclaimed: "Walker." —*The Highlander*.

If it were possible to rise above the atmosphere which surrounds the earth we should see nothing but an intense and sharply defined ball of fire, while everything else would be wrapped in total darkness. There could be no difference of light without an atmosphere or some similar medium for it to act upon; but, if the air around us extended to a height of 700 miles, the rays of the sun could not penetrate it, and we should be left in darkness. At the depth of 700 feet in the ocean the light ceases altogether, one-half of the light being absorbed in passing through seven feet of pure water.

Don't Laugh at Nervous People.

Their sufferings are very real, although you, with your vigorous physique and strong nerves, can scarcely believe it. Rather suggest the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, in removing every trace of dyspepsia, and regulating the liver and bowels, strikes at and extirpates the most prolific cause of chronic nervous trouble. That nerve-shattering disease, fever and ague, is among the formidable ailments, to the removal of which this genial remedy is specially adapted. Nervous prostration, resulting from prolonged mental or physical effort, is also a state of the system where the intervention of this tonic is very desirable, more particularly as its use is to quiet and relax the tension of overwrought nerves. The Bitters are invaluable in rheumatism, neuralgia, and kidney troubles. Employ no substitute for it.

The Coyote and the Greaser.

The fauna of New Mexico are few, but of interest. Besides sixteen varieties of rattlesnake, twenty-one of horned toad and forty-two of lizard, there is the coyote and the greaser. The greaser is wealthier than the coyote. I have known an opulent greaser to possess two strings of red peppers, a bushel of corn, a peck of onions and seven dogs. One greaser, who lived near Fort McRae, was the Vanderbilt of the section. He had nine dogs. The coyote is so poor he cannot even afford to keep fleas. The coyote is superior to the greaser in that he sings. Shortly after midnight I have known officers, who usually had but an indifferent ear for music, to lie awake for hours listening to a chorus of coyotes, and expressing their opinion in the strongest terms. A coyote sings every night when he has no supper, and he gets a supper about once a year when he is in luck.—*Henry Guy Carlton*.

The Ladies' Favorite.

The newest fashion in ladies' hats will doubtless cause a flutter of pleasurable excitement among the fair sex. Ladies are always susceptible to the changes of a fashion plate; and the more startling the departure, the more earnest the gossip over the new mode. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure for the fits which afflict females and make their lives miserable. This sovereign panacea can be relied on in cases of dislocations and all functional derangements. It builds up the poor, haggard, and draggled-out victim, and gives her renewed hope and a fresh lease of life. It is the only medicine for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments. Sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. Read printed guarantee on bottle wrapper.

THE MAN who paints the town red frequently gets some of the paint on his nose.—*Railway Advocate*.

The Cutest Little Things.

"Cute!" he echoed. "Well, I don't know as the adjective would have occurred to me in just that connection. But if you mean that they do their work thoroughly, yet make no fuss about it; cause no pain or weakness; and, in short, are everything that a pill ought to be, and nothing that it ought not, then I agree that Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are about the cutest little things going!"

YOUNG hopeful (on seeing a negro baby for the first time)—"Mamma, is that a spoiled child?"

Consumption Can Be Cured.

Dr. J. S. COMBS, Owensville, Ohio, says: "I have given Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites to four patients with better results than seemed possible with any remedy. All were hereditary cases of Lung disease, and advanced to that stage when Coughs, pain in the chest, frequent breathing, frequent pulse, fever and Emaciation. All those cases have increased in weight from 16 to 28 lbs., and are now needing any medicine."

TRIFLEER'S motto—"Don't give up the ship."

NEGAUNEE, Mich., November, 1886. SMITH'S BILE BEANS give entire satisfaction, and our trade is increasing constantly. They are thorough, mild, and the most economical liver remedy in the market. So say all who have used them. Yours respectfully,

L. D. CYR, M. D.

Dealer in Drugs, Stationery, Etc.

You will get more comfort for 25c. in Lyon's Heel Stiffeners than in any other article you buy

3 months' treatment for 50c. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. Sold by druggists.

REMEMBER that one of Smith's Bile Beans does the work of five ordinary cathartic pills and that it is absolutely harmless.

THE FRAZER is kept by all dealers. One box lasts as long as two of any other.

Sick Headache

Is one of the most distressing afflictions; and people who are its victims deserve sympathy. But the great success Hood's Sarsaparilla has had in curing sick headache makes it seem almost foolish to allow the trouble to continue. By its toning and invigorating effect upon the digestive organs, Hood's Sarsaparilla readily gives relief when headache arises from indigestion; and in neuralgic conditions by building up the debilitated system Hood's Sarsaparilla removes the cause, and hence overcomes the difficulty.

"My wife suffered from sick headache and neuralgia. After taking Hood's Sarsaparilla she was much relieved." W. R. BADE, Wilmington, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

SEVENTEEN. SEVENTEEN. SEVENTEEN.

This represents a healthy life. Throughout its various scenes.

Just such a life as they enjoy.

Who use the Smith's Bile Beans.

Smith's BILE BEANS purify the blood, by acting directly and promptly on the Liver, Skin and Kidneys.

They consist of valuable combinations that has no equal in medical science. They cure Constipation, Malaria, and Dyspepsia and are a safeguard against all forms of fevers, chills and fever, gall stones, and Bright's disease. Send 4 cents postage for a sample package and test the TRUTH of what we say. Price, 25 cents per bottle, mailed to any address, postpaid. DOSE ONE BEAN. Sold by druggists.

J. F. SMITH & CO., PROPRIETORS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

SEVEN. SEVEN. SEVEN.

This represents a healthy life. Throughout its various scenes.

Just such a life as they enjoy.

Who use the Smith's Bile Beans.

The original Photograph, panel size, of this picture sent on receipt of 10c. in stamps. Address, BILE BEANS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

25 CTS. 25 CTS. 25 CTS.

PISO'S Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail.

50c. E. T. Haseltine, Warren, Pa.

C. N. U.

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MILD, soothing, and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

AN exhaustive article—the stomach pump.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 30, 1885.

I HAVE used Smith's Bile Beans in my family for some time; they have always given entire satisfaction; would not be without them.

J. B. WALSH,

1608 Biddle Street.

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Apply Balm into each nostril.

GOLD is worth \$200 per pound. Pettit's Eye Salve \$1,000, but is sold at 25 cents a box by dealers.

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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured.

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