

## THE WEIGHT OF YEARS.

How Father Time Beguiles Young Lives.

In boyhood I was entertained by the story of the "Arabian Nights." My sympathies were roused by the plight of Sinbad, the sailor, going about with the Old Man of the Sea on his shoulders. I did not allegorize. I did not spiritualize. I had no new wine for old bottles. I knew Sinbad only as a sailor and the wrinkled old man only as one who had been a stroller on his own limbs till he found portage in Sinbad. I wondered why Sinbad took him. I thought the old man must have said: "You see I am in a helpless plight. You see how old, withered, and wan I am. I am very light. I have wandered along this shore so long there is nothing left of me but a shriveled skin over rickety bones. Let me sit on your shoulder just a little while. I am so light you will hardly feel me, and you have only to tell me when you are tired and I will dismount." The silly sailor heard and yielded. The wily old man climbed up, locked his legs firmly around Sinbad's breast and stuck there to the end of his life.

All "which thing," as Paul would say, is an allegory. Sinbad is not a man, but Man. The Old Man of the Sea is not time-wrinkled, but Time. He is past time. He is the Past. He comes to man and says: "I am very old. I have marked the tides on the shores of this island in the sea of worlds till other worlds have grown dim with age. This scythe wherewith I clip the generations has mown down such myriad lives as to make the crust of the globe impact of their skeletons. The world was growing old when I passed before the cradle of humanity. I made record of the faltering steps of infant man. I knew him when he knew not me. I knew of him when he conceived of me as something 'cut off' and called me 'time,' that is a thing cut. In the very life-stuff of the race I recorded the tattooing of the mind with superstition. Take me on your shoulder. I will guide your feet. I will sit lightly."

Man heard and yielded, and the Old Man mounted and locked his limbs around our breast and laid his hand on our brain. And there he sits, bestriding us as the Old Man of the Sea bestrides Sinbad. In his left hand he carries the ripe sheaves of error; in his right the seeds of truth. Shake him off we cannot. How he clings to us in the very names we give him! Why do we divide a day into twenty-four hours and an hour into sixty minutes? It is because, long ago, shepherds on the plains of Babylonia happened to divide the day into twenty-four parts and one of these into sixty. It is because Nebuchadnezzar happened to adopt the time scale of the shepherds. It is because Hipparchus journeying to Babylon found and took to Athens the time divisions of the Chaldeans. From Babylon it journeyed to Athens, from Athens to Rome, from Rome to the world, from the world of Rome down the ages till its footprints are on the face of your watch. The Old Man guides your hand when you paint the numbers on the dial of a clock.

Why is our notation decimal? It is because nature, having wrought indefinitely as to arithmetic, came to the number five for the digits on a mammal's foot, a number which she held and passed up into the fingers of a man. The first men counted on their fingers, and because the bathmodon which preceded man on his line had five toes our notation is decimal. The Old Man lays his hand on your brain when you stamp your coin or your paper in denominations of ten. How he presses on the brain of the pugilist, who calls his fist "a bunch of fives," the very name used by Hesiod in the dawn of the mind life of Greece!

Why do wear the marriage ring? It is because the shaggy man of the prime wooed his wife with a club and led her to his cave with a rope on her wrist. When the age of iron came the thing was passing into a symbol. The tie of the rope gave place to a ring of iron. The symbolism passed from the wrist to the finger, from iron to gold, but still, in parts of Germany, the bride, for a time, must wear iron. How lightly the Old Man sits on a lady's finger whispering servitude where a man had whispered love. —*Youth's Companion*.

## Three French Patriots.

A large number of gymnastic and rifle associations attended the patriotic fete at Bougival on Sunday in honor of the three local heroes who were captured and shot by the Prussians in 1870—viz., Debergue, Martin and Cardon—in whose honor a memorial was erected in 1878. Debergue, who was a gardener, five times cut the telegraph wires put up by the invaders. He was arrested and threatened with death if he repeated what he had done. Nothing daunted, however, he replied, "I am a Frenchman; it is my duty to do all I can against you. Let me go, and I will cut the wires again." The Germans ordered him to be shot.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

The common puff-ball strikingly illustrates the rapidity with which fungi may multiply. It is said that 300 years would be required for a man to count the spores of a single ball, if it were possible to continue the counting day and night for that time. Yet a favorably planted spore will produce a plant as large as the double fist in a single night.

"WHEN a person is found poisoned by illuminating gas the best treatment is to secure fresh air and if possible pure oxygen; a recumbent position; warmth; diffusible stimulants, with such aids as artificial respiration, electricity and nutrient enemas."

The day of payment is always nearer the day of promise than it seems.

## LENGTH OF DAYS.

Five Hundred Years Old—Is Living a Lost Art?

Is life worth living? In the days of long ago people seemed to think it was, if the length of time they devoted to becoming acquainted with its lights and shadows is any criterion.

It would seem as though life must have afforded much of enjoyment in the good old days. Sophocles hung on until he was 130 years old, then perished by an accident. Attila was 124 when he died of the consequence of a revel on the night of his second marriage. This is a warning to young men. Epemides was 157 at his regretted decease.

Crowns did not sit so heavily on the brows of monarchs as they seem latterly to do. Fohi, the founder of the Chinese Empire, reigned 115 years, and so did Apaphus of Thebes Egyptian. Tacitus gives 175 years to Tuisco, a German prince. Daddion, an Illyrian noble, lived for 500 years, according to Alexander Cornelius.

The art of living seems to be one of the many "lost arts," which the dark ages covered over, and modern civilization has not yet been able to uncover. It is certain long life was not secured by using mineral poisons as remedies for disease. That is essentially modern practice. The ancients doubtless drew on the laboratory of nature for their medicines, hence the span of their lives was naturally extended.

We know that our immediate ancestors found their medicines in the fields and forests, adjoining their log cabin homes. These natural remedies were efficacious and harmless—left no poison in the system. Physicians were rarely called in, and the people lived to rugged and hearty old age. It is not worth while to return to their wholesome methods of cure for common ailments?

H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure, have introduced to the public a line of Log Cabin remedies, and their name indicates their character. They include a "Sarsaparilla," "Hope and Buchu Remedy," "Cough and Consumption Remedy," "Extract for External and Internal Use," "Rose Cream," for Catarrh, "Scalpine" for the Hair, "Liver Pills," and "Porous Plaster." They are carefully compounded from actual recipes, the most efficacious in use by our grandparents, and those who would like to try the virtues of old-time remedies, have an opportunity to secure the best in "Warner's Log Cabin Remedies."

## He Was Not a Member.

"Did I understand you to say that you lived in Dakota?" inquired a Chicago man of a tall and solemn stranger who was seated in front of him on a train.

"Yes, sir; I reside there," replied the stranger.

"An old schoolmate of mine went out there," continued the Chicago man, "and I understand he has got into public life to a considerable extent; W. H. Bledsoe is his name."

"O, yes, I am well acquainted with him—the Hon. Bill Bledsoe our people call him."

"Making a success of it?"

"Well, hardly; though he has been in the Legislature a couple of terms, and has had a good chance."

"Not cut out for a leader in a law-making body, I should judge?"

"No; O, no; decidedly not; not in Dakota, at any rate. He plays a very poor game of poker."

"O!"

"Yes; remarkably poor. The first session the President of the Council and Chairman of the Judiciary Committee cleaned him out of about \$1,500, and his constituents put up the amount to save trouble. He got elected the second time on the issue of being able to win back the money and refund it to the voters of his district."

"Did he succeed?"

"No; on the contrary, he lost more than before. The Speaker of the House and Chairman of the Committee on Schools and Colleges claimed it was their turn, and so they, together with one or two more of us, got him into a game and won \$2,000 from him before midnight. I suppose I might say we played the cards very close to our—er—persons that night."

"You are also a member of the Legislature, then?"

"Me? No, I am not a member—I am not a politician. But," and there was a faint touch of honest pride in his heart as he said it, "I've been chaplain of the Dakota Legislature for the last twenty years."—*Fred H. Carruth*.

## Too Large By Far.

Some time ago a boatswain was sent out from England to join a gunboat from the far East. Lo and behold, on his arrival it was discovered that his exceptional physical dimensions prevented him from going down the hatchway! Try as he might, he could not squeeze his body through the narrow opening. What did the naval authorities do? They widened the hatchway, no doubt. Not a bit of it; they sent back the corpulent boatswain to England, and dispatched a slimmer man to the rescue of the rope.

**Consumption Surely Cured.**  
To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy to any of your readers who have consumption. If they will send me their Express and P. O. address, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Lyon's Patent Metallic Stiffeners prevent boots and shoes from running over, ripping in the seams or wearing unevenly on the heel.

## The Dollar Aristocracy.

Mrs. Cressus—Mrs. Vandyke Brown, the author's wife, and Mrs. Keene, the novelist, called this afternoon and asked us to a reception in Mr. Brown's studio on Monday.

Mr. Croesus—Did, they? Well, of all the infernal impudence. Who asked 'em to come, I'd like to know? It ain't no use for them lit'ry and art people tryin' to shove 'emselves into our set, and I'll tell 'em so. The line's got to be drawn somewhere.—*Boston Beacon*.

## Are you sad, despondent, gloomy?

Are you sore distressed?

Listen to the welcome bidding—

"Be at rest."

Have you aches and pains unnumbered,

Poisoning life a Golden Cup?

Think it up."

A Golden Remedy awaits you—

Golden oh, suffering one, and grasp it,

Health reclaim.

There is but one "Golden" Remedy—Dr. Pierces Golden Medical Discovery. It stands alone as the great "blood-purifier," "strengthener" and "health-restorer," of the age! The Liver, it regulates, removing all impurities. The Lungs it strengthens, cleansing and builds up, supplying that above all other things most needed—pure, rich Blood.

There is nothing so flattering in the world of art as the picture of a summer-resort hotel.—*Boston Transcript*.

## "I Don't Want Relief, But Cure,"

is the exclamation of thousands suffering from catarrh. To all such we say: Catarrh can be cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It has been done in thousands of cases; why not in yours? Your danger is in delay. Enclose a stamp to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for pamphlet on this disease.

**THE SMALL FEET OF AMERICAN GIRLS** are out of all proportion to the immense largeness of the country.—*Puck*.

In answer to casual question, How easy and truthful to tell it's to take Pierces Purgative Pellets.

It is only when in love that the gambler is satisfied to hold a small hand.—*Judge*.

## DELICATE CHILDREN, NURSING

MOTHERS, OVERWORKED MEN, and for all diseases where the tissues are wasting away from the inability to digest ordinary food, or from overwork of the brain or body, all such should take Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. "I used the Emulsion on a lady who was delicate and threatened with Bronchitis. It put her in such good health and flesh that I must say it is the best Emulsion I ever used."—L. P. WADDELL, M. D., Hugh's Mills, S. C.

**THE WORLD MAY EXPECT MORE** from an industrious tool than an idle genius.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

**NO SAFER REMEDY** can be had for Coughs and Colds, or any trouble of the Throat, than Brown's Bronchial Troches. Price 25 cts. Sold only in boxes.

A PRINTER, as well as a lawyer, is glad to reach a point where he can rest his case.

## GREAT EXCITEMENT

At the Valley City Mills, Which the Foreman Explains as Follows.

DEAR FRIEND—Yours of the 26th instant was received, and I beg pardon for not answering it sooner. The fact is I am working day and night; have not been as well in fifteen years. That trouble with my stomach and the rheumatism which nearly killed me has been entirely cured by Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters. Mother is now taking it, and thinks there is no medicine in the world equal to it. A. W. THOMPSON, Valley City Mills, Grand Rapids, Mich. Dec. 29. 1887.

SEEM TO HAVE COME ALL THE WAY

SOME PEOPLE ARE SO SENSITIVE THAT THEY

NEVER FEEL IT.

SELLERS OF NOVELTY RUG

PATTERNS, for making Rugs, Tidies, Caps, Mittens, etc. Manufactured by me. Send

for late reduced price-list.

E. ROSS & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED

MACHINES AND RUG

PATTERNS, for making Rugs, Tidies, Caps, Mittens, etc. Manufactured by me. Send

for late reduced price-list.

E. ROSS & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

IS WORTH \$1000 TO ANY

MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD

SUFFERING FROM

CATARRH.

APPLY BALM IN EACH NOSTRIL.

ELY BROS., 225 Greenwich St., N. Y.

A BIG OFFER!

A \$2 WASHING MACHINE FREE!

Last year we placed on the market the greatest labor-saving invention of the 19th century. It was a self-operating Washing Machine. It washed the clothing clean WITHOUT THE WASHBOARD OR ANY RUBBING OR SPINNING. It added a new human feature to introduce them, and through these first samples sold over \$10,000. One lady in Chicago (Mrs. McDermott, 333 W. 16th St.) was so pleased with it, and thinks it is the best washing machine ever invented, that she has an offer of \$1000 for it.

DRUGGISTS keep it. Price \$1 per bottle. Be sure and get Dr. Greene's Nerve Tonic; take no other, for this remedy has no equal. If your druggist does not have it, he will get it for you. Dr. Greene, 35 West 14th St., New York, the great specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, can be consulted by letter free. Write him about your case.

ITCHING PILES.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore.

Swaine's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all skin diseases. Dr. Swaine & Son, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swaine's Ointment can be obtained of druggists, or by

CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East Ninth street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

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Lyon's Patent Metallic Stiffeners prevent boots and shoes from running over, ripping in the seams or wearing unevenly on the heel.

MAKE NO MISTAKE

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind before the people. Be sure to get Hood's.

"In one store the clerk tried to induce me to buy their own instead of Hood's Sarsaparilla. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I knew what Hood's Sarsaparilla was, I had taken it, and was perfectly satisfied with it, and did not want any other." Mrs. Ella A. Goff, 61 Terrace Street, Boston, Mass.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

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