

A CLOCK THAT FORETELLS DEATH.

It Has Vozag the Death Knell for 120 Years.

"We have not exactly a bonshoe in our family, who foretells by her wailing an approaching death," said a lady to the writer recently in Boston, "but we have had mysterious warning of such given us time and time again by an old clock which has been in our family for the last 120 years. The works were ruined by a shot fired by a British soldier during the revolutionary war at my great-grandfather, which shot, passing entirely through his body, killed him instantly, and then broke the glass door, penetrating the works and stopping them forever, for though innumerable attempts have been made to repair them it seemed that some unknown power kept the clock silent, except when death flapped his black wings over the household, so it was banished to a garret."

"The first instance of its warning was when my grandfather died. He had been very ill, but the physicians had at last pronounced him out of danger, and his family were just congratulating themselves on this news, when the loud tones of a clock striking twelve, slowly and solemnly, like the tolling of a bell, was heard. 'Why, what is that?' said my grandmother. There was but one other clock in the house, which was in full view, so it was evident that it was not that one. 'It is my father's clock,' said her husband. 'It has struck the close of my day.' And before they could reach him he was dead, just as the last stroke had died quivering away."

"This occurrence was repeated when my grandmother herself lay dying. The old clock struck twelve just as she drew her last breath, and my father at last believing that there was something supernatural in the affair, had the old works removed, leaving only the hollow case; but a few years after, when my brother was brought home dangerously wounded after the battle of Chancellorsville, the long, slow, solemn tones of the old clock were heard as before, and poor Leon's life went out as they died on the air. They struck for my father and for my little child, who died last year. The clock warned me, too, when my sister died in Japan. I had just gotten a letter from her, in which she had spoken of feeling very well, when I heard the old clock which was in the remote store room strike so rapidly that the notes almost mingled, and then began slowly to strike another twelve strokes. 'My sister is dead,' I said to my husband, 'and has died very suddenly, but who the other strokes are for I cannot imagine.' My husband tried to reason and then ridicule the idea, but I mourned for my sister as earnestly as though I had seen her die, and when, as I knew I should, I heard the news of her sudden death, I found it had taken place on the same day and at the same hour as that on which the clock struck, allowing for the difference of time between Japan and Boston. Her baby, a few hours old, died a few minutes after the mother."

Gotham's Business Men.

The New York business man would scarcely survive as the stiffest compared with his more provincial brother-in-trade, writes Charles T. Murray. He rarely does anything when he agrees to do it, and will not do what he agrees to if he can make a present gain or not compelled to do it. He will promise you anything and betray the greatest interest and anxiety to please. You go away and await the result. It is invariably a disappointment. At first you swear and fret—next time go to another shop, to be subjected to the same vexation. In my two years' residence here I have known but a single tradesman who came when he agreed to come, did what he agreed to do, charged what he agreed to charge. He was a plumber. I told him of it. "I am a Western man," he said. That settled it. This careless disregard of obligations extends to every class with whom I have had business dealings. Cheat? Well, I should say so. The very man who wants to retain your custom, and whose interest it is to treat you fairly and decently, will never lose an opportunity to rob you. Your grocer, your butcher, your ice man, your milkman, every one of them, will cheat you at every turn. If you catch them, as you will every now and then, they will ignore the exposure as calmly and philosophically as would a hardened convict. They know the chances are the other fellows have treated you the same way. You can't get away from it—you can only keep a watch. I've had my butcher's daughter, a blooming lass of 15, acting cashier in her father's shop, deliberately try time and again to beat me out of 10 cents or a quarter making change. The old man himself has robbed me repeatedly in a small way under the guise of business. My grocer does the same thing. The same may be truthfully said of all the small tradesmen I have yet patronized. The only limit I have found is in the amount and their ability to elude your watchfulness. Men cheat the world over; but heretofore I have found that class a small one. In New York the honest tradesman is an exception, and petty thievery the rule. Where the average New York business man goes, eventually, he will have no use for flannel underwear."

Meteoric Marie Halton.

The career of Miss Marie Halton in London was that of a brilliant meteor. She flashed upon the half-world with every accessory of somebody's spoiled darling. Her private hansom "stopped the way" outside the Criterion and the Cafe Royale, and her well-groomed ponies excited envious curiosity in the park. One or the other of the theaters saw her nightly in a box flashing with diamonds and surrounded by men. Then one morning she disappeared. Next she was heard of queening it like one of Ouida's heroines in "Moths," and winning fabulous sums at roulette, and then—tears and lamentations—and the cable announced her return to New York.—Philadelphia Times.

The royal family of Wied, a Rhenish province, has had recent attention attracted to itself by the elopement of the Prince of Wied's eldest son, a youth of 18, with a rich Hamburg widow. The statement that the family is in poverty is not true. The Prince is one of the wealthiest in Germany, and his wife, Princess Marie of the Netherlands, sister of the late Queen of Sweden, inherited an immense fortune from her father. The royal family of Wied counts its fortune by the millions.

She Knew All About It.

They were registered Mr. and Mrs. Brown at the hotel in the little village on the Sound. In half an hour after their arrival Mrs. Brown was overheard to say to her husband: "See here, Mr. Brown, I want to take a ride in one of them boats."

"Of course, love, but wouldn't it be better to wait until after dinner? Nobody goes sailing at this time of day. Don't you see that all the boats are tied up or drawn ashore?"

"Botheration! Brown, get a boat."

Brown yielded, and arm-in-arm they marched down to the landing.

"See here Brown" (his name wasn't See here Brown, but she addressed him in that way oftener than in any other), "did you ever row a boat?"

Brown had to acknowledge that he never did, but he was willing to try.

"Then I'll teach you," said Mrs. Brown, confidently.

The little craft rocked lightly on ten feet of clear water, at the bottom of which were strewn the usual assortment of oyster cans, broken crockery, mussel shells and old boot legs.

"Now, my dear," said Brown, "be careful how you get into the boat. Don't jump into it, or try to get into it head foremost, or upon all fours, but put one foot on each side and—"

"See here, Brown, do you suppose I've never been in a boat before? Don't I know that them two little pegs in the side of the boat are a sort of stirrup for a lady to put her foot into, this way, so as to—"

"No, no!" shrieked Brown, but it was too late. The lady had put her foot into it. Her 165 pounds avoirdupois was too much, and as the boat ported and turned up its keel for the sun to kiss, she keeled to, and went to the bottom of the bay among the oyster shells, etc. And the boat-hook that hauled her out ruined her best dress.

Whichever Malaria Exists

The bilious are its certain prey. In intermittent and remittent fever, dumb ague, and ague cake the liver is always seriously affected, and the blood contaminated with bile. One of the chief reasons why Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is such a sure defense against chills and fever and every form of malarial disease is that it does away with liability to the disease, by reforming irregularity of the biliary organ in advance of the arrival of the season when the disease is prevalent. There is no finer fortifying preparation for those about visiting or emigrating to a locality where the malarial miasm exists. There is no certain immunity from disease in an endemic or epidemic form to be secured by the use of the average tonics and anti-spa-modics. But where quinine fails the Bitters succeed both in preventing and curing. Moreover, it removes every vestige of dyspepsia, and overcomes constipation, rheumatism, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, and tranquilizes and strengthens the nervous system.

The Yankee Girl Abroad.

In her aptitude for the details of traveling the American girl often astonishes the European native on his own heath. Last summer, in Leamington, an American girl wishing to have her "luggage" taken to the railway station, and being located so near it herself that there was no need of taking a cab, went to the station and asked to have a porter sent around for it. (They do not have baggage express in England.) On mentioning this little incident in the presence of an Englishman and an army officer he was utterly surprised to learn that such a thing could be done, and said he should never have thought of doing it, but would have been quite helpless in such an emergency and obliged to take a "fy" in order to get his luggage to the station. He had his doubts as to the success of this bit of American enterprise and shrewdness, and when the hour arrived at which the impromptu expressman was due the India colonel was on the qui vive to see if the plan really succeeded. I am happy to say it did, and the Englishman watched the "boxes" go off, admiring the while the American girl who knew how to travel.—Philadelphia Record.

Our Hannah Jane.

Our Hannah Jane was thin and weak, and ashy white her lip and cheek. We often thought—and thought with pain, "We soon must lose our Hannah Jane." With change of doctors, change of air, she sought for healing everywhere. And, when our hopes were almost past, "Favorite Prescription" tried at last. It gave us joy, it gave us hope. She ceased to pine, she ceased to moan, (Pierce's remedies are sure and true) Now Hannah Jane is good as new.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—cleanse and regulate the stomach, bowels, and system generally. One a dose; purely vegetable.

Faith.

The story goes that a Lewiston gentleman gave his little girl a bad quarter of a dollar the other day, telling her that it would do to play with. She kept it for a day or two and seemed to be saving it for a purpose. "You must not attempt to spend it, my dear," said he. "No, I am not going to, papa," was the reply; "but I know what I shall do with it. I shall put it in the box at Sabbath-school next Sunday, and God will make it good." The trustful father "resumed payment" on the bad quarter and reissued a substantial half.—Lewiston Journal.

LIEUT. SETON-KARR, who has left Victoria, N. B., for the unknown regions of Alaska, says: "Where the White, the Alsek, and the western branch of the Yukon R.vers head is probably an American Switzerland, the focus of the mountain ranges, a cluster of the tallest peaks upon this continent, probably unvisited by the Indians, as far as my experience of them goes. But I should not be surprised to find there in the most difficult spot, or the most inaccessible valley, a small party of adventurous prospectors who have turned off from the human stream of miners which percolates between Chilcot and the Yukon."

We will give \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

In a Sleep'ng (?) Car.

It was in a sleeping car, and they thought that every one was asleep. Probably every one had been, but they woke me.

When I was enough awake to notice what was going on, I heard her:

"Well, I don't care. I think you're real mean. All I want—"

"Yes," broke in he, "all you want now is the last word, same as you always have, ain't it?"

"Yes, and I'll have it, too!" spitefully. "You won't."

"See if I don't."

"All right."

"All right it is."

"Have to mock every word I say, don't you?"

"Heavens, no. You never say anything worth repeating."

"Why do you echo me, then?"

"I don't!"

"You do!"

"I don't!"

"Shut up!"

"I won't!"

"Ugh!" And there was a noise like a man tumbling into his berth.

Then we heard, rather softly, as if talking to herself: "I said I'd have the last word, and I did. 'Ugh' don't count, 'cause I don't believe it is a word."—Harper's Bazar.

Children Enjoy

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious the most gratifying results follow its use, so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

It's Different Now.

Sunday-school Superintendent (explaining the lesson—"Many of these Scripture lessons, children, have a special meaning. Can any one of you tell me the signification of this name 'Ichabod'?"

Several voices—"The glory has departed."

Superintendent—"Correct. If, then, you wished to convey the idea that some man—say a politician—had become unpopular and could no longer succeed in any of his ambitions you"—smiling pleasantly—"would call him—"

Whole school—"Dennis!"

Free Trade Versus Protection.

Uncle Zeb, an ardent free-trader and cross-roads, statesman, was denouncing protection with all the arguments he could muster.

"I'll bet, Uncle Zeb," interrupted one of the crowd, "that you are a protectionist, after all."

"I'll bet I ain't," shouted the old man, warmly. "Come, now. How am I a protectionist?"

"Why, you protect your system from spring and summer complaints by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

When the laugh subsided, Uncle Zeb replied, with a grin. "Well, yes; I'll allow that, to that extent I am a protectionist, because I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best blood medicine ever made, not only for spring but for all seasons."

A LITTLE white-bearded man named Widdows, now a clerk in the Treasury Department, was one of Patti's first managers. Widdows is a noted chime-ringer. He paid the thirteen-year-old child, who was destined to become a world-renowned diva, \$100 a week for singing in a concert troupe with which he toured the country.

Six Noneis Free, will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

TWAIN might easily establish a rifle corps at home; all his male servants are Mark's men.—Texas Sittings.

WHEN you think your children have worms ask your druggist for Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers and do not take any other. They taste good and are always sure.

REGRET not yesterday, despise not today, depend not on to-morrow.

No Opium in Pile's Cure for Consumption: Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

A POCKET mirror free to smokers of "Tan-sell's Punch" 5c. Cigar.

Creates An Appetite

There is nothing for which we recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla with greater confidence than for loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache, and other troubles of dyspeptic nature. In the most natural way this medicine gently tones the stomach, assists digestion, and makes one feel "real hungry." Ladies in delicate health, or very dainty and particular at meals, after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a few days find themselves longing for and eating the plainest food with unexpected relish and satisfaction. Try it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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I LIKE MY WIFE TO USE POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER. Because it improves Her Looks and is as Fragrant as Violets. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

It Was a Baby.

"There's something out here in a baby-curt!" yelled a boy as he stood in the door of a Michigan avenue grocery the other day.

No one answered.

"It's alive!" he cooed.

Several women looked up.

"And it's a squalling!"

Two women seemed uneasy.

"And a feller who is out there watching it says it's a kid—a little one for a cent!"

"Mercy on me, but that must be my baby! I'd forgoten all about him!" gasped a woman as she hurried out to find her suspicions verified.—Detroit Free Press.

A VAST sum was sunk in the temporary plant used in building the Forth Bridge. The engineers estimate that £500,000 was spent in this direction alone. In scaffolding, flooring, shedding, etc., 1,000,000 cubic feet of timber was used. From first to last, 1,200 tons of mere service bolts was needed to hold the mass of material together. Scores of hydraulic jacks, sixty miles of wire rope and rams innumerable were also among the temporary appliances employed.

Pains AND Aches PROMPTLY CURED BY

St. Jacobs Oil

Maywood, Kans., Aug. 10, 1888.

I suffered two years with pain in my side; doctors failed to help me; St. Jacobs Oil cured me; no return of pain. P. LEMMON, P. M.

Carlisle, Pa., February 11, 1888.

I was hurt in the left hip and tried several physicians without obtaining relief. Less than a half-bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured me. JOHN U. SHREAFER.

To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy, SMITH'S

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Use the SMALL SIZE (40 little beans to the bottle). They are the most convenient; suit all ages. Price of either size, 25 cents per bottle.

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For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the Chest or Sides, Headache, Toothache, or any other external pain, a few applications rubbed on by hand act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, more thorough and repeated applications are necessary.

All Internal Pains, Dizziness, Colic, Spasms, Nausea, Fainting Spells, Nervousness, Sleeplessness are relieved instantly, and quickly cured by taking inwardly 20 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water. 50c. a bottle. All Druggists.

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An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

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