The Iron Herald.

A. G. CLIFFEY, Editor.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,

NEGAUNEE, L. S., MICHIGAN.

TERMS:

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Yearly advertisements, $5 00 per square, with the privilege of changing once a month.

Business notices, 10 cents per line for the first insertion, and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Marriages and deaths gratis.

Job Printing, Cash on delivery.

Subscribers, A. G. CLIFFEY, Negaunee, Mich.

The Negaunee Iron Herald.

VOLUME X. NEGAUNEE, (L. S.), MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1883. NUMBER 23.

The Iron Herald.

JOB PRINTING

of every description

Posters, Circulars,
Bill-Heads, Tail Tickets,
Badges, Wedding and
Visiting Cards,
Programmes, Tags,
Note and Letter Paper,
Envelopes, Etc.

NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED,
AT REASONABLE RATES.

WE THINK WE MAY SAY HERE, ALONE:

We have seen the Lord delivered
Where hope, because in ruins,
Could but lie down and weep
Where Faith, in her endeavors,
Could but sit still and sleep
Where Love, despairing of her pleasure,
Could but look on and see
Where Life, in her own treasure,
Could but be dead with me.

We have seen the Lord delivered
Where, in the night of fear,
Each hour, with leaden pinions,
Crept on, as a year
Where, in the night of sorrow,
Each hour, with leaden pinions,
Crept on, as a year.

We have seen the Lord deliver
Where, in the night of pain,
Each hour, with leaden pinions,
Crept on, as a year
Where, in the night of death,
Each hour, with leaden pinions,
Crept on, as a year.

We have seen the Lord deliver
Where, in the night of sin,
Each hour, with leaden pinions,
Crept on, as a year
Where, in the night of despair,
Each hour, with leaden pinions,
Crept on, as a year.

We have seen the Lord deliver
Where, in the night of doubt,
Each hour, with leaden pinions,
Crept on, as a year
Where, in the night of grief,
Each hour, with leaden pinions,
Crept on, as a year.

We have seen the Lord deliver
Where, in the night of wrong,
Each hour, with leaden pinions,
Crept on, as a year
Where, in the night of shame,
Each hour, with leaden pinions,
Crept on, as a year.

We have seen the Lord deliver
Where, in the night of wrath,
Each hour, with leaden pinions,
Crept on, as a year
Where, in the night of hell,
Each hour, with leaden pinions,
Crept on, as a year.

We have seen the Lord deliver
Where, in the night of death,
Each hour, with leaden pinions,
Crept on, as a year
Where, in the night of the grave,
Each hour, with leaden pinions,
Crept on, as a year.

We have seen the Lord deliver
Where, in the night of night,
Each hour, with leaden pinions,
Crept on, as a year
Where, in the night of night,
Each hour, with leaden pinions,
Crept on, as a year.

We have seen the Lord deliver
Where, in the night of night,
Each hour, with leaden pinions,
Crept on, as a year
Where, in the night of night,
Each hour, with leaden pinions,
Crept on, as a year.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The Schoolmaster Corner of a Poor Farmer's Cabin.

The best education great men that have lived in this country have had, in the aggregate, and taking them the value alleged in Virginia, and thence got to be the best of all, was that of Abraham Lincoln had a little of the school, but lived in him a little congenial. His lonely, stalwart, grim, gaunt, and Roman face; his occasional concentrated speech, his long, lonely, and lean legs and arms, and his mind, which could well overpower, received one of the most German writers, and which ranged far beyond appearance.

He was born in a Kentucky cottage, Kentucky, that it is the country where he was born; and he is included in another country, and he was a rolling country, sacred, one-third of the country, Kentucky, and the country, Indiana, and in place, it was a place, one high mounds almost like spectacles—one called Spice Mountain, and, and also other the Blue Hill. He was born in a cabin, and he was born half born a schoolhouse, half called Hodgenville, in Nelson county. When he was a little little boy, his father moved to another cabin, on Knob creek, and he was a little little boy, and, and, it is said, he was a little little girl. He was born forty years after Daniel Boone came through the North Carolina to explore Kentucky, and, and, he was born forty years after a congressional commission settled in Kentucky.

It is not strange that Lincoln, which, whose name was also Abraham, came from Revolutionary stock. He was born in 1809 was a youngsted and, and, he was born in Kentucky, and, and, Hardin County, Thomas, Thomas, Hardin County, and, and, he was a poor widow of Kentucky, these old-fashioned, these old-fashioned, these Indians and Indians and Indians were over, remaining in Kentucky, and remaining in Kentucky, and remaining in Kentucky. It is said that the children of Kentucky, and, and, and.

Tom Hodgenville, Thomas Lincoln of Hodgenville county Va., came from Berks county, Pa., and, and, and, and. The characteristics of Lincoln Sour can be seen.

The Presidents Sour, Thomas Sour, and, sour had any education, could literally read, for, for, for, for, and, and, and

IRON HERALD.

Thursday, March 22, 1883

NEGAUNEE, L. S., MICH.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

For Justice of the Supreme Court—
JUDITH MARIE of Jackson.
ALEX. SMITH of Wayne.

For Regents of the University—
HARRY B. HUTCHINS of Washtenaw.
JOHN D. PIERCE of Kalamazoo.

When free traders tell you that a duty on foreign goods will have no effect on wages of workingmen, refer them to Japan. That was an absolutely prohibitive tariff country once. As to other nations it maintained a high protective tariff, and where it had the power it secured its home population by law. Less than a hundred and fifty years ago, when the manufacture of pig and bar iron of this country was in its swaddling clothes, England, always jealous of anything that looked like a possibility of competition, not only prevailed against, expectation, too, took measures to prevent the manufacture of iron, for our own use by the following act of Parliament:

"From and after the 24th day of June 1750, no mill or other engine for slitting or rolling of iron, or any plating forge to work with a tilt hammer or furnace for making steel, shall be erected, or utilize such creation continued in any of His Majesty's Dominions in America."

Not only must we not sell to England or the English, but we must buy at their price, and use them. We must do the manufactures over there bowed down for them. No country in the world knows more of the value of protection than England, and if we should grind labor down to a lower price than is now paid for it, so as to be able to underbid England in iron, it would not be a month before a high protective tariff, according to prohibition, would be passed by Parliament, in spite of all their high office theories on the subject of free trade.

The effect of tariff on wages is plainly seen in the statistics furnished by Mr. Atwell showed in his New York speech on the 12th of last month, that in England under free trade, wages in the iron and steel industry, wages have fallen 40 per cent. since 1866, while in the United States, under protection, they increased 61 per cent. in the same period. The current decline of 10 per cent. in American wages he refers to free trade agitation, but notwithstanding this decline, wages — still 7 per cent higher than this country, — is 10 per cent. while in England they are 60 per cent. lower.

The Neighbors

MINNESOTA.

(*From the Hancock Times.*)

A line of stores is to be run between Houghton and Rockland the coming summer.

Prof. Pendleton is written up as a remarkable musical and a musical remarkable in a musical way, protracted musical fits.

Mr. Jas. Pearce, of Hancock, has been appointed of Chief Engineer of the Lake Superior Division of the Mineral Range railroad.

A minor lawsuit over 25cd river frequented by the Hancock boys, has been settled between the parties concerned, and the lumber goes down, so that a cordial and distinct understanding.

A Mr. Van Antwerp, who has a different name from Van Antwerp, has been arrested in Chicago for Mr. Van Antwerp's offence at Roundup, for cattle trespass in Chicago. On Tuesday, Mr. Van Antwerp, who is a Mr. Van Antwerp, with his lawyer, Mr. Van Antwerp, to Chicago. The attorneys of Van Antwerp, who is a Mr. Van Antwerp, will be in attendance.

Antoni Dufresne, one of the oldest citizens of Hancock, died at his residence on Quincy street, on the morning of the 12th inst. Deceased was born in Canada, in the year 1811. He served with distinction in the 1st Regiment Lower Canadian Militia, under Colonel Gugy, during the war of 1812. He came to Hancock in 1864, and has resided in the place ever since. He leaves a family of grown up children, who will have the sympathy of the community in their bereavement.

Hancock Times.

MICHIGAN.

(*From the Detroit Tribune.*)

Bay City has 20,000 inhabitants.

Saginaw has 50,000 tons of ice in outside piles for the season.

Ex-Gov. Bagley is at Los Angeles, Cal., and is improving in health.

Saginaw's lumber yards are full to overflow, and the property of them belongs to the parties who contract a new mill therewith. The people in Saginaw are willing to do our share in the present mill fever.

Sam Crandell had his horse to a sled out on the river near Saginaw, and was driving it, when the horse broke through a hole, which indicated a loss of from 5ft. each, with and without plank, and he was pulled out of the hole by assistance. He then tethered the sled to a 2 inches sapling, and went home for assistance, but when he returned the horse had broke loose. Different others, tried it once and one to have further assistance, but the horse had broke loose. The horse was seen in a livery stable in Saginaw, after year's chase for assistance.

The 12th consecutive lay-up of Saginaw's lumber mills, which commenced on the 15th, indicates that the 20th division under a new system will be held on the Sat. Monday in April, and the 21st division will be held on the first Saturday in May, so the 20th division will have an 8 days advantage.

INDIANA.

(*From the Indianapolis Sun Paper.*)

The mercury was cold and some of our citizens met early for a supply to reach out.

John Atkinson is a big Swede by a rolling log on one of the Ford River rapids.

Mr. Jas. Pearce, of Hancock, has been appointed of Canadian order 1884, Grand Chief Commander's station. He was known as "a hard cider" when he was a boy, and he is known as "a hard cider" when he is a man. He is known as "a hard cider" when he was Gardner's Duke lace, and. The mercury at his house has each from dissent of the heart. He is known as "a hard cider" when he was a boy, and he is known as "a hard cider" when he was a man.

The Colonel is not about entering himself for office.

The building in which were located the gainsville air compressors of the Republic Iron Company, on the cross mines three-fourths of a mile from the location, was destroyed by fire, at an early hour last Wednesday morning, the adjacent mining plant of $20,000 is

Recorder's Annual Financial Statement.

To the Tax Payers of the City of Negaunee:—

You will find herewith a statement showing in detail the expenditures and receipts of the city treasury, and the financial condition of the city at the close of the fiscal year ending March 20, 1883.

Orders drawn on the General, Street and Highway, and Fire Department Funds during the year, are as follows:

No.	Name.	For What Drawn.	Amount.	Date of Order.
1	C. L. Grohar	Balance of revenue collected for taxes	10 00	
2	Peter Pearce	Balance of revenue collected for taxes	10 00	
3	Peter Pearce	Balance of revenue collected for taxes	10 00	
4	Peter Pearce	Balance of revenue collected for taxes	10 00	

LOCAL NEWS.

Thursday, March 22, 1883

NEGAUNEE, L. S. MICH.

CHICAGO ..... 8:00 a. m.
NEW YORK ..... 3:00 p. m.
BOSTON ..... 3:00 p. m.
PHILADELPHIA ..... 3:00 p. m.
DETROIT ..... 12:00 m.
MARQUETTE ..... 12:00 m.
GRAND RAPIDS ..... 12:00 m.
LAKE PORT ..... 12:00 m.
CHICAGO ..... 12:00 m.
ST. PAUL ..... 12:00 m.
DULUTH ..... 12:00 m.

Easter next Sunday.

The sidewalks are again visible.

Sledding is reported as good in the bush.

Wringer rollers repaired by Spencer & Hine.

The bill incorporating the village of Palmer, this county, passed the house yesterday.

Eggs are selling at 15 cents per dozen, and will, probably not get lower until after Easter.

—Members of the Fire Department are requested to make preparations to attend the funeral of Capt. Mitchell in uniform.—

Jame Johnson hauled 200 feet of logs at Teal Lake during the last week making the total of 9,000,000 feet up to that Saturday.

—No young lady or gentleman can afford to be without a good commercial business training; so taught in the Peninsula Business College.

—The effect being urged against the proposed change of route to the B. & O. R. R. Co., for its western extension, is a small group, mostly, if not all composed of the Poindexts, reminds us of the kitten of the goose that produced the golden egg.

—Governor Begole has purchased Samuel Utley's fine state pacer. He was matured 17 years ago from Kalamazoo county, by the mother of Governor Rich, at Lansing, St. Joseph county, but subsequently came into Governor Utley's possession.

—Invitations to the first social ball to be given by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, at Negaunee, Marquette, Thursday evening, April 5th, will be issued in this city. A special train will be run from Ishpeming and Negaunee, for the accommodation of those who may be invited, free of charge. A good time is anticipated.

NEW MARKET HALL.—We understand the Masonic fraternity have decided to rent the entire second floor of the large building to be erected by John Mulvey this spring, for the accommodation of such laid last fall. The room will be arranged with reference to the convenience and comfort of the lodges, and will of course be elegantly finished and furnished.

Personal.

Our old townsman, Wm. H. Sprout, is now engaged in unveiling statues for Barnum at Chester, Pa., and Roanoke, Va.

H. H. Hatfield, of Marquette, has gone to Arkansas for the benefit of his health.

Nelis Corwin, an old miner of the place, left on Friday last, for Abilene, Ks., where he proposes to engage in farming, having purchased a farm in that vicinity some months ago.

Mr. Dunlap has gone to Mt. Clemens Mich., to take the leading position in the women of that place. His recovery from a harrowing experience at Chicago, is not yet complete, and he is advised that a change of climate, water, etc., will likely restore him to his usual health.

W. H. Dillon, of Cleveland, was in town on Friday.

W. A. Allen, local manager of the Sturgeon River Boom Company, left for Milwaukee, on Tuesday, to be gone a few days.

Mr. Dunlap, has sold his interest in the Marquette Mining Journal, to Mr. Clemens Mick, a man who has leading qualifications for the business of that place. His recovery from a harrowing experience at Chicago, is not yet complete, and he is advised that a change of climate, water, etc., will likely restore him to his usual health.

Mr. Dillon, of Cleveland, was in town on Friday.

W. A. Allen, local manager of the Sturgeon

A SONG FOR THE BABY.

BY E. T. E. WHITE.

Put away the bauble and the bib,
Smooth out the pillows in the crib,
Softly pat the down,
Lay the baby's crown,
Warm around its feet
Tuck the little sheet—
Snug as a pea in a pod.
With a yawn and a gap,
And a dreamy little nap,
We will go, we will go,
To the Landy-andy-pandy
Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,
To the Landy-andy-pand
Of Noddy-pod.

There in the shadow maker's tent,
After the twilight's soft descent,
We'll lie down to dreams
Of milk in flowing streams;
And the shadow maker's baby
Will lie down with us, may be,
On the soft, mossy pillow of the sod.
In a drowse and a doze,
All asleep from head to toes,
We will lie, we will lie,
In the Landy-andy-pandy
Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,
In the Landy-andy-pand
Of Noddy-pod.

Chicago Tribune.

OUTWITTING THE BRIGANDS.

It was on such a morning as we fog-nurtured islanders seldom witness at home that I stood upon the deck of the good ship Coumoundouros, watching the nearing shores of the Piræus, which, as all the world knows, or should know, is the port of the classic city of Athens. The beautiful unclouded sky; the bright outline of the sun-bathed coast; the air laden with the scent of the distant Hymettus; the far eminence with the grand old Acropolis standing out white and bold in the clear atmosphere; and close at hand the moldering tomb of Themistocles—all combined to arouse such poetic fancies in my mind that I forgot for the moment the prosaic business upon which I had come. The screaming engine of the busy little railway which carries the traveler from the Piræus to Athens soon reminds me, however, that I was accredited with a mission from a London Greek firm to its friends in the Attic city and I was soon whirling over the sacred ground—

Where history gives to every rood a page.

We passed the monuments of those doughty champions of the War of Independence, Karaiskakis and Miaulis, and many other objects of interest; and, after a ride of three or four miles, I found myself at my destination.

After the first few days I certainly had a very pleasant time of it, the few hours' work each day acting only as a stimulus to my varied pleasures; and, having examined the Acropolis, lunched by the fallen pillar of Jupiter, and seated myself in the ruins of Pnyx—whence Demosthenes declaimed and Pericles evolved his plans—I looked around, like Alexander, for more worlds to conquer. I thereupon consulted my genial but unwashed host, Kyrie Antonio Pericles Pappademetracopoulo—who, although Plato was to him a text-book, and the sayings of Socrates as familiar as the story of Tommy and Harry to an English schoolboy, was always as dirty as a sweep—upon the propriety of betaking myself to where

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea.

For one might as well go to Egypt without visiting the Pyramids, or to Rome without entering St. Peter's, as to "do" Greece and leave Marathon unexplored; and when my host tried to dissuade me by assuring me that a Greek gentleman's ear had been sent a fortnight before by the brigands to his obstinate relatives, to hurry the negotiations for his ransom, it so roused my blood that I vowed I would go if I returned as close cropped as an English terrier. So away we started—myself and Themistocles, the son of my host, a sallow, unshaven youth, dirtier than his father—mounted upon two high-spirited donkeys, our revolvers well primed and our commissariat well stocked.

"Adios Kyrie!" shouted my long-named host, as we cantered off.

"Never fear," I replied, waving my revolver defiantly, and feeling that I should be greatly disappointed if the rascals did not show themselves.

On we went, enjoying the scenery and holding a hybrid conversation—he in broken English, and I in sadly-mutilated Greek—until in the excitement of the ride, and the glorious panorama constantly unfolding itself to our view, I entirely forgot that there were such beings as brigands in existence.

"Now," said I to Themistocles, after a ride of some hours, during which my appetite had become unpleasantly sharpened, "let us look about for a spot where we can bivouac in comfort."

We soon found a delightful place, sheltered all round, save where through a small opening we obtained a view of a charming landscape. Dismounting and allowing our animals to refresh themselves on the grass, we soon made havoc of the good things we had brought. I was lying upon my back smoking a cigarette after the meal, gazing dreamily at the blue firmament; and, being too lazy to rise, had called upon Themistocles to pass the bottle.

"Has the fellow gone to sleep?" thought I, still indisposed to turn my head. "Themistocles!"

But Themistocles heard me not; and, when I raised myself upon my elbow, I saw him standing, as if struck dumb and motionless with fear, staring upon the opening. Instinctively I leaped up and clutched my revolver; but, before I took a step, the cause of Themistocles' fear became apparent; and three shaggy forms behind three blunderbusses, aimed directly at me, made me fully aware that I was in the presence of those scourges of Greece, the brigands! But, oh, what a metamorphosis! Where were the natty green jackets with silver buttons, the plumed hats and the tout ensemble of the brigands of my youth, of the operas and the picture-books? Three ragged, disreputable-looking figures, clad in greasy sheep-skins and dirty clothes, unkempt, unshaven, took the place of those tinseled heroes, and, with stern gestures and muttered threats, ordered us to follow them. My first thought was resistance; but when I showed the slightest signs the three bell-mouthed muskets were bent toward me; and I felt that the odds were too many, and, determining to await events, grimly submitted to be led down the mountain by our unsavory guides.

At last, after winding through ravines and hollows, across glens and over mountain paths innumerable, this most unpleasant journey ended, by our guides calling a halt as we gained the summit of an eminence surrounded by trees and tall rocks, forming an extraordinary natural fortress. Beneath our feet, in a deep ravine, with seemingly but one outlet, and excellently sheltered by overhanging foliage, was the camp of the brigands; and here we found the rest of the shaggy ruffians—with the exception of one who stood sentinel—enjoying their siesta with indolent content.

A shrill whistle soon brought the rascals to their feet; and, rushing up to meet us, they displayed a dozen of as unfavorable specimens of the human race as could be found. Seizing our asses by the bridles, they relieved our captors, and led us down the ravine; and, having roughly assisted us to dismount, brought us into the presence of the chief of the band.

"Bravo, lads! excellent, excellent!" he shouted, as his sparkling eyes bent upon us in delight; and, after a cursory examination, we were conducted, amid the excited gesticulations of the brigands and without undue ceremony, into a dark cavern within the ravine.

"Shiver my maintops!" exclaimed a voice, as I groped my way in; "they might give us sea room, the vagabonds, and not land us in this lubberly creek; and now they are shoving more craft in to anchor!"

"Haul in, Jack, old chum!" answered another; "we must make the best of a bad job, mates!"

To say that my heart leaped to my mouth at hearing such unexpected words, and finding myself in the company of my own countrymen, would no more than describe the cheering sensation that thrilled through me.

"What cheer, mates?" I cried in the darkness. [illegible] of astonishment [illegible] my words, and in a [illegible] our stories were told, and I learned that my new-found friends were the Captain and supercargo of a ship then lying in the port of the Piræus, who, seeking a like object, had met with a similar fate to my own.

"And now," said Capt. Jack Jenkins, "how are we to get out of the scrape? If I had Tim and Joe and Black Tom, each with a cutlass and a barking-iron, here, we'd soon make a passage, I'd warrant!"

"That's all very well," said Will Johnson, the supercargo, "but we haven't. If I'd but the opportunity given me, I'd guarantee——"

Whatever the supercago was about to say was cut short by the advent of two shock-heads at the little opening of our prison, and two harsh voices calling us—as my guide Themistocles informed us—to partake of a feast; for we learned afterward that the chief, in commemoration of having made such a good haul, had decided to allow us, his prisoners, to partake of the general festivity. But as a preliminary we had to undergo an examination as to our capability of paying the anticipated ransoms. First, we were relieved of our watches and rings, the Captain using language rather strong for translation to these pages, to the great amusement of his tormentors, who, with similar gesticulations to his own, endeavored to imitate the sound of the Captain's words, which of course only added to his wrath and their hilarity.

"You uncombed, dirty-faced vagabonds!" he shouted, "if I had a few of you aboard the Annie Martin, I'd twist your ugly heads over the yard-arm in the twinkling of a jiffy."

Of course they only laughed the louder at his impotent rage; and I thought it quite as well that they did not understand the language in which he gave it vent.

The operation of stripping us of our valuables gave me an opportunity to observe the appearance of my companions. Capt. Jenkins was the beau-ideal of an English seaman. In age about 35, of a large and robust build, a face broad, manly and bearded, and limbs such as would delight a sculptor to copy. His height was nearly six feet; and he had an air of command about him that was doubtless bred of his occupation. The supercargo, Will Johnson, was perhaps ten years younger; nearly as tall as his friend, strong and active; and take us altogether—for I am of no mean stature myself—we were three men who, under any circumstances, would be no disgrace to our country; if any opportunity should arise for an attempt at an escape, I felt certain we should give as good an account of ourselves as any scratch three, here or there.

Having satisfied themselves of the value of my late father's watch, which I parted from with some emotion, and of the intrinsic worth of the Captain's gold chronometer, as well as the supercargo's watch and diamond ring, we were interrogated, through Themistocles, as to our means. For myself, the name of the firm I was traveling for acted with talismanic effect upon them, and I was immediately assessed, notwithstanding my protestations, at £300. At this price, too, the Captain's freedom was valued, while the unfortunate supercargo, whose business they persisted in confounding with the owner of the cargo and ship, was unanimously voted to be worth twice our ransom. Having arranged this matter to their own satisfaction, if not to ours, we were told to sit down and enjoy ourselves with what appetite we could muster.

The smell of the roast lamb and the freshly-baked meal cakes, however, soon aroused pleasanter sensations, and dimmed for a time the memories of our griefs; more especially as, under the apparent certainty of obtaining his booty, the chief condescended to be quite patronizing toward us, carving the joint himself for us, and delicately handing on the point of a dagger our several portions. After we had satisfied our hunger with the more solid viands, we were regaled with dried fruits as desserts; and a large jar of a peculiar sherry-colored but bad-tasting wine of a resinous flavor—which Themistocles described as the common wine of the country—was brought in and set in the midst of us. This we told them we could not drink; and the chief very generously ordered us a couple of bottles from his own particular store, doubtless the proceeds of a raid upon some well-to-do householder.

Will Johnson, after a time, managed to ingratiate himself in the favor of our shaggy host and his friends by his genial, happy manner and frank bearing, favoring the company with many remarks, which, translated by Themistocles, evidently pleased them. When, too, by sleight-of-hand—in which he was an adept—he performed some simple tricks, and gave them a music-hall song with a rollicking chorus, and wound up with a hornpipe, accompanied by the Captain with a pocket-comb and a piece of paper, the general enthusiasm knew no bounds, and the beetle-browed vagabonds laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks.

Will now became on such excellent terms with them all that he proceeded to take some freedom with them; and, when he snatched the horn from the cup-bearer and installed himself in that official's place, ladling the wine out of the wide-mouthed jar and handing it round to the company, his triumph was complete.

"For heaven's sake!" said he, as he passed us, "don't take any of this stuff, and don't drink much of your own."

"Never fear," said Jenkins, making a wry face: "one taste is sufficient."

And so Will went round with the cup, making a comical remark to this one and a grimace at that, until the chief—evidently fearing, from their hilarity, that they were taking too much—ordered them to desist from drinking and return to their several duties.

Meanwhile, we were sent back to our dungeon, with a sentinel stationed at the opening.

"Not a word," whispered Will, as we settled down in our prison. "Here's something, Captain," he continued, "that belongs to you."

"Why," said the Captain, in reply, as Will handed him the article mentioned, "this is a stopper out of my medicine chest."

"To be sure it is, Jack," returned Will; "and I must apologize for the liberty of taking your laudanum vial; but my confounded back tooth was so painful on board the ship last night that I got up and took it, and luckily forgot to return it this morning. You must debit me with the bottle and its contents, for I dropped them both into the vagabonds' wine jar!"

"What!" we all exclaimed in a breath.

"Now, stop your clappers!" continued the supercargo. "Jack, you know I'm not bad at sleight-of-hand tricks. Well, in the first place, having contrived to secrete the bottle while the blackguards were relieving me of my valuables, and then, having attained the position of waiter, what was easier than to wriggle the bottle down my sleeve, whip out the stopper and drop the lot into their swipes, giving the bottle a crack and stirring the laudanum up every time I dipped the horn in it!"

"Bravo, Will!" cried the Captain, seizing his hand and giving it a hearty shake. "If that's the case, we're safe; for the black-faced rascals won't wake up for a dozen hours, I'll be bound. There! our guard has dropped off already!"

And sure enough, the drowsy ruffian had planted himself right across the opening, and was snoring loudly.

"Now for it!" cried the impetuous Jack Jenkins, rising.

"Hold hard!" said Will. "Let them get well off."

So, settling ourselves down for half an hour, we talked the matter over. At the end of this time we sent the trembling Themistocles to see how things were outside; and, after peeping over the prostrate sentinel, he gave us to understand that all were sleeping except three, and they were about returning to the further end of the ravine, and would in a minute be out of sight.

"Capital!" said Will, with suppressed excitement. "Now, each take a pistol and a cutlass from the fellows, and follow me."

One after the other we stepped across the sleeping brigand at the entrance, Will relieving him of his pistol, dirk and blunderbuss, while the Captain and I stood ready to give him his quietus at the slightest signs of his waking. Then the four of us, gliding like ghosts, assisted ourselves to whatever weapons we could most easily lay hands upon; and, as Themistocles was not of much use for fighting, we gave him the bag containing our valuables—which we found by the side of the sleeping chief—as well as several spare pistols, to carry. Picking our way without speaking a word, we advanced toward the open end of the ravine, and, just as we turned round a jutting piece of rock, we saw the three sentinels, seemingly in earnest conversation.

"Halt!" whispered Will. "Now for a rush!" and each singling out his man and clutching his rifle by the barrel—for we avoided the noise of shooting—we sprang forward. Almost simultaneously, and before the enemy had time to observe us, we were upon them, and three rifle stocks descended upon three shock heads with such force that two of the fellows dropped like stones. The stock of my rifle glanced off the hard head of my antagonist and crushed against the rock. With a stifled cry, he turned: but in an instant my hand was upon his throat, and the sound died in his gullet; while, with the strength of desperation, I dashed his head against the wall-like rock; and after a struggle—in which he wounded me with his dagger—he fell from my grasp, apparently lifeless.

"Now," said the Captain, "where are the donkeys? Come, Greeky!" he cried to Themistocles, "bear a hand;" and, looking around, we espied our four animals just as we left them, but with a brigand sitting by them. Here was an unlooked-for rencontre! He was fully a hundred yards off, and to get at him we should have to cross a small plateau.

"Leave him to me!" cried Jenkins, preparing to rush forward. But, under the advice of the supercargo, he stopped. We could have picked him off easily, but dared not for the noise of the rifles.

"Hang it!" impatiently muttered Jenkins, "we shall be trapped again, after all;" and without further parley the impetuous fellow started off, running on the tips of his toes, with a drawn cutlass in one hand and a pistol in the other. Just as he was within a few yards of the brigand, the latter turned round, and, seeing how matters stood, made for his rifle, which was leaning against a tree a few feet off; but a revolver hurled deftly by Will Johnson—for we had all followed—catching him directly in the face, so effectually stopped his progress that he fell stunned to the ground.

"You persist in doing all the work," said Jenkins, as we came up to him. "But quick, lads; off we go!" and in a moment we were on our asses, and, under the guidance of our Greek companion, were making with break-neck speed for Athens. Up hill, down dale, on we went for a couple of hours without stopping, or meeting a human being; then, just as we were about to cross the summit of a mountain at which we had arrived, a harmless-looking peasant wished us "Good day," and was about to pass on.

"Seize him!" cried Themistocles; "he's a scout."

"So seize him we did, for caution's sake; and, as there were no trees near, we tied his hands and legs together, and left him begging for mercy. But there was no mercy in us, more especially as Themistocles explained that there was a curious and mysterious connection between the brigands and the villagers; that it was by no means unlikely—had we allowed him to go free—he would have hied to the nearest village and roused a swarm of semi-brigands about us.

Having traveled for four hours, and, as our asses could hardly get along for fatigue, we called a halt; and, after resting ourselves and watering our animals, we continued our journey until, late at night, we reached Athens, where, round the hospitable board of our host, we soon forgot our troubles.—*Chambers' Journal.*

How Shipping Is Taxed in New York.

For a vessel drawing twenty-one feet of water coming into New York the pilotage amounts to $136.50, and if she has to be towed in, there is an additional expense of $65. When she reaches quarantine there is a health officer's fee of $6.50, and if she comes from an infected port, $5 must be paid for fumigation. If there are any cases of sickness on board, $1 is charged for each patient transferred to the hospital on Swinburne Island, and $5 for each patient taken to Ward's or Blackwell's Island. Often whole vessel loads of immigrants are vaccinated at a charge of fifty cents a head. The wharfage charge for the time that the vessel lies at the wharf, which on an average will cover thirty days, amounts to $240 for a vessel of 1,250 tons. Then come the harbor master's fee of one and one-half cents per ton, which sailing vessels pay, because it is necessary in order to secure a berth. Then the port warden examines into the condition of the cargo, the stowage and the vessel. The charges are $2 for each survey of the hatches, stowage, etc., and $1 for the certificate thereof, or, if at quarantine, $5 for each survey. Then each survey of hull, spars, sails, etc., costs $5, and the certificate therefor costs $2.50. Then discharging cargo costs from twenty-five to forty cents a ton, according to the character of the goods. When a vessel loads partially in Brooklyn and then comes to New York to finish, she must pay a heavy fine to the 'Longshoremen's Union for having engaged 'longshoremen under the regular rates. Then come the brokers' commissions of two and a half per cent. for procuring freight and five per cent. for effecting charters. Then there is a custom house entry fee, besides various clearing fees. The Shipping Commissioner charges $2 for every sailor shipped by him.—*New York Sun.*

Talmage Snores.

I wish to put myself right on this subject. I have no objection to snoring, if it is of the right sort. Indeed, there are species of snoring that are positively impressive and suggestive. I have had interviews of this kinds with gentlemen whom I shall never forget. I have arisen sometimes and lit the gas to look upon the face of such gentlemen occupying the same apartments in crowded hotels. I have taken upon myself, on such occasions, the responsibility of rolling such a one over to hear with what variety he would entertain me. I have returned to my pillow astonished at his capacity, and wondered whether it was a natural or an acquired taste. To satisfy my curiosity, I have projected my pillow in the direction of the nasal performer, and have been amply rewarded with new varieties of notes. I have heard one person assuming many varieties in the course of an hour. First, beginning with a soft breathing like that of a bashful novice, it rises up into a steady, strong breathing, as if every inspiration were a hard pull. Then, enlarging into a rattle, like the rattle of a chain cable in a steamboat cabin when the pilot gives a turn to the wheel, it goes of into a puff like that of an engine. Deepening into a groan, and passing from thence to a gurgling of the throat, as though strangulation were going on. It rises into a long and monotonous succession of roars. Then, breaking out into terrific ebullition of sound, as if an orang-outang, a lion and a dozen wild animals were engaged in a mortal combat, it suddenly ceases, and the performer awakens and wonders that you can't sleep.

"See here, waiter," said Cauliflower, pushing away his egg cup with disgust, "I don't want to count chickens before they are hatched!"

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

TOOTHACHE may be speedily ended by the application of a small bit of cotton saturated with ammonia to the defective tooth.

FOR a scald or burn, apply immediately pulverized charcoal and oil. Lamp oil will do, but linseed is better. The effect is miraculous.

FOR chapped lips mix two tablespoonfuls of clarified honey, with a few drops of lavendar water, or any other perfume, and anoint the lips frequently.

TO REMOVE warts, get a little bullock's gall, and keep it in a bottle; rub a little on the warts two or three times a day, and in a short time they will disappear.

REMEDY FOR CHILBLAINS.—Take a piece of lime the size of your double fist; put it in warm water and soak the feet in it as warm as it can be borne for half an hour.

IT MAY be useful to know that hoarseness may be relieved by using the white of an egg thoroughly beaten, mixed with lemon-juice and sugar. A teaspoonful taken occasionally is the dose.

TO REMOVE cold sores, rub the first finger behind the ear close to the part which is joined to the head, and then rub the sore. The secretion removes the sore in a short time if applied every twenty minutes.

FOR dyspepsia pour one quart of cold water on two tablespoonfuls of unslacked lime; let stand a few minutes, bottle and cork, and when clear it is ready for use; put three tablespoonfuls in a cup of milk, and drink any time, usually before meals.

THERE is scarcely an ache to which children are subject so hard to bear and so difficult to cure as earache. A remedy which never fails is a pinch of black pepper gathered up in a bit of cotton batting wet in sweet oil and inserted in the ear. It will give immediate relief.

A GOOD wash to prevent the hair from falling out is made with one ounce powdered borax, half an ounce of powdered camphor, one quart of boiling water. When cool, pour into a bottle for use, and clean the head with it, applying with a flannel or sponge once a week.

TO MAKE good sticking plaster, put two spoonfuls of balsam of Peru to six of isinglass, melted with very little water, and strained. Mix these well together in a small stone jar over the fire. Pin out some black Persian or sarsenet on a board, and, dipping a brush into the mixture, pass it over the silk five or six times; then hold it to the fire, but not very near, and it will soon become black and shining.

FOR CROUP administer a teaspoonful of strong alum water; repeat the dose every fifteen minutes until free vomiting occurs. Put the feet and limbs in hot water and then wrap up in flannel; place on the chest a poultice of corn-meal sprinkled with mustard. Beware of cold draughts. As the attacks departs administer a dose of magnesia, rhubarb or castor oil. When children are liable to croup, always keep the alum-water solution ready on the wash-stand.

Practical Economy.

I may remind you that perhaps every one of us, and almost every one of our neighbors, has a favorite or pet economy of his own which usually serves to interest and often to amuse his fellow-men. Thus many of us, perhaps, are accustomed to save up paper and string; others are on the watch to prevent waste of fuel, of water, of gas or other light, and of many other things too numerous to mention. Some of these instances, indeed, are historical and famous The poet Pope wrote the rough copy of his Iliad on backs of letters and other stray odds and ends, by which, says Dr. Johnson, in six years he saved perhaps six shillings. The great Duke of Marlboro was once visited in his tent by a foreign nobleman, who desired to receive a lesson on economy. We can talk over that in the dark, said the duke, and immediately blew out the candle. His guest immediately rose and took his leave, remarking that he had learned enough for one session. In one of Miss Ferrier's novels a Scotch peasant woman refused to allow her husband to take the new medicine ordered by the doctor until he had finished the old, which was prescribed the day before. But, without dwelling on such incidents, let us try to formulate some general rules which the rich and the poor may practice alike with advantage.

1. Never allow anything to be thrown away or destroyed which can be made useful to any one.

2. Never allow expenditure to exceed income, and never run in debt without absolute necessity.

2. In estimating income and expenditure never trust to mere probabilities, but only to experience and to facts on which you can depend. A man who wishes to keep within his income, says Lord Bacon, must set down his expenditures at one-third or at most one-half of that income.

4. Keep in mind that there are some things that you cannot afford, and others that you can, if necessary, do without. Such are tobacco, intoxicating drinks, theatres, etc.

5. Remember, also, that there are some other things which you cannot afford to do without. Such are health, good food, good clothing, good water and fresh air, and, above all, a good conscience. You cannot afford to leave your debts unpaid, or to refuse help to those who need it when it is in your power to give it.—*J. S. Ropes.*

The Black Alder for Fuel.

Persons who are engaged in raising trees for fuel will do well to test the merits of the common of black alder which grows so plentifully in all the more northern of the Eastern States, as well as in Michigan and some other of the Western States. It is true that the trees are not large, but they possess many merits. They will grow on land too wet to be of much value for other purposes. They can be planted to excellent advantage on the shores of lakes and ponds, on the banks of streams, and on marshy land that will produce nothing but coarse grass and rushes. The chief demand for wood for fuel in the West is for feeding cooking stoves and for starting fires. The wood of the alder supplies this want admirably. It burns readily and produces a very hot fire. It makes the best charcoal of any wood that is easily grown. The trunks, which are rarely very large, can be cut down with one stroke of the ax, and, by resting them on a log or block, can be divided into pieces of suitable length for a stove by the use of an ax. No splitting will be required. The pieces will dry quickly, and the bark burns readily. A piece of ground planted to alders will continue to yield crops of wood for all time. Sprouts will spring up from the roots as soon as the old trunks are cut away. In some portions of New England the alders have been cut from pieces of ground twenty times since the country was settled. The smaller trunks make excellent bean-poles, and the branches and tops can be employed in supporting pea vines. The common alder is very hardy and the seed is easily obtained.—*Chicago Times.*

Sunlight in Stables.

D. D. Slade, M. D., writes in the *American Agriculturist*: "All barns, stables, sheds and other buildings, intended for the shelter of domestic animals, should be so arranged as to command all the sunlight possible. For this purpose, invariably place the stalls on the eastern and southern sides of the building. The windows should be large and sufficiently numerous. There is no fear of too much sunlight, either in the house or the barn. We have no right to deprive our animals, any more than our children, of that which has been diffused so liberally. There is no objection to placing animals in the basement, or cellar of a building, if due care is taken to provide against the dampness and darkness. In fact, if the stable is properly constructed, the ground floor should be the warmest in winter, and the coolest in summer. Every animal seeks the sun, and comfort itself by basking in its rays. Let them pour freely into barns and cellars, and build yards so that, while sheltered from the cold winds, they may be open to the winter's sun, from the rising until the going down of the same. Some object to the direct sunlight falling upon the head and face of the horse as injurious to the sight. It is much more to be feared that the animal will shy and start upon the road, if he is kept in darkness and then suddenly exposed to a bright light. The use of blinds, or curtains during the hot months, may, under certain circumstances, be advisable. Darkness is sometimes conducive to repose, and, indirectly, this repose to the process of fattening, but with darkness, both filth and neglect are too apt to be found.

James Fenimore Cooper's Suits at Law.

Perhaps Cooper's suits against Thurlow Weed, of the Albany *Evening Journal*, were as amusing as any. What adds to the interest of the case is the fact that Weed was a devoted admirer of Cooper's novels, and it was said that in the very heat of the controversy he sat up all night to read "The Path-finder," which had just come out. The first onslaughts did not seem to be made from any ill-will, but from pure wantonness, or at least very slight political hostility. Mr. Weed and the press generally met the first suit in a very supercilious and very jaunty manner. Even when Cooper obtained a verdict of $400, Weed could still afford to be witty and jaunty. He wrote that "the value of Mr. Cooper's character has been judicially determined. It is worth exactly $400." This remark was sent anonymously to the *Tribune*, and it immediately cost a lawsuit. Cooper had already gained several small verdicts from country newspapers. In his own journal, Mr. Weed recited these verdicts, repeated all the attacks on the novelist, and invited him to prosecute again if he thought he could obtain $400 more. Mr. Cooper promptly accepted the challenge and brought suit. Weed did not appreciate the fact that he was dealing not with a politician, but with a man indifferent to or contemptous of popular clamor. The press dropped its jocular tone and took high ground about the liberty of the press. Suits multiplied until they had reached the number of seven against Mr. Weed. Still he did not flinch. He stood manfully in the gap for freedom of speech. And he announced that he should continue publishing these attacks until Cooper ceased prosecuting. He was, indeed, encouraged by the result of two suits in April, 1842, in which, although he was beaten, the verdict was only for the small sums of $54 and $87. The tide seemed to be turning, and a new flood of abuse set in with the journals. But their cheerful anticipations were dissipated by the result of a suit in May, which brought a verdict of $325. The press was indignant, and it suggested that if judges and juries presisted in carrying on this war against the press, the editors should unite in a petition to the Legislature to pass a law compelling judges and juries to do their duty. Before this profound suggestion could be acted on, a suit in September resulted in a verdict of $400. In the following month a new suit was begun. Weed had fought his battle manfully. But the business of publishing libelous paragraphs at these rates, low as they were, was ceasing to be either pleasant or profitable. Besides his own counsel fees, the adverse verdicts carried with them heavy costs. He concluded to let the liberty of the press take care of itself. Accordingly, on the 14th of December, 1842, he published, through a crumbling comment, a retraction of all his previous statements."

Americans in China.

An American merchant engaged in the tea-trade lived with his family for several years at Foo-chow, a great commercial centre in China, and describes the domestic difficulties of bringing up children there as both distressing and ludicrous. He was forced by necessity to employ native servants, and from them the little Americans learned to not only chatter in Chinese, but to waddle as they walked, and even to wag their heads with a hopelessly amiable smile when found out in a fault.

One governess after another was imported from this country, at heavy cost; but before she had been in China a month—no matter how old or ugly—she had her cordon of suitors among the many unmarried English and American merchants in the Flowery Kingdom. "The arrival of a pretty American girl sent a thrill of delight through them all from Foo-chow to Hong Kong."

"Meanwhile my poor children," says the merchant, "were left untaught. Their mother, it is true, spared no pains to teach them the Christian religion, yet she once found two of the younger constructing an altar on a table in the kitchen, and burning squares of red paper on it in order to get fair weather for their picnic next day."

Sometimes these little would-be heathens would fall sick, and when their father's medical skill and their mother's "Book of Family Practice" failed, they were fain to call in a native physician.

One of the boys had typhoid fever, and the Chinese doctor administered a powder made from a burned scorpion's tail, and a drop of blood taken from a woman while in a melancholy humor. The doctor also, however, advised the removal of the patient from the house, which he stated was built on ground accursed by the demons; which prescription proved effectual, as the ground was found to be *undrained.*

Toothache was treated with a mixture of dried roses and the powdered claw of a tiger.

In Japan, the English system of medicine has been adopted for several years, but China still holds to her cumbrous pharmacopœia of superstition. There is the same difference of advance in almost every point of social and domestic life.

"Yet no one," says this American merchant, "can live among the Chinese people without honoring their impregnable self-control, their kindliness and courtesy, and the profound reverence of children of all ages for their parents. We have many useful and ennobling lessons to learn of John Chinaman."—*Youth's Companion.*

A Tickled Hoosier.

An Indiana farmer walked into the house with a tickled look on his face and his hat on his ear, and called out: "By gum! Hanner, what do you think?"

"What's happened now?"

"You know that fellow who sold me the churn and had me sign a paper?"

"Yes."

"Well, that paper was a note for $50."

"Noa!"

"True as preaching. And what else do you suppose?"

"He sold it?"

"Right you are. Went and sold it to a bank in Vincennes, and I've got to pay it. Think of it, Hanner—my note good 'nuff to be sold to a bank four stories high, and with plate-glass windows, and they send me just the same kind of a notice to pay as they would a rich man. I must let the Sims hear of it in some way. The Sims family look upon us as scrubs, and here we are treated the same as if we rode in a keeridge behind four hosses!"

THE ear-wax which seems like anything but an agreeable or cleanly thing out of its place, evidently has a purpose. When it is too forcibly removed from the delicate walls of the external canal of the ear there is liable to develop a fungoid growth which gives rise to a great deal of trouble, and especially inflammation of the drum itself. The moral of this is to clear out only the surplus ear-wax and not endeavor to scrape the canal clean with instruments that will expose its surface to the depredations of an unnatural growth.

Teaching a Horse.

The qualities required in a teacher of youth are needed in one who essays to train a horse. He must be gentle, firm and gifted with the art of putting things. If he also possesses that which is as excellent a thing in man as in woman, a voice "ever soft, gentle and low," it will be all the better for himself and his pupil. The following directions as to teaching a horse to back and to lead show how the qualities referred to may be used:

Take him to the top of a rather steep piece of ground, stand his hind feet down the slope, throw the bridle reins over the neck, place yourself in front and take hold of them on each side of the head close up to the bit.

Now press the bit against the sides of the mouth and speak gently, "Back, back," and the horse will soon learn to do this.

Next, take him on to the top of ground not quite so steep and pursue the same course. When the horse has learned to back readily down hill he can be taken on to level ground to do it.

As soon as this lesson has been well taught harness him to a light empty wagon and go through the same course.

When completed, jump into the wagon, take the reins in hand, pull on them, at the same time speaking to him, "Back, back," and thus keeping up the discipline till the animal is perfected in it.

If he has a mate, after both are well instructed they can be harnessed together and drilled till perfected in backing.

Three things, as above stated, must be strictly observed: First, to place the horse with his back down descending ground; second, when harnessed let it be to a light, empty wagon which requires the least possible effort to back it; third, be perfectly kind to the horse, speak gently, pat it on the neck, stroke down its face with the hand, and on no account strike it.

As soon as the horse understands what is wanted of him he will do it with alacrity. It is not from ill temper or stubbornness that a horse does not back at once when spoken to; it is from sheer ignorance; he does not know what is wanted or how to do it until gently taught.

A second method is to harness the horse alongside of another well broken to back, and set the hind end of the wagon on a piece of sloping ground and follow the directions above, or jump into the wagon and take the reins in hand, but it is best to discipline alone at first, as above.

To teach a horse to lead, let a man or boy take the end of the bridle in hand and gently pull on it, while another holds out a dish with grain or meal in it.

The horse will then advance to it. Now let him nibble a small quantity, then move with the dish a little further in front, and so keep on until he is taught to lead well.

He can also be taught by putting him alongside of another horse which leads easily. He ought to be rather hungry when thus drilled, so he will come up eagerly to the dish of grain.—*Rural New Yorker.*

VAST merit is inherent in St. Jacobs Oil, and we heartily recommend it to our readers.—*Chicago, Ill., Western Catholic.*

A 4-Year-Old's Story.

The Boy is 4 years old.

"What are you thinking of?" said his mother to the Boy.

"Of a story."

"Tell it."

The Boy opened his eyes wide, stuck his fist in his side and thus related his metaphysical meditations.

"Once upon a time there were two colts in a field. One of the colts belonged to a man who had no God. This poor little colt looked over the fence and didn't have anything to eat. The other colt grew and grew and grew, till by-and-by he had a tail and a buggy on him. His man had a God."

THE New York *Evening Telegram* says: Tony Pastor was cured of rheumatic pains by St. Jacobs Oil. He praises its efficacy.

A GERMAN physician speaks highly of the use of soft soap as a local application for sores or glandular swellings, abscesses, discharging canals and cavities, felons, etc. It is not a new remedy by any means, but one which seems likely to be neglected where it might be of real service. Quite a pleasant preparation can be made by dissolving the soap in a little cologne water.

DR. MARION SIMS declares that Horace Greeley suffered from "acute meningitis, or cerebro-spinal meningitis," in his last illness, and "should no more have been sent to an insane asylum for treatment than a typhoid fever patient with delirium."

MRS. JAMES E. WISMAN, of Harrison, O., writes: "Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla cured my daughter of dyspepsia and irregularities."

An Item of News.

"I'm a reporter," said an unsalted youth to the baggagemaster, as he planked himself down on a hand-truck near the car. "Got anything new for me?"

"Oh, I upset a can of varnish on that truck just before you sat down, but, as the item is already covered, it will be stale before you can get at it."

The news-gatherer was pried off with a coupling-pin, and sent home by slow freight.—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

Indorsed by the Clergy.

We take pleasure in recommending Dr. Warner's White Wine of Tar Syrup to the public, especially to any public speaker who may be troubled with throat or lung diseases.

REV. M. L. DOOLER,
Pastor Presbyterian Church, Reading, Mich.
REV. J. T. IDDINGS, Albion, Mich.
REV. V. L. LOCKWOOD, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Sold by all druggists.

A RECENT lecturer's train of thought was said to have lacked only one thing—a sleeping-car.

Is It Worth the Money?

That's the question. Will it pay to suffer day after day when a twenty-five cent bottle of PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR will give prompt and permanent ease and comfort. Thousands testify that it is a good investment, and if you are a sufferer from corns try it. Sure, safe, and painless. Sold by druggists everywhere. Wholesale, Lord, Stoutenburgh & Co., Chicago.

As THEY passed a gentleman whose optics were terribly on the bias, little Dot murmured: "Ma, he's got one eye that don't go."

Free to All Ministers of Churches.

I will send one bottle of White Wine of Tar Syrup, gratis, to any minister that will recommend it to his friends after giving it a fair test, and it proves satisfactory for coughs, colds, throat or lung diseases.

Respectfully, DR. C. D. WARNER, Reading, Mich.

Sold by all druggists.

LONDON *Punch* has found a man too lazy to labor under an impression.

IT'S hard to believe Miss Whittier was cured of such terrible sores by Hood's Sarsaparilla, but reliable people prove it.

IT is a wise bank cashier who takes no vacation.

Personal!—To Men Only!

THE VOLTAIC BELT Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

PURE Cod-Liver Oil, made from selected livers on the sea-shore, by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

EVERYBODY is pleased with the improved Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum. It is as clear and limpid as spring water, and was originally intended by nature as a panacea for all diseases of the scalp and skin and as a natural hair renewer.

Galvanized Scales for Creameries, Dairies, Butter Dealers and Grocers. Send for circular. Howe Scale Co., Chicago.

CHAPPED Hands, Face, Pimples, and rough Skin, cured by using JUNIPER TAR SOAP, made by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York.

CORRECT your habits of crooked walking by using Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners.

Try the new brand, Spring Tobacco.

American Cider for England.

Among the articles which Englishmen are glad to import from this country is sweet cider. Within the last three or four years a large trade has sprung up between this city and Liverpool, and a dozen merchants handle American cider in bulk. In Great Britain, English cider, made mostly in Devonshire, brings a less price than the American. Some cider also goes to France, but Frenchmen are not so fond of it as the English. The firm which exports the most cider has its office in Warren street. Its orchards and mill are in Madison county. The pressing is all done by steam in October, November and December. The apples used are mostly of the ungrafted kind, and are all perfectly sound, otherwise the flavor of the cider would be impaired. Last season more than 250,000 bushels of apples were crushed, and the product was 20,000 barrels of cider. The juice is allowed to ferment until it reaches a certain stage, and is then filtered through sand to clean it thoroughly. It is drawn off in large vats, and is kept until it is wanted for barreling. The barrels are bunged very tightly, and the cider keeps without change for two or three years. Any stock which becomes soured by age is made into vinegar, and sells for three-fourths of the price of cider.—*New York Sun.*

THE *Shenpao*, a Chinese newspaper, gives an account of a man, 34 years old, with thirty-two children—sixteen pairs of twins. The father is a poor farmer and the children are supported by their neighbors.

THOUGH SALT RHEUM

Does not directly imperil life, it is a distressful, wearisome and resolute complaint. Patient endurance of its numerous very small watery pimples, hot and smarting, requires true fortitude. If the discharged matter sticks, itches, and the scabs leave underneath a reddened surface, the disease has not departed, and Hood's Sarsaparilla, in moderate doses, should be continued.

FAMOUS CASE IN BOSTON.

"My little four-year-old girl had a powerful eruption on her face and head. Under her eyes it was regular scalding red and sore, like a burn. Back of her left ear we had to shave her hair close to her head. Five or six physicians and two hospitals gave up her case as incurable, save that she might outgrow it. When it began to maturate I became alarmed. In three weeks, with Hood's Sarsaparilla, the sores began to heal; two bottles made her eyes as clear as ever. To-day she is as well as I am."

JOHN CAREY, 154 D Street, South Boston.

ATTEST: I know John Carey. He is an honest, good man, whose statements are worthy of entire credit. I believe what he says about his child's sickness.

CLINTON H. COOK, Milk Street, Boston.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

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

A Quick Recovery.

It gives us great pleasure to state that the merchant who was reported as being at the point of death from an attack of Pneumonia, has entirely recovered by the use of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. Naturally he feels grateful for the benefits derived from using this remedy for the lungs and throat; and, in giving publicity to this statement, we are actuated by motives of public benefaction, trusting that others may be benefited in a similar manner.

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BEEVES	$ 5 50	@ 7.12½
HOGS	7 20	@ 7 60
FLOUR—Superfine	3.60	@ 4.00
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1.16	@ 1.18
No. 2 Red	1.22	@ 1.24
CORN—No. 2	.71	@ .73
OATS—No. 2	.52	@ .53
PORK—Mess	19.00	@19.25
LARD	.11½	@ .11¾
CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Good to Fancy Steers	5.40	@ 5.40
Cows and Heifers	3.25	@ 4.50
Medium to Fair	5.15	@ 5.36
HOGS	6 25	@ 7 65
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter Ex.	5.50	@ 5.75
Good to Choice Spr'g Ex.	4.75	@ 5.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1.07	@ 1.08
No. 2 Red Winter	1.09	@ 1.10
CORN—No. 2	.56	@ .57
OATS—No. 2	.40	@ .41
RYE—No. 2	.64	@ .65
BARLEY—No. 2	.80	@ .81
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	.37	@ .40
EGGS—Fresh	.25	@ .26
PORK—Mess	18.00	@18.25
LARD	.11⅛	@ .11½
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. 2	1.07	@ 1.08
CORN—No. 2	.56	@ .57
OATS—No. 2	.39	@ .40
RYE—No. 2	.58	@ .59
BARLEY—No. 2	.82	@ .83
PORK—Mess	18.00	@18.25
LARD	.11½	@ .11⅝
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.10	@ 1.11
CORN—Mixed	.52	@ .53
OATS—No. 2	.38	@ .39
RYE	.61	@ .62
PORK—Mess	18.25	@18.50
LARD	.11	@ .11¼
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.10	@ 1.11
CORN	.55	@ .57
OATS	.42	@ .43
RYE	.67	@ .69
PORK—Mess	18.50	@18 75
LARD	.11	@ .11¼
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.12	@ 1.13
CORN	.59	@ .60
OATS—No. 2	.42	@ .43
DETROIT.		
FLOUR	4.25	@ 4.50
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1.09	@ 1.10
CORN—No. 2	.59	@ .60
OATS—Mixed	.43	@ .44
PORK—Mess	18.50	@19.00
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.09	@ 1.11
CORN—No. 2	.52	@ .53
OATS—Mixed	.40	@ .42
EAST LIBERTY, PA.		
CATTLE—Best	5.50	@ 6.25
Fair	4.75	@ 5.30
Common	3.75	@ 4.50
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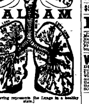

[This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.]

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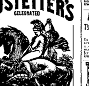

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