"Casabianca" in Prose.

A lad named Casabianca stood on the burning deck of the Orient after everybody else had played the great act and deserted her, while the flames that lit the battle's wreck shone round him o'er the dead. It was an uncomfortable position for the young fellow to be placed in, yet beautiful and bright he stood, as born to rule the storm or burst a flue. You will doubtless be surprised to hear it, but though the flames rolled on, some of them scooting up the mainmast as a repairer would scoot up a telegraphpole, some performing monkeyshines on the yardarm, others licking the name off the sides of the vessel, etc. Notwithstanding all this business, the boy would not go without his father's word, for the very good reason that his back was still ringed, streaked and striped from the last lambasting he received for disobeying the old man.

He called aloud: "Say, father, say if yet my task be done, for if I don't get out of this pretty quick I'll be done myself, and done brown, too; and don't you forget it."

You see he was ignorant of the fact that the chieftain lay unconscious of his

speak, father !" once again he yelled, "if I may yet be gone!" and just then the elemy's vessel sent a broadside into the burning wreck, and fast the flames rolled on. He felt their breath on his brow, and thought to himself that it was getting almost as hot as a ward caucus. The boy continued to look from that lone port of death, while he rattled the marbles, spools, tops, brass buttons, dog knives and a few other things in his pocket, with more or less despair depicted on his countenance.

He shouted but once more aloud: "Father, what's the use of me standin' While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud, the wreathing flames made way, with not a pump in working order, and nobody to work it. In order to make this thing very graphic, it is necessary to state that the fire-fiend wrapped the ship in splendor wild, painting it in grander colors than the band-wagon of a circus; he also caught the flag on high, swallowed it and blew more ribbons of fire out of his mouth than a street peddler. After this he stood on top of the jackstaff and made an incendiary Fourth-of-July speech to the sea-gull. But in the midst of life we are in death. There came a burst of thunder sound; the boy, oh! where-

To tell the great North American truth, there was no boy in the case. Captain Casabianca had no son, and, even if he had, it is not likely he would have taken him along when he was expecting this battle on the Nile, to say nothing of the absurdity of supposing a father would expose his little son on the deck of a vessel during an engagement.

### Remarkable Vitality.

There are two cases under medical treatment in Newark, N. J., just now, which puzzle the attending physicians and excite the wonderment of the whole community. One is that of Dr. Trevo-nian Haight, who, on Thursday, Febru-ary 27, put a bullet in his head during a fit of melancholia, caused, it is said, by financial troubles. The ball took a transverse course through the substance of the anterior lobes of the brain. Its effect has been merely to occasion par-tial derangement, showing itself chiefly in absence of mind. There has been no marked physical change, the doctor's At twelve o'clock he was conscious and pulse beating at its average rate and its spoke. The captain and the men looked temperature remaining as usual. Dur. as if one had come from the grave, and ing the first few days there was some engorgement, but that has subsided and one he put on his clothes and walked off a healthy suppuration has set in. Total to bed. So did I. The next morning physical recovery is hoped, but full restoration to intelligence is despaired

Charles Hoehle, a robust German, twenty-three years old, attempted to commit suicide by shooting on Thursday evening, February 20. The bul-let entered the head a little to the left of the center of the frontal bone, and lodged somewhere in the brain. On the following day the young man's respiration, temperature at young man in the Tombs, this city, and pulse were normal; but not so his appetite. In violation of his physician's orders to keep perfectly quiet, he arose When he was taken from his cell and I for something to eat. Finally, that he might be more carefully attended, he was removed to St. Michael's hospital. where he now lies. - New York Herald

A Bird that Would not Sing. There was in Berlin a prima donna who, whenever anything or anybody displeased her, invariably became too hoarse to sing. One day an opera in her repertory was to be performed. At the appointed hour the manager came forward, and announced that owing to a sore throat she was unable to appear. The audience prepared to leave, but the king rose and commanded them to keep their places, which they wonderingly did. A few minutes afterward an officer and four dragoons entered the capricious lady's room. "Mademoiselle," quoth the officer, "the king inquires after your health." "The king is very good; I have a sore throat." "His majesty knows it, and has charged me to take knows it, and has charged me to take you at once to the military hospital to be cured." Mademoiselle, turning very pale, suggested that they were jesting, but was told that Prussian officers never indulged in such a thing. Before long a little while before made a fire. I then the long of the barn a hen, partly on the ice and partly in the water, partly frozen and partly not. I took her in and laid her upon the kitchen stove, in which I had a little while before made a fire. I then she found herself in a coach with the four men. "I am a little better now," she faltered out; "I will try to sing."

She faltered out; "I will try to sing."

Back to the theater," said the officer I had not an idea that she was to the coachman. Mademoiselle thought

Thought upon reflection

Chrystal's "Xylophonics." cloth of a parlor sofa.

A canalboat mule and a baby's shoe generally wear out on the toe. Isn't the band of gold which encircles 9 young man's scarf a near ring?

A man whose knees are callous may be far from being devout-he may be a sailmaker.

A light-running Domestic-The hired girl who skips around with a blazing

kerosene lamp.

Whene'er a printer planes a form And batters down his fingers, The pain may disappear; but warm The mallet-diction lingers,

The spirited debate in the kitchen

of an unyielding tree,—Hackensack Re- my mother was nonplussed, and let it results.

DROWNED PERSONS NOT DEAD.

How Persons Apparently Dead Have Beer Restored by the Application of Heat-An Interesting Statement.

Dr. T. S. Lambert, of New York, maintains that persons who have been drowned or suffocated are only in a state of suspended animation, and can be restored to life by applying heat in almost any shape to the body. He has an arti-cle in the *Evening Post* on this subject, and gives the following interesting cases illustrating how heat has been applied :

Dr. Lynch, of this city, when living, several years ago, restored a man who had been in the water about half an hour, and had been carried so far that about another half hour elapsed before the doctor began to operate upon him, by putting about him strips of carpet torn up from the floor, and soaking them with hot water, tea, coffee, etc., which the neighbors had. The man came to" in about an hour.

Dr. Davis, of this city, when living in Ohio, restored in half an hour a boy thirteen years old who fell off a horse into the river, and was under water half an hour. The doctor put around him hot dry blankets, frequently changed. He prefers dry heat. It will often be

best. It makes the least muss. A colored Cuban boy was restored simply by being accidentally "laid in the sun" on the "terrace roof" after the efforts of two physicians, attending to the ordinary means, had failed, and they had pronounced the boy dead.
Some years ago a man was taken out

of the East river at Forty-fourth street, having been under the water some time. As he apparently had no friends and had no directions about him, he was fortunately placed upon a plot of grass near by, under the blazing sun of a summer's afternoon. But the police did not come for several hours, and then it was found that his heart was beating. A brisk rubbing of his ears excited him to complete activity. Why that form of rubbing was used I cannot guess. Upon a steamboat leaving Cleveland

for Buffalo, July fourth, eight P. M., 1848, a hand fell into the water, and soon sunk, just as the boat was starting. They got him on the deck and started about nine. A little before ten the captain came to my room and asked if I would go down and see if anything more could be done; the man had been rolled on a barrel, etc. I went. He was cold and apparently lifeless. In a flash, suggested probably by the heat near by, experiments tried a few years before upon fowls, a dog and a cat-restored heat alone -came into my mind, and I said to myself: "Why not try the experiment on this man? Here are plenty of means; it will do no harm; it may restore him." I said to the captain that if he would order a mattress, some sheets, a pail of hot or cold water, and shut off the current of air, I would go to work. He said it would do no harm to try. The sheets, wrung out as hot as my hands would bear, were wrapped about him nude, his head inclusive except mouth and nose, and changed as often as they were a little cooled. Today, with those abundant resources, I should wrap the sheets about him with clothes on, and keep the whole soaked with hot water. About eleven his pulse was first noticed, feeble and infrequent; after about five minutes a gasp came, and in seemingly long while another. I then set back, contented to watch the

lieve, attendant upon resuscitation. Why I cannot guess. Several years after, two children under water, one under ice, each about the same time, from fifteen to twenty minutes, were by hot wet sheets re-stored in less than half an hour under my suggestion when they had been declared to be dead. A fourth case was of was called to him he was breathless, and his pulse and heart beatless; his hands and feet only were cold. I ordered hot wer cloths to them, which were immediately applied. In five minutes his heart was peating; breathing soon followed, and in a quarter of an hour he was talking. No effort was made in any of these four cases to restore animation, except by the application of heat, and in each

case the most convenient way was by means of hot wet cloths.

The professor asks: "Did you originate the hot water method?" Not "hot water," but heated method is the better form of question. But the application of heat in the restoration of the drowned is not new; it has, however, been considered as subordinate, whereas it is the principal (also principle). But I can-not say that I originated this idea. It seems to have originated itself. I blundered into it accidentally, and then did not see it at first. When about eighteen years of age, and pretty well read in medical works, I found in the water tub went out, and after a little time returned, and was much astonished to see to the coachman. Mademoiselle thought she had receded too easily. "I shall not be able to sing my best," she said. "I there must be some mistake. I therefore drowned another hen sure, and laid her on the stove, not warm enough two dragoons in attendance behind the scenes have orders to carry you off to the military hospital at the least did another; and I made up my mind that there must be some mistake. I therefore drowned another hen sure, and laid her on the stove, not warm enough to scorch her feathers, and watched her. She "came to" systematically, and so did another; and I made up my mind that there must be some mistake. I thought upon reflection that there must be some mistake. I therefore drowned another hen sure, and laid her on the stove, not warm enough to scorch her feathers, and watched her. She "came to" systematically, and so did another; and I made up my mind that there must be some mistake. I therefore drowned another hen sure, and laid her on the stove, not warm enough to scorch her feathers, and watched her. She "came to" systematically, and so did another; and I made up my mind that there must be some mistake. I therefore drowned another hen sure, and laid her on the stove, not warm enough to scorch her feathers, and watched her. She "came to" systematically and so did another; and I made up my mind the there must be some mistake. I therefore drowned another hen sure, and laid her on the stove, not warm enough to scorch her feathers, and watched her.

couac." Never did the lady sing better.

The Theater.

did another, and I must be say with hens. But I did not generalize the idea. The next summer, one hot day, as I was watching the first hen with a brood of chickens, A rep-tile—A hat made from the old and wondering how she could have been so much frozen without injury, it occurred to my mind that when I was a small boy my mother told me to put the cat and three or four kittens into a bag and take them to Bare Hill brook and drown them. When there I tied a stone and a long cord to the bag and pushed the whole off the stone bridge into the water. When there was no more motion in the bag I hauled it out, emptied its contents upon the broad stone, and started for home. It was a hot sum-mer's day, and the "old oak" by the wayside tempted me with its cool shade awhile, and when I reached home my mother said: "Why did you not drown the cat, as I told you?" She knew that ceased when the master of the house peremptorily ordered the chief cook to lay the matter on the table.

A young man's nose is out of joint in more than one sense, when he sees his is in that state of mind. Sure apongly

sion that something ought to be done. The cat performance had always haunted me, and, brought to mind in connection with the then mystery about the hens, I asked myself if there might not be a like cause in both cases, and as I had a few days before obtained a large dog for experiments, I forthwith bagged him and subject him to the water ordeal. He was no wizard, but drowned easily. I did not dare to risk him long under water, but as soon as he was quiet and his pulse had stopped he was taken out and laid in the hot sun on the hot boards leading into the barn doors. In a short time I had the pleasure of feeling his pulse and seeing him breathe. I tried the experiment the next day with full faith, and for a long time, as I then thought, leaving him under water full twenty minutes, and in about half an hour the dog and myself were equally happy in his complete re storation—the dog over a large piece of meat that I gave him as a kind compen-sation, a kind of Bergh memorial for his instrumentality in the successful ex-periment; and I because—well is there any merited gratification equal to that arising from an experiment that confirms a scientific education? I thought I would make it sure by drowning the cat. She proved to be of the same ninelived race with the one I left on the bridge, equally faithful to the master power of the sun's rays. I was now prepared to commend the conclusion l had reached to my mother's attention as I had always supposed that a suspicion yet lurked in her mind about the cat story. But I was again surprised to hear her say that she did not remember anything about it, but thought I had better not be trying any more experiments with the cat, as she was a good mouser and could not be spared. Her poor memory was not long after explained by a farmer's wife happening to remark: "Mothers forget dreadful easy the bad doin's of their boys."

"Pizun and Ki-nine" She wasn't after hair-dye, cosmetics, scented soap or any of those gimcracks; but when the druggist had finished putting up a prescription to cure a long-faced boy of a hacking cough, she turned from the stove and asked:

"Do you keep drugs and medicines and pizuns and so on?

"Oh, yes; we keep all such things."
"And ki-nine?"

"Yes, we have quinine."
"Well, I called in to see about gittin some pizun and some ki-nine, but I dunno. So many folks have been slaughtered by druggists' mistakes that I'm e'enamost afraid to even ask for camfur-gum, tho' I suppose I can smell camfur-gum further off than any other woman in Michigan. Have you ever killed anybody by puttin' up morphine for bakin' powder? "Never.

"Been in the business long?"

"Only twenty-one years."
"Well, you orter know gum'rabic from sweet oil by this time; but some men are awful keerless. I've had a brother pizuned by wrong medicine, and I'm a little shaky. Where is your

"This is it," he replied, as he tool down the jar.

She wet her finger, pushed it into the jar, and then rubbed it on her tongue.

"Tastes like it, but I dunno. Sure that ain't morphine?'

"Yes, very sure." "Sure your clerk washed the jar out clean afore he put the ki-nine in?" "Oh, I washed it myself."

"If this shouldn't be ki-nine, you'd have the law put to you the worst kind, We've got money in the bank, and we'd never settle for no ten thonsand dolhe was helping to unload the boat, very mad. Such a temper is usually, I be

"I know it to be quinine." "Well, then, gimme fifteen cents' worth, and I want down weight, too. If I'm treated well I'm a great hand to trade at one place; but the minnit I see any stinginess or cheatin', a yoke of exen couldn't pull me into that store again.

He weighed out the drug, labeled it with great care, and then she said: "Now I want ten cents' worth of izun to kill rats."

" What kind ?" "Why, the pizun kind, of course, Pizun is pizun the world over. Don't seem as you were used to handling 'em.'

"Do you want arsenic?" "Certainly; but you want to be pow erful keerful! I'm a woman of fifty nine, and I've nuss'd the sick ever since I was a girl; but I never handle pizun without a chill creepin' up my back. Where is it?"

He handed down the jar, and she smelt of the stopper, shook her head, turned the jar around and whispered: "That looks a powerful sight like cream-a-tartar!"

"Oh, no-that's arsenic, and no mistake. "Well, I've got to take the chances, I 'spose. I'll take ten cents' worth-

down weight. Any one who will be stingy sellin' pizun will be stingy in other things; and I do hate a stingy person. My first husband was powerful stingy, and he was struck by lightning." When the poison had been weighed and labeled, she carefully took up the

package and said: "Now, then, write on this that it is to be kept in the old china teapot, on the third shelf in the pantry, and that it's for rats. Then write on this ki-nine that it is to be kept in the old coffeepot in the cupboard, and that it's for chills." The druggist followed orders, and the old lady put the "pizun" in her pecket and the "ki-nine" in her reticule, and

went out, saying:
"It may be all right, but I dunno. If my old man is took off instead of the rats, I'll begin a lawsuit the next day after the funeral !"-Detroit Free Press.

How to Treat Nervousness. First, remove the cause; restore the tone of heart, improve the blood. All injurious habits must be given up; late hours and intemperance in eating abandoned; smoking, if practiced, stopped. This done, the patient is on the road to a cure; for nature is very kind when she has a chance, though she

is dreadfully cruel when abused. The food is most important. It must be abundant and wholesome—neither too much nor too little. It should not be sloppy, and soups had better be avoided so leng as solid food can be taken. Rise from the table feeling you have had enough, but not oppressed with what you have eaten. Many a man has lived to old age by following this rule. The bread should be stale,

pass with apparently a strong impres- The exercise should be moderate and

pleasant. Riding, driving, rowing, light physical labor, are all good. Those who live in cities and cannot enjoy out-of-door labor or riding, should adopt systematic habits of exercise. Some form of gymnastics will be very serviceable. The lifting cure, if rightly used, has great value in the cure of nervousness. It seems to be able to re-store the lost equilibrium of the sys-tem, and bring the weak parts of the body up in strength to a par with the strong parts. The passive exercises of the movement cure are also excellent, and any one may learn from books how to apply it to himself, if he will. Breakfast early; dine at one or two, and sup two hours before going to bed; drink no tea. Take no narcotics to make you sleep. A few raw oysters before bedtime are worth all the narcotics in the world, are easily digested, and furnish material for restoring nervous tissue and blood. If you wake up in the middle of the night and cannot go to sleep, eat slowly a crust of bread; this will often help a nervous person to go to sleep again. Avoid physic—it exhausts the tone of the system, which you ought to restore. Above all, keep up a good heart.—Holbrook's "Hygiene

Wanted to Purchase.

The bells had just struck three 'clock in the morning when there came faint knock at the humble door of the humble cabin of the humble Widow Lybold on Woodbridge street. The vidow turned in her sleep and muttered "'Tis some child of woe and sorrow

Come thus early here to borrow Tea or coffee for her breakfast." The next knock wasn't so faint. It nade the door shake and the dishes rattle, and the widow sat up in bed and cried ont:

"'Tis some loafer who is pounding: Ah! I hear his voice resounding; And I'll chase him from my door." The third knock was a kick, and the humble Widow Laybold opened her door with that prompt, decided action which alone saved the battle of Waterloo. Before her stood a tall, distinguished stranger, and he said:

"Lady fair, excuse this knocking, Pray o'erlook this conduct shocking-Kicking on your door.
Is your name Mirandy Taylor,
Widow of a gallant sailor
Dead upon Lake Erie's shore?"

The widow gracefully inclined her head and deluged the stranger with a pail of water, and he was running away when he fell into the arms of a policeman. He was permitted to sit by a hot stove for the next five hours. Yet when court opened the only dry spot about im was his throat,
"Did you have the least idea that
randy Taylor lived there?" inquired

"Well, I don't remember whether I had the least idea or not. I thought I'd inquire and see. I'm a great hand to

inquire. "You are, eh? Well, when you come in sight of the house of correction the driver of the Maria will answer all inquiries. I shall book you for thirty

"Judge, does it seem possible that a man as wet as I am is to be incarcerated in a bastile for simply inquiring for Mirandy Taylor? I'm amazed and astounded."

"Thirty days is the sentence, wet or dry. If you go up there wet they can pack you closer."
"And may I inquire, your honor, if this is the nineteenth century?

"You may, sir; and you may get your sentence doubled if I hear any more "I'm too wet to run any risks," said

the prisoner to himself, and he went in to hug the stove and wait for the carriage to back up. - Detroit Free Press. There were \$10,000,000 worth of paper

stock imported into New York last year, nearly all from Russian and Mediterranean ports.

A Facetious Judge.

A mirth-loving judge, Justice Powell could be as thoroughly humorous in private life as he was fearless and just on the bench. Swift describes him as surpassingly merry old gentleman, laughing heartily at all comic things, and at his own droll stories more than aught else. In court he could not alaught else. In court he could not al-ways refrain from jocularity. For in-stance, when he tried Jane Wenham for witchcraft, and she assured him she could fly, his eye twinkled as he an-swered: "Well, then, you may; there is no law against flying." When Fowler, bishop of Gloucester—a thor-ough believer in the superstitions—was persecuting his sequeintances with silly persecuting his acquaintances with silly stories about ghosts, Powell gave him a telling reproof for his credulity by describing a horrible apparition which was represented as having disturbed the narrator's rest on a previous night. At the hour of midnight, as the clocks were striking twelve, the judge was roused from his first slumber by a hideous sound. Starting up he saw at the foot of his uncompanioned bed a figure
—dark, gloomy, terrible, holding before
its grim and repulsive visage a lamp
that shed an uncertain light. "May heaven have mercy on us!" tremulously ejaculated the bishop at this part of the story. "Be calm, my lord bishop; be calm. The awful part of this mysterious interview has still to be told. Nerving myself to fashion the words of inquiry, I addressed the nocturnal visitor thus—'Strange being, why hast thou come at this still hour to perturb a sin-ful mortal?' You understand, my lord, I said this in hollow tones—in what I may almost term a sepulchral voice."
"Ay, ay," said the bishop, "I implore you to go on. What did it answer?" 'It answered in a voice not greatly different from the voice of a human creature, 'Please, sir, I am the watchman on beat, and your street door is open." A twelve-years-old boy in Evansville,

Ind., who went to bed apparently well awoke in the morning deaf and dumb.

Not Symptoms, but the Disease.

It would seem to be a truth appreciable by all, and especially by professors of the healing art, that to remove the disease, not to alleviate its symptoms, should be the chief aim of medication. Yet in how many instances do we see this truth admitted in theory, ignored in practice. The reason that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is successful in so many cases with which remedies previously tried were inadequate to cope, is attributable to the fact that it is a medicine which reaches and removes the causes of the various maladies to which it is adapted. Indigestion, fever and ague, liver complaint, gout, rheumatism, disorders of the bowels, urinary affections and other maladies are not palliated merely, but rooted out by it. It goes to the fountain head. It is really, not nominally, a radical remedy; and it endows the system with an amount of vigor which is its best protection against disease.

Clock-work is not more regular than the

peremptorily ordered the chief cook to lay the matter on the table.

A young man's nose is out of joint in more than one sense, when he sees his girl going home from church with another fellow, and, as he follows them afar off, suddenly strikes the bridge of his olfactory organ against the trunk of an unyielding tree,—Hackensack Re
in telling that story. Go and look out of look out of the back door and see what you have to say." I was astonished, if ever a boy is in that state of mind. Sure enough, the same cat I left on the bridge as dead was sitting there licking her fur and that of the kitten left at home. But I spoke the trunk with so much earnestness that my mother was nonplussed, and let it results.

Clock-work is not more regular than the early to rise" should be the motto. Sleep is the salvation of the nervous system. When there is strength, a cool bath, short and quickly over, with much friction under a sheet, should be taken every morning, and a reaction secured. Without a reaction much harm of the back door and see what you have to say." I was astonished, if ever a boy is in that state of mind. Sure enough, the same cat I left on the bridge as dead was stiting there licking her fur and that of the kitten left at home. But I spoke the trunk of the kitten left at home. But I spoke the trunk of the kitten left at home. But I spoke the trunk of the kitten left at home. But I spoke the trunk of the kitten left at home. But I spoke the trunk of the kitten left at home. But I spoke the trunk of the kitten left at home. But I spoke the trunk of the kitten left at home. But I spoke the trunk of the kitten left at home. But I spoke the trunk of the kitten left at home. But I spoke the trunk of the kitten left at home. But I spoke the trunk of the kitten left at home. But I spoke the trunk of the kitten left at home. But I spoke the trunk of the kitten left at home. But I spoke the trunk of the kitten left at home. But I spoke the salvation of the nervous system. When there is strength, a cool bath, short and all druggists.

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco

A Deadly Fight with Burglars. Mr. John P. M. Richards of the firm of John P. Moore's Sons, gunsmiths has had an exciting encounter with two burglars in his house, No. 305 East

Eighty-sixth street, New York, in which he captured one and shot the other dead. At 8 o'clock P. M. he heard noises down stairs and felt cold air as if the front door were open. He seized a seven chambered revolver and went down stairs. On his way he could see that the front parlor door and the vestibule door were both open, and by the light which streamed into the front room from the street lamps on the sidewalk he saw two men at the wardrobe busily emptying it of its contents. A pile of clothing already taken out lay at the parlor door. The thieves heard the footsteps of Mr. Richards as he reached the space between the rooms, and both made a bolt for the rear windows of the back parlor. Mr. Richards fired three shots at one of the thieves, who, after finding that he could not open the blinds, turned and ran toward him. Mr. Richards then fired the fourth shot, striking the thief In the left breast and killing him instantly. The other thief surrendered, and soon after Captain Robbins and other policemen arrived. The prisoner and the body of his accomplice were removed to the station-house. The dead man was found to be Timothy Casey, aged twenty-two years, of Ninety-second street, between Second and Third avenues. He was known to the police of the Twenty-third precinct as a sneak-thief who was out on \$1,000 bail for a burglary committed in Madi-. son avenue several months ago. The prisoner was recognized as an ex-convict named David Dargon, who pretends to be a bricklayer. On the 29th of March, 1876, Dargon pleaded guilty to a charge of burglary committed at No. 71 East

half years, which he served. Coroner Ellinger was summoned and at once discharged Mr. Richards from custody.

Eighty-fifth street, and was sentenced

to State prison for a term of two and a

There are 33,300 retail tobacco dealers in France.

Somebody's Child.

Somebody's child is dying—uying with the flush of hope on his young face and an indescribable yearning to live and take an honored place in the world beside the companions of his youth. And somebody's mother is thinking of the time when that dear face will be bidden where no ray of hope can brighten it—when her heart and home will be left desolate—because there was no cure for consumption. her heart and home will be left desolate—because there was no cure for consumption. Reader, if the child be your neighbor's, take this comforting word to the mother's heart before it is too late: Tell her that consumption is curable; that men are living to-day, aged. robust men, whom the physicians pronounced incurable at the age of twenty-five, because one lung had been almost destroyed by the disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a most efficient alterative for separating the scrofulous matter from the blood and lungs, and imparting strength to the system. It has cured hundreds of consumptives.

The Grand Central Hotel on Broadway New

The Grand Central Hotel, on Broadway, New York, is a big house, and it takes a great many people to fill it. In order to do the latter, and to please everybody, the hotel is now kept on both the plans; the American at \$2.50 to \$3.00, and the European at \$1.00 and upward per day. An elegant restaurant, at moderate prices, is conducted by the hotel.

CHEW The Jelebrated
"Matchiless"
Wood Tag Plug
TOBACCO.
THE PIONEER TOBACCO COMPANY,
New York, Boston, and Chicago.

Prices are a little higher for the Mason and Hamlin O gans than those of very poor organs, but the quality is a great deal better. It is omy to obtain the best when there is no more difference in the price. Coughs and Colds.—Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., should try "Brown's Bronchial

Troches." Twenty-five cents a box. HUNT'S REMADY

HUNT'S REMADY

Oures Dropsy, Kidney, Bladder
and Urinary Complainte, Bright's
Disease, Diabetes and Gravel.

HUNT'S REMADY

Oures

Pain in the Side, Back or Loins,
and all Diseases of the Kidneys,
Bladder and Urinary Organs.

Hant's Remedy encourages

and creates an appetite, braces up the system; and god

he ilth is the result of using Hunt's Remedy. Senc

for pamphlet to WM. E. CLARKE, Providence, R. I.

Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs.

Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs.

Demonstrated best by Highest Honors at all
WORLD'S EXPOSITIONS FOR TWELVE YEARS.
vis.: at Paris, 1887: Vienna, 1873: Santiago, 1875;
PHILADELPHIA, 1876: Paris, 1878; and Grand Swedise
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