

"And did it cure me?"

"Do I look as if it did?"

"Yes, indeed. What was it?"

"Warner's Safe Cure."

"A proprietary medicine?"

"Of course. What of that? I suppose I once had as great a prejudice against advertised medicines as any one could have. When I was studying medicine at Ann Arbor, Michigan, I used to vow with the rest of the class that we would fight all such remedies at all times. When a man comes down to the last hour, however, and bids his wife and friends good-bye, such bigoted prejudices as these all vanish, I can assure you and any remedy that can cure is gladly welcomed."

"And how have you been since then?"

"As well—or better, than before."

"Do you still exert your strength?"

"Certainly. But I do not *over-exert*, as formerly. My strength is increasing every day, and my health is number one. I know that my life was saved by Warner's Safe Cure, and I believe it is the best medicine that was ever compounded by any chemist or physician. I am willing the doctors should sneer at me for such a statement if they choose, but I have proven its truth, and am prepared to stand by it."

The above experience should be of great value to all who are suffering. It shows the deceptive nature of this terrible malady; that all symptoms are common to it and that there is but one way by which it can be absolutely avoided.

SOCIAL AND LITERARY.

Dick Liddell publishes a seven column confession, embracing the crimes of the James gang. It recites a large number of robberies of stages, trains, and travellers.

The production of beer in America in 1863 was about 62,000,000 gallons. Last year it amounted to 525,000,000 gallons. This enormous increase in the manufacture of malt liquors gives us some idea of the drinking habits of Americans.

A stage bridge, used as a passage way for the actors at the Fourteenth street theatre, New York, gave way during a rehearsal recently, and carried down a number of members of the company. Seven persons were injured, one Mrs. La Forest, seriously.

Florence Marryat has a large scrap-book filled with authors' autographs and specimens of their manuscripts. Her father's "copy" was all written on paper about the size of "commercial note," and averaged twenty-four words to the line and eighty-three lines to the page. A magnifying-glass is almost needed to read it.

Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper, thinks that Charlotte Bronte's widow was very ungrateful not to put up a memorial for the authoress in the church where she lies buried, after he had inherited £600, as the earnings of her pen. But he preferred to marry again on the money and therefore Mrs. Hooper makes this appeal to the American readers of "Jane Eyre." "But there still remain several windows in the church, filled in with plain glass only, and each waiting for its memorial panes in painted glass. A fairly good window can be purchased for \$250 and a handsome one for \$300. Will not some one, or some group, of the trans-Atlantic admirers of Charlotte Bronte come forward to repair the neglect where-with her memory is treated in her native land.—*The Independent*.

A New Author.

An English paper tells the following story of an advertising agency: An enterprising publisher recently issued a cheap edition of Johnson's ever famous Abyssinian story, 'Rasselas.' It was reviewed in a Scotch paper, and the review came under the notice of the secretary of an artistic literary agency. Being of an enterprising nature, he sat himself down and addressed a letter to 'Samuel Johnson, L.L.D.,' calling his attention to a favorable review of his work, stating that it was among the most popular of its author's many writings, and offering to glean for the hero of Boswell and to transmit to him cuttings in the original text from all London and provincial and as many American, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, and other journals as noticed the production."

Death of Betrothed Lovers.

A letter from Findlay, Ohio, says: One of the saddest affairs to occur in a long time is reported from Orange Township. Miss Alice, the charming daughter of John Montgomery, Esq., was courted by the beaus of all that section, but was won by a bright, industrious young man named Will Swank, who had long been devoted to her. Their engagement was known and arrangements for the wedding were in progress, when young Swank was suddenly taken ill. The symptoms of the fatal malady, quick consumption, were early developed and his fate was sealed. Miss Alice was just convalescent from an attack of measles and insisted on seeing her lover, as he continually talked of her when occasionally delirious and asked about her in rational intervals. On her way home she was caught in a drenching rain, which resulted in pneumonia being developed. The two young people now talked only of death and repeatedly asked to be buried side by side. The first of the week he breathed his last, and the next day Miss Alice followed him. Their request was observed, and their funeral was the largest ever known in that section of the county.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER:

	Page.
A Barefooted Groom,	45
A Bald Sea Story,	46
A Poor Match,	44
A Street Joke,	46
A Romantic Affair,	44
Bony Woods,	33
Children's Questions,	44
Doing a Smart Thing,	46
Elizabeth Barrett Browning,	37
Excuses of Suicides,	43
Health and Disease,	41
Home,	43
He is Father of his own Father,	43
Our Gem Casket,	39
Our First Quarrel,	36
Our Platform,	40
Puzzles,	47
Poetry.—I'm never Alone,	45
" Nature,	46
" Somehow or Other We Get Along,	39
" Twilight Fields,	33
" The Wanderer,	43
Real Distress,	44
Responses to Readers,	43
Sam Patch's Last Leap,	45
Social and Literary,	48
The New School Readers	40
The Parlor and Kitchen,	42
The Spartan Way,	40
The Wayside Inn,	44