

THE AMERICAN BISHOPS.

The Pope's Best Portrait—How he Gave it to America—The Conference at Rome—A Harmonious Concurrence—Features of the Approaching Council in Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 25, 1884.—A letter in the *Sun* this morning, dated Rome, January 10, reviews at some length the late conference of American Catholic Bishops at Rome, and points out some features of the coming Council in Baltimore.—The letter says:—

The object of the American prelates coming to Rome was to represent all of the Catholics in the United States, and to confer with the leading ecclesiastical authorities of Rome on the best mode of observance of laws and discipline for the welfare of religion and morals in the Church, her clergy and her congregations in the American States. For these subjects, and only these, did the American prelates assemble here and confer with the heads of the Church. Hence it was a conference. The results of this conference have been grossly misrepresented through European and American channels, however, unintentionally, that it is well to give the facts, which I have obtained direct from the College of Propaganda Fide. These results will be presented before the Council in Baltimore on or about November 6, or certainly within the Sunday of the ninety-fifth anniversary of the creation of the See of Baltimore.

HIS HOLINESS ON MARYLAND.

Incidentally I may here say that Archbishop Gibbons, desirous of perpetuating the clerical historical links of Maryland, suggested to the Pope the appropriateness of this date, after the conference had unanimously decided upon holding the Council in Baltimore. The Pope, so his secretary tells me, said: "Yes, old Maryland does well to keep the links in her Christian chain of history bright. The year 1789, November 6, when John Carroll became Bishop of Baltimore, should have a pious reflection in the year 1884 in a country blessed by nature and blessed with a people of great good common sense and a love of liberty in the highest attributes."

QUESTIONS DISCUSSED IN ROME.

The letter then gives what it terms a free translation of the Latin text of the four chief parts that engaged the attention of the conference and which have been heretofore published—namely, the higher order of the ecclesiastical education of the clergy, the appointment of episcopal consultants who virtually fill the office of canons in the Church, the best method of nominating candidates for the episcopacy and pastoral visitations in a diocese, the rules to be observed in the adoption of clergy in a diocese and the establishment of ecclesiastical courts to try disciplinary cases, &c. The letter continues:—These and only these chief points were formulated by the conference in so far as the general public are interested. The auxiliary subjects have not been divulged, and are not necessary to be divulged, as they relate simply to church functions and priestly offices, disciplinary organization, &c., in which public interest has not and cannot have a share. I have had occasion to see a great deal of matter published that has been attributed to this conference, and I have also seen it gravely stated that this conference had a stormy meeting.

KIND WORDS FROM CARDINAL SIMONEI.

Addressing myself to Cardinal Simonei, I said: "Will your Eminence favor me with a reply on the subject of these alleged stormy meetings?"

Cardinal Simonei.—It has been my mission to preside and be present at many ecclesiastical meetings, but never before have I seen more serenely, more unanimously and less self-assertion. The prelates of the United States in this conference have honored their country, their individuality, their religion, by an example of peace and catholicity, piety and oneness, which redounds to the credit of their nation, their patriotism and their sacred calling. I may add that Rome will long remember America with emotions of love through the instrumentality of this conference.

THE AMERICAN PRELATES.

It would be a subject of much pleasant detail to dwell on the many recognitions of personal favors by the Pope to the American prelates. I have heard but one voice of general expression for those recognitions. I have seen numerous evidences of the Pope's regard to those good and pious men coming from afar to the precincts of the chair of St. Peter. I could dwell at length on this great moral pilgrimage of the New World to the "Old City on the Hill." It is a suggestive subject alike to pagan and Christian, and no narrow, pent-up view of it should be indulged. Not a shade or colorable complexion of partisan politics or worldly motives marked its aims and objects. And, let me add, the pilgrims—the distinguished American prelates—one and all, told me how proud they felt of their American homes, their American peoples and the intense impression these homes and peoples made in contradistinction to the homes and peoples under less liberal governments. Speaking on this subject Archbishop Gibbons said:—

"Our experience and observation in Europe give us a greater admiration for America. Our being abroad creates in us now love for home, with its broad ecclesiastical authority and broader liberty. We return from the old to the new country with increased affection for our people and our government."

PRESENTS FROM THE POPE.

Now to the gifts of the Pope to Maryland. The Pope has presented, among many personal gifts to Archbishop Gibbons, a fine life-size portrait of His Holiness, and expressly indicated that it should be hung up in the chamber when the Council will convene at Baltimore. This painting is executed by Cavalier Professor Enrico Bon, a celebrated artist of the Venetian school. It represents Leo XIII. at the time when he issued the bull *Aeterni Patris*, the proclamation of the teachings of St. Thomas Aquinas in regard to philosophy in the universities of the Catholic world. The style of treatment of the exquisite painting is of the great Venetian school and a type of the purity and accuracy so marked by the method of Professor Bon. This painting will arrive in Baltimore on or about the middle of March next, when Arch-

bishop Gibbons will doubtless give permission to have it seen by the interested public.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

I may here tell the story of how Archbishop Gibbons came to see this picture. "I was just going to the gallery and in the little lodge near the private room of His Holiness," said Mr. Machi, the Pope's Chamberlain, "when whom should I see in a deep study of Cavalier Bon's painting of the Pope but the quiet and amiable Archbishop of Baltimore. He seemed to be in a deep contemplation of it and I did not disturb Mr. Gibbons. While he was thus sitting and admiring in came the Pope in the equally quiet and amiable way so peculiar to His Holiness. The Pope stood contemplating the Archbishop and his secretary, Dr. D. J. O'Connell, both making a contrast to the painting. 'Ah,' said His Holiness, 'what a painting would not this group make?' and as he did so he came to Archbishop Gibbons and placed both his hands on Monsignor's shoulders in a pleasant, loving way and said, 'Would you like me to be sent to America?' To this the Monsignor said in his affectionate manner, 'Yes, most Holy Father, America, too, would like to see you.' 'Ah, then,' said the Holy Father, 'the best I can do is to send this, my best portrait, and to Baltimore carry it and there let it be a reminder in your Council of my affection for your grand country,' and, concluding the Pope Grand Chamberlain, when I saw this I quietly withdrew, leaving the interesting group and the picture. And this is my story."

Holiness's Ointment and Pills—Safely and Securely.—When the severities of winter have yielded to the genial spring, invalids should make a determined effort to regain their lost health; when through confinement indoors, want of appetite, and disturbed sleep, the entire system has been weakened, and the spirits have been broken down, Holiness's remedies are equal to the occasion. The Ointment rubbed over the regions of the stomach and liver, aided by the internal administration of his Pills, will rectify the digestion, regulate the bile, and purify the blood—three salutary actions which will speedily confer renewed vigor, brace up the falling nerves, confirm the flaccid muscles, and restore to the ailing cheerfulness, that great charm of existence.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR.—I have seen in your paper of the 17th November last a letter over the signature of "Irish Catholic," which letter I heartily endorse in its strictures on the P. E. Island Railway affairs and the contemptible manner shown towards Catholics of the road ever since its opening, but more particularly of late. I notice a communication in your issue of the 31st November purporting to contradict all this and slavishly and cringingly covering the manager and management of the road with praise; he was quite at liberty to do all this, but when he undertakes to mention my name and misrepresent and belittle me I reluctantly am compelled to enter the lists. This person who so justly signs himself "Another Irish Catholic" should have made himself acquainted with the facts of my life as engaged off the P. E. Railway or, knowing them, should not distort them to excuse the trickery used by his friends. It is not my desire to have any words with a person writing under a nom de plume, a hidden or hired scribbler who is not mainly enough to take the responsibility of his assertions. The press of P. E. I. decisively settled the question a couple of months since that Catholics had not justice done them on the P. E. I. Railway. The assertions of "Another Irish Catholic" on my case are a tissue of falsehoods from end to end, except the one that says "I was agitator for an agent's residence at St. Peter's." I was, and had obtained one. Mr. Collingwood Schrieber had humbly given the engineer authority to purchase a house for me. I had been ordered to take charge of it, and did so; the owner had accepted the offer made him for it by the P. E. I. Railway, and also I was notified by the P. E. I. Railway authorities to have a contract signed with certain parties to remove it to the depot.

Influences were brought to bear to prevent any such justice being done. It is said a brother of an M.P. wanted this house himself. I was without a moment's warning repudiated and ordered to proceed to a place regarded as a place of exile at the farthest extremity of the Province. I was left in an awkward position liable to an action for damages from the parties hired to move the house. My successor was notified for three weeks that he would have my place. No notice was given me until just twelve hours before I had to leave. I immediately waited on Mr. J. Coleman and asked him to take the liability incurred by me by the orders of the Railway Department in hiring the parties to move the house. He gave me no satisfaction on this point, and wished to repudiate the whole bargain. I asked repeatedly before this for a few days' relief—being ill from overwork in the performance of my duties. I renewed this application for a week's rest or at least one day; he refused to grant it and when I brought him Dr. Conroy's certificate that I was really seriously ill and that a few days' rest was imperatively necessary for me, he, by his secretary, delivered me a verbal order to "proceed to O'Leary or take the consequences." I leave the public to judge which of us acted with the most wisdom when I wrote a note to him respectfully stating that I felt so ill that I should go to my home for a week to recruit, and then return to work. I returned within a week to work, waited on Mr. Coleman, who refused to speak to me, but I compelled him to say that he would give me no work. He also was not above equivocation when he said he had reported and returned the whole matter to the Chief Superintendent at Ottawa, and that it might be months before he could give me any answer. I afterwards wrote Mr. Collingwood Schrieber, and I judge by the tone of his reply that it was the first intimation he had of the affair. Upon enquiry Mr. Coleman told me I had "voluntarily resigned." Nothing could be farther from the truth. I had served six years in the railway service, hardworked and underpaid, but I had no desire to be displaced, and if Mr. Coleman were so impartial as his fawning friend, "Another Irish Catholic," asserts, why was his treatment of me, an Irish Catholic, in such marked contrast to his treatment of Mr. Campbell or Mr. McKinnon who both point blank refused to be placed at O'Leary. One of them threw the place on his hands. Were they dismissed? No, but reinstated in their former positions. So much difference does a difference of creed make on the P. E. I. Railway. The assertion of Mr. Coleman's mouthpiece, who hides behind the name of "Another Irish Catholic," that I first agreed to accept then refused O'Leary Station, is again a falsehood. I was not given the offer of it by the superintendent in any shape, except by the words of some subordinate officer of the rail-

way; a most unusual conduct. I certainly pleaded with Mr. Coleman not to send me to exile there. I never told him I would not ultimately go there. Another of the statements made, that I refused to answer Mr. Coleman's correspondence, is on a par with the rest; it is not true. Through all this business of getting me off the road, he never wrote me a letter. And further, it is I have to complain that he never answered my letters, written since to him enquiring what decision had been given in Ottawa to his representations, or whether I was or was not in the service. This mild form of the Irish Catholic who congratulates us that a clean sweep was not made of us under Mr. Coleman, says that "no dismissal of Catholics took place under Mr. Coleman," carefully forgot to say that they are four short of their number within the past few months. How they were got clear of them say. Only one of their places was filled with a Catholic. They will be disposed of by degrees. In closing, I may say if any one of your Irish Catholic readers thinks that "Another Irish Catholic" is an original character, he is mistaken. Just turn up the pages of "The Confederation of Killenny," where is described the person who claimed to be "Another Irish Catholic," who served to try to excuse the persecutions of Lord-Deputy Ormonde of our forefathers. I shall now leave him and Mr. Coleman, and his M.P. friend McDonald, of Kings, to their plottings for a while.

I am yours truly,
JAMES SAMBRUCE,
Ex-Agent St. Peter's.

Blindale, Dorset, Jan. 24.

ALL ABOUT FEMINE HEIGHT AND WEIGHT.

(N. Y. Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.)

By the way, I had a letter lately asking just how thick a woman ought to be in proportion to her length. Of course, a very young girl may be becomingly thinner than a matron, but I think that I have been about right in making up the following table:—

Five feet in height should weigh.....	100
Five feet one inch should weigh.....	106
Five feet two inches should weigh.....	113
Five feet three inches should weigh.....	119
Five feet four inches should weigh.....	130
Five feet five inches should weigh.....	138
Five feet six inches should weigh.....	145
Five feet seven inches should weigh.....	150
Five feet eight inches should weigh.....	155
Five feet nine inches should weigh.....	163
Five feet ten inches should weigh.....	169
Five feet eleven inches should weigh.....	176
Six feet should weigh.....	180

ABOUT COUGHS AND COLDS.

Coughs and colds are prevalent now, especially among children, too often from the ignorance and carelessness of their elder guardians. Many mothers appear to accept with resignation the repeated and violent colds from which their children suffer as providential and unavoidable. A cold is by no means always due to exposure. Indigestion, constipation, a lack of scrupulous cleanliness, the unwise habit of sleeping in much of the clothing worn during the day, unwarmed bed chambers—all, or any of these things, may have far more to do with your child's tendency to cold than the keenest breath of the bracing winter air. And in great measure these things are under your control. Mothers should understand that it is a fact, whether they can see how it is or not, that numerous colds and sore throats are directly traceable to indigestion and dietetic errors. Quantities of greasy food, fried meats, pastry, and the like, ill-ventilated rooms, and continued constipation, have to answer for many cases of group, and putrid sore throats. All these things weaken the system and render it far less able to resist changes of temperature—Give every bedroom a thorough airing every day, more especially if several children are obliged to sleep together, or with their parents. This is to be avoided, if possible; if not, always lower a window slightly from the top—or if this cannot be done, raise it enough to generate and breathe in the sleeping apartment a family with small children, to supply them all not only colds, but with a number of so-called "malarious" diseases, to last a year, perhaps longer. Neglect of bathing is another prolific source of colds. A child from three to ten years old should certainly receive an entire bath twice a week in winter. A warm bath at night, taking special care to avoid any chill after, will frequently break up a sudden cold. Keep children from playing in chilly, unwarmed rooms in autumn and winter weather. Let them play out of doors as much as possible, taking care to have their feet warm and dry. A flannel suit and rubber overboots will often save much cough medicine and doctor's bills. Keep them warmly clothed, but do not be content with thick coats and worsted hoods, while short skirts barely cover their knees, leaving the limbs chilled.

A SAD SIGHT.

LONDON, Ont. Jan. 29.—On the 3rd October last, G. A. Ouelson, of London East, was knocked down by a footpad on the highway and robbed of \$40. One of the parties suspected was Thomas Fitzsimmons, of London East, but he could not be found. His father, however, at the time obtained a warrant, declaring that he would see the law of this country enforced, even if he had to bring his own son before the bench, and yesterday the sad sight was witnessed of a father leading his son to justice. The evidence was sufficient to send the young man to trial, and the father brought his own son to the jail yesterday evening.

WHAT IT DID FOR AN OLD LADY.

COENHAGEN STATION, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1878.

GENTS.—A number of people have been using your Bitters here, and with marked effect. In one case, a lady over seventy years had been sick for years, and for the past ten years has not been able to be around half the time. About six months ago she got so feeble she was helpless. Her old remedies, or physicians, being of no avail I sent to Dr. J. C. Ayer, and got a bottle of Hop Bitters. It improved her so she was able to dress herself and walk about the house. When she had taken the second bottle she was able to take care of her own room and walk out to her neighbor's, and has improved all the time since. My wife and children also have derived great benefit from their use.

W. B. HATHAWAY,
Agt. U. S. Ex. Co.

So extraordinary mild has been the weather in England that an ascent of Snowdon, Wales, was made on Jan. 8, a feat almost unprecedented. No snow was visible.

We do not sound a needless alarm when we tell you that the taint of scrofula is in your blood. Inherited or acquired, it is there, and Ayer's Sarsaparilla alone will effectually eradicate it.

A MODERN RESURRECTION.

A MIRACLE THAT TOOK PLACE IN OUR MIDST UNKNOWN TO THE PUBLIC—THE DETAILS IN FULL.

(Detroit Free Press.)

One of the most remarkable occurrences ever given to the public, which took place here in our midst, has just come to our knowledge and will undoubtedly awaken as much surprise and attract as great attention as it has already in newspaper circles. The facts are, briefly, as follows:—Mr. William A. Crombie, a young man formerly residing at Birmingham, a suburb of Detroit, and now living at 287 Michigan avenue in this city can truthfully say that he has looked into the future world and yet returned to this. A representative of this paper has interviewed him upon this important subject and his experiences are given to the public for the first time. He said:—

"I had been having most peculiar sensations for a long while. My head felt dull and heavy; my eyesight did not seem so clear as formerly; my appetite was uncertain and I was unaccountably tired. It was an effort to arise in the morning and yet I could not sleep at night. My mouth tasted badly. I had a faint all-zone sensation in the pit of my stomach that food did not satisfy, while my hands and feet felt cold and clammy. I was nervous and irritable, and lost all enthusiasm. At times my head would seem to whirl and my heart palpitated terribly. I had no energy, no ambition, and I seemed indifferent of the present and thoughts of the future. I tried to shake the feeling off and persuade myself it was simply a cold or a little malaria. But it would not go. I was determined not to give up, and so time passed along and all the while I was getting worse. It was about this time that I noticed I had begun to blot fearfully. My limbs were swollen so that by pressing my fingers upon them deep depressions would be made. My face also began to enlarge, and continued to until I could scarcely see out of my eyes. One of my friends, describing my appearance at that 'bad time,' said: 'It is an animated something, but I should like to know what.' In this condition I passed several weeks of the greatest agony."

"Finally, one Saturday night, the misery culminated. Nature could endure no more. I became irrational and apparently insensible. Cold sweat gathered on my forehead; my eyes became glazed and my throat rattled. I seemed to be in another sphere and with other surroundings. I knew nothing of what occurred around me, although I have since learned it was considered as death by those who stood by. It was to me a quiet state, and yet one of great agony. I was helpless, hopeless and pain was my only companion. I remember trying to see what was beyond me, but the mist before my eyes was too great. I tried to reason, but I had lost all power. I felt that it was death, and realized how terrible it was. At last the strain upon my mind gave way, and all was a blank. How long this continued I do not know, but at last I realized the presence of friends, and recognized my mother. I then thought it was death, but was not certain. I gradually regained consciousness, however, and the pain lessened. I found that my friends had, during my unconsciousness, been giving me a preparation I had never taken before, and the next day, under the influence of this treatment, the bloating began to disappear and from that time on I steadily improved, until to-day I am as well as ever before in my life, have no trace of the terrible acute Bright's disease, which so nearly killed me, and all through the wonderful instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy that brought me to life after I was virtually in another world."

"You have had an unusual experience," Mr. Crombie said the writer who had been breathlessly listening to the recital.

"Yes, I think I have," was the reply, "and it has been a valuable lesson to me. I am certain, though, there are thousands of men and women at this very moment who have the same ailment which came so near killing me, and they do not know it. I believe kidney disease is the most deceptive trouble in the world. It comes like a thief in the night. It has no certain symptoms, but seems to attack each one differently. It is quiet, treacherous, and all the more dangerous. It is killing more people, to-day than any other complaint. If I had the power I would warn the entire world against it and urge them to remove it from the system before it is too late."

One of the members of the firm of Whitehead & Mitchell, proprietors of the Birmingham *Scientist*, paid a fraternal visit to this office yesterday, and in the course of conversation Mr. Crombie's name was mentioned. "I knew about his sickness," said the editor, "and his remarkable recovery. I had his obituary all in type and announced in the *Scientist* that he could not live until his next issue. It was certainly a most wonderful case."

Rev. A. B. Bartlett, formerly pastor of the M. E. Church, at Birmingham, and now of Schoolcraft, Mich., in response to a telegram, replied:—

"Mr. W. A. Crombie was a member of my congregation at the time of his sickness. The prayers of the church were requested for him on different occasions. I was with him the day he was reported by his physicians as dying, and consider his recovery almost a miracle."

Not one person in a million ever comes so near death as did Mr. Crombie and then recovers, but the men and women who are drifting toward the same end are legion. To note the slightest symptoms, to realize their significance and to meet them in time by the remedy which has been shown to be most efficient, is a duty from which there can be no escape. They are fortunate who do this; they are on the sure road to death who neglect it.

Alligator skin bonnets have not proved a success.

There are 16,823 Quakers in Indiana.

The output of the Michigan iron mines last year was nearly 2,300,000 tons.

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SOLITUDE AND DEATH.

(From THE PORTLAND TRUTH WITNESS.)

(On the occasion of the death of John Edwin French, of Pembroke, who died Sunday, 6th Jan., 1884, at R. & J. White's shanty, Upper Black River.)

A mandate of heaven from the Throne went forth. And it swept o'er the earth from the south to the north. 'Twas the Angel of Death with the fiat that sped. As he summoned one more to the ranks of the dead!

But a moment ago, he was joyous with life. Now his troubles are o'er, he has sunk in the strife. And the dark cloud of terror, suspended o'er all, Spreads its folds on the scene like a funeral pall.

And the blasts of the north, in their chillness, did blow. And the earth was wrapped in its mantle of snow. For all Nature was dead, in this solitude vast, As his spirit, from time to Eternity, passed.

But kind Nature will rise in the glories of spring. And with songs of revival the forests shall ring. And the snows from the pine-hills and ice from the streams, Shall dispart before the sun, like the fleeting of dreams!

But what spring-light shall shine thro' the darkness and gloom? That hang, like the night, o'er the rest of the tomb? What morning shall rise for the one that has fled? No day-light e'er breaks on the sleep of the dead!

'Twas thus passed a friend, from companions among. The life-chord was snapped that, for years, had been strung. In the northern snows, 'midst the pines of the hill; The heart, once so warm, forever grew still! Far away from the joys 'round the home-hearth that clung, And the winds of the forest his requiem did sing. One alone the less, one more spirit is free, Another small drop in Eternity's sea!

'Tis thus pass the hopes that before us oft gleam; They are bright for an hour, for a season they gleam. But the death-chill of winter comes over them soon— Two long dreary twilights, with but one hour of noon!

In the silence that hangs o'er this solitude There's a calm, for the soul, that to lone hearts is dear. When death spreads his symbols on every side, And the murmur of grief, thro' the deep forests, glides.

And the soul that is sad, or the heart-string that's broke Into kindred vibrations, at times, are awoke! But the hopes that now slumber, entombed 'neath the sod, May revive, like the soul, in the presence of God!

JOSEPH K. FORAN.

Black River Limits, Upper Ottawa, 11th January, 1884.

FORTY YEARS A WOMAN.

Singular Transformation of a Dashing Virginia Belle—She Declares Herself a Man and wants to Marry.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 29.—One of the best known ladies of the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, has turned out to be a man. Miss Elizabeth Rebecca Payne, daughter of the late Joseph Payne, seven miles from Winchester, who has lived for thirty-eight years as a lady, suddenly avowed herself a few days since to be a man, and started James P. Riley, clerk of the county court here, by applying for a license to marry a Miss Hinton, a woman who has resided in the Payne family as a domestic. The lady who fired the heart of Mr. Payne, with such passion as to compel him to throw off the habit of a lifetime and declare his sex, is prepossessing and 40 years of age. The strange affair has caused a most decided sensation in the Shenandoah valley, and nothing else is talked about. Payne is said to have appeared in this world as a female, and was brought up as such. No one ever questioned his sex, and his own avowal of masculinity took away the breath of the community. Elizabeth Rebecca Payne was one of a family of five or six daughters. He was

BROUGHT UP AS A WOMAN

and was admitted into the best society in company with other members of the family. He was always regarded as a somewhat masculine girl, but no one ever suspected he was a man. He was a most graceful and dashing equestrian, and always challenged general admiration, as he frequently rode into Winchester with his habit and somewhat long hair trailing in the wind. He was one of the most widely known ladies in the valley. In addition to good birth and inherited acres, he developed remarkable business talent for a woman when reverses in the family fortune rendered it necessary for some one to put a shoulder to the wheel. His sisters were distinguished for their culture and personal charms, and several of them married prominent gentlemen. Mr. Rebecca Payne devoted himself to the management of a farm and to the supervision of a store which he had established at Rest; where he also held the appointment of postmaster. He also dealt in cattle and horses, and became an expert in that way. All his enterprises prospered, and he has acquired considerable wealth. Determining to marry, he threw off his dresses and applied for a license from the court, but the astonished clerk, who, like everybody else, knew him as a woman, declined to issue a license for

A WOMAN TO MARRY A WOMAN,

when Payne proved his real sex by producing the certificate of Dr. P. W. Maguire, of Winchester. A license was still refused on the ground that Virginia law compels a man to have given names which show his sex before he can act as a man before the law. Payne determined to have his name changed at the March term of the Circuit Court, which will meet on the 1st prox. The affair is a nine-days' wonder in the Shenandoah, and has created more excitement than any event which has disturbed the social circles of the State for half a century. No explanation has been offered as to why he masqueraded so long as a woman. Rumor has it that Payne and his sweetheart went to West Virginia yesterday and were married, but this lacks confirmation. J.M.

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DR. LOW'S WORK STOPPED has removed tape worm from 15 to 30 feet in length. It also destroys all kinds of worm.

A Baltimore paper says that city alone put up the past season 14,000,000 cans of peaches, 2,000,000 cans of peas, 300,000 cans of string beans, 100,000 cans of pears, 3,000,000 cans of tomatoes, 1,000,000 cans of fruit and other vegetables.

PROF. LOW'S SULPHUR SOAP is highly recommended for the cure of eruptions, chafes, chapped hands, pimples, tan, &c.

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