

MEDICAL ASSISTANCE.  
THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY



RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

THE GREAT EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY.  
FOR THE MOST EXHAUSTING PAIN,  
IN A FEW MINUTES.

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## Poetry.

### THE DOMICILE ERECTED BY JOHN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE VULGATE OF M. GOOSE,  
BY A. POPE.

Behold the mansion, reared by mortal Jack!

See the raft stored in many a pithoric sack.

In the proud circle of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark how the rat's felonious fangs invade

The golden stores in John's pavilion laid!

Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,

Subtle grimalkin to his quarry glides.

Grimalkin grim, that slow the fierce resent,

Whose teeth in John's sackcloth rent.

Lo, now, the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault!

That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt.

Stored in the hallowed precincts of that hall

Which rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous cow with crumpled horn,

Whom the exasperating hound was torn

That brayed the feline laughter-beast that slew

The rat prelatious, whose keen fangs ran through

The textile fibres that involved the grain

That lay in Hans' inviolate domain.

Here walks the forlorn dame, crowned with rue,

Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dews drew

Of that comitulate beast whose tortuous horn

Toosed to the clouds, in fierce, vindictive scorn.

The haying hound whose braggart bark and stir

Arch'd the little spine and reared the indignant fur

Of puss that, with vernacular claw,

Struck the weird rat in whose insatiate maw

Lay reeking malt that erst in Juan's courts we saw.

Robed in sensuous garb, that seems, in sooth,

Yon long a prey to Cerber's iron tooth.

Behold the man whose amorous lips incline

Full with young Eros' occultive sign.

To the loam maiden whose bestial hands

Drew alba-lactid milk from lactiferous hands

Of that immortal bovine by whose hoofs

Distort, to realms ethereal was borne

The least caudle, vexer of that fly

Ulysses-quadruped that made his

The old mortuorose rat that dared devour

Ante-lunatic ale in John's domestic tower.

Lo, here, with laurel honors duff'd, subduer

Of spacious looms, the priest who linked

Of Hyacinth's golden bands the man unbrith,

Whose ducal exiguities started from many a rift,

Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn.

Who miff'd the cow with impetuous horn,

That, in fierce wrath, the canine torturer skied

That dared to vex the insidious muricide

That lur'd auroral effluence through the pelt

Of that sly rat that robbed the palace Jack had

built.

The loud, cantankerous Shanghai comes at last,

Whose shouts around the shorn ecclesiast

Who sealed the roams of Hyacinth's sacrament

To him who, robed in garments indigent,

Exequiates the danc'd labyrinthine

The emulator of the horned brute morose,

That tossed the dog that worried the cat that kill'd

The rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that

Jack built.

ODE.

BY AN IMPROBABLE POET.

How fresh and innocent the breeze

That stirs the morning milk, and meads!

It hovers now among the trees,

And then to other spots proceeds.

I love the air so calm, so cool,

That breathes upon my fevered brow,

It wakes my appetite; poor fool,

I'd break my fast, but don't know how.

It is a good sign for a man to advertise in a

paper.

It is a bad sign to see the sheriff advertise

for him.

It is a good sign to see a man sending his

children to school.

It is a bad sign to see them educated at

evening schools, on the public street.

## Miscellany.

### SPEAK GENTLY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I am entirely at a loss to know what to do

with that boy," said Mrs. Burton to her hus-

band, with much concern on her face and in

an anxious tone of voice. "I never yield to

his imperious temper; I never indulge him

in anything; I think about him and care about

him all the time, but see no good results."

While Mrs. Burton was speaking, a bright,

active boy, eight years of age, came dashing

into the room, and without heeding any one,

commenced beating on the window sills and

making a deafening noise.

"Incorrigible boy!" exclaimed his mother

going quickly up to him, and jerking the stick

out of his hand. "Can't I learn you either

manners or decency? I have told you a

hundred times that when you come into a room

where any one is sitting, you must be quiet.

Go up stairs this moment and don't let me see

your face again for an hour."

The boy became sullen in an instant, and

stood where he was, pouting sadly.

"Did you hear what I said? Go up stairs

this moment!"

Mrs. Burton spoke in an angry tone, and

looked quite as angry as she spoke.

Slowly moved the boy towards the door, a

scowl darkening his face, that was but a

moment before so bright and cheerful. His

steps were too deliberate for the over-excited

feelings of the mother; she sprang forward

him, and seizing him by the arm pushed him

from the room, and closed the door loudly, after

him.

"I declare, I am out of all heart!" he

exclaimed, sinking down upon a chair. "It is

line upon line, and precept upon precept, but

all to no purpose. That boy will break my

heart yet!"

Mr. Burton said nothing, but he saw plain-

ly enough that it was not all the child's fault.

He doubted the use of coming out and saying

this unequivocally, although he had often and

often been on the point of doing so involun-

tarily. He knew the temper of his wife so

well, and her peculiar sensitiveness about

everything that looked like charging any fault

upon herself, that he feared more harm than

good would result from an attempt on his part

to show her that she was more than half to

blame for the boy's perverseness of temper.

Once or twice the little fellow showed him-

self at the door, but he was driven back with

harsh words until the hour of tea arrived.

The sounds of the tea-bell, caused an instant

oblivion of all the disagreeable impressions

made upon his mind. His little feet answered

the summons with a clatter that stunned the

ears of his mother.

"Go back, sir!" she said sternly as he burst

open the dining-room door, and sent it swing-

ing with a loud concussion against the wall,

"and see if you can't walk down stairs more

like a boy than a horse."

Master Harry withdrew, pouting out his

lips to the distance of full an inch. He went

to his lips. In doing so, he split the third

of the contents upon the table cloth.

A box on the ears, and a storm of angry

words, rewarded this feat.

"Haven't I told you over and over again,

you incorrigible bad boy, not to pour the whole

of your tea into your saucer? Just see what

a mess you have made with that clean table

cloth. I'm all out of patience with you! Go

away from the table this instant!"

Harry went away crying, not in anger but

in grief. He had split his tea by accident—

his mother had so many reproofs and injunc-

tions to make, that the bearing of them all in

mind was a thing impossible. As to pouring

out all his tea at once, he had no recollection

of any interdiction on that subject, although it

had been made over and over a dozen times.

In a little while he came creeping slowly back

and resumed his seat at the table, his eyes on

his mother's face.

Mrs. Burton was very sorry that she had

said that she had hardly been just to the

thoughtless boy. She did not object, there-

fore, to his coming back, but said, as he took

his seat, "Next time you see that you are

more careful. I have told you again and

again not to fill your saucer to the brim; you

never can do it without spilling the tea over

the table cloth."

This was not spoken in kindness.

A scene somewhat similar to this was

acted at every meal, but instead of improving

in his behavior, the boy grew more heedless.

Mr. Burton rarely said anything to Harry

about his unruly manners, but when he did, a

word was enough. That word was always

midly spoken. He did not think him a bad

boy, or difficult to manage—at least he never

found him so.

"I wish I knew what to do with the child,"

said Mrs. Burton, after the little fellow had

said sent to bed an hour before his time in

consequence of some violation of law and or-

der; he makes me feel unhappy all the time.

I like to be scolding him forever—but what

can I do? If I did not correct him in some

way there would be no living in the house

with him. I am afraid he will cause a world

of trouble.

Mr. Burton sat silent. He wanted to say a

word on the subject, but he feared the effect

might not be what he desired.

"I wish you would advise me what to do,"

Mr. Burton said, a little petulantly.

"You sit and don't say a single word, as if

you had no kind of interest in the matter—"

What an I do? I have exhausted all my

resources, and feel completely at a loss. I