

ANG
e Fittest.
AT HAS HEALED
35 YEARS!
C LINTMENT.
Y WOUND OF
EAST!
ST LINTMENT
AMERICA.
"HAN EVER."
The Lintment has
than thirty-five
Lintments for
sides today are
cures when all
stone skin, tenfold
my bone, sold
-41-
MORTGAGES!
(ST. NOTES).
W. E. CLARKE,
1870.
KANSAS
proved status so as to
9 per cent.
exceeding one third
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personally ex-
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Duke Leopold's Stone.
There was once a great Duke Leopold,
Who had wit and wisdom, as well as gold,
And used all three in a liberal way
For the good of his people, the stories say.
To see precisely what they will do,
And how nearly a notion of his came true,
He went from his palace one night alone—
When a brooding storm and starless skies
Hid his secret from prying eyes—
And set midway in the road a stone.
It was not too big for a man to move—
The Duke was confident on that score;
Yet the weight of the thing was enough to
Prove
The strength of one's muscle—and something
more
"Something more," laughed the Duke as he
strode
Through wind and rain on his homeward road;
"This time to-morrow I reckon will show
If a notion of mine is correct or no."
From a window high in the palace wall,
He watched next day for the passers-by,
And grimly smiled as they one and all,
Where they found the stone, left the stone to
lie.
A lumbering ox-cart came along,
And Hans, the driver, was stout and strong;
One sturdy shove with the right intent
Would have cleared the track of impediment;
But whatever appeared to be needless work,
Or work that another might possibly do,
Hans made it a point of duty to shirk.
He stopped his team for a minute or two,
And scratched his head as he looked about
For the easiest way of getting out.
"Dear me," he said, "that road is wide,
It lazily murmured, and drove aside.
The next that came was a grander
Bristling in scarlet and gold array;
And was whistled a tune both loud and clear,
But he took no note of the rock in his way.
When its ragged edges scraped his knee—
"Thunder and lightning! what's this?" says
he.
"Have n't the blockheads sense enough
To clear the road of this sort of stuff?
A pretty thing for a grandier
To stumble against, and bark his shins!
If I knew the reason that placed it here—
Yes, surely! I'd make him see his sins."
He clanked his sword, and he tossed his
plume,
And he started away in a terrible hurry;
But as for moving the stone—not he!
"It is just," said the Duke, "as I thought it
would be."
A little later, still watching there,
He spied on the way the village fair,
A troop of merchants, each with his pack
Strapped on a self-fed animal's back.
"Now let us see," with a nod of his head
And a merry twinkle his highness said:
"Perhaps this wonderful multitude
Will lend a hand for the public good."
But slack! the company, man and horse,
Hardly paused in their onward course.
Instead of cantering four abreast, as
two by two they went east and west;
And when they had left the stone behind—
"To think of a thing like that," said they,
"Blocking the highway for half a day!"
It never reached the collective mind.
In the light of manner that implied
Some possible claim on the other side.
So a week, and two, and three slipped past;
The rock in the road lay bedded last.
And the people grumbling went and came,
Each with a tongue that was glib to blame.
But none with a hand to help. "At last!"
Duke Leopold, being quite content,
With the issue of his experiment,
Ordered his herald to sound a blast,
And summon his subjects far and near
A word from his high-born lips to hear.
From far and near at the trumpet call,
They gathered about the palace wall,
And the Duke, at the head of a glittering
train,
Rode through the ranks of wondering eyes
To the spot where the stone so long had lain.
I will leave you to picture their blank sur-
prise,
When he leaped from his horse with a smiling
face,
And royal hands pushed the stone from its
place!
But the stare of amazement became despair
When the Duke stooped down with his gra-
cious air,
And took from a hollow the rock had hid
A pocket shawl with a golden lid.
The legend upon it he read aloud
To a silent, and very crest-fallen crowd:
"This shawl is for him, and for him alone,
Who takes the trouble to move this stone."
Then he raised the lid, and they saw the
shine
Of a golden ring, and a purse of gold;
"Which might have been yours," said Duke
Leopold;
"But now, I regret to say, it is mine.
It was I who for reasons of my own
Hindered your highway with the stone.
What the reasons were you have doubtless
guessed.
Before this time, and as for the rest,
I think there is nothing more to say.
My dear good friends, I wish you good-
day!"
He mounted his horse, and the glittering
train
After their leader galloped again.
With sound of trumpet and gleam of gold
They dashed through the ranks of downcast
eyes,
And the crowd went home feeling rather
"foolish."
—Perhaps, however, a lesson lies
In the story, that none of us need despise.
—Mary E. Bradley, in St. Nicholas.

HIS FIVE MOTHERS-IN-LAW.
A REAL TRUE STORY.
Most husbands and wives, if we may
credit all they say, find it difficult to live
in the same house with a mother-in-law,
but Old Sol B— (as he was com-
monly called) of Boston, dwelt in peace
and comfort for several years with five
ladies bearing that relation to him.
When I first knew the old gentleman
he appeared to be about fifty, but was
in reality about sixty-eight, and had a
charming wife who was then twenty-
six and two lovely children, a boy and a
girl, one seven the other five. His chil-
dren by his first wife were all married,
and some of his grandchildren were also
married and, themselves, had children
older than Mr. B—'s two youngest.
On the first day of my visit at his pleas-
ant home not many miles from Boston,
as I took my place at the dinner table
with Mrs. B—, I was surprised to see
five old ladies come into the room to-
gether and to be introduced to each of
them in succession as follows: "My own
mother, Mrs. B—, senior; my next
mother, Mrs. Henry; my third mother,
Mrs. James; my fourth mother, Mrs.
William; my fifth mother, Mrs. John."
"Mrs. B—, senior," who seemed the
youngest of the old ladies, laughed aloud
at my look of consternation—a mellow
one laugh for one of years—and every-
one smiled but Mr. B—, who invoked
the blessing with his usual air and led
the table-talk on indifferent topics. That
evening in the parlor young Mrs. B—
gave us some music, and the old ladies
retired early one after another, the "own
mother" going last, when she was ten-
derly assisted up stairs by her son. On
his return Mr. B— said to me with a
smile of amusement:
"I see that you are, as the ladies say,
"dying to know" what all this means. I
purposely did not tell you that I have
five mothers-in-law, because I always
like to see the effect produced by my
household on other people. You, for
instance, live so differently, all alone,
how do we appear to you?"
"Harmonious and happy; but I have
seen you together only a very short
time. What is your everyday experi-
ence?"
"Much the same, especially since my
dear wife came in 'o our household. I
had all the old ladies when she arrived."
"But where did you get them?"
"They cannot be brought to you."
"Yes, ever one of them. I have four
mothers-in-law, and as my own mother
is my wife's mother-in-law, of course
that makes five mothers-in-law in our
house. Now, as my wife is just going
to her little ones' nursery, I will tell
you about my old ladies."
"When I married, my first wife, her
mother, who was a widow, came to live
with us. She was a good creature, and
had seen pretty hard times, having
supported herself by school teaching
and sewing for several years, and she
seemed to greatly enjoy my comfortable
home. So one day I said to her,
"Now, mother, there is no reason why
you shouldn't make your home with us
always, while you live; you can bring
your own furniture, if you choose, or
you need not; the room you now oc-
cupy shall be your own always, and be-
side what my wife may do I will give
you fifty dollars a year for your clothes
(that was an ample sum for a woman to
have all to herself in those times). You
can teach if you wish to, or do anything
else to earn money if you wish to; you
will always be welcome to our table
and parlor, or, if you prefer, you can
cook for yourself in your own room.
Only one thing I will exact in return—
you must never make any mischief nor
quarrel with anybody in my house
about anything. And if sometimes you
are displeased you must go to your
room and pour it out alone, and only
join us again when you feel pleasant.
For I won't be worried, and least of all
will I have my wife worried by any-
body. Now, mother, what do you say?"
She only said, "You are a good man,
Solomon B—, and the Almighty will re-
ward you, and I thank you from my
heart. I will do my part."
So I never had any trouble with her.
We all lived together twenty years, and
then my wife had an attack of pneu-
monia and died—and soon after that my
own mother was left a widow and came
to live with me. My mother is only
sixteen years older than I am, and being
so lively and smart she seemed quite
like a younger sister to mother Henry,
and they got on easily together. But
after a while, when the children were
all about grown, I got so loathsome that
I coaxed a real nice sensible lady, of
Philadelphia, not handsome, but just as
good as gold, to marry me. I told her
all about my old ladies and found she
had two mothers living with her, her
own mother and her husband's mother.
They had neither of them any property,
but she owned a house and took board-
ers in it to support them all.
Well, I made the same proposition to
her old ladies that I had made to my
mother-in-law, and they both agreed.
Then I went home and built an addition

to my house and soon brought my sec-
ond-wife and her mothers there. We
had some occasional putting at first, but
I always held two points without yield-
ing—I was the master in my own house
and would never let anybody worry my
wife. So, pretty soon, my four-in-hand
learned to travel smoothly together.
"Ah, me! I looked forward to a happy
old age with that dear wife, but in two
years she was killed by a railway acci-
dent. I was with her on the train and
was badly hurt, lying for weeks in a
state of unconsciousness. When I re-
covered my dear wife's grave was green.
I felt so bad and my health was so poor
that I did not care for a woman again
until all my children were married, and
I was left alone with my four old ladies.
Then I met a pretty little romantic
widow, who was "so sorry" for me! She
wrote poetry and painted pictures, and
was dying all the while of consump-
tion—that scourge of our city; and I
thought as she had a struggle to take
care of herself and her husband's
mother, I would smooth her passage to
the grave.
"So I married her and her mother—I
mean—well, you know what I mean. I
treated her mother-in-law just as I did
the other old ladies, and that wife lived
seven years after all. I made her so
happy that she adored me, and we had
the sweetest baby you ever saw! Oh,
what a lovely creature that child was—
a little angel! She lived only three
years, and then faded away. But I have
several beautiful pictures of her, painted
by her mother."
"And did you have no trouble with
that mother-in-law?"
"Not while her daughter-in-law lived;
she was always taking care of her sick
child and grandchild. But when Emma
was gone and all seemed quiet again, the
old lady wanted to marry me!"
"What! Emma's mother-in-law?"
"Yes. She was a handsome woman
still, and she knew it; about my age,
and no relation whatever; so she set her
cap at me."
"And that made a commotion in the
house?"
"Well, yes. Yes, it did. I never
knew my mother to get into a real rage
till then. She was mad! She told me
to get right off and get a young wife—the
younger the better! Then I got mad!
I stomped away at all my old ladies to-
gether; threatened to break up house-
keeping and turn them out upon the
world, away from the pleasant home
which they had enjoyed so long that they
really believed to be theirs. Finally I
declared I would have them in it, to
fight like Kilkenny cats; while I would
live at a hotel in the city. And I kept
my word. I lived at one hotel after an-
other, but always went home on Sat-
urday nights to go to church the next
morning as usual, and take my old
ladies for a drive in the afternoon as
usual, so that the neighbors should not
be gossiping about us."
"How good they were to me, then!
They lived together like a nest of kit-
tens! But with my mother, I was sure
she would not last long! I left her at
home without a wife; so when I met a
pretty little orphan girl who had not a
relative in the world I told her all about
my affairs, and the sweet creature with
tears of pity in her eyes consented to
marry me and be good to my old ladies.
And she has kept her word, both letter
and spirit, and I am thankful that life
has given me so many blessings!"
Just then young Mrs. B— returned,
and though I observed through the evening
that her manner towards her hus-
band was more that of a beloved and
loving daughter than of a wife, yet she
appeared more serenely happy than any
woman I remember ever to have seen.
This story is from life excepting that I
have changed all the names. Sol B—
was dead some years; the will he
left was as just and manly as his other
acts.—New York Mail.

HALF-MOON CANYON.
A Wonderful Region—Believed to Contain
Untold Wealth, but which Every-day
Years is Exploring.
About a dozen miles from the famous
Twin Lakes, which are the wonder of
this continent in regard to scenery, and
perhaps twenty-five miles from the
magic city of Leadville, the traveler on
the road to the new mining district sur-
rounding Independence gulch, comes to a
clear, sinuous stream known as Half-
Moon Creek. It tears down the eastern
slope of the great divide, through beds
of snows, whose undermost layers have
never felt the warm rays of the sun, and
over grassy plots where fragrant and
delicate flowers are nursed in the moun-
tain storms. Follow its course down-
ward and it will lose itself in Lake
creek, which feeds the twines mentioned,
and by following it up perhaps an hour's
ride from where the road strikes the
creek, it is lost sight of in Half-Moon
canyon, through whose overhanging
pines and cliffs the sun's rays never fall
to the shadowed waters.
The mouth of the canyon is barrel-
shaped, and the entrance over the first
hundred yards is made by swinging from
one rock to another in the stream by
means of overhanging boughs and
branches. At every step the scene be-
comes more enchanting, the luxuriant
undergrowth at times reaching nearly to
the water's edge, and again quite ab-
sent, leaving the view of a few rods to the
front. The enchanted explorer on com-
ing to these parts might readily believe
that he had reached the end, were it not
for the music of the waters, which may
be heard seemingly miles away coursing
down through the shadowed cavern, all
around being thrown out through the
canyon to its mouth. When in about
the distance named the canyon opens
out twice the size of that portion of it
now passed, and on the right bank the
traveler comes to a trail which ends at a
boulder here, but is well defined as it
reaches into the canyon, as if made by
the constant tread of an armed senti-
nel, whose duty it might be to halt all in-
truders from below. In this break in
the canyon, and for perhaps a hundred
yards, the trail has been followed by
the gold-seeker and hunter, when
both are turned back through absolute
fear of what may be found beyond. The
trail is all well-beaten at this point, as
over the past part, but again the pines
overhanging the canyon, the stream
widens, and the traveler loses his de-
termination to see further.
More than one man, professing greater
courage than those who had gone before,
has gained this point, wondered at what
might be unfolded to him beyond, and
like the rest, retraced his steps, con-
gratulating himself that he was allowed un-
molested to return. Some say that it is
inhabited only by bears and mountain
lions, and that the beaten path has been
made by them to the great boulder where
it ends, and that these wild beasts
are now, and perhaps always have been,
virtual prisoners within their own
ground.
A gentleman, who lately visited the
wonderful and unknown canyon, was
interviewed by a reporter for the
Chronicle. Like, perhaps, a hundred
others, he went to see and perhaps dis-
cover the unknown beyond, but his heart
failed him, and he was quite satisfied to
hear related the strange stories of those
who had made bold enough to reach the
point named. This gentleman was told
that miners had brought out quartz
picked from the sides of the canyon,
which contained more gold than rock;
that many of them believed that its walls
were made of such stuff, yet no one was
bold enough to pass on to ascertain the
truth, because of the stories told in re-
gard to the canyon. One of these was
to the effect that some years ago two
prospectors lived off by what they had
found up to the second well spoken of
above, passed on and never returned.
One informant declares that there is no
doubt that two men passed in search of
gold, and that they never returned is a
fact attested by those who waited
anxiously for their report. The Chroni-
cle man suggested that they might have
passed out through some opening in the
canyon as yet unknown, but this idea
was exploded by the statement to our
informant by those who were left be-
hind, that if they had lived they would
have certainly returned and reported.
Yet another story, and one which ap-
pals the traveler, is to the effect that the
James boys use this cavern as a cover
and hiding place. One man has posi-
tively asserted that while prospecting
upon the summit of a mountain which
overlooks the break in the canyon, that
he saw an armed sentinel pacing to and
fro over the trail. At first sight he
thought the person to be a hunter, but as
his strange movements attracted his at-
tention, he made close watch, and is
sure that the man's business there was
that of a guard, and is ready to swear to
not only this part of the story, but that
at one time he observed two men there,
and that he believes it was the purpose
of the second to relieve the first from
duty. Whether these stories be true or
false, one thing is certain, no man to-day
can be driven or coaxed for a greater dis-

tance than about 200 yards through Half-
Moon canyon.—Leadville (Col.) Chroni-
cle.
TIMELY TOPICS.
The wholesale and wanton destruction
of walrus by the whaling-ships crews in
the Arctic ocean, which has been going
on for some time and is increasing every
year, is likely to result in their practical
extermination unless it is speedily
checked. The captain of a New Bedford
whaler estimates that no less than 20,000
walrus have been killed this season, only
about a third of which were secured.
One of the results of this needless and
useless slaughter is the death through
starvation of many of the natives of the
Arctic regions, who depend upon the
walrus for food. In one village of 300
people all but one man died last winter,
and in other villages from a third to a
half of the population perished. Some
of the whaling-vessel captains have been
humane enough this year to refrain from
killing any walrus.
The United States is the greatest
raisin-consuming country in the world,
and uses annually more raisins than the
whole of Europe. This market is
mainly supplied from Spain, the raisins
known as "Malaga" being considered
the best. They come from a compara-
tively narrow strip of country in the
south of Spain, which has hitherto been
regarded as surpassing all other regions
for raisins of that character. The an-
nual yield of Malaga grapes averages
2,450,000 boxes of twenty pounds each.
It sometimes reaches 2,500,000 boxes, and
last season about 2,000,000 boxes were
marketed. Of this enormous yield the
United States takes fully one-half, on
which it pays a duty—as on all other
raisins—of two and a half cents per
pound. The American raisins are made
from a white grape—the "Muscat of
Alexandria"—to the raising of which
the soil and climate of a large portion of
California are well adapted.
The regimen applicable in French peni-
tentiaries to ordinary criminals is so
much more severe than that which is
applied to convicts undergoing punish-
ment for crimes of a graver kind that it
is a very common thing for the former
to commit some offence which will in-
sure their being sent to New Caledonia.
The favorite practice has been to stab or
otherwise injure one of the officials of
the jail or a fellow prisoner, and attacks
of this character have been increasing
so rapidly during the last few years that
the Minister of Justice has deemed it
necessary to propose an alteration of the
system. A bill brought into the Cham-
ber of Deputies just before the recess,
and unanimously approved by the com-
mission to which it was referred, pro-
vides that when a prisoner is sentenced
to penal servitude for life for a crime
the favorite while in prison, the court
shall be empowered to order that the
punishment be carried out in one of the
French penitentiaries known as the
"Maison Centrale" for a period not
less than the original sentence. This is
only a temporary measure, and the Min-
ister contemplates proposing a complete
alteration in the scale of penalties as ap-
plied in the French prisons, while there
is some talk of adding to the strictness
of the transportation regime.
A good bicyclist can easily out-travel
a horse, and journeys have been made
on these instruments which are indeed
wonderful. A mile has been made in
England in two minutes and fifty-three
seconds, and in the United States in a
trifle over three minutes, while a
journey of 100 miles has been performed
over country roads in seven hours and
nineteen minutes, and a trip of 212 miles
in twenty-three hours and fifty-four
minutes. Two gentlemen in England
rode a journey of 888 miles in eleven
days, an average of seventy-nine miles a
day, and two French bicyclists made a
trip of 900 leagues in twenty-seven rid-
ing days, or an average of about ninety-
two miles per day. In the United States
Mr. H. E. Parkhurst rode from Boston
to South Farmington and back, a dis-
tance of forty miles, without a stop, in
three hours and thirty-six minutes, and
Messrs. F. S. and E. P. Jaquith rode 100
miles in the suburbs of Boston in eleven
hours and forty-five minutes, including
stops. Hundreds of gentlemen in Eng-
land use these vehicles who cannot af-
ford horses and whose business requires
extensive running about, and as a sub-
stitute for the horse within certain
limits it is the most complete machine
ever invented. There are seventeen
bicycling clubs in the United States, and
this method of locomotion is gaining
ground in the favor of those who incline
to rapid locomotion which shall be
under their own control.
It isn't the general fault-finder with
his bluff, rough way; it is the whining,
snarling stickler for small and inconsid-
erable points, who annoys you most. A
man can fight a bumble bee better than
he can a mosquito.—Rome Sentinel.

A sum of about \$12,000 has been col-
lected to build a memorial chapel in
honor of the prince Imperial in Paris.
Ups and Downs.
One day, as I have heard it said,
It chanced a rag and bit of lead
Lay in the hand of a young fellow
In very wet and misty weather.
The rag was spotted, and old, and torn;
The bit of lead was stained and worn;
Two wails, whose worth, at full account,
Was of such very small amount
They well together might remain,
To hide the pining of the pain.
Yet, low as was their present state,
They both had known a better fate.
The rag had once been whole and white,
In every way had pleased the sight;
And, in its time, had helped adorn
A bride, upon her wedding morn;
Lent to her figure and her face
An added, though unneeded, grace.
Nor thought such parting and distress
Could e'er befall a wedding dress!
The piece of lead could not forget
Its tortures had been nobler yet;
For, molded well, for use of one
Who was his country's faithful son.
It had—though that was long ago—
Been sped against that country's foe,
And, guided by unerring hand,
Had stretched him lifeless on the sand.
There came a man, with hook and bag,
Who bore away the lead and rag,
And both were to a shop consigned,
With many others of their kind.
When winter passed, and summer came,
The former rag had changed its name
To paper, and it might avoid
It never had been so white as now.
Meanwhile, the lead, so long despised,
Was altered so 'twas highly prized;
For, matted, printed and cast,
It was a printer's type at last.
They now, in this, their new condition,
Were put into their old position;
Drawn closer than before to kiss,
And find their apothecary.
What greater immortality?
Than helping genius not to die?
—Scribner.
ITEMS OF INTEREST.
A good business stand is a standing
advertisement.
Never bother a brooding hen; you
may spoil the set.
James Gordon Bennett's income is said
to be \$1,500 a day.
Everybody is after the lion's share
of that is the man thing.
At a spelling match one man spelled
"pashin," and got beat.
Singers are the only people who wish
to hold a note a long time.
If a girl wants to get married, she
generally says so to her popper.
A philosopher is defined to be a man
who gets mad gradually.—Modern Argosy.
The month of October was anciently
known as the "Wyn Nojeth," or wine
month.
Mr. James Gordon Bennett included
in the outfit of the polar expedition
twenty-five bicycles.
"That puts a different face on it!"
said the boy said when his ball struck the
clock dial.—Salem Statesman.
It is no sign according to the Boston
Transcript, that because a farmer is
growing sage he is becoming wise.
When a man goes to market for fish he
can take his pick. When he goes to the
water, fishing on his own hook, he must
take things as they come.
A St. Louis man proposes that all
babies be branded with a family mark
in order to provide a sure means of
identification in after years.
Monclair, an eminent French agricul-
tural, proposes to feed cattle, sheep and
pigs on provender containing savory
herbs to give flavor to the flesh.
"How to Become a Man" is the title
of a new book just published. A fifty
dollar suit of clothes becomes a man as
well as anything we know of nowa-
days.
"Your son, madam, persists in doing
nothing," says the director. "Then,"
replies the woman, by no means discom-
forted, "you should give him the prize
for performance."
When the girl who has encouraged a
young man for about two years suddenly
turns around and tells him that she can
never be more than a sister to him, he
can for the first time see freckles on her
nose.—Detroit Free Press.
What a Farmer Can Do.
The Stockman is responsible for the
following story: "The wheat story of
the season comes to us from Clarke-
dale, where in Christian county, Ill.,
where a Mr. Clark some years ago
mortgaged his land for \$20,000, and
failed to pay more than \$1,000 of the in-
terest, which accrued as interest will
suit was brought to foreclose the mort-
gage, but Mr. Clark fought to gain time
and strange as it may seem, his attorney
was enabled to delay matters so much
that his client had time to sow quite a
respectable acre of wheat. This sum-
mer he harvested eight hundred acres
of wheat, and sold the crop at ninety
two cents per bushel, realizing enough
to pay \$25,000 of the \$27,000 principal
interest and costs due on the place. To
do this required an average of thirty
four bushels, nearly per acre."