FULLY—ANSWERED

"Subscriber's" Query Causes Comment

As our readers will remember, a letter was published in our columns a few days ago, signed "Subscriber" which dwelt at some length upon a subject of general interest, and which contained several inquiries which will be found answered in the following:

To the Editor: Several days ago I noticed a communication in your paper from "Subscriber," in which considerable comment was indulged in concerning the pamphlets which are widely distributed by Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester, N. Y. These pamphlets, as is well known, are published in order that the public may become convercant with the symptoms and growth of disease peculiar to the kidneys, and which is, it must be admitted, the productive cause, in a majority of instances, of other organic disorders. The publishers of these pamphlets are also the discoverers and manufacturers of the noted Warner's Safe Cure, which is known to be the only means for the prevention and cure of kidney disease, as can be testified to in every community. In the pamphlets referred to there appear a number of testimonials from parties who speak in the highest terms of how they have in many instances been restored to health by Warner's Safe Cure, after having been given up by doctors to die, and attached to those statements are the fac simile signatures of the parties themselves.

I am personally aware that all the testimonials published by this firm are genuine and are the voluntary statements of persons who are anxious to manifest their gratitude for the unexpected return of health and vigor which Warner's Safe Cure has brought them. To make assurance doubly sure, it can be added that Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., have for years published a standing offer of $5000 to anyone who will prove to an impartial referee that any testimonial published by them is not, so far as they know, bona fide and absolutely true. What more does "Subscriber" desire to convince him, in addition to his own statement, that his neighbors all tell him that Warner's Safe Cure has done more good for them than they have received from the doctors.

In view, Mr. Editor, of the many persons who are sacrificed daily to the bigotry and ignorance of physicians who persist in treating patients for symptoms, called consumption, apoplexy, brain troubles, and nervous disorders when the real cause is disease of the kidneys—which should be detected and quickly eradicated by the use of Warner's Safe Cure—I maintain that the value of those pamphlets, which place in the hands of the public the means of knowing the truth, cannot be overestimated.

FAIR-PLAY.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—According to a statistical document lately published in Paris, there are in Europe 300,000 blind people, 30,000 of whom are in France.

—Some women in England make good salaries by manufacturing the dainty silk and lace lamp-shades now so popular. A dealer in London, who glories in the royal patronage, pays one woman $200 a month for the shades she makes.

—A Gloucester fisherman recently found in the stomach of a codfish which he caught on the Grand Banks a Victoria Jubilee medal. The small Maltese cross with a photograph of Queen Victori a in the center, and even the ribbon attached, were but slightly harmed.

—A large Roman Catholic cathedral was publicly dedicated at Hong Kong recently. It holds 4,000 people and cost $120,000. The roof is made of cast-iron from Glasgow. The main building is of blue brick, relieved by flying buttresses of red brick and cement.

—Vaccination is compulsory in England and optional in France. In the large cities of France the number of deaths from small-pox was 1,956, or 0.31 per 1,000 of the living population. In the large cities of England during the same period the number of deaths was 332, or 0.04 per 1,000.

—Plans have been drawn, it is said, for a bridge nearly twenty-three miles long, across the English channel, from Cape Grisnez to Falkestone. The cost is estimated at $180,000,000, which does not seem extravagant, but the net profit to be realized from freight and traffic is estimated it $26,000,000.

—A Chinese farmer at Kinkiang was robbed on his wedding night by a clever burglar who had concealed himself in the nuptial chamber, and removed every thing so completely and conscientiously that the unhappy pair had to send and borrow some clothes from the neighbors before they could make their appearance the next day.

—A French army officer has invented a kind of microphone, by means of which the approach or the movements of troops, as well as their probable numbers, may be gaged. The apparatus is described as being as simple as it is ingenious, and consists of a transmitting and a receiving machine, which are connected together by a metalic wire. Experiments made with the instrument have been very satisfactory.

—The exact number of persons who cross London bridge in a day on foot has been ascertained. In order to decide a guessing competition, in which 36,000 persons participated, the editors of the London Answers made arrangements with the commissionaire corps, and a large staff of men was drafted onto the bridge for twenty-four hours. The result proved that 111,873 foot passengers were checked, and that in addition 45,000 vehicles, containing an average of three persons each, crossed.

—Among the curiosities of Queen Victoria's railway journeys are the time-tables supplied to Her Majesty, these being printed in violet ink, on handsome paper with gilt edges. They contain the exact times of the stoppages at all points, and give other information of interest. The Prince of Wales has, perhaps, the finest railway coach in Europe. It contains seven rooms, a study with a little library, a couple of bed-rooms, a dressing-room and a bath-room. The bed-room is most luxuriously furnished in old gold silk, being lighted by electricity, and the paneling is beautifully painted.

—A thermographic printing press, capable of turning off four hundred impressions an hour from hot type on wood, is a new French production. It is said to yield results equal to lithography.

Appearances Are Deceitful.

The other afternoon a very modest looking gentleman sauntered into McClurg's book store and began looking at the treasures in the English corner. Mr. Millard eyed the stranger with suspicion, for the reason that not very long ago a modest looking gentleman pocketed several treasures and made off with them. But Mr. Millard was not long in discovering that the quiet stranger knew somewhat of books, for he talked very intelligently of the best editions. Mr. Millard began, in fact, to feel sorry for the man. "Here," thought he, "is a gentleman who is a bibliomaniac. See how fondly his fireless eyes gloat on those extra illustrated Dibdins! What envious, what hopeless pangs are now surging in his bosom! Poor devil, it is my duty to steer him away from those incomprehensible prizes and up against some books within the compass of his means."

But the stranger would not be steered worth a cent. He would inspect nothing but the costliest treasures. "I am sorry that you have sold the Washington 'Burns,'" said he, ruefully. "I would have taken it and been only too glad to get it."

"Our price was $150," suggested Mr. Millard.

"Cheap enough," said the stranger, quietly. "And now may I ask you to send these five volumes to me at the Richelieu hotel? The clerk will pay the bill. By the way, what is the whole amount?"

"Two hundred and thirty-five dollars," said Mr. Millard, impressively.

"Well, send them to the Richelieu at once," said the stranger, "and the clerk will pay the charges for me."

A far away, a distrustful, a bilious look stole into Mr. Millard's keen eyes. "What name, please?" asked Mr. Millard, firmly but courteously.

"George M. Vanderbilt, of New York," said the modest stranger, demurely.—Chicago News.

A Conversation.

"Where is Mr. Bagley's office?"
"Eleventh floor, mum."
"Is this the only elevator?"
"Yes 'm."—Life.

A Start in Life.

At Greensboro they pointed out an old darky whom they said had just got married and was going out on a piece of rented land to make a start in life. I followed him out to his cart, to which was hitched an old and faded ox. His bride, a coal black damsel of 18, sat on a bag of corn in the cart and held to the rope lines around the ox's horns. The cart contained, in addition, a skillet, a kettle, ten pounds of side pork and a jug holding two quarts of molasses. There was a tick for a straw bed, a hen's feather pillow and an old blanket. This was the outfit.

"So you have just got married?" I asked.

"Yes, sah—dun jist got married to dat gal."

"How old are you, uncle?"

"Shoo, now, but I reckon Ize about 60."

"And you've got a young wife?"

"Yes, sah—dun got a gal."

"And you are happy?"

"Happy, sah! Why, Ize walkin' right on algs all de time!"

"And you are now going out to make a start in life?"

"Yes, sah—gwine to start right off. Got de ox, got de cart, got de gal and got two hull weeks' purvishuns, an' if dar's any ole nigger in Norf Caroliny who feels mo' like jumpin' fo' feet high an' yellin' for Canaan dan I does I'll gin two bits to see him."—Detroit Free Press.

The Revenge of Time.

Tapeyard—Who is that stunning girl you raised your hat to?

Ribbonley—Miss Goldie Bullion.

Tapeyard (timidly)—She didn't return your courtesy. Perhaps she doesn't know you.

Ribbonley (bitterly)—No! she does not know me now; but when I am the only young man at Ocean Foam next summer she will not only know me but pine for me in vain.—Lowell Citizen.

A Smart People.

First Thief—I've got a sure and safe thing now. I go to houses in a hurry and ask for a Bible with big print to read to a sick man. They give me the family Bible in a hurry, and I sell 'em at second hand book stores.

Second Thief—I tried that in one city, but it didn't work. Everybody seemed to see through the game, for they said they hadn't any Bibles. I just tell you there ain't no gettin' ahead o' them Chicago folks.—Philadelphia Record.

Very True.

Stern Parent—Young man, I am astounded at your impudence. You seek to marry my daughter knowing her to be wealthy in her own right, while you haven't a cent.

Self Possessed Youth—That's all right. What's the need of my having money when she has plenty?—Boston Courier.

Has Some Rhythm.

"There may be neither rhyme nor poetry in mathematics," remarked the high school girl, "but the science is not devoid of rhythm."

"What do you mean?" asked her papa.

"I refer to logarithms."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Becoming Americanized.

Citizen—Don't you know, Mr. Ah Sin, that if you kill that enemy of yours you will be hanged?

Ah Sin (vengeful laundryman)—No, I allee lightee. I gottee money. I go loonee 'sylum.—Philadelphia Record.

Unprofessional Conduct.

Copeland—I don't think Chinkins is the sort of a man for a bank cashier, do you?

Raynor—Why not?

Copeland—I saw him miss a train yesterday.—Burlington Free Press.

A Waste of Ammunition.

Mrs. Quizzy—Why, general, you don't seem to like to see the ladies kiss each other.

Gen. Oldbean—The result of a military education, madam. I never like to see good ammunition wasted.—Troy Times.

Fully Equipped.

"Bromley, I hear you are going to housekeeping?"

"Yes, Darringer."

"What have you got toward it?"

"A wife."—Detroit Free Press.

Gloss and stiffness can be produced on collars, cuffs and shirt bosoms by first putting them through a pretty stiff, clear boiled starch, and then drying them, after which they should be dampened with the following solution: One ounce of fine raw starch, one-quarter ounce of gum arabic, one pint of water; heat the water to dissolve the gum, let it cool and then stir in the starch and add the white of one egg; beat the whole well together before using. Apply lightly with a sponge and use a polishing iron properly to develop the gloss.

—A German operator in Minneapolis has invented a word-counting machine, which may be used by itself or attached to a type-writer.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Oberlin College received $57,000 from the estate of the late Mr. J. Hull, of Chicago.

—A Young Men's Christian Association for French-speaking young men has been established in New York city.

—Of the 482 theological and religious books published in this country last year, 339 were the work of American authors.

—A catalogue of Yale College in 1822 gives the annual charge for tuition as $33. The entire expenses are estimated at $140 to $190 per annum.

—A movement is on foot in Chicago to transfer the kindergartens to the control of the Board of Education and thus render them a part of the school system.

—The new annex to Columbia College, New York, is called "Barnard College," after President Barnard, who has done so much toward making such an annex possible.

—Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham, Eng., makes it a rule to spend his episcopal income (£7,000 a year) on church and educational work, and not a shilling of it has gone into his own pocket.

—The great reason why the mission churches on the continent of Europe do not become self-supporting is the emigration to America, which takes away their best young men. This weakens them, but strengthens the churches in this country.

—A Methodist Episcopal university is to founded in Utah. A committee, of which Bishop Warren is the head, has decided to locate in Ogden, this being the only town in the Territory of any consequence, except Park City, free from the Mormon dictation. The citizens of Ogden offer about $50,000 in cash and an equal sum in land.

—The late Dr. J. P. Durbin had no patience with advertising in the pulpit. He always read notices before doing any thing else; and then when they were disposed of he would say: "We will now begin the worship of God," putting a slight accent on the word "now."—Boston Traveller.

—The Christians of England are not growing remiss in foreign mission work. About sixty English preachers and teachers were sent during the last quarter of 1888 to the Inland Mission of China. Within 1888 nearly one million of converts were added to the Christian churches in heathen lands.

—An English paper states that a minister lately rather astonished his people on a Sunday morning by saying: "I think it is time we had a new prayer. The old prayers are a good deal worn and need renewal. Perhaps a prayer like this would do: 'Lord, keep us from being shabby.'" The people grimly smiled, and some of them looking around the church walls and at each other, with some mental glances at church bills over-due and contributions never over-large, acted as if they knew what was meant.

—Statistics show that there are in Burmah at the present moment 502 Baptist churches, with 28,559 communicants and about 70,000 adherents. In 404 schools there are 12,000 pupils, and during the year there have been 2,134 baptisms upon a profession of faith. The report reminds the Christian public that it is just seventy-five years since Adoniram Judson, driven out of Calcutta by the officials of the East Indian Company, arrived in Rangoon and established the first Baptist mission at Burmah.—Christian Weekly.

HOW JOHNNY ESCAPED.

The Playful Pranks of a Boy Who Had a Penchant for Reptiles.

It is universally admitted that the small boy who has a penchant for bugs, and insects, and reptiles is the worst variety of boy. There is one of this sort in Atlanta who is an ornament to his particular order of small boy. He spends his afternoons and all of his spare time, of which he seems to have a good supply, in foraging in the country for bugs and lizards. Every morning he takes in his pockets to school the results of his last raid. Monday the specimens of his insectiferous and reptilian life that he can fish up from the depths of his trousers pockets are many and varied and awful to touch and look at. Last week the teacher took an inventory of the bugs and beasts found in his pockets, or that escaped therefrom and terrified the other children—and the teacher. There were several varieties of beetles, pigeons with broken wings, English sparrows, butterflies, devil-horses, slugs, snails, earthworms, lizards, a snake or two, and an occasional frog, damp and cold. One day he slyly opened the flap of his pocket, and then went on in his hard, resolute effort to make his teacher believe he was studying. After awhile the teacher noticed a grasshopper hopping agilely from desk to desk amid the titter and a tee-hee of the scholars. A chase was begun, when another grasshopper was seen, then another, and they were everywhere hopping all over the room and sticking their sharp feet into the little girls' hair, frightening them half to death. "Come here!" shouted the teacher to the tender lover of insects, as she reached for a ferrule. "Give me your hand, sir." The naturalist held out his hand as if he was a martyr to science. The teacher was about to seize it when she caught sight of two green eyes that flashed at her from the boy's hand and a sharp forked tongue that seemed to dart into her face. The boy had a snake coiled around his arm. He was not ferruled and the teacher has not felt well since.—Atlanta Journal.

Curious Coincidence.

"Waiting to see some one?" he asked of a young man who was standing on one of the porticoes of the city hall the other day.

"Yes."

"So'm I. What are you after?"

"I'm after a marriage license and want to see the county clerk."

"And I'm after a divorce and want to see a lawyer. Say, it's a curious coincidence, ain't it? Let's go and take a drink."—Detroit Free Press.

Only One of Its Kind.

Indians, among other distinct features, is the proud possessor of the only successful skunk ranch in the world. If there are any other skunk ranches now on a paying basis I have not yet visited them. The domestication of this little rhododendron has so far been left to Mr. Joseph Lininger, near Huntington. He has a ranch there of this kind, and goes into society very little indeed, I am told. Few go to see him, and his groceries are handed over the fence to him by means of a fishing pole.

Skunks are most prized for their fur and also their oil. The oil is not used on salad, as many suppose, but as a remedy for croup. Skunk's oil is worth ten cents an ounce, and the contest between a tablespoonful of it and a case of croup is said to be entirely one sided. Mr. Lininger began with fourteen of these animals. He now has several hundred of them, and can buy any of the adjoining farms at his own price.

Last summer he used to go to church at Huntington every Sunday morning, but this year the church is paying him $5 a week to pray in secret.

The skunk is said to possess strong affection for the human being, but in most instances it is not returned. The skunk resembles the elephant in one respect, viz., because he cannot climb a tree.

Mr. Lininger says this little animal does not require much food, and even that little is of the very plainest kind. And yet he is an offal eater after all.

The sac which supplies the little heliotrope with his all pervading scentiments may be easily removed, says Mr. Lininger, and then the animal is as harmless and even more devoted than the common house cat. Possibly that may lead to the general adoption of this animal as a house pet some day, and along with the stingless bulldog our houses will be filled with delight. Then the New York landlord who cannot let us have a house if we are injudicious enough to be parents and publicly admit it can let his high stoop brown stone front to a poodle dog infirmary or a skunk aquarium, and thank heaven that he is not encouraging American children in our great metropolis.—Bill Nye in New York World.

—Entering one of the street cars in Valparaiso, the stranger first gazes all around for the conductor, and then a look of surprise steals over his face as he sees a pretty young woman coming down the aisle and collecting the fares. The fact is, that in the recent wars in which Chili has been engaged, all of the able-bodied men, including the car conductors, were pressed into service. The conductors' places had to be supplied by girls. They made themselves so popular that, although the men have since been mustered out of service, the girls have continued to hold their positions as conductors.

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