## MARVELOUS CHANGES.

**What the Future Will be to Those Who Refuse to Believe.**

Is this country unconsciously undergoing a wonderful change, is the change to take place before we are aware of the fact, and when it has taken place will we wonder why we did not see it before it was too late?

Those that see the changes early avail themselves early, and thereby receive benefit.

The shrewd iron man sees the iron interest transferred from Pittsburg and Pennsylvania to Birmingham, Alabama, and in his far-sightedness sees the furnaces in Pennsylvania torn down and deserted for this new and prolific field. It is claimed by the iron men of Alabama that the low price at which iron can be produced there will revolutionize the iron interests of the world.

We have seen the grain-growing centers of this country shifted to the West. We have seen the pork-packing industry flit from Cincinnati to Chicago, and from thence to Kansas City and Omaha. Southern cotton mills undersell New England and American markets, and challenge the world.

We have seen and are seeing all this take place before our eyes, and know that other changes are taking place equally as prominent, and we wonder as we behold them. Ten years ago the insurance companies only required an analysis of the fluids when they were taking insurance for very large amounts. To-day no first-class company will insure any amount unless they have a rigid analysis of the fluids passed, and if any traces of disorders are apparent, the application is rejected. In their reports they show that the death of sixty of every 100 people in this country, is due either directly or indirectly to such disorders. The Brompton Hospital for Consumptives, London, England, reports that sixty of every 100 victims of consumption also have serious disorders of the kidneys.

Among scientists for the treatment of this dread malady the question is being discussed:

"Is not this disorder the real cause of consumption?"

Ten years ago the microscope was something seldom found in a physician's office; now every physician of standing has one and seldom visits his patients without calling for a sample of fluids for examination.

Why is all this? Is it possible that we of the present generation are to die of diseases caused by kidney disorders? or shall we master the cause by Warner's safe cure, the only recognized specific, and thus remove the effects? It is established beyond a doubt that a very large percentage of deaths in this country are traceable to diseased kidneys. For years the proprietors of Warner's safe cure have been insisting that there is no sound health when the kidneys are diseased, and they enthusiastically press their specific for this terrible disorder upon public attention. We are continually hearing its praises sounded.

This means wonders!

Cannot the proprietors of this great remedy, who have been warning us of the danger, tell us how to avoid a disease that at first is so unimportant, and is so fatal in its termination? Are we to hope against hope, and wait without our reward?

The most significant of all changes, however, that we of to-day can note is this radical change of view to which the public has been educated: It was formerly thought that the kidneys were of very small importance; to-day, we believe, it is generally admitted that there can be no such thing as sound health in any organ if they are in the least degree deranged.

—The following are given as the religious statistics of Virginia. Methodist Episcopal South: churches 1,2[illegible]; itinerant preachers, 525; local preachers, 399; members, 11[illegible],6[illegible]. The above does not include colored Methodists, but they are few in the State. Baptists (white and colored): churches, 1,457; ordained ministers, 797; baptisms during the year, 8,523; total membership, 215,604. Presbyterians: ministers, 207; churches, 356; members, 25,458. Episcopalians: clergy, 154; communicants, 13,649. Evangelical Lutherans: churches, 170; communicants, 14,000; Disciples: churches, 175; membership, 12,800. Catholics: churches, 5[illegible]; chapels, 28; priests, 27; Catholic population 18,2[illegible]0.

—Cabel Scott, of Cathey's Creek, Tenn., died several months ago, and his wife told the members of the household that soon after the beginning of the war he placed money for safe-keeping in an old wheat house on the premises. The lady being old and infirm, little attention was paid her, but finally the family concluded to make the search to quiet her, and to their astonishment, they found buried in a barrel of ashes in the old wheat house $175 in gold and $45 in silver in a cow horn, and $90 in a cloth. They are now looking for a tea-kettle which Mrs. Scott says is hidden filled with money somewhere around the place.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

**The family of Hon. W. B. Hoke, Judge of the Jefferson County, Ky., Court, used St. Jacobs Oil with signal success.**

**Disease o'ten lurks in a dirty dishcloth, a greasy sink, an unclean teakettle and a poorly ventilated oven.**

**Mr. F. Rentschler, San Francisco, Cal., contracted a severe cold, and became so hoarse he could not speak. He tried a number of remedies without benefit, and even the efforts of two physicians failed to give the slightest relief. He was induced to try Red Star Cough Cure, one bottle of which entirely cured him.**

## ORATORICAL ATTITUDES.

**Peculiar Gestures and Habits of Noted Legislators When Indulging in Speeches.**

A study of the way statesmen make speeches in House and Senate proves very interesting. There is Mr. Morrison, of Illinois, for instance. He generally begins his speech with one hand fumbling in his pocket, and if he don't get warmed up toward the close, he generally stops in about the same attitude that he begins. Mr. Hewitt likes to speak standing in the middle of the aisle, with his legs crossed. Mr. Brown, of Indiana, seldom rises to speak without having both hands in his pockets. Mr. Randall likes to stand out in the aisle sometimes, just beside his desk. He often stands behind his desk to speak, examining the piles of paper before him. Mr. Reagan, as has been told a hundred times, can't speak without a string in his hands which he may pull and jerk about while he is talking. Mr. Call has a habit of resting his right hand in his hip pocket when he is speaking, as though he were about to draw a revolver with which to enforce his argument. Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, generally leaves his seat and walks down the aisle pretty well to the front when he speaks. Mr. Holman has an automatic movement of the hand and arm in making gestures that reminds you of a pump-handle. Congressman Reed, of Maine, fires away anywhere and on every occasion, but he generally hits the mark. Senator Van Wyck stands in the aisle or wall, back from his chair, spreads his legs apart and swings his long arms. Mr. Butterworth is quick and somewhat nervous, and acts as if he expected to hear the gavel fall every minute and was still anxious to say something more. Mr. Bragg, of Wisconsin, wants to stand in the aisle, for he is so little that he seems to be lost behind a desk. Mr. Mills, of Texas, screams and gesticulates like an exhorter at a camp-meeting, throwing his arms about his head and "making the welkin ring." Senator Beck frequently consults the manuscript on the desk before him, and the result is that he seems to be stooping a good deal of the time he is speaking. Mr. Spooner, of Wisconsin, has a curious way of slamming books and documents around by way of emphasis when he speaks. If he wants to be especially impressive he rolls his handkerchief up in a wad and slings it down on his desk at the climax of his sentence. Sometimes he threatens destruction to the desk itself, with an avalanche of books and papers flung down upon them to round the periods in his oratory. Mr. Anderson, of Kansas, has a funny way of stamping with his feet when he gesticulates with his hands and yells with his voice. This triple act is often very effective, at least in attracting attention to him.—*Washington Cor. Chicago Journal.*

## THE MINCE PIE.

**Terrible Experience of a Faithful Engineer, Who Ate Its Intoxicating Meat.**

"I am the engineer of the 102 and I'm givin' it to you straight. No man ever stood by the company's interest, or saved more money for the Old Back Up & Toot road than I have. Many's the time I've got off the 102 to drive off a two-year-old steer instead of squashing him and then allowin' the Back Up & Toot road to pay. I could pull the pay car or yank No. 7 loaded with Mormon emigrants, it made no odds to me. I always allowed to obey orders whether it was to back up four feet or slack ahead half a car.

"I never was a man that would drink while I was on duty, but sometimes I would take in the town with the boys and give it a coat of red paint when there was no danger of bein' called out on an extra or asked to double back with a 102. Still I wasn't a drinkin' man at all and didn't care two cents for the taste of liquor or the effect of it. I just wanted to be sociable.

"Well, one afternoon I was westbound, pulling three day coaches and two sleepers, besides baggage, mail and express. We stopped twenty minutes for dyspepsia at the regular supper station, and there I met a lady I used to be acquainted with in the States. She was in the rear sleeper and had a lunch along with her. It's all like a dream, but it's burned into my memory still. She asked me to eat lunch or tea, or whatever you might call it, with her, and I did. It seems like yesterday.

"She had an old-fashioned mince-pie with her. I can taste it yet. She held a piece of it toward me with her beautiful rounded wrist and white, dimpled knuckles like a baby's. I said 'No thank you; I never drink.' But she laughed and socked it into my mouth. I knew it was flavored with brandy, and yet I took it and ate it greedily. She chatted on gayly while I put that home-made demon pie into my mouth to steal away my brains.

"Finally the passengers came out of the dining-room picking their teeth as if they'd had a square meal and the conductor hollered 'all aboard.' I felt as if I ought to go and tell the conductor that I was unfit to run the engine and that I would be a murderer, for my brain was already on fire with pie. But I clome into the cab, took a chew of fine-cut and pulled out.

"Somehow the face of my little daughter kept coming before my eyes. I could't keep her out of my mind as she looked when I left her in her blue and white gingham dress and sun bonnet. She haunted me and whirled through my pie-soaked brain. In an hour we would be at my home and I would have her in my arms. My own little Mary Ann. It drew dark fast and the headlight flashed along the track, but I was in a dream. I fretted because old Hundred and Two didn't get up and hump herself as she ort. The telegraph poles looked like a corduroy bridge and still I wasn't happy. I was a madman for the time, dragging my load of human freight to certain death.

"As we rounded the curve a mile out of the home station, the headlight showed me lying across the rail the gingham dress and sun bonnet of Mary Ann! I saw it too late! It was like a flash, then a dull sound came up from the murderous wheels and the checked sun bonnet lay outside the track and the gingham dress was under the train! The drunken engineer had murdered his own child. My fireman stopped old Hundred and Two and I reeled to the rear of the train where Mary Ann lay in the darkness, still forever and ever! * * * * *

"I made a wild plunge toward the little mangled mass and caught it in my arms. It was, indeed, Mary Ann's little gingham dress, but it was stuffed with straw. * * * *

"Then I heard childish laughter under the culvert and I knew Mary Ann had put up a job on me. But it was a close call. They call me the mince-pie maniac now, for I never touch it, no matter how fair the siren that seeks to feed it to me. We never know when the pie is loaded. Let us shun it as we would the deadly upas tree."—*Bill Nye, in Detroit Free Press.*

## A HUMAN BADGER.

**A Fair Sample of the Genus Homo on the Way Backward.**

It was once my fortune to run across a human badger, who would have been a prize for Darwin, as he was a fair sample of the genus homo on the way backward; in fact, degenerating, and, as far as I could judge, in advance of the gorilla, inasmuch as the man could build a fire. I was riding across country in Maryland, about twenty miles from Washington, when I came upon what appeared to be a muskrat's nest, only at the top there was a hole, blackened around the edges. A further investigation showed a side opening about large enough to allow a man to crawl in. I knocked by tossing a cornstalk down the chimney, and in a few moments there appeared from the door a negro so hideous, so bestial in every feature, that my very horse backed off. It was the missing link, if there ever was one, and the jargon of sounds that the creature uttered only added to the strangeness of his appearance. I could not understand a word, and rode over the fields to a house, where the owner not only gave me the history of the strange being, but induced me to crawl into the den after him. The man could only talk in a gibberish understood by his employer. He was not an idiot, as we might have supposed, but was simply, as my acquaintance put it, a type of the lowest kind. He had owned him before the war, and he was valued as a laborer, preferring to work in ditches, often up to his waist in water, where he would wallow like a hog. His ex-owner told me that the man claimed to be a Prince in his native country: that he was sold as a slave and brought to Florida, and finally again sold here. At that time he was being paid a nominal sum, which he gave to an alleged relative, reserving only enough to supply himself with food and tobacco.

The underground burrow was reached by crawling through a short tunnel that led into a room below the surface of the ground, with room for three or four persons to sit, but not stand. In one corner was a fire-hole, but the sides of the hovel were baked and blackened by the smoke that must have filled the room. Two or three tin dishes, a pile of cornstalks as a bed, completed the outfit of this human being, who lived here winter and summer. This was a number of years ago, and if this specimen has gone on reverting and degenerating, he may (time being no object) have reached a more comfortable stage, and now be found covered with a coating of hair or fur, have forgotten how to build a fire, and be on the confines of that bald and toothless time that is predicted for the future human race so cheerfully by a German scientist.—*Cor. San Francisco Call.*

—Seventy-five years ago Uriel Crocker and Osmyn Brewster were apprenticed to learn the printer's trade of Samuel T. Armstrong, of Boston. On the first Monday after Thanksgiving Day these two young men met, and thus virtually entered upon a business connection which resulted in a partnership, and which has continued without break until now. On Monday the partners, one ninety and the other eighty-nine years old, celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of their business connection.—*Boston Journal.*

—He was from New Hampshire. Dinner was nearly ended and dessert was being served. He declined the apple pie that was offered. His hostess insisted, and looked at him in a winning way with her bright eyes. The temptation was too strong, and exclaiming, "Oh, you old Eve," he took the pie. When the laugh which followed had subsided, it being remarked that he had to eat it after all, he looked up with a smile and said: "Well, didn't Adam do the same?" And he's a preacher.—*Buffalo Courier.*

—When Sibley's command moved from Texas to New Mexico during the late war it was followed by thousands of turkey-buzzards, and during the few years following they multiplied so fast that the territory was almost overrun with them. Since that time, from some cause or other, they have gradually died out, until now there is hardly one to be found in the Territory.

**IF WE KNEW.**

But we don't know. We sometimes criticise our neighbor's short-comings when we do not know the disadvantages under which he suffers. If he has lost an arm, or if he is so lame that he has to walk on crutches, we can see his infirmity and pity him accordingly. If he is subject to some nervous disorder, which does not affect his gait nor make any great difference in his outward appearance, he has very little sympathy from any one. He may have some tremendous weight of mental worry oppressing him, but he gets no pity from those who know nothing about it and cannot appreciate the hidden troubles under which he labors. Thousands of men have made failures of their lives from carrying burdens of worry and vexation which distracted their nerves, demoralized their brains, and wrecked them beyond remedy. It would be well for all such to remember that Compound Oxygen cures nervous depression, insomnia, neuralgia, and all ills which make life a burden. Hundreds of cases are on record in which this gentle and powerful agent has worked wonders. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, of 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., send a treatise giving these reports free to all applicants.

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Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are emphatically a genial restorative. The changes which this great botanic remedy produces in the disordered organization are always agreeably, though surely progressive, never abrupt and violent. On this account it is admirably adapted to persons of delicate constitution and weak nerves, to whom the powerful mineral drugs are positively injurious. That it initiates those processes which result in the re-establishment of healthful vigor is conspicuously shown in cases where it is taken to overcome that fruitful cause of debility, indigestion, coupled, as it usually is, with biliousness and constipation. Thorough digestion, regular evacuation and abundant secretion are results which promptly and invariably attend its systematic use. It is, besides, the best protective against malaria, and a first rate diuretic.

Ninety-seven years ago a handful of coarse wool sheep were landed in Australia which have so increased as to now number 90,000,000.

**A BLACK LIST**

of diseases follows an unhealthy condition of the liver, one of the most important organs of the body. Impure blood, bronchitis, asthma, malarial diseases, consumption, sick headache, diseases of the skin, kidneys and heart—all may be traced to faulty action or torpidity of the liver. No other known preparation so rapidly and thoroughly restores a disordered liver as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is pleasant to the taste mild but sure in its action, and a gift to suffering humanity from one of the most successful physicians of the age.

A heated knife will cut not bread without making it soggy.

**RELIABLE AND ALWAYS THE SAME.**

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are the oldest, safest, and best blood purifier and purgative known. They are purely vegetable, therefore harmless. They are always the same and always produce the same effect. Other purgatives require increased doses and finally cease acting altogether. A course of one or two of BRANDRETH'S PILLS taken each night is a positive cure for constipation, headache, and all bilious disorders. If you can't take them plain get them sugar coated.

Go to Towne & Moore when in Portland for best Photographic and Crayon work.

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Mrs. Langtry's great dread is getting old and poor.

"Man's work 's from sun to sun;
Woman's work is never done."

Work is a necessity to all; but, upon how many, women especially, does it fall with the burden of the "last straw," and this, because their peculiarly delicate constitutions are so liable to functional derangement. We cannot lessen your toil, ladies, but we can make it easier for you, by making you stronger and better able to do it. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will relieve you of nervous and other weaknesses, and all the many ills peculiar to your sex.

There are fifty-one active volcanoes in Japan.

*No Opium* in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

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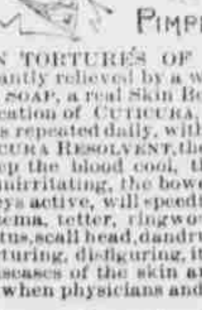

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.


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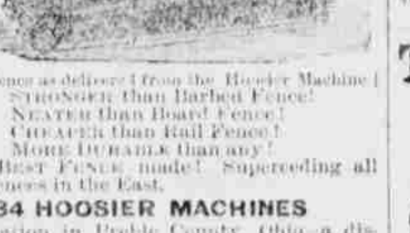

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