THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

"What is that, mother—that curious thing,
Ambling the streets with a languid swing;
With a spike-tail coat, a gorgeous vest,
And eye-glass dangling on its breast;
With dog-skin gloves and bell-crowned hat;
And such poor, thin legs, and a stomach flat?
Eerie and weird it looks to me,
O mother, what can the creature be?"

"O hush, child! hush! 'tis no goblin rude—
'Tis only a harmless little 'dude!' "

"But what is a 'dude?' O mother dear,
How did they make a thing so queer?
Did it grow while we were fast asleep,
Like the grass, and the geese, and the pretty sheep.
Do you think that Barnum drew the plan,
To have something new for his caravan?
It walks like a chicken. Can it fly?
Will you tell me about it by-and-by?"

"There is little to tell, my child; 'tis plain—
'Tis the form of a man with a monkey's brain!"

—[Lucy M. Blinn, in Our Continent.

THE SINGER.

I see the plumed knights to battle ride,
And my heart bounds to martial music strong;
I hear the orator denouncing wrong,
And hail him my soul's star and staff and guide;
Then two young lovers wandering side by side,
And hand in hand Life's sinuous path along
Fill me with Love's delight and amorous song,
And maddening ecstasy of Youth's springtide.

The plumes and pennons vanish from my sight;
The voice dies in the distance; and, behold,
Those lovers have been swallowed up of night.
I linger lonely in the darkness cold;
I slay no wrong, in no great cause I fight;
And no one kisses me; and I grow old.

—[Harper's Magazine.

SEBASTIAN GOMEZ, MURILLO'S MULATTO BOY.

The great Spanish painter, Murillo, had in his studio many young men learning the art under so famous a master. After a time they found every morning that something had been done on their canvas. Sometimes a figure would be introduced, or some fault of drawing or coloring corrected. One morning, Villavicencio, one of the pupils, found that a head of the Madonna had been painted in for him with the most wonderful skill.

All were amazed, and while they were debating the matter with no little noise Murillo entered. He, too, gazed with astonishment on the head, and confessed that he would not be ashamed to own it as his own work.

He had a negro slave, named Gomez, who took care of the rooms; but this faithful old man and his mulatto son, Sebastian, attributed the work to the Zombi, a kind of African fairy.

Murillo was not satisfied. He threatened Sebastian with a good flogging if the person was not discovered. The little mulatto, whom all treated as a monkey, was the real artist. His knowledge of color, form, and effect, were often shown in his remarks to the young men, who, while they laughed at him, always profited by his hints, but yet no one suspected him.

Early the next morning he was in the studio, and standing before the Madonna, which, during the previous day, he had examined critically.

"I shall have plenty of time, if I must wash it out, to do so before the master is up and the students arrive," said he himself. "The hair does not wave nicely—here is too hard a line—I must give a finer touch just here—this must be varnished—this line is too sudden—she is better thus—the Virgin ought to be praying—I must open her lips a little. Oh, gracious powers! she actually breathes now—her eyes are looking at me—her charming brow is full of life! I fancy I can hear a sigh from under the vail which falls down upon her shoulders—oh, my beautiful, holy Virgin!"

Day was advancing, the sun's rays were penetrating through the skylight, and overspread with their bright light all the objects in the studio. Sebastian, all absorbed in his painting, forgot everything else—the lateness of the hour, his unhappy state, and the twenty expected lashes. Wholly given up to that art which was born within him, and which his residence with Murillo had developed in almost a miraculous manner the young artist saw nothing before him but the head of the Madonna, whose countenance beamed on him with gracious smiles. He was already with her in heaven itself, when suddenly the noise of footsteps, and the sound of well known voices, tore him from his rapturous contemplation, and brought him back to earth—a slave!

Sebastian felt, without turning round, that Murillo and his pupils were standing behind him; though surprised and confused as he was, he never dreamt of either justifying himself, or even of running away; he only wished that the floor would open and swallow him up; but the wish was vain, so the poor little black hung down his head, and, with palette in one hand and paint-brush in the other, awaited in terrible anguish of mind the punishment he expected. There was complete silence for a few moments, for, if Sebastian was petrified at being discovered in the act, Murillo and his pupils were not less so at what they saw. The latter, with all the impetuosity of their age, began to express their admiration, when Murillo signed to them to be silent, advanced toward Sebastian, and hiding under a cold and stern air the emotion that every true artist feels at the sight of a rising brother genius, he said:

"Sebastian, who is your master?"

"You, sir," answered the boy, almost inaudibly.

"But your master in painting?"

"You, sir," again replied the boy, trembling.

"I have never given you any lessons, boy," answered Murillo, astonished.

"No, master; but when you were instructing the others, I listened," replied Sebastian, getting bolder at the more gentle tone of the master's voice.

"And you profited?" asked Murillo, again.

"Forgive me, but you never forbade me!" said Sebastian.

Murillo quickly said: "And you have profited by them better than any of my pupils. Then," added he, after a few moments, "so you worked at night?"

"No, master—by day."

"At what hour, then?—for the pupils generally arrive here by six."

"From three to five, master—but to-day I forgot myself."

Murillo smiled, and then said: "Have you also forgotten what I promised you yesterday?"

The poor little slave's heart sank within him; he turned pale and shuddered, as if he already felt the lash across his back.

"Oh, Senor Murillo," exclaimed all the pupils, supplicatingly, "forgive Sebastian!"

"I am only too happy to do so, gentlemen, for this child not only does not deserve punishment, but he has a right to a reward."

"A reward!" repeated Sebastian.

"Yes, Sebastian, a reward!" continued Murillo, kindly; "for, to have succeeded in painting a head like this Madonna, or even little figures like those I saw yesterday on these gentlemen's drawing-boards, you must have conquered many difficulties, not to speak of the hours of rest you have devoted to study, the sleep you have sacrificed, to work unsuspected, your attention to my words, and the way you have treasured them in your memory; such devotion to art merits reward, and not punishment. What do you most wish for—tell me?"

Sebastian did not know whether he was in his right senses; his astonished gaze wandered from his master's kind face to the smiling countenances of the students.

A cry escaped Sebastian—a cry of joy, or anguish, almost of pain.

"Oh, my father's liberty!—my father's liberty?" said he, choking and bursting into tears.

"And do you not wish for yours also?" asked Murillo.

Sebastian bowed his head, suppressing a sob.

"I wish for my father's first," said he.

"He shall have it, my poor boy; and you shall have yours as well," said Murillo, who could no longer contain his emotion, and stooped down to Sebastian, raised him up, and held him tightly clasped to his bosom.

Admitted among Murillo's pupils, Gomez became one of Spain's greatest painters. Murillo naturalized him, found him a wife, and left him a legacy in his will.

The most celebrated of his works are to be found on the walls of the Cathedral of Seville. Among these are, "The Virgin Mary, with the Infant Jesus in her Arms," "St. Anne," "St. Joseph," and "The Crucifixion of the Savior, with St. Peter at the Foot of the Cross, imploring forgiveness."

Of all Murillo's pupils, Gomez succeeded most nearly in imitating him. He possessed, like his master, rich coloring, a pleasing and delicate touch, the most lovely fresh tints and great truth of manner and skill in the management of light and shade.

Sebastian Gomez survived Murillo but a few years; he died about the year 1589 or 1590.

THEY GIGGLED.

"We hope we don't intrude, but we thought we'd come in and ask if it would be any trouble to let us see the inside of a newspaper office."

The managing editor sprang to his feet and the law reporter covered his lunch with his hat. The exchange editor poured his ink into his bottle of beer to make it look innocent, and the rest of the staff crowded around the two blushing damsels eager to offer assistance.

"Certainly," replied the managing editor, smoothing down his hair and approaching the fair guests. "This is my room, and there is the peg I hang my hat on. Only the peg seems to have come up through the hat lately. I must have that peg fixed. This is my—"

"Perhaps the ladies would rather see my editorial on the rise and progress of mission schools," interrupted the religious editor, pointing toward his own desk. "Never been in a newspaper office before?" he inquired tenderly, as the girls turned toward him. "I sit here at this table, and in this draw is where I keep my—"

"I think I can show you one of the most important legal decisions ever rendered," observed the law reporter, taking one of the girls gently by the arm and making off with her in the direction of his desk. "You know the law has always been—"

"I suppose you really want to see the practical workings of an office," smiled the exchange editor, bowing very low. "If you will step here to my department I will show you on what all the vast machinery of this institution rests," and the exchange editor gallantly offered his arm, and motioned toward his den.

"Of course, you would be most interested in the weddings," observed the society reporter, feeling confident that he had the bulge on the whole business. "If you will be kind enough to come this way I will show you an account of a swell affair that come off on the hights last night. The bride—"

"This is where all the local news is put together in shape," chipped in the City editor. "Everything that happens in Brooklyn has to pass through my hands, and I will be glad to show you how it is done, if you will be kind enough to take chairs in my little office."

"Have you come to visit a newspaper establishment?" asked the cashier, who happened to drop into the editorial department at that moment.

"Yes, sir," faltered one of the bewildered girls.

"Then come right down stairs and see me make up a list of marriages and deaths. You will be ahead of everybody in town!"

"Won't that be nice?" giggled the girls fluttering out after him. "We will know all about this before the paper comes out."

And the triumphant cashier stalked out, while the staff sat down to get up a remonstrance against the cashier's interference with the regular business of the office in the future.—[Brooklyn Eagle.

She Gave Out and I Was Just as Limp as a Dish Rag.—"I've had an awful discussion," said a Boston wife, coming into the room where her husband was.

"With whom?" he asked.

"With a woman over our back fence."

"What about?"

"The functions of transcendentalism, and we talked, and talked, and talked, and—"

"Did she beat you?"

"No, sir, she didn't."

"Did you beat her?"

"Well—no—I can't say I did."

"You didn't give in, did you?"

"No, sir, I didn't."

"You didn't?"

"No, sir; I gave out, and I'm just as limp as a dish rag after a hard day's washing," and she hung herself over the back of a chair to recuperate.—[Cincinnati Drummer.

Cincinnati claims a dog which is so sensitive-minded that he will howl in the most sorrowful manner when he sees a brunette woman go past with a red bow at her throat.

SPOOPENDYKE.

Husband and Wife's Railroad Lunch—Trying to Open a Can with a Link of Bologna Sausage.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, rubbing his hands gleefully and contemplating his wife from the opposite seat with a pleasant smile. "Now, my dear, suppose we take a look at the lunch of which we have had such remarkable accounts. If there is anything nice when a man is traveling, it is a home-made lunch. Develop the viands and let joy be unconfined!" and Mr. Spoopendyke laughed outright in anticipation of the gustatory delights in store for him.

"All right," giggled Mrs. Spoopendyke, opening the basket with trembling hands.

"Now you hold that, and don't you open anything until I get it all out," said Mrs. Spoopendyke handing him a long roll of something done up in a coarse brown paper.

"How much more of this is there to get out?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, snifling at the paper and detecting bologna sausage, a thing he detested. "What is this anyway, a club to keep the rest of the lunch in order? Is this thing the police force of this lunch? Fetch on her law-abiding elements, if you've got any! Never mind the executive of this feast, produce the laboring faction, the tax-paying end of the business!"

"Here's some cheese," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and a pie and some smoked beef and some herring, and—"

"Haven't ye got some salt somewhere?" hissed Mr. Spoopendyke, planting the bologna on end in the center of the pie. "How'm I to quench my thirst after eating all this truck, unless I have salt? "Where's the mustard that goes with these mercis?" and Mr. Spoopenkyke dove into the package of beef and scattered the contents over his wife's lap. "I'll bet the bologna can whip the cheese in four rounds!" he yelled, hauling the offending sausage out of the pie and jobbing it through the cheese. "Hurray! Now, we'll sponge him off with the herring for the next round! and Mr. Spoopendyke seized a fish by the tail and slammed it into the basket.

"Don't!" pleaded Mrs. Spoopendyke, looking helpless on. "I like those things, if you don't."

"Can't ye let the lunch have a little fun?" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, hammering at the cheese with the sausage. "Of course you like these things! They're right in your line! All you want is a strike and a step-ladder to be a salt mine! Where's my lunch? Bring on the delicacies calculated to supply the waste tissue of Shoopendyke!" and the worthy gentleman drove the sausage clear through the pie and impaled the herring on the other end.

"Here's a Charlotte, and a—" commenced Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Handing me the blushing Charlotte!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, who had fixed his mind on cold chicken, and saw no realization of his anticipations. "Show me the Charlotte just budding into womanhood, and she shall have the pie! Give me—key! What's that?"

"This is a can of beans!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, brightening a little. "You know you always like beans."

"Let's have 'em!,' growled Mr. Spoopendyke, reaching for them. "What have you got to open 'em with?"

"I'm afraid I left the can-operator home," whispered Mrs. Spoopendyke, rummaging through the basket.

"How d'ye propose to open 'em, then?" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, setting his teeth and breathing hard. "Show me the spring that bursts this cover off! Guide me to the combination of this stem-winding can of beans! Maybe this'll do it!" and Mr. Spoopendyke again grabbed the sausage and went for the can. "How'm I getting on?" he yelled, as the bologna flew in all directions. "Think you begin to smell those beans any more plainly than you did? Wa-h-h!" he shrieked, as a huge chunk of the pork broke off short and handed in his ear. "This dod gasted hog don't know who he's fooling with. Let me introduce you to Spoopendyke!" and he ground the sausage fat against the can and dropped the debris on the floor.

"I don't know what we're going to do!" murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke in great distress.

"Now watch the triumph of mind over beans!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, opening the window and placing the can on the sill. "The reward of genius!" he roared, as he brought the window down on the can.

Mrs. Spoopendyke dodged just in time, and her unfortunate spouse caught the bean part of the feast fairly in front, and was covered from his eyebrows to his ankles.

"That what ye want?" he gasped, as the full extent of the calamity dawned upon him. "That what ye been trying to do? Dod gast the measley beans!" and Mr. Spoopendyke made for the smoking car, and was seen no more till dark.

"I don't care sililoquized Mrs. Spoopendyke, assuring herself that the Charlotte had not been injured. "He might have waited a moment, and he would have had some cold chicken. But, of course, if he has made a lunch on beans, he won't care for anything else." And with this consolatory reflection Mrs. Spoopendyke ate the chicken and Charlotte in alternate bites, and composed himself for a comfortable nap.

A patriot returns to his native land more profoundly convinced than ever of its immeasureable superiority to every other country in the world. "The languages of those other countries," he says, with a fine scorn, "is particularly idiotic. Why, they call things this, that, and the other without the slightest regard for their nature or use. Now, you know it's different with us. We call a brush a brush, because you use it to brush with; or a glass a glass, because it is made of glass; or a hat a hat because"—— "Well, because—why?" "Oh, I guess it must be derived from one of those same foreign languages, now that I come to look into it!'

There is a thread in our thoughts as there is a pulse in our feelings—he who can hold the one knows how to think, and he who can move the other knows how to feel.

ALL SORTS.

The hired girl with the dust-rag is the chair-rub of the family.

"O, what is so rare as a day in June?" sings the poet. He ought to try a raw day in March.

Cincinnati papers are cruel enough to publish horrible wood cuts of "the man who was not nominated."

Maggie Mitchell is the fourth largest landholder at Long Branch. She also has a nice Paddock at the Branch.

It was natural enough that Mr. Everingham should fail in lard. Let him stick to ham for ever and he will not slip up.

It is rare now that a monkey is seen on the streets; but the dudes have increased wonderfully within the past two years.

Miss Frances Willard, the well-known temperance advocate, has gone to the Sandwich Islands. She will do well if she improves the Sandwiches.

The reason the largest strawberries always occupy the most prominent position in the box is because "there's plenty of room at the top."

The man who never saw a railroad train has again been buried in Pennsylvania. He should be put in the cemetery devoted to the oldest Mason.

The new legend for the Brooklyn bridge is a good rule for every life. It is, "Keep to the right, and keep moving."

William Black's word "biddable," used in "Yolande," is unknown to Webster and Worcester, and the New York *Evening Post* does not like it.

It is noticed with surprise that the native wheelmen of Calcutta ride barefooted on their bicycles. They probably do this because it is better than walking barefooted.

Girls have always been fond of soldiers, and they kiss Gen. Sherman because he is the head of the army. They will have their Phil when Sherman retires.

"Sporge underclothing is the latest sensation," writes a fashion scribe. It is nothing new. Tailors sponge everything, and fashionable young men sponge the tailors.

A paper is published at Uniontown, Pa., called the *Genius of Liberty*. It has been going on unmolested for seventy-nine years, which shows the liberty of genius.

There are two kinds of glove contests. Of one John L. Sullivan is champion. The other is a contest in fastening a twenty four button glove on time, while the young man and the carriage waits. The championship is unknown.

The "Devil's own implement" is what they call the toy pistol down in Boston.

We are all in favor of knee-breeches for the letter carriers.

If the wages of sin is death, some old sinners we know of are a long time in drawing their salary.

The LL. D. crop of this year is a very large one, but some of it has been gathered before it was ripe.

"What is meant by a Sabbath-day's journey?" John—"The distance between any place and the nearest good fishing ground."

A prominent physician says a person should never be waked up except when there is urgent necessity for it. We will pay some one well to translate this into baby language.

An impertinent youth had been amusing himself by exhibiting the following lines to some of the ladies at Saratoga:

Men so orn to kiss among themselves,
And scarce would kiss a brother:
But women want to kiss so bad,
They kiss and kiss each other.

Whereupon a young lady at once penciled this reply on the back of an envelope, and left it for the fool's instruction:

Men do not kiss among themselves,
And it's well that they refrain;
The bitter dose would vex them so,
They would never kiss again.
As sometimes on poor woman's lip
Is applied this nauseous lotion,
We have to kiss among ourselves
As a counteracting potion.

There is a grocer out West who is said to be so mean that he was seen to catch a fly off his counter, hold him up by the hind legs, and look in the cracks of his feet to see if he hadn't been stealing some sugar.

There is said to be one physician to every thirteen families in the United States. It is well that this statement has come out. Many persons have all along been supposing that there were thirteen doctors to every family.

When a school girl becomes toned down, isn't she an expert.

Ella Wheeler says she does not "feel the want of a husband or a tombstone" to shelter her from further criticism. She merely hides behind a verse of her poetry, and considers herself perfectly safe.

Mid-Ocean Electricity.—The idea of telegraphing from ships at sea, says *Engineering*, is not a new one, and crops up from time to time. Mid-occan telegraph stations have been proposed, and will probably be carried out some day. The chief difficulty in the way of their adoption has hitherto been the necessity of keeping the ship connected by a branch cable to the main cable lying on the bottom, and anchoring her so as to maintain this communication in all weathers and depths desirable. But Prof. E. A. Dolbear has proposed a plan which may make this fixed communication unnecessary. A large metal plate attached to an insulated conductor is lowered from the ship to the bottom on the track of the cable, and another plate is merely submerged. Between these two plates a battery and Morse key is inserted. On working the key the Morse currents induce other currents in the cable, which can be heard in telephones attached to the cable on shore.

A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK.

"James!"

"Yes, pa."

"There were seven California pears in that cupboard. Six of them are gone. Do you know anything about it?"

"Never took one of them!"

"Sure?"

"Certain, pa. Wish I may die, if—"

"You wicked, bad boy, how often have I told you never to use such an expression? Here comes ma; let us see if she knows anything about it."

Mamma says she saw James take at least five of them.

"You little rascal! How dare you tell me you never took one, and here's only this little one with the grub-eaten side left?"

"Oh, pa, don't hit me. I said I didn't take one of them—and—and—and that's the one I didn't take.

Pa relented.

A good Deacon not a thousand miles from Oil City, being late at church where it was his duty to hold service, asked the congregation to excuse his tardiness, as he had been up until late the night before opening the finest lot of dry goods ever brought to town.

A certain grocer had fifty cents worth of brown sugar returned to him, accompanied by the following note: "Too much sand for table use, and not enough for building purposes."

A trade dollar saved is eighty-five cents earned.

RE-INVESTIGATED.

A Remarkable Statement Fully Confirmed by Three Important Interviews.

An unusual article from the Rochester, N. Y., *Democrat and Chronicle* was published in this paper recently and has been the subject of much conversation, both in professional circles and on the street. Apparently it caused more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well known not only in Rochester, but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper, a few days since, which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal enquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed an editorial necessity.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion at his residence, when the following interview occurred:

"That article of your's doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. Few people ever get so near the grave as I did and then return, and I am not surprised that the public think it marvelous. It was marvelous."

"How in the world did you, a physician, come to be brought so low?"

"By neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the time; could eat nothing one day and was ravenous the next; felt dull, indefinite pains, and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious."

"But have these common ailments anything to do with the fearful Bright's disease which took so firm a hold on you?"

"Anything? Why, they are the sure indications of the first stages of that dreadful malady. The fact is, few people know or realize what ails them, and I am sorry to say that too few physicians do either."

"That is a strange statement, doctor."

"But it is a true one. The medical profession have been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. We doctors have been clipping off the twigs when we should strike at the root. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of Bright's disease even more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, stomach, pains about the body or any other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of so-called diseases are torturing people to-day, when in reality it is Bright's disease in some one of its many forms. It is a Hydra headed monster and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malerial fever and other common complaints which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy—Warner's Safe Cure. I am getting my eyes thoroughly open in this matter and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also. Why, there are no end of truths bearing on this subject. If you want to know more about it go and see Mr. Warner himself. He was sick the same as I, and is the healthiest man in Rochester to-day. He has made a study of this subject and can give you more facts than I can. Go, too, and see Dr. Lattimore, the chemist, at the University. If you want facts there are any quantity of them showing the alarming increase of Bright's disease, its simple and deceptive symptoms, and there is but one way by which it can be escaped."

Fully satisfied of the truth and force of the doctor's words, the reporter bade him good day and called on Mr. Warner at his establishment on Exchange street. At first Mr. Warner was inclined to be reticent, but learning that the information desired was about the alarming increase of Bright's disease, his manner changed instantly and he spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease has increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics, that in the past ten years its growth has been 250 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off: Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wilson, Carpenter, Bishops Haven and Peck, and others. This is terrible, and shows a greater growth than that of any other known complaint. It should be plain to every one that something must be done to check this increase or there is no knowing where it may end."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"Hundreds of thousands. I have a striking example of this truth which has just come to my notice. A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis, and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. In order to show the contrast between healthy and unhealthy fluids, he had provided a vial, the contents of which were drawn from his own person. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have seen the unhealthy indications, I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command both left him, and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery; *I* have Bright's disease of the kidneys,' and in less than a year he was dead."

"You believe, then, that it has no symptoms of its own and is frequently unknown even by the person who is afflicted with it?"

"It has no symptoms of its own and very often none at all. Usually no two people have the same symptoms, and frequently death is the first symptom. The slightest indication of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to any one. I know what I am talking about, for I have been through all the stages of kidney disease."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"

"A very prominent case, but no more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means."

"You believe then that Bright's disease can be cured?"

"I know it can. I know it from experience of hundreds of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends?"

"You speak of your own experience, what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfitted for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty, I thought there was little hope, and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying, 'there goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proven true if I had not fortunately secured and used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure."

"And this caused you to manufacture it?"

"No, it caused me to investigate. I went to the principal cities, saw physicians prescribing and using it and I therefore determined, as a duty I owed humanity and the suffering, to bring it within their reach and now it is known in every part of America, is sold in every drug store and has become a household necessity."

The reporter left Mr. Warner, much impressed with the earnestness and sincerity of his statements, and next paid a visit to Dr. S. A. Lattimore, at his residence on Prince street. Dr. Lattimore, although busily engaged upon some matters connected with the State Board of Health, of which he is one of the analysts, courteously answered the questions that were propounded him:

"Did you make chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner, some three years ago, Doctor?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"The presence of albumen and tube casts in great abundance."

"And what did the symptoms indicate?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir. I did not think it possible. It was seldom, indeed, that so pronounced a case had, up to that time, ever been cured."

"Do you know anything about this remedy which cured him?"

"Yes, I have chemically analyzed it and upon critical examination, find it entirely free from any poisonous or deleterious substances."

We publish the foregoing statements in view of the commotion which the publicity of Dr. Henion's article has caused and to meet the protestations which have been made. The standing of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question, and the statements they make cannot for a moment be doubted. They conclusively show that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, alarmingly increasing and that it can be cured.

Fashionable gentlemen wear black silk hose for full dress.

A LUCKY FITHERMAN.

In the vast amount of business transacted at the Baltimore, Md., postoffice, Mr. M. Vt Bailey, superintendent of the mails, is kept exceedingly busy, but somehow he finds a spare hour or day to go fishing, and from his experience he gives his testimony, that St. Jacobs Oil is the best remedy in the world for rheumatism, sprains, sore feet and joints, bruises, etc. It is *the* remedy for fishermen and gunners, who should always keep a bottle on hand.

Somebody writes to a rural paper to ask "how long cows should be milked." Why, the same as a short cow, to be sure.

* The surprising success of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound for the several diseases peculiar to women forcibly illustrates the importance of her beneficient discovery and the fact that she knows how to make the most of it.—*Dr. Haskell.*

Carpets and furniture 10 per cent cheaper at H. Schellhaas', 11th St., Oakland.

The fancy for yellow has brought topazes and amber into fashion.

Samaritan Nervine relieves the brain of morbid fancies. It's a purely family medicine.

Shirts with pique bosoms are worn by gentlemen for evening dress.

CONSUMPTION CURE.

Dr. R. V. Pierce: *Dear Sir*—Death was hourly expected by myself and friends. My physicians pronounced my disease consumption, and said I must die. I began taking your "Discovery" and "Pellets." I have used nine bottles and am wonderfully relieved. I am now able to ride out.

Elizabeth Thornton, Montongo, Ark.

Flower necklets or dog collars are a pretty novelty for evening wear.

"*Samaritan Nervine* cured me of 'St. Vitus Dance,'" said T. J. Osborn, Richmond, Va.

Talmas or jet-beaded grenadine appear among midsummer wraps.

THE "GOLDEN BLOOM OF YOUTH" may be retained by using Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a specific for "female complaints." By druggists.

Alicante brown and Soldat red are popular new shades of these colors

High chairs at low prices at H. Shellhaas', 11th St., Oakland.

There is nothing better for Poison Oak Cuts, Burns and Sores than Mother Cary's Salve. Price 25 cts. Try it.

Rev. J. S. Cain, Lewisville, Ind., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for nervous prostration and found it entirely satisfactory."

Tucks on shirts, draperies, sleeves and corsages are very fashionable.

OUR PROGRESS.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky materials, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Perfect health depends upon a perfect condition of the blood. Pure blood conquers every disease and gives new life to every decayed or affected part. Strong nerves and perfect digestion enables the system to stand the shock of sudden climatic changes. An occasional use of Brown's Iron Bitters will keep you in a perfect state of health. Don't be deceived by other iron preparations said to be just as good. The genuine is made only by Brown Chemical Company, Baltimore, Md. Sold by all dealers in medicines.

The undertaker smiled serene. Because he knew she would aspire. To light with blazing kerosene, the slow, delinquent kitchen fire.

☞ Hoods, scarfs, ribbons and fancy articles can be made any color wanted with the Diamond Dyes. All the popular colors.

Buy your furniture at Indianapolis Chair Mfg. Co., and save 15 per cent., 160 New Montgomery street, San Francisco.

If you want a chair that will make a bed or lounge, call on Indianapolis Chair Mfg. Co., 160 New Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Dr. Theo. West, Marianna, Fla., says: "I consider Brown's Iron Bitters the best tonic that is sold."

Don't ask the grocer for a pound of sweetened sand- It scares him.

*** "Old birds are not caught with chaff." Therefore seek and find the pure golden grains of health in Kidney-Wort. Women, young or old, married or single, if out of health, will be greatly benefitted by taking Kidney-Wort.

Home Items,

—"A" your own fault
If you remain sick when you can
Get hop bitters that never—Fail.

The weakest woman, smallest child, and sickest invalid can use hop bitters with safety and great good.

—Old men tottering around from rheumatism, kidney trouble or any weakness will be almost new by using hop bitters.

—My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bitters and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman.

Ask any good doctor if hop
Bitters are not the best family medicine
On earth.

—Malarial fever, Ague and Biliousness, will leave every neighborhood as soon as hop bitters arrive.

"My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with hop bitters."—*Ed. Oswego Sun.*

—Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters and you need not fear sickness.

—Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with hop bitters in each draught.

—The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop bitters!

THE
BEST CLOTHING
FOR MEN AND BOYS
AT
C. C. HASTINGS & CO.,
SAN FRANCISCO.
References: Everybody!

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PALMER & REY, Prop'rs.
405 and 407 Sansome St., San Franisco, Cal

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.
[From the Boston Globe.]

Messrs. Editors.—
The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.
On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."
It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.
It costs only $1. per bottle or six for $5., and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the nature of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.
For Kidney Complaint *of either sex* this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.
"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are *the best in the world* for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity.
All must respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose ambition is to do good to her sex.
Philadelphia, Pa. (4) Mrs. A. M. D.

KIDNEY-WORT
HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
KIDNEY DISEASES.
Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use KIDNEY-WORT at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.
It is a SURE CURE for all
DISEASES of the LIVER.
It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.
Malaria. If you are suffering from the malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.
In the Spring, to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it
Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, KIDNEY-WORT is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.
Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative powers.
If it Acts at the same time on the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS, $1 For Constipation, Piles, or Rheumatism it is a permanent cure.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1. (20)
KIDNEY-WORT

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS
No time should be lost if the stomach, liver and bowels are affected, to adopt the cure remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Diseases of the organs named beget others far more serious, and a delay is therefore hazardous. Dyspepsia, liver complaint, chills and fever, early rheumatic twinges, kidney weakness, bring serious bodily trouble if trifled with. Lose no time in using this effective and safe medicine.
For sale by all Druggists and dealers generally

John Wigmore, HARDWOOD LUMBER.
CABINET WOODS and VENEERS.
Ship Timber, Locust Treenails, Deck Plugs etc.
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DRAIN TILE VASES RUSTIC FLOWER POTS ETC
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1019 MARKET ST S.F.
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SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

St. Jacobs Oil
THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
Relieves and cures
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia,
Sciatica, Lumbago,
BACKACHE,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
SORE THROAT,
QUINSY, SWELLINGS,
SPRAINS,
Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,
FROSTBITES,
BURNS, SCALDS,
And all other bodily aches and pains.
FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.
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The Charles A. Vogeler Co.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.)
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

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HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
KIDNEY DISEASES.
Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use KIDNEY-WORT at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.
For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.
Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative powers.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
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