What Came of It.

[Helen E. Starrett in Chicago Weekly Magazine.]

Mr. Smith missed the train by just one half minute and he was in a furious temper over the matter. He lived in the suburbs and went into the city every day on his business of business. Not once in three months did such a thing happen as his being late for the train, but on this occasion he felt like declaring that half a minute he had to rush himself clear out of breath to reach it or else miss it. He was in that exasperated state of mind where he wanted to blame somebody, abuse somebody; a state of mind that, in a condition of development nearer the savage, would impel to acts of cruelty towards any thing or any person on whom anger could be wreaked. Of course the person on whom he could most quickly and with the least propriety cast the blame was his wife. It was all her fault. Why couldn't she manage household affairs so that he could get his breakfast earlier? He worked like a slave at his business ten hours a day, he gave her full control of the house and furnished money to run it; she had a servant and it was pure and utter shiftlessness in her that breakfast could not be ready in proper time. Thus soliloquized Mr. Smith, as with anger-flashing eyes he saw the train disappear in the distance.

It was a full hour and a half till the next train; it was nearly half a mile back to Mr. Smith's house. He nervously paced back and forth the next a few minutes before the depot, debating in his mind whether he should wait there for the next train or go back home. As he mused his anger grew. He would go back home; he would give his wife such a "blowing up" as she would remember for months. She should feel that it was no light matter to have breakfast five minutes late. He turned his face homeward and strode heavily along with the air of a man determined to do a desperate deed; his face was flushed with anger and his eye gleamed fiercely.

But as he hastened along somehow or other his absorbed attention was diverted by the song of a bird in the trees that bordered his path. He looked up involuntarily. How brightly the sun was shining! The trees were putting forth their tenderest green; so was the grass. He noticed the fragrance of the apple and plum blossoms; he distinguished the peculiar strain of a bird he used to hear in boyhood. He had listened to that bird when he had walked in the meadows with the pretty, shy young maiden whom his heart was bent on winning for his wife. She was his wife now. She was the mother of three rosy, active children; they were his and hers. She was not so pretty as she once was. She was thin and careworn. The plump rosiness and merry smile were for the most part gone. But what a good, true wife she had been to him! And on this bright, sunshiny, beautiful morning he had been meditating the sharp words he could say to her, and all for a trivial little loss of an hour from business. Mr. Smith's pace slackened; his countenance relaxed, his heart melted. On such a morning he could not, would not mar the harmony and beauty of the sunshine and birds and the green things growing. No; if he could not kindly words [illegible] could hold his [illegible] his house he [illegible] meeting [illegible] felt that [illegible] countenance [illegible] he had been [illegible] the side [illegible]

[illegible] her cheeks glowed. Her weariness and depression which had been utter misery gave way to a delightful feeling of repose and loving happiness. In the midst of the most prosaic surroundings her heart was full of the finest and most inspiring emotion.

"Dear, dear love, how good you are!" she said. "But you have changed the aspect of everything for me this morning. Had you reproached me as many husbands would have done, I would have sunk in deepest anguish. Your sympathy makes me strong—strong and happy."

Relessing his wife with a tender kiss, Mr. Smith took the baby from the cradle and merrily drew its little stockings and shoes on its little plump, kicking, restless feet. Then he brushed out the other little fellow's curls and buttoned his shoes. Willie, the oldest, had slipped out of the house, and Mr. Smith went to look for him, and found that he had taken advantage of an insecure lock on the gate to run off up the street. Bringing him back, Mr. Smith got the hatchet and in a few minutes had fixed the gate so that Master Willie couldn't open it. His wife smilingly opened the front door and seeing what he had done exclaimed, "Oh, I am so relieved to find that Willie cannot get out of the yard. It has been such a source of annoyance that I could not keep him in."

And now it was time to start for the next train if he stopped to order the stove man and the pump man to do the promised work. So, gaily kissing his wife and children once more, Mr. Smith started for the depot. And as he walked along with a light and joyful heart he mused:

"How cheap a thing is happiness, after all, and yet how easy to turn it into misery! If I had given way to my temper this morning I could have gratified a momentary impulse of unreasonable anger and left behind me saddened and discouraged hearts. If I had not learned of and remedied the discomfort and inconvenience caused by my own negligence, weeks and months of domestic chaos might have followed. Thank heaven for the influence of the song of bird and scent of flower, and thank heaven, too, for all the gentle influences and sweet affections that can make the humblest uneventful life a blessing. Dear, dear wife! and dear little children! I thank God I have left them happy this morning if I did miss the train."

A Chinese Soldier's Rations.

On the banks were several battalions of infantry, encamped in good tents, all laid out in first-class order, properly pitched and nicely intrenched. The whole arrangement was on the European system. I went ashore among the tents and saw the evening meal being served out. The rations consisted of rice, pork, fat, vegetables, and fish. Each man got a huge bowl of the mixture. All the men sat down around the bowl, each with a little basin in his hand and his chop-sticks ready for action. There was no ceremony. Every soldier filled his cup and then began to fill his mouth. In a few minutes nothing was to be seen but chins and chop-sticks moving simultaneously. A dead silence had fallen on the camp, and till the attack on the rations was over not a Chinaman spoke.

Then there was a movement toward the camp-fires for hot water to be poured over the tea leaves, of which each man seemed to have a supply, and after this camp merriment and talk, for the serious business of the day is over. I found the soldiers had had one meal like that in the early part of the day, and that the two rations were all they got, but they were quite contented and [illegible] very good cond[illegible] the secret of their [illegible]nce of pork [illegible] w it appears [illegible] more than [illegible] accom[illegible] dinner.

[illegible] here's the way it [illegible]

"Well, Bridget, I believe that's all my fault. Your mistress has asked me many times to bring a new grate from the city and also to have a man come and clean out the stove-pipe and chimney. I will put this down in my note book and bring the new grate this evening, and Pat McFlinn shall come this very day and fix the pipe."

"Oh, thank you, sur," said Bridget, with a brightening countenance, "and could you have the cisthern fixed to? The pump has been broken a long toime and it takes so much of me toime and keeps back the work so to be drawing water wid a rope."

Again Mr. Smith's conscience smote him. How often had his wife asked him to have the cistern fixed.

"Yes, Bridget, I will have the cistern fixed also this very day."

"Well, sur, thin I think I'll stay. I was just tellin' the mistress that I wouldn't work any longer with such inconveniences, but if the stove and cisthern are fixed a poor girl can get along."

Mr. Smith made another memorandum in his note book and passed on through the dining-room towards his wife's room. He noticed that her plate indicated an untasted breakfast. Softly he opened the door of their room. His wife started up hastily with an expression of alarmed inquiry. Her eyes were wet with tears. The baby, still in his night-clothes, was fretting in the cradle, while a little 2-year-old, partly dressed, tugged at her skirts.

"And so you missed the train—breakfast was late, well, I can't help it—Bridget is going to leave, too," and the poor little woman covered her face with her hands and burst into sobs and tears. She fully expected angry complaints from her husband, and in some vague way she felt that she was to blame. She could not compass everything, and the babies were so troublesome. Oh, did every young mother have as hard a time as she did?

"Why, darling, what's the matter?" said Mr. Smith, putting his arm around his wife. "Come, I think it is mostly my own fault. I have gone through the kitchen and I find Bridget has so much trouble with the stove being broken and the chimney bad that I wonder she can get breakfast at all."

"I ought to get up in time to see that you have your breakfast early," sobbed the poor little woman. "But Bridget is so cross this morning and I—I am so tired."

"And no wonder, darling, that you are tired, with the care of these big babies, wearing on you all the time. You have no business to have any care of the breakfast at all, and you shall not have after this. You need your good morning nap and you shall have it. Bridget is all right. I'm going to get that broken stove fixed and the cistern, and then if Bridget can't get the breakfast in time without you we'll find some other way to do. Come now, cheer up and I'll help you to dress these rogues. I have plenty of time before the next train."

How wonderful is the effect upon the physical nature of a spiritual impulse! How quickly can an uplifted and strengthened spirit energize and strengthen the body! Everything seemed instantly changed for the poor, dejected little Mrs. Smith. She laid her cheek against her husband's, then rested her head on his shoulder. How precious and dear was this love and strength. Her eyes brightened and

A MARYLAND ESTATE.

How the Negroes Were Provided for—Their Allowance of Food and Clothing.

Fred Douglass, in his autobiography, thus describes the management of a Maryland estate, in the times of slavery:

"The men and the women slaves on Col. Lloyd's farm received as their monthly allowance of pork eight pounds of picked pork or their equivalent in fish. The pork was often tainted and the fish was of the poorest quality—herrings—which would bring very little if offered for sale at any northern market. With their pork or fish they had one bushel of Indian meal, unbolted, of which about 15 per cent. was fit only to feed pigs. With this one pound of salt was given, and this was the entire monthly allowance of a full-grown slave, working constantly in the open field from morning till night every day in the month except Sunday, and living on a fraction more than a quarter of a pound of meat per day and less than a peck of corn meal per week. The yearly allowance of clothing consisted of two tow linen shirts, such as the coarsest crash towels are made of; two pairs of trousers, one for summer and one for winter; one winter jacket, one pair of yarn stockings, and only one pair of shoes. The slave's entire apparel could not have cost more than $8 a year.

"The little boys and girls were nearly all in a state of perfect nudity. A coarse blanket, such as cover horses, was their only bed. The little children stuck themselves in holes and corners about the quarters, often in the corner of the huge chimneys, with their feet in the ashes to keep them warm. More slaves were whipped for oversleeping than for any other fault. Neither age nor sex found any favor. The overseer stood at the quarter-door armed with the stick and cowskin, ready to whip any who was a few minutes behind time. Young mothers who worked in the field were compelled to take their children with them, and to leave them in the corner of the fence to prevent loss of time in nursing them. But in the great house of Col. Lloyd the table groaned under the heavy and blood-bought luxuries, gathered with painstaking care at home and abroad. Fields, forests, rivers and seas were made tributary there. Fifteen servants waited on the groaning table, some armed with fans to cool the heated brows of the alabaster ladies there. Splendid coaches were in the stable, beside gigs, phætons, barouches, sulkies and sleighs, silver-mounted harness and thirty-five fine horses."

A Banker's Family Traveling Coach.

A coach in which a banker of Pennsylvania is traveling with his family is described as follows: The outside has seats for three in front and two back; two large lamps are on each side of the front seat, and one large headlight is on the dashboard. Here also are a clock, an ax, a knife, a pistol and other things. On the left side of the coach, near the box, is a private locker containing viands. On top is a large willow trunk, immediately back of which the tent, camp chairs and blankets are stored. Under the back step is a place for another large willow trunk, hanging behind which is a step-ladder to be used by ladies when taking seats on the outside of the coach. Inside the boot all kinds of cooking utensils are packed. On the side of the coach are willow cases for canes, umbrellas, fishing rods and guns. Inside are two roomy seats facing each other, accommodating six persons. In the cushions of the doors are map pockets, and on the cushioned walls hang a thermometer, a barometer, a compass, a clock, night lamp and match box, and near the top are racks filled with note paper and envelopes. The vehicle weighs only 1,370 pounds, and the reins are handled by the owner, who generally makes from twenty-five to forty miles daily. The party go into camp at 12 o'clock. The horses are then picketed and the camp fire is kindled.

Jefferson Davis' Book.

From what I hear Jefferson Davis' book has not had a very remunerative sale, at least nothing like the stories spread abroad about it. Some of the southern historians intimate that the northern publishers do not press their books equally over the country, but rely upon their writers to be quasi book agents, and make sales. Davis' book should have been made up of his cheerful reminiscences, his childhood, his West Point days, his early friends in the army, the Mexican war, etc., and then it would have become a universal book. Intimate friends suggested that he deal in that light and agreeable matter. On the contrary, he thought it necessary to reargue the southern case. Instead of making a compact argument like Calhoun, he diffused Calhounism throughout the book, and therefore when the people took it up and found a broad dissertation, tedious and diffuse, on an exploded fallacy they laid the book down and said: "When it gets cheap and second-hand we may pick it up, but not now."

Mr. Davis [illegible] that, while he is acc[illegible] him, he was not ne[illegible] his favorites. For inst[illegible] Bragg was praised by Davis for his method of war, while he did not like Bragg much. Davis admired both men, and often had to curb his taste to put them into places where other qualities than bravery were more requisite. Mr. Davis is not rich, but fairly comfortable. He has the plantation his brother "Joe" Davis left him below Vicksburg, which brings him something, and he has the cottage property at the seaside which a lady left him. He is out of dependence, but has not much money.

The Authorship of "Old Grimes."

The New York Tribune has been trying to fix the authorship of the pathetic ballad, "Old Grimes." The weight of the testimony is in favor of Albert G. Green, a graduate of Brown university and author of "The Baron's Last Banquet." There is a pretty well authenticated claim, however, that the author was a student of the Yale college during the presidency of Dr. Dwight. In those days the janitor of the institution was an eccentric character, who wore "an old brown coat," and was called by the students Professor of Dust and Ashes. He died, and the claim is that one of the college rhymsters wrote the lines in question, which were sung by a lot of heartless students who assembled for that purpose on the roof of the college building.

A Useless Habit.

The act of putting a lead pencil to the tongue to wet it just before writing, which is habitual with many people, is one of the oddities for which it is hard to give any reason—unless it began in the days when pencils were poorer than now, and was continued by example to the next generation. A lead pencil should never be wet. It hardens the lead and ruins the pencil. This fact is known to newspaper men and stenographers.

A Warning.

A Boston editor became "a walking encyclopedia of historical and biographical knowledge" and then died. People should not try to be encyclopedias unless they expect to be soon laid on the shelf.

DEFEAT.

[Edgar Fawcett in Harper's.]

By bitter pilgrimage he sought to win
Those far dim towers that he would roam within.

Through paths of peril, loud with dying groans,
Down chasms of failure, white with human bones,

Past brakes of treachery, whence the tiger sprung,
O'er swamps of envy, where the scorpion stung,

His eager feet pressed onward to attain
The luring bourn of that desired domain—

And there at last, worn fugitive of fate,
He clutched the mighty clarion at the gate.

A moment more, and while its proud peal rose,
The towers would rock, the portals would unclose—

But then, even then, by some foredoom profound,
He dropped dead ere his lips had waked one sound!

MY THOUGHT.

[Clara M. Green in The Continent.]

There came a thought, one day,
Unbidden to my mind,
Then quickly vanished, leaving but
Its memory behind.

A second time there came—
A thought! I cannot say;
Something I stopped to recognize,
But quickly thrust away.

It came again—this time
Entered with gentle trend,
Just paused to let me know it, then
All trembling turned and fled.

A presence thrilled my sense;
A flame my spirit caught;
I raised my eyes to his, and there—
Ah! there I read my thought!

BEWARE, PROUD WORLD.

Beware, proud world! now thou despisest
The humblest of thy creatures, lest
In melancholy's sinless mine
He chance upon a steel divine
Whose edge shall cleave your torturing chain,
And break your sceptred gods' relentless reign

An Old Physician's Views.

I believe, however, that it is not the liquor alone which produces the diseases generally attributed to it. It is rather in *the fact that* those who are supposed to fail in physical health by its use, or who use it to excess, do so because they create by their course of life or labor a morbid demand for the stimulant. I have already shown how a board of trade man may rush off to get a drink to prevent a reaction from excitement. It is so with many other vocations. Take a compositor on a morning paper. He will work all night, and have his slumbers broken in the day. He rises unrefreshed. He must work again, and, utterly prostrated, suffering from nervous losses, he drinks to restore himself. He continues this course for years, and becomes a wreck. Whether from the drink or the work for which he may have been constitutionally unfitted I could not say, unless I could determine what would have been the result had he followed either course and left the other alone.

I am inclined to think, however, that the effects of liquor on a person following a nervous and exhaustive vocation, especially if it be used to brace up to greater efforts, and harder work, is far more injurious than when used by such men as those who first peopled the west, and who drank it frequently and sometimes to excess. Their systems were strong enough to throw off its effects. Their occupations did not cause nervous prostration, hence they did not develop a seeming necessity in the system for it. It is not the peculiarity of modern labor or the depravity of the present generation; it is the exhaustion induced by the terrible outlay of vitality in exciting business that makes drinking what it now is with a large class. My advice to all workers is to go slow. Do not brace up that you may overwork. Rest; that is nature's own magnificent and unrivaled remedy, that will cure when nothing else will. Take to the woods, the fields, the open air. Throw physics to the dogs, and do not sell your health for money, for you cannot buy it.

A Plea for Little Men.

Surely the anthropometrists will do harm if they encourage the craze of tallness. It seems one ambition of mothers that their boys should be tall. Napoleon and Wellington and Nelson were short. The Romans dominated Italy because individual physical inferiority made them perfect their organization. To say that the English is the tallest race is simply to say that they are hewers of wood and drawers of water for the rest. The tallness of Saxon invaders proves little. Although reach was of more importance in the days of sword and ax than now, the tall Saxon did not in point of fact cost the shorter Celt or Neolith except in places where command of the sea gave him power to concentrate rapidly. It is to organization, sanitary education, etc., and not to tallness, or even to weight, that *one* race must look to beat another now, as in the days when Rome beat the mountaineers. But if we are to admire physical condition, surely we should be taught to look to size round the chest in men, and to size, where size is wanted in women, and not to tallness in either case.

One of the Serious Wants.

In the carriage-makers' convention in New Haven, Conn., after the committee on apprenticeship had reported in favor of restoring the old system of indenturing apprentices until they reach their majority. Mr. John W. Britton, of New York, said: "One of the serious wants of this country and of our trade is good boys. Our boys are deteriorating, as are our men. The greatest difficulty we experience in New York is that of getting boys who have brains and are willing to learn a trade thoroughly. The example of men who have made millions in a few years is held up before our boys in school, and the boys become inflamed with the notion that they must make their millions and be able to found cross-roads colleges before they die. So they eschew trades and become poor professionals."

Cunning Conjurors.

The performances by the Davenport brothers and other spirits are clumsy compared with the acts of the far northwest Indians. The conjurors are legion that will permit themselves to be bound, not merely hand and foot, but the whole body swathed with thongs, withes, ropes and rawhides, and afterward tied up in a net, and then release themselves almost instantly on being placed in a little "medicine lodge" of skins, constructed for the purpose, the bonds being thrown out through an opening in the top, without a knot being apparently disturbed.

The Coming Trotter.

When the world sees a trotter cover a mile in one minute and forty seconds, a feat accomplished by more than one thoroughbred, it will see a wholly new type, so different from the present animal that the theory of evolution will never stretch far enough to cover the prodigy.

A Fortune Waits.

A fortune awaits the man who will invent a pot-holder that you can't stick into the mucilage-bottle, and a mucilage-brush that won't go into the inkstand.

For His Final.

"Yes," said the doctor, "I wanted that patient as a tramp wants rum, but I sent him over to Dr. Tombs just to make Tombs think I had more business than I could handle."

Instead of saying, "A fool give-away," we would advise you to say "A posthumous donation."

The savings banks of California have deposits to the amount of $56,000,000.

HOW A LAWYER TREATED THE CASE.

New Haven (Conn.) Union.

I, David Strouse, of New Haven, Conn., was attacked by a severe rheumatism in my right arm, hand and foot so that I walked with difficulty and could hardly use my hand to eat with. I used one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, rubbing well three times a day, and obtained instant relief and a perfect cure.

DAVID STROUSE, Attorney at Law.

The Pennsylvania Legislature has adjourned sine die.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

The Salem, Oregon, penitentiary holds 333 convicts.

GREATEST DISCOVERY SINCE 1492.

For coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, laryngitis, and consumption in its early stages, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is also a great blood purifier and strength restorer or tonic, and for liver complaints and costive conditions of the bowels, it has no equal. Sold by druggists.

Governor Moody, of Oregon, was made a grandfather recently.

Wonder treads on the heels of wonder. Samaritan Nervine is guaranteed to cure nervous disorders.

Dujardin's Life Essence positively cures hysteria,, and all nervous affections.

"I have been afflicted with an affection of the throat from childhood, caused by diptheria, and have used various remedies, but have never found anything equal to Brown's Bronchial Troches."—Rev. G. M. Hampton, Piketon, Ky. Sold only in boxes.

When you have a cough or cold, ask for Ammen's Cough Syrup. It will surely cure you.

WATSONVILLE, Cal., Feb. 7, 1882.—I recommend your Cough Syrup (Ammen's Cough Syrup) in preference to all others, as I know its merits.

G. A. MOOREHEAD, Druggist.

Dujardin's Life Essence conquers nervous debility, loss of memory.

Dr. J. L. Myers, Fairfield, Ia., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best iron preparation I have ever known in my thirty years of practice."

"MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP," for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation tasteless. 25 cents.

Dujardin's Life Essence gives brain force and vital energy.

Frank James, the outlaw, is reported to be dying of consumption. It is also stated he is penniless.

WHAT'S SAVED IS GAINED.

Workingmen will economize by employing Dr. Pierce's Medicines. His "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" and "Golden Medical Discovery" cleanse the blood and system, thus preventing fevers and other serious diseases, and curing all scrofulous and other humors. Sold by druggists.

Hoffman, the Bloomington ex-preacher, began his independent church on December 9th.

"Samaritan Nervine cured my daughter of fits," said John Murphy, of Albany, O.

Dujardin's Life Essence makes the old feel young again.

Dr. J. B. Morgan, Joplin, Mo., says: "I find that Brown's Iron Bitters gives entire satisfaction to all who use it."

SKINNY MEN, "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence.

Dujardin's Life Essence is THE GREAT FRENCH NERVE TONIC.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 1, 1882.—Dear Sir: For the past two months I have been suffering from a severe cough and cold. A friend advised me to use Ammen's Cough Syrup. I did so, and was greatly benefited. I have now taken two large bottles and am entirely cured. Grateful to you for placing so valuable a remedy on the market, I am yours truly, M. J. MURPHY,
With Langley & Michaels, Wholesale Druggists.

* * * I have given the Life Essence in cases representing many phases of disease, but not quite long enough to fully determine all its action. So far as tried, I have found it a heart tonic, sedative, and a tonic to the nervous system in cases of exhaustion from overwork or nervous strain. It is more prompt than other remedies, and its effects are better sustained. It improves the force of the circulation to that extent that I have found it a remedy for coldness of the extremities. Patients have remarked the refreshing sleep obtained after its use by them. I will try it further in a wider range of cases. Very truly, JAMES BERGHEN, M. D.

Lawrence Barrett scored a signal success December 7th at the Princess Theater, London.

Young, middle-aged or old men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address with two stamps for large treatise, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Seven Yale students are down with typhoid fever, and two deaths from it have occurred.

Dujardin's Life Essence is the remedy for the overworked brain.

HARKNESS FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

First premium Mechanics' Institute 1883, D. S. Brown & Co., general agents for the Pacific Coast, 36 California street, San Francisco. The following letter explains itself:

J. N. Andrews, dealer in General Merchandise, Postmaster and Agent for Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express.

ELK GROVE, Sacramento Co., Cal., December 8, 1883.

MESSRS. D. S. BROWN & CO.:

GENTLEMEN—Please send me another six-gallon Harkness Fire Extinguisher as soon as you can. I had occasion to use the one I bought of you a short time ago.

Last night the hotel adjoining my store caught fire in the hallway to the second story, from the explosion of a lamp, and the building being cloth and paper was immediately on fire in several rooms, but in less than two minutes after getting the extinguisher to work the fire was out.

As soon as this one arrives I will send the other one down and have it replenished. Also please inform me if I cannot draw off the fluid remaining in the tank and save it for future use, or shall I send it as it is.

Yours, etc., (Signed) J. N. ANDREWS.

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. 26

The Charles A. Vogeler Co. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

An Author's Way.

Mr. W. D. Howells is quoted as saying he always keeps his manuscript six or seven months ahead of the time for publication. His nervous disposition makes it impossible for him to furnish matter at short notice.

Oleomargarine's Origin.

During the siege of Paris it became necessary to find a substitute for butter. Experiments resulted in the production of the substance known as oleomargarine.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS." 15c., 25c., 50c., at Druggists. Complete cure even for the hoarseness, Sore Throat.

Strength for the weary in Dr. Harding's Life Essence.

The secret of the unrivaled success of Brown's Iron Bitters is owing to the fact that it is the very best iron preparation made. By a thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood it reaches every part of the body giving life, strength and energy. Thus beginning at the foundation, it builds up and restores lost health. It will not contain whiskey or alcohol. It will not blacken the teeth, it does not constipate, nor cause headache, it will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, sleeplessness, weakness, nervous debility, weakness, etc.

Dujardin's Life Essence cures neuralgia and nervous headache.

GIANT BAKING POWDER

THE ATTENTION OF HOUSEKEEPERS AND the public in general is called to the following facts:

The value of Baking Powder is determined by the amount of gas it contains and the freedom of the article from any injurious ingredients. The GIANT BAKING POWDER is absolutely pure, and contains about one-quarter more gas than any brand of Baking Powder in use on this Coast. Three cans of GIANT BAKING POWDER are equal to four cans of any other brand. Study economy and use none other. Your grocer will furnish you with a sample can free. Try it.

FACTS.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 13, 1883.

BOTHIN MANUFACTURING CO.,

GENTLEMEN: The sample of GIANT BAKING POWDER you handed me, also samples of the following brands of Baking Powders purchased by me in open market, I have tested for total quantity of available gas, with results as follows:

GIANT 193 cubic inches per ounce avoirdupois.
ROYAL, 139 cubic inches.
NEW ENGLAND, 110 cubic inches.
PIONEER, 107 cubic inches.
GOLDEN GATE, 107 cubic inches.
DR. PRICE'S, 90 cubic inches.

Yours, respectfully, THOMAS PRICE, Chemist.

SAN FRANCISCO Sept. 24, 1883.

H. E. BOTHIN, President Bothin Manufacturing Co.

DEAR SIR: After a careful and complete chemical analysis of a can of GIANT BAKING POWDER, purchased by us in open market, we find that it does NOT contain alum, acid phosphate, terra alba, or any injurious substances, but is a pure, healthful Cream Tartar Baking Powder, and as such can recommend it to consumers. Yours, respectfully,

WM. T. WENZELL & CO., Analytic Chemist.

We concur:
B. BEVERLY COLE, M. D.
J. L. MEARES, M. D., Health officer.
ALFRED W. PERRY, M. D. } Members of the
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