LEADERETTES.

This is the monumental age.

Strange as it may seem, Senator Logan is not satisfied with the Cleveland administration.

The Medical Lake *Banner* is dead. Not even the medicinal virtues of Medical Lake salts could save it.

The Democratic conventions of Mississippi, Iowa and Ohio have endorsed Cleveland's administration in no uncertain terms.

The *Scout* says that "a coal oil spring, with a steady stream about one inch in size," has been discovered in Union county.

The *Oregonian* quotes approvingly from the Corvallis *Gazette* the following: "The Hon. Geo. H. Williams is now and has been for some time the choice of 90 Republicans out of every 100 for United States Senator." Bah!

Hoadley and Foraker are again the opposing gubernatorial candidates in Ohio. If Foraker wins, it will be a big rebuke to the administration; but if Hoadly (Dem) wins in Republican Ohio, the fact will have no political significance whatever, according to the Blaine organs.

Mr. Cleveland's idea of a compromise, the cattlemen are beginning to find out, resembles the indifference of Dean Richmond, who said unto his subordinate of esthetic and independent tastes in the matter of decoration: "I don't care a durn what color you paint your old car, so long as you paint her red."—*Historian.*

When Bourbon editors become righteously indignant at the idea of such a man as Stanley Matthews' occupying a seat on the Supreme bench and feel like contorting his lefarious decisions into political criminal, they should remember that it was by the vote of Bourbon Democratic Senators that said Stanley Matthews was confirmed in his position.

This much cannot be honestly denied: the administration in at least some appointments has followed the letter and spirit of the strictest civil service reform. These are the very instances that have given the Blaine organs and Bourbon organs the greatest offense. The latter desire the continuance of the spoils system for present profit and former desire the same for prospective profit.

The Secretary of State will have the sympathy of all Americans, and especially of all who have traveled abroad, in his efforts to improve the tone of our consular service. But the radical evil can only be remedied by Congress. At present, offices in that branch of our service are absurdly small. The consequence is that the occupants fall into three classes. First, the impecunious, who, are glad to take any thing. Second, rich people, who are desirous of social distinction, and are willing to take place for which honor may go with it. Third, those ignorant persons, who imagine that there is much more money and glory in a consulate than facts warrant. A fourth class might include invalids who have an idea that a particular climate may benefit them, and who take office in order to have a living and easy occupation in their search for health. Out of these four classes our foreign consular service is mostly recruited, and will continue to be, until Congress shall provide for attach proper and sufficient compensation to the offices or else it may be better to abolish the service entirely.

The rapidity with which Assistant Postmaster General Stevenson is removing republican postmasters and filling the vacancies with democrats is causing some anxiety among the mugwumps. These officials are covered by the civil service law, and it has been announced that the administration will not extend the scope of the rules at Washington. Theorists who go to extremes may denounce a policy that looks like compromising with abuses, but great reforms move slowly, and they can only move at all when sustained by public sentiment. If it appears that the classified civil service has survived a change of party and is established on a basis that lifts it above the mutations of politics, that will be an immense stride forward. It may be that, after the post offices have been divided with some fairness between the parties, the department will adopt a more conservative policy. But reasonable men will not criticise the administration harshly for seeking to establish something like an equilibrium in this matter.

Chinese Christians.

Quite recently a converted Chinaman in St. Louis, suddenly removed to another world by the murderous assault of highbinders, was buried with both Christian and Confucian ceremonies, and now the same double duty has been done for Ah Mon, the murdered Celestial, in this city. This queer combination of the ceremonies of Christianity and what Christianity calls paganism, suggests the not unreasonable inquiry if the alleged "converted" Celestials really understand if they are converted, and to and from what they are converted? The religion handed down by Confucius ante dates Christianity by a little more than five centuries, and so eminent authority as the Protestant missionary, Dr. Samuel Wells Williams, declared it to be generally unexceptional in its moral teaching and tendency. It is quite possible that the Chinamen who accept Christian conversion do so with a reserve in favor of their own religion—cast an anchor to the windward, so to speak—and when they come to die desire to go to the grave with a full parade of the burnt joss sticks, baked meats, cards and other Chinese ceremonials customary, as well as the prayers and hymns of their new-found Sunday-school teachers and friends.—*New York World.*

The Funeral Tune He Wanted for a Starter.

Ole man Buntin had not been especially blessed in his possession of a wife, and was rather walked over by Mrs. B., but finally she died and the old man had the preacher come and see him.

"Good morning, Brother Buntin," he said; "this is a solemn time."

"Yas, rather, fur the old woman."

"And for you as well, Brother Buntin, for she was an active Christian and did much good."

"So I've heern, so I've heern, Mr. Good."

"I presume, Brother Buntin, you will want me to preach the funeral to-morrow."

"Jest ez soon ez you please, Mr. Good."

"Are there any directions you would like to give?"

"Kin I hev it done som'at az I want it?"

"Oh, yes, of course."

"Then I won't tech the sermint, fur you hev to build that the best you kin, but I'd like to fix the singin' a little. Kin I do that?"

"Yes; what do you want to have done?"

"Well, want a chune kinder settin' off my feelin's like, an' I reckon ez how the choir might sing. 'Arise my soul, shake off your fears.' fur a starter, and let 'em give 'This is the way I long have sought' fur a winder. I reckon thet's all the dreckshuns I've got, and them'll kiver the case ez fur ez I'm concerned."

Silent Men.

Washington never made a speech. In the zenith of his fame he once attempted it, failed, and gave up confused and abashed. In framing the Constitution of the United States, the labor was almost wholly performed in committee of the whole, of which George Washington was chairman; he made two speeches during the convention, however, and was its acknowledged master spirit, and historians affirm that had it not been for his personal popularity and thirty words of his first speech, pronouncing it the best that could be united upon, the Constitution would have been rejected by the people. Thos. Jefferson never made a speech. He couldn't do it. Napoleon, whose executive ability is almost without a parallel, said that the greatest difficulty was finding men of deeds rather than words. When asked how he maintained his success in age and experience when Commander-in-chief of the army in Italy, he said by reserve. The greatest of man is not measured by the length of his speeches and their number.

Which They Would Rather be.

"There were two little girls named Ruth and Jennie," said Deacon Bucrag, addressing the Sunday school (the deacon isn't much of a talker), "and one day their Uncle James gave them a shilling apiece. Ruth put her shilling in the missionary box for the poor little heathen children who haven't any kind fathers and mothers to buy them clothes and er-prayer-books and things; but Jennie ran right down street and spent her shilling for French candy and nuts and apples and er-parasols and dolls and jerseys and tailor-made suits and er-everything you can think of, and never gave any of it to the poor little heathens, whom we all feel so sorry for. Now, dear children," concluded the deacon, impressively, "which would you rather be, Ruth, who gave all her money to the heathens, or Jennie, who spends every cent upon herself?"

And the scholars all shouted: "Jennie!"

He Thought He was the Man to Do it.

"I think, my dear," said Mrs. Shuttle, as she stitched one more block into the crazy quilt, "that you had better send up a man to-morrow."

"Send up a man!" said Job, surprised. "Well, what for, I should like to know? If there is anything to be done by a man around here I guess I'm the man to do it."

"Very well. Then we shall save a dollar and a half. I was thinking of taking up the parlor carpet and getting a man to beat it."

"Well," said Job, that beats me, I will send up the man."

A scarcity of pennies in the West goes to show that the business men of New York are really in earnest and intend building a monument to Gen. Grant.

Requisite Food.

Some people think it perfectly right that children should be made to eat everything that is set before them; but in carrying out this singular theory too often the gravest injury results. An eminent city clergyman told me the other day that the mere sight of liver cooked in any form made him ill. When quite a little fellow his stern father, who was one of the sort that would permit no "nonsense," as he expressed it, with regard to children's likes or dislikes as far as food was concerned, insisting that they should not exercise any taste or choice in the matter, required him to eat some liver which had been put on his plate. There was something about the particular piece of liver that set the child against it, but he was forced to swallow the repulsive morsel, and ever since his stomach has rebelled even at the thought of the gross piece of tyranny which was practiced upon him. It is a sound rule for all of us that with respect to food our likes and dislikes are the best guide as to what is good for us, and it is safe to eat upon the plan that whatever we relish will prove on the average harmless and wholesome, and whatever produces disgust will prove, as a general thing indigestible. A recent writer on this point has fully expressed my opinion in saying that "nothing can be more wrong than to make children eat fat, for example, when they don't want it. A healthy child likes fat and eats as much of it as he can. If he shows signs of disgust at fat that proves him to be of a billious temperament, and he ought never to be forced to eat it against his will. A good many of us have disordered digestion in after-life simply because we are compelled to eat rich food in childhood which was felt instinctively unsuitable for us."

Bill Nye in Verona.

Verona is noted for the Capitular library, as it is called. This is said to be the largest collection of rejected manuscript in the world. I found a Virgil that was certainly over 1,600 years old. I also found a well-preserved copy of "Beautiful Snow." I read it. It was very touching indeed. Experts said it was 1,700 years old, which is no doubt correct. I am no judge of the age of manuscript. Some can look at the teeth of a literary production and tell within two weeks how old it is, but I can't. You can also fool me on the age of wine. My rule used to be to observe how old I felt the next day and to fix that as the age of the wine, but this rule I find is not infallible. One time I found myself feeling the next day as though I might be 138 years old, but on investigation we found that the wine was extremely new, having been made at a drug store in Cheyenne that same day.

Getting "Acclimated" in Texas.

A man who moves to Texas from the old States has to be very cautious until he has had time to look around. If he has a little money he had better keep it low down in his pocket for a few months or he will get acclimated. By acclimation they mean losing what you brought with you and getting so reduced that you can't get away if you want to. An old acquaintance asked me yesterday if I got acclimated, and I told him yes and that I had written home for money to take me back to Georgia. "Happy man," said he, "if you have any left at home, for but few who come here leave any behind, and by the time we acclimate them they are properly humble and go to work and in a year or so are reconciled to stay."—*Bill Arp.*

Whimsicalities.

Idaho no longer takes the cake. The resignation of Gov. William Bunn has been accepted.

Mark Twain says his children are very modest and retiring. They take after their mother.

"Call Me Back Again" is the title of a new song. Rejected Minister Keiley is suspected of being the author.

Why is the boy who plucked a couple of apples from a tree like a certain city in Nova Scotia? He picked two (Picton).

Cossack cavalry are called "Sons of the Wind." When this becomes known we shall probably hear Congressmen referred to as Cossack cavalry.

"I aw say," languidly observed one dude to another; "I aw see that some fellah has aw invented aw mawchine faw looking into the hwain." "Yaas," drawled the other, "but that don't interwest us, don-tcher know."

Western actor (to playwright)—You touch up plays, I understand; introduce new business, and that sort of thing. Playwright—O, yes. Western actor—Very well. I'm going in to Missouri next week with "Hamlet," and I want you to rewrite the play so as to bring in two blood-hounds and a baby.

Little Tom—Good night, mamma. Mamma—Why, you must not go to bed yet. You have not had your supper. Little Tom—Oh, no; I'm not going to bed. I thought you were. Mamma—Go play, child. This is my new Mother Hubbard.

Teacher: So you can't do a simple sum in arithmetic. Let me explain it to you. Suppose eight of you together have forty-eight apples, thirty-two peaches and sixteen melons, what will each one of you get? "Cholera morgus," replied Johnny Fizzletop, who was addicted to that malady.

A lawyer addressing a jury on a case proved by strong circumstantial evidence, repeated often that "ninety-nine guilty men should escape rather than that one innocent man should suffer." The judge, in charging the jury, told them the "ninety-nine guilty men had long since escaped."

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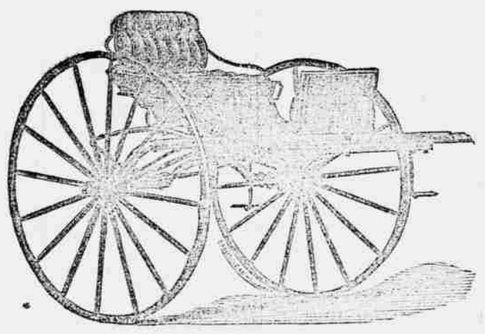

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S.S.S.

TYPHOID FEVER

I am sixty-seven years old, and have lived in this (Hall) county all my life. Up to twenty eight years ago I was regarded as the strongest man in the neighborhood—the most robust in health. In November, 1856, I had a long and serious spell of typhoid fever. It left me emaciated and crippled in my right leg. At times that limb was swollen an enormous size, being twice as large as its natural condition, and inflamed and angry in appearance. From my knee down small sores came, and at the ankle a large ulcer came, which discharged poisonous matter. My whole system became infected. The sores would patch one up for awhile, but the ulcer would never heal. The mercury and potash with which they dosed me brought on rheumatism and dyspepsia. I was an object of pity to all my friends. Some thought that the only hope was a new life was amputation. I continued to grow worse, and for three years I have not worn a shoe. Hope had almost left me. Swift's Specific was suggested, and I commenced its use at once. From the very first I began to feel better. I have taken thirty-six bottles, and the carbuncle which had darkened my life for twenty-eight years have all been dissipated. The effect of the medicine has been wonderful indeed. To-day I am able to attend to all my farming interests, and walk from one to five miles for pleasure. I am satisfied that the disease is entirely broken up, and henceforth I am to be free from those terrible apprehensions and suffering which formerly made my life miserable. Swift's Specific has done more for me in one year than all the drug store medicine prescribed by physicians did in twenty eight years, and I most cheerfully bear this testimony of its merits.

WM. R. REED

Hall County, Ga., Feb. 28, 1885.

From the Dissecting Room.

Having taken Swift's Specific for blood poison contracted at a medical college at a dissection, while I was a medical student, I am pleased to say that it gave me a speedy and thorough cure after my parents had spent hundreds of dollars for treatment. My arm was swollen to twice its usual size, and as nothing helped me I was despairing of ever being cured. But hearing of the S. S. S., I bought a bottle little thinking I would derive any benefit from it. I began taking it regularly, and soon the swelling began to go down and the arm ceased to pain me. I continued its use, and after taking eight bottles was thoroughly cured.

ANTHONY WENDALL, Newark, N. J.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

JOYFUL News for Boys and Girls!! Young and Old! A NEW INVENTION just patented for them for Home use! Fret and Scroll Sawing, Turning Boring, Drilling, Grinding, Polishing screw Cutting. Price $5 to $50. Send 6 cents for 100 pages. EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Humors in the blood, Salt Rheum, Tetter, or Scaly Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, but perfectly safe, strengthening cordial and blood purifier. Scrofula, which was formerly held to be incurable, yields to its mighty power. Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tender Swellings, Gathers, or White Swellings, Scaly or Scaly Skin, and the kindred ailments, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Ulcerated Lungs, and Consumption (which is a Scrofulous Affection of the Lungs), yield to its healing virtues. Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever and Ague, Clyspepsia, Nervous Debility, and all diseases arising from a disordered state of the liver, are cured by it. Being a powerful tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system. For all Female Complaints, it is a boon to sufferers, and as a regulator it acts with decided effect. Its wonderful combination of tonic, nutritive, strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, restorative, and invigorating properties is unequaled, not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all

CHRONIC DISEASES

OF THE

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellow skin, have pain on top of one shoulder, or under shoulder blade, feel as if you had taken cold, have bad taste in mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, bowels costive, sometimes with inflammation, have frequent headache, with dull pain, and dizzy spells, have a bitter taste in the mouth, have a hard cough, with night sweats and raising of phlegm, you may infer that your liver is diseased, and that the vital organs are in danger. Nature will throw off the disease if she is assisted by a good medicine, such as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which, by its wonderful curative powers, in the cure of all chronic diseases of the liver, blood, and lungs, will be certainly used.

CONSUMPTION,

which is Scrofulous Disease of the Lungs, is promptly and certainly arrested and cured by this God-given remedy, if taken before the last stage of the disease has passed. From its wonderful power over this fatal disease, when first offering this now celebrated remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but, on further consideration, he concluded that as it is equally efficacious in all chronic diseases of the lungs, such as Lingering Cough, or Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, and in all cases where the patient is not too far gone, or too much wasted by the disease, to allow the vital functions to rally and recuperate, it will be certainly used.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Lingering Coughs, Consumption, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. Sent ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Sold by Druggists.

PRICE $1.00, OR 6 BOTTLES FOR $5.00.

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Pierce's LITTLE Pleasant LIVER Laxative Effects PILLS.

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$500 REWARD

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If you have a discharge from the nose, offensive or otherwise, partial loss of smell, taste, or hearing, weak eyes, dull pain or pressure in head, you have Catarrh. Thousands of cases terminate in consumption.

Dr. Sage's CATARRH REMEDY cures the worst cases of Catarrh, "Cold in the Head," and Catarrhal Headache. 50 cents.