

IN FAR-OFF INDIA.

Social Season in the Great City of Calcutta.

LORD AND LADY DUFFERIN.

The Entrance into the City of England's Chief Representative in India—Cholera, etc.

CALCUTTA, INDIA, Dec. 20, 1886. EDITOR STATESMAN—Owing to illness and this enervating climate, where, as Lord Hastings said of it years ago, "one wastes, boils, and stews, eight months out of twelve, I have been unable to meet my press engagements. Even my private correspondence has fallen behind, notwithstanding my efforts to the contrary.

One requires a constitution of iron to enable him to endure this climate during the aforesaid eight months. While you at home were enjoying your traditional Thanksgiving turkey and pumpkin pie, amid loving friends and the tender associations of home, we were sighing under tropical skies to realize that the thermometer stood 9 degrees in the shade. Thanksgiving is essentially an American institution, therefore, only one or two of the few Americans here gave a thought to the day and the pleasant memories surrounding it.

Pray do not think the even tenor of my way is materially affected by all this display of wealth, glitter, and gaiety—this "fashionable folly." Being something of an invalid, I am only too well contented to be a "looker on in Venice," happy if I can only be free from pain, realizing that my mission on this far foreign shore is to try and recover my impaired health.

Long before you receive this, Christmas with its merry-making, its loving greetings, and tender exchanges of friends' ship's tokens, its sad, sweet, hallowed memories will have passed away, 1886 will be numbered with the days and years that are gone never to return. While thoughts of the past and dying year sadden our hearts, the musical chiming of bells in the great cathedral will herald the dawn of a glad New Year.

May it bring happiness and prosperity to each and all of you is the devout prayer of MRS. PAUL. A STINGY MAN.

"Funny thing occurred down at our house Christmas," said the brakeman. "I'm away almost every night in the year, but Christmas night I got a lay-off and stayed home with the wife and babes. Next door to us lives the stingiest old coddler that ever was. Wheeler is his name, and everybody calls him stingy Wheeler. He is an old chap, who has no children and no friends, and who is said to be worth a good deal of money. I've had a good deal of sickness in my house this winter, and times have been right hard with us. It was mighty little Christmas we had, I can tell you.

"Well there's one thing we can say, Henry," said my wife to me, "and that is that our house is not hard to warm. It beats all the way coal does last year. That half-ton you got a month ago isn't nearly all gone yet.

"That's the way coal lasts when there's nobody to steal it, as we had where we lived last," I replied. "Now there's only one man in this neighborhood I'd suspect of stealing coal, and that's stingy Wheeler. I wouldn't trust that old coddler very far."

"Neither would I," said my wife. "That night after we got in bed my wife woke me, saying that she was sure she heard some one in the coal house."

"I believe it's old Wheeler," I said. "So do I," my wife replied; "but be careful, Henry, and don't get into any trouble with the old skink!" she added, as I hastily dressed myself.

"Softly I tiptoed out to the coal house, and, sure enough, there was a man there, hard at work with a shovel. It was stingy Wheeler, and he was throwing coal from his bin into mine.—(Chicago Herald.)

THE LADY'S SECRET.

Angelina, dost thou love me?"

His accents were sweet and soft. It is not surprising that they were soft. He was built that way on general principles. "Of course, Henry, with all my heart."

"Then fly with me to-night. Let us leave this house at once and seek some blessed spot where we two will have a well defined monopoly on all earth's joys and sorrows. Hasten, do not lose a moment."

As he delivered this impassioned speech her face grew bright with an intense light of joy. Then a thought seems to strike her. She had them often. Her smile was overclouded with a look of deepest pain.

"No, no," she sobbed, "I cannot fly with you. I cannot, I cannot." "Dearest," he murmured, "that is three times you said you cannot. I only want you to fly once. Why cannot you?"

"I-I-I," she stammered incoherently. "The I's have it," said he resignedly. "Yet I fail to understand your suddenly conceived prejudice against flying. I thought that you were partial to that mode of matrimony. However, no fly if you say so."

"Forgive me. I would leave wealth, parents, friends, for your sake, but surely locked in yonder room is a treasure from which I could never part. I know not whether it is a device of my father's to stay my flight, but I cannot leave without my treasure."

A dark look of suspicion mantled his face, and in three strides he had crossed the room and burst open the door of the mysterious chamber.

"Now," said he, "secure your treasure." She entered, and when she came out with a tan-colored, pop-eyed, snub-nosed Chinese dog of a pug dog, Henry picked up his hat and went out and flew all by himself.

THE PASSIONS AND THE HEALTH. The so-called passion of love rather sustains than depresses physical power, unless it lapses into grief and anxiety.

Ambition in its purity of purpose is harmless to the physical life and enabling in its moral effects, except when it is accompanied by pride.

Avarice, the meanest and smallest of the passions, tends rather to preserve than to damage physical health.

The passions that act most seriously on life are anger, fear, hatred and grief. No man can get angry often. The evil results fall directly on the heart and brain. When a man is red with rage we know that there is a partial paralysis of the small blood vessels of the face and head, and, of course, of the brain.

When he is white with anger we know that there is a temporary suspension of the heart's action. Such a passion frequently indulged, then, is bound to bring a fatal result.

Intense hatred acts much like anger in the effect it produces. The effects of fear, like those of anger, felt most on the heart and brain.—(Philadelphia News.)

CHAFF. Going down hill—The toboggan. Jumping at conclusions—A dog trying to catch his own tail.

A Scotch reel—A drunken Scotchman. Perpetual motion—St. Vitus's dance. Man wants but little here below—Zero. A parlor suit—Courtship in the front room.

A stay of proceedings—A cable-car brake. A standing invitation to sit down—A frozen sidewalk. A grinding monopoly—A hand-organ-men's union.

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AFTER THREE WEEKS.

Riley Cox, of Silverton, Found Drowned in Little Pudding River.

Three weeks ago Friday Riley Cox, a son of John T. Cox, who lives near Silverton, left home to visit some friends near Swartz's mill, about five miles north-east of Salem, on the Salem and Silverton road. Young Cox was aged about 17 years. He was soon missed from home, but he had relatives in Linn county, and it was supposed that he had gone there. Finally his people became alarmed about his prolonged stay, and inquiry and search were instituted. It was found that he had not been in Linn county, and his brothers went to Swartz's mill and hunted about there for him.

On Friday they succeeded in finding the body of the missing boy in the mill pond above the bridge that crosses the Little Pudding river at that place. He had fallen through the ice three weeks before and had lain there, entirely under water, and most of the time under the ice, ever since. The body was taken home Friday evening, and it was understood that an inquest was to be held yesterday. However it was thought unnecessary to hold an inquest, and none was held.

On the day that the drowned boy fell through the ice he was skating with Jimmy Carter, a young fellow working at the mill, and Carter reports that when he left young Cox he had started home. Carter claims that he did not see Cox fall through the ice. When the body was found it was slightly decomposed, but in a comparatively good state of preservation, on account of the recent cold weather.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of the Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately.

Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhea and cholera, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female doctors in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

CURE FOR PILES. Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times symptoms of indigestion are present, flatulency, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is common attendant. Blood, bleeding and itching piles yield at once to the application of Dr. Ross's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the tumors, allaying the intense itching, and effecting a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address, the Dr. Ross Medicine Co., Plaquemine, La. Sold by Geo. E. Good.

HOW TO SECURE HEALTH. Scovill's Sarsaparilla and Stillinger's Blood and Liver Syrup will restore perfect health to the physical organization. It is, indeed, a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and of most efficacious effect in the cure of nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kinds of troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, terms, etc., mailed free by addressing Voltaire Street, Boston, Liebig.

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN. You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Ives' Celebrated Voltaic Belt with electric current, necessary appliances for the speedy relief and permanent cure of nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kinds of troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, terms, etc., mailed free by addressing Voltaire Street, Boston, Liebig.

WHY WILL YOU DIE? Scovill's Sarsaparilla or Blood and Liver Syrup for the cure of Scrophulous, Rheumatism, White Swelling, Gout, Gotch, Consumption, Bronchitis, Nervous Debility, Malaria, and all other diseases arising from the impure condition of the blood. Certificates can be procured from many leading physicians, ministers, and heads of families throughout the land, endorsing Scovill's Blood and Liver Syrup. We are constantly in receipt of certificates of cures from the most reliable sources, and we recommend it as the best known remedy for the cure of the above named diseases.

THE ONLY REMEDY. These who suffer from foul breath are open to the charge of carelessness. It is an offense that can be speedily abated, as a single bottle of the gargle SOZODONT will unmistakably accomplish the work. It will preserve and keep the teeth white, and the breath pure and sweet.

TRIED IN THE CRUCIBLE. S.S.S.

About twenty years ago I discovered a little sore on my cheek, and the doctors pronounced it cancer. I have tried a number of physicians, but without receiving any permanent benefit. Among the number were one or two specialists. The medicine they applied was like fire to the sore, causing intense pain. I saw a statement in the papers telling what S. S. S. had done for others similarly afflicted. I procured some at once. Before I had used the second bottle the neighbors could notice that my cancer was healing up. My general health had been bad for two or three years—I had a hacking cough and spit blood continually. I had a severe pain in my breast. After taking six bottles of S. S. S. my cough left me and I grew stouter than I had been for several years. My cancer has healed over all but a little spot about the size of a half dime, and it is rapidly disappearing. I would advise every one with cancer to give S. S. S. a fair trial.

Mrs. NANCY J. McONAGHEY, Ash Grove, Tippecanoe Co., Ind. Feb. 16, 1886. Switt's Specific is entirely vegetable, and seems to cure cancers by forcing out the impurities from the blood. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., DRAWER 3, ATLANTA, GA.

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SCALY, ITCHY SKIN

And all itching and scaly skin and scalp diseases cured

by CUTICURA. PSORIASIS, ECZEMA, TETTER, RINGWORM, Lichen, Pruritus, Scald Head, Milk Crust, Dandruff, Barbers', Bakers', Grocers', and Wash-women's Itch, and every species of itching, burning, scaly, pimply humors of the skin and scalp, with loss of hair, are positively cured by CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin-softer, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier internally, when physicians and all other remedies fail.

PSORIASIS, OR SCALY SKIN. I. John J. Case, D. D. S., having practiced dentistry in this country for thirty-five years and being well known to thousands hereabout, with a view to help any who are afflicted, has been here for the past twelve years, testifying that the CUTICURA Remedies cured me of Psoriasis, or scaly skin, in eight days, after the doctors with whom I had consulted gave me no help or encouragement. JOHN J. CASE, D. D. S., Newton, N. J.

DUSTPANFUL OF SCALES. H. E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years standing, by CUTICURA Remedies. The most wonderful cure on record. A dustpanful of scales fell from him daily. Physicians and his friends thought he must die. J. F. SMITH & CO., TEXARKANA, ARKANSAS.

ECZEMA RADICALLY CURED. For the radical cure of an obstinate case of Eczema of long standing, I give the following: the CUTICURA Remedies. E. R. RICHARDSON, New Haven, Connecticut.

Sold by all druggists. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cts. Resolvent, 50 cts. Soap, 25 cts. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

Send for "How to cure Skin Diseases," BEAUTIFY the complexion and skin by using the CUTICURA SOAP.

IT FEELS GOOD. Those worn out with pain, aches and weakness find relief in the CUTICURA Anti-Pain Plaster. It is the CUTICURA Anti-Pain Plaster. Ad. Druggists, 25 cents.

Constitutional Catarrh. No single disease has entailed more suffering or hastened the breaking up of the constitution than Catarrh. The sense of smell, of taste, of sight, of hearing, the human voice, the mind—once or more, and sometimes all, yield to its destructive influence. The poison it distributes throughout the system attacks every vital force, and breaks up the most robust of constitutions.

Ignored, because but little understood, by most physicians, it is positively assailed by quacks and charlatans, those suffering from it have little hope to be relieved of it this side of the grave. It is time, then, that the popular treatment of this terrible disease by remedies within the reach of all passed into hands more competent and trustworthy. The new and hitherto untried method adopted by Dr. Sanford in the preparation of his Radical Cure has won the hearty approval of thousands. It is instantaneous in affording relief in all head colds, sneezing, sniffling and obstructed breathing, and rapidly removes the most oppressive symptoms, clearing the nose, sweetening the breath, restoring the senses of smell, taste and hearing, and neutralizing the constitutional tendency to disease towards the lungs, liver and kidneys.

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