A CLAIM TO HUMAN GRATITUDE.

Charlotte Corday, the sad-faced, tender-hearted peasant girl of Normandy made great history by one desperate act!

Sickened by the saturnalia of the French revolution, and moved to desperation as Robbespierre and Marat were leading the flower of France to the guillotine, she determined that she would put an end to Marat's bloody reign.

Marat had demanded two hundred thousand victims for the guillotine!

He proposed to kill off the enemies of the Revolution to make it perpetual!

Horrible thought!

No wonder it fired the blood of this patriotic peasant maid!

Gaining access to his closely guarded quarters by a subterfuge, she found him in his bath, even then inexorable and giving written directions for further slaughter!

He asked her the names of the inimical deputies who had taken refuge in Caen. She told him, and he wrote them down. "That is well! Before a week is over they shall all be brought to the guillotine."

At these words, Charlotte drew from her bosom the knife, and plunged it with supernatural force up to the hilt in the heart of Marat.

"Come to me my dear friend, come to me," cried Marat, and expired under the blow.

In the Corcoran gallery at Washington is a famous painting of Charlotte, represented as behind the prison bars the day before her execution.

It is a thrilling, sad picture, full of sorrow for her suffering country, and of unconquerable hate for her country's enemies.

What a lesson in this tragic story! Two hundred, nay, five hundred thousand people would Marat have sacrificed to his unholy passion of power!

Methods are quite as murderous and inexorable as men, and they number their victims by the millions.

The page of history is full of murders by authority and by mistaken ideas! In the practice of medicine alone how many hundreds of millions have been allowed to die and as many more killed by unjustifiable bigotry and by bungling!

But the age is bettering. Men and methods are improving. A few years ago it was worth one's professional life to advise or permit the use of a proprietary medicine. To-day there are not two physicians in any town in this country who do not regularly prescribe some form of proprietary remedy!

H. H. Warner, famed all over the world as the discoverer of Warner's safe cure, began hunting up the old remedies of the Log Cabin days; after long and patient research he succeeded in securing some of the most valuable, among family records, and called them Warner's Log Cabin remedies—the simple preparations of roots, leaves, balsams and herbs which were the successful standbys of our grandmothers. These simple, old-fashioned sarsaparilla, hops and buchu, cough and consumption and other remedies have struck a popular chord and are in extraordinary demand all over the land. They are not the untried and imaginary remedies of some dabster chemist intent on making money, but the long-sought principles of the healing art which for generations kept our ancestors in perfect health, put forth for the good of humanity by one who is known all over the world as a philanthropist—a lover of his fellow man,—whose name is a guarantee of the highest standard of excellence.

The preparations are of decided and known influence over disease, and as in the hands of our grandmothers they raised up the sick, cured the lame, and bound up the wounds of death, so in their new form but olden power as Log Cabin remedies, they are sure to prove the "healing of the nations."

Corday did the world an incalculable service in ridding France of the bigoted and murderous Marat, just as this man is doing humanity a service by re-introducing to the world the simpler and better methods of our ancestors.

—The Scotchman has long been noted for his fondness for vowels, a peculiarity in language illustrated by the following story: Going by a draper's shop a man noticed a coat and asked: "Aw' oo?" "Aye, aw' 'oo," replied the shopkeeper. "Aw' a' 'oo?" was the next question. "Aye, aw' a' 'oo," was the reply. In English the dialogue would have referred simply to the fact whether the coat was all wool and all one wool, the answer being "yes" to both questions.

—An experienced shoemaker says that blacking greatly shortens the life of shoes. As blacking can't very well be dispensed with, though, he advises that the shoes, or rather those parts which are polished, be liberally rubbed with oil. Such treatment, about once every two weeks, or thereabouts, but after the blacking has first been scraped off, will, he says, not only make the leather more pliable, and consequently easier on the foot, but materially curtail the shoemaker's bill.

—A traveler from Iceland asserts that the people of that country are so honest that crime is almost unknown. They never lock their doors, and but two cases of thieving are known to have taken place within many years. One was an Icelander who had broken his arm, and whose family in the winter were suffering for food. He stole several sheep and was finally detected. He was at once put under medical care for his injury, provisions were furnished for his family, and in time he was given work. This was his punishment. The other case was a German who stole seventeen sheep. He was in comfortable circumstances and the theft was malicious. His punishment was to sell all his property, restore the value of his thefts and leave the country, or be executed. He left at once.

—The outward signs of prosperity are visible in churches of all denominations. There is no lack of churches in any American city, and there are preachers for all pulpits. Contributions in support of the church are liberal. In fact, the churches seem to be doing pretty well. In California, which is sometimes spoken of as a benighted sort of a place, a church is about the third building to go up in a new town. No one would think of boom in real estate in a place that di not support one or more churches.

—Mrs. Celeste H. H. Winslow began to write stories and poems when nine years of age.

—George W. Childs has an extremely rare and valuable collection of manuscripts. One of the most interesting is that of Edgar Allan Poe's, "The Murder in the Rue Morgue."

AMONG THE DUTCH BOERS.

Some Very Queer Costumes—Medicine and Quackery—Dancing.

The traveler (I speak of one who is supposed to understand Boer speech and habits) arrives at a farm house in, say, the Orange Free state. A farm house may have one field of forage and a stone kraal; otherwise the farm is open country. He will not off saddle his horse without receiving permission; this having been asked for and granted, the farmer leads him through the half doors into the main apartment. There is home made furniture, numerous pink and white paper flowers, and painted on the walls vases of fruit like those seen depicted on the London pavements. The visitor will proceed to shake hands, commencing with the stout vrauw and ending with the baby in arms. This is not the English "handshake," but a resting of palm within palm. The coffee, which is made from sunrise to sunset, is then brought in in bowls, tobacco pouches are exchanged, and conversation, which seldom varies, commences. The visitor and the farmer answer or reply pretty much as follows: "The veld is green. The clouds are heavy; there will be a thunderstorm to-morrow. I have a very fine red horse running. Nachtmaal (communion) will be next month. My vrauw has a cold. The president is a fine man. Japie de Villiers (pronounced Vilje, and minus the prefix) has had a ram born with five heads. The English are thieves." The handshaking ceremony is then repeated, the horse, fed and rested, is brought round; the traveler mounts, smacks his sjambock, shows off his steed and proceeds on his journey.

The farmers have trained ponies to a special pace called a "tripple," and a good "trippler" is always prized. With this pace no "porting" of the saddle is required, and on a long journey the trippler will arrive each night without turning a hair, while the trotting horse, his companion, may be done up. Distance is reckoned by time—six miles to the hour. If an Englishman near the hour of sunset asks a Dutchman where such a village lies, he will be answered by a raised hand and "a little way over that hill." You then ride ten miles and sleep out in a thunder storm, perhaps. You reach the village the following midday. Superstition and fear of contagious diseases are great among this people.

The Dutch are accomplished herbalists, doubtless obtaining the knowledge of the Hottentots and Bushmen; they have herb brandies for colics and plants for sores. They are often the prey of quack doctors; the more as genuine practitioners, who have to go long distances, charge heavily. A Dutchman is satisfied with the treatment so long as his medical adviser brings to the house a quart bottle of physic; if he present him with a small vial he doubts his skill and sotds for another man. The dead are buried on the farms, and over them traveling masons erect mausoleums of brick. Dutch women are enormous in size, good cooks in their style, gobble sweets and cakes all day and take little exercise. But now and then a Dutch wife and her daughters may be seen kraaling the sheep at evening. A Boer likes his wife's company, and will leave passengers by his wagon stuck in the mud and half starved while he tracks off fifty miles with another vehicle to pay a visit to the vrauw. Feather beds are greatly prized by this people; they generally carry their beds with them on journeys.

The trekkings of the Boers are remarkable. Annually the farmhouse on the "low veld" is shut up, and the sheep and cattle are taken scores of miles up to the "high veld" for mountain pasture. Beside some rushing stream the wagons are camped, perhaps tents are pitched, and domestic life goes on as usual. Fowls cluck among the wild grasses, and the cows are milked beneath the shadows of mighty mountains. The general belief in the excellence of Boer shooting is no delusion.

The people are excessively fond of music and dancing; concertina, harmonium and fiddle are their delight. A withered Hottentot dwarf will draw a strain from the sole of an old shoe strung with sinew, and men and maidens will vigorously dance to it for hours. For dancing there is no touching the English Afrikander, and his measures seem quite original. The Boers have a bad character for pilfering. When the men and the women enter an up country store they are allowed to carry off small goods like sweets or ribbons, which they unconsciously pay for in the bill. The farmers are not often rich in money, their wool crops being mortgaged sometimes to the stores for two seasons ahead. "Young bloods" are impudent and wild. A smart curveting horse and hat with white ostrich plume usually denote this species. When a Boer drinks he is an entire fool. In order to keep a firm hand over the young men riding transport, the elders of the free state recently passed a bill prohibiting the sale of liquor at wayside canteens, and thereby lost a large revenue. However, there are smugglers.

The Boers are great religious formalists; and at certain times they and their families ride into the villages from great distances to celebrate the Nachtmaal (night meal or communion), their wagons loaded with produce—presents for the parsons. At this time business is brisk and the streets are like a fair. Yet, where natives and land are concerned, the Boer's constant violation of the Commandments does not need pointing out. The Boers are by no means modest, and their family conversations are at times boisterously indecent. Household arrangements, save on rich farms, are necessarily meager, and the traveler must be prepared to sleep on the floor in the midst of four or five sisters and their three or four brothers, all grown up, while the head couple snore on an elevated and ponderous feather bed in a curtained corner of the room. When sleeping at a superior Transvaal farmhouse, it is well to examine the mattress; if it rests on sheepskins, throw the skins out.—St. James' Gazette.

The Conscientious Newspaper Man.

It is my experience that a conscientious newspaper man will do his work—interviewing included—about right if the man who has the news to give will only let him. Reporters don't wilfully and maliciously misquote talkers and misstate facts, as they are so generally credited with doing, and I find that the best plan to pursue in giving material for publication is to state the facts clearly and let the reporter do the dressing up.. These fellows who always insist on being reported verbatim, and who must dictate the text of every item they furnish, invariably make a sorry mess of it. Another thing I've noticed: If a man has a speech prepared for a banquet, presentation or any occasion of that character, he had better give the reporter the manuscript and go it blind than trust himself to stick to his prepared speech, for, nine times in ten, he'll get away from his paper before he is half through, in which case he'll thank his stars forever that the reporter has a grammatical and reasonably coherent composition to print instead of his disjointed "impromptu" speech.—Dan Linahan in Globe-Democrat.

—Summer visitor at farm house to old lady—"Your son, I understand, is a pedagogue in Boston." Old Lady—"I guess not, unless it happened lately. When he writ me last month he was teachin' school and doin' right smart."—*Washington Critic.*

—"Ah, Clara," said a young surgeon (after hospital hours) as he sank upon his knees, "would that I could gain possession of your heart!" "You can, Mr. Sawbones," replied Clara promptly, but blushingly; "and without giving me ether either."—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE COUNTY SURVEYOR.

A Being of Remarkable Importance and Royal Self-Possession.

Those of my dear readers who can read [and I suppose, without a doubt, that a good many of them can] will, with little difficulty, recall the awe in which the magicians of the olden time were held by their fellow mortals. This awe and veneration has a parallel in modern life in the general respect and consideration with which the county surveyor is treated on the occasion of a professional visit to one of the hemlats in his territory.

Enoch Jimson and Solon McGill got into a wrangle over a new line fence that must be built, each wanting to shove it over toward his neighbor a little. Although the land in dispute amounted to but little, they could reach no settlement of the difficulty without the lines being "run." So the county surveyor is called in, and it is then that his importance is manifested and his vanity gets a wholesale tickling.

Augustus Bings is not a man you would pick out in a crowd as being one to whom the world at large would look up with any remarkable degree of veneration; nor does he seem to expect it, as he walks among his fellow men in the populous county seat. But when he reaches the little town of Punkinville his dignity and importance have grown to enormous proportions. Possibly it is the ozone of the country air that has so remarkable an effect.

On this trip he is accompanied by a youth who carries the chain and holds the rod with intention of ultimately learning the mysteries of the profession, and at last shining forth himself. This youth is the cynosure of all eyes, as far as the juvenile portion of the village is concerned, and is envied as being the happy possessor of enormous brain qualifications, thus to enable him to act in the important capacity in which he does. All the slang phrases which he drops are eagerly snapped up by his young admirers, and the chestnuts that he incidentally relates pass current as the latest and best wit for many a day.

It is only the assistant that jests, however. The surveyor himself is self-contained, and scorns such frivolities, as being unseemly in a man so far advanced in science as he is. His utterances are brief and sententious, and confined mostly to sundry and dark hints as to the capacity of the individual who run the lines before.

Deliberation and lack of hurry are marked characteristics of our surveyor on these trips, and it being so near noon he does not undertake his work until he has refreshed himself with dinner. The smiling and gracious landlord escorts his guests to their seats; the cook holds the kitchen door open a crack and inserts a tousled head to steal a glance at the great man; the young lady that waits on the table adjusts her bangs and looks pleasant at the assistant; the regular boarders file in and seat themselves and turn their conversation to as important subjects as possible so as not to be considered too ostentatiously flippant.

Dinner over, our surveyor and his assistant are rejoined by the contending parties and an augmented audience. They proceed to the seat of war; the assistant spreads the three sticks so they will stand alone; the surveyor motions the boy who carried the box to come forward. He steps forth with his precious burden with the proud step of a soldier called from the ranks to receive a decoration for bravery. The eyes of the public are turned toward the box, each eager to catch the first glimpse of its contents. The surveyor takes a key from his pocket, stoops down and deliberately opens the cover. A stillness falls upon the group, as he lifts from its resting place the transit and puts it in position on the tripod. Each move he makes locating, leveling and all the various maneuverings are watched carefully, and no motion escapes notice. His assistant walks away from the instrument, bearing the figured rod and pulling the wire chain. He pauses at a certain distance; holds up the rod; the surveyor places his eye to the instrument and waves his hand to the right; the assistant moves the rod to the right; he waves his arm again; the assistant moves again; he gazes long and earnestly, then stands erect and the surveyor produces a little red book in which he makes a few figures. He stops to talk with Jimson and then with McGill. The postmaster sidles up, holds one eye shut with his finger, squints into the instrument with the other and sees—nothing. The cobbler, the next best politician, who is also deacon in the church and school committeeman, follows the postmaster with the same success. One or two more of the more influential and important inhabitants do the same, while the new doctor, who once carried chain during vacation to earn money to pursue his studies, asks the surveyor "if his vernier reads to the fractions of seconds," which so booms his reputation for learning, that old Doctor Bolus loses three patients during the next week, who transfer their support to the new doctor "who is up to the times."

At length the survey is made, and the matter decided in favor of neither, for the old fence was in the right place, and the two contestants become friendly once more. The surveyor and his assistant leave on the evening train, and the village settles back into its accustomed tranquillity, but for some time to come, the record of an event is based on the number of days or weeks that it happened before or after "that there surveyor was out to Jimson's."

—Mamma (to daughter)—"Did he propose?" Daughter—"No, but he did the next best thing to it." Mamma—"What do you mean?" Daughter—"He kissed me and squeezed my waist, and Mary and Tommy saw him. "Mamma—"Get your things on at once, my darling. We can get down to Mr Brief's before the courts close if we hurry."—*Town Topics.*

—Reporter (to statesman)—"Will you be a candidate for——" Statesman—"Excuse me, young man, but I have nothing to say. I am entirely in the hands of my friends." Reporter—"Do you think that your health is sufficiently robust to under——" Statesman—"Nothing to say, young man, nothing to say. My health is also in the hands of my friends."—*Epoch.*

—"Tommy," said the old gentleman sternly, "I understand that you were hanging about the polo grounds this afternoon, instead of being at school. I won't have you wasting your time in that way. What on earth could you see or hear by peeking through a knot hole in the fence?" "I could see you, pa," responded Tommy, "settin' on the gran' stand, an' shoutin' "Good boy, Danny!"—*Tid-Bits.*

HUNTING WILD-CATS.

Thrilling Sport with Which Floridians Amuse Themselves.

Chatting over their cigars, a few gentlemen passed a pleasant hour exchanging personal experiences of the chase. Mr. M. N. Bryan, of Madison County, Fla., told, with much interest to his listeners, stories of the hunting of the wild-cat. He said:

"The Florida wild-cat, when fully grown, weighs about fifty pounds, is as large as a good-sized fox-hound, and when in full chase of a pack of hounds is an object to startle and bewilder a Northern hunter. With fur thrown back, claws extended, leaping with great springs through forest or swamps, the ordinary sportsman, at the first sight of the animal, turns pale and wants to leave instanter. The cat will attack sheep, lambs, young hogs and poultry, but the human family, except young and unprotected children, need have no fear of him. I know of no sport so exciting and demanding effort so hard and long-continued as a 'cat drive.' The hunting party having been agreed upon, they meet an hour and a half before daylight, mounted on their best horses and attended by hounds, often to the number of forty. The wild cat is generally found foraging at this hour and, being surprised, runs quickly to the cover of the nearest swamp, or climbs a tree. If he seeks a tree, he is not shot, but the tree is cut down or he is otherwise dislodged. The hounds are held in leash until he gets a good start, when the leader blows his horn and the pursuit is resumed. If the cat enters a swamp, the hounds follow him there and ultimately drive him out and the hunting party, guided by the noise of the dogs, is ready to take up the chase near the point where the game emerges. And so we go! Over the hills, through the farms, jumping fences, leaping ditches! No English fox hunt can compare with the Florida 'cat drive,' and few are the farmers who can resist leaving team a-field and running to the house for saddle when the baying of hounds and the blowing of horns tell that a 'cat drive' is on. The hounds of every farmer hearing the din leave their kennels, and are found loudest-mouthed in the pursuing pack. At last comes the end, as all sports must end.

"After an all day's chase the wild cat at four o'clock in the afternoon, or at five o'clock at the latest, can go little further. The snapping jaws of the hounds come closer and closer. He turns his glaring eyes a moment behind him and staggers on. The pack of dogs that had been in full cry in the morning is now broken. Only the hardy ones have kept up with the long chase. Horses and riders are worn and jaded. The cat can run no more. He prepares to battle for his life. He turns on his back, raises his feet and strikes his long claws viciously at any hound that dare attack him. The battle is long and bloody, and before it ends hounds are frightfully scarred and often lose an eye. Many a time after a cat chase have I sewed up the ears of my dogs. The cat drive is the Florida man's favorite sport. It is not pursued with the purpose of exterminating the animals. Indeed, by a State law, a hunter, who will shoot a cat in front of his dogs, is fined $25, and, by a rule of the Hunters' Association, he is fined again for the same offense. You see if the cat is killed by a bullet the hounds that have followed it are forever spoiled for the chase. Their proper discipline and future usefulness require that they should kill the cat. On this account shotguns and rifles are usually left behind."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

PLEASURES OF REVERIE.

Day-Dreaming and the Enjoyment That Can Be Derived from It.

Reverie is a natural condition, so common to children that they are hardly able to distinguish between the reports from the external world and the images presented by their imagination. But reverie is a common experience of the human race in all stages of development. It differs from abstraction in the fact that the latter is the intense pursuit of a train of reasoning or observation, which absorbs the mind to such an extent that there is no attention left for the reports of the senses. Hence the abstracted man neither looks nor listens, and a noise or an impulse, far greater than would suffice to awaken the same man if asleep, may be sufficient to divert him from the train of thought which he pursues.

Reverie is literally day-dreaming. It is not reasoning. The image-making faculty is set free and it runs on. The judgment is scarcely attentive, hardly conscious, and the tear may come into the eye or the smile to the lip, so that in a crowded street-car or even in an assembly attention may be attracted to the person, who is wholly unconscious of the same. A person may imagine himself other than he is, and derive great pleasure from the change, and pass an hour, a morning or a day unconsciously. In reverie persons frequently become practical somnambulists—that is, they speak words which others hear that they would not have uttered on any account, strike blows, move articles, gesticulate and do many other things, sometimes with the effect of immediately recalling them to a knowledge of the situation, when they as well as others are amused, but often without being aware that they are noticed. In extreme cases the only distinction between reverie and dreaming sleep are regular breathing and the suspension of the senses which accompany the latter.—*Dr. Buckley, in Century.*

—Mrs. Arthur Stannard, better known to the reading public as "John Strange Winter," lives on the banks of the Thames and has a large garden running in a series of broad terraces down to the water's edge. Here she gives pleasant garden parties, attended by literary people.

—Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, the novelist, is a devoted member of the Church of England. With the proceeds of her novel, "The Heir of Redcliffe," she fitted out the missionary schooner, the Southern Cross, for the use of Bishop Selwyn, and ten thousand dollars from the profits of "The Daisy Chain," are said to have gone to the building of the missionary college in New Zealand.

—The late E. P. Roe used to do his writing in a little workshop at the top of his home. It is a long, narrow, uncarpeted room, under the slanting roof. It is well ventilated, and filled with lazy lounges and chairs, while common book shelves, a large writing desk and a cabinet of Hudson river birds are the only other furniture in the room. Mr. Roe's hobby was collecting birds and studying their songs.

A carrier-pigeon message service has been established at Key West for communication with the adjacent islands in conjunction with the Signal Department.

WHICH WAS IT? BACON OR SHAKESPEARE.

The authorship of the dramatic productions attributed to the last of the above named is agitating literary circles to the very centre, but affects the practical masses far less than the momentous question, how to regain or preserve health, that essential of bodily and mental activity, business success and the "pursuit of happiness." We can throw far more light on this latter subject than the most profound Shakespearian can on the question first propounded. If the system is depleted, the nerves shaky; if indigestion or constipation bothers one at times, or constantly; if the skin is yellow, and the tongue furred as in biliousness; if there are premonitory twinges of oncoming rheumatism or neuralgia; if the kidneys are inactive—use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest recuperant of an age prolific in beneficial and successful remedies. Remember, if malaria threatens or afflicts, that it neutralizes the poison and fortifies the system.

Fannie L. Davenport-Price, the actress, has been granted a divorce from her husband, Edwin H. Price.

White Elephant of Siam, Lion of England, Dragon of China, Cross of Switzerland, Banner of Persia, Crescent of Egypt, Double Eagle of Russia, Star of Chili, The Circle of Japan, Harp of Erin.

To get these buy a box of the genuine DR. C. MCLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, price 25 cents, and mail us the outside wrapper with your address, plainly written, and 4 cents in stamps. We will then mail you the above list with an elegant package of oleographic and chromatic cards.

FLEMING BROS., PITTSBURG, PA.

Foreign scientists have discovered minute diamonds in meteorites found in Siberia.

WOMEN'S MODESTY.

Many women are prevented by feelings of delicacy from consulting a physician in those disorders arising from functional derangement of her peculiarly delicate organism, and the most serious results are often caused by this neglect. To such persons Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is an especial boon, as it offers a sure and safe cure for all those distressing disorders to which women are peculiarly subject. While it saves a modest girl or woman from the embarrassment of a personal consultation with a physician, "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

The sales of diamonds in New York are estimated to foot up $50,000,000 a year.

USING THEM FOR EVERYTHING.

Peter Magerus, residing at 257 Johnson Avenue, Brooklyn, E D., N. Y., says:

During the last eighteen years I have been using over fifty ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS a year in my family. I have found them a most perfect external remedy. They have repeatedly cured me of rheumatism, to which I am subject every winter. They have cured me of pains in the sides and back three times. My wife, children and mother-in-law tell me ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS are the best remedy ever made, so agreeable, so certain. I know they have cured my wife of pains in the back and a severe cough. My mother in-law has been cured of a most severe cold, which threatened to turn into pneumonia, by ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS. PETER MAGERUS.

Cholera has broken out in Khartoum.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.

Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from Nasal Catarrh. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated, by physicians. Five hundred dollars reward is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of catarrh they cannot cure. Remedy sold by druggists, at only 50 cents.

The telegraphers throughout France are on a strike for better pay. Business is seriously hampered.

For Bronchial and Asthmatic Complaints, and Coughs and Colds, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" manifest remarkable curative properties.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

ODD WEDDING RINGS.

How the Natives of the Upper Congo Country Dispose of their Savings.

Lieutenant von Francois, the African explorer, has recently described a strange custom among the Bayanzi, who live for many miles along the Upper Congo. The custom would seem to make life a good deal of a burden to their married women. Brass rods, which are the favorite currency in the country, are welded into great rings around the necks of the wives. Many of these rings worn by the women whose husbands are well-to-do weigh as much as thirty pounds, and this burden must be carried around by the poor women as long as they live.

"Frequently," says Lieutenant von Francois, "one sees a poor woman whose neck is raw and sore under the heavy weight, and in places the skin is rubbed off by the ring. This is a sure sign that the ring has been recently welded around her neck, for after a time the skin becomes callousled, and then the strange ornament produces no abrasion. But the weight is an inconvenience. They never get used to it, and it is a perpetual tax upon their energies. In every crowd of women may be seen a number who are supporting the ring with their hands, and thus for a time relieving their weary shoulders of the heavy burden. It may be said that with every movement of their bodies the rings give them discomfort.

"A ring is never put around a woman's neck until she is believed to have attained her full physical development. Once on it is no easy matter to get it off. The natives have no such thing as a file, and though they can hammer a lot of brass rods into one it is very difficult for them to cut the thick mass of metal in two. Women who increase largely in flesh after the rings have been fastened on their necks are in danger of strangling to death, and instances of this sort have been known to occur.

"Yet these women regard the cumbrous ornament with pride, imagine that it enhances their importance and beauty, and wear the burden with light hearts. Brass is the money of the country, and by putting it around their wives' necks the men are pretty certain that it won't be stolen or foolishly expended. But it is an odd and cruel sort of a savings bank."

—He who is capable of making the nicest distinctions in language is in the greatest danger of saying what he does not mean.

—The esteem of wise and good men is the greatest of all temporal encouragements to virtue; and it is the mark of an abandoned spirit to have no regard to it.

—What is the cure for gossip? Simply culture. There is a good deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good people talk about their neighbors because they have nothing else to talk about to pass the social hour.

—Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body, none. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more consequence to our happiness than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receive.—*Colton.*

—A true story of the perplexity of a graduate of the Boston English High School over a word that he found occurring with vexatious frequency in the foot-notes of a work that he read recently: "Do you know," he asked, "who Ibid, the author, was? I've been reading a book that has lots of extracts from his writings in it, and I can't find his name in any encyclopedia." The young man was told that he was a relative of the distinguished author, Anon, who has written some of the most beautiful things in the English language.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A lawyer lying in a town near Waterbury Conn., states a fact which well illustrates the thrift and frugality which characterize many of the old families which have not been touched by modern extravagance and love of display. In that town three estates have been settled within a few months aggregating property to the amount of $700,000, and yet he says if all the household furniture of those three families had been sold at the best possible price the amount received for it would not have amounted at the outside to over $300. It is too often the habit now to have thousand-dollar furnishings for hundred-dollar estates.

—The ancients believed that the earth was square, but that was probably because they had never been round much.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—Farmer (sneeringly)—"After you get through digging what are you going to do?" Amateur Gardener—"Put a porous plaster on my back.—*Life.*

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