MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

A Somewhat Exasperating Experiance with Three Gangs of Painters.

Four weeks ago Mr. Bowser began to behave in a strange manner. I noticed him looking at the outside of the house from the front and back, accompanied by strange men, and from my open window I heard them talking about "modern colors," "meadow-green" and other mysterious things. It was not until I found a board in the back yard with half a dozen colors of fresh paint on it that I suspected any thing. Then I asked Mr. Bowser:

"You can't be thinking of having any painting done around here this spring?"

"I think the cornice ought to be touched up a little."

"But we had every thing painted a year ago, and you said it would stand for ten years."

"If I said so it will, but the style of color has changed this year, and I guess I'll have a man for two or three days."

"And you'll have us all in a muss for the next month. Mr. Bowser, can't you let this house alone for a day or two?"

He gave me a look of deepest reproach and turn away. I had begun to feel sorry for my expression when a wagon load of poles drove into the alley. It had not yet unloaded when ananother wagon loaded with paint-bedaubed ladders drove up. Then came a dray on which there were kegs and buckets and cans and brushes, and I was compelled to realize that Mr. Bowser was going to paint. The cook had also seen the outfit, and she presently came in to me and asked:

"Are you going to have the painters around here?"

"Yes, Hannah, Mr. Bowser proposes to touch up the cornice a little."

"And he may touch up an intelligence office while he is about it, for I won't stay! We've been papering, cleaning, putting down carpets, sodding the back yard, oiling the woodwork and doing something or other for the last six months, and I'm tired out. It is now thirty-one seconds to five o'clock. At sharp five I leave the house!"

She was as good as her word, and when I told Mr. Bowser of her going, and related the cause, he indignantly replied:

"Now I'll paint the barn and fence to boot—see if I don't! I'll show that girl that she can't run this family while our name continues to be Bowser."

Next morning the painters went to work. That is, they didn't exactly go to work. They came and sat around in the barn and smoked, and some of 'em feebly stirred away at the paint-pots, and some more of 'em looked at the house and inquired of each other when Mr. Bowser got out of the lunatic asylum. Next day the force of painters was increased by three, and they got two ladders up, pounded some putty into three or four nail holes and stirred up seven or eight colors of paint. Along towards supper time one of the crowd toiled up one of the ladders in a weary, despondent way, jabbed at one of the brackets with a brushful of paint, and the others stood off to examine the effect and give their criticisms. It seemed to be a very delicate operation. Some of them kept walking backwards to get a better squint until they walked out of sight, and others had to sit down on the grass and light their pipes and rest their eyes by looking at the hired girl next door.

On the third day Mr. Bowser remained at home, and the men dug holes all around the house to set their poles, got up a scaffold to work on and almost finished painting one bracket. They might have wholly finished it if they had agreed on colors. Some of 'em wanted the bracket of a lilac color, with the background a dull drab, and others stuck for something more lively or more æsthetic. Mr. Bowser said he would consult the old masters, and seven drops of rain descended from the heavens just in time to let the men off at four o'clock. When they had gone I found seven windows smeared with paint, a pane of glass broken and the knobs of six doors "touched up" in the latest Paris style.

The painters are with us yet. Not those painters, but some others. The first gang lasted two days. Then Mr. Bowser suddenly asked the man who seemed to be the foreman—at least he loafed away the most time—what they were doing to earn their money.

"This isn't a job to be rushed!" calmly replied the man. "If we should get one of these seventeen delicate colors in place of another your house would be ruined."

Mr. Bowser reduced the delicate colors to fourteen, and hired a new gang. In the course of a week this new lot managed to plant forty-eight big daubs on the penciled brick work, break three windows, daub over three oiled doors and ruin half our clothes, and Mr. Bowser advised them to turn to landscape work. The third gang is still with us. All the scaffolding has finally been put in place, and the ladders leaned up against the house, and all the neighborhood covered with paint-pots and brushes. When the brackets had been finished Mr. Bowser concluded that the window casings ought to be touched up to correspond. Then it was the hoods and porches and steps. Next week it will be the fences and the barn. Seven different ladies have walked up the freshly-painted front steps to call on me, but walked down again without ringing the bell. Twenty odd tramps have walked the length of the freshly-painted veranda to ask for a bite to eat, but went off hungry and tired. Three of my dresses are ruined, our washings are paint-spotted, and the sidewalks, fences and shade trees in our neighborhood have been spattered and speckled until strangers stop and gaze in astonishment. I was intending to say to Mr. Bowser last night that I wouldn't stand it another day, but before I had a chance to he went out for a smoke. In his absent-mindedness he walked up the front steps and sat down to muse in the gloaming. I think he mused for half an hour, at the end of which time he came rushing in. He was covered with green and lead color and Queen Ann and purple paints, and as he turned himself around for me to see he waved his arms and shouted:

"Woman, don't you laugh at me! You dragged me into this, and if I don't get even with you my name isn't Bowser!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Men with clean shirts on never engage in free fights.

—To find out how old a lady is—Ask some other lady.—*Danville Breeze.*

—A tussle with a boarding-house steak is now called a "bull fight."

PITIFUL SUICIDE.

A Terrible Tragedy Which Furnishes Considerable Food for Reflection.

If the literature of suicide were completely written one of its most singular features would be the causes which induce the voluntary shuffling-off of this mortal coil. Suicide knows no law. The only peculiarity which always characterizes it is that year by year six times as many men commit suicide as women, which would indicate either that they have six times as much trouble as the women or that they have only one-sixth the capacity for bearing it. There is no other fixed rule governing self-slaughter. While the yearly record includes many persons between twenty and forty, a considerable number of very young children and of very aged people take themselves out of the world. The methods of self-murder include the oddest schemes that insane ingenuity can suggest. The causes are just as unique. While the larger number may be traced to settled melancholy, verging on insanity, ill-health, business losses, disappointed love and liquor, there are numerous others, ranging from the most grotesque, like that of the woman who shot herself the other day because her husband would not refuse a political candidacy, to the most pitiful, like that of Charles Seidhorf and his wife, who poisoned themselves in New York City recently.

Charles Seidhorf was a German, ninety-one years of age. His wife was ninety-three. The husband was finely educated and was a man of more than ordinary ability. He had taught school with success. He had translated several technical works and had been a contributor to papers and periodicals on scientific subjects. He was an excellent chemist, and his scientific attainments were such that he had made some useful inventions. Like many men of this stamp, however, he had little head for business. His ventures were not successful. He was constantly harassed for money. His wife was feeble and sickly and could not help him. Designing individuals imposed upon him. Those who owed him would not pay him. His life was one long, bitter, hopeless struggle with an adverse destiny in the midst of people who were throwing away money on needless luxuries. The money squandered on a single swell reception might have kept this aged couple in comfort for the remainder of their days. Thus handicapped in every direction, he fought the battle of life even in extreme old age until at last the only way out appeared to be the poor-house. They were alone, helpless, friendless, hopeless, old and poverty-stricken. When the authorities came to remove them to the poor-house he begged for a days delay, that he might prepare himself for the journey. It was a long one. When they came for him again he was dead. His old and feeble wife, who could not live without him, lay dead by his side. Few as the days were that were left them they could not endure the shame of the poor-house. All else that life had in the way of suffering they had endured. Rather than submit to this last disgrace they solved the problem themselves by severing the frail tenure, ending the hopeless struggle and passing into the final rest.

It is all well enough for people who have no troubles to theorize upon the criminality of suicide, but only those who are driven to the wall like these two and who can look at life from the same black, hopeless point of view are capable of judging the real weight of the burden and the real weakness of the shoulders that carry it. So far as the actors in the tragedy are concerned, therefore, there is no call for pity, for they are released from all further pain and distress. But is it not pitiful that such a tragedy should occur at all? Is there not something radically wrong in our social system when two people with but a very brief time to live at best can not muster courage to wait until the natural release? Have we nothing better to offer people of this class than the poor-house? They were not of the kind that willingly become paupers. They felt its shame too keenly to live. Is it not possible among all our charities to devise a home for persons of this kind where they could live with no loss of self-respect, and where they would not be made to feel that they are paupers? Certainly there should be, for the suicide of Charles Seidhorf and his wife is a public reproach.—*Chicago Tribune.*

* * *

—Prince, a fine Jersey bull belonging to a joint stock company, created a sensation one day last week at Tallahassee by deliberately killing a cow. It is said that he lifted her on his horns, threw her into the air, and killed her almost instantly.

—Even to people who have made their fortunes, or have attained so much property that they are quite easy as to the future, the dead town has no attractions. The evidence of decadence can never be attractive.

—From France comes the announcement of a newly-invented rotary printing machine, which is said to print, superpose and fold publications from two rolls of paper, if so desired. Suitable devices are provided—there are four cutting and folding cylinders, two of which cut and fold the sheets from one roll, while the other two operate upon the remaining one. Each of the two pairs of cylinders are, however, capable independently of cutting and folding the sheets.—*Public Opinion.*

—The Roman Catholic authorities of Boston are planning to establish one great common cemetery for all the cities in adjacent parts of the State, to which the railroads are expected to run special funeral trains daily, the cars going directly into the grounds and all expense of carriages being done away with, the undertaker carrying the body to the station, the city and the railroad landing it at the grave. The Boston & Lowell railroad is said to be ready to run funeral trains at reduced rates if such a cemetery is established. In Mexico they have special funeral cars over the horse-car routes to the cemeteries.

—The history of the toothpick in this country has a few curious and interesting features. Not many years ago a man in South America, whose wife was in the United States, whittled out a few wooden toothpicks and sent them to her. In some way not now known the proprietor of a hotel obtained some of them and, learning who made them, he applied for a supply. This led to a large sale of the whittled picks and finally to the establishment of an agency for their sale in this country. The toothpick manemigrated North and invented machinery by which he turned out the first year sixteen million two hundred and fifty thousand picks, which has since increased to above that number per month.

AMONG THE T'LINKITS.

The Rights of Women Among the Aboriginal Tribes of Alaska.

Every time a man wants to undertake a business transaction he takes his wife along with him to ratify or veto the bargain, and should she be absent at the time she may afterward put in an appearance and upset the whole affair. Funniest of all, the same equivalent transactions of the women are not subject to the same supervising power of the men, who have nothing to say regarding the bargains of their wives and daughters, except to foot the bill, if any compensation is promised by the squaws that the men are expected to fill, as work, utensils they can make, or even money, where they can get it from white men and understand its value. I have known several instances where the men have closed certain bargains, only to find them opened again when the absent wife put in an appearance. As white men are not very liable to undo a bargain which they think is to their advantage, they seldom acquiesce in the demand of the women in canceling the contract, and some of the worst personal misunderstandings between the two races have occurred on this account. I, of course, do not know how the T'linkit man fared after he got home from such a bargain; but I think we can all imagine pretty well. Nothing was more exasperating to me, at times, upon my expeditions into Alaska—in 1883 and 1886—when I came across some man from whom I wanted to buy some trifling article or to employ for a short time than to have to start out for the Indian village, probably a mile or two distant, to consult his wife about it, or to bring her to me to talk the matter over.

Then the succession to the chieftainship of the tribe is a most singular one, based also on "woman's rights," or something akin to it. Neither the eldest son of the King and Queen nor the chief and his wife nor, in fact, any of the sons and daughters succeed their father to the head of the tribe when he dies, but some one of the nearest male relatives of the Queen is made chief when her husband dies. It is easy to see that this curious and roundabout method of handing down the scepter may transfer the crown to anybody in the tribe, and that there can be no such thing as a true royal succession or hereditary decent of the chief's power.

When the parents, or either of them, have died all of the effects that they possessed descend by inheritance on the mother's side, none of the descendants of the father receiving any thing out of the estate. One would think that it would lead to some curious muddles, but somehow they manage to keep it straight.

The same as among all savages, the men have often two or three wives, and in rare cases even more; but the women, not to be outdone in the matrimonial line, have in a few instances—two or three of which I know of personally—two husbands. They are nearly always rich women, who have had a great deal left them by inheritance, or who had made a large amount themselves—for, as I have said, the women do nearly all the business. One T'linkit woman, a Sitka woman, who went by the name of Mrs. Tom among the white people, and who had already one husband, bought another, a slave, for about a thousand dollars in goods and chattels, and when I saw the two together afterward I think he was the best-looking one of the pair. When a man and woman marry they try and adopt a boy and a girl. If the man dies the boy becomes the woman's husband, and if the woman dies the girl becomes the wife of the man.—*Lieutenant Schwatka, in N. Y. Independent.*

THE TERRIBLE APHIS.

A Little Insect That Could Starve Out the Human Race in One Year.

"Do you see that speck on this slide?"

The reporter closely examined the glass slide of the microscope. The eye, unaided by the lens, could distinguish absolutely nothing.

"Now look through this tube."

The reporter gazed through the long tubes of the big binocular microscope. On the slide there was plainly to be seen, instead of a single speck, a collection of monsters, who were crawling around on the glass uneasily, as if out of their natural element.

"See their long legs, peculiar eyes and ferocious appearance," observed the entomologist in whose up-town office the research was being made. "Those are aphides or plant-lice. The aphis only weighs one one-hundredth of a grain. Its life is short and its habits are destructive in the extreme to all kinds of plants, particularly those which are reared in-doors.

"What is so remarkable about them?"

"I was coming to that. They are among the most fecund creatures in the world. They breed with almost miraculous rapidity. I will illustrate. A heavy man will weigh in the neighborhood of 2,000,000 grains, two billion times as much as an aphis. Well, in ten broods, if nothing were done to destroy them, how much do you suppose the off-spring of one of these minute creatures would weigh?"

"I have no idea."

"Of course we have no way of absolutely determining that matter, but judging from the increase of a single aphis in a given length of time, and estimating what would be accomplished in ten broods, we estimate that they would weigh as much as 800,000,000 men weighing 280 pounds each—or one-third the human population of the globe."

"Lucky their increase is checked."

"I should say it was. They would destroy in one year every particle of vegetable matter in the world, and create a famine equaled only in its destructiveness to the deluge itself."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

—At the time of the death of George IV., in 1830, there were 323 hereditary peers. There are now 477. During this period 335 new baronetcies have been created—278 by Liberals and 93 by Conservatives.—*Christian Union.*

—In a tribunal at Paris the other day the judge suggested to a wordy lawyer that he had better be brief, and that worthy responded as follows: "He is wrong, I am right, and your honor is a good judge." Then he sat down.

—Not soil alone nor sun alone gives strength and majesty to the sturdy oak, but also its exposure to the changes of the seasons and its battles with the storms and winds. So it is through hardships and well borne trials cheerily met that man attains to the power and dignity of his full nature and the stability of his true manhood.—*Farmer and Manufacturer.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—There seems to be a general fitness about the fact that "boom" rhymes with "doom."

—A calf at West Fallowfield, Can., ate nineteen young turkeys and wanted more.—*Toronto Globe.*

—At Yuma, Cal., eggs are hatched by natural heat, if put in a shady place. If left in the sun they cook.

—Teacher—"Have animals a capacity for affection?" Class—"Nearly all." Teacher—"Correct. Now, what animal possesses the greatest affection for man?" Little Girl—"Woman."—*Omaha World.*

—The Illinois Humane Society, organized at Chicago in 1870, has a good record. During the last six years it has investigated 13,744 complaints, extended help to 5,463 children, and saved from abuse over 8,000 horses.

—A Kentucky sheep-breeder advertises that, living near three towns, he has concluded to discontinue his contest with dogs, and therefore offers the remnant of his flock of thoroughbred Southdowns for sale.

—There is a mending bureau in New York City where bachelors and neglected husbands take their shirts, socks, cuffs, and whatever is in tatters, and can have them made whole again. The only ways it used to be possible to get this work done was to fee the washerwoman for the purpose, or to take the work to one of the charitable institutions that still make a specialty of employing their inmates at this work.

—A watch has been invented by the Swiss watchmakers solely for the use of blind people. A small peg is set in the center of each figure. When the hour-hand is approaching a certain hour the peg for that hour drops when the quarter before it is passed. The person feels the peg is down and then counts back to 12. He can thus tell the time within a few minutes and by practice he can become so expert as to tell the time almost exactly.

—A most remarkable imitation of black walnut has lately been manufactured from poor pine, the quality and appearance of the article being such as to defy detection, except upon very close examination. To accomplish this, one part of walnut peel extract is mixed with six parts of water, and with this solution the wood is coated. When the material is half dry, a solution of bichromate of potash with water is rubbed on it, and the made walnut is ready for use.

—"A colony of rats," says the New York *Sun*, "were driven out of their resting place in the cellar of No. 53 Fulton street, Brooklyn, Tuesday, by the collapse of the foundation of one of the pillars of the Kings County Elevated road. With bale-sticks and bung-starters the occupants of the saloon overhead managed to exterminate nearly one hundred. It will cost the railroad about two dollars a rat to pay the damage done by the water which flowed in the cellar."

—"I should think you would adopt safety couplings for your freight trains," remarked a gentleman to the superintendent of a railroad, as a brakeman with a leg mashed off was carried by on a shutter. "Why so?" asked the superintendent. "Because you cripple so many brakemen by the old method," was the reply. "Not much," said the superintendent. "This railroad only pays an eight per cent. dividend, while my stock in a cork-leg factory pays a dividend of forty-two per cent. Do you think I want to go to the expense of purchasing safety couplings in order to throw the cork-leg factory into bankruptcy? You must be crazy!"—*Newman Independent.*

STORY OF WASHINGTON.

How He Tried to Win an Unruly Colt, But Was Badly Thrown.

While the boy Washington was a daily visitor at Belhaven, he established in the village and its neighborhood a reputation for iron-like power of endurance and a springy vigor of steel, an invincible will and a knack of going straight through difficulties. The boy had a wonderful skill in the control of horses. He never met one he was afraid to mount, and he broke the most fiery to his rein.

An incident of his boyhood current in the chat of the place has escaped Weems:

Ralph Wormley, a man of some consequence in the Colony, had brought across the ferry from Maryland to Belhaven a number of young horses, among them a colt that had thrown a score of colored jockeys. The boys about the warehouse were all willing to wager that the colt could not throw George Washington. Whatever may have been the reason, everybody in the neighborhood said that Wormley had no good blood for the Washingtons or the Fairfaxes, and although he gave out that he would give the colt to George Washington if he could ride it, nobody believed him. When, however, Washington came to the warehouse, Mr. Wormley said: "Now you're a sprightly boy, Mr. Washington, but there's a colt that's too much for you. If you back him to Mount Vernon, back you need never bring him." Which meant if the colt did not throw him the colt should be his own.

So Mr. Wormley kept his word; but when the groom saddled the colt and Washington, after seeing that the girth was firm and the bit and bridle proper, jumped into the saddle and went across White Oak Swamp like an arrow, then everybody in the village said Wormley hated the Washingtons and the Fairfaxes so that he was trying to get young George Washington's neck broken.

Washington came back next day with the same horse, and at the village inn returned the colt to Mr. Wormley.

"Keep him, my boy, you've won him," said Wormley.

"No, I have not, sir," replied Washington; "he threw me in the woods and dragged me, but I got the bridle round a tree and held him."

"Well, you may have him," said Wormley.

"No, sir," replied the lad, as he handed over the bridle of the colt. "I wouldn't take him as a gift. I did not win the bet, and he is your horse."

"Why," cried out Wormley, jocosely, "if there was a bet you owe me a horse. Where is my horse?"

"Oh, no," retorted Washington in a louder voice than was usual with him, so that all the by-standers might hear. "You bet your colt against my head. You've got your colt and I've my head—it's a drawn bet. Good morning, sir;" and he went off with the stride of an Indian chief.—*Wide Awake.*

—Mme. Tussaud now exhibits Queen Victoria's first doll, first shoes and first gloves, and various other mementoes of the royal nursery; also a piece of her Majesty's wedding cake.

TERRORS OF POLYGAMY.

The Experience of a Mormon Girl as Related by Herself.

I have often been asked to marry Mormons who had wives. I will tell you about one of them, a wealthy man, now dead. His name was Franklin Neff. One day his wife—the only wife he had—came to our house and had a talk with me. She said she wanted me to marry Mr. Neff. I was only fifteen, but I knew what polygamy was, and I had set my heart against it. "Well, Mrs. Neff," I said, "if he wants me he'll have to summon up cheek enough to ask me himself."

I said this in fun, and then asked Mrs. Neff what she thought about it. She said herself and husband had talked the whole matter over, and she had come to the conclusion that as her husband was obliged to take a second wife she knew nobody she'd sooner have him take than myself; therefore she begged me when he called to give him a favorable answer. The proposition, coming from a woman thirty-five years old, who had been married for years to her husband of about the same age, and who had assisted him in accumulating his wealth, was at once strange and amusing. Mr. Neff called that same night, and, in answer to his question, I told him that he must be crazy to make such an offer of marriage to a mere child, but he insisted that he was in earnest, and he went to my mother who, on account of his high position in the church, was afraid to flatly refuse him. Mother said she would not go against my wishes, but if he could persuade me into polygamy she would have no objection: at the same time she warned me not to give my consent for any consideration.

Mrs. Neff came round to see me several times, and was always urging me to marry her husband, saying that he could not live without me, and both of them would be all the happier for it. But the more she talked the firmer I became in my resistance! They invited me to spend a few days at their country home. I wanted to refuse, but mother said I had better go. I went, and I don't think I spent a more miserable time anywhere in all my life. The husband was continually asking me to go buggy-riding with him and the wife was coaxing me to consent. Still, I thought I saw that the woman was unhappy. She seemed to be doing what she did against her will. A ball was given in the neighborhood and I wanted to go. Mrs. Neff asked me to go with Frank (that was her husband's name), but I said no, I would go alone, unless she agreed to go along. She agreed, and we went. That man tried his very hardest that night to dance with me, and his wife even asked me to dance with him, but I kept plenty of engagements ahead with the young fellows and he got no dance.

Some one then told him that I would not dance with him while Mrs. Neff was present, so he told her and she went home. After she went he came to me and said she had gone and he hoped now he would have the pleasure of a dance, but I continued to make excuses and avoided him. The time came to go home, and I refused to allow him to accompany me unless there was a third party along. His brother Amos accompanied us, and after leaving me at the door the two men went to Amos Neff's house. I found Mrs. Neff in her room in tears—a more heart-broken woman I never saw. She had been sitting there fretting and crying and moaning for hours, thinking that I was dancing with her husband and that I was coming home alone with him. And only the night before she had sat up with me until twelve o'clock trying to talk me into marrying him, making all sorts of promises, and saying that herself and Mr. Neff would write out deeds for one-half of all the property and possessions they had if I would only give my consent.

She begged me not to say any thing to her husband about the crying scene, as she said he would scold her for it; but I said I thought it my duty to tell him, and also to let him know the opinion I had of him. I told Mrs. Neff not to grieve, as I would never cause her the slightest sorrow, and sent her to bed a much happier woman than I had found her on my coming in. Next morning at the breakfast table Mr. Neff said something about polygamy. That was all the provocation I wanted. I said: "Mr. Neff, if you were any kind of a man at all, or had even the commonest human instincts, you'd let polygamy alone; you have a wife who is too good for you, and who loves you better than you deserve—stick to her and let other women alone." Then I told him the condition in which I had found his wife on coming from the ball. His face grew white, and, laying down his knife and fork, he arose from the table and left the room. I went home that morning, and neither saw Mr. Neff nor heard from him again. He never went into polygamy, and I felt very glad of it for the sake of the heart-broken little woman, to whom a second wife by her husband's side would have meant a speedy death.—*Salt Lake City Cor. Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

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The British government has decided to banish King Jaji, of Oporbo, West Africa, to St. Helena. The king recently caused 150 of his subjects to be beheaded as a warning to others not to permit traders to get into the interior.

READ THE DEATH ROLL

Which the bills of mortality of any large city may be fitly designated, and you will find that renal and vesical maladies, that is to say, those that affect the kidneys or bladder, have a remarkable prominence—we had almost said—preponderence. Bright's disease and diabetes in the chronic stage are rarely cured, and gravel, catarrh of the bladder and enuresis, slay many. Yet at the outset, when the trouble merely amounts to inactivity of the organs involved, the danger may be nullified by that pleasant renal tonic and diuretic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which imparts the requisite amount of tone to the organs, without over-exciting them, and the use of which is convenient, and involves no elaborate preparation. Dyspepsia, a usual concomitant of renal complaints, and debility, which they invariably produce, are remedied by it. So also are constipation, malarial, rheumatic and nervous ailments.

Gen. O. B. Wilcox is brigadier-general commanding a department in the Missouri division.

"HOW CAN SHE EVER LOVE HIM?" is what you often hear when the prospective groom is the victim of catarrh. "How can she bear such a breath?" "How resolve to link her destiny with that of one with a disease, that unless arrested, will end in consumption, or perhaps in insanity?" Let the husband that is, or is to be, get Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and cure himself before it is too late. By druggists.

Jefferson Davis has completed his seventy-ninth year.

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FARMINGDALE, L. I., N.Y., Sept. 9, 1885.

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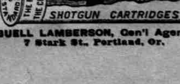

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