

## A College Attachment.

We've skipped, an' sent that boy to fill  
The holler in his head with knowledge;  
He wasn't good for much, but still  
We thought he might pull through a college;  
We guessed he'd study up at night,  
Work hard to mend his mind and nature,  
An' here that young Philistin' writes  
He's deep in love with Alma Mater!

We'd better keep him tending corn,  
An' feedin' pigs an' dom' plowin',  
Since he's a student—in a horn—  
An' spendin' money, I'm allowin',  
There's Hettie, neighbor Squigg's gal,  
An' how this news'll circumscribe her!  
If Albus picked her out for Hal,  
Now he's in love with Alma Mater!

I've heard about those college chaps,  
An' read about 'em in the papers,  
An' Hal, he's one of 'em, perhaps,  
An' thick in all their scrapes an' capers.  
He wrote us he was doing fine,  
Wuz sumthin' of a winning hater,  
An' now we see he wuz a lyin',  
An' spendin' time with Alma Mater.

—Drake's Magazine.

## THAT OFFER OF \$5,000.

Our readers will doubtless call to mind the offer so widely advertised for the past ten years by H. H. Warner & Co., the proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies, that they would pay \$5,000 to any person who would prove to an impartial referee that they had ever published a testimonial that was not genuine so far as they knew.

This offer had the ring of honesty about it, and as the matter has an especial interest just now we give a copy of the offer as it appears in the Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co.'s pamphlet:

## AN OFFER OF \$5,000.00.

Every Testimonial published by us is Bona Fide, and so far as we know, is absolutely true. To any one who will prove the contrary to an impartial referee we will give \$5,000.

H. H. WARNER & CO.

Rochester, N.Y., January 2, 1888.

We ask the reader's careful attention to the following testimonials, as bearing on the offer, and their unbiased opinion of the same with reference to the \$5,000.

STRAITHEAIR, P.O., Manitoba, April 17th, 1888.—As I have been cured of Bright's Disease, I know a great many more who could be cured by Warner's Safe Cure if the medicine was brought before their notice.

JOHN L. WILSON.

HAMILTON (105 Elgin Street), Ont., July 6th, 1888.—I have been troubled with Kidney Disease in its worst form for from three to four years. For six months I could not attend to my business at all. As a last resort I tried Warner's Safe Cure, and found almost instant relief. I consider Warner's Safe Cure the best medicine known for all diseases of the kidneys.

A. J. DIAMOND.

PORT HOPE, June 21st, 1888.—Between two and three years ago I was suffering a great deal of distress across the loins and kidneys. I was recommended Warner's Safe Cure, and before taking two bottles I passed a stone from the bladder, very hard, and have suffered nothing of any account since.

E. PHILIP.

KINGSTON, July 28th, 1888.—Two years ago my wife was confined to the bed for 8 months the most of the time. She suffered great pain across the kidneys with a burning sensation in the abdomen. Her case was pronounced by her attendant physician to be one of the worst cases of diseased kidneys and prolapsed uterus. I advised her to try Warner's Safe Cure, and before she had taken two bottles was much better. She continued its use until she has taken over a dozen, and is now well and strong, and able to attend to all the cares of her home.

THOMAS HEBBORN (lumber dealer).

There is no getting away from such testimony as the above. The offer is genuine. In fact, Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co. have always requested that doubters should write direct to persons giving testimonials (enclosing stamp), and who are of necessity, in the great majority of cases, totally unacquainted with the firm.

## The Perquisites of an Earl.

We had a very pretty little garden at our lodgings by the gate of Warwick Castle. It was green with holly and other shrubs, and in it the yellow jasmine bloomed all the winter through. It was sunny and cozy, being sheltered on two sides by the high outer wall of the castle grounds. Over this wall, the castle peacocks, both blue and white, came daily, landing to our small domain a medicinal air. While to us they were most welcome, for they foraged on her cauliflower, and in the end destroyed them all. "Why do you not complain of them?" "Why do you not demand pay for damages?" "Enter a complaint against the peacocks of an earl! Demand pay for what they had eaten! The very thought of so doing overpowered our good landlady. None but a native of that rampant republic, the United States of America, could dream of such a thing! There are drawbacks to the felicity of being an earl's neighbor. Not only must one submit to the depredations of his peacocks, but of his foxes upon the poultry yard. Our landlady said that, in the part of her native Yorkshire where she was born, hundreds of poultry were killed yearly by the foxes preserved for hunting. The game laws of England are imperious and weigh heavily upon the cottager with his few fowls.—F. A. H., in April Wide Awake.

## A Lacking Ingredient.

"Talk about wives," said Farmer Hawbuck, "I've got one wife in a million. Why, she gets up in the mornin', milks seventeen cows and gets breakfast for twenty hard-workin' men before 6 o'clock, by gum." "She must be a very robust woman," remarked one of his hearers. "On the contrary," put in the farmer, "she is pale and delicate-like. Gosh, if that woman was strong, I dunno what work she couldn't do!"—Harper's Weekly.

"If I knock three times on the coffin-lid during the church service you must let me out," said James Dailey, of Providence, as he was nearing his end the other day. Had James knocked four times his wishes might have been in doubt. But he didn't knock at all, and his neighbors buried him.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

A LOUISIANA court has decided that in that State title to any goods passes upon the first payment and that after that is made the buyer may do what he pleases with the goods. This has put instalment dealers into a cold sweat.

Miss AMELIE RIVES' "The Quick or the Dead," long an object of English curiosity, is now published in London with a preface by the author, alleging that in her book the pure will see purity and the foul-minded foulness.

A "RAMBLING COURTSHIP" was described by a young man in Croydon, England, defendant for breach of promise, as "walking out with a young woman to see if the disposition would suit each other, and to see whether at the right time anything would come of it." He claimed to have conducted a rambling courtship only.

HARRIET McKAY, a Scotch girl aged 38, stole a man's clothes while he was asleep, and went and offered herself as a soldier. She passed the examination all right until the doctor's turn came, and he handed the adventuress, who is tall and comely, and belongs to New Zealand, over to the London police.

The twenty-eight-story building scheme, which was so laughed at when the architect first made it public, is expected to materialize in Minneapolis during the present year. Financial backing has been secured and an office opened, where plans are exhibited which show the outline of 728 rooms, each of which opens from the interior court and has a window on the outside.

WILLIAM CLARKE, discussing in the *Political Science Quarterly* the progress of Socialism in England, says: "The State in England at this present moment provides, for every one needing them, midwifery, nursery, education, board and lodging, vaccination, medicine, public works, amusements, burials, and carriage of goods and money"—all of which were once private functions.

In a trial of the new garbage crematory at Jacksonville, Fla., the apparatus, with the use of less than a quarter of a cord of wood, reduced in one hour to a few ashes twelve barrels of night soil, five barrels of garbage, one barrel of chickens, one barrel of spoiled fish, four dogs, one box of meat, four alligators and five loads of refuse matter, including street sweepings, etc., two of these being double loads, making in all 7,800 pounds. Jacksonvilleans think that this solves the sewage and garbage problem for their city.

The Hartford *Courant* publishes a letter from John Bright to his son, who was studying tool-making in Hartford, which had not before been made public. Speaking of the English policy on the tariff, Mr. Bright says in it: "The gain to our wage-receiving class during this period has been enormous, and during the recent period of depression they have suffered far less than at other times when our industries have been under a cloud. We shall probably go back to protection about the time when your people go back to slavery."

A LOST color has been discovered! Artists and scientific men have long wondered about the beautiful "azzurro" found in the ruins of Pompeii. M. Fouque, the mineralogist, with a mixture of silicate and copper and of lime, has now obtained the brilliant crystalline "azzurro" of Pompeii. It is a tint perfectly unchangeable, and identical with the Alexandrian blue which was known to the Ptolemies, and imported into Italy in the first years of the Christian era. The hue is "sky of heaven"; in fact, like Naples itself, pezzo di cielo caduto in terra.

BISHOP TEMPLE, of London, relates that when he was once worshipping in an east end church where a hearty musical service is a distinguishing feature, he joined in the singing to the best of his ability. He has a stentorian voice, and the effect of his efforts on those sitting near him may be imagined. At the conclusion of the second verse of the hymn the patience of a workman on his immediate left seemed fairly exhausted. Not recognizing the dignitary beside him, the poor man, in sheer desperation, gave the Bishop a sharp dig in the ribs, and the latter, on turning round for an explanation, was thus addressed in subdued but distinct tones: "I say, gub'nor, you dry up; you're spoiling the whole show."

ELECTRICITY is to be put to still another use—that of welding metals. The ends of the pieces of metal to be welded are brought into contact; then the current is drawn through them, and when it is established they are separated slightly. Thus an arc is formed and great heat ensues; and when the current is shut off, and the heated ends are pressed together, the weld is completed. In the tests that have been made two-inch bar-iron, as also pieces of brass and copper, were successfully welded. The whole process is said to be one of marvellous simplicity and wonderful completeness. The value and utility of such a discovery, especially in the manipulation of copper, are certain to be recognized.

SPEAKING of his recent address at the Eighty Club, the *Star* of London says that there is always something intensely dramatic and picturesque about the appearance of Lord Rosebery. Somehow or other, when one looks at the clean-shaven and impassive face—surmounted by those strange eyes—cold and warm, inscrutable and eloquent, dull and sparkling—one inevitably thinks of those weird heroes of Balzac that cut their way to fame by sheer dint of courage, coolness, audacity and adaptability. His speech was a delight. It flowed over with fun, sharp hits, adroit and dexterous phrases, and everybody giggled in that subdued fashion which is the etiquette at Eighty Club dinners. Never has Lord Rosebery made a more successful little speech.

THREE hundred miles an hour is the proposed speed for the electric postal railroad of the future. An experimental line has been erected at Laurel, twenty miles from Baltimore, Md. A compromise between the pneumatic tube and the ordinary railroad carries a miniature train of two cars solely for mails and light parcels, without any attendance. The road has three rails, one above the car for carrying the current, and two below which carry the cars. The cars are built of sheet-iron and are two feet square and twenty-one feet long. Speed will be regulated and power or brakes applied by electricity solely. If the experiment at Laurel succeeds it is stated that

similar roads will be laid between Baltimore and Washington and elsewhere.

The committee of the American Medical-Legal Society, appointed to consider the best method of executing the death penalty by electricity, in concluding a supplementary report giving the results of the recent experiments made with the electric current upon animals, say: "If any doubt should exist in the minds of some that electricity would not necessarily be fatal to man because it has been successfully applied to lower animals, we have but to call attention to the fact that since 1883 some 200 persons have been killed, as we are credibly informed, by the handling of electric-lighting wires. As most of these people were killed probably by contact of the hands with the wires it shows that in man at least death is rapid in this manner. Hence the suggestions made to this committee as to the use of wristlet electrodes have their value; and it is possible that this method, with the prisoner fastened in a chair, may ultimately prove the most desirable, as doing away with a complication of appliances and lending greater simplicity to the procedure."

At a recent meeting of the Agricultural Society of France, M. Guerin, of Grandvilles (Vosges), read a paper on a new method of preserving milk. He showed that when it was frozen, milk could be transported with the greatest ease, and that after being kept for days and weeks, and then simply thawed out, it retained all the characteristics of fresh milk. The paper dealt first with the method of freezing, which could be carried out in the ordinary ice machines if done on a sufficiently large scale, and then described the experiments made to ascertain the precise temperature at which the best results might be expected. The appearance and taste of the milk after undergoing the process, when thawed, were so exactly those of new milk that in an assemblage of twenty persons not one could perceive the slightest difference. In cooking, yield of cream, and every other respect, the frozen corresponded with quite new milk and on the fourth day the cream was still excellent, which was not the case with that of the latter. Butter and cheese can be prepared from it quite as well as from new milk.

DR. MARY WALKER still retains an irresistible love for the old soldier. In passing through the corridors of the Washington Patent Office a few days since, her eye rested upon a watchman whose service had left its sad impression upon him in the way of physical infirmity. Observing that the department had neglected providing a hassock for his feet, which came in contact with the cold, unfeeling tiled marble floor, the doctor procured a rug from another quarter of the building and carried it, despite the remonstrances of those to whose room it pertained, to the battle-wrecked veteran. Placing the blanket article beneath the hero's pedal extremities, the humanitarian doctor delivered a few off-hand remarks on the subject of hygiene and wended her way. The soldier boy was still warming his plantigrades on the three-ply rug when last heard from. In this connection it may be stated that the doctor is somewhat indignant concerning a certain article published in a New York paper from which it is made to appear that she and a chief clerk in one of the department bureaus are twins. The doctor insists that she not only is not now twin but never has been, and furthermore, by reason of her uniqueness, has never designed to project her "double."

## Persistence Pays.

Mrs. Plentypoo.—Well, have you succeeded in getting rid of the attentions of Mr. Neverskip?

Mrs. Widowfair.—Hardly.

Mrs. P.—Did you have him arrested and fined for malicious persecution, as I advised you?

Mrs. W.—Yes.

Mrs. P.—With what result?

Mrs. W.—He paid the fine and came immediately to my house to renew his suit.

Mrs. P.—Well?

Mrs. W.—I had the footman kick him down the steps.

Mrs. P.—What then?

Mrs. W.—He apologized to James for wearing thick trousers, and said that he would call again.

Mrs. P.—Did he?

Mrs. W.—Yes, in ten minutes. I had to see him of course.

Mrs. P.—And you upbraided him for his ungentlemanly conduct?

Mrs. W.—No. I began to suspect that the poor man really did love me, and love is such a rare quality in a man with an income of \$100,000 a year that I—

Mrs. P.—You what?

Mrs. W.—I told him if he could wait till my sorrow was six weeks old, I would put him in a position for discharging James.

## The Cause of Earthquakes.

At a recent meeting of the Manchester Geological Society, Mr. Thomas Oldham read a paper on "The Cause of Earthquakes, of Dislocation and Overlapping of Strata, and of Similar Phenomena." From that address we copy the following:

"Astronomers tell us that the deviation of the earth's axis arrives at its maximum every 39,000 years, so that consequently the south pole, when the climax occurs, would occupy the place where the north pole is now."

A French astronomer says the world upsets every 38,000 years. When it upsets it does so speedily, sending rocks, icebergs and glaciers flying with fearful velocity from one pole toward the other.

## A Dreadful Scandal.

On Commonwealth avenue: "Did you hear that awful thing that Mr. Deuceace said about Mrs. Klownie?" asked one lady in the group, and then, answering her own question, went on: "He said she was the most unfortunate woman at whist; she never held a trump."

"But," said a listener, "she must hold a trump when she deals!" And then Deuceace said, "She never deals—she mis-deals."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

WARNER'S Safe Cure removes defective vision or sight. Why? Because it gets rid of the poisonous kidney acid circulating in the blood. Impaired vision is caused by advanced kidney disease, another name for Bright's disease, which "has no symptom of its own." Warner's Safe Cure removes the cause, when normal vision returns.

## THE OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

Under the above heading the New York *World* of February 10th contains an editorial, of which the following are a few extracts:

"Physicians and unprofessional men of sense agree that if people would take a little of the pains to prevent disease that they do to have it cured that the civilized world would be much less like a vast hospital than it is now. . . . But the idea of a regular and stated physical examination, even of persons who are apparently well, is an excellent one. The approaches of pulmonary complaints, kidney troubles and many of the other ills that the flesh is heir to are so insidious as not to be apparent to their victims. . . . In nothing is it truer than in disease that 'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.'"

There is a great deal of wisdom in what the *World* remarks. Individuals, as a rule, do not give their physical welfare attention, and it is only when alarmed by the presence of disease itself—the consciousness of failing strength—that attention is given to such matters.

Much has been said and written in recent years concerning the extreme and oftentimes fatal danger which results from delay in the treatment of kidney diseases.

Physicians admit that they cannot control advanced disease in those organs, and it is doubtful whether they can control it in any stage without the assistance of Warner's Safe Cure, which is established as the only known means which will reliably prevent and cure this class of disease.

Besides, it has been definitely ascertained that kidney disease is the real cause of ill-health in most cases where consumption, heart, brain or nervous disorders are supposed to exist, and in consequence of such belief many fatal mistakes have been committed by our best physicians in treating such disorders, which are but the symptoms of the disease, whilst they have allowed the real disease—disease of the kidneys, to escape their notice until too late.

There is no safer or surer way by which health can be preserved and disease averted than by the occasional use of Warner's Safe Cure, which will benefit the "engines of life"—the kidneys, even if they are in a normally healthy state; while the good that will result in case disease is threatened, or is already present, cannot be over-estimated.

Utilizing a Girl Who Was Willing to be Sister.

"No, Mr. Jackson, I cannot be your wife, as my heart is already in the keeping of another, but I can be a sister to you."

"Oh, 'tis hard to be thus obliged to give you up, Maud, and still your very generous offer to be a sister to me cannot go unaccepted. Will you be as near a real sister to me as possible?"

"Yes, George, I shall endeavor to."

"There is Jack Fourinhand's sister, for instance. Will you be as loving and attentive to me as she is to him?"

"With all my heart, George."

"Very well, then, sister mine, I shall try to be worthy—ah, I really must be going, though—good night, sister."

The next day Miss Maud received a package, and upon opening it discovered that it contained—horrors!—two pairs of trousers, six pairs of socks and a shirt. A note slipped out, and upon reading it this is what she saw:

Dear Sister Maud,—I ascertained from Jack Fourinhand that his sister was in the habit of doing all of his mending. Thinking of our agreement I bethought me of these few articles of wearing apparel, which are sadly in need of buttons and mending. I have long needed a sister that would look after my clothes, and since you have so kindly consented to act in that capacity, you may commence your duties at once.—Your loving brother, GEORGE.

## He was the Emperor.

The other day the Emperor William of Germany, busied in his own room, heard a violent disturbance in the nursery, and speedily made his way to the scene of tumult. When he entered the Crown Prince and Prince Eitel drew themselves up, and saluted their father in the military fashion, as is their wont. "What is all this noise about?" asked the Emperor. "A slight dispute, sire," said his eldest son, "and I was obliged to let my brother know who is Crown Prince in this establishment."

"Good," said His Majesty, "I see what you mean, and now I think it will be as well if I let you know in the same way who is Emperor in this particular family!" and he forthwith administered a punishment which impressed itself on the mind and also on the body of the Crown Prince in a manner highly suggestive of the possibilities of the situation.

## She May Find It.

She had called upon a real estate man to see if he had a house to suit her, and had gone over the list and found fault with everything. A little out of patience, he finally asked:

"What kind of a house do you want, anyhow?"

"It isn't the house so much as the neighborhood," she replied. "I want a location where the neighbors will be neighborly. If I want to give a party and want to borrow a piano, sofa, a few chairs, three or four pictures and some statuary, I want to feel that my neighbors will lend me with cheerfulness."

A revivalist at Tama, Ia., recently asked all of the congregation who paid their debts to rise. All rose but an editor, who explained that he didn't pay his debts because the rest of the congregation owed him on subscriptions.

## PATIENCE GETS THERE.

She was but seven, I was nine, I loved her madly and she knew it; I knelt and begged her to be mine, she said she really couldn't do it.

At thirty-eight her hair is gray, Her roses brighter bloom than ever; To-morrow is our wedding day;— 'Tis late, but better late than never.

The hippopotamus, says "Popular Science," seems destined to become extinct within the next twenty years. So many of the animals have been exterminated by the natives and sportsmen that they are now scarcely to be met with.

It is alleged that it takes \$5,000 distributed as tips in the Police Department to get a permit to open a new club in Paris.

## ROMANCE OF GRETA GREEN.

Crossing the Scotch Border in Haste to Marry.

Greta Green was said to be "killed" by the Act of 1856, and as a place where elopements were legalized no doubt its glories have departed, says a London journal. The legality of Scotch marriages, however, still survives. Any person residing in Scotland three weeks can get married after the informal Scotch manner, and the marriage will hold good. In fact, elopements might still be conducted in a circuitous fashion. The gentleman could go first, reside at Greta Green for three weeks, then be joined by his bride, and marry her on the spot. Other things, however, have put an end to this form of romantic marriage. In the days of posting the eloping lovers had every advantage. The young gentleman could arrange before hand for relays of horses; the pursuing squire could not do so, not knowing the date of the preparations for flight. Then it was said that the innkeepers and postboys always favored the fugitives. If the fathers generally overtook the runaways, it would have been bad for trade; therefore the old gentleman did not always secure the freshest or best steeds, and it was surprising how often his postboys found a linchpin loose. Again and again was the rattle of the pursuer's coach heard when the knot was securely tied, but not until then.

Nowadays there are no coaches, but express trains, and the telegraph wires could anticipate the lovers and possibly secure delay, if not detention. Also marriages in England have been made so easy that there are Greta Greens at our very doors. Three weeks' notice to a registrar and a quarter of an hour's absence from home will bring about a marriage without any one being the wiser—above all, not the man and woman who are wed. In London and large cities also the calling of banns at a parish church is very insufficient publicity when so many families attend favorite preachers elsewhere, and may never hear that their Mary or Ethel or Constance is about to marry in three weeks "that" impetuous young Brown. Thus Greta Green still virtually lingers with us. Magnetic attraction or something else forces young girls, otherwise intelligent, attractive and even intellectual, to fix all the love of their young hearts on the wrong man. Fathers threaten, mothers weep, brothers call him, or prove him to be, everything that is unsuitable or even bad; she will not listen or refuses to believe. One day the street door is open and she leaves her father's house to fix her own destiny—perhaps to love him always, in spite of all his faults or even vices—or to repent once, and that for life. So Greta Green, or what it once signified, lives forever in human hearts.

Alas, how changed! The rosy cheek is pallid as the dead.

And from the eyes that were so bright the happy light has fled.

Life has no joy for her to-day; grown old before her prime,

She waits in hopeless suffering for that swift coming time.

When death shall set her free From poor, sick woman's misery.

But if she knew what wonderful cures Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has effected in worse cases than hers she would clutch at the chance of recovering lost health as drowning men catch at straws, and she might be saved.

## Married Rich.

Gus—I hear George has married an heiress. He's in clover now, I suppose?

Dick—No, he's working like a horse, trying to pay his board at a \$40 a week hotel. Her father pays hers, and she won't live anywhere else.

## "When I Was a Boy."

is an expression almost every lad has heard his father use as a basis for bombastic self-adulation. But the boy of the last quarter of the nineteenth century may retort, "when you were a boy, and had an attack of green-apple stomach ache, you had to take calomel and jalap, but I am treated to Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, sugar-coated, and just as nice as chocolate caramels; no blue mass and castor oil for me—I'd rather fight it out with the pain!"

## For Man and Beast.

Weary reveller—Bless me, p'liceman, this seat is very dampish!

Policeman—Yes, sir; it probably is moist, as you've sat in the drinking trough.

If you don't want to disgust everybody with your offensive breath, cure your Catarrh upon which it depends. \$500 reward is offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure. It sold by druggists; 50 cents.

## Family Hotel Housekeeping.

Wife—I've found exactly the girl I've been looking for, but, unfortunately, I can't engage her.

Husband—Why not?

Wife—She's too large for the servants' bedroom.

One never sees a Cuban gentleman carrying a bundle or package of any sort. To be seen going to the depot with his own carpet bag would disgrace a Cuban forever.

Great lawyer—I cannot manage a case unless I know all the facts. You must tell me truly whether you are guilty or not. Accused party (scoffingly)—D'y'pose I'd be consarned fool enough ter want ter hire a high-priced lawyer like you if I was innocent!

Explorers usually undergo a good deal of wear and tear in their personal appearance. Stanley, who entered Africa on one side with a head of brown hair, came out on the other with hair almost white. Sir Samuel Baker said a while ago that an explorer could not wander around Central Africa very long and continue to look like a white man.

## DON L. 16 89.

## DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND