Medical.

ESTABLISHED, 1870.

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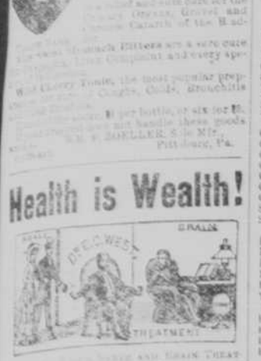

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HUMPHREY MEDICINE CO.
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SPECIFICS.

TO WEAK MEN Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treasise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address, J. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE
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Genuine must bear Fac-simile Signature.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

I take My Meals.
I take My Rest.
I Get Well.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is the ideal Constitutional Remedy.

FLESH ON MY BONES

DRUNKENNESS
LIQUOR HABIT.
SMALL TIME THERE IS BUT ONE CURE
DR. HAINES GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

Epps's Cocoa.

BREAKFAST.

Wheeling Register.

Travelers' Guide.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS—EXPLANATION OF REFERENCE MARKS: *Daily, †Sunday excepted, ‡Monday excepted, §Sunday excepted, ¶Saturday excepted, *Saturday only, †Sunday only—To Morgan. Nov. 16, 1890. Wheeling time, which is one hour earlier than Central Time.

B. & O. R. R.	Depart.	Arrive.
EAST.		
Washington City & the East	* 4.55 a m	*11.40 p m
Washington City & the East	* 2.30 p m	* 8.45 a m
Washington City & the East	*12.05 a m	*12.45 p m
Cumberland Accom	† 8.00 a m	† 5.05 p m
Grafton Accom	* 2.30 p m	*12.45 p m
Moundsville Accom	† 8.00 a m	*12.45 p m
Moundsville Accom	† 2.30 p m	† 5.05 p m
Moundsville Accom		
WEST.		
Columbus and Chicago	* 7.50 a m	*12.55 a m
Columbus, Cin. & Chicago	*11.05 a m	* 6.10 p m
Chicago Limited	*10.45 p m	* 5.50 a m
Columbus & Chicago Express		
Col. & Cin. & St. Louis	10.40 p m	* 5.4 r s m
Columbus & Cincinnati Ex	2.30 a m	
Columbus Accom	† 4.30 p m	*11.05 a m
St. Clairsville Accom	*11.05 a m	*11.05 a m
St. Clairsville Accom	† 4.30 p m	† 8.10 p m
W. P. & R. DIVISION.		
For Pittsburg, Pa.	* 5.45 a m	*11.00 a m
For Pittsburg, Pa.	* 7.30 a m	* 6.55 p m
For Pittsburg, Pa., & the East	* 6.30 p m	*10.30 p m
From Pittsburg, Pa.	† 1.40 p m	*12.45 p m
From Pittsburg (Sunday only)		2.30 a m
Pittsburg, Pa., Accom	† 5.30 p m	† 7.50 a m
P., C. & ST. L. RY.—EAST.		
Pittsburg	† 7.30 a m	9.30 p m
Pittsburg and New York	† 4.05 p m	9.30 a m
Pittsburg and New York	† 4.05 p m	11.00 a m
Pittsburg and New York Ex	9.40 p m	3.45 p m
WEST.		
Express, Cin. and St. Louis	† 2.30 a m	* 6.50 a m
Express, Cin. and St. Louis	† 1.40 p m	* 9.30 p m
Express, Steubenville & Col.	† 1.35 p m	* 3.45 p m
Steubenville & Dennison Ac	† 4.30 p m	11.00 a m
C. & P. R. R.		
Pittsburg Cleveland & Chicago	* 5.50 a m	* 9.15 p m
East Liverpool	* 7.15 p m	12.15 a m
Steubenville Accom	† 4.45 p m	† 1.10 p m
Pittsburg, New York	*11.10 a m	*11.30 a m
Cleveland and Chicago	* 2.00 p m	* 9.00 a m
Pittsburg and New York Ex	* 3.44 p m	* 5.50 p m
C. & M. R. R.		
Express, Cleveland, E. & W.	12.18 p m	2.40 p m
Massillon Accom	5.05 p m	11.33 a m
St. Clairsville Accom	8.00 a m	9.35 a m
St. Clairsville Accom	10.35 a m	1.10 p m
St. Clairsville Accom	3.34 p m	5.25 p m
St. Clairsville Accom	6.21 p m	8.05 p m
Local Freight and Accom	1.30 p m	12.05 p m
OHIO RIVER R. R.		
Passenger	* 7.00 a m	11.05 a m
Passenger	11.40 a m	3.35 p m
Passenger	* 4.30 p m	* 8.00 p m
B., Z. & C. R. R.		
Bellaire and Zanesville	† 7.00 a m	† 8.15 p m
Bellaire and Summerfield	† 4.40 p m	†10.30 a m

WHEELING & ELM GROVE RAILROAD.

On and after Monday, December 1st, 1890, trains will run as follows—City Time:

Leave Wheeling.		Leave Elm Grove.	
*6:00 A. M.	3:00 P. M.	*6:00 A. M.	3:00 P. M.
7:00 "	4:00 "	7:00 "	4:00 "
8:05 "	5:00 "	8:00 "	5:00 "
9:00 "	6:00 "	9:00 "	6:00 "
10:00 "	7:00 "	10:00* "	7:00 "
11:00 "	8:00 "	11:00 "	8:00 "
12:00 M.	9:00 "	12:00 M.	9:00 "
1:00 P. M.	10:45 "	1:00 P. M.	10:00 "
2:00 "		2:00 "	

†Daily except Sunday.
Sunday Church Trains will leave Elm Grove at 9:45 a. m. and Wheeling at 12:15 p. m.

G. D. GILLILAN, Gen. Manager.

Glass Made by Lightning.

Washington Post.

"Did you ever see the diameter of a lightning flash measured?" asked a geologist. "Well, here in the case which once enclosed a flash of lightning, fitting it exactly, so that you can see just how big it was."

"This is called a 'fulgurite' or 'lightning hole,' and the material it is made of is glass. I will tell you how it was manufactured, though it took only the fraction of a second to turn it out.

"When a bolt of lightning strikes a bed of sand it plunges downward into the sand for a distance less or greater, transforming simultaneously into glass the silica in the material through which it passes. Thus, by its great heat, it forms at once a glass tube of precisely its own size.

"Now and then such a tube, known as a 'fulgurite,' is found and dug up. Such fulgurites have been followed into the sand by excavation for nearly thirty feet; they vary in interior diameter from the size of a quill to three inches or more, according to the 'bore' of the flash.

But fulgurites are not alone produced in sand, they are found also in solid rock, frequently existing merely as a thin glassy coating on the surface. Such fulgurites occur in astonishing abundance on the summit of Little Ararat in Armenia.

The rock is soft and so porous that blocks a foot long can be obtained, perforated in all directions by little tubes filled with bottle-green glass formed from the fused rock. There is a small specimen in the National Museum which has the appearance of having been bored by the teredo, the holes made by the worm subsequently filled with glass.

"Some wonderful fulgurites were found by Humboldt on the high Nevada de Toluca in Mexico. Masses of the rock were covered with a thin layer of green glass. Its peculiar shimmer in the sun led Humboldt to ascend the precipitous peak at the risk of his life."

Mr. J. F. Masters, cashier for Emmitt & Co.'s bank, Waverly, Illinois, says: "I consider Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the best I have ever used. After using several other kinds without benefit, I tried it, and it quickly cured me after years of suffering with an obstinate cough and throat trouble."

Messrs. J. F. Marquardt & Son, prominent druggists of Tiffin, Ohio, say that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives the best of satisfaction and takes the lead there.

Sat Under the Sign.

Kansas City Globe.

He was a real pretty young man and he was gotten up in the highest style of art. He sat in the cable car, next to the stove, and regarded with evident admiration a pair of very positive, very loud checked, and very new trousers, which he pulled up carefully at the knees to prevent any tendency to bagging.

The car rattled and clattered along and all the passengers gazed into upward vacancy, like all cable-car passengers do. Finally a fair maiden, who sat opposite the young man, saw something and giggled, after the fashion of her kind. Then she looked at the nice young man and giggled again, then she nudged her fair companion, and the fair companion gazed across the car, looked at the young man and giggled. A small boy followed their looks, stared at something over the young man's head and then snorted.

All this annoyed the nice young man, who had been looking very wise, and when two or three others joined in the chorus he began to wriggle and quit looking wise. The laughing increased, and, grew, and spread, and the nice young man grew desperate. He got up to see what it was over his head that ceused the unseemly cachination. He found it. It was one of those big cardboard signs that adorn cable cars. It was printed in big black letters and it said:

"The young man sitting beneath this card is one of our customers. He is very fussy and hard to please, but, my! isn't he an elegant dresser? He has on a pair of our $3 pants."

The nice young man left the car—left it in haste, in anger—leaving behind him some very naughty words that smelt of sulphur.

Macbeth's "pearl top" and "pearl glass" lamp-chimneys do not break from heat, not one in a hundred; they break from accidents.

They are made of clear glass as well as tough, as clear as crystal. They fit the lamps they are made for. Shape controls the draft; they are shaped right. Draft contributes to proper combustion; that makes light; they improve the light of a lamp.

But they cost a dealer three times as much as common chimneys, and, as they do not break, he is apt to be anxious lest they stop his trade. Diminished sales and less profit are not agreeable to him.

There are two sides to the question. Have a talk with him.

Pittsburg. GEO. A. MACBETH & CO.

ARNOLD'S POEM.

EXTRACTS FROM HIS LATEST WORK "THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

With an Introduction By Richard Henry Stoddard. The Central Theme Is Jesus Christ—A Splendid Description of Mary Magdalene—Her Story of the Resurrection Morn.

Advance sheets of Edwin Arnold's "The Light of the World" have been received by special arrangement with the publishers, Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, of New York. The poem is given out for publication simultaneously in this country and in Europe. The introduction to the poem is written by Richard Henry Stoddard, and in it he says:

"'The Light of Asia' is now followed, as many hoped it would be, by 'The Light of the World,' which, from the higher significance of its subject, and the greater fervor and reverence of its handling, comes more closely home to the bosoms of men. * * It was much to have written 'The Light of Asia,' but it is more, infinitely more, to have written 'The Light of the World,' of which every lover of sacred song will say, when he has read it: 'That strain I heard was of a higher mood.'"

It is a work of over 5,000 lines, the central theme being Jesus Christ. Mr. Arnold's treatment of his great theme is marked by the utmost reverence, and is certain to awaken the same emotion in the breast of the reader. The poem consists of six books, as follows: Book I., Mary Magdalene; Book II., the Magus; Book III., The Alabaster Box; Book IV., (in two parts), The Parables; At Tyre; Book V., the Love of God and Man; Book VI., the Great Consummation. Preceding the poem, which is written in blank verse, is a sort of introductory book entitled, "At Bethlehem," which is written in rhymed verse (which is not, by the way, the verse in which Mr. Arnold does his best work.)

Book the First opens with a description of the Sea of Galilee as it was in the days of Christ.

The story opens with the description of Pontius Pilate, Claudia, his spouse, and their attendants, en route to Rome. They stop at Magdala for the night, and are directed for accommodations to the house of Mary Magdalene. On his journey through Galilee the memory of Christ has haunted the Roman procurator, and he seeks an interview with his hostess, which she grants. Then follows a magnificent description of the woman, the following being extracts:

Rich the Jewish blood
Glowed through the sun-burned ivory of her face—
Unveiled for salutation—lending show
Of color to the thinned uncolored cheek,
But leaving pale as pearl-lined ocean shell
The full white neck, and where neck rose to breast—
The tender margins of the bosom, bound
By silver-bordered cymar, crossed;—and pale
As moonlight's heart the low smooth forehead framed
Under the black waved hair; forehead and brow
And eyebrows bent like the new moon; full lids;
Silk lashes, long and curved, shadowing with both
Of softest melancholy that worn place
Where the tears gather—all declaring her
A daughter of the Sun, in those climes born
Where light and life are larger.

Fairer, may be, as she stood there, serene,
Than in those bygone days, the evil days
When Galilee doan to its utmost edge,
And all the South, was loud with talk of her
Who walked in woven gold and wore her braids—
A Queen of Sin—crowning the shameless brow
With diadem of tresses, tied with pearls,
And set her henna-scented feet on necks
Of Greek and Latin lovers.

Now, most meek,
The proud, pale, bended face: the folded palms,
The knees touching the pavement, as she said:
"The Roman Lord, who may command, hath prayed
Speech with his servant. She must needs obey.
Hostess and subject. I am Miriam!"

As Mary, at the request of Pilate, speaks of her Lord, Pilate finds the pricking of his conscience unendurable and abruptly breaks off the interview:

But Pilate leaped
Fierce from his place; with visage white and writhed—
"Call them to horse!" he cried, "for I will ride
To Sepphoris, before the sun is high.
If spears can prick. One other watch spent here
Will brand me Nazarene!"

Among the audience who have been listening to the words of Mary is an Eastern slave belonging to one of the magi who had paid tribute to the Infant Jesus, and who has returned to hear, before he dies, the story of the Lord's life. The next day he is given audience by Mary. Before she begins to relate the story of Christ, Mary Magdalene considers it necessary to tell the Magus the story of her own wicked career before seeing Christ:

I lived, in all this land the boldest, worst,
Who braided up her hair like Harlot's way.
That beauty Nature gave me I abased,
Selling it with a loveless heart to win
Wealth and rich raiment, and the knees of men.
Oh, me! my days splendid and sinful! Earth
Emptied her stores to pleasure me; they brought
To buy my smiles, their Tyrian purple webs,
Their myrrhine cups, their silks, their shards, their nard,
Drachmas, and daries, shekels, sesterces;
And slaves to fan my sleep, and gilded chairs
To bear me to the temples and the feasts.
I, that am still the same to-day, have led
Revels so mad the shamed stars drew the clouds
Over their argent faces. Chinnereth
Burned with our carousels; and the water-ways
Ran to its brink red with our chalice dregs,
And Syria groaned and fierce Samaria surged,
And wild mobs clamored round the palace gates
While, in these arms, Cæsar's drugged satraps dreamed,
Proctor, and Procurator. Nay! hear all!
Not Latins only, no, nor Greeks alone;
Nor Jew nor Idumean,—for my name,
My golden infamy, grew east and west;
Till Rome and Athens heard, and Tyre and Crete
And Cyprus, and the Isles, and Media,
Not less than Magdala and Tiberias,
Talk of the Miriam of Galilee.
The harlot, with the long, black, braided hair,
Who melted hearts in spiced pomegranate wine—
That Alexandrian queen more prodigal—
And laughed their wealth to want, and trod their pride
Under her broidered sandals, and took toll
Of goods and gear, wasting in one wild hour
The temple's wealth, 'till like that rose-faced one
Of Memphis, I had reared a pyramid
With but one block from each who fawned on me.
Sir! such I was, that play thy hostess here
With these white shards, which saved me, in my lap,
Reversed and grave thou show'st: if thy will be
Now to depart, hearing these stained lips speak,
Thou shalt have praise, not blame, from Miriam.

The following describes Mary Magdalene's first view of Christ:

"That was the day we rode
Up from Sebaste toward Tiberias,
And on my wrist a damning splash of blood
From throat of one my angry lover stabbed
At mid-feast, in the madness of the wine.
'Twas there, at Kenna, 'mid my thickest sins,
Red outwardly with murder; inwardly
Black to the heart's core with wild wickedness,
Diseit in by all the seven dark devils of hell,
I saw my Lord! Oh, first I saw my Lord!
And, sir, I heard His voice. Was one we knew
Steward to Herod (for my revellers
Were men of Antipas) who stayed Him there—
Went for Capernaum from Nazareth—
Praying swift succor for a child,
And urging fervently. While we made halt
To witness tenderly the Master-cured
With look ineffable, and gazed, and spake,
Go! thy son liveth!"

Whom I say—with eyes
Which never have forgot, nor will forget
Till heaven's day shows me Him again—was
One
Of a commanding stature—beautiful—
Bearing such countenance as whose gazed
Must love or fear. Wine-color shone his hair
Glittering and waved—an aureole folded down
Its long rays lighted locks—which fell, and flowed
Fair parted from the middle of His head,
After the manner of the Nazarites,
Even and clear His forehead; and the face
Of dignity surpassing, pure and pale
As the Greek's marble, but flushed frequently
With the bright blood of manhood. Nose and mouth
Faultless for grace, and full and soft the beard,
Forked, of the hazelled color of His hair;
The great eyes blue and radiant, mild as sky
Of spring-time after rain, yet terrible
As lightning leaping sudden from that sky,
When He rebuked. In admonition calm;
In tender hours each word like music's soul
Heard past the sound! Not oftimes seen to smile,
More oft to weep, yet of a lofty cheer
Commonly—nay, of playful raillery,
Straight-standing like a palm tree; hands and limbs
So moulded that the noblest copy them;
Among the sons of Men fairest and first."

In Book the Fourth, "The Parables," Mary repeats the teachings of Christ, while the Magus at times interrupts her with comparisons and contrasts between His teachings and those of Buddha. Among the miracles described are the raising of the daughter of Jairus, the raising from the dead of the widow's son at Nain, and the raising of Lazarus. The story of the crucifixion and burial is told, and then follows the reappearance of Christ to Mary:

"Then, while the first day of the week was dark
Alone I wended to His sepulchre.
Bearing fair water, and the frankincense,
And linen, that my Lord's sweet body sleep
We'l in the rock. And, while my woeful feet
Passed through the gate, and up the paved ascent
Along the second wall, over the hill,
Into that Garden, hard by Golgotha,
The morning brightened over Orab's peaks,
Touched the great temple's dome with crimson fires,
Lit Olivet and Moriah rose-red,
Made Olivet all glad, and, in the pools
In Hinnom laid a sudden lance of flame.
And, from the thorn-trees, brake the waking songs
Of little birds; and every palm-tree's top
Was full of doves that coo'd, as knowing not
How Love was dead, and Life's dear Glory gone.
And the World's hope lay in the tomb with Him;
Which now I spied—that hollow in the rock
Under the camphire leaves. Yet, no guards there
To bel'p roll the stone—nay, and no stone!
It lay apart, leaving the door a-gape.
And through the door, as I might dimly see,
The scattered wrappings of the burial-night,
Pale gleams amidst the gloom. Not waiting, then—
Deeming our treasure taken wickedly—
I sped, and came to Peter and to John:
And cried: 'Our Lord is stolen from His grave,
And none to tell where He is laid!' They two
Thereby ran together, came and saw;
And entered in and saw the linen cloths
Scattered, the rock-bed empty; and amazed
Back to their house they went. But I drew nigh
A second time, alone; Heart-broken now,
The bright day seeming blackest night to me,
The small birds mockers, and the City's noise—
Waking within the walls—hateful and vain.
Why should Earth wake, the Son of Man asleep
Or that great, guilty City rise and live,
With this dear Lord dead, in her stony skirts!
I fled, too, my last fond hope to lay him fair.
And kiss His wounded feet, and wash the blood
From the pierced palms, and comb His tangled hair
To comeliness, and leave Him—like a King—
To His forgetful Angels. Weeping hard
With these thoughts, like snake-fangs, stinging me,
My left hand on the stone I laid, and shut
The eager sunshine off with my right hand.
Kneeling, and looking in the sepulchre.
It was not dark within. I deemed at first
A lamp burned there, such radiance mild I saw,
Lighting the hewn walls, and the linen bands;
And, in one corner, folded by itself,
The face cloth. Coming closer, I espied
Two men who sate there very watchfully—
One at the head, the other at the foot
Of that stone table where my Lord had lain.
Oh! I say 'men'—I should have known no men
Had eyes like these, which smote me through
Tongues tuned to such a music as the tone
Wherewith they questioned me: 'Why weepest thou?'
'Ah, Sirs!' I said, 'my Lord is taken away,
Nor wot we whither!' and thereat my tears
Blotted all seeing. So, I turned to wipe
The hot drops off, and look! Another one
Standing behind me, and my foolish eyes
Held gazing on Him, and not knowing Him!
Indeed, I deemed this was the Gardener
Keeping the Trees and Tomb, so was He flesh:
So living, natural, and made like man
Albeit, if I had marked—but any ray
Of watchful hope had helped me—such a look,
Such Presence, beautiful and pure; such light
Of loveliest compassion in His face,
Had told my beating heart and blinded eyes
WHO this must be. But I, my brow i' the dust—
Heard Him say softly: 'Wherefore weepest thou?
Whom seekest thou?' A little marvelled I—
Still at His feet, too—to hear such words
As should ask this—the cold grave gaping near
And He its watchman; yet His accents glad;
Nay, each word sweet with secret resonance
Of joy shut in it; and a tender note
Of lightness, like the gentle fairy
Which bears ease, dissembling happiness.
Nathless, not lifting up my foolish head.
'Sir,' said I, 'if 'tis thou hast borne Him hence,
Tell me where thou hast laid Him. Then will I
bear Him away.'

"What answer came to that?"
Fetching deep breath, the Indian asked—
And she—
Her white arms wide out-raught—as if she saw
His feet again to clasp; her true knee bent
As, He were there, to worship; her great eyes
Shining with glow of fearless, faithful love,
As if, once more they looked him in the face,
And drank divinest peace—replied, elate:
"Ah, Friend!" such answer that my sadness turned
Gladness, as suddenly as grey as gold
When the sun springs in glory; such a word
As made my mourning laugh itself to nought
Like a cloud melting to the blue! One word
As, with more music than earth ever heard,
Set my swift-dancing veins full well aware
Why so the day dawned, and the city stirred,
And the vast life world went busy on,
And the birds carolled, and in palm-tree tops,
The wise doves cooed of love! Oh, a dear word
Spoke first to me, and, after me, to all,
That all may always know He is the Lord,
And death is dead, and new times come for
And heaven's ways justified, and Christ alive,
Whom we saw die, nailed on the cru l cross!
For, while I lay there, sobbing at His feet
The word He spake—my Lord! my King! my Christ!
Was my name:

"MARY!"

QUITE A LIVELY GUEST.

When People are Off Travelling They are Different From When at Home.

San Francisco Examiner.

"Yes," said the night clerk of the Golden Eagle, "you see some mighty queer kind of people in this business for a fact."

"Don't say?" we replied with interest, inasmuch as even the reminiscences of a night clerk as a mitigation of boredom of a temporary sojourn in Sacramento was "better than nothing," as the Baptist old lady said when her pastor informed her that the Methodists would be sent to Hades for 1,000 years any way.

"When people go off traveling they act differently from what they do at home," continued the N. C. thoughtfully. "You don't notice it so much in the day time. You've got to be on the night watch to see guests get off the reservation and have ghost dances."

"Do, eh?"

"That's what. F'instance, there was a tall, thin, kinder sad-looking chap put up here about three weeks ago, who was a high roller from 'way back. The very first night he got out on the Bad Lands and came back shouting. It took two porters and all the bell boys to get him upstairs to bed. The next night he went out to a chicken fight and licked a couple of hackmen on the way home. He was pretty warm, I tell you."

"Rather."

"The next night—it was 1 a. m.—he came in loaded, as usual. There was a theatrical troupe in town, and two of the actresses were about retiring as he passed up stairs whooping like a lot of Sioux chasing a sutler's wagon. He rapped on the actresses' door, and as they wouldn't open it, of course, he blew cigarette smoke through the keyhole and yelled 'Fire!'"

"Made a panic, didn't it?"

"That's no word for it. Looked like a sheet and pillow case party in an insane asylum. We read the riot act then, but he put up a warm talk with the proprietor and squared it somehow. He was a velvet talker, sure as you're born. The night after that he coaxed me into a dice game and skinned a hundred and sixty outer me quicker'n a wink."

"Made his expenses, eh?"

"Exactly. Well, the next morning he came down with his head swelled and his grip packed. He said he hated to leave us as he'd had such a quiet, pleasant, genial sort of time, but duty called him and he must away. So I made out his bill."

"Made it pretty large, too, didn't you?"

"Bout the usual—but wait; I handed him his account, and what do you think he said?"

"Can't imagine."

"Why, he said, 'Great Scott! don't you make a reduction to clergymen?'"

Pete Wasn't In It.

There was a meeting of the stockholders of a certain railroad in Jackson, Miss. A colored man crept up to the head of the stairs in the building where the meeting was in progress, and whisperingly asked of another colored man on duty there:

"Moses, has dey don woted to cut wages down?"

"Sah! What you talkin' 'bout! I doan' know you, sah!" pompously replied the other.

"You dun doan' know me?"

"No, sah!"

"Git out! Didn't I dun marry your sister Mary, an' hain't I workin' right in dis depot?"

"What's de name, sah?"

"Name! Name! Hain't I your brudder-law, Pete Williams?"

"An' is yo' one of de stockholders of dis railrode?"

"Ob co'se not."

"Kin you wote in dis meetin'?"

"No."

"Den, sah, I begs to inform, you, sah, dat arter we git frew purceedin' wid our purceeding we may decide to culminate de same to outsiders; an' if we do, sah, an' should happen to meet, sah, I shall be happy to particulate all de elucidashun incomprehensible wid our policy. Good day, sah!"

FOR THE CHILDREN.—Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a great favorite with mothers for their children, as many of them have learned from long experience in the use of it that it is reliable. It promptly cures their children of coughs and colds, prevents them from having the croup, or cures them of croup. They have also found that there is no danger in giving it even in large doses, and that it is pleasant for them to take. For sale by W. W. Irwin, C. R. Goetze, C. Schnepf, J. Klari, M. W. Heinrici, W. C. Armbrecht, C. Menkemeller, W. E. Williams, John Coleman, and S. L. Brice, druggists.

EXCITEMENT IN ROCHESTER.

The Commotion Caused by the Statement of a Physician.

An unusual article from the Rochester N. Y., *Democrat and Chronicle*, was recently published in this paper and was a subject of much comment. That the article caused even more commotion in Rochester, the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well-known not only in Rochester but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper, a few days since which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal inquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed necessary.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion, at his residence, when the following interview followed: "That article of yours, Doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. I was brought so low by neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the time; couldn't eat anything one day and was ravenous the next; felt dull pains and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious.

"The medical profession has been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of kidney disease more than a cough announces consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, pains about the body or other symptoms but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said that more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of diseases are torturing people to-day, while in reality are Bright's disease in some of its many forms. It is a Hydra-headed monster, and slighest symptoms should strike terror to everyone who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other common complaints which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy. I am getting my eyes thoroughly opened in this matter and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also."

Mr. Warner, who was visited at his establishment on N. St. Paul street, spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease had increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics, that from '70 to '80 its growth was over 250 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off, and is taking off every year, for while many are dying apparently of paralysis and apoplexy, they are really victims of kidney disorder, which causes heart disease, puralysis, apoplexy, etc. Nearly every week the papers record the death of some prominent man from this scourge. Recently, however, the increase has been checked, and I attribute this to the general use of my remedy."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have seen the unhealthy indications, I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command both left him, and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery; I have Bright's disease of the kidneys;' and in less than a year he was dead. The slightest indications of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to any one."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it?"

"It is very wonderful is it not."

"No more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means."

"You believe that Bright's disease can be cured?"

"I know it can. I know it from my own and the experience of thousands of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience, what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfitted for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty I thought there was little hope and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying: 'there goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proved true if I had not fortunately used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure."

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago, Doctor?' was asked Dr. S. A. Lattimore, one of the analysts of the State Board of Health."

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir, I did not think it possible."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?"

"I have chemically analyzed it and find it pure and harmless."

The standing of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question, and the statements they make cannot for a moment be doubted. Dr. Henion's experience shows that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, but that it can be cured if taken in time.

FINANCE AND TRADE.

Money at 2@2 1-2 Per Cent.—Governments Dull and Steady—Stocks Higher—Flour Unchanged—Wheat Lower.

NEW YORK, February 16.—Money on call easy, ranging from 2 to 2½ per cent; closed offered at 2½ per cent; prime mercantile paper 5@6 c. Sterling exchange, quiet at 483@487½.

GOVERNMENTS—Dull and steady.

Fours Registered	120
Four Coupons	120¾
Fours-and-a-half, Registered	101¾
Fours-and-a-half, Coupons	103
Pacific Sixes of '95	109

STATES—Dull and steady.

RAILROADS—Dull; sales, $1,091,000.

STOCKS—The stock market to-day showed no change in its general dullness and lack of character, but the temper of the speculation was decidedly stronger. The grangers, Goulds and Vanderbilts, led the upward movement in the general list, but the trading was almost entirely professional. The industrials were very dull. There was considerable covering of the shorts in Louisville, Union Pacific and Rock Island, but Pacific Mail was helped by favorable reports on the shipping bill again. The market closed dull but strong, at the best prices of the day, leaving most of the list fractionally higher. Sales 133,097 shares. Quotations closed bid:

Adams Express, 145; American Express, 115; Canada Pacific, 74½; Central Pacific, 2?; Chesapeake and Ohio, 18⅝; do first preferred, 53; do second preferred, 38; Chicago and Alton, 125; Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, 87½; Delaware and Hudson, 137½; Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, 137½; Denver and Rio Grande 13?⅝; Erie, 17⅝; do. preferred 30⅝; Ft. Wayne, 52; Illinois Central, 94½; Lake Shore, 3?⅝; Michigan Central, 91; Minneapolis and St. Louis, 4; do. preferred, 10; Missouri Pacific 67⅝; Northern Pacific 28⅛; do. preferred, 74⅝; Northwestern, 107⅝; do preferred, 135; New York Central, 102; Oregon Transcontinental, 18⅝; Pacific Mail, 37⅝; Peoria, Decatur and Evansville, 20¾; Pittsburg, 148; Pullman Palace Car, 190; Reading, 32⅜; Rock Island, 69¾; St. Louis and San Francisco, —; do preferred, —; do. first preferred, 5?; St. Paul, 55?⅛; do. preferred 113; St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba, 108½; St. Paul and Omaha, 24⅜; do preferred, 8?½; Texas Pacific, 14⅝; Union Pacific, 45⅜; United States Express, 67; Western Union, 81.

PRODUCE.

Pittsburg Produce Market.

PITTSBURG, February 16.—The egg market continues slow and weak, and, as will be noted, we have again reduced our quotations. While the receipts are not excessive they are in excess of present requirements, as retailers generally are buying only as their immediate actual wants necessitate. Butter is in fair request at quotations. Cheese continues to move freely, and prices are still tending upward. Poultry, both live and dressed, has been in scant supply all week, and for nice fresh stock strong prices are being realized. While potatoes continue to hold in price, dealers, almost without exception, continue to report a light demand. Green apples also move slowly. Cabbages dull and drooping, and the same is true of onions.

BUTTER—Fancy creamery, 31a32c; other brands, 25a27c; fancy country roll, 20a22c; choice country roll, 15a18c; low grades and cooking, 6a7c; grease, 3a4c.

CHEESE—Ohio full cream, mild, fall make, 10½a11c; New York, 11c; new Wisconsin Swiss, brick, 14½c; Wisconsin Sweitzer, in tubs, 14½a15c; Limberger, September make, 14c; Ohio Swiss, 12a14c, as to quality.

CIDER—Country, 3½ per barrel; refined, $3,50a12; crab, $8a9.

APPLES—Fancy red fruit $5 00a5 50 per bbl; choice stock, $4 25a4 50 per bbl; fair, $2 75a3 25 per bbl; common to fair, $2 50a2 75 per bbl.

POTATOES—Sales Irish from store in a jobbing way at $1 10a1 15 per bu; on track, $1 00a1 05, as to quality; Jersey sweets, $3 75a4 00 per bbl; small stock, $1 75a2 00 per bbl; Bermuda $8 00a9 00 per bbl.

SEEDS—Western recleaned medium clover jobbing at $4 90; mammoth, $5 15; timothy, $1 50a1 55 for prime, and $1 60 for choice; blue grass, $2 85a3 00; orchard grass, $1 90; millet, 75c; German, 90c; Hungarian, 90c; fine lawn, 25c per pound.

MAPLE SYRUP—New crop, 90c@$1 25 per gallon.

VEGETABLES—Cabbage, $1 50a2 00 per barrel; German cabbage, 12a13c per head; bulk cabbage, 4a5c per head; yellow Danver onions, $1 25a1 35; onions, $4 50a4 75 per barrel; celery, 25a35 per dozen; Spanish onions, $1 40a1 50 per bushel crate; rutabagas, 90c@$1 00 per barrel; turnips, purple top, per bushel 25a30c; parsnips, $2 00a2 25 per barrel.

DRIED FRUITS — Sun-dried peaches, halves, 9a10c; evaporated apples, 14¼a15c; apricots, 19a21c; blackberries, 9½a10c; California peaches, 18a22c; raspberries, 31a33c; evaporated whortleberries, 15½c; California nectarines, 19½a22c.

EGGS—Strictly fresh Pennsylvania and Ohio, in cases, 20a21c.

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR—2½a2¾c.

BUTTERINE—Extra live geese, 50a90c; No. 2 do. 80c; mixed, 35a36c.

POULTRY—Dressed chickens, drawn, old, 14a15c per pound; dressed duck, 15a16c per pound; dressed geese, 6a8c per pound; dressed turkeys, 17a18c per pound; live turkeys, 12a13c per pound; live chickens, old, 80a90c per pair, as to size; live ducks, 75a85c per pair; geese, $1 00a1 25 per p