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Oxygen Treatment of Dis-
eases and that by the use
of Drugs? It is an impor-
tant question.

Drugs are taken into
the stomach. For this reason
their action is not direct.
Compound Oxygen is taken
into the lungs, and there-
fore, comes immediately into
contact with and is absorbed
into the blood.

Drugs, being generally
poisons, act by causing a
disturbance in the body.
Compound Oxygen, being
composed of the elements
of the air, and acting upon
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objection.

But, however it may act,
it has certainly cured many
cases of chronic disease,
in which drugs have failed.
This is the point
of greatest interest to all
chronic sufferers. To all
such we say:

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pages, sent free. Read
for yourselves what Com-
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acts, and, above all, what it
has accomplished.

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Fresh and well
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Fruits and Vegetables Fresh Every Day

Atlantic City R. R.
Sept. 20, 1893.

DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.

Atlantic City R. R.

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THE FOXGLOVE MYSTERY.

Her hands with her sweet hands folded;
Her hair little head bowed low;
While dead vines tapped at the window
And the air was thick with snow.
Without, earth dumb with winter;
Within, hearts dumb with care;
And up through the laden alcove
Rose softly the baby's prayer.

"Bless all Whom I love, dear Father,
And help me be good," she said;
Then, stirred by a sudden to see,
She lifted the shining head.
She sat catch on the frozen maple
Some hint of the April green;
Or the breath of the woodland blossoms
The drifts of the snow between?

"The beautiful roses," she whispered,
"Flame the only color in the world;
They are tired of the white, white winter,
Oh! help them to grow in the spring;
And the flowers that I love to gather
Lord, bring them again to-day."
The dear little violet she sang,
Down deep in the ground to slay.

Ah! earth may be chill, with snowdrifts,
And hearts may be cold with care,
But wastes of frozen silence
Are crossed by the baby's prayer;
And lips that were dumb with sorrow
In jubilant song are singing,
For when earth is wrapped in winter,
In the heart of the Lord 'tis spring.

THE FOXGLOVE MYSTERY.

"I dunno as we've got nuttin' to give," said Farmer Foxglove, looking dubiously around the kitchen: "Philony, she don't believe in givin' much, unless it's through the 'Church Benevolent Guild.' And Seraphina isn't at home."

The Widow Waterman gave a little sniff of mingled deprecation and humility.

"Times is very bad with me, Mr. Foxglove," said she. "I haven't but ne-work since August, and there ain't nothin' to eat in the house."

"You don't tell me!" said the farmer, who was the softest-hearted of men.

"Here, give me your basket! Philony'll say I'm an old fool; but I don't care."

"There's them as has entertained angels unawares," whined the Widow Waterman, as she sidled into the room, and held out her talon-like fingers to the fire of good pine logs which was crackling and sputtering cheerfully on the hearth.

Anything less akin to the angelic tribe than Mrs. Waterman could scarcely be imagined as she sat there with bedragged gown, bonnet bent in a onesided fashion over her eyes, and a gawking rag of a shawl pulled across her scant shoulders.

But Mr. Foxglove, honest man, saw only her poverty and destitution.

With a trepidation not unlike the sensation of a schoolboy who robs an orchard for the first time, he went into the buttern and helped himself to half a cold roast fowl, a loaf of rye-bread, a goodly wedge of yellow butter out of a covered jar, and three-quarters of a juicy apple.

"I'll keep her for twenty-four hours at least," he thought.

And then he began Mrs. Foxglove's special tin tea caddy, and fished a handful of the fragrant dried leaves, which he wrapped up in brown-paper and put beside the other viands.

"I dunno what Phileny will say," he thought; "but there! I ain't made of stum, nor yet of cast-iron and steel filin', and I can't stand by and see a fellow cussar starve, no matter how shiftless and good for nothin' he is."

And, chancing to notice how thin and inadequate the old woman's shawl was, he recklessly took down an old bombazine cloak, originally a bright brown, but now faded in as many streaks as a zebra's hide, which had hung from time immemorial in the back entry.

"There ain't no more use in this old duds," he muttered, as he made her cold out. "And if Phileny makes funs, I'll give her a new blanket shawl!"

Mrs. Waterman went off rejoicing.

And when the first glow of satisfaction had faded out of Farmer Foxglove's soul, a dreadful fear took possession of him.

"What will Phileny think?" said he. "I guess, upon the whole, that I won't say nothin' about it."

Presently, Mrs. Foxglove and Seraphina came home from the weekly meeting of the Society for the Helpers of the Heathen, in jubilant spirits.

"George Peterson was there," said Mrs. Foxglove. "He said he came after his aunt, but it was my belief he wanted to walk home with Seraphina. Just as if our gal was goin' to keep company with a fellow like that, as hasn't got a penny in the world, and works at the saw-mill for a dollar a day! Not if I know it!"

"Certainly not," said the farmer, in a conciliatory tone.

But Seraphina only hung down her head, and said nothing.

"La, me!" said Mrs. Foxglove, from the kitchen. "What has come to things! Here's the cold chicker and

the apple-pomegranate, and the apples!—"

"Y-yes," said the "I—I got sort o' I'd just take a smacker—"

"Couldn't you have per time?" said severely.

Her husband was just postin'—he is—"

Recording Angel—"

roads falsehood, of charity, so that none the gainer by the action? It was so what was right.

"I was calculating for supper," said "Now we shall have cold-bitted pork and don't s'pose, Nehemiah eat much?"

"No, of course."

"Mrs. who was voracious."

"Where's the bonnet?" said Seraphina, after frugal supper, as she pail. "It's raining co-ows—haven't come yet."

"I'll go arter er furmore, waiting?"

"With your head," said Seraphina, have become of the I left it here this morn'g."

"If I had a pair of said Mrs. Foxglove, rescue and viewin' pegs, with an eagle's deatner, Nehemiah's husband, "that come keep house. You see the hole the door-egs got in and robbed?"

"I'll do just step for some more logs, thankful for the love, was opened for him gone long."

"That's till," said with a tone of con- I do wonder at you, four-year-old child, to be so much of a spoons at once?"

The farmer wriggled cushioned rocking chair.

"I wish old himself been in Jerico, a-corrin' he said to himself would stay at home things herself. It'll I'll ever get caught."

Meanwhile pretty softly to herself, fol- shawl around her, and went out to the barn after the truant cow.

Old Tulip's calf the silver-stemmed bill? They were always ward path, but Seraphina necessarily on the minute at the foot of a bawling brook.

All was still and frosty sweetness was and the only visible further down the plug out water.

Suddenly there a strong, swift and gliding down the dead leaves in its path.

Seraphina's eyes color rose into her cheeks. There he come mured. "There's co-

To her surprise the cavalier did nothing, but stayed his step woman below.

"He is throwing neck," thought in "He is—yes, he is a Are men absolutely faithfulness in this? But don't care!"

"I'll sure it don't me. No more heatba cows, Seraphina h and finished the h than it had ever tal She was just carr pail, when a tall g "Seraphina!"

"Pray don't trou to me, ah," said S of the head. "Or he me Mrs. Foxglove, me And Seraphina v ches door.

"What's the m her mother, notel movements and he "Nothing mat!"

It was getting to Mr. Foxglove had one or two surre wife read the news on obvious accents, at stockings, when the the door.

Mrs. Foxglove stood the Widow limp bonnet and in "I hope I ain't Waterman, "but bombazine cloak,

of the soldiers on the Russian front. Every dollar of this money is paid for the people in the shape of taxes. It is an enormous burden on the country and does not decrease. Perhaps a little more money expended for the effort to make the "white" feel supporting and a little less in encouraging the spirit of laziness that has overtaken the once proud warrior of the plains, would lead in the end to more satisfactory results.

Royal Inter-marriages

If any two of the leading states of Europe were to go to war with each other it would virtually be a war of relatives, for the reigning families of the Continent and of England are so thoroughly intermarried that the fight would be all in the family, though, unfortunately, it could not be kept there. For instance, the Emperor of Austria is married to a daughter of the King Maximilian of Mexico, while the King of the Netherlands is married to a daughter of the former King of Naples, and a cousin is the wife of the King of Spain. Besides these there are twenty-six other Grand Dukes and Duchesses who are married in almost every court in Europe. The royal family of Denmark is also widely connected, the heir apparent to the throne being married to the daughter of the King of Sweden and Norway, while the Prince of Wales, the third child, is King of Greece and has' married a Russian Grand Duchess, the fourth is now the Empress of Russia, and the fifth is married to the English Duke of Cumberland. The German Imperial family is large, but not widely married. The heir to the throne is married to Princess Victoria, of England, and most of the rest are married into German noble families. The royal family of England is so extensively married. The Princess Victoria is to be Empress of Germany as stated. The Prince of Wales has Danish Princess for a wife. The Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh is married to the daughter of the Queen. Princess Helena is married to Prince Christian, of Denmark, and Prince Arthur to Princess Louise of Prussia. There are besides quite a number of Princesses and Princesses who are married and have been married, among the royal families of Europe. The nicks of these royal families of Russia have been in Germany, though the Princess of Wales is the Empress of Russia. The Duke of Edinburgh has taken a Princess to wife. It was no matter what wars should be of war break out, relatives of one found fighting against the other as vigorously as if they were of different nations. It is said that one of the most powerful influences for peace lately, both in Russia and in England, have been to two Danish ladies, one of whom shares the throne of Russia, the other being the wife of the Prince of Wales. The story is pretty, but more. It is not at all likely that the two nations are ready for war, will forbear because their royal families chance to be related. The influence of relatives seldom being strong enough to bring on a war, seldom has it been able to secure peace.

Inadequate Nourishment.

It is surprising that so many poor people who live in the midst of abundance pass through life with inadequately nourished bodies. They do not get sufficient food for their needs, and are exhausted and tongue-tied. The mind is inert and the body is languid. The reason of this lack of appetite is not far to seek. The palate has become weary of the eternal sameness of the average dinner. The monotonous joint of beef or mutton, varied occasionally by poultry, becomes almost revolting, and is only eaten to keep body and soul together. It is not tight, of course, to live to eat, but neither can the best be gotten out of the other one. The only way to live. The golden mean in this respect is what should be sought. This may best be found by adding variety to the bill of fare. There are an endless number of so-called "made dishes" that are wholesome and appetizing. Against them an ignorant prejudice is widely cherished, but they are admirably adapted nevertheless to stimulate and refresh the palate which has lost its zest for the more substantial food upon which the changes have been rung in a miserable monotonous for ages.

Famine.

A pepper famine is said to be imminent. The average consumption of the world is 22,300 tons, most of which comes from Malabar, Lampung, the Straits and the Cape of Good Hope. During the coming year the available supply will not exceed 20,500 tons, and may be still further reduced to 15,000 or 16,000 tons by the Dutch blockade of the Achen coast.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Be fearful only of thyself.
Humanity is the equity of the heart.
Nature is commanded by obeying her.

It is much safer to obey than to govern.
Pleasure is the reward of admiration.

Habit, if not restrained, soon becomes necessity.
One hand cannot expiate the wrong of the other.

Speak well of your friends—of your enemy say nothing.
The world is undone by looking at things at a distance.

Flowers, leaves, fruit are the air-woven children of light.
Without steady, hard work it is impossible to excel in anything.

Manner is one of the greatest engines of influence ever given to man.
When you bury animosity, never mind putting up a tombstone.

If men do us an evil turn, we write it in marble if a good one, in dust.
It is better to make penitents by gentleness than hypocrites by severity.

"The most unpropitious mode of enlightenment nowadays is a 'warm spell.'"
Hidden virtue is often despised, inasmuch as nothing extols it in our eyes.

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.
We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults.

It is a shameful thing to be weary of inquiry when what we search for is excellent.
When men are the most sure and arrogant, they are commonly the most mistaken.

Modesty is to worth what shadows are in painting; she gives to it strength and softness, and yet we amend not our own faults.

Men seldom improve when they have no other models than themselves to copy after.
Truth should never strike her top-sails in complacency to ignorance or stupidity.

It is difficult to persuade mankind that the love of justice is the love of life.
The astronomer dreams of a giant in a blue suit and a sword in his hand.

The earnest and best way to do a future duty will be to do a present one.
The brilliant qualities of a man are not sustained by a weak character.

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CHARLES WILLIAMS.

Charles Williams thus writes on the death of General Gordon: "Mr. Williams' story, fortified by data of his own observation, is a masterpiece of having had command, but strong in influence at the House of Lords, was under the hand of the nobleman, who, by a short technical accident Lord Wolsey, in his general orders, not having named a second in command, the direction to come to Sir Charles Wilson. On Wednesday January 21st, he was on the Nile near Metemeh, where Lord Charles Balfour had two steamers already examined and repaired by naval artificers. Before three o'clock on that afternoon they could have started for Khartoum, but did not go, though their departure was urged by Khartoum. Sir Charles Wilson insisted on stopping for the night just above the camp, under the plea of wooding the vessels, which he did to at Khartoum on Saturday. Sir Charles Wilson insisted on stopping for the night just above the camp, under the plea of wooding the vessels, which he did to at Khartoum on Saturday. Sir Charles Wilson insisted on stopping for the night just above the camp, under the plea of wooding the vessels, which he did to at Khartoum on Saturday.

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OF NAPLES.

Of Naples' 480,000 population, 350,000 live underground in noisome cellars. Crime is so rampant that in many thickly populated quarters of the city highway robberies are of frequent occurrence. The lawless element, a living and they are going to get it. Dealing the criminals gives occupation to 11,000 lawyers of the Italian school, who work according to a Cincinnati Enquirer correspondent, for fees ranging from five cents upward. Asking an official what per cent of the population were of the had class, his answer implied that about eleven-tenths came under that head.

At any rate the police of Naples assume that every man is a thief, and when they take a prisoner the government sets to work might and main to convict him, and sometimes for a period of from a week to ten days is confined to see his friends or get counsel. He is to stay in jail as if buried. There is no bail in Italy. The offender is first taken before the instructing judge and closely examined. Here he is subjected to a condemning examination, during which he is worried and hurried until he doesn't know what he is talking about, while his lawyer argues he is on, and he confesses to seven murders. A scriver seated behind a curtain takes down all the poor wretch says. When the government has got the case solid it lets the prisoner hire a cheap lawyer, and then takes a hand with him in conducting the case.

During this time his friends and relatives have not had the slightest idea of his whereabouts. Failing to convict, the prisoner is not freed altogether, but is released on parole, and he is kept under surveillance day and night until such time as the provisional council gives the case up as hopeless and restores him to full liberty. The United States Consul gave your correspondent this illustrative case. An innocent American woman residing in Naples, accused of complicity in the theft of 20,000, was visited on the morning of March 18th. She was first taken to an institution called Santa Maria, and from there was afterwards transferred to the House of Detention, where within the same month she was secretly examined by the chief of police.

Arriving long afterwards at an alleged conclusion, he sent her to prison. Two months more she was kept in jail, took a private view of the case, and the United States Consul, then getting wind of the affair took vigorous measures in her behalf, and in July she was released on parole, but not until two men were arrested and judged. A theft had been committed, and as the government had to have a prisoner of some kind, they took her to a prison, and she was kept there until she was released. She was first taken to an institution called Santa Maria, and from there was afterwards transferred to the House of Detention, where within the same month she was secretly examined by the chief of police.

Look at the list. Elizabeth of England, one of the most illustrious of modern sovereigns. Her rule over Great Britain certainly comprised the most brilliant brilliancy of the English monarchy. Her reign was marked by a certain purity to some severe tests as that of any other ruler the world ever saw. Maria Edgeworth was an old maid. It was the very essence of her life. This first suggested the thought of writing similarly to Sir Walter Scott. Her brain might well be called the mother of the Mervyns. Maria Edgeworth was an old maid. It was the very essence of her life. This first suggested the thought of writing similarly to Sir Walter Scott. Her brain might well be called the mother of the Mervyns.

Between the mouth of the Mississippi and Galveston, about ten or fifteen miles to the southwest of Sabine pass is a place in the Gulf of Mexico, which is commonly called the "Oil Ponds" by the people in that locality. There is no land within five miles, and yet such is the effect of the oil thus cast upon the water by the lavish hand of nature that the water is so thick with it that it is as solid as a block. The oil is comparatively smooth, and so well is it known that when the small vessels that trade between Beaumont and Galveston fail to make a harbor at Galveston or Sabine they run off for the oil wells, let go their anchors and ride out the gale in safety. The oil is comparatively smooth, and so well is it known that when the small vessels that trade between Beaumont and Galveston fail to make a harbor at Galveston or Sabine they run off for the oil wells, let go their anchors and ride out the gale in safety.

A starling in the Open Gulf.

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POLENTINO.

Potent soft soap for lubricating purposes may be easily made in this way: Dissolve twenty pounds of pure caustic soda in two gallons of soft water in any iron or earthenware vessel. Add to this solution caustic soda in the form of any animal or vegetable oil heated to about 400° Fahrenheit, pouring the oil into the 1½ in a small stream, and keeping up a constant stirring until the two are thoroughly combined and the mass is quite smooth. Ten minutes will suffice for the operation. Cover the vessel with blankets to keep in the heat, and leave the mixture in a water bath for three days. The result will be 120 pounds of the finest concentrated soft soap, pure and free from adulteration. Notice being useful for lubricating machinery this soap serves well for washing flannels and greasy and stained articles in cold water.

Magio Photographs.—Magio photographs, in which the image is developed by tobacco smoke, have been lately supplied in the various tobacco shops on the European continent. A cigarette mouthpiece is provided, and with it are some white photographic papers and a box of chemicals. The cigarette is placed over a lateral orifice in the mouthpiece, and a sliding piece drawn over it. After smoking, one finds the image on the paper. The cigarette is placed over a lateral orifice in the mouthpiece, and a sliding piece drawn over it. After smoking, one finds the image on the paper. The cigarette is placed over a lateral orifice in the mouthpiece, and a sliding piece drawn over it. After smoking, one finds the image on the paper.

The Scientific American says: "The history of the oil trade in this country dates from the early days of the settlement of the oil regions, to deprecate the value of the oil above ground (80,000,000 barrels) 80 cents per barrel, or a total richness of \$3,000,000,000. The oil is now being produced in the oil regions, to deprecate the value of the oil above ground (80,000,000 barrels) 80 cents per barrel, or a total richness of \$3,000,000,000. The oil is now being produced in the oil regions, to deprecate the value of the oil above ground (80,000,000 barrels) 80 cents per barrel, or a total richness of \$3,000,000,000.

All know that air has weight, but one is apt to have rather vague ideas as to the weight of comparatively limited quantities of air. The weight of one cubic foot of air is about 1.3 grams, or something over one ounce. About 56 cubic feet of air weigh one pound. A cubic foot of air weighs 1.3 grams, or something over one ounce. About 56 cubic feet of air weigh one pound. A cubic foot of air weighs 1.3 grams, or something over one ounce. About 56 cubic feet of air weigh one pound.

Good solid food, then, and nutritious foods are essential to him who would give force to the labors of his brain. Tea may appear, in the eyes of some, a more harmless drink than beer; yet the tea-drinker's thoughts might not outlive the time they took to write them. Dean Swift, it is true, was fond of his cup of tea; but it was not for the sake of the tea that he wrote his writings with enough freshness and vigor to enable them to stand while the world lasts.

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THE INFLUENCE OF FOOD.

The influence of food on the mind, and its power—according to its purity or impurity—to corrupt or purify the heart, has been asserted time and again; and the assertion is too well sustained by every day observations to be attributed to the outflow of mere metaphysical speculation. The world contains, according to Hannah Moore, but two evils: Sin and bile; and the conclusion is logical, that if good 'cooking'—which means, as a consequence, good and proper food—were universal, it would have neither evil; for bad food is the prolific source of bile and hile. If we are to believe the theory of certain scientists the foundation of all sin, and, indeed, there is no reason why we should not adopt the above theory as sound. In the administration of justice in our criminal courts, jurists are becoming more and more satisfied, from the evidence of medical witnesses and experts, to treat it that crime may owe its origin as much to a diseased body as a disordered mind; esteeming the connection between the mind and body to be so close that if the latter is shackled with disease, it is hardly possible for the former to be free and therefore responsible for the acts of its owner.

If food, then, is so double in its effect in other words controlling the action both of body and mind, it is rather safe to say that the brain can't escape, therefore, that the effusion of writers derive their quality from the character of that which they habitually selected for nourishment, whether this be in eating or drinking. "He who drinks beer, thinks beer," is a lovely proverb, but one, nevertheless, whose force and truth will become plain, even to the cursory reader of current and past literature. The coarseness, pugnacity and sensuality—not unmarked with vigor—which characterize Elizabethan literature, indicate the manner of life in that beer-drinking age, and show a strong contrast with the polished manners of later-day brains, when wine had superseded beer as an accustomed drink, smoothing the coarseness without injuring the vigor of thought and expression. We make no illusions here to Shakespeare. He is an example, we leave to the impudent and impatient criticism of bolder pens than ours; yet there is doubt but he flourished a century later, the demands of an age made more refined by a change in dietary rules, would have rendered it unnecessary for him to "prostitute his greatness and mar his beauties" with that for which the discrimination of future ages was to be too narrow and unjust to make any allowance. Like his sovereign and all her subjects, he, too, was a lover of beer, and to that fact may be attributed another, that he infused his writings with enough freshness and vigor to enable them to stand while the world lasts.

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LUNGS BREATHING NOISE.

Think of me, nearest,
Somehow I feel
Not when I am
Singing at a feast
Not when some triumph
Flashes by my side
Teaching my bosom
Victory's glow.
Pride thinks not kindly—
Loves boldness blithely
Tells that have been:
Only when passion
Nurtures to rest,
Can tender passions
Brood in thy breast.

When winds of heaven
Whisper of love
Dimple above,
And softly sigh,
Lull and glen,
Then is love's holiday—
Think of me then.

MY BEAUTIFUL RUBY.

"And this is her picture, Miss Monna, the picture of the adopted daughter you loved better than all the world beside—and look! How beautiful she was! Oh, how beautiful!"
The speaker drew a long, long breath, and stood with clasped hands and blue eyes riveted upon the oil-painting which hung in a picture-gallery in a pleasant sitting-room.
I was a lonely old woman, lonely and heart-broken, since my child had left me. I had been married for many years, but I had never loved my husband. I had been married for many years, but I had never loved my husband. I had been married for many years, but I had never loved my husband.

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