### Helpless Upon a Friendless Sea.

Who, in taking passage in a great trans-Atlantic steamer does not feel a thrill of exultation over her magnificent power. Against her the Storm King may hurl his elemental forces, nor pierce her armor, nor stop her onward course.

But let me describe a scene when, one morning in mid-ocean, there came an alarm from the pilot house followed by a cry: 'The ship's rudder is lost!' From the confident expression, consternation came to every face. The wheelman being helpless to direct her course, the vessel was at the mercy of wind and wave.

The captain had been negligent—the hangings of the rudder were allowed to wear weak, and suddenly it had dropped deep into the sea!

Strong in intellect, in physical vigor, in energy and in ambition, man confronts, undaunted, gigantic tasks and commands applause for his magnificent achievements. But, all unexpectedly, an alarm comes—the rudder of his constitution is gone. He has been careless of its preservation; mental strain, nervous excitement, irregular habits, over work, have destroyed the action of his kidneys and liver. This would not occur were Warner's safe cure used to maintain vigor. And even now it may restore vitality to those organs and give back to the man that which will lead him to the haven of his ambition. —*The Traveler.*

Drinking salt water will cure lunacy, according to a theory elaborated by the secretary of the London swimming school.

**FOR DISEASES** of horses and cattle, nothing compares with Veterinary Carbolisalve. It is the only preparation that leaves no scar and invariably grows the hair in its original color. Sold by druggists at 50 cents and $1.00.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya" made by Caswell Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

**HalfordSauce** Expressly for family use. Only sold in bottles. Best and cheapest.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
**Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,**
AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
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BROWN'S
IRON
Trade Mark QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.
BITTERS
—THE BEST TONIC.
PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

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☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

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FOR THE BLOOD TAKE HOPS & MALT BITTERS, FOR DYSPEPSIA

If you wish a **certain cure for all Blood** diseases. Nothing was ever invented that will cleanse the Blood and purify the System equal to **Hops and MALT Bitters.** It **tones** up the **System,** puts new **Blood** in your **veins,** restores your **lost appetite** and **sleep,** and brings you **perfect health.** It never fails to give relief in all cases of **Kidney or Liver Troubles, Biliousness, Indigestion,** Constipation, Sick Headaches, **Dyspepsia,** Nervous disorders, and all **Female Complaints;** when properly taken it is a sure cure. Thousands have been **benefited** by it in this and other Western States. It is the **best** Combination of **Vegetable** remedies as yet discovered for the restoration to health of the **Weak** and **Debilitated.** Do not get **Hops and MALT Bitters** confounded with inferior preparations of similar name. I prescribe Hops & Malt Bitters regularly in my practice. Robert Turner, M. D., Flat Rock, Mich. For sale by all druggists.

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HAY FEVER

I have been a Hay-Fever sufferer three years; I have often heard Ely's Cream Balm spoken of in the highest terms, did not take much stock in it because of the many quack medicines. A friend persuaded me to try the Balm, and with wonderful success.—T. S. GEER, Syracuse, N. Y.

**Cream Balm** has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use.

Price 50c. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

HAGAN'S
Magnolia Balm
is a secret aid to beauty. Many a lady owes her freshness to it, who would rather not tell, and *you can't* tell.

### LIFE'S DAY.

Into the field of life we pass
At early morn. The jeweled grass
With sunbeams kissed spreads at our feet;
And youth, like morn, all pure and sweet
And bright is filled with rosy dreams;
While in the purple heavens gleams
The star of fortune and of fame,
And in its light we read a name—
O dream, most sweet, it is our own:
More glorious still, it shines alone!

The sun speeds on; the star no more
Is seen. Illusive dreams are o'er.
Fortune and fame so coy and fleet
But mock our weary, way-worn feet
Ambition's fairest prize has flown;
A name appears, but not our own.

What have we then for all our pains?—
For all our prayers? Are there no grains
Of good to show? Has all been lost
In that our cherished plans are crossed,
And dissipated each fond dream
As snow flakes melt within the stream!

Ah, no! See how our souls are filled
With wealth of harvests we have tilled;
With meekness, patience, love and truth;
Blest springs of everlasting youth;
Bright jewels of the crown within;
Ripe fruit of life's sharp discipline;
Of which there dawns the twilight gray
Of day that dies not with the day.

—*George W. Crofts, in The Current.*

### THE YOUNG TEACHER.

It was the evening of the commencement exercises at Mrs. Weston's large boarding school.

All was noise and excitement. The pupils were flying about in a flutter of anxiety, and in various stages of incompleted toilette.

"What have you done with my flowers, Nell? There, how provoking! You have tipped over my powder. Your elbows are always in the wrong place!" quoth Miss Lydia Holcamp, one of the older girls, her temper getting the better of her. "Dear me! There, I'm ready at last. I wonder where that Miss Barker is. I want her to give me another drilling in that recitation. I dressed early on purpose, and now I suppose she will be away prinking her dollyfied self!"

"Dear me, Lydia, you have had more instructions on your recitation than any of the rest have had on theirs. I should think it would be better to study by yourself, and let Miss Barker have a little rest. The poor thing is overworked."

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Miss Holcamp with a sneer; "she likes to show off, that is all. If she didn't like it she wouldn't be a teacher of elocution."

Thus speaking, Lydia Holcamp departed to seek her instructress in elocution—an art upon which the young lady prided herself.

Lydia was especially anxious to distinguish herself to-night, for the reason that among those present she expected there would be a certain Mr. Harry Quintard, a member of a wealthy family whom she had visited during her vacation.

Her own father was a rich man, and the families had always been on terms of friendship.

Harry and his sister she knew would come, and failure was not to be thought of. But Miss Barker's services were not to be secured; she was engaged with some of the younger pupils.

"You can not see Miss Barker," remarked the preceptress. "You will have no difficulty with your piece, Miss Holcamp, unless you fail to remember certain passages. If I recollect correctly Miss Barker advised you to make sure of those points. Have you done so?"

"Oh! I remember it perfectly!" answered Miss Holcamp with confidence. "But I wished Miss Barker to show me how to fall into that dramatic attitude which I like so much."

"Think of what you are saying Miss Holcamp, and that will aid you to the expression. Miss Barker can not give all her time to one."

Lydia went pouting away.

The evening anvanced, the guests assembled, and at last Lydia's turn to recite arrived.

She was a girl of most remarkable assurance, and she went fearlessly on untill suddenly her memory failed her.

It was what the teachers had feared.

Miss Holcamp had some ability, they said, but no application. She was no student.

She glanced helplessld toward Miss Barker, who prompted her. Again she went on. Again she stopped for want of words.

At last, after several promptings, she came to the end of her selection.

Miss Barker had retreated behind the draperies, sore and disappointed that one of her most promising pupils had thus failed.

"It was all your fault," burst forth Lydia, "you hateful, disagreeable thing! I believe you were jealous, and meant I should fail, when you went and hid yourself away with those children to-night. You knew I needed another lesson."

The fair little teacher turned pale and trembled. She was not accustomed to such language. Most of her pupils were kind and obedient.

She was slim, and young, and pretty, this teacher and a great student and worker. All the teachers respected and liked her.

"You have made me fail, and I hope I may never see your face again!" concluded Lydia as she flounced away.

Just outside of the draperies stood a handsome young man. He heard the abuse lavished upon the young teacher, and his lip curled.

"Who is the tall fair girl in grey?" he had inquired during the evening.

"Miss Barker the teacher of elocution," had been the reply.

He started.

"Is it possible?" said he. "She appears as young as the pupils."

Not one word came from Miss Baker's lips now, but he heard teachers and scholors exclaiming that it was a shame after the attention she had lavished upon Miss Holcamp during the past term.

Mr. Harry Quintard (for he it was who had overheard Miss Holcamp) made his way to the preceptress when the exercises were over, and asked her for an introduction to Miss Barker.

"Ah, you mustn't be making love to my pet teacher, Mr. Quintard," said the lady, with an arch glance and an admonitory tap of her fan.

Nevertheless, Mr. Harry Quintard was presently seated by the side of "pretty Miss Barker," as nearly all called her in the school.

She looked a little pale and wearied, and Harry noticed that her hands trembled.

"No wonder," he thought.

"It must be very exhausting work, teaching all those great girls," he said. "I should dearly like to hear you recite something yourself."

The eyes which looked into "pretty Miss Barker's," were frank and admiring.

At this moment, his sister came up to them. She looked cold, and drew her brother aside. She had left Lydia, who had recently joined her, and wanted her brother to come to them.

"Lyd," said she, "is only a teacher in the school, Hal. Come with us."

"You will have to excuse me for the present," said Hal, who saw that others were making their way to Miss Barker's seat, "unless you and Lydia will join us, for I like Miss Barker very much. She is a perfect lady."

And Hal kept his word. He kept by the little teacher's side for the rest of the evening, much to Lydia's chagrin.

"Tell me, where will you spend your vacation?" he asked at parting.

She colored as she replied:

"I'm going to a very lonely place in the country, and shall spend the time in working very hard."

"But why not rest?" he added; "you need rest, surely. "Tell me then," he added, "where you will go, that I may hope to see you again?"

She shook her head.

"It is best not," she said.

"What!" he exclaimed; "have I then treated you so badly that you will never see me again."

Miss Barker's eyes fell, and again the warm color came over cheek and forehead.

"There is a lady who was once very kind to me," she said, who lives very humbly among the mountains of Cumberland, and I am going to spend my summer with her. In the autumn I hope to begin a new phase of my art. You see I am poor, Mr. Quintard, and depend upon my exertions for a living."

She looked straight into her companion's eyes as she spoke, and Harry Quintard read there both determination and pride. The expression included something else, too. It said, "You know now my circumstance, and also that I wish you to know them."

Harry's eyes, however, never faltered beneath hers. They grew earnest and ardent.

"Will you give me the name of the place?" he asked gravely, and yet in a pleading voice.

She wrote the address upon a small card and gave it to him.

* * * * *

It was a month later that Harry Quintard entered the parlor of one of the most fashionable hotels in Keswick.

It was a popular resort among the lake tourists, and to-night there was a grand reception going on.

Music and recitations were to be followed by dancing in the ballroom.

Someone was singing as he went in, and presently a murmur ran through the throng as a lady, young, fair as the morn and graceful as a willow, was led forward and received with a greeting of warm applause.

What was there about this charming vision that sent Harry's blood tingling through his veins with a wild pleasureable thrill?

Sleeping or waking he had scarcely once lost his fair face from his mental sight since last they had met.

Yet—what could this mean? This brilliant entree among people of wealth and position? He had thought again and again of their meeting. He had fancied all kinds of rural scenes—places isolated and beautiful, yet wild withal, with none but himself to admire the charming face and form that had so bewitched him; but to meet her thus, surrounded by an eulogic crowd—this indeed he had never thought of.

Later he made his way to her side. She had not forgotten him, that was plain. Nay, more, Harry saw that the surprise was also a pleasure.

The rosebud face with its spirituelle light, was lifted to his, above her raiment of pale blue, and Harry knew that the excitement of her success made her radiant, yet under all that the young man felt there lurked a deeper pleasure at their meeting.

"I gave some recitations in the town near where I was stopping," said Linda Barker, in explanation; "I saw the minister there, and he arranged to give me the church." The form of the young artist grew dignified and grave as she thus recorded her business proceedings. "The people who heard me were so kind as to invite me to recite for them, and so it happens I am here. I shall be kept very busy, I trust, this summer."

Mr. Quintard looked down in open admiration of this darling young girl with her baby face.

"Then I am to be cheated out of those coveted woodland rambles. I have been counting upon them ever since we parted."

Linda smiled.

"If you knew my history, Mr. Quintard, you would say that I was not, indeed, born for my present surroundings."

"They become you so well that I could never think that," he replied.

They were now away from the crowd.

"Linda," he said, "before I leave you to-night I want you to promise me something. I want you to promise you will marry me in the autumn."

"But how could that be, Mr. Quintard? Even were you not the affianced of another, your family would never regard me as a suitable mate for you."

"Affianced to another!" Harry was so bewildered that he could only repeat her words. "What do you mean?"

Before she could reply a voice sounded at their side. They had thought themselves alone.

"Yes, Harry Quintard—dare you deny it?"

It was Lydia Holcamp who stood there before them and thus accused him.

Had Harry Quintard not once heard Lydia's abuse of her teacher, he would indeed have been dumbfounded. As it was, he read the game in a trice.

"Yes, madam, I do deny it," he ejaculated, looking Lydia straight in the face.

He had heard his sister say that Miss Holcamp was sojourning in the mountains, but he had not troubled himself to enquire where.

Lydia, however, was not to be thwarted in her purpose.

"Do you deny this, too?" and she coolly read a portion of a letter containing vows of affection, and having for a signature his own name.

"It is a base forgery, and you know it, woman!" cried Harry, almost beside himself with her persistency. And let me tell you at once, before you go any further, that I can very easily prove it to Miss Barker, if in no other way, through my own writing."

He had taken the letter from her hand.

"There is a very palpable difference between this writing and my own—see!"

He showed Linda one that he took from his pocket as he spoke.

Linda turned toward him a pale but trusting face.

He was trembling from head to feet with indignation. She laid her hand on his arm and whispered:

"Come, I believe you," and while the girl's mocking laugh followed them they left the room.

Once away from her, Harry clasped Linda to his breast.

"Tell me," he cried, "do you really trust me? Do you know that girl fabricated that story because she hates you?"

"And loves you," murmured Linda, with downcast lids.

"And in your eyes does that excuse her? Tell me, do you love me, Linda—darling, answer me?"

"I can not answer you until you hear my story," faltered Linda, drawing away from him and sinking into a seat.

She had grown pale, and her eyes were suffused with tears.

"Hear the blunt truth. I am the daughter of a coal miner."

Harry heard with profound astonishment, it is true, but he did not start from her—a smile, indeed, dawned upon his face.

"You remind me of something which perhaps I ought to have told you," he said. "My grandfather was a poor carpenter, my father began his career in my grandfather's shop. From that he became a builder, and is now to be sure a rich contractor. So you see I am not much in advance of you in that respect."

Both laughed, but Linda said:

"Ah, but with you all has been different. You have been well educated, and your wealth would enable you to make a rich match. I have had to earn money while striving to educate myself. I worked in a factory for two years, when father died. He was killed in a mine, and as my mother was also dead, I was left alone. I had attended the common school, and was there encouraged to recite. I saved money and went to Manchester, and worked for one year in a factory there. While in that city I attended every free entertainment, and studied much at night. At last I applied for a position to teach, and secured it. Then you met me."

"My noble girl," cried Harry, "I would rather have you for my wife to-day than any petted idle darling of luxury that I ever heard of."

Harry Quintard meant what he said, and Linda Barker knew it.

He stooped his face till his lips met hers in a long kiss.

Thus the daughter of a miner and the grandson of a carpenter betrothed themselves in true modern fashion.

And among the circles of fashion and art to-day there walks no more perfect lady than Mrs. Harry Quintard.
—*Alfred Crayon.*

### Hide and Seek.

Of all the good old games of childhood give me "Hide and Seek" in grandpa's old barn, with the rain pattering down outside and all nice and dry inside. In dry weather we boys and girls used to play it around the house and sheds. Some one would begin to count, "Monkey, monkey, bottle of beer. How many monkeys are there here? One, two, three! Out goes he!" untill all but one were counted out. The one left would shut his eyes, lean up against a shed or post and begin to count one hundred. The whole crowd would then scatter like scared sheep and hide. After counting one hundred the seeker would remark—"A bushel of wheat, A bushel of rye—All who ain't ready holler I." And then he would poke around as near the goal as possible, and look in rat holes, behind sheds, fences and bushes, and walk on his toes and twist his mouth every time he gave a squint.

One day we boys and girls were playing, and I was looking for a new place to hide in. I found it. An old, blue rain barrel, full of water a month old and with an odor about ten pounds to the square inch, stood at the corner of the house. A bright idea struck me and in half a minute I had all my clothes off and was standing up to my chin in rain water and wigglers. After dropping my pants, hat and waist outside, I carefully pulled the cover over my head. The water began to smell out loud and the wigglers waked up. I wanted fresh air, but the girl was now wandering around near me, seeking whom she might spy. After awhile all the others were caught. Then they all looked for me a few moments, but gave me up and yelled "Come in free." I didn't come. Then they yelled—"Oh, ye needn't be afraid! We'll let ye in free!" I politely, but silently, declined the invitation because all were standing within ten feet of my lair. I wasn't dressed for a party anyway—wigglers and rain water didn't suit me and the barrel didn't fit. It was too big.

Then all began to look for me again. In a few moments one boy came back and got up on the barrel and sat down to rest. I took a mouthful of wigglers as I dodged. Then he noticed my clothes behind the barrel, jumped down, picked them up, carried them to the goal, then hung them on a peg and said "One, two, three for Harry!" Then he sat down and laughed as if his heart would break. I didn't smile—didn't see anything funny. Then he came back and sat on me again and said, "Keep dark, I won't tell on yer!"

"I want to come out."

"Well, why don't ye *come* out then?"

"*Please* get my pants for me. Say, get off the barrel, it smells bad in here!"

"Get yer pants yerself. Smells bad, does it? He, he! Kinder wet in there, ain't it? What kind of dress have yer got on, S'mother Hubbard, ain't it?"

Then I was mad and pushed up the lid with all my might, upset my tormentor and climbed out, just as the boys and girls came around the house. My dander was up and I was mad as a hornet. I spit out cuss words and wigglers. The girls yelled and exeunted. I stood my ground, shook off rain water, bad smell and wigglers and wanted to fight the whole crowd. The boys yelled and laughed and told me to wipe off my chin and pull down my vest. [This last remark was certainly a slur!] I went and took down my clothes, got inside and then said, "One, two, three for *me!*"

During the next two weeks I had to lick five boys for calling me "Wigglers" and "Old Rain Water," and the girls would smile and look innocent when I came around. The next time I hide in a barrel of ancient rain water, I will first spill it, and then hide in a box.—*H. Hamill, in Peck's Sun.*

A. Oak was married to Miss Nettie Brownell at Waukau, this state, recently. He is said to be a fine man—a white Oak, as it were, and the A. probably stands for Acorn.—*Peck's Sun.*

The ladies of Richmond, Virginia, refused to cover a murderer with roses. This is surely a strange freak, an unaccountable action

Precise young lady to her little brother "Willie, don't do that way. Don't kick the ankle of the table, you disturb me."

The wine product for 1885 is estimated at 15,000,000 gallons.

New York state has 3,500 railroad bridges within its borders.

It is two years since the White House had a fresh coat of paint.

Millais is the first English painter who has been made a baron.

Florida gooseberry "bushes" are really trees often 10 feet high.

In London there are 60,000 families occupying only one room each.

Water sold for 8 cents per gallon last week, at and near Ashland, Pa.

England has 187 ragged schools, for the education of 50,000 poor children.

You can get a good dinner in a first-class hotel in Norway for 10 or 12 cents.

The dudes of Lima, Peru, wear petrified human eye balls for watch charms.

Fully 10,000,000 dozen of birch and boxwood spoons are made in Russia every year.

It is claimed that Grant voted for James Buchanan at the presidential election of 1856.

The culture of flowers is one of the most extensive and profitable industries of the Scilly islands.

Pontifical high mass was celebrated, for the the first time since the reformation, recently at Copenhagen.

English hog raisers are worrying over the malignant character of swine fever, now quite prevalent.

Men in Japan never, or hardly ever, swear. The vilest epithet one is likely to hear there is "beast."

The oldest living graduate of West Point is J. H. Hewitt of Baltimore, a member of the class of 1818.

A Canadian doctor argues that 50 per cent of all diseases must be ascribed to the use of stimulants.

Bismarck having "sworn off" smoking, declares that he regards cigarettes as both noxious and ridiculous.

The plan for a 75-acre botanical garden in Mount Royal park at Montreal is being pushed forward to realization.

About 285 years ago potatoes were first eaten in England as sweetmeats, being stewed in sack wine and sugar.

A national convention of string bands is to meet at Pittsburg in September. The cats of the city should get up an indignation meeting.

Sandwich Island doctors want to stay the spread of leprosy by vaccinating the people with leprosy microbes; but they can't find any willing victims.

A governor of Kansas once "cooked his political goose" by declaring that "the average Kansas town will vote bonds to buy a can to tie to a dog's tail."

A society of child killers who, pretending to be nurses, poison babies "in order to save them from the vexatsons of life," have their headquarters at Bostov, Russia.

A re-survey of the lands of France has just been completed, to repair the loss caused by the burning of the official land registry books in the days of the commune in 1871.

### Healthful Vigor for the Girls.

Mrs. Livermore says, in one of her lectures on Girls, "I would give to girls equal intellectual and industrial training with boys. Yes, and give them equally good health, too." When your girls are suffering from paleness and debility, it is a sign that their blood is poor and thin, and that they need Brown's Iron Bitters. The only preparation of iron that can be taken safely. Miss Barton Chestnut st., Louisville Ky., says, "Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of rheumatism when everything else had failed."

Mr. Bessemer's steel process patents have yielded him $600,000 a year for twenty-one years.

### How to Save Money,

and we might also say—time and pain as well in our advice to good housekeepers and ladies generally. The great necessity existing always to have a perfectly safe remedy convenient for the relief and prompt cure of the ailments peculiar to woman—functional irregularity, constant pains, and all the symptons attendant upon uterine disorders—induces us to recommend strongly and unqualifiedly Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription"—woman's best friend. It will save money.

Horned toads are light feeders. Two house flies will keep one in good order for six months.

### Loss of Flesh and Strength,

with poor appetite, and perhaps slight cough in the morning, or on first lying down at night, should be looked to in time. Persons afflicted with consumption are proverbially unconscious of their real state. Most cases commence with disordered liver, leading to bad digestion and imperfect assimilation of food—hence the emaciation, or wasting of the flesh. It is a form of scrofulous disease, and is curable by the use of that greatest of all blood-cleansing, anti-bilious and invigorating compounds, known as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

The government pays a man $60 a month to wind the clocks in the Interior department building.

Many imitators, but no equal, has Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

A Philadelphia chemist says that the American style of kissing is what plays hob with the teeth

The coral trade at Naples is at the lowest point it ever reached, owing to the disuse of the article as a fashionable adornment.

The mortality from swine fever in England has reached a point when about 200 animals perish every week, or 100,000 per year out of 2,000,000 swine.

Albert Wolff, the famous Figaro critic, says that French art has latterly undergone a serious decline, though still ahead of that of all other nations.

The majority of literary people now spell the name of the great dramatist, Shakespeare, and the minority are divided up on several different spellings of it.

Richard Wagner's representatives, says the London Truth, have positively refused to allow "Parsifal" to be performed in America on any terms whatever except as an oratorio, as it was given in London last winter.

The area of New Mexico is estimated at 78,000,000 acres; that 70,000,000 acres are fit only for pasturage, and 20,000,000 of this, by destitution of water, is available only for sheep. This leaves 50,000,000 acres for cattle, but the availability of this is greatly diminished by the scarceness of springs and streams.

### The Erie in Oregon.

Mark A. Miller, traveling agent for the Erie Railroad writes from Portland, Oregon, that an attack of pleuro-pneumonia left behind it a severe and painful cough. After trying several remedies without success, he began using Red Star Cough Cure, and upon taking one bottle found himself on the road to rapid recovery.

**A Sample Box of Writing Pens Free.**

For 5 two-cent stamps to pay postage, etc., you can get a fine metallic box of best assorted steel pens, one set elegant gold and silver picture cards and copy of the **Cultivator and Housekeeper**; also 14 valuable receipts showing how to make best black writing ink for 10c a gallon, good and cheap artificial honey and 12 other formulas worth $5.00 to any one. This offer is made to introduce the pens and the **Cultivator**. Address the **Cultivator**, Omaha, Neb.

**What Everybody Says**

Must be true. And the unanimous praise which people who have used it give Hood's Sarsaparilla, should convince those who have never tried this medicine of its great curative powers. If you suffer from impure blood, that tired feeling, depressed spirits, dyspepsia, or kidney and liver complaints, give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial and you will be greatly benefited.

"My wife has had very poor health for a long time, suffering from indigestion, poor appetite, and constant headache. She found no relief till she tried Hood's Sarsaparilla. She is now taking the third bottle, and never felt better in her life. We feel it a duty to recommend it to every one we know." G. SOMERVILLE, Mooreland, Cook Co., Ill.

"I had catarrh nine years, and suffered terribly with it. Soon after I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla the catarrh troubled me less, and after taking three bottles I was entirely cured." JANE HINEY, Lumberton, Clinton County, Ohio.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared b
C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar.**

IT WILL PAY YOU
TO GO TO
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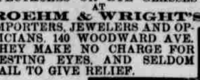
AND HAVE YOUR



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Correct offensive odors at once. Complete cure worst cases, also unequaled as gargle for Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Foul Breath. 50c.

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**PATENTS** obtained by Louis Bagger & Co., Attorneys, Washington, D.C. Est'd 1864. Advice free.

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# Smith's Tonic Syrup
FOR THE CURE OF
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**Or CHILLS and FEVER,**
AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of KENT'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient. Use no other.

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BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER,
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## *COUNTERFEITERS BEWARE*

### *A Michigan Concern Enjoined.*

[From the Rochester Morning Herald.]

The following injunction has been obtained by the Hop Bitters Company, of Rochester, N. Y., against Collatinus D. Warner, of Reading, Michigan, prohibiting him from manufacturing or selling "*German Hop Bitters.*"

*The President of the United States of America to Collatinus D. Warner, of Reading Mich., his servants, workmen, salesmen and agents and each and every of them:*

Whereas, it has been represented unto the Justices of our Circuit Court, the Hon. Stanley Matthews, and the Hon Henry B. Brown, at Detroit, within and for said district, setting as a court of Chancery, that you, Collatinus D. Warner, are manufacturing and selling a medicine named German Hop Bitters, in *fraudulent imitation* of the *Hop Bitters* made and sold by complaint; your said medicine being *devised, calculated and intended to mislead* the public into purchasing such *counterfeit* goods as the manufacture of the complainant.

We therefore, in consideration of the premises, do strictly *enjoin* you the said Collatinus D. Warner and all and every the persons before named, *from using the words "Hop Bitters"* on any fluids contained in bottles so as to induce the belief that such fluids are made by complainant; and further, from manufacturing, selling or offering for sale, any bitters or other fluids in the bottles and with the labels and in the general form in which you were manufacturing and selling the bitters called by you German Hop [illegible], on the filing of the bill; or in any other bottles, or with any other labels contrived or designed to represent or induce the belief that the bitters or fluids sold by you are the goods of the complainant, until the further order of the court.

* * *

*Witness.*
THE HONORABLE MORRISON R. WAITE.
Chief Justice of the United States.
At Detroit, this fifteenth day of July, A. D. 1885
[L. S.] Walter S. Harsha, Clerk.

### *Prosecute the Swindlers!!!*

If when you call for Hop Bitters the druggist hands out anything but "HOP BITTERS" with a green cluster of Hops on white label, shun that druggist as you would a viper, and if he has taken your money for a bogus stuff indict him for the fraud and sue him for damages for the swindle and we will reward you liberally for the conviction.

See U. S. Court injunction against C. D. Warner, Reading, Mich., and all his salesmen, agents, druggists, and other imitators.

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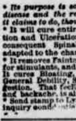

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All those painful Complaints
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