Do You Know a Man

Whose wife is troubled with debility, nervousness, liver complaint or rheumatism. Just tell him it is a pity to let the lady suffer that way, when Brown's Iron Bitters will relieve her. Mrs. L. B. Edgerly, Dexter, Me., says, "Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of debility and palpitation of the heart." Mrs. H. S. McLaughlin of Scarborough, Me., says the bitters cured her of debility. Mrs. Harding of Windham Centre, in the same state, says it cured her of dizziness in the head. So it has cured thousands of other ladies.

It is said that the Waterbury watch company will commence winding up their business shortly.

I had a Dreadful Cough,

and raised a considerable amount of blood and matter; besides, I was very thin, and so weak I could scarcely go about the house. This was the case of a man with consumption arising from liver complaint. He recovered his health completely by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of others bear similar testimony.

Jonah was the first victim of foot-pads. He was whale-laid on the shore.

For the Ladies.

Laughter is the poor man's plaster,
Making every burden light;
Turning sadness into gladness,
Darkest hour to May dawn bright.

'Tis the cheapest and the cheapest
Cure for ills of this description,
But for those that woman's heir to,
Use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription."

Cures all weaknesses and irregularities, "bearing down" sensations, "internal fever," bloating, displacements, inflammation, morning sickness and tendency to cancerous disease. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

If one speak evil of you, let your life be such that none will believe him.

* * * * Delicate Diseases, affecting male or female, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Illustrated book for 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N.Y.

Spring-song of the dry-goods clerk—"Singing in de lain."

The Emperor of Germany does not like the piano.

"I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse.

The longest pole knocks the persimmons, and Bigelow's Positive Cure knocks all coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma, influenza and consumption. Pleasant for children. Safe and speedy. 50 cents.

Spring is the season when the cowslips in the pasture.

High-post bedsteads with white muslin curtains, all of the olden time, are being revived in all their imposing stateliness.

DON'T GIVE UP, there is a cure for catarrh and cold in head. Thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has entirely cured them. It is a safe and pleasant remedy. It is not a liquid or snuff. It cures by cleansing and healing. Price 50 cents. At Druggists. 60 cents by mail. Ely Bros, Owego, N. Y.

Sam Jones says he never wrote a sermon in his life.

I HAVE used Ely's Cream Balm for dry Catarrh (to which eastern persons are subject who come to live here.) It has proved a cure.—B. F. M. Weeks, Denver, Col.

Bret Harte's head is now almost white, but his face is still youthful.

I HAVE been a great sufferer of dry catarrh for many years, and I tried many remedies which helped me, but I had none which did me so much benefit as Ely's Cream Balm; it completely cured me.—M. J. Lally, 59 Woodward Ave., Boston Highlands, Mass.

Doctor Mary Walker never waits while she gets her high hat blocked.

WE RECOMMEND Ely's Cream Balm where a cure for Catarrh is called for; it is in most cases a perfect cure.—Feck Bros., Druggists, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mrs. Hooper says that Mme. Bernhardt is now nothing but skin and bone.

After using about two-thirds of a bottle of Athlophoros my rheumatism went away as if by some engine power, and in a few days I was entirely well and went about my work. T. E. Chatfield, contractor, 365 Eleventh avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

Why do dogs read muslin? To make their pants, probably.

CONSUMPTION.—For the cure of this distressing disease there has been no medicine yet discovered that can show more evidence of real merit than Allen's Lung Balsam. 25c., 50c., and $1.00 a bottle.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

I was cured before the second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm was exhausted. I was troubled with chronic catarrh, gathering in head, difficulty in breathing and discharges from my ears.—C. F. Corbin, 923 Chestnut St., Phila.

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price 50 cts. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

MR. M. F. SCRROCK, 672 West Lake Street, Chicago, was

Helpless

from Rheumatism. His physician feared amputation of the leg would be necessary. He tried ATHLOPHOROS, and in two days was cured. Athlophoros is pronounced absolutely safe by one of the leading physicians of the country. Ask your druggist for Athlophoros. If you cannot get it of him do not try something else but order at once from us. We will send it express paid on receipt of price, $1.00 per bottle. ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 Wall St., New York.

We are selling

HATS AND CAPS

To the dealers at such low prices that

IT WILL PAY A BUYER

To visit our store. Fur and Wool Stiff and Soft, also straw hats for Gents, Ladies and Children.

F. BUHL & CO.,
16 and 18 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

The Great Blood Purifier.

For the cure of all chronic diseases. Chronic Rheumatism, chronic Catarrh in the Head, Scrofula, syphilitic complaints, etc., Glandular Swelling, Irritating Cough, Cancerous Affections, Decay of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Fistulas, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diseases, Kidney, Bladder, Liver complaints, etc.

SCROFULA,

Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, is within the effective range of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with scrofula from their youth up to 30, 40 and 50 years of age, by DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT, a remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, Pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure.

For sale by all druggists. One dollar a bottle.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

For the relief and cure of all Pains, congestions and Inflammations.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS

For Dyspepsia and for the cure of all the disorders of the stomach, Liver, Bowels, constipation, Biliousness, Piles, Headache, etc. Price 25 cents.

DR. RADWAY, & CO., 32 Warren St., N. Y.

GOOD SAINT-VALENTINE.

When by the advice of Maryann, Miss Bathsheba Everdene, in a merry mood, sent a valentine to her neighbor, Mr. Boldwood, as related in that delightful novel, Far from the Madding Crowd, she lighted the match that set on fire a train of circumstances that resulted in a murder and other uncomfortable occurrences. But it must be admitted that when a valentine has wrought such havoc it has gone far enough, the real intent of a valentine being to produce love and concord.

Certainly in this respect the valentine sent by Miss Jean Lyddy and inspired by her faithful Abigail, did not resemble Bathsheba's. Miss Lyddy lived on Bleecker street where she had lived ever since she was born. Her grandfather had built the house when Bleecker street was the abode of fashion. Miss Jean remembers him surrounded by a group of white-haired, jovial old merchants, around the mahogany in the dining-room. The house had never been changed since her grandfather died. Her father had been a spendthrift and a prodigal, and the old man had left to little Jean a comfortable fortune. But with the prompt facility of woman kind, she had trusted its keeping to various relatives, who had made away with it one way or another until all was gone but a few hundred a year and the Bleecker street house.

In vain other relatives had pleaded with Miss Jean that the Beecker street house might be sold and the money reinvested with great profit. But while she had willingly confided to them her stock and bonds, and would even now have given up her few shares in the Chemical bank, the only thing remaining her, the possibility of selling the home of her father, in which he had lived and died and in which she was born and brought up her mind was simply unable to conceive. In vain these relatives bombarded and besieged her with arguments and with financial pamphlets, so plain and perspicuous that the wayfaring man must have seen his road to fortune. The arguments rolled off like water from the duck's back, and the pamphlets kindled the fires. So, while fashion moved uptown and forgot her, Miss Jean remained in Bleecker street with only her faithful Abigail, feeling the changes about her unimportant compared to the regularity of her own existence.

Owing to her straitened means, the two women now occupied only the first floor, with half the basement when needed. The rest was let to lodgers. This may seem of itself a significant inroad into Miss Jean's life, but it was not. Abigail cooked Miss Jean's dinner and then served it in apron and cap, with all the pomp and circumstance of other days, on the round mahogany in the dining-room, and from the stately sideboard surrounded by the family portraits. Miss Jean always dressed herself for dinner in her frayed old more antique and carefully darned lace, and sat in her grandfather's chair.

But while the meal was served Abigail entertained her with stories, conjectures and romances about the lodgers. These Miss Jean never saw. Personally she was as far remote from them as the President, Abigail attending to all the business details. But the house and its inmates were their little world. These two romantic old creatures gossipped about them, wove little histories out of the slenderest threads, and these were to their isolated lives like the reading of a perpetual and unwearying novel.

They never indulged in the technical language of the lodging-house. In fact they never heard it, and would not have understood it. "The second floor back, was Mr. Miguel Altmonty, and so denominated, and in with the other gentlemen of the house. Mr. Altmonty kept a cigar store, and Mr. Vignot dealt in nuts and raisins. Mr. Alfred Perkins was a clerk in a clothing house, and it must be strongly suspected that all the lodgers were addicted in one way or another with lowly associations. But no breath of this ever found way to Miss Jean's rooms, to whose imagination and habit of thinking they were all gentlemen of the highest fashion and best old blood, else, with even her imagination, they would not have been acquainted.

"Young Jones has a new photograph in his room," said Abigail, serving a little crisp chicory on a cut-glass platter.

"It must be his sister, Abigail, or it would not be strange if it was his cousin. I think, Abigail, he must be related to the Jones-Lispenard family. The Lispenards all have that same ruddy complexion. There was a large family, and I shouldn't be surprised if this was a portrait of one of the Lispenards of the younger branch. I think I have it, Abigail. They are always intermarrying, the Joneses and Lispenards, and it would not astonish me greatly if there was a match in progress among these young people. If that is the case, I don't doubt that old Major Lispenard-Jones will take the young man into the house."

"She's dressed very peculiar-like for a nice, well-brought-up girl. She has a sort of night-gown-looking white dress on, with her hair all highty tighty down her back, and her face screwed up as if something ailed her. When I see the pictures in some of these young gentlemen's rooms it does seem as if strange fashions was abroad, I do declare. Times changes."

"Autres temps, autres moveurs," elegantly replied Miss Jean.

"Yes'm, so it is. Mr. Altmonty got a furren letter this morning. I think it must have been from his ma, at least-wise from a lady, it was such a miminy-piminy hand."

"Most probably from his betrothed. It was always evident to me, Abigail that Mr. Altmonty had some secret grief. Owing to those horrible and bloodthirsty revolutions in Cuba, his plantations have probably been confiscated and he forced to fly. I would not be in the least surprised if the father of the lady on whom he has bestowed his affections belongs to the other party, and that is the reason the marriage has not been consummated."

"He hears from her regular though."

"Yes; fortunately their letters have not yet been intercepted, and it must be a great comfort to Mr. Altmonty, a stranger far from the land of his birth."

No one could have been more surprised than Mr. Tom Jones, the grocer's clerk, delighting in baseball matches, and Niblo's, and than Mr. Miguel Altmonty, now paying his addresses to a showy young woman employed by day in an Eighth avenue cloak store, at the halo of romance with which these two kind, innocent, ancient women had invested them.

"Letters is like medicine, marm. Some's good to take and some's bad; but they all make you feel better, and set the blood agoing."

"What you say is very true, Abigail. What would I do without my Philadelphia mail," for thus Miss Jean dignified her letter weekly letter from her cousin Rachel.

"That's what's the matter with Dr. Von Glaeber. Every time the postman knocks he puts his head over the bannisters, and then goes tiresome-like and sad back to his room. He seems so sort of lost in the world. If its only a bill for coal, it shows somebody's thinking of you, and that cheers you a bit. To see him sitting up there among them books makes me so lonesome I want to cry. I think everybody's gone and forgot him."

"He makes me think of King Lear, Abigail. It would not greatly astonish me, if he has been forsaken, neglected, ignored by his daughters, who are, perhaps, proud, haughty foreign princess. He is probably expecting a letter from his Cordelia every post."

"Lear! do you mean that frowzy-headed old man up there," Abigail pointed to the time stained engraving. "Why Miss Jean, his head's as slick as yours. At any rate, I've a notion to send him a valentine."

"Oh, Abigail, such levity."

"I ain't laughing. An envelope would be like quinine and iron to him. He needs bracin' up, if ever a man did. I wouldn't send him anything lace-papery or frivolous, but some heartsome sort of words on a sheet of paper, writ plain, to let him feel that somebody remembers him. It would do him good, Miss Jean, depend upon it."

Miss Jean was thoughtful a moment.

"Do you suppose he is a religious man, Abigail?"

"I'm sure I can't tell. I suppose they do have the Bible in their furren tongues."

"Bring me the Bible and my portfolio."

Then Miss Jean sat down, and in her fair, old-fashioned hand, carefully copied on a creamy sheet the Psalm beginning:

"I will lift up my eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help

"My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

"He will not suffer thy foot to be moved. He that keepeth thee will not slumber," etc.

When she finished she sealed it and addressed it, Jean standing by, and with the solemnity of a benediction the letter was sent on its errand of peace to the lonely, weary man upstairs.

"Here is a letter for you, Dr. Von Glaeber," Abigail, who had been assiduously prompt for the postman's whistle, called gleefully up the stairs, forgetting her usual decorum, to the white head bent over the rail.

The long spare hand grasped the wood for support, and then, erect as a youth, a tall form came hastily down the stairs. He was a man with a scholarly face, of great refinement in presence, but showing the traces of suffering in deep-graven lines and hair of premature whiteness. The usual languor of his movements were all gone. With the impetuosity of a boy, he took the letter from the maid's hand and tore it open.

His eyes ran over the unsigned contents. He dropped the sheet with a bitter cry.

"My God, how cruel."

"He is a religious man," Abigail thought.

He grasped the bannister and grew deathly white.

Miss Jean stood horror-stricken at the door. She came forward. "Abigail bring the gentleman in and get him a glass of wine. "Yes! she exclaimed, with gentle imperativeness.

He was, in fact, too much shaken to climb the stairs, and suffered Abigail to lead him to one of Miss Jean's ancestral chairs.

"Fool to have been deluded! They are all gone! I am alone, forgotten?"

"He that keepeth thee will not slumber," said Miss Jean, solemnly standing by his side in the misery of self-reproach.

He looked up quickly

Miss Jean had never heard the expression, nevertheless she had given herself away.

"The letter, the letter," he said. "Where is it?"

"No, no." The blood rushed to her face. "It has done harm enough."

He rose, walked quickly into the hall and picked it up. He read it again slowly.

"Those are words of cheer and courage," he said. "Some one who was kind and good and thoughtful must have sent them to me. In my first moment of disappointment I could think of nothing else. But whoever sent me these must have known they would help me to bear it, and I thank her from my heart."

Then Miss Jean burst into a flood of tears, and when Abigail returned she was sitting in the chair, with Dr. Von Glaeber endeavoring to soothe her. And it was Miss Jean, after all, who had to drink the wine.

An acquaintance with all the preliminaries thus ignored ripens rapidly.

It was by Miss Jean's little round table, with its cheerful light, drawn up in front of the fire, Miss Jean hemming dainty ruffles and Abigail in the corner knitting, that Dr. Von Glaeber told Miss Jean the story of his misery and isolation.

"It will be a relief to me and perhaps to you some extenuation of my apparently aimless life, to tell you the circumstances that have driven me a stranger to a strange land."

Five years ago I was a professor in a school of technology in Russia. I had a son and daughter, children to gladden the heart of any father. You know the troubles of our unhappy country, and how the hope of a new Russia has inspired the hearts and courage of her youth. You call it nihilism here. No matter what the name. I will not pain a heart accustomed only to deeds and words of mercy with the painful details. My daughter is in a dungeon. My son is in Siberia. I lived in Germany and England, dogged by spies. My friends urged me to come to America, the Mecca for all feet who have walked on burning plowshares. Efforts were made to free my children, high influence promised, when they were to be sent to me here. For two years I have not had a line, yet not an hour but has found me waiting for the promised word. I have not permitted myself to belive them dead. Rather I prefer to believe that the money left to purchase their freedom has been ill-spent."

Before the end of this narative, that by no means was so easily told, both mistress and maid were stealthily feeling for their handkerchiefs to absorb the quickly chasing tears.

"What would have become of me in my despair, I know not, if I had not been roused from my apathy by the timely thought of good St. Valentine."

Miss Jean blushed, but Abigail, in her astonishment, exclaimed:

"Is he a sure enough saint?"

"Yes," the doctor smiled.

"Then you knew, Miss Jean, he could say the Psalms as well as his A, B, C's. I thought it was sort of funny." But Abigail went on regardless of Miss Jean's confusion.

"I don't believe most folks know it, or they wouldn't make him talk so foolish about things."

"What things, Abigail"

"Oh, love and nonsense." Abigail tossed her head.

"But love isn't nonsense. How can it be, when friendship and sympathy are such precious things," Dr. Van Glaeber added, looking toward Miss Jean, who blushed rosily and looked younger than she had done for twenty years.

The tide had set all one way. When the family far distant in regions near the Central Park heard that Miss Jean was to be married, they were convinced of another sturdy fibre in her character. Marriage being a condition that implies effort, while old maidenhood results from helplessness. It was soon told about that that rich and eccentric Miss Jean Lyddy of Bleecker street was going to marry a Russian nobleman of vast possessions and a highly-colored biography of both appeared in the newspapers. But of all this the happy, peaceful family in Bleecker street knew nothing.

Good St. Valentine's work was done.
The lover found. The bride was won.

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

The Sexton's Heavenly Expectations.

From Harper's Magazine for February.

The sexton of a Baptist church in a large western city was a good colored brother, who rarely took part in the social religious meetings of the society; and when he did, all present held their breath, for it was well known that some one was to be "hit on the head," and great amusement was in store for the others. On this particular occasion the subject of the prayer meeting was "Christian humility." Mr. Bascom, one of the wealthiest church members, while leaning on his gold-headed cane and toying with his elegant watch chain, concluded his remarks, with great affectation of humility, by saying: "If I should be so favored as to reach heaven at all, it seems to me that a place in the most remote section, the most obscure corner of that blissful region will be infinitely more than I deserve. And when the call comes to me to 'go up higher,' it seems to me I shall feel like putting my hand upon my mouth and my mouth in the dust, and crying out: 'Unclean! unclean!'"

When he was seated, the colored brother rose in the rear of the room, and, slowly advancing, faced the audience, and thus addressed them: "Brudders an' sisters, when I hears de angel Gabri'l blow the trumpet a-callin' me home, it 'pears to me I'll be so powerful glad I'll just call out, 'Hol' on dar, Gabri'l; I hears de trumpet, an' I's comin' mighty quick!' An' it 'pears to me I'll be so bustin' full ob joy I'll jest go shoutin', skippin' leapin' right up to de front ob de throne as fast as I kin git dar. An' dar I'll stan' wid de white robes on, a-wavin' de palm branches, an' a-shoutin', 'Glory! glory! glory! glory to de Lamb dat was slain!' For what do de scriptures say, 'Who are dese in white robes?' 'Dey what came up through great tribulations; up dar de white robe an' de joy for ebermore. Now, my brudders and sisters, what do de scriptures say agin? Dey say, 'What though dey be black as ink' (or something to that effec') 'dey shall be whiter dan snow.' An' it 'pears to me I'll be so powerful happy up dar dat I'd like to shake han's wid all my brudders an' sisters, widout distinction ob age, color or previous condition ob servitude—good many on 'em I hain't shook no han' wid here—but 'pears to me I'll be so occoopied a-wavin' an a-praisin', an' a-shoutin' hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah! close up on de right side ob de Lamb, dat I won't hab no time to go peekin' roun' de dark corners ob heaven to find brudder Bascom."

An Old-Time Printer.

From the Albany Argus.

The thoughtful face of Gen. William F. Rogers, ex-Congressman from Erie, came down the corridor. The General is a printer of the old school, and looks as young as when, thirty or more years ago, he sat on a one-legged stool and piled up 1,000 ems solid brevier per hour. I asked him if he could do it now. "No," he said; "I might wrestle with 1,000 in as many hours. In my day I was known as a fast compositor—you call them 'fast crabs now. The printers don't change much They are still the honest and roving intellectual men they were years ago. People don't appreciate the printer. Drat my skin! with their types they make and unmake them. I tell you when the printer came on earth among men, that very moment the epoch of civilization and intellectuality began. Banish the printer and where would the world of readers be? In darkness more blacker than Erebus. It is the greatest calling on earth. The printer works hard. He spends freely. Printers can turn their hands to almost anything. Good printers are naturally smart and of keen discernment. A printer who would set up multum in parro to read 'mutton in pork,' as I once seen it done, is no good on earth. Just look at the different kinds of handwriting a printer sets from every night upon a large daily paper. If he has thirty takes—"

"Takes what?" I innocently inquired.

"He takes nothing. Takes are different kinds of copy. Say he has thirty takes a night. That means thirty kinds of handwriting, or nearly so. Some takes may be as plain as daylight, but others look as if the writer had written the article with his teeth and sent a farm harrow over it for punctuation. No, I never set type out of a salt bag by moonlight, gaslight or any other light. Printers tell such ghost stories to marines like you. Yes, of course, I'll go to the cafe. Old days it used to be 'pewter mugs.'"

The Bristol sisters have a very fine florist's business in Topeka, Kansas.

Queen Victoria has given her royal command that a real Boston bean-pot ball be introduced at Windsor Castle.

Considering the fact that all brides are beautiful, a curious inquirer wants to know where all the plain married women come from.

"Beauty spots" are now painted with India ink on the girl of the period's face, and she thinks it a great deal better than court plaster.

Bismarck's wife is described as a tall, aristocratic looking woman with decided but pleasing features and of elegant but simple taste in dress.

A cynic remarks that a Philadelphia woman wears a bustle so large that when she is crossing the street she is on one side before the bustle is half way over.

Eliza Harvey, long a pensioner of Trinity Church, Pittsburg, and supposed to have been penniless, died recently and was found to have $4,000 in the saving bank.

A colored woman, Miss Carrie Bragg, is editor of the Virginia Lancet, published at Petersburg, Va., the only newspaper in the Union conducted by a colored woman.

Burlington, Vt., girls may be found in the shops of that city, both as clerks and cashiers. Many a daughter of well-to-do parents earns her $10 a week and clothes herself upon it.

Little capes with high collars are made the same fabric as the dress and will be worn when only a light wrap is needed. They are finished with revers and Breton vest of contrasting material. Below the revers are large buttons.

Had a bilious attack and one of those indescribable cases of constant weariness. Took quinine and other remedies without relief. Took Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic: am strong and well. ASA THOMPSON, Logan, Ohio.

A French woman confesses to having attended 722 balls in the effort to catch a husband, and only having caught instead bronchitis fourteen times, pleurisy thrice and 120 colds in the head.

As a toilet luxury, Hall's Hair Renewer never fails to give satisfaction.

Sufferers from Bronchitis will find speedy relief by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

It is with our good intentions as with our days; to-morrow is but too often the hash of to-day.

Golden Threads.

The chilling blasts of winter wither the flowers and they fall. So does it affect the human family, and if precautionary measures are not taken, being chilled is followed by evil results. Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein will cure coughs, colds and consumption.

An untimely death so often follows neglect of a slight cough or cold. If Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein is taken in time it will prevent any evil results. It cures coughs, colds and consumption.

The Old Grandmother.

When called to the bedside of the little one suffering with that night-fiend to children and horror to parents, CROUP, the old grandmother used to send for mullein and make a tea and at once relieve it—made into a tea now and combined with sweet gum it presents in Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein a pleasant and effective cure for Croup, Whooping Cough, Colds and Consumption. Sold by all druggists.

A good housekeeper—A watch dog.

"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice, 15c.

Mrs. Judic takes banjo lessons.

"Rough on Corns" hard or soft corns, bunions. 15c

Gray hair is more to-ton than ever.

"Rough on Toothache." Instant relief. 15c.

Australia is in a bad way financially.

ROUGH ON ITCH."

"Rough on Itch," cures skin humors, eruptions, ring worm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains itch, ivy poison, barber's itch. 50c jars.

Seven suicides a day is Berlin's quota.

ROUGH ON PILES"

Cures piles or hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other. Internal and external remedy in each package. Sure cure. 50c. Druggists.

Spring bonnets will have more trimmings than last year, but fewer ornaments.

Halford Sauce Expressly for family use. Only sold in bottles. Best & cheapest.

The simplest and best regulator of the Disordered Liver in the world, are Carter's Little Liver Pills. They give prompt relief in Sick Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, &c.; prevent and cure Constipation and Piles; remove Sallowness and Pimples from the Complexion, and are mild and gentle in their operation on the bowels. Carter's Little Liver Pills are small and as easy to take as sugar. One Pill a dose. Price 25 cents.

BURNS and Scalds are instantly rendered painless, and invariably cured without a scar, by the use of Carbolisalve, the great skin remedy. 25 and 50 cents, at Druggists or by mail. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

Mrs. George H. Pendleton is credited with leveling at Oscar Wilde one of the keenest shafts of wit of which he was the target when visiting this country. He had remarked, disparagingly, that "America has no ruins and noted curiosities, you know." She is said to have retorted, "The ruins will come in time, and as for the curiosities we import them."

Awake Americans and leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings;
Don't sign with pains or burns or accident,
But use Salvation Oil, the greatest liniment.

New polonaise are modelled by Parisian designers to fit the form like a Jersey. One graceful shape is made with a vest and revers beyond of velvet. It has one single dart on each side of the front and a deep curving one under the arms.

A lady who boards in a hotel at Litchfield, Conn., was annoyed by the slamming of a widow shutter the other night. Finally, with much trouble, she located the room, entered, raised the window, fastened the shutter, and was horrified when the calm voice of a Boston drummer in the bed said: "Thank you, ma'am."

Mrs. General Sheridan is very punctilious about returning calls. She devotes a portion of each day to this purpose.

Senator Edmunds is said to be the most interesting figure in the Senate. He looks like a patriarch of the olden time.

When a man is seriously ill he should call on his doctor at once; but when his trouble is only a cough or a sore throat he need only invest 25 cents in a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Is there any animal that gives butter-milk? Yes: the goat.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50.

GET Lyon's Heel Stiffeners applied to your new boots and shoes before you run them over.

PATENTS obtained by Louis Bagger & Co., Attorneys, Washington, D.C. Est'd 1861. Advice free.

HOPTONIC

A WONDERFUL COMBINATION OF PEPTONIZED BEEF, HOPS & MALT.

Being the ONLY KNOWN PREPARATION for imparting PURE ALBUMEN To the Body.

It is an Absolute Cure for Nervousness, Debility and Insomnia, and wards off those Terrible Evils which are the First Stages of

INSANITY.

For Debilitated Men; for Enfeebled Women for Delicate Children; for all who need Strength. "HOPTONIC IS A BLESSING." For Sale by all Druggists. Prepared only by the

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If a child is properly nourished, quiet nights and a joyous, happy childhood is the result. Thousands of infants are peevish and fretful because they are being slowly starved, owing to the inability of mothers to supply the proper nourishment. Ridge's Food will supply the deficiency better than any other; indeed, thousands have been successfully reared on Ridge's Food alone.

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Often manifest themselves in the spring months. Eruptions such as hives, pimples and boils, salt rheum, scrofula, or other affections caused by impurity or low state of the blood, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood, creates an appetite, rouses the liver and gives renewed strength to the whole body. Try this excellent spring medicine and blood purifier.

Boils and Pimples

"For several years I had pimples breaking out on my face and neck. I was induced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and my skin is now cleaner and I am feeling better than for some time."—R. D. MOCKABEE, 64 Bond St., Cleveland, O.

"Pimples were breaking out all over my face, caused by smoking cigarettes. I was advised by my druggist to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and did so, and all traces of the pimples have disappeared."—J. C. DANIELS, 29 Union St., Norwich, Ct.

"I suffered with boils five years. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me."—R. M. LANE, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Scrofula lurks in the blood of nearly every one, being often inherited. Its severest form is that of running sores on the arms, legs or feet. Bunches in the glands of the neck, pimples, cancerous growths, swollen joints and thickening of the upper lip are other symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla has had wonderful success in curing scrofula. It thoroughly eradicates the humor from the blood and gives it new vitality and richness.

Swellings in the Neck

Joseph Dunphy, 214, Central Street, Lowell, Mass., had swellings and lumps on his neck and face, which various pastes, ointments and medicines failed to stop. A shopmate, whose wife had been cured of a sore on her arm by Hood's Sarsaparilla, recommended the medicine, and he bought a bottle. In three days there was a change in the eruptions, and five bottles effected a complete cure, leaving the skin smooth and fair.

"Last spring I was troubled with boils. Two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me, and I recommend it to others."—J. SCHOON, Peoria, Ill.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 Doses One Dollar.

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Stings and Bites,	Spavin, Cracks,
Cuts and Bruises,	Screw Worm, Grub,
Sprains & Stitches,	Foot Rot, Hoof Ail,
Contracted Muscles,	Lameness,
Stiff Joints,	Swinny, Founders,
Backache,	Sprains, Strains,
Eruptions,	Sore Feet,
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and all external diseases, and every hurt or accident. For general use in family, stable and stock yard, it is

THE BEST OF ALL

LINIMENTS

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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

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This medicine combines Iron with pure vegetable tonics, and is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It Enriches and Purifies the Blood, Stimulates the Appetite, Strengthens the Muscles and Nerves—in fact, thoroughly Invigorates. Clears the complexion, and makes the skin smooth. It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—all other Iron medicines do.

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