WHAT MY LOVER SAID.

By the merest chance in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me—
In the tall, wet grass, with its faintest perfume—
And I tried to pass, but he made no room;
Oh! I tried, but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand as he whisp'ring said—
How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head
To listen to all that my lover said—
Oh! the clover in bloom—I love it.

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
And the low wet leaves hung over;
But I could not pass upon either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover;
And he held me there and he raised my head
While he closed the path before me;
And he looked down in my eyes and said—
How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'er head
To listen to all that my lover said—
Oh! the leaves hanging lowly o'er me.

Had he moved aside a little way,
I could surely then have passed him,
And would not have heard what he had to say,
Could I only aside have cast him.
It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night-wind found us;
But he drew me nearer and softly said—
How the pure, sweet wind grew still instead,
To listen to all that my lover said!
Oh! the whispering wind around us.

I am sure he knew, when he held me fast,
That I must be all unwilling,
For I tried to go, and would have passed,
As the night was coming with its dew at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling;
But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story,
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
How the stars came out where the white moon led
To listen to all that my lover said.
Oh! the moon and stars in glory.

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure the wind—precious rover—
Will carry his secret so safely and well,
And no being will ever discover
One word of the many which rapidly fell
From the eager lips of my lover,
Shall never reveal what a fairy like spell
They wove round about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-laden clover;
Or echo the whispers that made my heart swell
As they fell from the lips of my lover.
—[Horace Greeley.

AN UNDERGRADUATE'S AUNT

Frederick Flushington belonged to a small college, and in doing so conferred upon it one of the few distinctions it could boast—namely, that of possessing the very bashfulest man in the university.

He was sitting one afternoon over his modest lunch of bread and butter, potted meat and lemonade, when all at once he heard the sound of unusual voices and a strange flutter of dresses coming up the winding stone stair-case outside, and was instantly seized with a cold dread.

There was no particular reason for being alarmed, although there were certainly ladies mounting the steps—probably they were friends of the man opposite, who was always having his people up. But still Flushington had that odd presentiment which nervous people have sometimes that something unpleasant is on its way to them, and he half rose from his chair to shut his outer oak.

It was too late; the dresses were rustling now in his very passage—there was a pause, a few faint, smothered laughs and little feminine coughs, then two taps at the door.

"Come in," cried Flushington faintly.

The door opened, and his heart seemed to stop, and all the blood rushed violently to his head, as a large lady came sweeping in, her face rippling with a broad smile of affection.

The horrified Flushington, who knew nobody with the least claim to smile at him so expansively as that, drank lemonade to conceal his confusion.

"You don't know me, my dear Fred?" she said, easily. "Of course not—how could you? I'm—for goodness sake, my dear boy, don't look so terribly frightened! I'm your aunt—your Aunt Amelia, come over from Australia."

"Oh, but," she added cheerily, "that's not all; I've another surprise for you; the dear girls would insist on coming up, too, to see their grand college cousin; they're just outside. I'll call them in, shall I?"

In another second Flushington's small room was overrun by a horde of female relatives, while he looked on gasping.

He was once caught and introduced to a charming young lady from Newham, and all he could do was to back feebly into a corner and murmur "Thank you," repeatedly.

He was very little better than that now, as his aunt singled one girl after another.

"We won't have any formal nonsense between cousins," she said; "you know them already by name, I dare say—this is Milly, that's Jane, here's Flora, Kitty and Margaret, and that's my little Thomasina over there by the book-case."

Poor Flushington ducked blindly in the direction of each, and then to them all collectively; he had not presence of mind to offer them chairs, or cake, or anything; beside, there was not nearly enough of anything for all of them.

Meanwhile his aunt had spread herself comfortably out in his arm-chair, and was untying her bonnet-strings and beaming at him until he was ready to expire with confusion. "I do think," she observed at last, "that when an old aunt all the way from Australia takes the trouble to come and see you like this you might spare her just one kiss!"

Flushington dared not refuse, he tottered and kissed her somewhere about the face, after which he did not know which way to look, he was so terribly afraid he might have to go through the same ceremony with the cousins, which he simply could not have survived.

Happily for him they did not expect it, and he balanced a chair on its hind legs, and, resting one knee upon it, waited patiently for them to begin a conversation; he could not have uttered a single word.

The aunt came to the rescue: "You don't ask after your Uncle Samuel who used to send you the beetles?" she said approvingly.

"No," said Flushington, who had forgotten Uncle Samuel and his beetles, too. "No; how is Uncle Samuel—quite well I hope?"

"Only tolerably so, thank you; Fred, you see, he never got over his great loss."

"No," said Flushington, desperately, "of course not; it was a—a large sum of money to lose all at once."

"I was not referring to money," said she, with a slight touch of stoniness in her manner, "I was alluding to the death of your Cousin John."

Flushington had felt himself getting on rather well before that, but this awkward mistake—for he couldn't recollect of having heard of Cousin John—threw him off his balance again; he collapsed into silence once more, inwardly resolving to be lured into no more questions concerning his relatives.

His ignorance seemed to have aroused pathetic sentiment in his aunt: "I ought to have known," she said, shaking her head, "they soon forget us in the old country; here's my sister's son, and he doesn't remember his cousin's death! Well, well, now we're here, we must see if we can't know one another a little better. Fred, you must take the girls and me everywhere and show us everything like a good nephew, you know."

Flushington had a horrible mental vision of himself careering about all over Cambridge, followed by a long procession of female relatives—a fearful responsibility to so shy a man. "Shall you be here long?" he asked.

"Only a week or so; we're at the 'Ball,' very near you, you see; and I'm afraid you think us very bold beggars, Fred; but we're going to get you to give us something to eat. I've just set my heart—so have the girls (haven't you, dears!)—on lunching once with a college student in his own rooms."

During luncheon the aunt began to study Flushington's features attentively: "There is a strong look of poor Simon about him when he smiles," she said, looking at him through her gold double-glasses. "There, did you catch it, girls? Just his mother's profile (turn your face a leetle more toward the window, so as to get the light on your nose); don't you see the likeness to your aunt's portrait, girls?"

And Flushington had to sit still, all the girls' charming eyes fixed critically upon his crimson countenance; he longed to be able to slide down under the table and evade them, but of course he was obliged to remain above.

"He's got dear Caroline's nose!" the aunt went on triumphantly; and the cousins agreed that he certainly had Caroline's nose, which made Flushington feel vaguely that he ought at least offer to return it.

Presently one of the girls whispered to her mother, who laughed indulgently. "What do you think this silly child wants me to ask you, Fred?" she said. "She says she would so like to see what you look like with your college cap and gown on! Will you put them on just to please her?"

So Flushington had to put them on and walk slowly up and down the room in them, feeling all the time what a dismal spectacle he was making of himself, while the girls were plainly disappointed, and remarked that somehow they thought the academical costume more becoming.

The cousins were whispering together and laughing over little private jokes, and he, after the manner of sensitive men, of course imagined they were laughing at him, and perhaps he was not very far wrong on this occasion. So he was growing hotter and hotter every second, inwardly cursing his whole race and wishing that his father had been a foundling, when there came a tap at the door.

At this Flushington was perfectly dumb with horror; he prepared himself blankly for another outlay of female cousins, or more family servants who had washed him in his infancy, and he sat there cowering.

But when the door opened a tall, fair-haired, good-looking young fellow, who, from his costume, had evidently just come up from the tennis court, came bursting in impulsively.

"Oh, I say!" he began, "have you heard—have you seen? Oh, beg pardon, didn't see, you know!" he added as he noted the extraordinary fact that Flushington had people up.

"Oh, let me introduce you," said Flushington, with a vague idea that this was the proper thing to do. "Mr. Lushington, Mrs. ——; no, I don't know her name—my aunt, my cousins."

The young man who had just been about to retire, bowed and started with a sudden surprise. "Do you know," he said slowly to the other, "I rather think that's my aunt!"

"I—I'm afraid not," whispered Flushington; "she seems quite sure she's mine."

"Well, I've got an aunt and cousins I've never seen before coming up to-day," said the new comer; "and yours is uncommonly like the portrait of mine."

"If they belong to you, do take them away!" said Flushington, feebly. "I don't think I can keep up much longer."

"What are you whispering about, Fred?" cried the aunt; "is it something we are not to know?"

"He says he thinks there's been a mistake, and you're not my aunt," exclaimed Flushington.

"Oh, does he?" she said, drawing herself up indignantly; "and what does he know about it—I didn't catch his name; who is he?"

"Fred Lushington," he said; "that's my name."

"And who are you, if he's Fred Lushington?" she inquired, turning upon the unfortunate owner of the rooms.

"I'm Frederick Flushington," he stammered; "I'm sorry—but I can't help it."

"Then you are not my nephew at all, sir," cried the aunt.

"Thank you very much," said Flushington, gratefully.

"You see," her real nephew was explaining to her, "there isn't much light out on the stair-case, and you must have thought his name was 'F. Lushington,' so in you went, you know. The porter told me you'd been asking after me, so I looked in here to see whether anything had been heard of you, and here you are."

"But why didn't you tell me!" she said, for she was naturally annoyed to find she had been pouring out all her pent-up affections over a perfect stranger, and she had a dim idea that she had put herself in rather a ridiculous position, which, of course, made her feel very angry with Flushington.

"Why couldn't he explain before matters had gone so far?"

"How was I to know?" pleaded Flushington; "I daresay I have aunts in Australia, and you said you were one of them. I thought very likely you knew best."

"But you asked after Uncle Samuel," she said, accusingly; "you must have had some object—I cannot say what—in encouraging my object; oh, I'm sure of it."

"You told me to ask after him, and I did," said the unhappy Flushington; "I thought it was all right; what else was I to do?"

The cousins were whispering and laughing together all this time and regarding their new cousin with shy admiration, very different from the manner in which they had looked at poor Flushington; and the old nurse, too, was overjoyed at the exchange, and declared that she felt sure from the first that her master Frederick had not turned out so undersized as him—meaning Flushington.

"Yes, yes," said Lushington, hastily, "quite a mistake on both sides; quite sure Flushington isn't the man to go and intercept any fellow's aunt."

"I wouldn't have done it for worlds if I had known," he protested very sincerely.

"Well," she said, a little mollified, "I'm very sorry we've all disturbed you like this, Mr. —— Mr. Flushington (the unlucky man said something about not minding it now); and now, Fred, my boy, perhaps you will show us the way to the right rooms."

"Come along, then," said he; "I'll run down and tell them to send up some lunch. (They did not explain that they had lunched already.) You come, too, Flushington, and then after lunch you and I will row the ladies up to Byron's Pool?"

"Yes, do come, Mr. Flushington," the girls said, kindly, "just to show you forgive us!"

But Flushington wriggled out of it; to begin with, he did not consider he knew his neighbor sufficiently well, as they had a nodding acquaintance before, and besides he had enough of female society for one day.

Indeed, long after that he would be careful in fastening his door about lunching-time, and if he saw any person in Cambridge who looked as if she might by any possibility turn out to be a relative he would flee down a back street.

SHORTSIGHTEDNESS IN GERMANY.—The evident increase of shortsightedness among English children gives a painful interest to the facts collected by Professor Pflüger about the appalling prevalence of this weakness in German schools. Of 45,000 children lately examined in Germany, in schools of all grades, more than half were found to be suffering from short sight, while in some schools the proportion of the short-sighted was 70 80 per cent.; and in one—the gymnasium, at Heidelberg—there was actually not one scholar with good sight. The number of naturally short-sighted students, on the other hand, is only 10 per cent., so by far the greater part of the mischief is due to mismanagement. Among the causes of the evil on which Professor Pflüger lays most stress are badly-lighted—he might have added badly-ventilated school-rooms, ill-contrived desks and forms, and, above all, excess of study and too little exercise. There can be little doubt that the latter cause is the most important one. In the upper-grade schools of Germany, the gymnasia and the Realschulen, where work is much the heaviest, the proportion of short-sighted students is far the greatest.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

Anciently one of the utensils of the barber was a brass basin with a semi-circular gap in one side, to encompass a man's throat, by means of which, in applying the lather to the face, the clothes were not soiled. It will be recollected that Don Quixote assumed a barber's basin as a helmet.

A BAD taste in the mouth means a bilious attack. *Samaritan Nervine* cures it.

SUNDAY EASY CHAIR.

I know not what the future hath
Of marval or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works by faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me,
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.
—[Whittier.

Every man's life is a plan of God.—[Horace Bushnell.

The power of choosing right or wrong makes man a moral agent; his actually choosing wrong makes him a sinner.—[Lyman Beecher.

Happy the heart to whom God has given enough strength and courage to suffer patiently and find one's own happiness in the happiness of others.—[Colton.

We may not carry our moistened sponge over the tablets of God's commands, and then bind ourself only by the half-legible lines that remain.—[D. W. Faunce.

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.—[George D. Boardman.

A man dies very much as a bucket of water is drawn from a river. There is a little depression for a moment, then with a gurgle the waves fill it, and the stream flows on with the sun shining upon the spot as before.

The religion that the world needs for its complete regeneration is that kind which takes hold upon the life of a man and shapes its every action, directs its every effort, and asserts itself in the character in every conceivable relation.

If there were no enemy there could be no conflict, were there no trouble there could be no faith, were there no fear there could be no hope. Hope, faith and love are weapons, and weapons imply foes and encounters, and relying on my weapons, I will glory in my sufferings.—[Dr. Newman.

A person present during the last hours of President Chadbourne, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, writes that "no one who saw his face, radiant with heavenly light, or heard the triumphant words, like psalms of praise, that burst from his dying lips," could doubt the reality of a future life.

If the belief in God be lost to humanity, we shall lose not only the direct, but incalculable effects on individual souls of the belief in a Divine Searcher of hearts, but also the indirect and universal uplifting influence on society of the presence of men who have experienced such effects and formed their moral standard accordingly. It is too much to argue that the result will be a depreciation of the common ideal standard, and a consequently still further depression of the practical level of personal virtue?—[Frances Power Cobbe.

The *Christian Union* hopes that the Old Testament revisers will not "give us a book from which much of the power to delight and move men has departed," and says: "Assuredly, failure on their part to act in accordance with this 'sentimental' objection will result in their translation being regarded as an excellent commentary, but in no sense a substitute for the established version. We hope the revisers will take a lesson from the criticisms which have been visited upon the New Testament revision. Some of these we grant were puerile, but many are well made, and must be heeded if the New Version is to supplant the Old."

Sanctification is a genuine and gracious process and it never reaches completeness in this life. This should make us tolerant and charitable toward the infirmities of sincere followers of our Master. Yet it should never excuse our own willful adherence to words, or practices, or traits of character which disfigure our religion and mar our influence. In building a character for eternity, we should regard its impression on our fellow-men, we are as much bound to ornament it as we are to make the structure solid and enduring. An attractive Christian is the one that hits the most nearly that golden mean between pliant laxities, on the one hand, and severe or sanctimonious harshness, on the other hand. He is strict, but not censorious. He is sound, and yet sweet and mellow, as one who dwells much in the sunshine of Christ's countenance. He never incurs contempt by compromising with wrong, nor does he provoke others to dislike him by his doing right in a very harsh, or hateful, or bigoted fashion.—[Rev. T. L. Cuyler.

A talented but eccentric friend sometimes puts his text at the end of his sermon. He begins with a proposition, proves it, draws conclusions from it, builds a pyramid of statements and demonstration, until he arrives at a logical climax. The climax he finds a proof-text for, and that is the text of the sermon. He says: "Now, brethren, you see from what we have established in this discourse, that 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die,' as the Lord declares in Ezekiel xviii. 20." This brother preaches to his text, and not from it. But the impression made upon his hearers is that the Bible is not authority with him unless he can establish the truth of its statement by a process of reasoning. In this he enacts the part of an advocate and not the part of an ambassador. Our business is to tell men what our Lord says, and not to show them that he had a right to say it. Let us preach the Word, and not preach about it, or put it as a label upon our own theories and fancies.—[The Occident.

John Bright made the principal address at the recent thirteenth Triennial Conference of the Liberation Society in London. In conclusion Mr. Bright said: "I complain, then, of the Established Church in this broad manner, that it does nothing to guide the State in the way of righteousness; that it is in certain respects the bond slave of the State; that in all the great matters which must affect our country the Bishops and the clergy are dumb, and their activity is shown when any comparatively small measure is discussed which they think treads a little upon their position and their supremacy. Well, now, what will come? I cannot hope, and many here cannot hope, to live to see it, but probably many here will see it. * * * The Church as an established Church will perish. But as a Church, when that event has taken place, it will flourish far more in the right way of flourishing than it has done when tended by the State. When free it will look back with horror to the chains from which it has been delivered, and will exult with an unspeakable rejoicing at the freedom by which it has been enriched. And the people will have additional reasons for clinging to it, and I do not doubt for a moment—I speak with as solemn a belief as I have ever uttered upon any question—that the religion, the Christian religion taught by the free churches of England, will be far more acceptable hereafter to the millions of our population."

CHARMING LILY.—The passenger department of the Chicago and Alton has sent out a most unique and striking advertising poster, with calendar attachment. The leading feature is a ravishing picture of the Langtry, in a rob of red, which is used as the background to show the route of the Chicago and Alton Railroad in relief. The line of the road is represented by a wreath of calla lilies, which, beginning at a point about six inches below Lily's chin, in the vicinity of her wishbone, called on the poster Chicago, extends to St. Louis at her feet, and then back to the end of her trail, terminating at Kansas City. Branches of the wreath extend to Jefferson City, Jacksonville, Streator, etc. It is understood that the Langtry has written Mr. Charlton a handsome letter of thanks, which he will shortly have framed and on exhibition at his office.—[The Railway Passenger.

FOR THE LADIES.

All About the Things Worth Living For.

The yellow primrose, now the rage, was Lord Beaconsfield's favorite flower.

Flower dog-collars, and fans to match, will be a pretty feature of summer evening dress.

Bonnets which have the sharply-pointed brim, with white lace fillings, are called ruffled hen in Paris.

The French fashion of making up moss bonnets is to cover them with a lattice of gold threads or of ribbon.

A goldfish of painfully natural appearance is worn as a lace-pin by ladies, who fancy that the creature means good luck.

The train is once more a necessity for house dresses of rich material, and women with any eye for prettiness will be glad, for it adds grace to the ugliest figure and makes one which is good seem better.

White straw bonnets and hats are not considered in quite as good style this season as those of dyed straw in colors of gold, terracotta, amber, bronze, strawberry, olive, nuns' gray, laurel green, and brown.

The pretty zephyrs in "gingham effects" come in beautiful mixtures of strawberry and olive, pale blue and cream, crossed with hair lines of Venetian red; dark hunter's green and pink, and pale primrose and mauve, crossed with lines of dark, golden brown.

Clara Belle says some of the black stockings are furnished with padding. It is thin as gossamer at the ankles, but thickens upward, so that in effect it is padding. When made to order it is graduated to the special requirements. Often it has a bulk that has heretofore been obtainable only by degrading, outright pads. For all this black stockings are not responsible.

Ostrich tips make a becoming trimming to evening dresses, cut square or heart-shape in the neck. This trimming is not necessarily carried out on other portions of the dress, for where a toilet has fan-plaitings or ruchings on the dress material, or is lace-trimmed, the feather garniture may head the lace or plaiting set around the neck and sleeves. To complete the effect, however, a cluster of tips, mingled with flowers, may be fastened to the left shoulder and upon the right side of the skirt drapery.

Stylish young ladies now wear the Chevreuse collar with the promenade costume trimmed with deep Venetian cut-work or guipure embroidery. The cuff to match is a plain turnover, and is generally half covered with a long glove. The lace border, which is usually put on over a strip of colored ribbon to form an officer's collar and cuff, dispenses with the ruche or frill of crepe lisse about the neck and wrists. A small fancy jewelled brooch representing an insect or flower fastens the collar.

Amber is a very fashionable color, and one of the most beautiful late importations from Worth is an amber satin reception costume. The court train opens over a petticoat of ruby velvet covered with very deep amber lace flounces. The bodice is pointed and sleeveless, and is trimmed with a magnificent embroidery of gold, ruby, and amber beads, which glisten like gems in the gaslight, this embroidery heading a fall of amber lace. The effect of this dress is beautiful beyond description.

Household suggestions.

If the principal bones are removed from baked fish before it is sent to the table, it can be carved in an irreproachable manner with perfect ease.

Stuffing for a baked fish should be made of fine bread crumbs, highly seasoned with pepper, salt, and sage. One or two raw eggs beaten in with it also gives flavor to it. A little butter is needed if the fish is not too oily.

A delicate pudding sauce is made of one egg beaten with one cup of sugar. This may be done some time before dinner; when it is time to serve the sauce pour over the sugar and egg half a cupful of boiling water; flavor with lemon or rose.

Lettuce, boiled, makes a good side-dish. Cook and serve as you do spinach. A small piece of bacon boiled with it is a good seasoning. When the lettuce has grown a little rank and is not quite crisp enough to serve as salad, it may be prepared in this way, and make an agreeable and welcome dish.

Oatmeal pancakes are good for breakfast, and may occasionally take the place of the oatmeal and milk so universally served at that meal. Make them with sour milk, with soda to sweeten it. The batter should be stiff. The oatmeal, unless it is ground very fine, should be soaked in water all night.

The plain salad dressing which is so often announced on bills of fare is the ordinary salad dressing, minus all sugar. One may learn to like it, if it is made with care, but to one who is not an epicure and deeply interested in getting a new sensation, the dressing with sugar will doubtless be preferable.

The paper bags which are sometimes sent out from the tea store with a pound of tea in, furnish good designs for the ornamentation of a crazy quilt. The pictures are exactly adapted for this work, and are so varied in size and subject as to give a good opportunity for choice. The outlines alone may be worked, or the whole figure applied.

Muffins made principally of boiled hominy are excellent for breakfast. To two cups of cold boiled hominy allow one cup of flour, a heaping teaspoonful of salt, two eggs, a third of a cup of butter, a heaping tablespoonful of sugar, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; mix this with the flour, beat all together and bake in a quick oven in muffin tins. These are very nice with coffee.

Feminine Brevities.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stone has given $25,000 to found in Washington a home for widows.

Miss Thomas, daughter of one of the Trustees of Johns Hopkins University, has recently taken the degree of Ph. D. at Zurich, after an examination lasting five weeks, and is now going to study five years in the British Museum.

A squib is going the rounds of the papers to the effect that Goliath of Gath is the first person mentioned in history as having a "bang." This is a mistake. Two hundred and fifty years earlier Abimelech, son of Gideon, had a bang similar to that of Goliath, and the "hairdresser" in this case was a woman.

In Denmark no woman is allowed to serve customers in any public or private drinking place, and selling intoxicants to persons of either sex under 18 years of age is strictly prohibited. Drunken persons are taken to their homes in covered carriages, and the expense collected off the saloon-keepers. This law has reduced the saloons in Copenhagen from 1,350 to 300.

A pretty story is told about the Princess Eugenie, sister of the King of Sweden. She recently sold her diamonds to raise funds in order to complete a hospital in which she was interested. When visiting this hospital, after its completion, a suffering inmate wept tears of gratitude as she stood by his side, and the Princess exclaimed, "Ah! now I see my diamonds again."

At a recent dinner party there were two sisters present, one a widow who had just emerged from her weeds, the other not long married, whose husband had lately gone to India for a short term. A young lawyer present was deputed to take the young widow in to dinner. Unfortunately, he was under the impression that his partner was the married lady whose husband had just arrived in India. The conversation between them commenced by the lady remarking how warm it was for the season of the year. "Yes, it is quite warm," replied the lawyer. Then a happy thought suggested itself to him, but he added with a cheerful smile: "But not as hot as the place to which your husband has gone." The look with which the lady answered this lively sally will haunt that unhappy man till his death.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
Relieves and cures
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia,
Sciatica, Lumbago,
BACKACHE,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
SORE THROAT,
QUINSY, SWELLINGS,
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Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,
FROSTBITES,
BURNS, SCALDS,
And all other bodily aches and pains.
FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.
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(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.)
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Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

"78 *E. 54th St., New York, May* 16, 1882.
MESSRS. J. C. AYER & Co., Gentlemen:

Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until it is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I place these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good.

Yours respectfully, Z. P. WILDS."

The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

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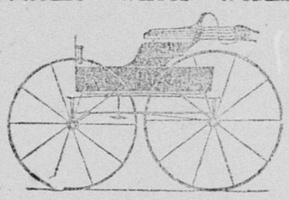

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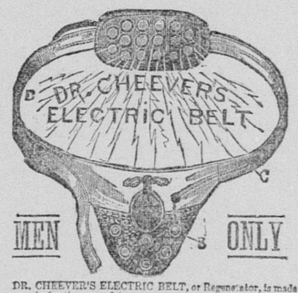

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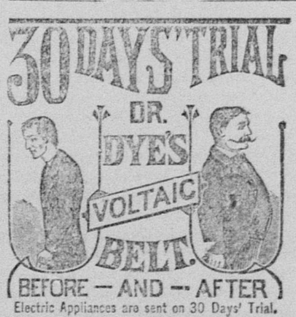

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