THE FASHIONS.

AS DECREED BY LATEST DEMANDS AT GOTHAM.

Some New Materials—Style of Hair-dressing—The Latest in Jewelry—Gloves—Etc.

[From our Own Correspondent.]

NEW YORK, February 11, 1887.

Everything bold and fluffy seems to have been concentrated on some goods recently brought out. These are great blocks of long pile wavy plush set among stripes of equally pronounced fabric; very broad stripes running down the goods and varied, perhaps, by small squares set within them, or huge checks formed by transverse bars. These and kindred patterns are sometimes shown forth in alternations of color so brilliant that they would be "loud," but for that refinement of dye which is always noticeable in expensive materials—that something which makes the red or yellow of an Axminister carpet so different from the colorings of an ingrain. A pronounced shade of blue may alternate with gold and bronze, crimson with green, etc. These goods must of course be carefully handled and require offsettings of gentle character, and thus, while the groundwork is silken and soft, the favorite, though not exclusive combination, is an extremely fine grade of white cashmere that composes the waist and a portion of the skirt. There is, however, a certain something in stripes and bars which prohibit them usually from full dress, strictly speaking, and these very striking costumes therefore are worn for afternoons, lunches, etc., rather than for a set ball. They are essentially in bad taste, yet they are unique and may express jauntiness. At all events something different and a relief from eternal repetition of fabrics really prettier but less original. As an effort also towards change, come not infrequent combinations of white and black for full dress, as where a white tulle is diversified by black chenille dots or plain white tulle ornamented by bows of black velvet ribbon.

THE HAIR.

The decline of frizzes in the arrangement of the hair may be the preclude to a fall. Certainly they no longer fall as they once did, and every day the brow begins to assert itself, coming forth to the light of day with waviness above, just sufficient to afford that broken outline so important to irregular features, or where the countenance savors of the classic, the pompadour roll grows more and more in favor. The bang falling longer in the center and cut upwards at the sides is still in vogue, but is too unbecoming to be very popular. Nothing is really *de riguer* except that one must not have too much of anything. Moderation everywhere, and the moderately large coil or any other dressing is carried, for the most part, high on the head with aigrette of feathers, ribbon or flowers on one side. Oftenest by far the first named, and these pretty fancies being shown ready made, with little trouble one can provide a complete assortment. Now and then, however, some fashionable lady wears her hair low and it proves an agreeable variety. Fancy pins and jewelled ornaments are still much worn.

STYLES IN JEWELRY.

Low necks being in high favor the lower, the higher, perhaps, as an obvious consequence, there is demand for a special class of jewels. Dressy, or more strictly speaking, partially undressed women atone for corsage deficiencies by rows of pearls or diamonds. Necklaces of these special kinds are in great request, one large diamond being the favorite clasp for a pearl necklace. Twisted strings of seed pearls are thus kept together, or the solitaire glitters as the connecting link, where a row or more of large pearls are placed successively. Variety is afforded by the most elegant pendants imaginable. Description utterly fails of justice to these masterpieces of art, where the most refined skill is taxed for a beautiful assemblage of costly gems. Rare colored stones are combined, or again there is the colder light of pearls and diamonds; small ones set closely together in simulation of a delicate flower, or it may be a cross or some other device of large ones—blazing or gently glowing, according to the choice made. Both stars and crescents are popular. The demand for rubies is large among those able to purchase this gem, which jewelers and connoisseurs consider so rare and beautiful, and, combined with diamonds, they adorn some of the most expensive pendants. Lovely and peculiar enameled brooches now imitate flowers in all varieties of color and shape, from pure white to a pronounced red or the very dark crimson of a miniature dahlia. Now and then a large diamond is placed like a glittering dewdrop on one of these flowers, and with very pretty effect. Bracelets are still quite narrow.

GLOVES OF THE SEASON.

The sale of long white kid gloves for evening has not hindered the continued wear of tan, that is occasionally in quite dark shades, pale gray, pearl or heliotrope being also in favor. With delicate stitching on the back which is in contrast to the great run on heavy stitching for day use; oftenest in contrast but again harmonizing with the glove. Undressed kid is in extraordinary demand for all occasions, and some fashionable people will have nothing else.

TOILET ACCESSORIES.

Ebony is now the most fashionable mounting for combs, brushes, hand-glasses, etc., the powder-box also being composed of this dark and handsome wood. Cunning little mirrors, with sliding covers for pocket use, are also made of it. Speaking of soaps, for nursery use, at least, Pears' soap is undoubtedly without a rival, since for the delicate skins of infants it has been found really perfect. Domestic women also appreciate its healing and beautifying properties, quite as much as society ladies who study each article of the toilet; the latter class using the scented varieties of this article, while the former find the unscented equally efficacous and cheap enough to come within their means.

Manicure sets, running from $35 to $100, form curious subjects of speculation. A handsome satin-lined box inclosing scissors, one or more pair, file, brushes, powder, polisher, ointment, etc. What bachelor can read without dismay, that belles may carry in the innocent form of a watch a full supply of cosmetics and means of applying them. Within the simulating circle a puff saturated with powder; case of pencils for darkening the eyebrows, pink for the cheeks and a mirror set in the frame.

ROSALIND MAY.

An Inquisitive Boy.

A young lady and a small, bright-eyed boy entered a street-car on Lake avenue yesterday afternoon. The lady deposited her fare and the boy's and the bell rang. "Aunt Ella," said the boy," "what makes the bell ring?" "The driver rings the bell," was the reply. "What does he do that for?" "Why he does it to register the fare." "What does he do that for?" "Because he has to." "Oh." Then there was a silence for half a minute. Presently the boy said: "What is that round thing up there?" "That is the register." "What is that for?" "To register the fare." "You said the ring registered the fare." "No, I didn't say that." "Yes, you did, Aunt Ella." "Now, Johnny, don't you contradict me; you are a naughty boy." "Well, that's what you said." A silence of two minutes followed; it was broken by the boy, who said: "Say, Aunt Ella, what made you tell me that the ring registered the fare?" "Oh, I don't know." "You did say so, didn't you, Aunt Ella?" "Yes, Johnny." "Then what made you say that you didn't say it?" "I didn't say that I didn't say so; don't bother me, Johnny." After another brief silence the boy returned to the attack: "Say, Aunt Ella, did you go to Sunday-school when you was little?" "Yes, child, of course I did." "Did you take any prizes?" "Yes, lots of them." "Did you tell wrong stories as much then as you do now?" "Johnny, you are a bad boy; I shall tell your mother." "I wish you would tell her two times; that's what I wish." "Why, Johnny?" "'Cause you wouldn't tell the same story two times; that would let me out." A gentleman in the other end of the car turned away his face and giggled, and the young lady blushed violently.—*Rochester Herald.*

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WHAT BESSIE SAW.

This morning, when all of the rest had gone down,
I stood by the window to see
The beautiful pictures, which there in the night,
Jack Frost had been making for me.

There were mountains, and windmills, and bridges, and boats;
Some queer looking houses and trees;
A hammock that hung by itself in the air,
And a giant cut off at the knees.

Then there was a steeple, so crooked and high,
I was thinking it surely must fall,
When right down below it I happened to spy
The loveliest thing of them all—

The cutest and cunningest dear little girl!
I looked at her hard as I could.
As she stood there so dainty—and looked back at me—
In a little white ulster and hood.

"Good morning!" I whispered, for all in a flash
I knew 'twas Jack Frost's little sister.
I was so glad to have her come visiting me
I reached up quite softly and kissed her.

Then—can you believe it?—the darling was gone!
Killed dead in that one little minute.
I never once dreamed that a kiss would do that.
How could there be any harm in it!

But I am so sorry! for though I have looked
Fifty times at that window since then,
Half hoping to see her once more, yet I know
She never will come back again.

And—it may be foolish—but all through the day
I have felt—and I knew that I should—
Just as if I had killed her, that dear, baby girl,
In the little white ulster and hood.

—*Carrie W. Bronson, in Youth's Companion.*

THE WINTER HOME OF THE TORTOISE.

Our migratory birds do not alone enjoy the scrutiny and comfort of two places of abode.

Other creatures which cannot swiftly fly through the air to the "Sunny South" have safe and sure retreats from the winter's cold.

The tortoise cannot travel with the changing season, yet, when the summer is over, it will be found snugly quartered for winter beyond the reach of frost. It stops in its wanderings when warned of the approach of winter by unerring instinct, and slowly disappears in the earth, digging its way, head foremost, into the ground.

If there is such a thing as "digging a hole and pulling it in after you," as people sometimes say, the tortoise knows how to do it; for the last seen of the animal is the stumpy tail, and when it vanishes in the loose earth, all trace of an opening disappears.

It does not always dig its way. Sometimes a protected place, beyond the reach of frost or snow, is found, into which it crawls.

When once in its winter abode, it sleeps away the time in darkness and without food. In the spring the awakened animal comes to the surface. First the head is cautiously thrust forth, then the neck and forefeet slowly appear; finally it crawls off, in its awkward way, to find something to eat. Should it find cold weather prevailing on its first appearance, it may remain for days with just the tip of its nose visible. That it knows when to seek the friendly protection of the earth in the autumn, and when to come up in the spring, and that it knows how deep to go in order to escape the frost, show the extreme sensitiveness of the animal to the elements above it—a sensitiveness which man does not possess.—*A., in Fountain.*

Some of Dose Sayings.

Some folks vhas sooch kickers dat dey complains of der schmall size of apple-cores.

Many a coon dat ish kildt oop a tree could haf got avhay all right on der groundt.

Kind vhords cost nottings; dot's vhy so many of us carry such a sthock of them.

Der workingman who has good credit mit de grocer und butcher vhill always be a poor man.

I belief dot if I vhas vhort $10,000,000 I could feel sorry for der troubles of der whole worldt.

One-half der peoples goes up a ladder to look for a prize vhich vhas under der house all der time.

It vhas better to do a big peeseness in a schmall sthore dan to do a small peeseness in a big sthore.

Der family who doan' provide for a rainy day will sooner or later see such a time as never vhas.

Sometime Truth goes out to take a walk and meets Gossip, but der pair neber comes home together.

Good Luck vhas somebody who vhill help a fool as queek as a wise man. Success vhas der reward of hardt work and perseverance.

Der leedle children dot we see aroundt us vhas der rain-drops dot keep the hearts of men from becoming parched and dusty.

I haf took notis dot dose peoples who borow the moas' tea and coffee and sugar from der neighbors, borrow der least troubles for demselves.

People vhill look for oranges in a cabbage field, und because no oranges is found, dot same people are determined not to appreciate cabbage.

Maybe it vas petter for us dot we have some troubles. If nottings happen vhe become so happy dot vhe melt avhay und der sidewalk vhas all grease.

Truth vhas a big thing, but dere vhas sometimes vhen a big lie vhas vort two of him to make der family all right. Dot vhas mine experience in philosophy.—*Free Press.*

The Maladies of Caged Birds.

The melancholy part of the study of caged birds is the abundance of diseases to which they are liable. Especially during the winter and the early spring the pathetic little captives are apt to suffer and die in a way which makes the very fact of their captivity a reproach. After examining the grisly catalogue of their complaints we have come to the conclusion that the excessive dullness of their life in cages drives them to the only indulgence which is possible to them—that of overeating themselves. The excited bird which falls from its perch, in the middle of a burst of song, smitten with apoplexy; the hot and lumpy bird which is a victim to hepatitis; the corpulent bird whose figure no dandelion leaves or Epsom salts will reduce; the epileptic bird that drags on existence by sipping tincture of lobelia and drops of castor oil, all these melancholy invalids would have escaped their sad condition if they could have resisted the tempting hempseed and the luscious milksop. But how are they to drag life through their long, monotonous days? In the utter insipidity of aviary existence the open and inexhaustible box of food decoys them like a vice, and they succumb to temptation, as Mme. Bovary did, from sheer, unmitigated ennui. Sometimes, in the latter stages of decline, all reticence is thrown aside, and the unfortunate songster sits all day long at the feeding-trough, shelling and throwing aside the food that it positively can not swallow, and yet must be handling. In these sad cases a live spider is sometimes found beneficial, as for hysterical human patients the family doctor may recommend a pantomime. It is curious that the bird fanciers persist in feeding their charges hemp-seed, probably because the irresponsible little wretches gobble it up with so much greediness. But this is no more a reason for giving it to them than the fact that children like macaroons would be a reason for feeding them daily upon this indigestible dainty. Birds require at least as much care as children in selecting for them, not what they prefer, but what is best.—*Saturday Review.*

What "Old Fritz" Said.

It was an aphorism of Frederick the Great's that "Facts are divine things." An undisputed fact is that Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the most powerful liver vitalizer extant, and by its characteristic and searching action will cure dyspepsia, constipation, dropsy, kidney disease, sick-headache and other maladies which, popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, are directly traceable to a diseased condition of the liver, by which its work as purifier of the blood is made incomplete. All druggists.

NO OTHER spring medicine has won for itself such universal confidence as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the most powerful combination of vegetable alteratives over offered to the public, and is acknowledged by the medical profession to be the best blood purifier.

OLIVE CULTURE.

EXTENT OF THE INDUSTRY IN OTHER COUNTRIES.

Suggestions as to the Probable Profits to be Derived Therefrom in California.

[J. P. Whitney in Placer Herald.]

I am one of the last to discourage tree planting, or anything else that means advancement. Our people are enterprising, more so than any other in the world, but it is best that our energies are directed in the way to give the best results. I am inclined to the belief that those who give their best lands to the growing of the olive in this region will regret the action at some later day, although I believe our soil and climate are most favorable. I do not believe the results will be so profitable as generally expected.

The olive berry is most valuable as an article of food, as well as its oil, but the produce will be brought in competition with the cheapest soil and labor in the world, and with a product which is not limited, and can be laid down without injury by transportation wherever a demand exists. I have had occasion to observe several times, upon travels through Italy, Spain and the southern part of France, the enormous extent of the olive growth, and the features connected with the cheap gathering of the berries and the extraction of the oil.

In foreign countries good land is rarely given for the trees, and I have traveled for hundreds of miles in dry and comparatively arid tracts where the olive trees seemed to make a continuous orchard, bearing without cultivation or care, as they probably had for hundreds of years, giving a valuable food for the people. I have observed that the margin of profit was so small that able-bodied men were seldom employed in the gathering of the berries, which were picked and beat off the trees and gathered from the ground by the very old, or very young, or by females incapable of working in the fields.

One must be among the people there to see how very poor they are, and how difficult it is for them to more than make a bare living from the products of their extensive olive orchards, which bear without cultivation of any kind. In the principal olive-growing countries cultivation of the trees is not considered desirable, for experience has fully demonstrated this, as well as the fact that it is not necessary to give them a good alluvial soil, but to grow them upon rocky and comparatively barren tracts, so that they will be seen growing in the most barren and fantastic places, and often upon the hillsides where the scanty soil is held up to the roots by stones piled against them.

It is wonderful to see how they thrive in such places, and to consider that they have been bearing fruit probably for hundreds of years under such circumstances. I have a large photograph of an old olive tree which interested me very much, growing in the northern part of Italy near the, Mediterranean. This tree was estimated to be over 1,000 years old, and bore the marks of having been burnt out a number of times. It presented a large mass of gnarled roots and half trunk, twenty or twenty-five feet high, and about fifteen feet wide, through which in various places the daylight could be seen by the splitting up of old age and the work of ancient fires. Yet, from the top of this goblin-like structure the lusty-appearing limbs were loaded with berries.

It is not uncommon in southern France, along the barren lands adjoining the Mediterranean, to see old olive orchards of great extent, bearing average crops, where the trees are so aged and split up that one could pass easily through the opening of many of the trunks. The olives of the Garden of Gethsemane, at Jerusalem, are said to have been growing at the commencement of the Christian Era, and are claimed to have been on the tax rolls over a thousand years.

The labor of expressing the oil and preparing it for use is light, although requiring care, and supplies the peasant and his family with food in the berry, and butter and lard in the oil. With the oil he also anoints his body as a specific against rheumatism and the many ills that flesh is heir to. It is often said in Italy when one dies of very old age: "Ah, he had plenty of good oil." There is no doubt but that the use of good oil is highly beneficial, and its daily and more general use in this country should be encouraged, and this advantage be gained by its production here, where there will be no difficulty in getting a pure article.

It may be claimed that a profit is being made by the few principal manufacturers of olive oil in the State at the present time, which may be quite true; but that does not prove that our best lands should be put down to olives.

The price which has been paid for the limited amount of good oil made in this State has been fully double that which a good, sound foreign oil could be laid down for, and good oil can be obtained here as well as that which is badly adulterated.

A first-class oil can be laid down here at $2 per gallon, duty paid, and a gallon will pretty nearly fill three-quarters of a dozen of the bottles usually filled.

The pickled olives, in bulk, can also be laid down at a very low price—very low, in comparison with the fancy price paid for a single bottle. Besides the demand for pickled olives is a very limited one, and even if the olive should be eaten generally, the aggregate amount required would be small, as it is taken only as a relish, and not as a substantial article of food.

The area of sterile lands in olives in the old countries is immense. In Italy alone the extent is given at 1,235,000 acres, and the oil product at 40,000,000 gallons; while Spain, Portugal, France, Algeria, Sicily, the Greek Islands, Syria, and various other countries produce immense quantities, and upon lands which are very cheap, and where labor is very low. Freights are low now, and always will be, besides the present United States protective duty on oil is not likely to be exacted for a long period.

The product of olive trees is greatly exaggerated. Under favorable conditions they may often yield largely. The highest estimate of yield from the most prolific trees in Italy is about three gallons of oil, while the average yield of all the olive orchards of Tuscany is given by the highest statistical authority as one-third of a gallon of oil to the tree. This includes the first, second and third pressings, and only a portion of this result would consist of first-class oil, the second and third pressings being used for soap, cooking and illuminating purposes. Even petroleum, cheap and now universally distributed as it is through the world, has only partially succeeded in displacing olive oil as an illuminator.

Even France, large producer as she is of olive oil, and having large tracts of land suitable for an increased olive area, and competing as she does to monopolize in all products she can produce, does not attempt to supply her home demand, but depends more largely than any other country upon foreign supplies. England takes 20,000 tons of olive oil per annum, France a vast deal more.

These considerations have brought me to the conclusion that however favorable our conditions may be for the growing of olive trees, that our best lands should be put out to choice fruit, in which we can equal if not surpass any other section, and for which the demand is comparatively inexhaustible, and which in the end will be found to pay better than any other products.

Four Acres of Rum.

In the very heart of London there exists a fiery mine of so excitable a disposition that no artificial light of any description has ever yet been allowed to be brought even into its neighborhood. Its product, however, is not coal, but rum. The rumshed, as it is called, of the West India Dock, covers a space of 200,000 square feet, with vaults of corresponding size, all crammed with huge casks of spirits, from every pore of which—and the most carefully closed have pores in plenty—the fiery vapor is forever streaming out into the air, only begging for the smallest chance of converting the whole area of the docks, with their 250 odd ships and 200,000 or 300,000 tons or so of cargo, and their more or less incalculable stores of timber and tea, silk and sugar, cigars and cereals, coals and cotton, wine, wool, whisky, whale-fins and whatnot into the most magnificent bowl of snapdragon ever imagined in infant nightmare. Into these fiery regions not even a bull's-eye lantern is or ever has been allowed to penetrate. Even the wharf along the side where the great puncheons are landed is forbidden to the approach of vessels, every cask being transferred from ship to shore in the company's own lighters. Each cask in the vast range of dim, dark vaults is marked and numbered, and on the right reading of these marks and numbers depends the efficient execution of every one of the numerous operations to which every cask has to be subjected, before its contents can go forth for the mixing of the world's grog. It is a feat worthy of a Japanese juggler.

First Thanksgiving for the New World.

That was a memorable Thanksgiving when, in the early spring of 1493, Columbus returned from his first voyage of discovery to Palos and hastened to meet the Spanish sovereigns at Barcelona. Columbus was a man of faith. "God made me the messenger of the new heavens and the new earth," he said in his old age, "and told me where to find them." It was this patriarchial faith that inspired him to weigh the earth and to travel the unknown seas.

Palos throbbed with excitement as the banner of the cross and crowns of Columbus rose above the wave, and streamed into the harbor. The bells rung. On landing, Columbus and his crew went to the principal church, accompanied by the whole population, and offered up solemn thanksgivings for the success of the expedition.

Columbus hastened to Barcelona to meet the Court. His journey was a triumphal march.

It was the middle of April, the month of nightingales and flowers. Columbus entered the city amid music, bells and shouts of triumph. Ferdinand and Isabella, seated under a superb canopy, received him as a Viceroy rather than an Admiral, and requested him to relate to them the history of his voyage. He did so, surrounded by the Indians whom he had brought with him, with their gay plumage and offerings of tropic birds and fruits.

As he ended his wonderful narrative there arose a burst of music, and bore away to Heaven the thoughts of the sovereigns and nobles and people, already thrilled and melted by the most marvelous tale ever told of human achievement.

It was the chapel choir of Isabella.

"We praise Thee, Oh, God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord; all the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting."

The majestic Latin hymn swept on until it reached the sublime words:

"Holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory."

The great audience was filled with ecstatic devotion. It was, perhaps, the most happy moment of Columbus' life—the first thanksgiving for the new world.—*Youth's Companion.*

WINNING TWO RAILROADS AT POKER.—"Talking about poker stories," said a railroad man, "let me tell you one. Did you ever hear of two railroads being won in a pot of poker? Well, I have, and I'll tell you about it. Fifteen years or so ago two little railroads, one in Illinois and one in Missouri, were owned by two men who had some business relations which brought them together in St. Louis. One owned one railroad, or a controlling share of the stock, and the other owned the other road. When they met at the old Planters' House, in St. Louis, they, with some friends, sat down one evening to a little game of poker. At first the stakes were small, but as the players warmed up the limit was raised, and finally removed altogether. The pace got so hot that all of the players but these two railroad men dropped out. It was a game for blood. Fortune varied first one way and then another, and finally they played a jacker in which the opener was promptly raised $500 and was them himself raised back. Before a card was drawn the pot held $3,500. Each drew one card, and in a few minutes both players had all their money on the table. Then they put up their railway shares in good-sized blocks, until, when the call was made, a controlling interest in each railroad was represented in the pot. Each man had gone in with two pairs, and each had filled. The Missouri man had the better hand. The railroads which figured in this game were little county affairs, and both were afterward absorbed into the Gould system."—*Chicago Herald.*

FLIRTATION.—The Chicago *Journal* of a recent date preaches this sermon to girls on the dangers of flirtation: "A young girl flirts with a stranger upon the street. The result is something disagreeable, and straightway comes the excuse: 'Why I meant no harm. I never thought of doing anything wrong! I simply wanted to have a little fun!' Now, look me straight in the eye, young gossamer-head, while I tell you what I know. The girl who will indulge in flirtation with strange young men in public places, however harmless and innocent it may appear, places herself in that estimation upon a level with the most abandoned of her sex, and courts the same vile regard. Strong language for a mild-mannered Amber to make use of, but, I tell you, I become a furious old grandmother the moment I see a blessed young girl tiptoeing her thoughtless way upon the road that leads direct to death and destruction! The boat that dances like a feather on the tide a few miles above the commencement of Niagara rapids is just as much lost as when it enters the swirling, swinging water of waters, unless a strong hand keeps it up stream and out of danger. A flirtation to-day is a ripple merely, but to-morrow it will be a breaker, and then a whirlwind, and after that comes hopeless loss of character."

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Do you want a pure, blooming Complexion? If so, a few applications of Hagan's MAGNOLIA BALM will gratify you to your heart's content. It does away with Sallowness, Redness, Pimples, Blotches, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It overcomes the flushed appearance of heat, fatigue and excitement. It makes a lady of THIRTY appear but TWENTY; and so natural, gradual, and perfect are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ST. JACOBS OIL

FOR MAN AND BEAST.

THE BEST REMEDY.

The Best for Horse Complaints.

New York Club Stables, 15-17 E. 28th St., New York, Oct. 29th, 1886.

It gives me great pleasure to add my testimony to the great curative qualities of St. Jacobs Oil, having used several cases of the Oil in my stable, can safely say it is the best liniment. CALVIN H. PRIEST.

The Best Ever Used in Stables.

Gentlemen's Fancy Livery, Fine Horses, etc., Lancaster, Pa., Oct. 23d, 1886.

As to the usefulness of St. Jacobs Oil, I will say as much as any man, for I well know it is the best I ever used in my stables. CYRUS H. COLVIN.

It Never Failed in a Single Instance.

San Diego, Cal., Oct. 23d, 1886.

Gentlemen: It is a satisfaction to recommend a good thing, and such a thing I believe your St. Jacobs Oil to be. I have used it for years in my family, as well as in my kennel and stables, and it has never failed in a single instance to do everything that could reasonably be expected of any remedy of its class. W. H. HOLABIRD, Gen'l. Agt. Coronado Beach Co.

From a Horseman—Lame-back Cured.

Menesha, Wis., Oct. 26, 1886.

Your letter all right. St. Jacobs Oil is just what is said about it. It cured me entirely of lame back; also of sprains. It is the finest thing ever used on horses, or for man or beast. A. GRANGER.

Opinion of a Dealer in Horses.

Trexlertown Lehigh Co., Penna.

I recommend St. Jacobs Oil as the best thing in the world for spavin on horses. It is a certain cure. MILTON A. SCHMOYER.

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For ALL of those Painful Delicate Complaints and Complicated Troubles and Weaknesses so common among our Wives, Mothers and Daughters IT IS A SOVEREIGN REMEDY.

☞ PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, EFFICACIOUS AND *immediate and lasting in its effect.*

IT IS A VERY GREAT HELP IN PREGNANCY, AND RELIEVES PAIN DURING LABOR AND AT REGULAR MENSTRUAL PERIODS.

OVER 1,000 LADIES IN PHILADELPHIA Alone testify as to its good qualities. It is a delicate matter to testify about, but we have their names.

☞For all weaknesses of the generative organs of either sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been before the public; and for all diseases of the Kidneys, it is the *Greatest Remedy in the World.*

PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE IT FREELY.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and it does ALL *it claims to do.*

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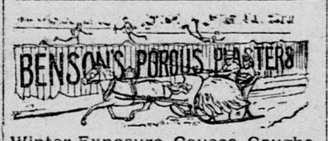

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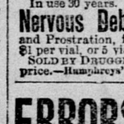

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