St. Tammany Farmer.

Published Every Saturday.

COVINGTON, - - LOUISIANA.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY KING.

(HE MUSES.)

If I believed the souls august
Of ancestors that long are dust
Beheld me at this hour, 'twould wake
Shame in my own soul keen of ache.
For their dim ghosts would seem to chide
From shadowy vantages of pride,
Their hollow eyes would seem to hold
Remonstrance and rebuke untold,
Their spectral lips would seem to rain
On my degeneracy disdain.
For how am I, thus girt by thrall
Of quickening freedom, King at all?
My parliaments, whose rafters ring
With statesmen's edicts, ask no King;
My people, in whom obedience lay
Invulnerable but yesterday,
Are now a throng of myriad throats
Voicing their individual votes;
Dictating laws, ordaining plans,
In all save name republicans.
And when my forefathers held
Stanchest auxiliaries of eld,
My nobles, born custodians, each,
Of every verge our sway doth reach,
Are stripped of all their state once meant,
Save empty and idle precedent.
No more about our throne's proud piers
They group, its guardian halberdiers,
With loyalty in their least breath
And duty another word for death!
Their sires' tough mail-shirts they forsake
For broadcloth garb of modish make;
In them the rough allegiant oath
Is dainty deference touched with sloth;
The swords bold warriors joyed to hurl
Are canes that smooth hands lightly twirl;
The intrepid charger, wild of breed,
Has grown the equestrian's neat-groomed steed;
The bluff retainers, hot for fray,
As liv ried lackeys cringe to-day.
What wonder if I should deem it strange
To rule a realm so swept by change,
Where only in legend now may live
The monarch's lost prerogative?
What wonder if I should long to flee
This hollow and senseless pageantry,
That sets me in mimic school-boy dread
As its imperial figure-head—
Between a thousand schemes, plots, lies,
Flaunted the incarnate compromise!
No part bear I in civic strife
That pricks conservatives to life
And makes the wounds thus dealt them fill
With liberty's awakening thrill.
Aloof I dwell, by power disowned,
A mere tradition crowned and throned!
I sometimes dream that I can trace
Insidious mockery in the face
Of him who leans most low to kiss
My hand with courtliest emphasis;
I sometimes fancy I almost feel
The attendants at my side conceal
Thoughts they would tremble to declare,
Yet whose dumb sarcasms freight the air!
At balls of pomp, while flattery floats
Among my beams her myriad notes,
While sycophancy's unctuous phrase
Forgets the false heart it betrays,
While caste from reverent censer swings
The dizzying vapors dear to kings,
While fashion, where my foot hath trod,
Spaniels for one consentient nod—
Oh, then I hear the night-winds wake
Through many a distant dell and brake,
Where moon may brood or planets shine
On lands that are yet are not mine!
Then yearn I for the bounteous balms
Of nature's clamorings or her calms—
The unfevered life, the fretless hope,
The horizon of divulgent scope,
The statecraft of the stealthy seeds,
The wide democracies of weeds,
The birds' patrician claims of class,
The prosperous commonwealth of grass,
The ministries of heat or cold,
The sun's exchequer of lavish gold,
The blithe republics of the bees,
The butterflies' buoyant anarchies,
The oratory of air and cloud
With leaves for listeners, low or loud,
The church of meadows and copse and hill,
The ritual of the brawling rill!

—Edgar Fawcett, in America.

A DUKE IN DISGUISE.

The Good Fortune That Befell a Young Lover.

Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, was in the habit of throwing off his court costume at times, and in various disguises going forth to seek such adventures as might present themselves. On one occasion, being overtaken by a storm, he took refuge in a small house just on the outskirts of the City of Bruges. The house was neatly furnished, but still in a plain, inexpensive manner. The door was opened by a matronly-looking woman to whom the Duke addressed his petition:

"My good dame, I have been suddenly overtaken by the storm—will you, in your kindness, allow me to tarry with you until it is over?"

"With pleasure," was the reply. "Yet, as there are those who go about with evil designs, I should feel the more willing if I knew your name and condition."

"You may judge from my dress," said the Duke, evasively, "that I am a merchant, and for my name, you may call me Philip Frendrau."

"Do you do business here in Burges? Methinks I have never heard of that name."

"Here and elsewhere. My business calls me to different parts of the kingdom."

"You should carry on an extensive business, then?"

"So, so," said the Duke. "At any rate, I managed to gain a comfortable support. You are a widow?"

"Alas! yes, sir. My husband died a year or more since."

"Have you any children?"

"One—a son of twenty-one."

"What business does he follow?"

"I fear me he will never follow any."

"And wherefore not?"

"Because, sir, he is at this moment violently in love, and his suit does not prosper."

"The lady does not smile upon him, then?"

"Not so," said the widow, a little proudly. "She must indeed be blind not to love my boy, but it is the father who objects."

"And what is the ground of his objection?"

"He is wealthy and we are not."

"Perhaps he thinks your son a fortune hunter."

"He knows better; but the worst of it is, that, but for his evil practices, my son would be rich as himself."

"Ha!" said the Duke, growing more attentive. "Let me know how that is, if you have no objection."

"You must know then, fair sir, that M. Gaspar and my husband were partners up to the time when my husband died. They were engaged in a prosperous trade, and were both thought to be rich—equally so, for both began with the same capital, and he expended as much for living as we. But when my poor husband died suddenly, and left M. Gaspar to settle up his affairs, it was found that only one-tenth of the whole establishment belonged to him, while M. Gaspar claimed the rest."

"And did he give no explanation of this great difference?"

"None."

"Humph! this must be looked into. And now he declines you son's suit?"

"Yes."

"On the score of his poverty?"

"That is what he says."

"And is the daughter really worthy of his love?"

"Richly, sir."

"Then she can not take after her father."

"She is in all respects like her mother, who was a lovely woman, but M. Gaspar treated her harshly, so it is said, and she died, at length of neglect."

"Do you know whether M. Gaspar has any particular alliance in prospect for his daughter?"

"I do not know, but I hear he has sworn—in fact he told my son so the other day—that he meant to secure one of the young lords of the court for her."

"Ha! he is ambitious, and yet there is more than one that would prove but unworthy of her, if she is really as beautiful and attractive as you say."

"Doubt it not, sir; she is all that I have told you."

"And your son—where is he? I should like to see him, and if I take a fancy to him, who knows but I may advance his suit!"

"He is even now coming up the road. He will be here in a moment."

The Duke kept his eye fixed upon the door through which there presently entered a young man of fine form and handsome features, but the last were overcast by a gloomy expression. He entered the room with a downcast air, and did not even glance at the stranger, but threw himself wearily upon a settle in one corner, and buried his face in his hands.

"Henry," said his mother, "do you not see our guest?"

He looked up slightly, and nodded, saying:

"He would find me but poor company, mother. I had best leave him to you."

"But he is interested in you, and thinks he might help you in your suit."

"Have you told him the story?"

"Yes."

"Then he will see that it is hopeless, unless he shows me how I can multiply our present wealth by ten."

"Perhaps M. Gaspar can be brought to terms otherwise," suggested the Duke, composedly.

"There is no hope of that," said Henry.

"Possibly I may bring some argument to bear upon him that you know not of."

"You do not know him as I do. He is a hard man and cares only for money. He has cheated me out of my right, and, because I am poor, he would reject my suit."

"Yes; I understand all that, but still, I am not discouraged. I have thought of a plan which I could wish to discuss with you in private. My good lady," he continued, turning to the mother, "could you furnish me with a private apartment for an interview with your son? It may be that we can devise a plan."

"Willingly, and may Heaven bless your good wishes, even if you do not succeed."

Ushered into a private room, the Duke changed his manner, and said, in a dignified tone:

"My good friend, it is well that we should, at the outset, understand each other. Would you know who I am?"

"A merchant, I judge, from your attire."

"It suits me to be considered such, but I am not what I seem."

"Who, then?" inquired the youth, in wonderment.

"I am your sovereign," said the Duke, in a dignified tone.

"What! Philip of Burgundy?" exclaimed Henry, dropping upon one knee.

"Even so; but arise. I call for no homage, while in disguise, and you must still address me as if I were a merchant, Tell me, do you now consider your case as so hopeless?"

"I do not doubt your power, my lord Duke."

"Spare titles. Call me only sir. Without detailing my plan, I will merely say that it will require you to go back with me to court, and as soon as the storm is over, we will start. You can render some excuse to your mother, but take care not tell her the truth."

"You shall be obeyed," said the youth, bowing.

* * * * * *

The merchant, Gaspar, was seated in his warehouse, his mind intent upon a contemplated venture which promised to be lucrative, when his attention was attracted by the entrance of a page, richly dressed in court-livery, who advanced toward him, and said, inquiringly:

"Is this M. Gaspar?"

"It is," replied the merchant.

"Then I have a missive for you," said the page.

"From whom do you come?"

"From the court."

"And your missive?" said the merchant, surprised.

"Is from the Duke."

Herewith he presented a missive, directing the merchant to accompany the messenger, as the Duke desired an interview with him. Gaspar was surprised and perplexed, hardly knowing whether to feel gratified or apprehensive at the sudden summons.

"Know you why I am summoned?" he asked of the page.

"My master is not in the habit of communicating to me his secrets," was the brief and unsatisfactory reply.

At length they reached the audience chamber of the Duke, and the merchant was announced. Philip was seated upon a throne at one end of the apartment. Gaspar bent his knee.

"I suppose you are surprised at my summons," said Philip, abruptly.

Gaspar acknowledged that such was the case.

"I am told that you have a beautiful daughter," said the Duke, after a brief pause.

"I am willing to leave you to decide upon that point," said the proud and ambitious father, in whose breast a wild hope arose that the Duke might seek her for himself.

"I am willing to trust to testimony," responded Philip. "I have to tell you, then, Gaspar, that a young man, in whom I am interested, has conceived a passion for your daughter, and would fain receive her hand in marriage."

"A court gallant, thought Gaspar, proudly. "It is the very thing that I have been longing for."

"Have you any objection to the alliance?" queried the Duke, "or are her affections engaged?"

"Nay, my lord."

"But methinks I have heard of an attachment between herself and a certain young man."

"It is quite broken up," said Gaspar, hastily. "He was unworthy of her."

"Then you have nothing to object to the alliance I propose?"

"May I inquire who is the young gentleman?"

"Is it not enough," said the Duke, haughtily, "that it is one in whom I take an interest?"

"Yes; certainly," responded Gaspar, hastily, fearing to offend the Duke.

"How much are you willing to give your daughter as a dowry?" asked Philip.

"One-half of all that I possess," said Gaspar, who, though covetous, was ambitious for his daughter.

"It is enough. I wish the marriage to take place to-morrow."

"To-morrow! So soon?" repeated Gaspar. "I fear me—you know young girls are full of whims—that my daughter may object. She may fancy that she loves the other young man."

"Send her immediately to the palace, and the ladies of the court shall so present unto her the advantages of this union, that I warrant me all her scruples will vanish as the morning dew."

"It shall be done," said Gaspar, bowing.

"And mind you breathe no word to her of the purpose for which she is called to court."

"I will obey your lordship in all respects," said Gaspar, glad to have the task of persuasion, which he foresaw would be troublesome, taken off his hands.

"Do then as you are bidden. Send your daughter to me forthwith, and be in attendance yourself to-morrow at twelve to witness the marriage.

Gaspar bowed profoundly and hastened home, his heart swelling with exultation, at what he considered the prospective greatness of his family.

"For who knows," he thought, but the Duke will ennoble me, when my daughter is wedded to a noble of the court;" and he privately decided to urge upon his daughter, at a proper season, to use what influence she might be able to bring to bear upon Philip for the attainment of this highly-desirable result.

"My presence required at court!" exclaimed the beautiful Constance, as her father communicated the Duke's message.

"Yes, my daughter."

"And wherefore?"

"That I know not; but as Philip is fond of beauty, he has, perhaps, resolved to make you a lady of the court."

"I know not whether that be desirable," said Constance, thoughtfully; "but I will at least obey the summons."

"Good," thought the father, well satisfied. "I would give something to know whether the Duke will be successful in accomplishing what I have not been able to do—reconcile her to giving up Henry Dumont."

The next day, mindful of his engagement, Gaspar took his way to the palace to his daughter's wedding.

"I wish I knew who is to be the bridegroom," he said to himself. "It may be De Courcy, or again, young Beaumont."

Entering the palace, he was again ushered into the long audience-room. A curtain concealed from view the lower end. There were present, besides himself, many noble lords and ladies attached to the court, and his heart swelled when he considered that all this pageant was assembled for his daughter's bridal.

As the clock sounded, the curtain rose, and displayed upon a raised dais the bridal party. Gaspar glanced anxiously at the bridegroom. What was his dismay when he recognized Henry Dumont, richly dressed. The ceremony commenced, but such was Gaspar's bewilderment that he did not think to interfere, and the twain were declared man and wife.

"Let the bride's father come forward," proclaimed the herald.

Gasper advanced mechanically to a table, whereon he found awaiting his signature, an instrument conveying one-half his goods to Henry Dumont.

"I will not sign it," he said, hastily.

"Would you rather have it wrested from you?"

"But is that justice?" said Gaspar, sulkily.

"It is just that he who defrauds should make restitution," was the stern reply.

Gaspar seized the pen and affixed his signature. The consciousness of guilt made him a coward.

Need it be said that Henry Dumont and his fair bride lived happily and prosperously under the favor and protection of the Duke Philip, and the former received, in course of time, a degree of nobility in return for his faithful services. Rightly did he attribute all his prosperity to the lucky chance which led to his meeting a Duke in Disguise.—Horatio Alger, Jr., in Yankee Blade.

—Fourteen years ago a lady of Cleveland, O., received in the course of a thunder-storm an electric shock so powerful that she was partly paralyzed. Since then, whenever there is a thunder-storm, though she retains speech and consciousness and suffers no pain, she loses all muscular power, and regains it only when the weather clears up. The only relief is to shut herself in a room completely closed and lighted by gas. Even then if the storm lasts a few hours she is overcome by it.

TO-DAY IN NAZARETH.

The Site of Joseph's Carpenter-Shop and Other Historical Points.

One of the best views of the city is to be had from the campanile of the Church of the Annunciation. In the distance is the brow of the hill to which Jesus was led by the enraged multitude who attempted to throw him from it. A modern house in the foreground brings to mind the time when they uncovered a roof and let down the bed whereon the sick of the palsy lay. This must be very much the same kind of house as that historical one of Capernaum. There is the peculiar roof, and there are the outside stairs leading to the roof. The Eastern house-holder makes his roof serve for more than a protection from the weather. It is the piazza, the quiet place of the dweller, and sometimes it becomes his summer residence. As a rule it is not very heavy or very strong. Rafters are thrown across from wall to wall, say a yard apart; then the whole space is covered with twigs such as we saw the women selling in the market-place. On these the slender limbs of trees are thrown and thickly coated with mortar. Lastly, a thick spread of earth is thrown on, rolled to a level, and oftentimes sown with grass-seed. Thus by care many of the roofs become as smooth and soft as a machine-mown lawn. They may be easily broken up and any thing lowered inside from above. By some such process the four bearers of the poor palsied man managed to enlist the attention of the Great Physician in behalf of their friend. It is not hard to understand it all when viewing such a house as this one at Nazareth. It would not be difficult for four men to carry a lame friend in a hammock by the outer stairway up to the roof, and, breaking through, let him down into the apartment or court below. Not far from this same house, in a narrow street, is a little chapel erected upon the site of Joseph's carpenter-shop. Over the altar is a picture representing Mary and Joseph instructing Jesus, and finding that He knew more than they. Another painting represents the lad Jesus assisting His father at work. It contains no accessories of the carpenter's shop, but there are enough of them in the shops close by. The web-saw, the glue-pot, the plane, and the hammer are the principal tools used in such shops, all without the modern improvements. Yet whatever the Palestine carpenter produces is from the fragrant cedars of Lebanon or from the eccentrically knotted and gnarled olive-wood. The operation of beginning and waiting for any article of wood to come from a Palestine carpenter's shop is a lengthy one. Articles of wood are a luxury there, and when the carpenter receives an order for one he usually employs the next three days of his life in soliciting the congratulations of his friends upon his wonderful good fortune in receiving "an order for something made of wood."—Century.

LIBRARIES OF EUROPE.

Number of Volumes in the Book Collections of the Old World.

The European country which possesses the largest number of public libraries is Austria. In Austria there are no fewer than 577 public libraries, containing 5,475,000, without reckoning maps and manuscripts—a total which comes out at 26 volumes per 100 of the population. France possesses 500 public libraries, containing, 4,598,000 volumes and 135,000 manuscripts, or 12 volumes per 100 of the inhabitants; Italy ranking next with 493 libraries, 4,349,000 volumes and 330,000 manuscripts, or 16 volumes per 100. In Germany the public libraries number 398, containing 2,640,000 volumes and 58,000 manuscripts, or 11 volumes per 100 of the population. Great Britain possesses only 200 public libraries according to these statistics, the volumes numbering 2,871,000 and the manuscripts 26,000. There are 145 libraries in Russia, with 952,000 volumes and 24,000 manuscripts, or a fraction over one volume to 100 persons.

It is noteworthy that in Bavaria alone the public libraries number 169, with 1,368,000 volumes and 24,000 manuscripts. Reviewing the principal libraries separately, it appears that the most considerable in Europe is the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris, with 2,078,000 volumes, while the British Museum, with its million of books, assumes the next place. Then comes the Munich Royal Library containing 800,000 volumes; the Berlin, Dresden and Vienna libraries taking rank as follows in the same order, 700,000, 500,000 and 420,000 volumes. The Oxford and Heidelberg universities each possess about 300,000 books. At the Vatican the manuscripts attain almost as large a total as the printed works. The latter number 30,000, while the manuscripts are returned at 25,000.—Library Journal.

Producing Diamonds by Electricity.

It would appear, from an interesting communication recently published, that the author of the article describing a number of experiments made on carbon at high temperatures and under great pressures, had produced diamond-dust artificially. The objects of the experiments had not this end in view, however, but were to obtain a dense form of carbon for use in arc and incandescent electric lamps; for if the "life," or duration, of the carbons of either variety of lamp could be prolonged, it would considerably economize electric lighting. Without entering into the details of the experiments, which were not entirely successful, although a very dense form of carbon was obtained, it is interesting to note that under the conditions mentioned above, and by contact with other substances, there was obtained on the surface of the carbon rod, a gray powder, harder than emery, and capable of scratching the diamond. The inference is that this powder is the diamond itself. If electricity can be made to give us these crystals of light, as well as its more transcient brilliancy, there will be no need for those unable to purchase the genuine stones to wear imitations.—Demorest's Magazine.

—Too much grain is more detrimental to breeding stock than not enough. The food should be bulky, with a small allowance of grain.

—A dairy writer says that if a cow just pays for her feed in milk and butter she is kept at a loss, and that this loss is greater with every succeeding year.

—Horses and oxen should be fed upon a fair maintenance and not allowed to run down. Those which are quite idle will do well on hay alone, but all animals kept at work should have moderate feeds of grain.

—A daily growth in swine of a little more than a pound is more profitable than less or more. This daily growth increases with age until the maturing period is nearly reached.—American Agriculturist.

—Plants require their food in a soluble condition. No matter how much manure is added to the soil, only the soluble portions are used. The solids can not be of benefit until they decompose and are dissolved by the moisture.

—Poultry need a good, dry dusting place. They like it better on a level with the floor of the poultry-house than to climb into a box. Over-feeding or keeping on corn and other fattening food is quite as frequent a cause for hens failing to lay as lack of food.

—Do roots and tubers (Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, yams, artichokes, etc.) increase in the ground after the vines are dead? is a question which is exciting considerable interest among farmers in all sections of the country. There is a popular belief that if the tubers are left in the ground till spring, they will continue to grow in size all winter; but the question has not been satisfactorily tested.

—Bees will come out of their hives on warm days. In so doing they clean the hives and carry out the dead bees. Every day some of the bees die, and advantage is taken of all favorable opportunities by the survivors to put the hive in the best condition for winter. The hives should not be placed in permanent winter quarters until the weather becomes cold.

Diseases of an exhaustive nature that have a tendency to create an unnatural feeling such as fatigue, lassitude and great weakness throughout the system owe their origin to a lack of iron in the blood. Brown's Iron Bitters will restore the blood to its natural healthy condition. Get the blood pure by using this remedy and disease will be quickly vanquished.

It's odd, but a femi "nine" is generally effemin "eight."—Dansville Breeze.

If you are tired taking the large old-fashioned griping pills, try Carter's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort. A man can't stand every thing. One pill a dose. Try them.

The first building with a recorded lien was the tower of Pisa.—Toledo Blade.

No Safer Remedy can be had for Coughs and Colds, or any trouble of the Throat, than "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Price 25 cts. *Sold only in boxes.*

The letter "X" is like a person in doubt, because it is always in perplexity.

How My Throat Hurts! Why don't you use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar! Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

All the pawn-shop patron wants is to be let a loan.—Hotel Mail.

In ancient times every body played the lyre. Nowadays the liar plays every body.—Merchant Traveler.

When a girl slams the front door in a suitor's face she has certainly been guilty of contempt of court.—Dansville Breeze.

"You'll never miss the water till the well runs dry," says an old maxim. A genuine Kentucky Colonel wouldn't miss it then.

A clock that is one hour behind time up to noon and one hour ahead of time the rest of the day would be extremely popular with most clerks.—Jewelers' Weekly.

A tenacious memory—a creditor's.

A romance of the middle ages—an old maid's love affair.

Talking about howling successes, is there any thing that holds a shotgun to a "melancholy dog on a moonlit night?"—Burlington Free Press.

Without consulting the market reports, one would naturally expect "refined" sugar to be "quiet and steady."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

If charity funds were always ready when wanted a great many more people would feel encouraged to go into the pauper business.—N. O. Picayune.

Put up for a blind—a window-shutter.

When stock fails to pay a dividend the holder loses his interest.—Yonkers Statesman.

Theater managers say that bald-headed men are never bashful or over modest. They are always very willing to come to the front.—Rochester Post.

It is said that tobacco can not be cured in California. It is presumed, however, that what can not be cured must be endured, the same in California as elsewhere.—Boston Transcript.

"Mark how plain a tale shall put you down," said the cow to the milkmaid, as she switched her off the milk-stool into the mud.

Last Winter

I was troubled so badly with rheumatism in my right shoulder and joints of my leg as not to be able to walk. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now I don't feel any aches or pains anywhere, and it not only stopped the soreness in my shoulder and joints, but makes me feel as lively as a ten-year-old boy. I sell newspapers right in THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET, and standing on the cold stones ain't no picnic, I can tell you. And if Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me it certainly ought to be good for those people who don't stand on the cold stones. I can be seen every day in the year at corner Tompkins and DeKalb Avenues. William W. Howard, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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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The Women Praise B. B. B.

The suffering of women certainly awakens the sympathy of every true philanthropist. Their best friend, however, is B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm.) Send to Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., for proofs.

H. L. Cassidy, Kennesaw, Ga., writes: "Three bottles of B. B. B. cured my wife of scrofula."

Mrs. R. M. Laws, Zalaba, Fla., writes: "I have never used any thing to equal B. B. B."

Mrs. C. H. Gay, Rocky Mount, N. C., writes "Not a day for 15 years was I free from headache. B. B. B. entirely relieved me. I feel like another person."

James W. Lancaster, Hawkinsville, Ga., writes: "My wife was in bad health for eight years. Five doctors and many patent medicines had done her no good. Six bottles of B. B. B. cured her."

Miss S. Tomlinson, Atlanta, Ga., says: "For years I suffered with rheumatism, caused by kidney trouble and indigestion. I also was feeble and nervous. B. B. B. relieved me at once, although several other medicines had failed."

Rev. J. M. Richardson, Clarkson, Ark., writes: "My wife suffered twelve years with rheumatism and female complaint. A lady member of my church had been cured by B. B. B. She persuaded my wife to try it, who now says there is nothing like B. B. B., as it quickly gave her relief."

The mariner is always glad to see a lighthouse, but this can not be said of the actor.—Boston Gazette.

A Singular Form of Monomania.

There is a class of people, rational enough in other respects, who are certainly monomaniacs in dosing themselves. They are constantly trying experiments upon their stomachs, their bowels, their livers and their kidneys with trashy nostrums. When these organs are really out of order, if they would only use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would, if not hopelessly insane, perceive its superiority.

A politician may be ever so good a grammarian, but he finds it hard to decline an office.—Western Plowman.

Are as small as homœopathic pellets, and as easy to take as sugar. Everybody likes them. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

There are no rounds of drinks in the ladder of success.—St. Paul Globe.

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One box of these pills will save many dollars in doctor's bills. They are specially prepared as a

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and supplies a want long felt. They remove unhealthy accumulations from the body, without nausea or griping. Adapted to young and old. Price, 25c.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

S.S.S.

Swift's Specific cured me of malignant Blood Poison after I had been treated in vain with old so-called remedies of Mercury and Potash. S. S. S. not only cured the Blood Poison, but relieved the Rheumatism which was caused by the poisonous minerals.

GEO. BOVELL, 2429 3d Avenue, N. Y.

Nine years ago Scrofula attacked two of my children, and they were badly afflicted with that disease, which resisted the treatment of my family physician. I was persuaded to use Swift's Specific by seeing an account of cures in my county paper. The improvement was apparent from the first few doses, and in a short time my children were cured, and are still sound and well.

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Swift's Specific is entirely a vegetable remedy, and is the only medicine which permanently cures Scrofula, Blood Humors, Cancer and Contagious Blood Poison. Send for books on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free.

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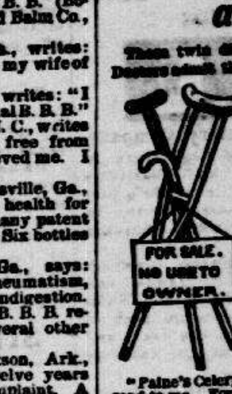

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