St. Tammany Farmer.

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BABYLAND.

There's a wonderful country we all of us know
Where the strangest things talk, and the queerest things grow,
Where the Fairies and Brownies guard every thing nice
And delight the small children with charming advice,
Where there's nobody rich, yet there's nobody poor,
For all are content, light of heart and secure,
And the name of this country, where all these things be,
Is innocent Babyland, land of the wee.

I lived in this Babyland, long years ago
(We all of us live there at some time, you know),
But somebody kept me one morning from play
And took me to school, as they called it, that day.
I sang as I went, for I guessed nothing then,
And thought myself wise with my book and my pen.
Ah! little I knew as I danced on in glee
That I had left Babyland—land of the wee.

They taught me to read, and they taught me to write,
They filled my head so that it thought in the night,
I wanted to go back to Babyland then
And have no more bother of thinking again.
But try as I would to remember the way—
'Twas lost, and forgotten forever that day,
For none may return once they leave it, and see
Their innocent Babyland, land of the wee.

Oh, little folks living in Babyland now,
Sing with the birds as they sing on the bough,
Dance with the blossoms that dance at your feet,
Laugh with each other wherever you meet,
Sleep, and in dreaming know naught of the care
Kept far away from your Babyland fair,
Know that your happiest hours must be
While you are at play, in your land of the wee.

—Maud Wyman, in Good Housekeeping.

BEFORE SUAKIM.

A Frightful Struggle For Life in a Lonely Trench.

Encounter of an Officer and a Trooper With an Escaped Arab Spy—The Trooper Literally Cleft in Twain.

"Listen, Bruce, what's that?" Colonel Carriston raised his hand with a gesture of silence and looked at me intently. Then we both dropped our cigars and rushed out to the door of the embassy.

A gun shot, plain and unmistakable, had echoed through the night air and we certainly had heard a faint cry.

But in the dreary street all was quiet and the solitary electric lamp reflected no shadows save our own on the pavement of the British Embassy, while the palace across the way, with its coral facades and massive carved gates, showed no signs of life.

Then a gun went off, a drum began to rattle loudly, arms clashed, hurrying footsteps echoed on the stones and shouts were given and answered. I listened in speechless astonishment, and then rushed back for my cap and sword. It was best to be prepared, though what possible ground for alarm existed I could not see. Suakim was protected by a line of sentries that extended a mile beyond the town. No signal had come from the outskirts, yet here was this turmoil in the very midst of the European quarter.

As I hurried back to the door the great palace gates swung open, and a squad of Egyptian soldiers trooped out, their swarthy faces shining under their crimson caps. Close behind them, escorted by several officers, came a tall, dignified-looking man. He was bareheaded and held an unsheathed sword in his hand.

I recognized him at first sight as Achmed Ras, the Egyptian Governer of Suakim. He glanced up and down the street and then hurried across to the embassy.

"You are a British officer?" he said, breathless with excitement.

"Captain Dugdale, of the Ninth dragoons, at your command, your excelency," I said, briefly.

"Thank you. I am in need of your services. An Arab prisoner, a captured spy of the Mahdi's, has made his escape. My stupid soldiers are to blame. The fellow has been gone some time now, and it is important that he be retaken, for he has stolen valuable plans of the town and fortifications. I fear my soldiers can do but little, but if your dragoons will scour the plain—"

"Your excelency," I interrupted, "what you desire shall be done at once."

I mounted my horse, waved a hasty salute and galloped off down the narrow street, leaving Achmed Ras and Carriston hobnobbing together on the steps of the embassy, for Carriston was the British Ambassador at Saukim. The hot blood was coursing madly through my veins, for I had only been at Suakim a week and the faintest touch of excitement was intensely welcome.

I remembered, too, having seen this escaped Arab only a few days previous, when he was being led captive [illegible] the streets of the town, a [illegible] with muscular, [illegible] limbs and his black locks dangling in curls down his shoulders.

I spurred rapidly through the town, crossed the peninsula to the main land, where the troops were quartered side by side with the native population, and soon the bugle call to arms was floating out on the night air, and the jingling of spurs and the trampling of hoofs was heard on all sides. A few brief, concise orders and we galloped out onto the desert and scattered over the sandy plain. Chances were in our favor, for the moon was coming up slowly, and the enemy's outposts, where alone the Arab would find safety, were at that time three miles beyond the town.

Not a stone, or bush, or a mound of sand escaped scrutiny. The men were widely scattered, circling far to the north and to the south, and drawing steadily nearer to the enemies lines.

I galloped straight across the plain, closely attended by a solitary trooper, a brave fellow named Tom Fraser. I kept as far as possible in the direction I judged the fugitive had taken and hoped to have the pleasure of capturing him myself, for the trampling of my horse was muffled by the drifting sand and would not betray my approach until I should be close upon him.

A mile and a half from the town lay a belt of deserted intrenchments from which the enemy had been driven a month or so previous. As we approached these we slackened our speed and began to look for a suitable crossing place. The British shells had leveled them in places and one of these points we soon found, a break in the trench with a gentle slope on either side. We rode slowly down into the hollow, and as our horses began to ascend again Fraser suddenly tugged fiercely at my arm.

"Look, Captain, look!" he whispered, excitededly, and as I followed the range of his outstretched hand I saw a sight that made my heart leap. Off to the south extended the trenches in one unbroken formation, their mounds of sand rigid and exact, and outlined sharply in the moonlight against the right hand wall of earth was a quickly-moving shadow. Even as we looked the specter vanished round a curve.

We pulled our horses' heads round and dashed down the trench side by side, for it was fully wide enough for three horsemen to ride abreast.

We galloped on in silence. I clutched the reins tightly with one hand and with the other I held my saber. The Arab was unarmed and I would take him alive, I thought, and lead him back in triumph to Suakim. This all passed through my mind in an instant and then we galloped round the curve and saw our prey in full view before us. He was struggling along painfully and limping as though one leg was hurt. The moon shone full upon him and to my surprise I saw that he carried a great shield and one of those enormous double-edged swords which these Arabs use with such terrible effect. He had doubtless found them in the trench.

We called upon him to surrender, but he never even turned until we were close upon him, when he suddenly whirled round in desperation and confronted us menacingly. We drew our sabers and dashed upon him.

Just here, extending full across the trench, was a rugged depression, caused, probably by an exploding shell.

This we failed to see; and, while Fraser's horse leaped it gallantly, my animal stumbled and fell, and down I went, partly beneath him.

I tried to rise, but my ankle was badly sprained, and with a cry of pain I dropped down behind the horse. Then I forgot every thing in what I saw going on before me. The Arab had retreated against the wall and was fiercely keeping Frazer at bay. Their swords clashed until the sparks flew, and Fraser's heavy strokes were intercepted by the Arab's leathern shield.

They fought on in silence and in the moonlight I saw the Arab's face, the eyes sparkling with hatred, and the white teeth clenched in deadly determination. Clash after clash rang out on the night air. Suddenly Frazer spurred on his horse and dealt a fearful blow at the Arab's exposed head, but quick as a flash the great sword flew up and the short sabre striking full and forcibly against the awful edge and broke off close beside the hilt, and lay shining on the sand at their feet. What followed I can never forget. It will haunt me to my dying day.

Frazer threw up his right hand, with the broken hilt, and with the left reached for his revolver, and then, as I looked on, stupid with horror, the Arab raised his great sword aloft with both hands, and with all the force of his great strength he hurled it forward like a catapult.

The gleaming blade flashed the moonlight from its edge and crushed with an awful sound through poor Frazer's head, cleaving its way through the skull and between the shoulders and on down the through the back, until its point fairly touched the rear of the saddle.

Split in twain from head to waist the poor fellow dropped to the ground without a cry and his plunging steed trampled over the body and then galloped in mad fright down the trench.

Wholly engrossed in this awful scene, I forgot my own peril and only realized it fully when the Arab, bracing himself against the wall of the trench, began to drag his sword out of Fraser's body. With a shudder I reached for my pistol and grew faint for an instant when I remembered that it lay under the horse in the holster. I was wholly at the Arab's mercy. The wretch was still tugging at the sword and seemed unable to loosen it. If only I had my pistol how nicely I could bring him down.

All at once I saw something glitter in one of Fraser's outstretched hands, and the sight of it gave me a thrill of hope. It was his revolver, which he had succeeded in grasping just before the blow fell.

If I could reach it before the Arab could extricate his sword I was saved. If not—Fraser's fate would be mine. I gritted my teeth, seized my saber firmly and rose erect. The Arab saw me, and with a savage imprecation to Allah, he threw himself on the sword with a terrible effort. Still it clung to Fraser's body, and then as I leaped toward him, forgetful of my sprained ankle, and flourished my saber fiercely, he grabbed up his shield and fell back a few yards, keeping on the defensive. I uttered a loud shout to intimidate him and then bent over poor Fraser.

I grasped the revolver, but the dead man's hand was closed on it with a grip like iron. I gave a strong pull and then another, and just as the stiffened fingers loosened their clasp my injured ankle asserted itself and I fell heavily to one side. The wary Arab was watching his chance and before I could even turn he leaped on me like a tiger and we rolled over on the sand, splashing through a pool of Fraser's crimson life-blood.

The Arab had clutched at my throat, but missed it, and clasping each other's shoulders we floundered about the trench, now one uppermost and now the other. With clenched teeth and struggling for breath we fought on bitterly, knowing that one or the other must die. I could feel the Arab's hot breath upon my neck and his huge brass ear-rings flapped against my cheeks. I still held the pistol tightly in my left hand. If I could only get a chance to use it. Very foolishly I relaxed my grasp a brief second, and in that lightning-like interval the Arab seized the advantage and fastened both his brawny hands firmly on my throat.

In vain I struggled and strove to turn, the bony fingers were pressing my windpipe and the hideous face was glaring into mine with a mocking smile.

I was choking, suffocating — all sense was leaving me.

Must I die thus? It was horrible.

With a fearful effort, the strength that madness alone can give, I twisted the Arab sideways. My left arm was free.

My hand still clutched the pistol. I raised it with a jerk. I put the muzzle to his ear. With the last atom of strength I pulled the trigger, and as the stunning report echoed through the trench with thunderous reverberations every thing grew black and dim.

* * * * * *

Attracted by the pistol shot they found us there half an hour later still locked in a close embrace. My uniform was spattered with the Arab's blood. Messengers were sent to Suakim for stretchers, and while waiting the body of my desperate foe was buried where he lay in the trench, and beside him was laid my horse, whose neck had broken in the fall. We marched mournfully back to Suakim and the next day poor Fraser was laid to rest in the English cemetery on the shores of the Red Sea. I've been in many a skirmish with the Arabs since, but that night in the trenches outside Suakim was the closest call I ever had, and as a living remembrance of it I have kept that great two-edged sword which split Tom Fraser nearly in half before my very eyes.—William Murray Graydon, in Philadelphia Times

ABOUT EXPERIENCE.

Knowledge That Usually Is Acquired a Little Too Late.

There is no educator like experience. It is the stepping-stone in life's stream, and the man who does not heed its lessons slips into the creek and gets drowned. Yes, experience is an excelent teacher, although it often charges high wages.

Its lessons are always valuable and firmly fixed in the memory—stamped there by the force of circumstances. The little child that gleefully strives to mash a wasp on the window pane under the delusion that he is going to have some fun with a fly, never makes that mistake a second time.

All through life we learn a great deal by merely finding out things we don't know.

In the language of the great apostle to the Gentiles, Carl Pretzel: "Oxberience vas a bully deacher. Der only trouble mit him vas dot he gives his knowledge oud ven it vas pooty late."

Very often experience is a physician who never comes until after the disorder is cured. The old and those who have mixed largely with the world comprehend the fact that no education is available that is not practical. These are the men who, when they go to New York, are cold and unsympathetic when the bunco man calls them by their right names and asks for information about the old folks and all the neighbors.

On the other hand, the man whose life has been spent in study is easily taken in, and has to telegraph home for money to pay his hotel bill. When he returns to his quiet study in the romantic little country village, he is the mark for ridicule and the unconscious butt of men who do not possess one tithe of his learning.

There are men who utterly fail to profit by the lessons of experience. For instance, there is a man in Illinois who is living with his ninth wife. The other eight attempts look like experiments that have failed, but from which he has derived no wisdom. To such men experience is like the stern-light of a ship which illuminates only the track it has passed.—Texas Siftings.

The Useful Mexican Donkey.

So far as man's work in Mexico is concerned there is not much to excite admiration or even to arrest attention except for quietness or singularity. But in the work of the Divine hand there are many things surpassingly grand and beautiful. The mountains lift their summits high above the plains and valleys and are bathed in a pure and mellow atmosphere. I have gazed upon scenes of greater grandeur, but not of greater beauty than those which unfold themselves to the eye from many of the secluded valleys of Northern Mexico. Nor did the pencil of Claude ever paint any thing so lovely as those "bridals of the earth and sky" which one sees repeated there with every rising and setting sun. A principal and artistic feature of industrial life in Mexico is the donkey. This patient little animal is seen everywhere and turns his hands, so to speak, to every thing. He is the milk-cart and the water-cart of the Mexican; he carries ores from the mines; he carries wood piled upon his back until even his ears are almost invisible and if all the donkeys in Mexico could be animated by a common intelligence and a common resolution and should lie down and positively refuse to get up the effect would be more disastrous to the country than have been the earthquakes and revolutions of the last five hundred years.—Philadelphia Times.

—In the weird town of Moodus, on the Connecticut river, a resident was cured of rheumatism in a marvelous way. He went to bed with aching joints, after leaving a lotion on the kitchen table with which to bathe his limbs. He arose several times in the night and laved his limbs freely with the contents of a kitchen-table bottle, and in the morning was joyfully surprised to find that all his pains had fled. It was not until he inspected himself and perceived that he was black and blue that he mistrusted that he had used the family blueing-bottle instead of the one with the lotion.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

—It is late to plant corn a week after all danger of spring frost is passed.

—Basswood is pronounced by good authority probably the best honey plant in the world, all things considered.

—Farm life gives full employment to hands too full when not regulated by intelligence and because of that lack runs into hard drudgery.

—The clover field is the place for the pigs that have been weaned. They will need very little other food. A mess of skimmed milk, or buttermilk, with a small quantity of ground oats at night, will cause the pigs to grow rapidly if they have the run of clover.

—If you have any corn-fodder the sheep will pick it over and clean the stalks. If the fodder is bright and clean all classes of stock will relish it. If the fodder is run through a cutter and stalks crushed as well as chopped by the cutter there will be but little waste.

—Use every bit of barn-yard manure before purchasing any commercial fertilizer. The chances are that in the average barn-yard the first six inches of soil contain more fertilizing material than one-half the commercial fertilizers.—Western Plowman.

—In ordinary pastures there is very little time during the whole season, when the cows which obtain no food elsewhere can be said to be liberally fed. Early in the spring, the supply is limited, and the quality is inferior. Cows like the change from dry to green food, and eat the grass greedily when first turned out, but the fresh feed contains an undue proportion of water, and is deficient in nutritive material.

—We may examine the grasses one by one, their merits and defects; the cereals in all their bearings. When we have done with these, take up the artificial grasses and forage plants; examine these as fully in the meadows, pastures and stock-yards, the condition of the land and the stock of those fields, and after comparing the tw groups in the fullest details the conclusion is generally the same, i. e., that taken all in all, where red clover will grow it stands at the top.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—The easiest, quickest and surest method by which the average farmer can increase the yield and the profit of his cows is by liberal feeding. This term does not seem to be thoroughly understood by all men who keep cows. There are a great many who seem to think that when they have given a cow all the dry hay she will eat, they have fed liberally. This is a great mistake. For a cow giving milk, this is very poor feed, if the hay is of ordinary quality and is far from being a complete ration, if the best hay is used.

HINTS ON DISH-WASHING.

How to Reduce This Wearisome Domestic Task to a System.

One of the most wearisome domestic tasks which fall to the house-wife doing her own work is the "never-ending, still beginning" washing of dishes. It is often a real pleasure to prepare a dainty, palatable meal; a well-earned satisfaction in viewing the work of one's hands in the light, sweet loaves of white or brown bread, the roast of flesh or fowl, done to a turn, the perfect cake, quivering custards, etc. But not one of these toothsome viands can be brought to pass without the aid of various pots, spoons, cups, etc., all to be cleaned for perhaps immediate use again. They must be washed by hands already weary—for modern invention, fertile as it is, has not yet, to our knowledge, produced an automatic dish-washer and dryer. It is discouraging, and few things sooner bring the tired house-keeper's spirits down to zero (especially if the mercury has already gone down to that point) than a kitchen full of sticky, greasy, unwashed dishes greeting her as she rises from breakfast or dinner, and in addition to the dishes used upon the family table. A very great help is to wash as you go. Have your pan with hot water and cloth handy, on the table, and as fast as you dish articles from the stove or range wash the cooking vessel. Rinse out frying pans, kettles, etc., with very hot water to take off the grease. Chain dish cloths readily take off whatever sticks to the sides of stew-pans or pots, or a clam-shell may answer the same purpose. As nearly all cooking utensils are more easily washed when warm, washing as you go gives time for the dining-room work after the meal, besides setting the kitchen sooner in order. Keep several thick holders near the stove, to save your hands (and towels) in lifting hot kettles or pans. Never take hold of these with the dish-cloth as you wish to keep that important kitchen appliance free from pot-black and grease. By taking some simple precautions the cooking vessels can be washed with almost as much ease as your china service. By having your pan and hot water ready you may sit down to breakfast or dinner with the sense of relief that the "kitchen things" are out of the way—until next time.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Small Farm Economies.

A mixture of kerosene and lamp-black is a good application to keep steel surfaces bright.

If the whiffletree breaks, don't throw it into a corner. Remove the irons. They can be fitted to new wood.

The further you are from market the greater is your need of condensing products by feeding grain and stover to animals.

By keeping the cattle off the pasture one day longer in the spring, you may keep them upon it two days longer in the fall.

A handy thing to have is a box containing an assortment of bolts, nuts, rivets, nails and a hammer, pinchers and cold-chisel.

The paint-brush that proved to be a bargain was cleaned in turpentine each time its work was done, dried and hung up by its handle.

Keep a few panes of window-glass and a paper of tacks or some putty on hand. When the window-pane is broken, don't makeshift; replace it.—N Y. Mail and Express.

PERSEVERANCE WINS.

Success Rarely a Matter of Accident, Always a Matter of Character.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the best work of the world is done by people of great strength and great opportunities. It is unquestionably an advantage to have both these things, but neither of them is a necessity to the man who has the spirit and the pluck to achieve great results. Some of the greatest work of our time has been done by men of physical feebleness. No man has left a more distinct impression of himself on this generation than Charles Darwin, and there have been few men who have had to struggle against such prostrating ill-health. Darwin was rarely able to work long at a time. He accomplished his great work by having a single aim and putting every ounce of his force and every hour of his time into the task which he had set before him. He never scattered his energy, he never wasted an hour; and by steadily keeping at it, in spite of continual ill-health and of long intervals of semi-invalidism, he did a great work, and has left the impression upon the world of a man of extraordinary energy and working capacity. Success is rarely a matter of accident, always a matter of character. The reason why so many men fail is that so few men are willing to pay the price of self-denial and hard work which success exacts.—Christian Union.

Severe Cases of Blood Poison.

Thousands suffer from blood poison, who would be cured if they gave B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) a trial. Send to the Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., for book of wonderful cures, that convince the most skeptical. It is sent free.

J. O. Gibson, Meridian, Miss., writes: "For a number of years I suffered untold agonies from blood poison. Several prominent physicians did me little if any good. began to use B. B. B. with very little fait but, to my utter surprise it has made me a well and hearty person."

Z. T. Hallerton, Macon, Ga., writes: "I contracted blood poison. I first tried physicians, and then went to Hot Springs. I returned home a ruined man physically. Nothing seemed to do me any good. My mother persuaded me to try B. B. B. To my utter astonishment every ulcer quickly healed."

Benj. Morris, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I suffered years from syphilitic blood poison which refused to be cured by all treatment. Physicians pronounced it a hopeless case. I had no appetite, I had pains in hips and joints and my kidneys were diseased. My throat was ulcerated and my breast a mass of running sores. In this condition I commenced a use of B. B. B. It healed every ulcer and sore and cured me completely within two months."

The first regiment in New York to offer its services to the Government is said by Colonel Adams, of the Sixty-Seventh, to be the regiment he commanded.

Why They Lead.

Dr. Pierce's medicines outsell all others, because of their possessing such superior curative properties as to warrant their manufacturers in supplying them to the people (as they are doing through all druggists) on such conditions as no other medicines are sold under, viz: that they shall either benefit or cure the patient, or all money paid for them will be refunded. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is specific for catarrh in the head and all bronchial, throat and lung diseases, it taken in time and given a fair trial. Money will be refunded if it does not benefit or cure.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets—gently laxative or actively cathartic according to dose. 25 cents.

Solid gold thimbles, elegantly carved and frequently set with diamonds, are found none too good for many fashionable home decorators.

"A Bundle of Nerves."

This term is often applied to people whose nerves are abnormally sensitive. They should strengthen them with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. After a course of that benign tonic, they will cease to be conscious that they have nervous systems, except through agreeable sensations. It will enable them to eat, sleep and digest well, the three *media* for increasing tone and vigor in the nerves, in common with the rest of the system. The mental worry begotten by nervous dyspepsia will also disappear.

Many speak the truth when they say that they despise riches and preferment; but they mean the riches and preferment possessed by other men.

In 1860, Henry Goethe, of Beaufort, S. C., wrote Dr. Shallenberger:

"I regard your Antidote a specific for chills and fever. It was used on the Charleston & Savannah R. Road last summer and autumn in the most sickly region, and under the most trying circumstances. Out of one gang of negro operatives, *fifty* were stricken down with chills and fever, and every one recovered by the timely use of Shallenberger's Antidote. You possess the GREATEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD."

Thimbles made to order with the monogram or intitials of the person for whom they are intended set in precious stones are by no means unknown objets d'art.

"The race is not to him who doth the swiftest run, Nor the battle to the man who shoots with the longest gun."

"All the same" a long gun does count, and "the tallest pole gets the persimmons." If you are not satisfied with your equipment for the race for financial success or position in the battle of life, take our advice and write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and our word for it they will show you how to get a fresh start, with the best possible chances of winning some of the big prizes.

Plumber—"Sir, honesty is printed on my face." Victim—"I don't dispute it, but it has got a very wide margin."

Rheumatic Pains are greatly relieved by Glenn's Sulphur Soap.
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

A ten-hour husband ought not to have a sixteen-hour wife. Reform, brother, at once.

Don't wait until you are sick before trying Carter's Little Liver Pills, but get a vial at once. You can't take them without benefit.

It is the experience of all conductors that strange things come to pass on railroads.

A Pocket Cigar Case and five of "Tansill's Punch," all for 25c.

Chinese doctors have a high regard for a medicine which they make from white and red coral, rubies, pearls, emeralds and musk, all crushed into minute powders made into pills with gum and rose water and coated with gold leaf.

A pouch of old coins was found in a field near Goshen, Ind., lately. The find was made by the agency of a man who claims to be a clairvoyant. He says he located the spot by a tingling sensation in his fingers when he approached it.

The skeleton of a man, evidently a pioneer Indian fighter, was found the other day in the middle of a big log taken to a Georgia saw-mill. In the wood that had grown over it was the imprint of the clothes as well as the old flint-lock rifle that lay beside it.

Sparrows nesting in a dense vine on a wall at the arsenal at Allegheny, Pa., having become a nuisance, a large hose was turned upon them a few nights ago after they had fallen asleep. In the morning a full wagon-load of dead birds, etc., was gathered.

One of the most valuable lots in the town of Huntington, Pa., will always remain unimproved. By the will of the party who formerly owned it the building which was then standing upon it was to be let rot away, and then a paling fence was to be put around it and no other building to be erected.

A gentleman living near Beaver Falls, Pa is said to have the power of curing rheumatism "by gently blowing upon the patient's face and rubbing the afflicted parts in silence." One blow and rub make a cure, but after each case he suffers exactly the same pains as he has treated. He accepts no fees.

There has been discovered four miles south of Rattlesnake Springs, W. T., an extensive ledge of marble, in which beautiful trees or plants of moss are as frequent and as clearly defined as in the moss agate, though the marble is not translucent. The body of the stone is mostly white, with splotches of pink and blue between the bunches of moss.

A condition of weakness of body and mind which results from many disorders of the system finds its best and surest relief in Brown's Iron Bitters. As it enriches and strengthens the blood so the stomach, liver and kidneys receive power to perform their duties, and the depressing influences from a diseased and disturbed condition of these organs are removed.

The wife of a prominent Brooklyn clergyman has a thimble that was carved from a peculiar stone she found on the shore of the Dead Sea.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.
Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, stock country in the world. Full information free. Address Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon

Sir Julian Pauncefote has made a good impression in Washington. He is always good natured and is inclined to admire America and Americans.

Must not be confounded with common cathartic or purgative pills. Carter's Little Liver Pills are entirely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

A working-man in Pittsburgh has patented a new submarine ram that will pierce the side of the heaviest iron-clad.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c

The Fifth Vermont was the first New England regiment to enlist for three years.

Dr. Morse's
INDIAN ROOT
PILLS.

Thousands testify to their being the best FAMILY PILL in use. They purify the system, regulate the bowels, thereby cleansing the blood. For Females of all ages these pills are invaluable, as a few doses of them carry off all humors and bring about all that is required.

No Female Should be without Them.

BUSHVILLE, FAIRFIELD CO., OHIO.
W. H. Comstock, Esq.:
Sir:—For the past 25 years I have been suffering from a disease which the doctors said would result in dropsy. I tried doctor after doctor, but to no purpose, the disease seemed to still make headway and they all gave their opinion that it was simply a matter of time with me. About this time I got one of your boxes of MORSE'S PILLS and have taken three boxes of them up to the present writing. I can again do my own work and feel twenty years younger. Yours truly,
HANNAH E. DICKSON.

For Sale by All Dealers.
W. H. COMSTOCK,
BROCKVILLE, ONT. MORRISTOWN, N. Y.

For Old and Young.
Tutt's Liver Pills act as kindly on the child, the delicate female or infirm old age, as upon the vigorous man.
Tutt's Pills
give tone to the weak stomach, bowels, kidneys and bladder. To these organs their strengthening qualities are wonderful, causing them to perform their functions as in youth.
Sold Everywhere.
Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

S S S
My little boy, 5 years old, was sick with a disease for which doctors had no name. The nails came off his fingers, and the fingers came off to the middle joint. For 3 years he suffered dreadfully; is now getting well and I am satisfied Swift's Specific is the chief cause of his improvement.
Jan. 12, 1889. JOHN DEIHL, Peru, Ind.
POISONED BY A CALF—My little boy broke out with sores and ulcers, the result of the saliva of a calf coming in contact with a cut finger. The ulcers were deep and painful and showed no inclination to heal. I gave him Swift's Specific, and he is now well.
Feb. 15, '89. JOHN F. HEARD, Auburn, Ala.
Send for books on Blood Poison & Skin Diseases, free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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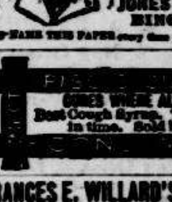

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