St. Tammany Farmer.

Published Every Saturday.

COVINGTON, - - LOUISIANA.

JERUSHA'S OLD PIANO.

Yaas, I'm sort o' weak on music, that is, ez a gin'ral rule,
Though I rassled with the gammit at old Squawker's singin' skule;
For my ear lacks eddycation, and my tongue is ruther slow,
So I calkylate my best holt comes in swingin' of a hoe;
Howsomdever I hev allus loved a good, old-fashioned chune
Like the "Gal I Left Behind Me," or the "Banks of Bonnie Doon:"
And how mighty nice they sounded when at eve the children sang
To the old time square pianner that Jerushy used ter bang!

Jerushy (she's my darter) wuz a master clever gal;
And our neighbor Tompkins' Hepsy wuz her buzzum friend and pal;
One wuz fust and t'other second, like tu hosses in a race,
Whilst young Jonathan wuz counter and Eliakim sung bass.
O, how pleasant the old farm-house of a cold December night,
With the hick'ry fire a snappin' and the candles all alight,
As the music swelled and tetered, mingled with the meller clang
Of the old-time square pianner that Jerushy used ter bang!

Darter 'Rushy wuzn't science fur as execution goes,
But she'd wallop out the music thet you'd feel clean tu your toes;
She never heard of Waggoner, or some sich pison name,
For she larnt her style of playin' jest 'fore these Dutch fellers came;
But she'd knock out "Fisher's Hornpipe," "Devil's Dream" and "Money Musk,"
Whilst her mar and me sat list'nin' as the day grew inter dusk,
And we never once got tired of the merry clingety clang
Of thet old time square pianner that Jerushy used ter bang!

Now Jerushy she is married, and lives down at Rumble Hill,
And I'm gran'pap tu three tow-heads—more tu come, I reckon, still.
Yaas, I'm gittin' sort o' feeble—allus glad when day is done,
For somehow the rows seem longer as I hoe 'em, one by one.
Though old age comes on a-creepin' yet my heart is fresh and green,
For I'm allus livin' over every pleasant sound and scene—
Allus dreamin' of home faces, happy songs and jolly clang
Of thet old-time square pianner that Jerushy used ter bang.

—A. T. Gorham, in Boston Post.

THE SELF-MADE MAN.

And the Serious Case of Dyspepsia He Encouraged.

ONE never knows which is the impression that is going to stay, which of the characters, events, circumstances, sayings, tableaux of the passing day is to be the uneffaceable one. We try to know, and even make, with human pertness, selections. "This is striking," "this is important," and important as it is, we fear to forget it, and write it down in the nowadays inevitable note-book—date, place and sensations—quite orderly and methodically, as we were taught to do at school; and then, if we do not forget the notebook or crowd it out under the necessary accumulation of them, we are able at any time to resurrect any recollection, and, if we have been prolix, sensation and other et cætera of data, at best often the withered or withering specimens of a herbarium. Thus life flows, depositing within us an ever-increasing "batture," a vague border-land, our limbo of things we are trying not to forget. Per contra, an insignificant occurrence there is no getting rid of; it is a veritable crooked bone in the memory.

"Madam," said the hotel-keeper to me the day after my arrival at the "Greenwood" Springs, "you are going to have a fellow-boarder—Prof. Tubbs, president of the Male and Female College at Olympus. Prof. Tubbs is what we call a self-made man, and, considering the material, *I* think he has made a pretty good job of it."

"Is there nothing unique in this world? Not even a taste for out-of-the-season visits to remote little watering-places?"

"He comes to drink the waters for his health," continued the hotel-keeper. "He has chronic dyspepsia. Here he is now, ma'am."

The "material" was, concretely, at least six feet two in height, garmented in black broadcloth, the ample frock-coat of which swung open over a very expansive shirt front, which carried on its uppermost billow a patented satin cravat with a patented pin in it. He had a long, thin face, with something in the way of beard over it, and his abundant hair shone with a gloss which was a credit to its author, whoever he was.

He bowed with an oratorical sweep of the right hand, and said: "I am very glad to see you, ma'am," sat down in his place with careful thought of his coat tails, surveyed the squadron of little dishes, which contained fractional portions of what was supposed in these regions to make a whole meal, and proceeded incontinently to take the office of entertainer out of the hands of the waiter in this wise:

"Fried mutton, ma'am? I never eat mutton. Some people can, but my taste is delicate. My stomach is my weak point, ma'am. As an organ, it gets out of order very easily. My wife's stomach is much stronger than mine, ma'am. I look strong, but I am not, ma'am. I suffer from chronic dyspepsia. I may say—"

"Tea or coffee, sir?"

"Coffee! I always drink coffee, ma'am. It is my only stimulant. Theoretically and practically, ma'am, I am a total abstainer, but I sometimes need as many as four cups of coffee at one meal. My wife makes elegant coffee, ma'am. I do not drink milk generally; it is apt to produce bile in my system, ma'am."

"Eggs, sir?"

"Yes, eggs. Eggs suit my digestion very well, ma'am; eggs— Oh, of course, ma'am, you can go. Do not let me detain you. I eat slow, ma'am. Some people can eat fast, but I can not, ma'am. I take my time over my meals. My stomach— Certainly, ma'am—certainly, I will excuse you," with the same oratorical wave of the hand, which now held his knife.

Sitting in the quiet and darkness of this out-of-the-way night and place, it was pleasant to listlessly track the constellations through the tree-tops, while thoughts came slowly drifting home, thoughts which had been on furlough for ages, thoughts which—

"Ah! here you are waiting for me, ma'am. Don't rise, ma'am; I have a chair. Looking at the stars, eh? Are you any thing of an astronomer, ma'am? Astronomy is a very pretty science. I am very partial to astronomy; in fact, I am considered right much of an astronomer. My wife, now, she knows nothing about the stars. As for me, ma'am, I have dipped into pretty much every thing. I am self-taught, entirely, ma'am. I am what is called in these parts, ma'am, a self-made man, and I am not ashamed of it. What did you say, ma'am? Oh, certainly! good-night, ma'am. It does not agree with me to retire early, ma'am. Brain-workers, ma'am, are night-workers. I am not an early riser either, ma'am. I have told the hotel-proprietor so. My wife, now, is an early riser. My wife rises pretty generally about daybreak; but the morning nap seems to be necessary for my constitution. My constitution ma'am—"

"Hurry up, ma'am!" he called to me from the breakfast table, as I entered the door the next morning. "We did not wait for you, ma'am. Waiting does not agree with me, ma'am, as I told the proprietor of the hotel. I rested only tolerably last night, ma'am; suffered from an uneasiness of the stomach."

"Chicken, ham, eggs, buckwheat cakes"—the waiter recited his litany, dropping the little dishes on the table like beads from his fingers.

"I do not care for chicken, ma'am. Some people like chicken; find it nourishing. My labors seem to require a stronger food. My wife likes chicken. I generally make my breakfast, ma'am, of ham — smoked-dried ham — and eggs. Ham seems to agree with my stomach better than most any kind of food, and I always taper off on cakes and sirup. My wife makes elegant cakes, ma'am. You seem to have a very strong stomach, like my wife, ma'am. My wife can eat almost any thing.

"Well, now that we have finished our breakfast, what shall we do with our morning, ma'am? Going to the springs? I shall just come along with you, ma'am. . . .

"I shall take the sulphur water, ma'am, to make a beginning, and then I shall take the iron water. The sulphur water, as I calculate, washes the dyspepsia out of me, and the iron builds me up. It just depends upon how I feel, the number of cups I drink during the day. I consult my stomach entirely. You had better consult your stomach, ma'am. Going back to the hotel? Certainly. I'm agreeable. I'll just go with you. You are like my wife, ma'am—always on the go. I do not mind telling you, ma'am, that my wife is not quite up to me; in fact, I am considered to have married beneath myself."

His knees had rounded sockets in his trousers, which stood out, as he walked along, in an ungainly fashion, but when he sat down all fitted easily and smoothly, particularly when he bent his shoulders a little forward and clasped his hands over his crossed leg that swung its foot like a pendulum to time his words.

"Some of my friends go as far as to say that it was a mistake. I could do much better now, ma'am; that is the truth. But when I married her, ma'am, I considered it a good thing for me. I don't mind telling you, ma'am, but at that time she was very poor. She taught in the public school until her ma took sick of galloping consumption, and when her ma died, I married her. They used to be quite considerable folks. Her pa was a Baptist minister. He was killed in the war. Sister Annie, too, my wife's sister, had a situation in the public school, but when she heard her ma was dying, she gave it up, and came home to help in the nursing. But I have taken Sister Annie in, too. Sister Annie's health isn't very good, ma'am, but she teaches the primaries, and she can help my wife in the house. I intend to let Sister Annie live right along with us. Sister Annie—Lord! Sister Annie can iron a shirt just as good as my wife. Have you observed my shirts, ma'am? Sister Annie and my wife launder them all; and between them they prepare the meals for the boarders—we have six boarders, ma'am, male and female—and they

"LET ME INTRODUCE MY WIFE."

take care of the baby between them, and between-times they do sewing for their little pockets. I've got no objections. I just humor them, and tell them to do just as they please. Would you believe it, ma'am, they bought a sewing-machine last year between them. Sister Annie used to have an elegant voice, ma'am, but I consider that she has just coughed it away. She takes after her ma in coughing, ma'am."

As he talked, the man's eyes kept continually glancing up the yellow-streaked road, and in the clear light, under his beard, his long thin-lipped mouth could be seen nervously biting the postprandial tooth-pick. One would have said that he was expecting the messenger who shortly afterward made his appearance, waving a yellow envelope in his hand. He appropriated the message when it arrived without hesitation, opening it, and reading it aloud:

"Sister Annie died during the night."

The messenger rode his horse quietly away in the direction of the stable. The professor's food, for the moment, disappeared from his eyes, and presumably rested easy on his stomach.

"It will be a heavy blow to Olympus—it will be a mighty heavy blow to Olympus, ma'am."

"I don't know what the parson will do without her. The parson will miss her, ma'am, more than any one in Olympus. I consider that she just founded the church there; and as for the Sunday-school—there isn't a child in the place that wouldn't go to Sunday-school to have Sister Annie for a teacher. She played the melodeon and taught them hymns, and she was the organist of the church. Then there's the prayer-meeting Wednesday night, and the reading every Friday evening. Sister Annie did the reading. She got up a magazine club, too. I consider Sister Annie a very accomplished woman, ma'am. She was universally beloved." He pronounced this slowly and impressively, as if he or Sister Annie were originating the time-worn commendation.

"She never used to complain, ma'am. I do not believe she knew how to complain. If it had not been for the coughing, like as not no one would have known she was sick. When I told her good-bye yesterday noon, she smiled the moment she stopped coughing, and pretended it was nothing. I told my wife not to mind me, just to go on and look after her sister. She was most worried to death about my dyspepsia." He paused, nibbling at his toothpick. "I do not believe that that sulphur water is going to agree with me, or may be it is the fried eggs. Of course, ma'am! Certainly, if you have letters to write."

President Tubbs had the pleasure of eating his dinner alone. For supper he was a few minutes late. There was another place prepared at the table. He interrupted inquiries about it by presenting himself opportunely with the occupant, a lady.

"Let me introduce my wife to you, ma'am. I telegraphed her this morning after you left me. I told her to come right along here and divert her mind. I can stand the expense. She didn't want to come in to supper but I told her you would excuse her appearance, ma'am. She hasn't had any time to fix up; been traveling ever since three. The funeral came off at ten. Sister Annie passed away easy and quiet as a baby going to sleep."

Mention has not been made of his voice. It was trumpétal in its volume of sound, and his words, heavy, unmodulated projections, fell like missiles of wood on the ears.

"It was an elegant funeral, my wife says, and the parson's address she considers a triumph of oratory." This last sentence seemed also a matter of pride with him. "I told my wife that she would like you. Mary, didn't I tell you you that you would like—" He touched her on the shoulder to corroborate his statement, and so she was forced to look up at last.

His wife! *That* his wife! Twenty, perhaps more. An oval face, black hair in a heavy mass at the back of her neck, and eyes that would have been called the most beautiful in the world if they had not to be called the most grief-stricken—eyes of supernatural beauty and divine suffering. Her mouth!—her mouth was quivering from lips to chin. One of the two women had to leave the table; she could not.

The professor came in to the breakfast table the next morning alone, but radiant.

"I never slept better in my life, ma'am; and no disturbance of the stomach. Did you notice that I eat the fried mutton last night, ma'am? Well, I thought I would hear from that mutton before morning; but I did not, ma'am. All quiet; all serene. My wife she did not sleep so well—she is a poor sleeper—and the baby did not sleep at all, she says. She says she walked him up and down the room pretty much all night long. I told her not to mind me, to do just exactly as she pleased; not to worry about my breakfast and my dyspepsia. I had brought her here to have her pleasure and I could manage to get along. And now, ma'am, what shall we do this morning? . . .

"What! Going to leave? Going away! Oh, you had better not go! You had better stay a day or two longer. Why, *I* am not going for two or three days yet. Well, if you can't stay— But I am real sorry. I never did meet a lady whose society I enjoyed more than yours. Is that your hack, now?"

"Yes."

"Well, I *am* sorry. I thought we were going to have a real good time together. You can't change your mind? Well, I *am* sorry. Let me call my wife to tell you good-bye. Oh, it's no disturbance; she is just in her room. Mary! Mary!"

There was no answer either to the call or the knock upon the door, near which we unfortunately were standing. Before a preventive could be thought of, it was flung open by his strong, quick hand.

"Come in! Come right in, ma'am. Here's Mary! She will be delighted to see you, and right sorry to hear that you are going away."

The woman, not attempting to rise, sat as she was, nursing her baby. The black dress of last night lay thrown across a trunk. She wore a faded red calico wrapper; her hair, which had not yet been combed, hung in two long, thick, tangled plaits. Her face was still as beautiful as the night before, only the daylight showed what the dim light had not, the hectic spot in each transparent cheek and the feverish brilliancy in her eyes.

"Yes, ma'am, the baby is considered to favor me; he is what is called in these parts 'growthy.' I tell Mary he looks as if he were going to be self-made, too."

"Undoubtedly."

Growthy! with a six months' progress of nose and mouth toward the original self-made type, and breakfasting as if he too had chronic dyspepsia, his heavy little hands grasping and pulling the breasts to which his large mouth clung determinately. And *she* had to be the mother of *this*, and the wife of *that*! Oh destiny!

A photograph had dropped from her hand to the floor. It was easy enough to see the face—not so pretty as Mary's, but stronger. And this was her first day in the grave; her first day of rest on earth, perhaps.

"Well, ma'am, you must excuse Mary. She is only a country girl, and has not had advantages like you and me."

The professor was forced to the apology, for when the photograph was silently laid in the hand that clasped the baby, Mary bowed her head and wept bitterly.

"Well, ma'am, I really have enjoyed your conversation. I appreciate culture wherever I find it. I am sorry you can not see the Male and Female College, ma'am. I would take pleasure in showing you over it, ma'am. I would have been pleased to explain to you my system of co-education of the sexes, ma'am. Some people are afraid to tackle co-education, but I consider, ma'am, that I have made a success of it. I would have liked you to see my class in higher mathematics, ma'am. Why, ma'am, I have a blackboard as tall as I that extends all around the room! At every recitation it is covered with figures and problems. We use up one entire box of chalk every day, ma'am. I—"

Here the driver of the hack whipped up his mules.—Grace King, in Harper's Bazar.

A Simple Lesson in Ethics.

A man evidently crazed by a drug was talking vociferously and blasphemously in an elevated car. Finally the brakeman's attention was called to the disturbance. The brakeman went up to the man, and said, gently: "Aren't you a little too profane, my friend?" The offender quieted down and stopped talking. A rough word would have set the man on fire. It was a surprising exhibition of self-control and tact on the part of the train hand. In fact, I have heard a Sunday-school superintendent use a far more imperious tone in rebuking the children for being out of tune singing, "I want to be an angel." Left alone with the brakeman in the car, I complimented him on his successful treatment of the case. "I find it pays to speak quietly to such characters," was his response. So here was a lesson in ethics for which I did not pay in advance when I entered the train.—Christian Union.

A Good Day's Work.

Weakness of itself is not a disease. It is however a most distressful symptom. Alas! how many wearily drag themselves about, every effort giving them distress, existing without any of the pleasurable sensations of robust health. Are you in this condition? Why? There is no excuse for feeling mean and miserable. Remove the cause of your distress, which undoubtedly is a state of bood impurity and a disordered system. How? Why by doing as others have done.

G. W. Chandler, Red Fork, Ark., writes: "I was so weak that it was only with great effort that I could do any thing. I used several bottles of Botanic Blood Balm, and can now do a good day's work."

"Able to do a good day's work!" Is there not something sweet and refreshing in that expression? Strength to vigorously do this or that. Strength that is only overcome by natural fatigue. Strength that, when expended, is by rest and nature fully renewed. Such will be your reward if you give B. B. B. a trial.

H. B. Randolph, Brunswick, Ga., writes: "I was under the care of nine different doctors, but not one did me the good that Botanic Blood Balm has done me."

BETTER to meet your business acquaintances with a free, "don't-owe-you-a-cent" smile, than to dodge around the corner to escape a dun.

AN Eastern man has patented an elevator boot. It will be popular with stern parents, likely.—Lowell Mail.

The Lady Next Door.

Mrs. W. envied the lady next door because she always seemed so well and happy. "She enjoys life and I don't," said the discontented woman. "How I would like to change places with her!" At last she made the acquaintance of the object of her envy, and this is what the lady told her: "Happy! Of course I am, for I enjoy perfect health. My dear Mrs. W., your face tells me why you are not happy. You are suffering from functional derangements. I was a martyr to female weakness for years, but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cured me, as it will you if you will try it. It is *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case or price ($1.00) returned.

DR. PIERCE'S Pellets, one a dose. Cure headache, constipation and indigestion.

BETTER to sit by the pine table for which you paid three dollars ten years ago, than send home a new extension, black walnut top and promise to pay for it next week.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

SOME men's heads are so soft that a shadow from a brick wall will produce a concussion of the brain.—Light.

MY son twelve years of age, has been afflicted with scrofula for eight years. His hip joint protended through the skin, and he could not walk except on crutches, and he was also nearly blind. I had him under the care of the best doctors without avail, and had given him up to die, when I was urged to try Bull's Sarsaparilla. He has used eight bottles and already his eyesight is restored and his limb much better. His appetite is now good, he looks well and is quite cheerful. I think with a few more bottles he will be completely restored.—James Lee, Nashville, Tenn.

BETTER to pay the organ-grinder two cents for music, if you must have it, than to owe for a grand piano.

The Blues.

This is a synonym for that gloomy, narassed condition of the mind which has its origin in dyspepsia. All the ugly spirits that, under the name of the "blues," "blue devils," "megrims" and "mulligrubs" torment the dyspeptic almost ceaselessly, banish when attacked with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, that, moreover, annihilates biliousness, constipation, chills and fever, kidney complaints and nervousness.

THE temperance advocate thinks that the glass which is wrong side up is right side up.—Washington Star.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post-office address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

WHEN a barrel is full it generally gets bunged up. And this is the case with a man.—Boston Courier.

FROM the large number of strikes about the country it is easily to be seen that labor is at the bat.—Rochester Post-Express.

WHAT seems to a man inquisitiveness often seems to a woman only a natural desire for information—for instance: when a vision of golden-haired loveliness wants to know how her husband got that long, coarse, brunette hair on the left shoulder of his overcoat.—Somerville Journal.

DICK TURPIN, Jack Sheppard and Captain Kidd were Englishmen, but the palace-car porter is generally an American.—Philadelphia Times.

SOMEBODY estimates that it costs a fond father between $4,000 and $5,000 to bring up a girl—but, bless you! she's worth it when she has been brought up right.—Somerville Journal.

THE difference between the ticket-seller and the man whose money is tested as he goes into a show is that one pays the way and the other weighs the pay.—Merchant Traveler.

SOME speakers prefer to talk in the open air. It is the only way they can induce people to hear them out.—Yonkers Statesman.

IT is a sad reflection on human nature that almost any crooked transaction can be squared by a good round sum.—Baltimore American.

IT takes staying out late and an angry wife to make a man know how it feels to be the corpse at an inquest.—Atchison Globe.

A BILLIARD player never feels happier than when he has "something on the string."—Lawrence American.

WHEN a man finds a button in his salad he will hardly take the excuse that it is a part of the dressing.—Rome Sentinel.

A MAN generally finds little difficulty in getting half seas over when he makes free use of the schooner.—Troy Press.

Hereditary Blood Poison.

Many of the evils of life are inherited. Parents transmit to their children a state of blood impurity. What a fearful heritage to bequeath an innocent child! Scrofula, skin diseases, erysipelas, sore eyes, ringworm, tetter, eczema, scald head, scabby surfaces, syphilitic symptoms, ulcerative and consumptive tendencies, etc., all of which make life miserable, and the victim a prey to designing quacks. It is surely a disgrace that this should be so. It is manifestly the duty of every one to keep their blood pure and their systems in a condition of good health. Nature has given us kindly herbs that will accomplish this if properly used. The best are used with careful selection in that compound known as Dr. Bull's Sarsaparilla. There is no phase of blood poison this incomparable alterative will not relieve. If a sufferer from blood disease, you do yourself great injustice if you fail to try it.—Springfield Express.

"PUT not your trust in riches," but there's no objections to your putting your riches in trusts.—Yonkers Statesman.

Tourists,

Whether on pleasure bent or business, should take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness.

For sale in 50c and $1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

EVERY man has his own particular bent, especially the one whose ways are crooked.—Baltimore American.

QUININE will often stop the chills for a brief period, but Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria removes the malarious poison from the system and *cures* you. A single dose will sometimes do it. Sold by Druggists.

THERE are some circles where it is only the man with the income that can come in.—Binghamton Leader.

FOR strengthening and clearing the voice, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." "I have commended them to friends who were public speakers, and they have proved extremely serviceable."—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

THE young doctor—who fell in love at first sight explained it in one word—cauterize.—Kearney Enterprise.

DO NOT suffer from sick headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

TO GET at the real cost of beef-making the animal must be credited for the fertility it leaves on the farm.

MANY mothers would willingly pay a dollar a box for Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers if they could not get it for less. It costs only 25 cents and is sold by druggists.

BATH-TUBS are now made of paper—that is, stationary tubs.—Burlington Free Press.

FORTIFY Feeble Lungs Against Winter with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

ALL the world may be a stage, but a good many of the people are merely supers.

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

A MAN short in his accounts does not stay long when found out.—N. O. Picayune.

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

IT is said that the tailor-made girl takes a measured step.—Boston Gazette.

A POCKET match-safe free to smokers of "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigar.

WHEN a train is telescoped the passengers are apt to see stars.

To Restore Tone and Strength to the System when weakened by La Grippe or any other Illness,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

is positively unequalled. Get the BEST. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Sept. 12th.
MANSFIELD DRUG CO.:
GENTLEMEN:—After thoroughly testing your "LOUISIANA CREOLE HAIR RESTORER" in preventing hair from falling out it gives me pleasure to state that I have found it a complete success, accomplishing all it proposes. I have seen it frequently tried by others with complete satisfaction. I think you have succeeded in giving to the public the most valuable preparation for the hair ever originated.
Very Respectfully,
ROLFE S. SAUNDERS,
Revenue Collector Eighth District, Tennessee.
NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

Tutt's Pills

stimulate the torpid liver, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels, and are unequaled as an

ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE.

In malarial districts their virtues are widely recognized, as they possess peculiar properties in freeing the system from that poison. Elegantly sugar coated. Be no small. Price, 25 cts.

Sold Everywhere.
Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaint, take the pills and certain remedy, SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL SIZE (40 little beans to the bottle). They are the most convenient; suit all ages. Price of either size, 25 cents per bottle.

KISSING at 7, 17, 70: Photo-picture pencil sent of this pleasing for 2 cents (coppers or stamps).

J. F. SMITH & CO.,
Makers of "Bile Beans." St. Louis, Mo.

RIDGES FOOD

IT IS USED by CHILDREN'S CONVALESCENT. Thousands of children owe their lives to the T. A. Ridge Food and their health and their happiness to Ridge's Food. Sold by druggists, 50c. to $1. Pamphlet "Infant Health" sent free. By Druggists, or sent by mail, 50 cents up. Wholesale of Dr. T. A. Ridge & Co., Palmer, Mass.

ATLAS ENGINES. BOILERS, SHAFTING, Pulleys, Hangers, Castings, Repairs, etc. Architectural Iron Work. CHICKASAW IRON WORKS. JOHN E. RANDLE & CO., Memphis, Tenn.

"I drink this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone—
Of her, our, the seeming paragon."

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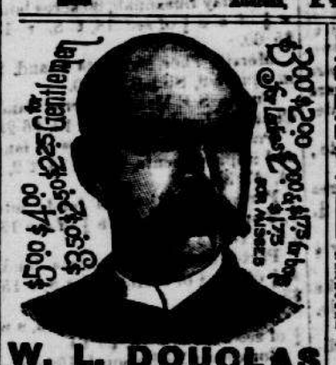

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