In the Old Home.

Like the patient moss to the rifted hill
The wee brown house is clinging;
A last year's nest that is lone and still,
Though it erst was filled with singing.
Then fleet were the children's pattering feet
And their trilling childish laughter,
And many voices were sweet—oh, how sweet!
Ringing from floor to rafter.

The beautiful darlings, one by one,
From the nest's safe shelter flying,
Went forth in the sheen of the morning sun,
Their fluttering pinions trying.
But oft as the reaping time is o'er,
And the hoar frost crisps the stubble,
They haste to the little home once more
From the great world's toil and trouble.

And the mother herself is at the pane,
With a hand the dim eyes shading,
And the flush of girlhood tints again
The cheek that is thin and fading.
For her boys and girls are coming home,
The mother's kiss their guerdon,
As they came ere yet they had learned to roam
Or bowed to the task and burden.

Over the door's worn sill they troop,
The skies of youth above them,
The blessing of God on the happy group
Who have mother left to love them!
They well may smile in the face of care
To whom such grace is given—
A mother's faith and a mother's prayer
Holding them close to heaven.

There are tiny hands that pull her gown,
And small heads bright and golden;
The childish laugh and the childish frown,
And the dimpled fingers folden,
That bring again to the mother-breast
The spell of the sunny weather
When she hushed her brood in the crowded nest,
And all were glad together.

A truce to the jarring notes of life,
The cries of pain and passion!
Over this lull in the eager strife
Love hovers, Eden-fashion.
In the wee brown house were lessons taught
Of strong and sturdy living,
And ever where honest hands have wrought
God hears the true Thanksgiving.
—The Home-Maker.

FAITH GAVE THANKS.

"NOW, little mother, you are going, and that's all about it; I shall stay and take care of Bertie; he prefers me; don't you, dear?" And Faith Darrows turned to her little brother, lying all wrapped up on the lounge, where he had been for two weeks, laid up with a broken leg.

"Yes, mamma, you go, and let Faith stay; she makes it ever so much jollier for a fellow. She's got lots more 'musement in her than you have, mamma, and 'sides, you say yourself, she makes better taffy."

There was a general burst of laughter at this remark, for they all knew Bert's hobby-horse was taffy, saddled with 'musement.

"Thank you, little boy," Faith answered; "it is a rare thing for me to be appreciated by a young gentleman; Cousin Lute here, for instance, does not agree with you at all." And she glanced saucily over to where he was standing. Lute Dinsmore's face flushed angrily as he met her imperious look, but he did not answer. So, catching her pretty, sweet-faced mother around the waist, and waltzing her about the room, she went on:

"Now, I hope, since Bertie agrees, that you are convinced it is your bounden duty to go to grandpa's and spend Thanksgiving as usual. Don't interrupt me; I have it all planned, you see—Lute is going to drive you and the girls over this afternoon, old Mike will sleep in the house to keep off burglars, and Bertie and I will have glorious fun."

Just here let me explain that pretty, sad-faced Mrs. Darrows was a widow with four children. Faith, the eldest, a fun-loving, saucy young lady of 18—Belle and Kitty, twin sisters, two years younger, and Bertie, a slim, mischievous boy of 6—who in searching for amusement in the top of a tree two weeks before, fell out of it and broke his leg. This accident had quite upset Mrs. Darrows' plans for spending Thanksgiving at her childhood's home, as she had never failed to do since her marriage. Since Mr. Darrows' death two years before, Luther Dinsmore, a cousin of the family, had lived with them and managed the farm. He was a sensible, manly young fellow of 25, with a heart of gold, and all the family were devotedly attached to him. Faith alone snubbed him unmercifully, and they quarreled one day and made up the next.

Impetuous, fun-loving Faith was authority in the Darrows' household, and, as usual, soon won her mother over to her way of thinking in regard to this much talked-of Thanksgiving visit. And at three o'clock that afternoon she stood in the yard, with a shawl wrapped about her, and watched the happy load drive away in the handsome new cutter, to which the horses had never been harnessed before.

Shutting her tremulous lips resolutely, Faith marched into the house; and all the rest of the afternoon was as sweet and entertaining and jolly as even the fastidious Bertie could wish.

While she was cleaning off their small tea-table Mike came into the kitchen, hat in hand, stammering and hesitating.

"May it plaze yer honor, Miss Faith, it's a favor I'd be afther axing of yeez, shure. Ye see me ould mither is a bit shaky and down in the mouth, and I don't loike to be havin' the likes of her alone all night—so if ye'd be afther lettin' me off, Miss Faith."

"Do you mean to tell me that you have the heart to leave Bertie and me all alone to-night? I would never have believed it of you, Mike Donald."

"Shure it's not for yeez to shtop alone I'd be afther axin'—but lettin' me sind up me friend, Tim Murphy, to bide in the house all night."

"There, that will do," with an angry stamp of her foot—"go home, go anywhere you like, but don't be sending Tim, or any other, to take your place; if you do I will lock the door in his face; do you hear? Bertie and I can stay alone, we are not afraid to; we are not cowardly like you."

The old man sneaked off down the road rather sheepishly, not to go home, she well knew, but down to the village tavern for a drop of liquor and a night's carousal.

Well, there was no help for it, though in spite of her brave words she was at heart a bit of a coward and watched the dark creeping in at the windows rather ruefully.

But Bertie of course must not imagine his big sister was afraid of the dark, so she laughed and frolicked with him. Bertie's gay prattle became silent. How lonesome it was now. She sewed awhile, then tried reading, and at last, perceiving it was already 11 o'clock, she laid aside her book, put out the light and curled herself up on the hearth-rug near Bertie's couch with her head on a chair. Gazing dreamily into the bright fire, with a sigh, she quite forgot for the time that she and Bertie were all alone in the house and only remembered how gay and festive and bright it was at grandpa's, fifteen miles away; the rooms aglow with fire and lamp-light, the dancers whirling on the floor. And she caught, now and then, in the sobbing minor of the violins, the sound of Cousin Lute's gay laughter and the gleam of his handsome white teeth. What a delicious laugh he had, and such beautiful teeth and kind, gray eyes. She know just how much he would be petted and made much of down there; he always was. Everybody, young and old, thought him perfection. And he would talk and laugh and dance with all the girls, and quite forget her troubled, yellow head lying drowsily on a chair at home and thinking all manner of nonsense about him. And with a hot flush and a quick catch of her breath, she remembered she had not been so lovable and kind to him that he would be likely to think of her very tenderly.

How angry and proud he had looked that day in the garden when he told her he loved her; but he had hurled the words at her as if they had been a boomerang or some other missile, and almost in the same breath added harshly, with a bitter laugh and a sarcastic gleam of his white teeth: "Don't take the trouble to tell me I am a fool for loving you. I am only too well aware of the fact already, knowing to my sorrow what a devil of a life you would lead a man."

She scarcely knew what reply she had made to it all, only it was something mocking and saucy and sarcastic, she remembered. He had never been quite the same to her since, she thought, with a little sob. If only he were only sitting in the chair over yonder, just this moment, she felt sure she could go right up to him and whipser softly:

"I am wretched, Cousin Lute; I want you to forgive me. I am tired of being naughty and self-willed and rebellious; I want to try and make myself worthy of your love, and——"

Hark! what was that? Just a tiny, tiny noise in the kitchen; only a rat maybe; but all the blood seemed settling about her heart. Bolt upright now she sat and listened breathlessly. Hush! there it was again, like some one trying to open a window. Her eyes seemed starting from their sockets, her heart beat so she could scarcely breathe. She dared not go out and investigate. The only door leading into the sitting-room from the kitchen was locked, but she glided noiselessly over to the big bookcase in the corner, and heavy as it was wheeled it somehow against the locked door; piled chairs on the table against that, then crept back to Bertie. Presently there came a faint chink as of breaking glass, and the sound of feet stepping softly about, and the glimmer of a light under the shut door. Half dead with terror, she stood with her arms around Bertie, who still slumbered peacefully. Presently a hand softly turned the knob of the sitting-room door, and, with one terrified shriek, she fell fainting across Bertie's couch.

When she opened her eyes again the room was cold as a barn, there was a window wide open, and her clothes were wet with the water that had been dashed in her face. Bert was wide awake and chattering like a magpie to—whom do you think?—why, nobody in this world but dear cousin Lute, who was bending over her with a face nearly as white as her own.

He had taken her mother and sisters to their destination, then driven directly back home, as he had intended to do from the first. Finding the lights out and everything quiet and fearing to disturb her, he had entered by the kitchen window.

The sun Thanksgiving morning rose gloriously beautiful over all the land. And for once, at least, Faith Darrows did not forget to be thankful for God's blessed goodness. But for once she did forget to quarrel with Lute Dinsmore and was sweet and tender and womanly, letting her heart speak to him through her eyes.

At noon the long table, spread in the sitting-room in Bertie's honor, fairly groaned with the load of good things she had prepared. There was a plump chicken, delicately browned and piping hot; a delicious oyster pie sending up its savory scent; potatoes steaming in their gray jackets under a snowy napkin, squash yellow as the golden blossom that produced it, crisp green pickles that made one's mouth water only to look at them, dainty cranberry jelly quivering on tiny saucers, little frosted cakes on a pretty platter, honey dripping lazily from its thick white comb, pumpkin and mince pie, white and brown bread, and a great dish of luscious pears and rosy-cheeked apples.

When it was all ready and two tiny bouquets made from the few flowers she had, and placed by Lute's and Bertie's plate, Faith ran up-stairs to brush her tumbled hair, bathe her heated face and array herself in her pretty soft-gray gown, a bunch of pink chrysanthemums thrust in the dainty bodice.

Bert gave a shrill whistle when she came down, and shouted "Great Scott" in royal school-boy fashion; but it was the kind gray eyes watching her so steadily at the other end of the table that made her blush so furiously.

Next day when Mrs. Darrows came home, and had Bertie in her arms once, he confided to her "that Thanksgiving Day hadn't been much of a time 'cept the dinner. That Faith and he had lots of fun until Cousin Lute came home, and after that Faith had 'lected him right along, and didn't seem to care to 'muse anybody else but Lute. Not but what Cousin Lute is good enough most time, mamma, bnt I do think too much of him is a newsance."

And that night when Faith, with her blushing face hidden on her mother's neck, told the sweet old story of Lute's love for her and their reconciliation, she added with a touch of her old sarcasm, "but if I ever have any more love-making on hand, deliver me from having Bert around; he won't even let anyone be 'spooney' with comfort."

"Why are you harsh and unloving,
Filling my poor heart with pain?
Lives young as ours should be happy;
Whisper forgiveness again.
Why do you talk of my follies?
How can you censure and scorn?
Kiss me, sweetheart, and forgive me,
This dear blessed Thanksgiving morn."
—Ladies' World.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

An Official Proclamation Recommending Its Observance Was First Issued in 1752.

In "Young's Chronicles of the Pilgrims" the following is found:

"The harvest being gotten in, the Governor sent four men on a fowling expedition that they might rejoice in a special manner. Amongst other recreations they exercised in arms and feasted Massasoyt, with some ninety men, for three days. November, 1621."

Thanksgiving, 1892.

The following is the first official recorded Thanksgiving Proclamation:

By the HONOURABLE
SPENCER PHIPPS, ESQ.;

Lieutenant Governour and Commander-in-Chief, in and over His Majesty's Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England,

A PROCLAMATION for a publick THANKSGIVING, 1752.

Upon due Consideration of the gracious Dispensations of divine Providence towards us in the Year past; particularly, In preserving us from devouring Insects, and granting us a Competency of the Fruits of the Earth, notwithstanding the Drought and early Frost, by which the latter Harvest hath been considerably diminished; In bestowing so good a Measure of Health in many parts of the Province; In preserving so many of our Towns from the Contagion of the Small-Pox, and in remarkably abating the Malignity and Mortality of that Distemper in those Places which have been visited therewith, especially in Boston and Charlestown, and giving us so fair a prospect of being soon delivered from that Calamity; In protecting our Sea-Coasts and Inland-Borders from the Invasions of Enemies; In restoring divers of our Captives to Liberty; and in continuing our invaluable Privileges, religious and civil; In prolonging the life of our Sovereign Lord the King, their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Princess Dowager of Wales, the Duke, and the rest of the Royal Family; In blessing his Majesty's Counsels and Negotiations for Preserving the Peace of Europe, and the many other instances of divine Goodness towards a sinful and unthankful People.

I have thought fit, with the Advice of His Majesty's Council, to appoint Thursday the Sixteenth of November next to be observed as a Day of publick THANKSGIVING throughout this Province; Hereby calling upon Ministers and People religiously to solemnize the same, not only by offering unto God the Praises of their Lips, but by rendering Him the sincere Thankfulness of their Hearts, and the unfeigned Obedience of their Lives; and with their Praises to join their fervent Supplications to Almighty GOD, that he would be pleased to confer all necessary Blessings, spiritual and temporal, upon our Nation and Land; and cause the Light of the Gospel to shine upon all Nations, that so the whole earth may be filled with His Glory.

And all servile Labour is forbidden on the said Day.

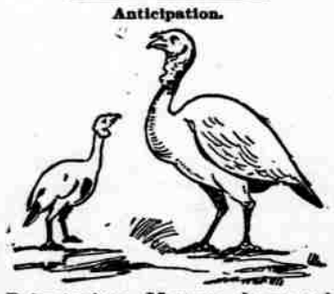
Given at Cambridge, the Thirteenth Day of October, 1752, in the Twenty-sixth Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord GEORGE the Second, by the Grace of GOD of Great Britain, France and Ireland, KING, Defender of the Faith, &c. S. Phipps.

By Order of His Honour the Lieutenant-Governour with the advice of the Council.
J. Willard, Secr'y.

GOD Save the KING.

BOSTON: Printed by John Draper, Printer to His Honour the Lieutenant-Governour & Council, 1752.

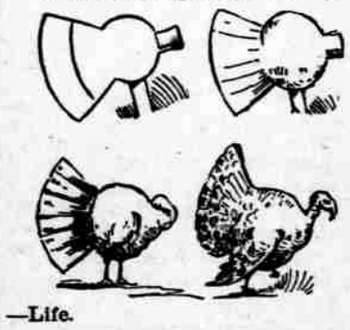
Anticipation.



Baby turkey—Mamma, do we celebrate Thanksgiving?

Mamma turkey—No, my dear; but if we're lucky we will celebrate the day after.—Judge.

A Hatchet-ating Study in Turkey.



—Life.

J. C. STEWART, the well-known comedian, owns an island in the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, on which there is clay that would turn out pure aluminum at sixteen cents a pound. The clay has been examined by a Philadelphia chemist, and at the end of the season a company is to be organized to manufacture the metal.

DURING a recent storm at Hopkinton, N. H., an elm tree, under which Lafayette and his party stood at a reception given them in 1825, was struck by lightning and demolished.

DO NOT forget your children while you are worshiping your ancestors.

Do not allow yourself to be imposed upon by the many novel schemes, advertising new and untried so-called cough remedies; but stick to the old reliable, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the unfailing cure for all affections of the throat and chest.

A single hair can be stretched one-third its entire length. When a man appears with a blonde hair on his shoulder, and is met by his brunette wife, the hair seems to be twenty miles long.

Any one in possession of 25 cents can go to the nearest dealer in medicines and procure a bottle of Salvation Oil and be cured at once of rheumatism, neuralgia, or any pain or ache.

Some people who are sure that they could never tell a lie have never had an adequate temptation.

Have You Asthma?

DR. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn., will mail a trial package of Schiffman's Asthma Cure FREE to any sufferer. Gives instant relief in worst cases, and cures where others fail. Name this paper and send address.

When to Fly High.

First English Sparrow—"The legislatures are offering rewards for our heads. Aie'nt you scared?"

Second English Sparrow—"No I shan't worry until they call us game and pass laws to protect us."

A Tremendous Rumpus

In the system is produced by a disordered liver. Bile gets into the blood and gives a saffron tinge to the countenance and eyeballs, sick headache ensues, the digestive organs are thrown out of gear, the bowels become costive, there are pains through the right side and shoulder blade, the breath grows sour and the tongue furred, dizziness is frequent, especially on rising suddenly. This state of affairs can not exist unless the disturbance were a serious one. Yet it is easily remediable with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which relieves every symptom of biliousness and indigestion, and promotes a regular action of the bowels, and is auxiliary of appetite and sleep. The Bitters is a superb specific for malarial and kidney trouble, rheumatism and debility. A wineglassful thrice a day.

A Natural Result.

Friend—"I see you are still giving vast sums to charity. If you keep on much longer you will have nothing to leave your relatives."

Rich Man (who is weary of reading about will contests):—"They can apply to the charities, you know."

IS YOUR blood poor? Take Beecham's Pills. Is your liver out of order? Use Beecham's Pills. 25 cents a box.

"That man must be very rich." "He is. How could you tell?" "He'd have to be, or he couldn't afford to wear that shabby silk hat."

Don't give up and say there is no help for Catarrh, Hay Fever and Cold in head, since thousands testify that Ely's cream Balm has entirely cured them.

I Have been bothered with catarrh for about twenty years; I had lost sense of smell entirely and I had almost lost my hearing. My eyes were getting so dim I had to get some one to thread my needle. Now I have my hearing as well as I ever had, and I can see to thread as fine a needle as I ever did, my sense of smell seems to be improving all the time. I think there is nothing like Ely's Cream Balm for Catarrh.—Mrs. E. E. Grimes, Rendrill, Perry Co., O.

Apply Balm into each nostril. It is Quickly Absorbed. Gives Relief at once. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

"Do you fear a depression in business as the result of the election?" "No, sir; I am a hatter."

FITS—All fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fit after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The fortunes of war seem to be accumulated principally by the gunmakers.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure, or money refunded. At your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

The reason that rich men have so many friends is because they are capital fellows.

J. C. SIMPSON, Marquess, W. V., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Miss Georgia: Are you fond of politics, Mr. Heighup? Mr. Heighup (knowingly): I think I pwefer twuffies.

When Visiting Kansas City Stop at the BLOSSOM HOUSE opposite *Union Depot*. First Class in every respect, Rates, $2.50 per day.
Cable cars to all parts of the city pass the door.

Made an Impression.

Mr. Saphead (sighing)—"I wish you could find something about me to like."

Miss Beauti (kindly)—"Well, Mr. Saphead, there is one thing about you that I like very much."

"I am glad to hear you say so. What is it?"

"You make short calls."

"Time works wonders;" but that's because he never strikes an eight-hour day.

Mrs. De Goode: Why are you throwing stones at that little boy? Answer me that, sir. Small Boy (very good at excuses): Cause his folks doesn't b'long to our church.

CHEAP RATES FOR A WINTER TRIP
Via SANTA FE ROUTE

To Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Utah and Old Mexico, are offered by the Santa Fe.

Tickets now on sale good until June 1st, with sufficient transit limit in each direction to enable passengers to stop off at all points en route. List of destinations includes Corpus Christi, El Paso, Galveston, Houston, Lampasas, Rockport, San Antonio, City of Mexico, Monterey, Phœnix, Prescott, Saltillo, San Luis Potosi, Las Vegas Hot Springs, Grand Canon of the Colorado, Los Angelos, San Diego, San Francisco, Salt Lake and Portland.

New Mexico is noted as having one of the most equable climates in the world, sudden changes being almost wholly unknown. It is a most desirable place, either for the business man, pleasure seeker, or the invalid, while it is the haven for the immigrant. No portion of the United States can compare with the fertile valleys of its rivers, and in the productions of the field, the market garden, the orchard and the vineyard.

For full particulars regarding the country, rates, stopovers, etc., etc., call on or address nearest Santa Fe agent, or

GEO. T. NICHOLSON,
G. P. & T. A.,
Topeka, Kansas.

W. J. BLACK,
A. G. P. & T. A.

tf.

"What makes Rustler so round-shouldered?" "Oh, he's trying to make both ends meet."

Browne: Hullo, Whyte, Where have you been? Whyte: Been hunting. Browne: Been hunting? What did you get? Whyte: Got back.

A magazine article calls attention to the strong sense of propriety which dogs possess. It doesn't mention it, but every one of them has its own pants.

The Professor: What branch of anthropology would you prefer to take up first? The New Student: Girls.

The sluggard is told to go to his ant, but, with the perversity of human nature, he usually goes to his uncle.

The telephone is said to have been known in India for thousands of years. Yet there has been very little talk over it.

Trouble and kin and cats are about the only things a man can have that other people don't try to get away from him.

Mr. Aikin: You see things in a different light since you married, do you not? Mr Nuwed: I ought to. There were fifteen lamps among our wedding presents.

The Campaign Rooster: Isn't your throat sore? You're flatting awfully. The Tin Horn: No, but the man who's blowing through me has just had six beers and I'm feeling gay. Wow-w-t-we-o-oot.

Time heals all things; but it does not heel a pair of boots.

It is a strange paradox that fast colors are colors that will not run.

We shall recover from the campaign this week, but there's the grip to come.

"He is an artist by profession." "I know that; but what is he by occupation?"

She: Well, love is a lottery. He: I don't think so. Would a fellow with only $5 have any chance at you?

The small boy represents one brand of leaz that is not relished at the 5 o'clock gatherings.

Watts: What will Adlai do with his ax now? Potts: I suppose he will use it in cutting off debate.

Mrs. Bridie: How much is your income, Charlie? Mr. Bridie: You ought to know: you spend it all, my dear.

"You fell in love with your husband because you thought you could reform him, didn't you?" "Yes, my dear; and it was a sour, sour mash for me."

Swiggs: Noddle has done some writing that will carry his name far and wide. Diggs: Has he written a book? Swiggs: No, he wrote his name on his umbrella.

The bars of music are found in music halls.

"Go to thunder!" growled Boreas to the storm. "Going to," responded the storm, with a lightning glance.

He (birritaly): What sort of supper are we going to have to night, good ar bad? She: Both. Deviled ham and angel cake.

Adorer: May I be your pilot and guide your bark through the stormy sea of life? Fair Widow: No, dear; but you may be my second mate.

They all Testify

To the Efficacy of the World-Renowned **Swift's Specific.**

The old-time simple remedy from the Georgia swamps and fields has gone forth to the antipodes, astonishing the skeptical and confounding the theories of those who depend solely on the physician's skill. There is no blood taint which it does not immediately eradicate. Poisons outwardly absorbed or the result of vile diseases from within all yield to this potent but simple remedy. It is an unequaled tonic, builds up the old and feeble, cures all diseases arising from impure blood or weakened vitality. Send for a treatise. Examine the proof.

Books on "Blood and Skin Diseases" mailed free.

Druggists Sell It.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND

The Best Waterproof Coat in the WORLD!

SLICKER

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. Don't buy a coat if the "Fish Brand" is not on it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

25 DOSES 25¢ THE GREAT COUGH CURE 25¢ 50¢ $1.00

SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE. Nearly 500 ladies and gents want correspondents. GUNNELS' MONTHLY, Toledo, Ohio

Topeka Business College, TOPEKA, KANSAS.

Handsome Catalogue and Beautiful Specimens of Penmanship sent free by Mentioning this paper.

Board and Room $2.50 per week.

LARGE SCHOOL. Address, L. H. STRICKLER

RUPTURE PERMANENTLY CURED OR NO PAY.

We refer you to 2,500 Patients. Financial Reference: First National Bank, Topeka, Kans.

Investigate our Method. Written Guarantee to Absolutely Cure all kinds of RUPTURE of both Sexes, without the use of KNIFE or SYRINGE, no matter of how long standing. EXAMINATION FREE.

Send for Circular. Address

THE O. E. MILLER COMPANY,
222 W. 6th Ave., Cor. Van Buren St., - - TOPEKA, KANS.

Milk Cans, pans, churns, bottles, everything which is used for milk, even down to the baby's bottle—these are things for which you need **Pearline.** With **Pearline,** they're cleansed more easily, more quickly, more economically, and more thoroughly, than with anything else known. The people who know most about milk say just that. We can't afford to print all the testimonials we hold. They're free expressions of opinion—in conventions, in papers, everywhere where milk folks have a voice. Their enthusiasm about **Pearline** is genuine. And it's natural. For all kinds of washing and cleaning, nothing equals **Pearline.**

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.* 381 JAMES PYLE, New York.

IT ISN'T IN THE ORDINARY WAY that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to the weak and suffering woman who needs it. It's *guaranteed.* Not with words merely; any medicine can make claims and promises. What is done with the "Favorite Prescription" is this: if it fails to benefit or cure, in any case, your money is returned. Can you ask any better proof that a medicine will do what it promises?

It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nervine, and a certain remedy for the ills and ailments that beset a woman. In "female complaint" of every kind, periodical pains, internal inflammation or ulceration, bearing-down sensations, and all chronic weaknesses and irregularities, it is a positive and complete cure.

To every tired, overworked woman, and to every weak, nervous, and ailing one, it is guaranteed to bring health and strength.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00. F

GLADSTONE.

Gladstone has decided on the advice of his physician to limit his presence in the House of Commons during the coming session. He will attend the sittings only on the days, or rather nights when questions of importance come up. Gladstone is now an old man. The British Parliament sits only at nights, and it is a severe task for him to continue these labors. When we reflect that he has been in public life ever since he was 21 years old, we can see what a large space he fills in modern English History. Old people will find in Reid's German Cough and Kidney Cure one of the best things in the world for violent colds, coughs and all affectations of the lungs. It is a perfect cure for pneumonia and can be taken without the slightest danger. A Cough remedy containing an opiate is fatal when the patient has pneumonia. This is not the case with Reid's German Cough and Kidney Cure. This is the best remedy for all maladies that affect the lungs, that was ever offered to the public. Small bottles 25 cents, large size 50 cents.

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