VALUE OF GREAT MEN.

Abou Ben Adhem Is Moved to Tell a Story with a Moral

ABOU BEN ADHEM, the magician, was sitting under his own vine and fig-tree, in front of his tent in New Jersey, one bright morning in May. Abou was in an admirable frame of mind. He had killed two life insurance solicitors the day before—he had subscribed for the last book that had been put into the hands of canvassers, so he had a fair prospect for a quiet day. He was musing on life, and trying to solve that great problem, wherein he was doing a most foolish thing, for life is a riddle which will solve itself if you wait long enough. The solution can be hastened somewhat by late suppers and whisky, but it will come to all, sooner or later, without these or any other aids. Wise as Abou was, it never occurred to him that if there be a future he would know it in time, and if there should not be one the matter should not bother him much. In dwelling on this subject the summit of Abou's physical structure was not horizontal. But all great men have their weaknesses. The writer thereof presumes that a critical examination of himself would show some trifling faults.

But Abou's dream of an entirely quiet day was not to be realized. He was just smoking his second pipe when a young man, whose intellectual face was overspread with deep concern, appeared to him.

"What wouldst thou with me?" said Abou, haughtily. "Speak, man, speak!"

"Mighty Abou, I need thy help. I am dying, Egypt, dying. I have a cough which is tearing me to pieces, and I have also dyspepsia, liver complaint, with a few other diseases too tedious to mention, and they are all growing worse daily."

"Hast tried the regular physicians?"

"I have."

"The irregulars?"

"Verily."

"The patent medicines?"

"All of them."

"The retired physicians whose sands of life have nearly run out?"

"Yea."

"Then go home in peace. If you have tried all these and still live, I know of nothing that can kill you."

"But, mighty Abou, I am dying nevertheless."

"Well, why not die then, without bothering me? I am no balm in Gilead, nor am I a healing balsam. I have power, it is true."

"Mighty Abou, I know you have, and that power exert for me. I care not to live for myself, but for my fellows. I am the leading man in my native village. I edit the

"YOUNG MAN, GO HOME."

weekly paper—I am mayor—I run the church, and am president of the school board. If I should die, New Athens would go as straight to ruin as a pigeon could fly. It would not survive me."

Abou had him now. He had an opportunity to moralize, and in good square moralizing Abou was equaled by few and excelled by none. It was his best hold, and he never missed an opportunity. So he lighted a fresh pipe and went for the young man.

"My young friend, you fancy that should you die New Athens would go to ruin. Listen.

"Long ago, in the dim years before the flood, I was sailing on the Persian gulf in the staunch A 1 clipper ship, the Mary Ann. Suddenly there arose a terrible storm. The winds howled like an Irish riot, the lightning flashed with a vividness which was appalling, and the thunders rolled as though the demons of the air were playing continuous games of ten-pins. It was a fearsome night. The darkness was so intense that the lights on the headlands showed not, and we were pulling through it, helpless in the power of the tempest on a pitiless coast. The captain—Perkins was his name—had lost his reckoning, and the Mary Ann, uncontrolled and uncontrollable, was speeding on to her doom.

"Captain Perkins stood at his post calm and self-possessed. 'So long ez we hev sea-room,' said he in his marked Afghanistan dialect, 'so long ez we hev sea-room and kin keep shet uv the pesky rocks we're all right. The Mary Ann can't be swamped, nohow. But this is an ugly coast.'

"And Captain Perkins took a fresh chew of tobbaco, and peered anxiously into the darkness.

"Just then the passengers began to learn of the danger they were in and came rushing up the aft-binnacle quarterdeck in wild confusion.

"'Captain,' shrieked one, 'save the vessel, save her. I am the editor of the Ispahan Morning Herald, which has the largest circulation of any paper in Persia. If I perish the Herald perishes with me. Save me for the sake of Ispahan.'

"'Go to,' out spoke the bold captain; 'you bet I'll save the vessel for my own sake. Jeeheam on my head be it. Rest easy.'

"'Save the ship!' shrieked another. 'I am the Governor of a province. If I perish who shall rule it? Anarchy and confusion ensue and widespread woe follows. For the sake of the province, save the ship.'

"'Save the ship!' shrieked a third. 'I am the president of the First National Bank of Ispahan; if I perish down goes the bank.'

"'Save the ship!' yelled a fourth. 'I am the president of the Cashmere and Bulbul Railroad Company. If I go down who can manage that great corporation?'

"'Save the ship!' cried a fifth. 'I am president of the Everlasting Equal Benefit, Remunerative, Life and Trust Insurance Company. Who can run that machine if I am taken?'

"And these excited Orientals howled to the captain as to the terrible consequences of their untimely taking-off to that degree that they actually impressed me. I felt that never vessel carried so much greatness, and that if it should be lost with its passengers, Persia would be ruined.

"The vessel was lost. The Mary Ann was on a dangerous coast. Captain Perkins went to his state-room to sleep, she struck and I was the only one saved. Thanks to my magic art and a hen-coop, I swam ashore safe but somewhat damp. I made my way to Ispahan, but I could not stay there. As those men had all perished, I supposed, of course, that ruin, wide-spread, would ensue. I supposed the Herald would—to use a vulgarism which I detest—peg out, that the bank would do use another boat, that the railroad and insurance company would stop, and that a rebellion would break out in the province, and so before the news got abroad I sold my property and came to New Jersey.

"My son, the moral is coming now, so wake up. I had been here six months when I get letters from Ispahan. There wasn't ruin to any alarming extent in Persia. A new Governor was appointed over the province and things went on better than ever. There was less plundering than before, for the new Governor was vigilant. He refused to let the members of the Provincial Legislature vote themselves back pay and he squelched two credit-stillers. The stockholders of the Herald elected a new editor and the paper was better than ever. The new man was the first to introduce interviewing into Ispahan, and he organized an expedition to find Livingstone. The railroad company elected a new president, who put on palace and sleeping cars and actually made it pay a dividend; and as for the bank, bless you, the drowned president was diminutive tubers compared with his successor. He brought the concern to a smash-up in half the time it would have taken the old one, which enabled the stockholders to retire with fortunes in middle life. The new life-insurance president was a great improvement on the bit one. He was a man of broad views. He devised the brilliant idea of arming his solicitors with Derringer pistols.

"So you see, my friend, things went on the better for the drowning of these important men. Indeed, the people of Ispahan swore that if they could be sure of so great an improvement every time, they would like more shipwrecks.

"Young man, go home. If your life is of any use to yourself, save it, but if you are trying to save it out of regard for your fellows, spare yourself the trouble. There were men in New Athens before your time and there will be after. Die, and in a week no one will realize that you are gone—In three weeks the few who do remember the event will probably be glad of it, and will be sorry you did not die sooner. Go to, young man, go to."

And Abou moved him off haughtily and went into his dinner.—D. R. Locke, in Toledo Blade.

CLEARLY OUTCLASSED.

The Inventor of the Granite Pavement Honored in Inferno.

WEIRD, unearthly shapes, as if moved by some resistless impulse to congregate at a common center, hurried swiftly through the sulphurous air that overhung the bottomless pits and fiery lakes in the Region of Darkness. Wan cadaverous, unearthly specters, new to the dread mysteries of Inferno, side by side with the tough and hardened Oldest Inhabitants, whizzed horribly along, and the grimy walls of Pandemonium echoed presently to the discordant murmuring and snarling of one of the largest throngs that had ever gathered there.

"I have called you together, my countrymen," said the presiding officer of the infernal regions, "for the purpose of deciding a disputed point. A contest has arisen," he continued, in a voice that pierced the remotest cavern within the vast inclosure, "as to which one of my faithful subjects can claim the honor of having inflicted the most torture on horses during his earthly existence. The contestants will now have an opportunity to be heard."

"I was a country blacksmith for fifty-three years," called out one of the claimants, as he mounted the platform and looked complacently about.

There was a murmur of applause, and a general shaking of heads, accompanied by whispered observations to the effect that his record would be hard to beat.

An uncanny specter, with a countenance that would have broken the strongest camera on the surface of the earth, came to the platform next.

"I was a harness-maker," he said. "I invented the stiff bit."

"I made the first pair of spurs," exclaimed the next candidate, as he elbowed the ex-harness-maker off the stage.

"Gammon," said another claimant. "I set the fashion of cutting horses' tails off."

"And I made the first machine for clipping them," announced another.

The presiding officer checked the applause that followed, the assembly having seemed to be on the point of bestowing the award on the last speaker without further hearing.

A hard-looking resident mounted the rostrum. "My friends," he said, "I made the first check-rein."

In vain the chairman attempted to silence the cheering of the audience. It was only after some of the noisiest of spirits near the door were thrown out and the warning given that the galleries would be cleared if the offense were repeated that order was restored.

Suddenly a commanding voice rang out: "I invented the barb wire fence."

A deathlike stillness pervaded the cavernous place. With the conviction that no contestant would have the hardihood to dispute the claim of the last speaker the chairman half rose as if to announce that the controversy was at an end.

At this moment a comparatively mild-looking and unpretentious shape took its place on the platform and looked timidly about.

"Speak out if you have any thing to say!" said the presiding officer, almost contemptuously.

"I—I was the first man that ever paved the streets of a city with granite."

Amid the wildest and most tumultuous applause that had ever shaken the walls of Sheol's capitol the Prince of Darkness placed a crown of laurel on the head of the unpretending goblin, shook his hand warmly, and proclaimed that the contest was over.—Chicago Tribune.

THE DRUMMER ABROAD.

How He Receives the Consideration Due an American Citizen.

"Tell you what I saw in Manchester, Eng.," said a Michigander who lately returned from a trip abroad. "On the hotel register I found the name of 'C. Sidney Smith, U. S. A.' Ambassador to England and France and S. P. D. to the Czar of Russia.' It was a puzzle to me and I smelt a mouse, but I waited to see him before giving any thing away. After a few hours he called at my room. Then I found him to be an ex-drummer for a Chicago crockery house. He had saved up a few hundred and was making the tour.

"'Why do you assume all these titles?' I asked.

"'Simply to receive the respect and consideration due me,' he replied.

"'Does it cheapen your bills?'

"'No, not to any extent, but it gives me the best for my money, and I have free carriage rides and many invitations out to dine. A man who registers over here as plain Smith or Brown gets only common. I'm off for France next week, and I shall register there as "Special Envoy of the American Congress and Jim Dandy Representative of 70,000,000 Americans." I'll get quail on toast when you fellows have only bacon. Well, so long. I'm off to dinner with a big manufacturer, and to-morrow I'm to ride out with an M. P. and a Duke. Take my advice and hitch on a title.'"—Detroit Free Press.

A Losing Speculation.

Mrs. Chilchat (caller)—Why, my dear Mrs. Starvem, what is the matter? You look distressed?

Mrs. Starvem (boarding-house landlady)—Oh, the awfullest thing has happened! You remember Mr. Griggs who used to board here at nine dollars a week and was such a comfort to me!

Mrs. C.—Yes. You said he had scarcely any teeth left and could barely eat a thing. Didn't cost my more to keep than a kitten.

Mrs. S.—That's the one. Oh, he's a villain! He came back yesterday, and I let him have board at only eight dollars a week, and now I find he's got a new set of false teeth and eats like a horse.—N. Y. Weekly.

Sad, But True.

"Men are paradoxes," says an educated shoe-maker in Baltimore. "I have studied human nature considerably, and I find men to be paradoxes. A gentleman will jump overboard in mid-ocean to save a girl. The world will applaud his heroism. I know of one such man, whose daring and dangerous self-sacrifice to save a young lady from drowning filled the columns of the newspapers of his State. In less than a year that same man had, like a criminal craven, led that same young lady to her ruin, and she committed suicide."

Rather Small Potatoes.

A diminutive boy applied at the residence of Judge Peterby, of Austin, Tex.

"You advertised for a boy to help work in the garden," said the youth.

"You will not answer. You are so small that you would have to use a stepladder to dig potatoes."—Texas Siftings.

To the Restaurant.

De Fain—Hah! This steak tastes of liver.

Waiter—No liver has been cooked in any of our frying pans for over two months.

De Fain—That is not the point. What I want to know is, have the pans been cleaned since they were last used for cooking liver?"—Grip.

FARM AND GARDEN.

PLAN FOR SILO.

Directions for Constructing It—Value of Sorghum.

Let me give you the plan of a silo, says a writer in the Country Gentleman, which we have recently built, and as it can be followed with ease by any one, even those not skilled in carpenter work, it may be suited to the wants of a large class of farmers who have not the necessary mechanical skill, or the ready money to hire a carpenter to lay out, frame and erect a wooden building suitable for the desired purpose. The site chosen for the silo is on a hillside close by one on which we shall build a row of stables where we will feed and house our herd of Holstein cattle the coming winter.

An excavation 22x22 feet and four feet deep on the side next to the bank was first made. A ditch in which were laid three-inch tile was then dug close to bank on three sides, thus insuring a dry bottom—the slope of bank being such, that on the fourth side the grade of bottom runs out level with top of ground. The sills (8x10 sticks twenty feet long)

PLAN FOR SILO.

are placed inside; they can be either halved together or simply placed with ends butting up to each corner. On the tops of these sills are spiked in regular courses six-inch wide plank two and one-half inches thick, one-half the ends of one course projecting over the course next below it, as appears in the foregoing sketch. This building up is continued until the desired height is reached; in ours it was carried up twenty feet from the bottom of sill to top of last course, on which the rafters are placed and all roofed in.

To build on this plan requires a little more lumber than to erect a balloon-frame, and plank both the outside and inside of the same. But no frame building can be put together that will resist the pressure of inclosed contents, and be as easily made air-tight as one built after this plan. Witness the immense grain elevators that stand throughout the Northwest, some of them holding their millions of bushels of grain in bins located away up a hundred feet from the bottom of their walls, which are built up with inch boards placed flat sides together, one above the other.

The silo walls are lined on the inside with tarred paper, over which one-inch boards placed perpendicularly are nailed, making a perfectly air-tight wall. If the builder had any fears of frost entering such a wall, after tacking on the building-paper let him nail on inch strips to which to nail the inside boards.

Do the farmers of the South know the value of sorghum as a fodder plant for nearly all stock? Has any grower found out that it can be cut twice, and possibly thrice, in a season? If the tame grasses do not thrive in this warm climate, here is a plant that will, together with a little bran and corn meal, furnish a suitable ration, and more of it than any other with which I am familiar. It can be cut twice (that we know), and used in its green state; it can be siloed, and will furnish an excellent ration for milch cows during the winter and early spring months. Feed it to young horses once a day; hogs thrive on it, and sheep love it dearly.

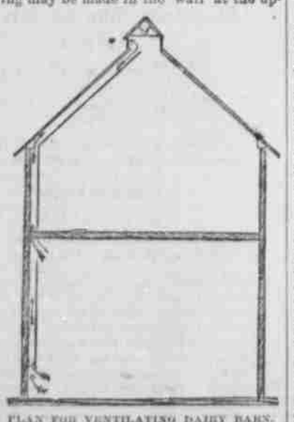
VENTILATING DAIRY BARNS.

Fresh Air a Necessity, and One Way of Obtaining It.

In order to produce a pure article all of the ingredients must be pure and the processes of change they undergo must, says the Orange Judd Farmer, be free from foreign influences. In seeing that the water and food are pure, the stalls well cleaned and bedded and the animals kept warm, one very important consideration is apt to be overlooked—namely, pure air. Where the atmosphere is not kept pure the effect upon the system soon asserts itself in one way or another; the milk may not show it directly at first, but the quality of the products is liable to be influenced.

A too common way is to leave open the hay shoot; but this spoils the hay for a considerable distance on all sides, besides generally giving either too much or too little circulation. The best plan is not to postpone this matter until cold weather approaches, but to look it up at once and make such alterations as are necessary, as time permits—a splendid job for rainy days. In the accompanying illustration the principle is shown to good advantage, which may of course be varied as circumstances require. The ventilator leading to the cupola is six by eight inches with a regulator at the bottom, which brings it under perfect control.

When this is not practicable the opening may be made in the wall at the up-



PLAN FOR VENTILATING DAIRY BARN.

per part of the stall, or in any convenient place, where the desired effect will be obtained. The plan of running it up to the roof as indicated is a very economical one and is being practiced more every year. It creates a constant draft of air, and when properly built can be regulated to perfection, keeping the air as pure as possible, and at the same time not causing a cold draft to strike the animals, as is too often the case when the openings are made down lower.

Theory of Siloing.

Science tells us that changes in the silo depends on four conditions: 1. Life in the vegetable cells and the presence of air—result, oxidation and the generation of heat. 2. Life in the spores of bacteria, fungi, etc., in the presence of air—result, mold. 3. Life in the vegetable cells, without the presence of air—result, fermentation and sour ensilage. 4. No life in the vegetable cells, nor in the spores of bacteria, fungi, etc., and the exclusion of air—result, preservation and sweet ensilage. By letting the heat rise in the first condition of oxidation to 125 degrees and over, even up to 150, the life in the cells and spores is destroyed, and by proper packing the air is excluded, and thus the second and third conditions are avoided, and the fourth condition with its results is secured. Consequence.—Orange Judd Farmer.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

TEACHER—"Why didn't you ask your father how this suit was done?" Little Johnnie—"Cause I didn't want to be sent to bed."

OLD LADY—"My dear, do you really think you are fit to become a minister's wife?" Engaged niece from the West—"Yes, Indeed. I don't mind being talked about at all."

A YOUNG Englishman, on a visit to Ireland during the shooting season, asked his host if there were many of the aristocracy landholders then at home. "Divil a one, faith!" was the answer, "the country is schwarming with absentees."

FATHER—"Mr. Sand, the grocer, tells me he discharged you for swindling him. This is a terrible disgrace to the family." Son—"I couldn't help it, father. He gave me some lead to put under the scales, and I made a mistake and put it on the wrong side."

A HARD-UP looking man, who had accosted a citizen on the street and asked for ten cents, was answered with—"See here, didn't you hit me for a dime only three days ago?" "I believe I did, sir; but do the very best I can I can't keep my expenses down to less than three and one-third cents per day. Your dime is all gone."

YOUNG GIRL (at fortune-teller's)—"What! I'm going to marry a poor man and live in lodgings, and have seventeen children! It's outrageous! My friend Sarah had her fortune told her, and you said she was to marry a Prince and live in three castles. Here's your shilling." Fortune-teller (with dignity)—"Your friend Sarah got a five-shilling fortune."

"WILL you be mine, darling?" he asked, after a year's courting. "No; it can never be," was her reply. "Then why have you let me hope so long?" he said, as he went towards the door. "Because I intend never to belong to any man. You can be mine if you like." He saw the difference, and stopped. A few years afterwards he saw the difference still more clearly.

CATARRH.

Catarrhal Deafness—Hay Fever—A New Home Treatment.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby Catarrh, Hay Fever and Catarrhal Deafness are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of three cents in stamps to pay postage by A. H. Dixon & Son, cor. of John and King Street, Toronto, Canada.—*Christian Advocate.*

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

THERE are more pictures of George Washington sold in this country in a year than of any other person. For figures apply to the Post-Office Department.—Yonkers Statesman.

Solid Vestibuled Trains

now run for the first time over an Eastern line via the Michigan Central, "the Niagara Falls Route," and the New York Central and Boston & Albany Railroads from Chicago to New York and Boston. These trains are not only equipped with the finest Wagner palace sleeping cars, but are made thoroughly complete by having vestibuled dining, smoking, first-class and baggage cars, and although constituting the famous "limited" of the Michigan Central, carry all classes of passengers without extra charge. Attached to this train is a through sleeper, Chicago to Toronto (via Canadian Pacific), where connection is made with parlor car for Montreal. Accommodations secured at the Michigan Central ticket offices, No. 67 Clark street, corner Randolph, and depot, foot of Lake street, Chicago.

THE star actress wardrobe is incomplete nowadays without a divorce suit.—Terre Haute Express.

WEST BROOK, NORTH CAROLINA, Sept. 6th, 1886.

DR. A. T. SHALLENBERGER, Rochester, Pa. *Dear Sir*—The two boxes of Pills you sent me did everything you said they would. My son was the victim of Malaria, deep set, by living in Florida two years, and the Antidote has done more than five hundred dollars' worth of other medicines could have done for him. I have had one of my neighbors try the medicine, and it cured him immediately. I now recommend it to every one suffering from Malaria.

Respectfully yours, W. W. MONROE.

IT is a sailor's experience that seas generally wash in dirty weather.—Baltimore American.

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.

OYSTERS are very self-possessed creatures. They never turn red when they get into a stew.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

	KANSAS CITY, Nov. 19.		
CATTLE—Shipping steers...	$3 25	to	$4 25
Butcher steers....	3 00	to	4 00
Native cows.....	1 80	to	3 20
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	3 50	to	3 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	71	to	71¼
No. 2 hard.....	63¾	to	64
CORN—No. 2.....	23	to	23¼
OATS—No. 2.....	15	to	18¼
RYE—No. 2.....	34	to	35
FLOUR—Patents, per sack...	1 85	to	2 60
HAY—Baled.....	4 00	to	7 00
BUTTER—Choice creamery..	15	to	21
CHEESE—Full cream.....	8	to	8¾
EGGS—Choice.....	17	to	18
BACON—Hams.....	10	to	10¼
Shoulders.....	5	to	6½
Sides.....	7	to	8
LARD.....	6¾	to	6¾
POTATOES.....	20	to	40
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers...	4 20	to	4 60
Butchers' steers...	4 00	to	4 50
HOGS—Packing.....	3 65	to	3 80
SHEEP—Fair to choice.....	3 60	to	4 60
FLOUR—Choice.....	3 50	to	4 35
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	72	to	72¼
CORN—No. 2.....	20	to	20¼
OATS—No. 2.....	22¼	to	22¾
RYE—No. 2.....	40	to	42
BUTTER—Creamery.....	20	to	23
PORK.....	10 50	to	11 00
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers....	3 90	to	4 75
HOGS—Packing and shipping	3 75	to	4 10
SHEEP—Fair to choice.....	4 00	to	5 00
FLOUR—Winter wheat.....	4 40	to	4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	81¼	to	81¾
CORN—No. 2.....	24¼	to	24¾
OATS—No. 2.....	20¼	to	20¾
RYE—No. 2.....	44	to	45
BUTTER—Creamery.....	18	to	22
PORK.....	9 65	to	9 75
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Common to prime	4 00	to	4 75
HOGS—Good to choice.....	3 15	to	4 00
FLOUR—Good to choice.....	4 40	to	5 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	84¼	to	84¾
CORN—No. 2.....	42	to	42¾
OATS—Western mixed.....	26	to	29¼
BUTTER—Creamery.....	13	to	24¾
PORK.....	11 25	to	110 5

Florida and the South.

The Louisville & Nashville Railroad, with its double daily fast trains, still affords the passengers for Florida and the Southeast the best facilities and quickest time, with fewest changes. Only thirty-six hours St. Louis to Jacksonville without change of cars. Only thirty-four hours to Savannah, twenty-three hours to Atlanta, seventeen hours to Chattanooga, twelve hours to Nashville. For any further information write to J. W. Mass, Division Passenger Agent, 114 North Fourth St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE law permits a man to use his wife to rob his creditors. Yet in the face of this it is argued that marriage is a failure.—Binghamton Herald.

"With pleasures and palaces, tho' we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;"

especially if blessed with a wife whose hours are not spent in misery caused by those dragging-down pains arising from weaknesses peculiar to her sex. Pierce's Favorite Prescription relieves and cures these troubles and brings sunshine to many darkened homes. Sold by druggists under a *positive guarantee* from manufacturers of satisfaction or money refunded. Read guarantee on bottle wrapper.

The cleansing, antiseptic and healing qualities of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are unequaled.

DENTISTS ought to make good campaign orators; they have such an effective way of taking the stump.—Baltimore American.

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.

THE man who eats four meals a day on the steamship must be fond of the sea board.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

HAVE no equal as a prompt and positive cure for sick headache, biliousness, constipation, pain in the side, and all liver troubles. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

THERE is a wide difference between the best-known and the known best men of a modern city.

MEDIOCRITY sheeps copies superiority. Dobbins' Electric Soap has been imitated more than any soap made. Ask your grocer for *Dobbins'* Electric. All other Electrics, Electricity, Magnetics, etc., are imitations.

THE highest grade of impudence—To wait in an umbrella shop for a shower to pass over.—Fliegende Blatter.

A SORE Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give instant relief.

A GOOD way to make money in oil is to stand by and see the other fellow put down the hole.—Wheeling (W. Va.) Intelligencer.

LIKE Oil Upon Troubled Waters is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar upon a cold. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

THERE is a silver lining to every cloud—the man who can't get credit is never worried by duns.—Boston Courier.

DO NOT purge nor weaken the bowels, but act specially on the liver and bile. A perfect liver corrector. Carter's Little Liver Pills.

THE easiest way for a good wife to get along pleasantly is to practise what her husband preaches.—Atchison Globe.

THE best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

THE weather is as uncertain as the age of a girl over thirty.—Richmond Recorder.

A 10c. smoke for 5c. "Tansill's Punch."

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
CURES PERMANENTLY
SPRAINS.
Washington, Tex., June 26, 1883.
Had suffered off and on for fifteen years with strained back; no trouble with it now; two years ago was cured by St. Jacobs Oil. No return. H. CARTMELL.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

SYRUP of FIGS
ONE ENJOYS
Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.
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