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NATURE'S ANSWER.

I.

A man would build a house, and found a place
As fair as any on the earth's fair face:

Soft hills, dark woods, smooth meadows richly green,
And cool tree-shaded lakes the hills between

He built his house within this pleasant land—
A stately, white-porched house, long years to stand;

But, rising from his paradise so fair,
Came Fever in the night and killed him there.

"Oh, lovely land!" he cried, "how could I know
That death was lurking under this fair show?"

And answered Nature, merciful and stern:
"I teach by killing. Let the others learn."

II.

A man would do great work, good work and true;
He gave all things he had, all things he knew.

He worked for all the world, his one desire
To make the people happier, better, higher;

Used his best wisdom, used his utmost strength,
And dying in the struggle, found at length,

The giant evils he had fought the same,
And that the world he loved scarce knew his name.

"Has all my work been wrong? I meant so well!
I loved so much!" he cried. "How could I tell?"

And answered Nature, merciful and stern:
"I teach by killing. Let the others learn."

III.

A maid was asked in marriage. Wise as fair,
She gave her answer with deep thought and prayer.

Expecting in the holy name of wife
Great work, great pain, and greater joy in life.

Such work she found as brainless slaves might do.
By day and night, long labor, never through.

Such pain—no language can such pain reveal:
It had no limit but her power to feel.

Such joy—life left in her sad soul's employ
Neither the hope nor memory of joy.

Hopeless she died, with one despairing cry:
I thought it good! How could I tell the lie?"

And answered Nature, merciful and stern:
"I teach by killing. Let the others learn."

—*Charlotte P. Stetson, in Woman's Journal.*

A HUNTING CAT.

The Fearful Product of Uncle Abe's Ingenuity.

Jackman's Cat Catches a Tartar—A Terrified and Conscience-Smitten Colored Gentleman—The Feline Nimrod Finally Comes to a Sad End.

"Wall," said old Uncle Abe Praeter, as, seated in his favorite corner, he listened to various hunting yarns told by a number of his chums, "wall, you fellers may talk about yer huntin' dogs and huntin' oxen and huntin' pigs, but I onct had a huntin' cat that wus not to be sneezed at."

"A hunting cat, Uncle Abe?" queried one of the boys.

"Ya-a-s, a huntin' cat; all my own invention, too, she wur, and a bullyer huntin' animal never wus seen."

"You invented the cat, Uncle Abe?"

"Wall, yas, I invented and manufactured her to a considerable extent. At that time I was a livin' down in Tennessee, in Bledsoe County, nigh to the Sequatchie river, 'bout four mile from Pikeville, the county seat. It wur a kind of a mountaineous country, but thar wur plenty of little valleys and flats for all nateral aggeracultural purposes and pursoots. 'Coon, 'possum' ground hog, quail and all sich game bein' plenty, with every here and there a bee tree, folks didn't need to bother with the sile more than what wur needed to raise a patch o' corn or buckwheat, with a few youber peas, sweet pertaters, gourds and other sich artickies o' garden sass."

"But about the cat, Uncle Abe?"

"Wall, I'm comin' to the cat; and she wur mostly all my own invention. It wur the durndest place thar fur rabbits that I ever seed. A feller could git 'bout half his meet off'n rabbits alone. 'Most any afternoon 'long 'bout four o'clock you could see half a dozen to nine rabbits skippin' about an' playin' hide-an'-seek on the little grassy patches among the bushes. Them days I had a stump-tailed cat that was nat'rally great fur ketchin' rabbits, but I hit on a plan that made her the boss rabbit ketcher in Bledsoe County. She wur jist about the size and color of a rabbit, and had about the same length of tail. So I gits and skins the head of a rabbit, tans it nicely and fixes eyelet holes in it to lace it up with. I made it in sich a way that when it was put on my cat's head and laced up under her jaws it wur a first-rate fit, with ears stickin' up as nat'ral as life. Two steps away yer couldn't of told her from the best rabbit that ever hopped. I soon got her trained and used to reg'larly go out huntin' with her, havin' more fun than a little. Nothing wasn't afraid of her in her disguise. She could go right up to any thing, and I used to ketch as many rabbits, quail, pheasants, squirrels, birds, and all sich small game as I could pack. She'd go right in among a flock of quail—what we call partridges back thar—an' pick up half a dozen before they got over bein' astonished.

"But the greatest fun wur among the rabbits. When we'd get to a place whar several rabbits war skippin' about and havin' a bit of fun all to themselves, I'd get behind a tree or stump and let the cat go ahead and interjuce herself inter the frolic. It wur amazin' to see how easy them rabbits wur tuck in. One of 'em would come skippin' up to the ole cat as she sat thar with her rabbit ears a-stickin' straight up, and would begin some jocular familiarities with her, when she'd take him by the back of the neck and he'd pass in his checks without so much as a squeak. Then another would come along and be sarved in the same way. In less'n half an hour she'd sometimes have four or five rabbits stretched out on a patch of ground not over three rods square. The fool rabbits never seemed to drop onto the cat till they wur nailed.

"I 'member onct when she didn't seem to git jist the right twist on the neck bone of one, he gave a bit of a squall. In a minit two or three buck rabbits came a hoppin' out'n the brush, and thinkin' a fight was goin' on between two of their kind they j'ined in. This wur jist ducks fur my ole cat, and she laid 'em all out, one after another. I've often thought that the cat must of wondered what on airth had come over the rabbits and other things all at onct to let her git among 'em so easy, 'cause, of course, she didn't know that, rigged up as she wur, she wur jist a' fine a looking rabbit as ever skipped. When she'd made a good killin' the ole cat was as proud as a young nigger with his fust pair o' boots. She'd come to where I was hid, rub agin my legs, wriggle her stump of tail, and purr as loud as a young painter."

"But couldn't the rabbits smell the cat, Uncle Abe?"

"Smell her? No! no! Yer see, I made her smell more like a rabbit than a rabbit did itself. Ther's a sort of a scent bag to a rabbit, and by rubbin' some of this scent stuff on the cat she smelt more rabbity than half a dozen rabbits.

"I 'member now of a funny thing that happened one time when I wur out a huntin' rabbits and sich small game with my ole cat. It wur jist back of the corn patch of my neighbur Jackman, who had an ole she cat that wur a great ore to ketch and bring in rabbits. When she had kittens she'd some times ketch and bring in three or four a day, some of 'em biggern herself. Wull, I wur out back of neighbor Jackman's corn field, and my cat, in her disguise, wur a sittin' up in an open patch of ground two or three rods away, waitin' for a game of romps with the rabbits. All at onct I ketched sight of Jackman's cat a-slippin' along the edge of a thicket. She wur makin' for what she thought wur a pore silly rabbit. When she got close enough she guv a spring and landed on the back of the make-believe rabbit. Sich a surprised cat as that of ole Jackman's I never seed. My cat faced about with a tremenjous yow? and guv Jackman's cat a rake over the eyes; then the air was full of cat fur and yowls for half a minit. But it wur my cat as wur doin' all the fightin'. The Jackman cat broke to the edge of the thicket and bounced onto the top of a stump. Thar, with back humped and eyes stickin' out'n her head, she made a sorter stand while trying to git over her astonishment of mind. But when she seed my cat makin at her, with eyeballs a glarin' and her rabbit ears a stickin' straight up, she jist guv a spit and a sputter and broke for home like the very devil was after her. Jackman's cat wur never wuth a cent for rabbits after that. Jist show her a rabbit's head and she'd go up the corner of the house and sit thar under the eaves and yowl for an hour. Jackman said he wouldn't of had his cat so spilt for five dollars. He said she soon got so deranged in mind that she was ruinated for all practical purposes, and wouldn't face a mouse. Eventually he was obleeged to git a new cat.

"One't when I was goin' home from a hunt jist loaded down with game—rabbits, squirrels, quails and the like—I had a fine piece of fun. You know how everlastin' superstitious niggers is about rabbits, anyhow. They've allers got a rabbit's foot hangin' about thar necks, or somewhars about 'em, to give 'em luck, and they think the rabbit has got sense to outwit all the other animals put together. Wall, I wur on my way home jist a little afore sundown, and my cat wur trottin' along two or three rods ahead of me. She'd jist got out inter the main wagon road, back of 'Squire Baxter's place, an' I was still in the brush makin' my way out to the edge of the clearin', when along comes an ole nigger with a gun on his shoulder and a little yeller dog at his heels. The dog seed the rabbit in the road and made for it with a yelp. The rabbit, or what appeared to be sich, flew to a small jack oak tree near by, skinned up it, got out on one of the fust limbs and sot thar with har up and back humped. At sight of this queer conduct of a rabbit the little dog wur all broke up. He dropped his tail between his legs and went whinin' back to his master. But yer jist ought 'er seen that old nigger! He'd brought his gun down off'n his shoulder at the fust yelp of the dog, but when he seed the rabbit go tearin' up the tree and hump itself out on the limb he was a little the wust skeered nigger in all Tennessee. If he'd seen a hog start and go up a tree he couldn't a been more taken back. His eyes stuck out even with the bridge of his nose, and as I stood in the edge of the brush jist oppersite him, it seemed to me that I could almost hear the kinks of his wool as they began to straighten out.

"'Fore de Lord!' says he, 'fore de Lord, what kine o' fing is dat?' and shakin' like a man with the ager he brought up his gun. He was tryin' to take some sort of aim when his little dog rubbed against his legs behind and he jumped three feet high, thinkin' he had been attacked in the rear. At the same time his gun went off, when pinted nearly straight up. At the crack of the gun the cat jumped to the ground, dashed into the brush and run ten rods off afore the smoke of the shot cleared away. But the ole darky didn't stop to see the effec' of his shot. He turned and went back the road he'd come, pawin' up as much dust as a pair o' runaway steers.

"I stepped out inter the road and yelled at him: 'Ephraim! Stop, Eph, you old thief!' but thar wur no stop to him. At the sound of my voice he partly turned about, tuck one look, flung his gun and his ole wool hat away and then jist laid down to his work. Every time one of his big fizt feet came down it sent a splash of dust from the middle of the road out onto the grass on each side. To see an ole feller of fifty who had allers been complainin' of rheumatiz in his legs git over ground like that was surprisin'. He'd 'ave beat the best foot racer in America. His little yaller dog was left yelpin' rods behind. As he run he bellered like a bull, but all I could make out was: 'Don't come a nigh me! Don't come a-nigh me! I 'longs to de Lord! I 'longs to de Lord!'

"Next day thar was an awful story among the niggers 'bout the devil bein' in the neighborhood. Old Eph Sells had seen him in the shape of a rabbit that had clim a tree. To tell of a rabbit going up a tree was enough for any nigger, but when Eph enlarged on his story and swore that the rabbit was as big as a yearlin' calf, had ears as long as his arm, and fiery eyes, big as saucers, they let go all holds. Besides, the devil had jumped out of the tree when shot at, and had taken the form of a black man, nine feet high and broad in proportion. Then the devil had called him by name, had ordered him to stop, and had chased him over half a mile. But that he had called on the name of the Lord, the devil would have got him sure.

"Old Eph was a class leader and an exhorter among the niggers, so he called a prayer meetin' for that night, sayin' what he tole 'em wus what he'd take his Bible oath onto. Some of the niggers wus in doubt 'bout the devil bein' in the settlement. To settle this, I said that if he'd chased old Eph his tracks ought'er be found in the dust of the road. To this all agreed, and half a dozen was appointed as a committee to go and look fur the tracks. I went along, and sure enough, thar wus the tracks. The tracks wus 'bout two feet long by a foot wide, and each track showed the mark of six claws. The tracks wus about eight foot apart, and we had no differculty 'bout tracin' of 'em, fur I'd made 'em myself with a sack of straw and an old wooden hay fork. They wur plain to be follered to a certain spot, whar the devil seemed to have jumped into the air and tuck wing.

"Them tracks' settled it with every nigger in the neighborhood. That night thar was a rousin' meetin' at the little log meetin' house. I slipped in with my old cat, rigged out in her disguise, under my coat. Old Eph got up and repeated his story, which, he said, was a warnin'. Then he went on to say:

"'It may be hard, breddern, but I tells you what it is, us niggahs got er lef de hen roosts, de co'n cribs, an' de smoke houses alone from dis time on. De Lord knows dat dar's none of us has made a bizness of such fings, but dar hev bin pressin' times when de fadder of er family has been 'bleeged to rustle about a little in de great cole world, an hunt pervisions. Now,' says ole Eph, 'de dibble las' night call me an ole chicken tief, an excuse me dat I steal 'Squire Baxter's bacon, when, 'fore de Lord, I nebber knowed dat 'Squire Baxter had any bacon.'

"Just at this pint I let my ole cat down from under my coat, and she began creepin' along up the alley to'ards where ole Eph wur at the desk holdin' fo'th. 'No, breddren,' says the ole feller, 'I nebber knowed afore dat 'Squire Baxter got a smoke house, even. Dis shows dat de debbil is de fadder of liars, and dat he's liable to excuse even de mos' innercent in all de——'

"Jis hyar a nig hollers out: 'Look at dat rabbit!'

"My ole cat wur bout half way up the alley to'ards the preachin' desk, an' the darky went for her. All the nigs forgot whar they wur, and hollered: 'Ketch de rabbit! ketch de rabbit!'

"The nigger grabbed up what he though was a rabbit, but no sooner was it in his hands than it guv a fearful 'mi-ow-ow!' and a 'phiszt!' and a 'psut, psut!' and began usin' both claws an' teeth. The nigger dropped the cat like she'd bin a rattlesnake, an' ole Eph, with eyes buggin' out, shouted: 'Dar he is agin! Dat's de debbil now!' at the same time makin' a rush for the back winder.

"Some of the darkies went through the door and some through the winders, and in less than half a minit thar wasn't a soul left in the place but me and the ole cat. That air scare 'bout the devil lasted nigh onto three year, an' you might safely have left a smoke house or a corn crib door wide open anywhar in all that part of Bledsoe County."

Here Uncle Abe rested a moment, and seeing that he had filled his pipe, lighted it, and was showing no sign of going on with his story, one of the boys at last said: "But Uncle Abe, what finally became of the hunting cat?"

"O!" cried Uncle Abe, scratching his head and pretending to rouse up from other thoughts. "O, yes, the cat! Why, I thort you fellers had enough of the darn cat?"

"No," said the boys, "we'd like to know what became of her—her final end."

"Wall, if yer must know about her final eend, I guess I swallowed it—swallowed both eends, for that matter. Yes, boys, I am sorry to be obleeged to say it, but I eat that cat."

"Ate her! Why, how did that happen?"

"Easy enough—too blamed easy, in fact. You see, I'd bin out huntin' with her one day, and wur coming to'ards home, not havin' ketched the fust thing, fur a wonder. All to onct, as I wur passing along by 'Squire Baxter's back pastur field I heard a awful yowlin' and screechin' over in the pastur. I peeped through the fence and seed my cat havin' a fearful fight with a big chicken hawk that had pounced down on her, thinkin' she wur a rabbit. The hawk had one claw fast in the turf, the other in my old cat's back, and was just a goin' for her liver with his bill. I bounced up onto the fence to go to my ole cat's assistance, and as I went to make a spring to the ground the top rail flew from under my feet, and, landin' on a rock, I broke three ribs on my right side. At the crash the hawk went one way and the cat another. I crawled home and my old woman sent a nigger that come loafin' along down to Pikeville for ole Dr. Allen. He put me into a sort of laced jacket and made me tolerable comfort'ble. Next day a cousin of mine come up from Pikeville whar he wur clerkin' in a store, to see how I wur gittin' on. My ole woman tole him I wur doin' tol'able, but didn't seem to hev much appertite. She sed if he'd take the gun an' go out an' shoot a rabbit she thort a nice stew might set well onto my stomach. He hadn't been gone more'n five minutes afore I heard the gun go off. In a little time after he came in and handed my ole woman a rabbit, all skinned, dressed and ready for the pot. The ole woman had the stew ready in less'n no time, and I pitched into it, for studyin' about the dish had made me hungry. As I got down to about the last of it, had the wire edge of my appetite taken off, an' wur nibblin' at the only remainin' leg, it struck me that it had a kind of a snaky taste. It tasted more and more so, and at last I couldn't go any more of it.

"'Cousin Jim,' says I, 'what sort of a rabbit was it you killed fur me—a very ole one?'

"'Bout medium size,' says Jim.

"'Did he look hearty?' says I, 'or did he hev a sickly, warbly look?'

"'Well, I'm not much of a judge of rabbits,' says Jim, 'but this one seemed all right, 'cept I thought his feet looked a leetle too round.'

"'Could you git me the skin, Cousin Jim?' says I.

"'I reckon I kin,' says he, and he went out and brought it in. I turned it back right side out till I come to the head. It was as I suspected; I'd eat my ole cat. 'It was a prime young one,' says I to Cousin Jim, 'take the skin out and throw it into the pig pen.'

"Next day when my ole woman began to wonder what had become of the cat, I up and tole her a big hawk had bounced onto her and carried her off. I wouldn't 'er had Jackman or 'Squire Baxter knowed that I'd eat my ole cat for fifty dollars. I'd never heered the last of it back in that country."—*Dan de Quille, in N. Y. Sun.*

PLUCKY WOMEN.

European Ladies Who are Pushing Into the Depths of Africa.

Quite a number of white men who are now in Central Africa have followed the advice of the celebrated explorer, Dr. Barth, who many years ago expressed the opinion that the traveler in Africa should take his wife with him. He said the natives did not understand how a man could live without a partner, and that they would hold him in greater respect if he was accompanied by his wife. Dr. Barth added that the people he met south of the Sahara had nothing against him except that he was a bachelor.

Dr. Livingstone's wife shared the privations and dangers of some of his travels, and it was while they were making a long journey together that she died and was buried on the banks of the Zambesi. It is only recently, however, that white women have begun to accompany their husbands into the depths of Central Africa.

If the young wife of Dr. Holub, the Austrian traveler, survives their great undertaking she will have made a longer journey in Africa than most explorers. Nearly two years ago this brave young couple started from South Africa, intending to explore the upper Zambesi and Congo valleys, and to go home, if possible, by way of the great lakes and the Nile. After Dr. Holub returned to Austria, a few years ago, having earned a place in the first rank of African travelers by his seven years of work in the Zambesi region, he married the attractive and gifted young lady who is now wandering with him among savage tribes. The entreaties of her friends could not turn her from her purpose to accompany her husband in his new explorations. About thirty thousand dollars was raised to buy their equipment, and when last heard from they and their band of porters were plunging into almost wholly unknown regions of the upper Zambesi. Mrs. Holub was in excellent health, but her husband had suffered to some extent from fever.

Last spring Lieutenant Valche returned to Europe for a vacation, after serving for three years on the upper Congo. Soon after his return he married a fair Belgian, and two months ago he and his bride started for the Congo, where he has re-enlisted in the service of the Free State. At last accounts they were at Stanley Pool in good health, and were about to start for Stanley Falls, one thousand two hundred miles from the sea, where they will reside.

One of the most expensive travelers on the Congo is the wife of the missionary Grenfell, who, with her child, accompanied Mr. Grenfell on some of his long journeys, during which he pushed his little steamer over three thousand miles of the navigable waters of the Congo and its affluents.

On an island in Lake Tanganyika, not far from Ujiji, where Stanley found Livingstone sick and almost destitute, live Mr. and Mrs. Hore, who are among the pioneer missionaries of the lake region. The unhealthfulness of the mainland has driven them to this island, where they have a pretty mission station, and where Lieutenant Gleerup, on his trip across the continent this year, enjoyed the hospitalities of a white lady in Central Africa.

A carpenter named Burgslag, who is stationed at Luluaburg, far up the Kassai affluent of the Congo, where he has very successfully opened a plantation on which he has raised big crops of rice, corn, sugar cane, manioc and European vegetables, has expressed the wish, at the end of his term of service, to bring his wife and children, now in Germany, to Luluaburg, and devote himself to his plantation and cattle raising. Two other employes of the Congo State, Von der Felsen, the captain of one of the steamers, and Schneider, a gunmaker, whose terms of service have expired, have petitioned the Government for permission to settle on the Sauturn river to open plantations and raise cattle. Dr. Wolf, to whom their petition was referred, has advised that it be granted, and has expressed the opinion that, within certain limits, selected emigrants from Europe may safely be allowed and even encouraged to settle in the same region.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—In the *Herald of Health* Mr. James Hess remarks that we make a mistake to wear cambric back vests, for the lungs need the protection of clothing even more in the back than front. To avoid taking colds, and to ward off the sensation of "creepers" down the back he recommends and wears vests made "all wool all 'round."

DANGEROUS DRUGS.

How to Control Effectually All Such Horrible Habits.

Rochester, N. Y., Post-Express.

A gentleman who has spent the summer abroad, said to our reporter, that the thing that impressed him most of all was the number of holidays one encounters abroad and the little anxiety the people display in the conduct of business affairs. "Men boast here," he said, "that they work for years without a day off; in Europe that would be considered a crime."

Mr. H. H. Warner, who was present at the time, said: "This is the first summer in years that I have not spent on the water. Been too busy."

"Then, I suppose you have been advertising extensively?"

"Not at all. We have always heretofore closed our laboratory during July, August and September, but this summer we have kept it running day and night to supply the demand, which has been three times greater than ever before in our history at this season."

"How do you account for this?"

"The increase has come from the *universal recognition of the excellence of our preparations.* We have been nearly ten years before the public and the sales are *constantly increasing* while our newspaper advertising is *constantly diminishing.* Why, high scientific and medical authorities, now publicly concede that our Warner's safe cure is the only scientific specific for kidney and liver diseases and for all the many diseases caused by them."

"Have you evidence of this?"

"Abundance! Only a few weeks ago Dr. J. L. Stephens, of Lebanon, Ohio, a specialist for the cure of narcotic, etc. habits told me that a number of eminent scientific medical men had been experimenting for years, testing and analyzing all known remedies for the kidneys and liver, for, as you may be aware, the excessive use of all narcotics and stimulants destroys those organs, and until they can be restored to health the habits can not be broken up! Among the investigators were such men as J. M. Hall, M. D., President of the State Board of Health of Iowa, and Alexander Neil, M. D., Professor of Surgery in the college of Physicians and Surgeons and president of the Academy of Medicine at Columbus, who, after exhaustive inquiry, reported that there was no remedy known to schools or to scientific inquiry equal to Warner's safe cure!"

"Are many persons addicted to the use of deadly drugs?"

"There are forty millions of people in the world who use opium alone, and there are many hundreds of thousands in this country who are victims of morphine, opium, quinine and cocaine. They think they have no such habit about them—so many people are unconscious victims of these habits. They have pains and symptoms of what they call malaria and other diseases, when in reality it is the demand in the system for these terrible drugs, a demand that is caused largely by physicians' prescriptions which contain so many dangerous drugs, and strong spirits, and one that must be answered or silenced in the kidneys and liver by what Dr. Stephens says is the only kidney and liver specific. He also says that moderate opium and other drug eaters, if they sustain the kidney and liver vigor with that great remedy, can keep up these habits in moderation."

"Well does not this discovery give you a new revelation of the power of safe cure."

"No, sir; for years I have tried to convince the public that *nearly all the diseases of the human system* originate in some disorder of the kidneys or liver, and hence I have logically declared that if our specific were used, over ninety per cent. of these ailments would disappear. The liver and kidneys seem to absorb these poisons from the blood and become depraved and diseased."

"When these eminent authorities thus publicly admit that there is no remedy like ours to enable the kidneys and liver to throw off the frightful effects of all deadly drugs and excessive use of stimulants it is an admission of its power as great as any one could desire; for if through its influence alone the opium, morphine, quinine, cocaine and liquor habits can be overcome, what higher testimonial of its specific power could be asked for?"

"You really believe then, Mr. Warner, that the majority of diseases come from kidney and liver complaints?"

"I do! When you see a person moping and groveling about, half dead and half alive, year after year, you may surely put him down as having some kidney and liver trouble."

"The other day I was talking with Dr. Fowler, the eminent oculist of this city, who said that half the patients who came to him for eye treatment were affected by advanced kidney disease. Now many people wonder why in middle life their eye sight becomes so poor. A thorough course of treatment with Warner's safe cure is what they need more than a pair of eye glasses. The kidney poison in the blood always attacks the weakest part of the body; with some it affects the *eyes;* with others the *head;* with others the *stomach* or the *lungs,* or *rheumatic* disorder follows and *neuralgia* tears them to pieces, or they lose the *powers of taste, smell* or become *impotent in other functions* of the body. What man would not give his all to have the vigor of youth at command?"

"The intelligent physician knows that these complaints are but *symptoms;* they are not the disorder, and they are symptoms not of disease of the head, the eye or stomach, or of virility, necessarily, but of the kidney poison in the blood and they may prevail and no pain occur in the kidneys."

It is not strange that the enthusiasm which Mr. Warner displays in his appreciation of his own remedy, which restored him to health when the doctors said he could not live six months, should become infectious and that the entire world should pay tribute to its power. For as Mr. Warner says, the sales are constantly increasing, while the newspaper advertising is constantly diminishing. This speaks volumes in praise of the extraordinary merits of his preparations.

If we were all of one opinion there would be no betting.—*Boston Courier.*

What is Woman's Worth?

asked a fair damsel of a crusty old bachelor. He did not know, so she said: "W. O. man" (double you, O man). But a woman feels worth little if disease has invaded her system and is daily sapping her strength. For all female weaknesses, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" stands unrivaled. It cures the complaint and builds up the system. Send 10 cents in stamps for pamphlet to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

BLUEBEARD'S trade evidently was that of a belle-hanger.—*Hartford Sunday Times.*

AMONG the people of to-day, there are few indeed, who have not heard of the merits of Prickly Ash Bark and Berries, as a household remedy. Teas and drinks have been made of them for centuries, and in hundreds of families have formed the sole reliance in rheumatic and kidney diseases. Prickly Ash Bitters now takes the place of the old system and is more beneficial in all troubles of this nature.

WHEN 'is a newspaper the sharpest?—When it is filed.

Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," Positively Popular; Provoke Praise; Prove Priceless; Peculiarly Prompt; Perceptibly Potent; Producing Permanent Profit; Precluding Pimples and Pustules; Promoting Purity and Peace. Purchase. Price, Petty. Pharmacists Patronizing Pierce Procure Plenty.

THE violinist is always up to his chin in business.—*Judge.*

USE the great specific for "cold in head" and catarrh—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

THE break of day was not caused by the fall of night.

ST. JACOBS OIL
FOR RHEUMATISM.
MARVELOUS EXPERIENCES.

Suffered 30 Years and Cured.

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