MY NEIGHBOR'S BABY.

Across in my neighbor's window,
With its draping of satin and lace,
I see, 'neath his flowing ringlets,
A baby's innocent face.
His feet in crimson slippers,
Are tapping the polished glass,
And the crowd in the street look upward,
And nod and smile as they pass.

Just here in my cottage window,
Catching flies in the sun,
With a patched and faded apron,
Stands my own little one,
His face is as pure and handsome
As the baby's over the way,
And he keeps my heart from breaking
At my toiling every day.

Sometimes when the day is ended,
And I sit in the dusk to rest,
With the face of my sleeping darling
Hugged close to my lonely breast,
I pray that my neighbor's baby
May not catch heaven's roses all,
But that some may crown the forehead
Of my loved one as they fall.

And when I draw the stockings
From his little weary feet,
And kiss the rosy dimples
In his limbs, so round and sweet,
I think of the dainty garments
Some little children wear,
And that my God withholds them
From *mine* so pure and fair.

May God forgive my envy—
I know not what I said;
My heart is crushed and troubled—
My neighbor's boy is dead!
I saw the little coffin
As they carried him out to-day;—
A mother's heart is breaking
In the mansion over the way.

The light is fair in my window,
The flowers bloom at my door;
My boy is chasing sunbeams
That dance on the cottage floor,
The roses of health are blooming
On my darling's cheek to-day,
But the baby is gone from the window
Of the mansion over the way.

An Adventure With Wolves.

By Rev. W. H. Withrow.

In the month of March, in the year 18—, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, Lawrence Temple, a clerk at a lumber-camp on the headwaters of the Ottawa river, in Canada, was dispatched by the "boss" lumberman to Ottawa City, a distance of some two hundred miles, to report to the agent of the company the quantity of timber that had been got out, and to bring back from the bank a sum of money to pay off a number of the lumbermen.

Several of these were about to take up land in the new townships which had been recently laid out on the Upper Ottawa, and as Lawrence had won the confidence of the company, he was commissioned to bring back the money required for making the payments.

Owing to a prejudice on the part of the men against paper money, he was directed to procure gold and silver.

He was to ride as far as the town of Pembroke—about half way—and, leaving his horse there to rest, was to go on to Ottawa in the stage.

He selected for the journey the best animal in the stable—a tall, gaunt, sinewy mare of rather ungainly figure, but with an immense amount of go in her.

He reached Ottawa safely and transacted his business satisfactorily. Having drawn the money from the bank—chiefly in English sovereigns and Mexican dollars—Lawrence set out on his return journey.

At Pembroke he mounted again his faithful steed for his ride of over a hundred miles to camp.

The silver he carried in two leathern bags in the boisters of his saddle, and the gold in a belt around his waist. He also carried, for self-defence, one of the newly-invented Colt's revolvers.

The weather was bitterly cold, but the exercise of riding kept him quite warm. The entire winter had been one of unprecedented severity. The snow fell early and deep and remained all the season.

Deer were exceedingly numerous, even near the settlements, and at the camp furnished no inconsiderable portion of the food of the men, varied by an occasional relish of bear's meat.

Toward the close of the second day, he was approaching the end of his journey and indulging in a pleasant anticipation of the feast of venison he should enjoy and of the refreshing slumber on the fragrant pine-boughs, earned by continuous exercise in the open air.

The moon was near the full, but partially obscured by the light of fleecy clouds.

He was approaching a slight clearing when he observed two long, lithe animals spring out of the woods toward his horse.

He thought they were a couple of those large shaggy deer-hounds which are sometimes employed near the lumber camps for hunting cariboo—great powerful animals, with immense length of limb and breadth of chest—and looked around for the appearance of the hunter, who, he thought, could not be far off.

He was surprised, however, not to hear the deep-mouthed bay characteristic of these hounds; but instead, a guttural snarl, which, nevertheless, appeared to affect the mare in a most unaccountable manner.

A shiver seemed to convulse her frame, and shaking herself together she started off on a long swinging trot, which soon broke into a gallop, that got over the ground amazingly fast.

But her best speed could not outstrip that of the creatures which bounded in long leaps at her side, occasionally springing at her hams, their white teeth glistening in the moonlight and snapping when they closed like a steel-trap.

When he caught the first glimpse of the fiery flashing of their eyes there came the blood-curdling revelation that these were no hounds, but hungry wolves that bore him such sinister company.

All the dread hunters' tales of lone trappers lost in the woods, and their gnawed bones discovered in the spring besides their steel-traps, flashed through his mind like a thought of horror.

His only safety, he knew, was in the speed of his mare, and she was handicapped in this race for life with about five-and-twenty pounds of silver in each holster.

Seeing that she was evidently flagging under this tremendous pace, he resolved to abandon the money.

"Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he for his life," so he dropped both bags on the road.

To his sarprise, the animals stopped as if they had been highwaymen, seeking only his money and not his life.

He could hear them snarling over the stout leather bags, but lightened to her load, the mare sprang forward in a splendid hand-gallop, that covered the ground in gallant style.

He was beginning to hope that he had fairly distanced the brutes, when their horid yelping and melancholy, long drawn howl grew stronger on the wind, and soon they were abreast of the mare.

He now threw down his thick leather gauntlets, with the hope of delaying them, but it only caused a detention of a few minutes while they greedily devoured them.

He was rapidly nearing the camp; if he could keep them at bay for twenty or thirty minutes more he would be safe.

As a last resort he drew his revolver, scarce hoping, in his headlong pace, to hit the bounding, leaping objects at his side.

Moreover, they had both kept on the left side of the horse which lessened his chance as a marksman.

The mare, too, who was exceedingly nervous, could never stand fire, and, if he should miss, and in the movement be dismounted, he knew the maw of those ravenous beasts would be his grave.

One of the brutes now made a spring for the mare's throat, but failing to grasp it fell on the right side of the animal. Gathering himself up he bounded in front of her, and made a dash at the the rider, catching and clinging to the mare's right shoulder. The white foam fell from his mouth and flecked his dark and shaggy breast.

Lawrence could feel his hot breath on his naked hand. The fiendish glare of those eyes he never in all his life forgot. It haunted him for years in midnight slumbers, from which he awoke trembling, and bathed in the cold perspiration of terror.

He could easily have believed the weird stories of lycanthropy, in which satanic agencies were feigned to have changed men for their crimes in mere wolves—ravenous creatures, who added human or fiendish passion and malignancy of hate to the bestial appetite for human flesh.

If ever there was murder in a glance, it was in that of those demon eyes that glared into those of Lawrence, and which seemed actually to blaze with a baleful, greenish light—a flame of inextinguishable rage.

Lawrence felt that the supreme moment had come. One or the other of them must die. In five minutes more he would be safe in camp, or else,—and he shuddered.

He lifted up his heart in prayer to God and then felt strangely calm and collected.

The muzzle of his revolver almost touched the brute's nose. He pulled the trigger. A flash, a crash! The green eyes blazed with ten-fold fury, the huge form fell heavily to the ground, and in the same moment the mare reared almost upright, nearly unseating her rider, and shaking his pistol from his hand, and then plunging forward, rapidly covered the road in her flight.

As Lawrence had expected, the other famishing beast remained to devour its fellow.

He galloped into the camp, almost fell from his mare, which stood with a look of almost human gladness in her eyes, and staggered to the rude log shanty, where the blazing fire and song and story beguiled the winter night, scarce able to narrate his peril and escape.

After light refreshment—for he had lost all relish for food—he went to bed, to start up often through the night, under the glare of those terrible eyes and to renew the horror he had undergone.

In the morning, returning with a number of the men to look for the money, he found the feet, tail, muzzle and scalp of the slain wolf in the midst of a patch of gory snow; also the skull and part of the larger bones, but gnawed and split, in order to get at the marrow.

They found also, some distance back, the straps and buckles of the money-bags, and the silver coins scattered on the ground and partially covered with snow.

Story of a Colorado Robber.

Of a noted robber in Colorado named Leaper the Denver *Tribune* tells this story: It was getting late in the fall when just at evening one day there came a pale looking man, riding a fine mule, and halted at Leaper's cabin to inquire if he was on the right road to Denver. He was informed that he was not, and that there was no other house within twenty miles; but if he would dismount he was welcome to stay during the night, and in the morning Leaper would take him across a mountain and put him upon the road. The traveler accepted the invitation, unsaddled his mule, picketed him by the roadside and entered the cabin. Injudiciously he boasted that he had a thousand dollars in nuggets he had washed from the earth that season, little thinking he was setting a trap to lose his own life. This was about the last chance of the season for Leaper. A long winter would soon set in, and there would be nobody to rob. Men seldom traveled the mountains in winter in those days, and it was necessary that the robber should be prepared to den up like the grizzly bear for another spring. When morning came the traveler saddled his mule, and Leaper his horse, and they started across the mountain to find the road to Denver. After traveling some distadce, they dismounted in a gulch, when Leaper seized his victim by the throat, and demanded his money and his pistol. He then ordered him back in his saddle, and, taking a long lariat, lashed his feet firmly beneath the mule's belly and his hands behind him. This done, the fiend pulled the bridle from the animal's head and turned him loose, at the same time put spurs to his own horse and rode rapidly away. The grass was fine in the mountains at this time, and the mule paid more attention to this than he did to the prisoner upon his back. Mild words unaccompanied by rein or cudgel, had no influence on the long eared hybrid. He ate and drank until filled, then lay down for the night. He, however, lay upon his belly and knees, and indicated by his position that he would do the best he could for his unfortunate bed fellow. When morning came the beast arose and determined to leave for other fields. Over rocks and through tangled woods he went—often nearly tearing to pieces his rider—until he halted at a rippling stream to take a drink. At this moment the rider heard the sound of an axe. He halloed loudly for help. In a moment his call was answered, and a man dressed in a red shirt and bukskin breeches came in sight with an axe on his shoulder. As he approached the mule became alarmed at his appearance and started off on a brisk trot, but not until the axeman had got near enough to learn from the rider his sad condition. The woodman now lay down his axe and started in pursuit. For hours he followed the mule and its lone rider in vain. At times he would almost lay his hands upon the creature, when, peculiar to a mule, with a snort he would bound away with increassd speed. Night was fast approaching, and darkness would end the pursuit. The case was getting desperate. The pursuer had a pistol in his belt. He availed himself of the best opportunity he could get and sent a bullet whizzing through the animal's head. A moment and the rider was released, but too much exhausted to travel. A fire was kindled and the two strangers who had met by chance this unusual way camped for the night among the rocks with the wolves all around them. In the morning they succeeded in reaching a cabin a few miles away. After resting a few days and partly regaining the use of his limbs, which were nearly paralyzed, the man of fate departed for Denver. Here he made known the robbery, and described the robber so minutely that he was easily traced as the mysterious occupant of the lone cabin at the foot of "Warder's Hill," as it was called by the pilgrims of that day. Officers were sent for him and he was captured after a desperate struggle and died in prison of his wound.

When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at **Grand Union Hotel**, nearly opposite Grand Central Depot. 350 elegant rooms, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with best. Horse Cars, Stages and Elevated Railroad to all Depots.

Self-Torture of the Heathen.

The facts below are gleaned from Dr. Duff's work on India, and from the organs of missionary societies.

Many of the pilgrims of Juggernaut, from the most distant parts of India, measure the whole distance of their weary pilgrimage with their bodies on the ground. Some remain all day with their heads on the ground, and their feet in the air; some cram their eyes with mud, and their mouths with straw. One man may be seen with his foot tied to his neck, another with a pot of fire on his breast, and a third enveloped in a net of ropes. At the festival of charack pujah, so called, because there is endured the torture of hook swinging, so well known, many of the devotees throw themselves down from the top of a high wall, or a scaffold twenty feet high, on iron spikes or knives, that are thickly stuck in a bag of straw. At night a number of the devotees sit down in the open air, pierce the skin of their foreheads, insert a small rod of iron, to which is suspended a lamp, which is kept burning until the morning dawn. Some have their arms and breast stuck full of pins, about the thickness of packing needles. Others tie themselves to wheels, thirty feet in diameter, and raised considerably from the ground—when the wheel turns round their heads point alternately to the zenith and the nadir—others cover their under lip with a lair of mud and deposit upon it some small grain, usually mustard seed, then stretch themselves flat on their backs, exposed to the dripping dews by night and the blazing sun by day. Their vow is that they will not stir from that position, nor turn, nor move, nor eat nor drink, till the seed planted begin to sprout; this gradually takes place on the third or fourth day. On the day of the great charak festival, several blacksmiths are stationed in the court of the temple, with sharp instruments in their hands. When the procession reaches the temple, a class of devotees, holding in their hands rods, canes, iron spits, or tubes approach the blacksmiths. One extends his side, it is immediately pierced through, and in passes one of his rods or canes; another extends his arm, this is perforated, and in passes his iron spit, a third protrudes his tongue, and getting it bored through, he passes in a cord or serpent! These devotees may be seen, in the midst of loud, discordant sounds, and frantic dances, pulling backward and forward, through their wounded members, the rods and canes, the spits and the tubes, the cards and the writhing serpents, till their bodies seem streaming with blood!—Arvin's cyclopedia. Such is the blindness of heathenism. Do not such people need the gospel of the Son of God, that they may learn that salvation is not secured by bodily torture? Reader, are you helping to "hold forth the word of life" to those blinded and ignorant worshippers of Juggernaut.

Animal Reasoning.

A lady, a friend of mine, was at one time matron of a hospital for poor children and women which was maintained by subscription. One of the inmates was a blind girl who was not there as a patient, but temporarily till a home could be found for her. She had learned to feed herself, and at meal times a tray containing her dinner was placed on her knees as she sat in a comfortable chair for her special convenience in feeding herself. One day while she was eating, the pet cat of the establishment placed herself before the girl and looked long and earnestly at her, so earnestly that the matron, fearing the animal meditated some mischief to the girl, took her out of the room. Again the next day, at the same hour, the cat entered the room, but this time walked quietly to the girl's side, reared herself on her hind legs, and noiselessly, stealthily reached out her paw to the plate, seized a morsel that pleased her, and, silently as she came, departed to enjoy her stolen meal. The girl never noticed her loss, and when told of it by her companions laughed very heartily. It is evident that the cat from observation had entirely satisfied herself that the girl could not see, and by a process of reasoning decided she could steal a good dinner by this practical use of her knowledge.

Cruelty to Cattle on Shipboard.

London Telegraph.

If certain rumors respecting the intolerable sufferings to which horned cattle are subjected during their transport from America to this country be founded on fact, it is high time that the board of trade should turn its serious attention to the subject. In all probability strenuous efforts will be, if they have not already been, made by the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals to obtain official protection for the unfortunate creatures doomed to endure the horrors of a long sea voyage with the shambles as its goal, in order that English tables may be plentifully supplied with fresh beef. Under favorable weather conditions a bullock passes its time on board ship in a chronic condition of fear and misery; but "when the stormy winds do blow," and the vessel rolls heavily, the agonies it suffers are such that their mere contemplation for a few seconds might melt a heart of stone. That willful torture should be permitted to aggravate the already unbearable torments to which a severe gale condemns these wretched beasts, appears incredible; yet we have been assured that expedients of such dire cruelty that we forbear from shocking the public by describing them are mercilessly put in practice to compel oxen, maddened by sheer physical pain, to leap over-board when the movement of the vessel is so violent as to preclude the possibility of their being dealt with by the crew. It is a significant fact that, within the last few days, a vessel which left the shores of America with a cargo of 594 live bullocks should have arrived in the port of London with only forty-five of its horned passengers, the other 549 having perished during the voyage "in consequence of heavy weather."

Protestant Work in Italy.

Rome Correspondence.

All our mission agencies are busy at work, and meet with some measure of success. Protestant principles are spreading, and sometimes manifest themselves all at once in the most unexpected way. At the beginning of this year the papers startled us one morning by announcing that a whole village of 2,000 people near Turin had suddenly become Protestant. We are not accustomed to such wholesale conversions, and were they to happen we should be inclined to look upon them with a critical eye. However, there is something true in the piece of news given by the papers. Bertolla is a village an hour distant from Turin, on the shore of the Stura. Its inhabitants wash linen for the Turin people, and it has been ascertained that in many a humble home there were already bibles and new testaments. Several of its inhabitants had also been brought into close relation, on account of their trade, with good Protestant families in Turin. Yet even all these things might not have been sufficient to induce a change, if an old ecclesiastical squabble had not been recently revived there. Bertolla is not a parish, but a chaplaincy dependent from the neighboring parish of Abbadia de Stura. The vicar of this last place, to increase his fees, wanted to oblige the inhabitants of Bertolla to go all the way to his church for baptisms, marriages, burials. The archbishop was gained over to his side, and on New Year's morning the inhabitants of Bertolla awoke to find their church shut and their priest deprived of the power of saying mass. It is impossible to understand what a stir a thing of the kind can do in a little Roman Catholic village. The inhabitants of Bertolla immediately drew up a petition to our ministers of Turin to go and preach to them, and on the following Sunday the gospel was preached on the public square of Bertolla, to several hundreds of hearers, and listened to with the greatest attention. Our friends have gone back from Sunday to Sunday, and although the right of saying mass has been at once restored to the priest and every effort used to win back the people of Bertolla, they have always found good and attentive audiences. No doubt the first origin of the movement is not of a very spiritual order, yet there is good reason to hope that several of the people will be converted in the end.

A Hawk and a Rattlesnake.

My musing on the ages of change that it must have taken to mould the scene to its present aspect were broken in upon by a large rattlesnake gliding on a bare rock within fifty feet of the point where I was sitting. He seemed to search around like a dog for a place to suit his snakeship, and then stretched himself out to enjoy the warmth. I was thinking if it was worth while to heave a stone at the monster, when a big shadow swept down and a hawk nearly caught him napping, but not quite. The snake sprang his rattle and coiled himself ready for attack, while the hawk hovered around, making a dash, now on the right and now on the left. It was quite an interesting skirmish, but at last the snake made a spring and apparently failed to strike and before he could recoil himself the hawk seized him with both talons close behind the head. In fact, he had him on the neck, and swept into the air, while the snake struggled and twisted, away up into the blue in wide circling sweeps, until the reptile hung limp and lifeless, when the hawk came down to earth again, and, alighting on a neighboring tree, made a meal on the snake.

An Ornithological Jamboree.

The Kingston, N. Y., *Freeman*, tells the following curious story, the facts for which are furnished by a recent occurrence in that city:

A local entomologist having on his hands several bottles of insects preserved in spirits for which he had no further use, emptied them upon the ash heap in his back yard. No sooner had he emptied the bugs than the sparrows lit all over the heap in a perfect cloud, swallowed the bugs, and in about ten minutes were drunk—drunk as men get—and cut up the same idiotic capers. They fought in free fights of half a dozen, a dozen, and in fifties, and suddenly half of one party would break on from their fight and dash into some of the other quarrels. Almost all the nests were pulled down and the whole colony was in a state of anarchy and the direst confusion. The whole drunk was over in half an hour, but that time served to allow the cats to slaughter over fifty of the sparrows, whose combative qualities and forgetfulness had brought them too near to the ground. Not a sparrow has been seen in that neighborhood since.

Tyrolese Superstitions.

The Tyrolese peasant, says the author of *Tyrol and the Tyrolese*, connects every elementary visitation, such as hail storms, lightning, earthquakes, heavy rains, or long droughts, with the evil disposition of the unholy one, or sees in it the punishment for some unrighteous act. Before he sows his field he sprinkles it with small bits of charcoal consecrated by the priest. When he drives his cattle to the mountains, his Alp-hut receives the blessing of the holy man. When his cow calves, she is besprinkled with holy water; before he enters an untenanted house he goes over his rosary. When a thunderstorm is approaching, the village bells are rung, and if he has a bell on his house—well-to-do peasants in the fertile valleys very often hang a bell on top of their house to call to their meals, their men and woman servants from their work in the fields—it is set tolling with might and main. The object of the ringing is to keep of or charm the dreaded lightning. The peasant population have in this safeguard a staunch belief, which is not shaken even if the lightning strikes that or any adjacent house. "The bell has been bewitched," they argue, "and requires to be re-consecrated." As a rule the older the bell of chapel and church the more efficacious it is considered, and one or two in different parts of the country have a wide-spread repute as "*wetterglocks*," or storm-bells. You will often hear a peasant express regret that his village possesses a bell much inferior to that of the next village, and add, "Oh, had we only the bell of Rodenegg!"—a bell enjoying the highest repute as a lightning charmer throughout Tyrol.

Expanding the Lungs.

Step out into the pure air, stand perfectly erect, with the head and shoulders thrown back, and then fixing the lips as though you were going to whistle, draw the air through the nostrils into the lungs. When the chest is about full, raise the arms, keeping them extended with the palms of the hands down, as you suck in the air, so as to bring them over the head just as the lungs are quite full. Then drop the thumbs inward, and after gently forcing the arms backward and the chest open, reverse the process—by which you draw your breath—until the lungs are entirely empty. This process should be repeated three or four times a day. It is impossible to describe, to one who has never tried it, the glorious sense of vigor which follows the exercise. We know a gentleman, the measure of whose chest has been increased some three inches during as many months.

Feline Ingenuity.

The ingenuity shown by cats in opening doors is sometimes remarkable. A large cat in the country was in the habit of opening the door for himself in the following manner: The handle of the door was one of the old-fashioned hooped kind, which required to be grasped and the latch pressed with the thumb. "He leaped on to the window sill which was near the door, sprang from there and caught the hoop with his forepaw, and hung on until he pressed down the latch with the other—this operation requiring considerable force—when the door swung open, puss dropped to the floor, and quietly walked in." In a like ingenious manner a cat has been known to open a kitchen dresser by working the bar which acted as a fastener around from a horizontal to a perpendicular position, and thus gaining ingress.

Protect Your Health.

Cold and moisture combined have a torporising effect upon the bodily organs, and the digestive and secretive processes are apt to be more tardily performed in winter than in the fall. The same is true, also, of the excretory functions. The bowels are often sluggish, and the pores of the skin throw off but little waste matter at this season. The system, therefore, requires opening up a little, and also purifying and regulating, and the safest, surest and most thorough tonic and alterative that can be used for these purposes is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Persons who wish to escape the rheumatic twinges, the dyspeptic agonies the painful disturbances of the bowels, the billious attacks, and the nervous visitations, so common at this time of the year, will do well to reinforce their systems with this renowned vegetable stomachic and invigorant. It improves the appetite, strengthens the stomach, cheers the spirits, and renovates the whole physique.

DISEASED PORK.

What Secretary Blaine Has to Say on the Subject.

Ministers of the United States at the court of St. James and at the French capital have been instructed to lay before the respective governments to which they are accredited the sense of this government, that injustice is shown towards the citizens and food products of this country by the attitude which is being assumed in Europe on this question. Positive instructions have been sent to Lowell at London to meet Crump's statements and expose their erroneousness. Noyes at Paris, has been telegraphed in the following terms, directing him to lay the facts before the French government:

To Noyes, Minister, Paris.

Your course respecting the pork decree of the French government is approved. The statement of Crump, acting British consul at Philadelphia, occasioned excitement and widespread comment here, leading to correspondence with the British legation and boards of trade. Hog cholera is confounded with trichinosis, which is an entirely distinct disease. But the representation regarding hog cholera is greatly exaggerated. The most searching investigation fails to show basis for the published statement. The mortality among young swine from cholera has been less this year than for several years past, and the condition of full grown hogs, which alone are used for packing and export, is this year exceptionally good. British representatives at Philadelphia apparently have been misled by speculators to the great injury of legitimate trade. Deny in the strongest terms the report of the British consul, should the French ministers appeal to it as justifying the interdiction restricting the American pork trade. Instructions follow.

[Signed.] BLAINE.

Divers for Clams.

In some of the islands of the south Pacific where the clam attains a great size, diving for clams is one of the occupations of the natives. The diver thrusts a sharp iron rod into the mouth of the clam, which closes its shell with such tenacity that it can be pulled out of its bed. Occasionally divers who have carelessly let themselves be caught in the grip of too powerful a clam, have only saved their lives by cutting off their fingers and leaving them at the bottom of the sea.

Ypsilanti (Mich.) Commercial.

Our representative lately learned the following from Mr. Carl Siegmund, cor. Congress and Washington streets: My daughter suffered from Rheumatism to such an extent that it crippled her, rendering her unable to walk at all. We consulted many physicians and used all kinds of medicines, but in vain. At last St. Jacobs Oil effected the happiest results. It cured my daughter.

The world has not yet learned the riches of frugality.

To be a great man one must know how to profit by the whole of one's fortune.

How many people would remain dumb were it forbidden them to speak good of themselves and ill of others.

Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour, Cleveland, Ohio;—Chas. S Strickland, Esq., 9 Boylston street, Boston, Mass;—Capt. Paul Boyton, the World Renowned Swimmer;—Prof. C. O. Duplessis, Manager Chicago Gymnasium, Chicago, Ill;—Wm. H. Wareing, Esq., Asst. General Superintendent, New York Post Office;—Hon. Thomas L. James, Postmaster, New York;—Stacey Hill, Esq., Mt. Auburn Inclined Plane Railroad, Cincinnati, Ohio, are among the myriads who have experienced the beneficial effects of that most remarkable remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, and who have testified to its efficacy in unqualified terms.

Every man, coming to an obscure old age, thinks he would have achieved wealth and distinction if ——

A Lady Correspondent.

Mr. Editor:

In a recent issue of your paper "Daisy B." writes to know what to do when she has the "blues." Now, I have been troubed with that very unpleasant and essentially feminine complaint in the past, and I am quite sure my experience will help her. I don't believe those indigo feelings come because things don't go right around us, but because matters don't go right within us. Every lady understands this and knows the cause. For years I suffered terribly, and I now see that I might have avoided it all had I known what I do to-day. I tried taking Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure as an experiment, and it did for me more than I could ever have dreamed it possible to do for any woman. I would not be without it for the world, and I earnestly advise Daisy B. or any lady troubled as she was to use the means which I did and I am sure it will have the same effect.

HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE.
The BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, Freckles and Pimples. Be sure you get HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE, as all others are but imitations and counterfeits. Price 25 cents.

Dr. GREEN'S OXYGENATED BITTERS
is the oldest and best remedy, for Dyspepsia, Billiousness, Malaria, Indigestion, all disorders of the stomach, and all diseases indicating an impure condition of the Blood, Kidneys, Liver, Skin, etc.

DURNO'S CATARRH SNUFF cures all diseases of the mucous membrane of the head and throat.

DR. MOTT'S LIVER PILLS are the best Carthartic Regulators.

Keep on hand Redding's Russia Salve.

A Farmer's Opinion.

A Michigan farmer writes that he was completely cured of a very bad case of *Piles* by one box of Buckleu's Arnica Salve. Nothing on earth is so sure a cure. Sold by all druggists at 25 cents.

Piles! Piles! Piles!
A SURE CURE FOUND AT LAST. NO ONE NEED SUFFER.

A sure cure for the Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. Williams (an Indian remedy), called Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment. A single box proved the worst chronic cases of 25 and 30 years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Williams' Indian Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching (particularly at night after getting warm in bed), acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles, Itching of the private parts, and nothing else.

Read what the Hon J M Coffinberry, of Cleveland, says about Dr Williams' Indian Pile Ointment: I have used scores of pile cures, and I have never found anything which gave such immediate and permanent relief as Dr Williams' Indian Pile Ointment.

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One pair of boots or shoes saved every year by using Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel stiffeners.

MOTHERS WHO HAVE CHILDREN, who are subject to Croup, read this. ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM should always be kept in your house, and be given immediately when the first symptoms appear, which will remove the mucus collected in the throat, and save the life of your dear child.

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The good housewife, when she is giving her house its spring renovating, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than many houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she must know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines.—*Concord, N. H., Patriot.*

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