The Stranger on the Sill.

Between broad fields of wheat and corn,
In the lowly home where I was born;
The peach tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all,
There is a shadowed doorway still,
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn—and as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallows throng,
And hear the peewee's mournful song;
Out the stranger comes—oh, painful proof,
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard—the very trees
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease.
And watched the shadowy moments run,
Till my life has imbibed more shade than sun;
The swing from the bow still sweeps the air,
But the stranger's children are swinging there

There bubbles the shady spring below,
With its bulrush brook where the hazels grow,
'Twas there I found the calamus root,
And watched the minnows poise the shoot,
And heard the robin lave his wing—
But a stranger's bucket is at the spring.

Oh, ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still;
And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within that scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more.

Deal kindly with those orchard trees;
And when your children crowd your knees,
Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,
As if old memories stirred their heart;
To youthful sport still leave the swing,
And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds,
The meadows with their lowing herds,
The woodbine on the cottage wall—
My heart still lingers with them all,
Ye strangers on my native sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still.

CROOKED WAYS.

Like a good many other young men—and women too, for that matter—I was once badly afflicted with *cacoethes scribendi*. Of course greater evils might have befallen me; I might have been seized with a passion for whisky or gambling; but, still, my *cacoethes scribendi* was serious enough. During my college days the symptoms showed themselves plainly; but the malady did not really assume its true and awful proportions until I had taken my degree. Then, forsooth, it fastened upon me like a leech, and before many months elapsed it overmastered me completely. In accordance with my mother's wish, I went to Dundas ostensibly to read law with my uncle, but it was a mere pretence of law-reading, for the mornings that I ought to have spent over Blackstone were devoted to the composition of a novel and the afternoons to the polishing of some poems. Uncle Dick shook his head gravely and remonstrated, sometimes in sadness and sometimes in anger.

"That scribbling will never amount to anything," he would say contemptuously. This was hard to bear; but my lofty aspirations sustained me, and firm in my belief of ultimate success, I scribbled on and ever, and bombarded all the magazines in the country with my manuscripts. The magazines did not open their columns to me, and I fell back at last upon the weekly newspapers, and especially upon the Boston *Weekly Palladium*. That journal printed my essays and a certain assistant editor, whose initials were "F. B. S," sent me polite notes from time to time. It was something to see my productions in print; it would have been better had these productions once in a while brought in a check. But they never did; they elicited only polite notes from F. B. S. Finally, I wrote a letter to the assistant editor upon the subject, and by return post I received a reply. It was sent to my private box at the postoffice, but, to my great amusement, was directed to "Jane Bell," instead of "John." My handwriting was not very distinct, and perhaps a trifle feminine, and the signature, upon which I rather prided myself, certainly left it an open question whether John or Jane were meant. The note, too, began,—

"Miss Bell:—In reply to your question, I would say that this journal pays its regular corps of writers. We are glad to receive your articles, and perhaps later may make adequate compensation therefor; but, as a young writer, it would be wiser for you to think at present only of securing a foothold. You have an excellent chance of success in the end; but much patience is necessary at the outset.

"Please say whether I shall direct future communications to John Bell, Miss Bell or Mrs. Bell. At present I do not venture to give you any title. Very truly yours, F. B. Screven."

This letter at once amused and piqued me. It was pleasant and rather encouraging, but it was plain the writer set me down as an impecunious young woman, whereas the truth was I had a very fair income of my own, and was a six-foot, mustached specimen of masculinity. The idea of playing the role of Miss Jane Bell tickled my fancy, and therefore, giving my imagination free rein, upon the spur of the moment I sat down and wrote as follows:

"F. B. Screven.—At present I also am in a quandary, for I do not know whether I ought to address you as Madame, Monsieur, or Mademoiselle The last title is mine just now, although of course I feel at liberty to change it when I choose, or rather when the proper opportunity offers itself. Perhaps matrimony would be a more profitable speculation than literature. Do not, however, suppose I am dependent upon my pen for my bread and butter. In this case, I fear, the butter would be very thin indeed. No; the fates have given me most of the luxuries of life; but these, of course, do not satisfy me. The reason why I wrote as I did about payment for my articles was simply because I thought if they were good enough to print they were good enough to be paid for. It seems I was mistaken; but, to show you that I take your advice, I send you another essay. I will at least try to secure a foothold, and pray that greater success may follow.

"I am, dear Madame, Monsieur, or Mademoiselle Screven,

"Sincerely yours,
"Jane Bell."

Laughing in my sleeve, I sent this communication off, and planned that, if the assistant editor sent me a friendly reply, I would open a correspondence in my role of Miss Jane Bell and fool F. B. Screven as never a man had been fooled before. Judge, then, of my dismay when I received a letter in what I knew was Screven's writing, but not written on office paper, and signed Frances Bertram Screven. "A woman, by Jove!" I exclaimed there and then in the post-office, whereat a small boy, who was standing nigh, nearly swallowed in astonishment the postage stamp he was licking. I thrust the letter in my pocket and did not read it until I was safely at home. Thus the missive ran:

"Dear Miss Bell".—Your piquant letter prompts me to write you a reply, not as an assistant editor, but as a woman like yourself, who is toiling up the steep path that leads to Parnassus. I might have known you were a woman, and a young one at that, because, although there is a touch of masculine strength in your essays and poems, still there is, too, a sweetness that is only feminine. I think that women more often have this flavor of masculinity than men have anything of that tenderness which is essentially and purely feminine. Where I in a position of authority, I should very soon dismiss the cut-and-dried hack writers whose contributions, although smooth and polished, lack the freshness, the spontaneity, which is characteristic of the contributions we sometimes receive from unknown writers, and notably from you. But, you see, I am merely an assistant editor, and a person of no consequence at all, except as I am useful to do the work, all the glory of which goes to the distinguished individuals whose names are emblazoned at the head of the paper. There! that sounds better, I am afraid; but, my dear Miss Bell, the fates have not been so kind to me as to you, and it is not for fame I write, but for the wherewithal to keep me fed and clothed. What makes it perhaps harder is that I have known what it is to have my bread and butter fresh and sweet—ay, and honey with it, too—and therefore the thin slices that are doled out to me now taste the drier by comparison.

"Forgive me for boring you with so much about myself. Pray, write to me again. Your luxurious stationary, with faint, delicate perfume prevading it, is itself a delight. Sincerely yours,

"Miss Frances Bertram Screven."

As I read this letter I felt myself a scoundrel. My first impulse was to write a letter of confession to Miss Screven; but the desire to keep up the correspondence and try my hand at composing letters that should be sweetly feminine overcame my scruples, and I sent off the following reply:

"Dear Miss Screven,—Instead of boring me, the glimpse you gave me of your life interested me more than I can tell. But, at the same time, the contrast between your life and mine made me envious. Perhaps your lot is a hard one, but it is at least brave and independent. Here am I, an only daughter, petted and spoiled to a shameful degree, and bound by fetters of luxury. Yes, I envy you. Sitting here this morning in my silly pink-curtained boudoir, with a Dresden shepherdness simpering at me from the top of my escritoire, I feel my idle, luxurious life hemming me and overpowering me, as the perfume of tuberoses makes heavy and sickening the atmosphere of a room that should be flung open to the fresh air and sunshine, I would change places with you to-day if I could."

When I reached this point of my letter, I read over approvingly what I had written. Arrived at the lines descriptive of my imaginary boudoir, I smiled as my glance fell upon a boot-jack in one corner and the shaving-apparatus in another. Glancing at the place where the Dresden shepherdess ought to have been, my eye fell instead upon a pipe, which I took down and filled, and then resumed my writing with considerable complacency:

"This may sound to you rather school-girlish, and I may as well confess that it is not many years—perhaps months would be more accurate—since I left the precincts of a finishing school. Finishing-school, indeed! Much I learned there besides the art of doing up my hair! However, the defects of my education I must remedy myself, and I try every day to devote a few hours to serious study. But it is very hard to seclude myself long enough to accomplish anything. People call; I must go to garden-parties; I must drive out with my mother; I must hold solemn conclave with the milliner and dress-maker; in short, I have constant demands of a most frivolous nature upon my time.

"All this you will probably laugh at; and, lest I write yet more foolishly, I will bring this letter to a close. If you are not quite disgusted with me, do write again soon.

"Faithfully yours,
"Jane Bell."

I may as well confess that I thought this letter a successful imitation of some of the epistles that I had myself received from feminine hands. It sounded enthusiastic and very "missish," and I sent it off that afternoon with a bold heart.

"Jack," quoth my uncle, who met me as I came from the post-office, "I verily believe you are making an ass of yourself over some girl. I don't believe it is the muses you are courting; it is no muse; it is a miss." And with this he passed on, chuckling at his own wit.

As the days went on, however, my uncle's words seemed in a fair way to prove true. I thought only of Miss Screven. My novel I left untouched, and my rhmying dictionary accumulated dust slowly, but surely. Fled were my visions of astonishing the world with my genius, I lived only for the mail from Boston.

As I re-read the letters I received from Miss Screven, I can make some excuse for my infatuation. They were frank and outspoken, and sometimes, indeed, tinged with cynicism; but through them there breathed a sympathy, a tenderness, that touches me even now as I read them over. Finally, at my solicitation, she sent me her photograph, which showed her to be a regular-featured, large-eyed woman, of rather a serious cast of countenance indeed, but with a lurking smile in her mouth that I confess was a large one. She was not a beauty, I saw that, but she had an earnest, interesting face, that grew upon me every day.

Little by little I gave myself up to thoughts of her by day and dreams of her by night. Her letters I awaited with a feverish impatience, and if one were delayed I was in torment. I make no excuses for my folly, dear sir or madam; but pray do not forget that I was only one-and-twenty then, and had fed myself plentifully with novels and poetry. And this was my first love!

I endured it for just ten days, and then I packed my satchel and went to Boston. Bah! what a day it was when I arrived there! It had snowed a little, and then a thin, cold rain began to drizzle down despairingly. The weather suited me better than the garish splendor of the hotel, and I wandered forth that evening, half-unconsciously wending my way toward the street in which Miss Screven boarded. I found myself opposite the house. From an upper window a light struggled faintly between the closed shutters and thrilled me through and through. Perhaps she was there, ill and alone, uncared for, save by the mercenary landlady, or, worse still, by a slatternly servant. I went up the steps and rang the bell. A slip of a girl opened the door to me, and I handed her my card, saying mechanically, "Ask Miss Screven if she will see me."

I trusted that the name John Bell would perhaps lead her to suppose that I was a cousin or the father of her friend.

The slip of a servant-maid looked at the card and then looked at me, "Frances Screven?" she said, interrogatively.

"Yes," I replied. Then I took the card, ran my pencil through the engraved name, and scrawled my illegible signature below it. The servant took the card again and skurried away, leaving me standing there in the cold, dark entry.

It was several minutes before she reappeared, and then it was only to say in a sing-song tone, "Three flights up; first door to the right."

I went up the three flights and rapped at the first door to the right.

A voice called out, "Come in."

I entered a medium-sized, plainly-furnished room that was redolent of tobacco. There were two arm-chairs, a large table, covered with a faded cloth, and an old fashioned horse-hair lounge, from which, as I entered, a young man rose. He was thin and hollow-eyed, and a beard of several days' growth made him look, to say the least, unkempt. "Mr. Bell, I presume," he said, offering me his hand and then drawing up a chair for me.

"I have called to see Miss Screven," said I.

"Have you, indeed?" he replied, in a nasty, sneering way.

It flashed through me at once. It was her husband! She had deceived me!

"May I ask if you are any relation to Miss Jane Bell, of Dundas, Washington county, New York, postoffice box 462?" he continued, in the same sneering way.

I stuttered and stammered, tried to lie, and nearly choked myself to death. I wanted to be diplomatic; I wanted to shield her from his anger.

"Who the deuce are you, anyway?" he exclaimed.

"I—I am John Bell," I answered; and I have called to see your sister. Is she ill?"

"I haven't any sister," said he, nonchalantly; "that is, I am my own sister, and she has just escaped pneumonia."

The truth flashed upon me. "You are an impostor, sir!" I exclaimed.

"*Your* sister doesn't think so," said he, complacently.

"I haven't any sister," said I, in my turn.

He wheeled sharply about: "Who is Miss Bell, then?"

"I am all the Miss Bell that exists," I answered, grimly.

"What!" he exclaimed; "you are the petted darling who wanted to be a poet and an essayist and Lord only knows what all? You are the only child of wealthy parents? You are the lovely creature who sits in a pink boudoir and writes verses with a gold pen and on perfumed paper?"

"Yes," said I, desperately.

Screven dropped into a chair and roared. "A sell all round!" said he. And then he laughed until he cried, while I quietly stole away back to the hotel, a sadder but a wiser man.—*Charles Dunning, in Lippincott.*

The Pranks of the Missouri River.

A correspondent of the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*, writing from St. Joseph, Mo., says: The Missouri is a remarkable river, unlike any other I ever saw. To be appreciated it must be seen and heard during the April or June rise, when its waters are red and thick with the powdered soil they have brought from the farms in the valleys. Then it pours, and swirls, and eddies along with a treacherous sound between a chuck and a half-suppressed whisper that repels while it fascinates the listener. It has made millions of acres of rich black deposits, on which it still holds a mortgage, the foreclosure of which no man can foresee. Some of these fertile acres may sustain forests that have been growing for hundreds of years, but not a rod of the vast level bottom lands which lie on either side of the muddy monster, varying in width from two to twenty miles, stretching all the way from Yankton to St. Louis, and covered with the finest woods and richest farm produce that land can bear up, under, is exempt from the possibility of some day being devoured by its hungry and fickle mother. Hundreds of farmers, after clearing away the heavy timber and raising fine crops year after year, on their eighty or more acres of deep, inexhaustible river bottom, have seen their entire possessions swept away in a few days by a sudden and unexpected "change of channel" during an April or June "rise."

These changes of channel have different causes. Sometimes a giant cottonwood tree that has been uprooted where the river has raised upon the forest above is borne down by the current and lodged in the mud, where it will gradually become imbedded in the yielding bottom, and perhaps lie in wait for months, or even years, without giving any particular sign of existence. At last an unusual rise takes place, and this hidden "snag" creates a diversion in the strong current, which begins to circle round the spot, and which culminates in a boiling eddy. The eddy increases in depth and force, gradually diverting the water from its former course, until a new pathway is formed in the river bed. If the eddy is located near the shore, at the upper edge of a promontory, and the water is sufficiently high to overflow the flats, a new channel is sometimes carved straight across some valuable farm or timber strip, and a river town, where steamboats took freight and passengers last year, may be from two to six miles distant from navigable water next year. A few years ago Forest City, Mo., was kissed day and night by the dirty lips of this Western flirt. To-day the river sports miles away, and is whispering soft things to White Cloud, on the Kansas side, which has gained a river, while the State has lost several thousand acres of productive cotton land that now supports cattle and hogs in Missouri. When the Missouri river begins to indulge in its semi-annual free lunch, it frequently devours strips of bottom land several rods in width every twenty-four hours. Missouri river towns are never safe except when located on bluffs or table-lands, like Omaha, White Cloud, St. Joseph and Kansas City.

No man knows what a ministering angel his wife is until he comes home one day, suffering with a dreadful Cold and she happens to have a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in the house

Jessie.

"Jessie loved them," said the mother,
As she fondly, meekly bent
O'er the plants on which her darling
Many a thought and care had spent.

"Jessie loved them." This the secret
Of her kind, unceasing care
Of those frail and fragile blossoms,
Blooming in their beauty rare.

Then, as turned we from the window,
From the mass of radiant bloom,
To the work so idly lying
All about the sunny room.

A sweet vision flitted o'er me,
And a vanished face and eye
Stirred within my beating bosom,
A faint, low, heart-troubled sigh.

All about me there lay scattered
Traces of a girlish hand;
Here a pictured face was resting
On a carved and dainty stand.

There, some tasteful mats of crimson
Half concealed a statue white;
And a host of other fancies
Met my eager, tearful sight.

And I caught her picture to me,
With these words of solemn truth:
Poets say, "The fairest faces
Vanish in the days of youth."

Ah! methought, as o'er my past life
Swift I glanced at dark scenes hid,
Shall I leave as clear a record,
When I die, as Jessie did?

And will some one, true and tender,
Love a flower, or shrub, or tree,
Like the mother of my dead friend,
Just because 'twas dear to me?

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

Bonnets grow larger and smaller.

Neck lingerie grows more voluminous.

Large bonnets are very large, and small ones very small.

The most effective lace used for fashionable fichus is the Carrickmacross in improved modern designs.

Shrimp-pink bonnets with plumes to match are affected for reception and evening wear by young ladies af high fashion.

Immense scarfs of Spanish lace, either black or white, muffle the throats of our most fashionable ladies in the coldest weather, placed above the fur collar or tippet.

The gilt dagger with jewelled hilt is the favorite bonnet pin; it is thrust through the large bow on one side of the head, and requires artistic taste to give it the correct angle of incidence or reflection to the base of the bonnet or hat crown.

Two Wealthy Ladies.

The New York correspondent says: The Fifth avenue contains two ladies of great wealth, each of whom may be said to live alone, with the exception of servants. One of these is Mrs. A. T. Stewart, who occupies a place which cost $1,000,000. The taxes alone on this grand establishment are $12,500. She has a dozen servants and a housekeeper, but otherwise lives alone though often visited by her young and expectant relatives. The other is Miss Harriet Lenox, sister of the philanthropist, who occupies the house built by the latter when the Fifth avenue first became so an aristocratic street. She also lives alone, with the exception of the servants, but her purpose in life is to carry out her brother's philanthropic schemes, for which reasons he made her his sole heir. Old Robert Lenox, the founder of the family, had four children, a son and three daughters. Harriet is the last of the line, which in her death will become extinct. She is, like her late brother, a recluse, but devotes her time and her wealth to beneficence, which is administered through approved channels of usefulness.

A Girl Who Can Shoot.

The St. Louis *Chronicle*, in an account of the operations of the band with which Ryan, the railroad train robber, was connected, tells this story about the sweetheart of one of the men:

The robbers used frequently to shoot at targets in company with their sweethearts, in the shooting the girls making sometimes almost as good a score as the men, and the yells that would rend the air as one's favorite lady would split the bullet on the half dollar as it fell toward the ground would have done justice to a border scout. Nor were the young ladies behind them in equestrianism, Miss Ryan, in particular, often boasting that she could drop the nickel as often in the race as any of the boys. It may be proper here to explain the modus operandi of the "nickel race." A nickle or other small coin is placed in the forks of a tree, about the distance from the ground that a man's shoulder would be while on horseback. Each party has one shot at it as he flies by on his horse at full speed. The ladies take their regular turn, and Miss Ryan has been known to drop the nickel three times out of five races, and that she is indeed at home in the saddle is demonstrated by the fact that when alighting from her favorite horse, a powerful black charger, she simply raises in the saddle and leaps to the ground, while her horse walks to the nearest hitching post to await his rider. When she is ready to remount her intelligent horse comes to her call, and taking the saddle by the pommel she bounds into it and is off at a fast gallop, the only gait she ever rides.

The New York *Clipper* lately cited the case of Captain Jacob Schmidt, of Tomkinsville, Staten Island, N. Y., who had been a great sufferer with rheumatism for many years. He used St. Jacobs Oil with splendid success.

Two women have been arrested with their husbands in a woods at Vincennes, France, on a charge of fighting a duel. The husbands acted as seconds, and both women were wounded.

From the Atlanta (Ga.) *Sunday Phonograph*: The editor of the Pike county *News* has been cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.

The coming woman will not marry until she is able to support a husband in the style he has been accustomed to at home.

Indigestion, Dyspepsia, nervous prostration and all forms of general debility relieved by taking Mensman's Peptonized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York.

Murder will out, so will the fact that Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, the natural hair renewer and restorer, is the best preparation ever invented and excels all other hair dressings.

The muskrats along the Lehigh canal, in Pennsylvania, are building their huts above the water level, which is said to be an unfailing sign that the winter will be an open one. Last winter not a muskrat hut was to be seen along the Lehigh, and the winter was a severe one.

A Signal Evidence of Health

Is a regularly recurring action of the bowels. With the due performance of this function are united good digestion, pure and active circulation of the blood, and an adequate secretion of healthy bile, which seeks the conduits designed for it by nature. The performance of these co-operative functions, insuring permanent health and vigor, may, if interrupted, speedily be rendered active and regular with that finest of modern restoratives of organic activity and general health, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. While it relaxes the bowels effectually, it does so without pain, and without giving rise to the violent, weakening re-action always to be anticipated from a drastic purgative. The drenching effect, associated in the minds of many ill-advised persons with thoroughness as its essential, is ruinous to the stomach and intestines, organs that are, on the contrary, invigorated by the Bitters, which is, moreover, a superb preventive and remedy for fever and ague, and a proven specific for rheumatism, debility and kidney inactivity.

In mercantile circles a hanging is now alluded to as a forced suspension.

THE DEAD CANNOT BE RAISED,

nor if your lungs are badly wasted away can you be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is, however, unequalled as a tonic, alterative, and nutritive, and readily cures the most obstinate cases of bronchitis, coughs, colds, and incipient consumption, far surpassing in efficacy cod liver oil. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption and Kindred Affections. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Legion of Honor" is a French order instituted by Napoleon Bonaparte in 1802. It embraces all persons distinguished for their services to the State.

"FEMALE COMPLAINTS."

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—I wrote to tell you what your "Favorite Prescription" has done for me. I had been a great sufferer from female complaints, especially "dragging-down," for over six years, during much of the time unable to work. I paid out hundreds of dollars without any benefit till I took three bottles of the "Favorite Prescription," and I never had anything do me so much good in my life. I advised every sick lady to take it. Mrs. EMILY RHOADS, McBrides, Mich.

The watchmaker can't afford to do a cash business, because he makes all his profits on time.

Young and middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three stamps for Part VII of pamphlets issued by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Cereals were so called from Ceres, the fabled goddess of corn and agriculture. She is generally represented as being crowned with years of wheat.

Vegetine.—It extends its influence into every part of the human organism, commencing with its foundation; correcting diseased action, and restoring vital powers, creating a healthy formation and purification of the blood, driving out disease, and leaving Nature to perform its allotted task.

The national debt of France is over twice as large as that of the United States.

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

There never was a time when national bank notes were legal tender.

The Illuminator.

The existence of good feeling on the part of the French Nation for the people of this country is shown by the presenta tion of a colossal bronze figure of Freedom holding aloft the torch of Liberty. Beauty, with usefulness, is combined in this immense work of art, as the bright, blazing torch will serve the purpose of a beacon light in the harbor of New York. There is another figure which will challenge larger praise and admiration than even the great work above referred to. It is illustrated herewith, and represents the aged and worthy St. Jacob, holding aloft in his hand that beacon which will guide aright all sailing upon the sea of life, whose waters abound with the shoals and dangerous places of sickness and disease. The light it casts is designed to show that St. Jacobs Oil is the true and trusted means of keeping the body on its proper course, and of easing and "righting it should it be unfortunately cast upon the shoals of rheumatism or other painful ailments. Thousands of grateful ones throughout the world have proved the value and felt the good of this Great German Remedy, and are glad to recommend it to all needing the services of just such a remedy. In this connection Mr. John S. Briggs, a well known citizen of Omaha, Neb., told a newspaper man that he was terribly afflicted with an acute attack of rheumatism in his back. The disease, which had been preying upon him for years had drawn him out of shape. He resorted to every remedy known to physicians, but found no relief until he tried St. Jacobs Oil, one bottle of which effected a complete and radical cure. Another case may justify reference:

A VETERAN SEAMAN'S TROUBLE.

Editor Inter-Ocean, Chicago, Ill.: I send you this, feeling that the information conveyed will be of material benefit to many of your readers. One of our oldest citizens, Captain C. W. Boynton, who the Government Light-house keeper at this point, is probably one of the oldest seamen in America, having sailed twenty-six years on salt water. After this forty-six years' service his eyesight failed him and he kept the Light at Chicago until the Government built the Gross Point Light here, when he was transferred. While seated in my store this morning the Captain volunteered the following written statement: "This is to certify that I have been afflicted with rheumatism for twenty (20) years, both in my side and limbs. I am happy to say that, after using less than two bottles of the St. Jacobs Oil, I am entirely free from pain, though still limping somewhat when walking, from long force of habit. C. W. Boynton." Referring to the foregoing facts, I might allude to numerous similar cases that have come to my notice, but "a word to the wise is sufficient."

John Goebel, Pharmacist, Evanston, Ill.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

MUSTANG

Survival of the Fittest.

A FAMILY MEDICINE THAT HAS HEALED MILLIONS DURING 35 YEARS!

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.

A BALM FOR EVERY WOUND OF MAN AND BEAST!

THE OLDEST & BEST LINIMENT

EVER MADE IN AMERICA.

SALES LARGER THAN EVER.

The Mexican Mustang Liniment has been known for more than thirty-five years as the best of all Liniments, for Man and Beast. Its sales to-day are larger than ever. It cures when all others fail, and penetrates skin, tendon and muscle, to the very bone. Sold everywhere.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days' to any person afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vigor and manhood. Address as above without delay.

P. S.—No risk is incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed.

Don't in the House.

Ask Druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice. 15c.

For a Christmas present buy one of the Mass. Organ Co's Harpettes, and your children will be delighted and give you music in your own home these long winter evenings.

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with bleeding of the lungs followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as half a dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope but a friend told me of Dr. William Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I got a bottle, when, to my surprise I commenced to feel better, and to-day, I feel better than for three years past. I write this hoping every one afflicted with diseased lungs will take Dr. William Hall's Balsam, and be convinced that consumption can be cured. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness.

A man must be going slowly when he lets old age overtake him.

Vegetine.

I Made up my Mind to try the Vegetine.

Buffalo, Dec. 27, 1876.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:

Dear Sir—I reside at No. 745 Niagara street, of this city. I am 60 years of age. For several years past I have been in feeble health. My complaint is what the doctors call General Debility of the system. At times I suffered severe pains in my side and back. I used a number of remedies without receiving any relief. My attention was called to your advertisement of Vegetine in our paper. I made up my mind to try the Vegetine, sent and bought some. It seemed to help me from the first, and in a short time my health improved. I have used a number of bottles, and am now enjoying better health than I have for a number of years. I have recommended the Vegetine to my sister and also to several acquaintances, and they have used it with equally good results. It is the best medicine for weakness and general debility of the system that I know of, and I do with great confidence recommend it to all my friends as a good medicine. I would also state that for a great many years I have been a sufferer from rheumatism, and since I commenced using the Vegetine I have had but very little trouble from it.

Yours, very respectfully,
Mrs. Samuel Greene.

I am personally acquainted with Mrs. Greene, and know her as a reliable and honest lady, and also know that the above statement is true.

Yours, respectfully,
Dr. B. Smith,
Dispensing Druggist, 989 Niagara Street.

Vegetine

Has Not Its Equal.

Lung Disease.

Selma, Ala., May 12, 1872.

H. R. Stevens, Boston:

I take great pleasure in recommending your Vegetine. I have been suffering for a long time with *Lung Disease*, trying every kind of medicine that I could get, but none seemed to do me any good until I tried your great Vegetine remedy. I had used it only a short time before I could discover a very great change in my health for the better. I don't consider that your medicine has its equal for the diseases which you propose to cure, especially the disease that I have been afflicted with. JOHN THOMAS.

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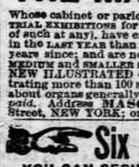

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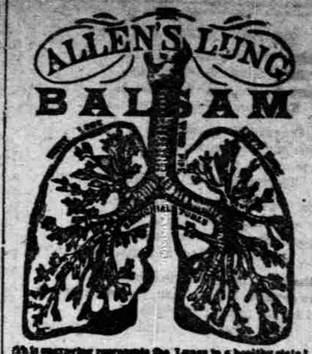

(At is engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.)

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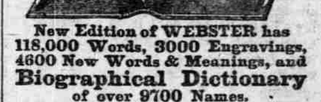

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