WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

The tide flows up, the tide flows down;
The water brims the creek, and falls;
A cottage, weather-stained and brown,
Lifts at the brink its time-worn walls.

Beneath the lowly window-sill
A little bank of blossoms gay
The wandering airs with fragrance fill,
Sweeten the night and charm the day.

The tide flows up, the tide flows down;
From the low window's humble square
A woman in a faded gown,
With care-dimmed eyes and tangled hair,

Looks out across the smiling space
Where golden stars and suns unfold;
Blue larkspur, the pied pansy's face,
Nasturtium bells of scarlet bold—

She sees them not, nor cares, nor knows,
A man's rough figure, noon and night
And morning, o'er the threshold goes—
No sense has he for their delight.

The tide flows up, the tide flows down;
In that dull house a little maid
Lives lonely, under Fortune's frown,
A life unchildlike and afraid.

To her that tiny garden plot
Means heaven. She comes at eve to stand
'Mid mallow and forget-me-not
And marigolds on either hand.

They look at her with brilliant eyes,
Their scent is greeting and caress;
They spread their rich and glowing dyes
Her saddened soul to cheer and bless.

The tide flows up, the tide flows down;
Within, how base the life, and poor!
Without, what wealth and beauty crown
The humble flowers beside the door!
—*Celia Thaxter, in Atlantic Monthly.*

TRAINING A HUSBAND.

So you want to know how I came to hev Caleb, when I knew jest how he used Nancy, his first wife. Wall, I'll tell you all about it.

You know Dan'l left me pretty poorly. I had two little children, and what ter dew I didn't know. The mortgage was ter run out in about a year and a half after he died. I'd sent the children down to brother John's to get ter school. Brother John wanted me ter give them ter him an' he'd do well by 'em, an' I was meditating on it, orful loth to dew it. But what else could I dew with 'em when the old farm was took away from me?

One day when the time was near cout, I was hoein' the beans one side of the fence jinin' Caleb's cornfield. I tell yer, Hannah, I never felt bluer in all my days. I'd allers lived an' worked a farm, an' couldn't do no other kind of work; so what was to come of me I didn't know.

"Purty good hoen' for a green hand," sez somebody over the fence.

"Yes," sez I. "I've done enough of it since I was left alone. Practice makes perfect," we used to write in our copy-book when we were children, an' I couldn't help heavin' a sigh.

"Wall, Emmerline," says he, "your'n I seem to be in the same fix. You need a man to do your hoeing an' I need a woman ter see ter my house, an' if your agreed we'll hitch horses and work in double harness. I can't find no hired help that'll do as Nancy did." (Thinks mysell, an' you'll never find another that will, either.) "So, what d'ye say, Emmerline?"

P'raps I didn't think o' nothin' for the next few minuits. It all flashed over me in a second, what an unfeelin' man he'd allers ben. Poor Nancy had ter dew all the housework, an' a good deal belonging ter him ter dew, an' he was stingier than an old miser, tew.

I knew he was a smart man to work, was forehanded an' was able to live in good deal better shape than he did, an' you know, Hannah, that poor Dan'l was just the opposite. He was a norful clever man, was Dan'l, but kind o' shiftless an' easy, an' it allers worried me ter have things going so slack. Sez I to myself, a body can't have everything; there's allers some douts, an' a poor man's better'n none. So I speaks right up an' I sez:

"Caleb, we've been nabors for many a year. I know your failins' an' spose you know' mine; an' so, if you say so, all right; p'raps we both might do wuss."

Wall, ter make a long story short, we agreed to the business right off. Caleb said that it was stylish to go on a weddin' tower nowadays, and as he wanted ter go deown ter Bangor to see about selling his wool, an' as Sarah Jane Curtis (who used to work for him) lived about half way, an' we could stop there both ways and not cost us anything, he thought we'd better go. His niece, Rebecca Gilman, yer know, lives there, and we could make her a visit at the same time. Brother John lives there tew, you know, an' I'd made up my mind that I'd bring home the children.

An' so I did; but Caleb he was orful sot agin it, but sed, "of course they can come and make a visit;" an' I let him think so, 'cause I wasn't quite ready to have words with him yet.

We stayed about a week an' got home along in the afternoon all right. The next morning' I woke purty early, an' I sez to myself: "Courage, Emmerline, now or never." I kept still, for Caleb was still a snorin', but bime by he fetched up an unairthly snore that wak't himself up, an' when he sees as it was gettin, daylight he nudged me, an' sez he:

"Wake up, Emmerline, Emmerline, its broad daylight; come, come, get up, we shan't have any breakfast ter day."

I was orful hard ter wake, but after a while I managed ter, an' while I was a rubbin' my eyes I sez, "Got a fire, ain't ye, Caleb?"

"Fire!" sez he, "No, I never build any fires. Nancy alle's built the fires."

"Did she?" sez I, cool as a cucumber. "So did Dan'l."

I turned over and went to sleep again —or at least I thought I did.

Wall, he wiggled, and turned and twisted, an' he didn't move ter get up fer about an hour, and when the sun rose an' shone inter the bedroom winder, he got up an' built the fire. An' there wasn't no kindlings nor a stick of wood, an' he had to skirmish in a lively way and get some.

Arter the fire got to cracklin' in good shape I got up. I didn't hurry none, let me tell you. I most died lyin' abed so long, but, sez I to myself, "ef I make the fire now, I'll prob'ly hev to do it in cold weather, an' I won't do it for any man."

He was pretty sullen all day, but I didn't take no notice of him, an' he got over it. The next day he was ter begin hayin' an' he had six men to help him. I had ter do all the work, an' take care of the milk an' churnin', an' it was no fool of a job. Come time to get dinner, an' there wasn't a sliver of wood cut. I sent Johnnie (he was then about seven years old) out in the field to tell Caleb I wanted him.

He came in looking savage, and wanted to know what it was I wanted. Sez I—

"I want some wood ter burn."

"Wall," he sez, "there's a whole woodpile out there. Help yersef."

"An' not a stick split," sez I. "You will hev ter get a bigger stove to burn that."

"Wal, it ain't such a hard job to split it," sez he. "Nancy used tew, often, when I was bizzy."

"Did she?" sez I. "So did Dan'l."

He got the wood, an' said, as he was going out, that he didn't want to be called in out of the mowing field again unless 'twas for victuals.

"All right," sez I.

The next day 'twas the same thing; not a stick split. Thinks I, "Old fellow, you ain't got Nancy here. I'll larn ye a little something that p'raps ye don't know." So when it was dinner time blowed the horn, an' in comes all seven of these men an' sets down at the table. Sich 'stonished lookin' faces as they viewed the grub. The biscuit and the pertaters, an' meat, an' vegetables, and everything was washed clean and put on raw. Not a thing was cooked.

Caleb looked blacker'n a thunder cloud.

"What does this mean?" sez he.

"Means what it means," sez I. "You said yest'day that you didn't want ter be called in from the mowin' field unless it was for victuals, and here they are."

"Nice shape, tew," sez he.

"Wall, I can't cook 'thout wood," sez I, dryly like.

With that all seven of 'em started for the door, and they never left that pile until it was ready for the stove. I never was bothered for wood again.

A few weeks after I wanted some money purty bad. I wanted to send Johnnie and Nellie back to school, an' I was bound that they should have some clothes fit to wear. I asked Caleb a number of times to let me hev some, but he made all kinds of excuses. I didn't tell him what I wanted of it, mind ye. So one day along comes a peddler buyin' butter'n eggs. I had considerable on hand that Caleb was intending to carry into the city when he had time. So I sold every pound of butter'n eggs I had in the house. I got nigh on to twenty-five dollars for 'em.

When Caleb come home I told him I had sold the butter'n eggs.

"Heow much did you git?" sez he.

I told him.

"Where's the money?" sez he.

"I've got it," sez I.

"Wall," sez he, "Nancy allers gives me all the money that she took for her butter and eggs."

"Did she?" sez I. "And so did Dan'l."

He got tired of holding Nancy up afore my eyes, for I would offset her with Dan'l every time. He found that I was powerful sot in my way, an' he thought he might as well let me have my own way, and so he sez:

"I don't mean to be ugly, but I won't be trod on by nobody."

When he wouldn't let me hav what money I wanted, I'd sell somethin' every time. I sold two tons of hay one time, when I knew he only had enough to winter his critters. So, on the whole, he found that I wasn't afraid of him, and he behaved quite decent. I told him not long ago that he was growin' clever.

"Clever!" sez he. "I rather you'd call me a dog-goned fule than clever."

But I notice he has improved, an' lay it ter his trainin'.

The Afghans.

The Afghans are vigorous, well built and muscular, excellent walkers, clever workmen; they have rather a large countenance with high cheek bones, thick eyebrows and coarse thick black hair and beard, with an olive or dark brown complexion. They are generally frank, rude, brusque, negligent in their attire, and in war capable of the worst deeds. One should never take the character of a people either from themselves or from their enemies. It is only the friends, who, while praising generally, occasionally indulge in a severe if not malicious criticism. If we were to believe an Afghan proverb, "he who does not open his door to the stranger is not an Afghan." But the English, who have known them best, find no good word in praise of them except for their bravery. I saw very many Afghans in Central Asia, and I am obliged to admit that all the cases of extreme rudeness, incivility or fanaticism which came under my particular notice were, with one exception, from Afghans. At the same time on account of their bravery the Afghans are respected. It is the fashion everywhere to imitate the walk of an Afghan, or at all events to arrange one's turban in his peculiar style—one little end sticking out above the head, the other falling down to the left shoulder. Most English travelers complain of Afghan bad faith, and if we may believe a Hindoo proverb, "God protect you from the vengeance of an elephant, a cobra or an Afghan."

The women, who at home are not kept under as severe restrictions as in other Mohammedan countries, are, by general consent, pretty, and are said to have played no little part in the causes which led to the massacres of the English at Cabul. At the same time they are generally intelligent and faithful, and an Oriental proverb says: "Go to India to get rich, to Cashmere to amuse yourself, but take an Afghan wife." Observers tell us that the Afghans are the only people in the East where there is any trace of the sentiment of love according to our notions. The love stories prevalent in Afghan legends and Afghan literature can scarcely be brought up as proof of this, as stories equally sentimental exist in other Eastern countries. Among certain tribes no man is allowed to see his wife until the marriage ceremony is completed; in others there there is almost an equal reserve, and although the lover may live with his future father-in-law and earn his bride by his services, as Jacob did Rachael, he may never see her. Yet in the greater part of Afghanistan the lovers once affianced are allowed to go "courting," if one may so call it. That is, the lover visits his bride by night and is admitted by her mother or other female relatives, although these visits are supposed to be kept secret from the father. All innocent freedoms are permitted, and the cases are rare where nature is allowed to step beyond the bounds of injunctions. As in all Mussulman countries polygamy exists; but most of the people cannot afford to avail themselves of their privileges and content themselves with one wife, or, at the most two. While the Afghans very commonly marry into the subordinate classes of the population, they never allow their daughters to marry other than Afghans of their own rank.

The Afghan in his own country never occupies himself with anything except agriculture, sport or war, living mostly in the country, leaving commerce and the menial arts to the large class of Tadjicks and Kyzibashes (redheads), the latter Persians, so called from their being in the habit of dyeing their hair and beard red. Sport is abundant. There is game of all kinds, although the tales of lions are now believed to be fictitious, and even tigers are rarely found. When hunting is impossible the Afghan resorts to many simple games practiced by all children of nature, whether simply savage men or civilized youth—marbles, ball and gymnastics—*Eugene Schuyler.*

The Coca Plant.

We owe many things to Peru, so many, in fact, that were it not for them it is an interesting question to study out what condition our race might occupy at this day different from that of the present. The Peruvian silver turned a numerous emigration to the shores of this continent, while the Peruvian cinchona kept alive the newcomers who might have died of the coast and other fatal fevers which met the unacclimated adventurers. Peruvian guano has enriched England and France through the prosperity of agriculture, and we owe a great debt of gratitude for the same gift. And now we have a new medicinal agent which promises to become as notable an anæsthetic for local application as ether or chloroform have been in other ways. This plant has long been known from its uses among the Peruvians, who have been addicted to it as a pleasing and moderate stimulant and intoxicant. The leaves are rolled up with a little lime in them and are chewed. The saliva, which is swallowed, produces slight intoxication and a strong inclination to rest. As the native workmen take their coca four times a day the prolonged rests which it encourages are serious drawbacks to their industry. As a set off against this, however, it is claimed that the laborer can perform a great deal of labor by the help of this stimulant with very little food. The same claim we think has been made for beer and other alcoholic stimulants.

The new use of coca, however, is of the greatest importance to the human race. By a chemical process an alkaloid, or its active principle, cocaine has been separated from the leaves. This drug has the property of producing local insensibility to pain upon any part of the body to which it is applied. The cocaine has been chiefly used in serious operations upon the eye with great success; but its use in the treatment of General Grant has brought it into greater notice and has popularized its name and reputation. It is exceedingly costly, having been sold for several dollars a grain, and its costliness prevents its use, excepting in rare cases. The plant is a small shrub about five to eight feet high, which bears thick evergreen leaves. The form of the leaf is an ovoid, prolonged and narrowed at the base. The shrub grows in the mountain districts, where it is cultivated in plantations for the leaves, which form an article of domestic commerce, and are sold in a dried state for a dollar or more per pound. The first crop of leaves is picked when the shrub is five years old, after which an annual gathering is made. The leaves are now imported into Europe and America, and the traffic promises to become important and the value to increase largely for some time at least, as new plantations are of slow growth. It is quite probable that the plant would grow successfully in some por ions of the United States or Mexico or Cuba, and the supply be largely increased. Its known value and the probability of its successful culture in the United States gives it a general interest, especially to the farmers of Florida and Southern California.—*New York Times*

A Panama Hat.

The famous Panama hats are all made in Guayaquil, Ecuador, and get their name because Panama merchants formerly controlled the trade. They are made of the pita fibre, a sort of palm, and are braided under water by native women of strands often twelve and fifteen feet long, and fine ones are very expensive. It often takes two or three weeks to braid a single hat, which sells for five or six dollars, and lasts forever. A traveler speaks of one made of a single straw or fibre, as fine as thread and soft as silk. The woman who made it was engaged four months in the work, and it was valued at $250.

A CHINESE RESTAURANT.

HOW THE ORIENTALS FEED IN THE METROPOLIS.

"Chop-sui" and Blocked Chicken with Rice—Tea that is Tea—A Queer but Cheap Dinner.

"Half the world does not know how the other half lives," said a Brooklyn lawyer to a *Union* reporter a few days ago, "and in proof of this homely maxim," continued the disciple of Blackstone, "I will take you over to New York and give you a Chinese dinner. There are a great many of these almond-eyed Celestials in New York, and they keep up the customs and habits of their race in this distant land with wonderful tenacity." The invitation was one not to be despised, and the reporter and the lawyer crossed the bridge together, and a ten minutes' walk from the Chatham street entrance brought them to the Chinese restaurant situated in a small frame building on Park street. The eating room was close and narrow, and the low, overhanging ceiling made the air of the place oppressive. The tables were made of pine boards and uncovered and the chairs were of the roughest description. The room was filled with Celestials eating with chop-sticks and talking loudly in their native tongue. The Brooklyn lawyer seemed at home amid the queer surroundings, and he ordered the dinner in the most approved pigeon English. The kitchen in these Chinese restaurants is alongside the dining-room—indeed, it is a part of it, and the expectant diner sees his meal cooked before his eyes. The dinner consisted of a peculiar sort of hash, called "chop-sui." It is made of—the Lord knows what, but sliced bamboo, kidneys, celery and spices were certainly used in its composition. The queer mixture, provided the eater does not investigate it too carefully, can be eaten, but an every-day American would certainly not hanker after it a second time. In eating this mixture the Brooklyn lawyer used the national chop-sticks with the ease and grace of a Mandarin, but the reporter, after several unsuccessful attempt to capture with the ivory sticks a bit of kidney that floated alluringly on the top of his bowl of "chop-sui," gave up the attempt in despair and finished the meal with knife and fork. The chop-sui was washed down with tea, and it was real tea, not the abomination that goes by that name in American eating-houses. This tea was served like water and drank as abundantly during the entire meal. It was drunk out of thin, delicately-shaped cups, and had a most delicious flavor. After the chop-sui came boiled chicken and rice. The fowl was cut up into small blocks, each block about two inches square; bones, meat and fat were all cut up together. The rice was cooked as it is in South Carolina, steamed dry, each grain standing out separate and distinct. Some of the Chinamen eat it with the "chop-sui" gravy, but the majority of them swallowed it dry. The chicken and the rice were very palatable. A small plate of candied figs, a pony of Chinese whisky, which tastes very like vermouth, only much stronger, and a cigarette, which smoked as if it was made of dry fine cut chewing tobacco, brought the repast to a close. The whole meal for two persons cost forty cents. It did well enough for an experience, but few Americans would care to live a la Chinese every day."—*Brooklyn Union.*

An Army Routed by Locusts.

Of all destructive foes none are more dreaded in most eastern lands than the locusts, whose dire visitations may well be national calamities. In point of fact, the lands which are exempt from their occasional presence are the favored few. A very few details of their invasion in Southern Russia in the years 1879 and 1880, will give us some idea of their multitude. They fell upon the province of Caucasus, utterly destroying vineyards and gardens, blockading the streets so that traffic was suspended, filling the ovens so that for several days baking was quite out of the question, and so choking the water courses that not a cup of water could be drunk until filtered.

In Georgia they fairly routed a detachment of Russian troops, who, not liking to turn aside on their march repelled by mere insects attempted to face the locust army, although reports said it covered twenty square miles of the country. So the soldiers advanced, but soon found themselves literally covered by the clinging, creeping insects, which crawled all over them, until finally the men fairly turned and fled, slipping and sliding as they ran over the crushed and oily bodies of their martyred foes. For forty-eight hours they were were detained, taking refuge in a village, and assisting the inhabitants to kill millions of the invaders, whose corpses they carted off to manure the fields, which, however, were in the meantime stripped of every blade of grass or corn, and the trees shorn of every green leaf.

On the road from Tiflis to Poti the locusts lay so thick on the line that the trains were obstructed. Large districts of Southern Russia were swept as bare of all vegetation as if a fire had raged over the land, and hundreds of peasants, utterly beggared, abandoned their homes to seek bread wherever it might be found. In the province of Chersom alone, 50,000 roubles was voted by government for expenditure in the effort to free the land of this plague; in another district 20,000 persons were employed daily for three months in the same work; the government expenditure on the whole organization was estimated at 200,000 roubles, without any calculation of the loss on crops of all descriptions.

Another notable scene of locust plague was Algeria in the year 1866, when the damage done by these insects was estimated at 50,000,000 francs, and resulted in a famine so appalling that 200,000 natives died of starvation.—*All the Year Round.*

A Tonquin Episode.

Three Annamese notables were taken prisoners at Thai-Nguyen and sentenced to be shot. They were led bound to execution, when this scene ensued: "The three had their arms tied all together with a silk sash and were marched out of the citadel, the Tuan-phu shrieking piously and trying to grovel before his guard in a way which would have been heart-breaking if it had not been hopeless, and therefore dastardly. A box of explosive bullets had been found somewhere in the citadel. Explosive bullets were somewhat uncommon, and one of the officers gave his revolver to a French sergeant, and asked him to try their effect on the prisoners. Just when the party had got into the suburbs the sergeant, while the men were still walking, put the revolver behind the doctor's ear and fired. Three-quarters of his head was blown away. The other two, in a last desperate struggle, burst the silk scarf which bound them to the corpse and ran. The Tuan-phu was brought down with a bullet between the shoulders, and fell, gurgling up blood from the mouth and nose. But the emmissary, who had been calmly scornful all this time, ducked to the first shots and bolted round a corner down to the river. There were a dozen men after him, firing shot after shot, but he was too active, and zigzagged like a snipe. Unfortunately, the river was before him, and the bank was some feet high where he struck it. He paused for a second before he leaped, and a French soldier who had counted on this, brought him down. Another shot in the water finished him. Then they went back to where the Tuan-phu, still alive, was struggling convulsively in the road. It required five more shots to kill him. Five minutes later an orderly came from the general's quarters saying that he wanted to see the prisoners again to question them." It is characteristic of the French army that this slovenly and butcherly piece of cruelty was done at the instigation of an officer.—*Saturday Review.*

How Bruin Hugged a Busy Saw.

"Talking about funny things," said a big, bronzed, bearded man in the reading-room of an uptown hotel, "the funniest thing I ever heard of happened in my saw-mill out in Michigan. We used a heavy upright saw for sawing heavy timber. One day not long ago the men had all gone to dinner, leaving the saw, which ran by water power, going at full speed. While we were away a big black bear came into the mill and went nosing around. The saw caught his fur and twitched him a little. Bruin didn't like this for a cent, so he turned around and fetched the saw a lick with his paw. Result: a badly cut paw. A blow with the other paw followed, and it was also cut. The bear was by this time aroused to perfect fury, and, rushing at the saw, caught it in his grasp and gave a tremendous hug. It was his last hug, and we lived on bear steak for a week. When we came up from dinner there was a half a bear on each side of the saw, which was going ahead as nicely as though it had never seen a bear. This is a fact, so help me, Bob," and the big lumberman bit off a fresh chew of tobacco.—*New York Tribune.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Why Seeds Fail to Grow.

Imperfect compact of the soil around the seed, in which is included undue hardening of the surface by rains, is the chief cause of failure in seed germination. In planting seed corn we have often found a difference of one or two days in the time for corn to come up in favor of that where the seed was pressed into the ground with the foot after being covered. In a very dry time some of the corn not stepped on never came up, and the difference of one or two days was where conditions were apparently favorable. A kernel of corn is large and swells to twice its bulk before the seed shoots starts to grow. The smaller grain seeds are more liable to injury than corn. Probably on most fields a large proportion never comes up, or grows so feebly that it makes only weak plants. This is one reason why very thin seeding often produces extremely large crops when other conditions are favorable. One of the heaviest oat crops ever reported had only a bushel and a peck of seed per acre. But the soil was in fine tilth and just moist enough. Probably in this case nearly every seed grew and was able to stool so as to entirely cover the ground five weeks after sowing.

Planting Cut Potatoes.

The common way of dropping cut potatoes is to drop the pieces cut side downward, and of course with the eyes up and ready to grow. But a great improvement on this is to be particular to have the cut side up and the eyes downward. As each piece is dropped step on it to press it farther into the loose soil. The roots start from the base of the eye and needs firmer soil than is usually scraped over them. If there is a hollow space under the potato set the hill will suffer from drought all the season and cannot amount to much. Many failures from planting on newly-turned sod result from this cause. After a potato is planted cultivation does not much affect the character of the soil under the hill. Hence all the greater necessity that the planting should be just right. It is possible to use merely the eye of the potato with only the skin attached, as seed. In such case the ground should be in fine tilth and fertile, so that the roots, as soon as formed, may get nutriment to push the plant with vigorous growth. In the ordinary large sets the first growth of the potato is from starch decomposed in the potato itself.—*Cultivator.*

How to Preserve Fences.

There are several methods of preparing fence posts for the purpose of increasing their lasting qualities. It has been learned by experience that posts thoroughly seasoned when set will outlast those put into the ground when the wood is green, and it has also been proved that those set with the tops in the ground will remain sound long after others from the same quality of wood set with butts down have decayed. Charring the ends of the posts set in the ground drives out the sap contained in the wood, and closes the pores so as to prevent the moisture in the soil from penetrating it. This is probably the cheapest method known, and has proved very satisfactory. A paint composed of linseed oil and finely pulverized charcoal is very highly recommended. To prepare this put a quantity of oil in a strong kettle, place over the fire and let it remain until it boils, then stir in the charcoal until it is as thick as ordinary paint and apply a liberal coat to the posts. Coal tar is used by some instead of linseed oil, equal parts of pulverized charcoal and quicklime being used instead of the charcoal alone. The proportions recommended are five gallons of coal tar to one pound each of finely pulverized charcoal and freshly slacked lime. The coal tar should be brought to a boiling heat in an iron kettle, when the charcoal and lime should be added. Apply while hot, either with a brush or by dipping the posts into the mixture. Another very cheap, durable paint is made as follows: Take fifty parts of resin, forty parts of finely pulverized chalk, 300 parts of clean, hard sand, four parts of linseed oil, one part of red oxide of lead and one part of sulphuric acid. Place the resin, chalk, sand and oil in an iron kettle over the fire until the resin is melted; then add the lead and acid, slowly stirring the mass until thoroughly mixed. Should it prove too thick to spread conveniently, add linseed oil until brought to the proper consistency. Apply while hot. This method is used in France, and the paint when cooled is said to be very hard and durable.

Care of Horses' Feet.

Horses in civilized lands suffer more from ailments of the feet than from any other cause. The feet of a horse are subject to many injuries, both from bad shoeing and from ill-kept roads, and it is important for owners of horses to study well how these causes of diseased feet can be avoided. But in the consideration of this question there are some points not well understood. The *London Stock-keeper* gives a statement that a horse weighing sixteen hundred pounds, when drawing a load, bears a weight upon the feet of two tons, the extra pressure being caused by the downward force of the act of drawing. Now, an average horse's draft-power amounts only to a forward strain of one hundred and fifty-seven pounds. As the horse is only exerting this forward force by pressure upon the collar, it is clear, the feet cannot press with any more force upon the ground, so that the above explanation of the cause of injury to the horse's foot, is imaginary. It is not the force exerted by work at all. A wild horse, galloping at the top of his speed, presses upon the ground with his feet more than a horse moving a ton in a wagon upon a road at the rate of two miles an hour; and yet wild horses have excellent feet and are never lame. But they have a choice of a smooth path, and have no blacksmiths to cut away the frogs of their feet, and so deprive them of the very means nature provides for the protection of the foot. If the roads were kept in good condition and free from loose stones, and the frog of the foot were never pared, horses would rarely suffer from foot lameness. Frog pressure expands the heels, toughens the horns, cures corns, and does much toward giving a horse sound feet.—*American Agriculturist.*

Raising Calves.

More calves are injured every year by long fasting and over feeding than in any other way. When calves run with their dams they take their food often, and, of course, little at a time, but in our artificial treatment we reverse nature's methods. If calves are allowed to suck, the injury from long fasting will be less marked, for the milk is taken at the right temperature, and in its natural state. But when we milk the cow, and then keep her milk twelve or more hours for the cream to rise before feeding the calf, we are departing still further from nature's methods. Since by artificial methods of feeding, and by breeding for that purpose, we have greatly increased the proportion of cream or fat in the milk of some of our breeds of cows, it has been found that calves will often do quite as well, and in some cases better, fed upon milk poorer in fat than the whole milk from their dams.

It is claimed by many breeders of Jersey and Guernsey cattle, that partially skimmed milk from cows of these breeds is really better for calves than the whole milk, and we have little doubt that their claim is well founded. No better calves were ever raised than have been raised upon skim milk, when all the details were properly looked after by a careful feeder of good judgment. The "bad luck" in raising calves by hand comes from too long intervals between the feedings, too heavy feeding, and especially from giving milk at too low a temperature. Let a calf become very hungry from long fasting, then be given an overfeed of cold milk, and one may warrant the calf to be sick within a very short time. An over-loaded stomach refuses to act, sometimes even when the food is of the proper kind, but is sure to do so when the food is so cold as to chill the animal. When a calf shivers after drinking it is safe to predict trouble. Milk should be at nearly the same temperature when fed from the pail that it would be if taken in the natural way direct from the cow, and the colder the weather the more important does this matter of temperature become. The milk should not only be right when taken from the fire, but should be right when it reaches the stable. Blood heat, ninety-eight degrees, is the right temperature, and for young calves in cold weather it should not fall more than a degree or two below. Milk is best heated in a tin pail set in a vessel of hot water, stirring the milk occasionally to keep it from sticking to the sides of the tin in case the water is very hot.—*New England Farmer.*

A Chapter of Household Don'ts.

Don't stand when you can sit just as well.

Don't put off the mending from week to week.

Don't you know that vinegar will clean the isinglass in the stove doors?

Don't you know your floor oil cloths can be washed in buttermilk or kerosene?

Don't hesitate to place a piece of zinc on the live coals in the stove; it will clean out the stove pipe.

Don't throw away nice woolen stockings when the feet are worn out, but cut them down for the children.

Don't fail to be clean and tidy in every nook and corner, but don't be a slave to a shining stove or carpet.

Don't do unnecessary work because your grandmother did. There was not half so much to be done in her day.

Don't cherish the idea that you will catch cold if you feel a bit of fresh air, or know there is an outlet for heated impure air.

Don't throw away old suspender rings, but sew them to the corners of kitchen holders, serving a better purpose than loops to hang by.

Don't flirt dirt from one piece of furniture to another and call it dusting, but take it up carefully in a dusting cloth and shake it from the window.

Don't say "micky" for milk, "ridey" for ride; baby will understand "hand mama your little dress" as readily as if you said "bring his ittle dess to mama."

Don't talk servants or family matters to callers, and don't tell them the exact date of their last call. They will be likely to make the interval longer the next time.

Don't you want to know that rose bugs can be destroyed by adding three or four spoonfuls of kerosene to a watering pot of water, if used freely when the bug appears?

Don't fail, in conversation, to occasionally pause and give the listener an opportunity to speak, and don't mistake polite listening, prolonged, for interest in your subject.

Don't lose a moment of the day; finish one piece of sewing before commencing another; don't fail so to plan the work that several things may be attended to at the same time.

Don't fail to rest yourself during a long day's sewing by changing your seat occasionally, and in warm weather don't fail to remember that washing the face and hands will be found very refreshing.

Don't sit over the stove, with feet in the oven, complaining of being cold, but dress warmly and take a brisk walk in the open air, when you will think the fire has taken a fresh start, or the weather has abated.—*Sarah J. Blanchard, in Good Housekeeping.*

A War Incident.

Yesterday Major Toller, of Los Angeles called to see me, and in the course of a conversation it came out that he had at one time been a resident of New Madrid, Mo. I remarked that I knew something of the place, as I had been with Pope when he made the attack on that place in the earlier part of the war. Major Toller explained that he was one of the gunners in the rebel battery posted below the city, and he asked if I remembered any striking incident in connection with the work of that battery. I did. I remembered it well. I remembered that one day there came a shot from that battery that entered the muzzle of one of our own guns, causing an explosion that broke the gun into fragments and killed several men.

Major Toller remarked: "I remember the incident as well as you, and I have better cause to remember it. I fired the shot myself, and there is a story about it. One day there came from the Union battery a large shell, that struck without exploding very near our own battery. I picked up the shell, and, seeing that the fuse had not burned out, I said that I believed we could arrange the fuse and return the shell with our compliments to the battery that had fired it. This was done. I aimed the gun myself, and we saw by the commotion it created in the Union lines that something extraordinary had occurred. Afterward we learned the particulars. A few days afterward the commander of the forces came to our quarters, and for the firing of that shot promoted me to Major."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Car Wheels.

An official of the Pennsylvania railroad stated to a Pittsburg *Dispatch* reporter that there are fully ten million iron car-wheels in use on American railroads. That figure does not include the wheels on palace coaches and the better class of passenger coaches.

"How much iron does it take to make a wheel?" he was asked.

"About 525 pounds of pig-iron," he replied, "and about 1,250,000 wheels are worn out every year. But do not conclude from that that the iron men are called upon to supply the 312,000 tons of materials required to make the new wheels, because the worn-out wheels themselves supply about 290,000 tons."

"How long will a good car-wheel last?"

"Formerly it would last eight years. But now the reduction of railroads to a standard guage and the improvement in loading and unloading facilities keep the length of service down. This is because the uniformity in guage keeps the cars in more continuous use, and the improvement in loading and unloading facilities enables the cars to be put to more active service. The wheels on palace coaches and on first-class passenger coaches are known as paper wheels. They are made with a steel rim or flange, and iron hub, but the web is composed of sheets of paper cemented together. They combine lightness with strength."

An Heroic Cure for the Opium-Habit.

A pathetic story has lately come to my knowledge of a young man, an undergraduate in an Eastern college, who had become a victim of the hypodermic use of morphia. He went with his father, who was engaged in the lumbering interest, into the primeval forests of Maine, hoping that during a stay of months with the wood-choppers he would be able to fight out the battle of gradual abandonment successfully. Through a strange fatality, when the party had just arrived at their camping place, and were transporting their goods across a stream, the case of morphia was broken by an apparent accident and its contents scattered into the water. None but the haggard young man could, at the moment, comprehend the appalling magnitude of the calamity—there, as he was, two hundred miles from the nearest settlement! He survived the terrible ordeal, but no words could express, he has said, the tortures and agony through which he passed during the succeeding weeks. He was closely watched, else, at times, he would have drowned himself or have beaten his brains out upon the rocks. Months afterward he came back to the world a skeleton, worn and haggard, from his terrible contest. It was an experience to which he could never afterward refer without the most painful emotions.

Not the least significant point in this veritable account is the fact that the young man always believed that his father had purposely brought about the catastrophe for the sake of bringing matters to a speedy end! Had the usual treatment of the disease by physicians at this day anything to offer that is much better than this man's summary method?—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Indian Superstition.

A very extraordinary occurrence took place recently at the Anahuac rancheria, eight miles south of Julian. It appears that an unusual mortality has prevailed among the Indians for several weeks, and a "medicine man" was sent for to find the cause of the plague, and if possible to suggest a remedy. On the arrival of the savant he declared that two of the Indians at the rancheria, Antonio and Jose, were wizards, and should be put to death by hanging, to appease the wrath of the evil spirit, as soon as the proper arrangements could be completed. The intended victims were then summoned to appear before el capitan, and in his august presence acknowledge their guilt and signify their willingness to die, that the rest of the tribe might live. On receiving the summons, however, Jose and Antonio disappointed el capitan and the sage by coming to San Diego with all possible haste, and appeared before the authorities, who instructed them to return to Julian, search out a warrant for their chief and the medicine man, and have them put under bonds to keep the peace. As nothing further has been heard upon the subject, it is supposed that the sacrifice has not taken place, and the gods are still unappeased.—*San Diego (Cal.) Sun.*

Attorney-General Garland decide that an Indian cannot hold a postoffice. Not having a very loud voice in the matter, this paper will not criticise the Attorney-General's decision, but it does seem that a man who can hold a buck-jumping pony can hold almost anything.—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

INSTRUCTING THE BLIND

SUBSTITUTE FOR EYES IN THE CASE OF SIGHTLESS PEOPLE.

How They Are Taught to Read, Write and Play on Musical Instruments—An Interesting Study

In a general way it is known that a blind man may be taught a few of the rudiments of learning, and to care for himself under certain limited circumstances and after a fashion. And it was not until the last five years that the education of the blind much exceeded those limits. During that time, however, progress has been made which puts the sightless nearly on a plane with those whose sight is perfect. The educated blind man of the period not only reads and writes, but he does so with unerring accuracy—fluently and well. He studies geography, with maps; astronomy, with sidereal charts and apparatus; and ranges at will through all the hitherto forbidden fields of natural science. Let a seeing man, if he can, read to him a sheet of music; he will transcribe it faster than it is read, and, taking it to a piano, will compel that instrument to give up a faultless interpretation of the notes. It is no uncommon sight in the neighborhood of a blind school to see a group of the pupils at a popular lecture taking notes which they will afterward transcribe at length in their rooms. There are actually thousands of persons in Illinois, who never saw the light of day, carrying on an untrammeled correspondence in characters which are neither English, nor Hebrew, nor Chaldaic, nor cuneiform—nor anything else than the "blind alphabet." Blind men teach their seeing friends to do this in order that they may correspond as other people do.

These splendid results have been achieved by means so simple that the wonder is that they were not known long before. Until recently the blind pupil received all instruction orally. Everything was read to him for the ample reason that he could not himself read, excepting in the old-fashioned "raised-letter" literature, of which there was comparatively little in existence, and which, as is generally known, was traced with great labor by the ends of the blind man's fingers. This he could read, but, necessarily, he could not write. It was to overcome this defect that the existing "point systems" were invented. These are two in number, the "New York point" and the "Braille point," between which there is only a technical difference. Taking the "Braille" by way of illustration, the blind man's writing outfit consists of paper, a "slate," and a "point." A "slate" is best described as two narrow strips of brass, folding together something like a pocket rule. In the upper arm are punctured two or more oblong holes like this:

Upon the other arm, under each of these holes, and conforming to its dimensions, are six dots indented upon the brass, thus:

The pupil inserts a sheet of paper between the two arms and begins his work with his "point," which is simply a diminutive awl. By inserting this awl at any one of these points the paper is indented, but not punctured through, with a corresponding point. Thus an impression is made on the lower side of the paper which is appreciable to the touch. It will be seen that this system of six points admits of a practically unlimited number of combinations. Upon these combinations are based the alphabet, the Arabic numerals, musical notes, or any other character in common use in any literature. Thus .: expresses one letter, : another, and so on. As his characters are written in the reverse, the blind writer begins at the right and works backward, as in Hebrew.

By these means the blind writer attains a very creditable speed, varying, of course, according to his individual talents. For purposes of ordinary correspondence he uses common note-paper and makes an impression that suffices for one or two readings before it is obliterated by contact with the fingers. For more enduring matter a special, heavy paper is employed.

From writing to type setting was but a step, and there are now very few blind institutions not provided with a composing-room and complete outfits of types, cases and other paraphernalia, which are brought into requisition to print anything required. Blind printers, pressmen and binders do all the work.

Maps for the blind, geometric figures and all similar devices are easily made by raising the boundary lines and indicating cities, points, etc., by brass pegs. The eagerness with which the pupils seize upon these means of supplying their great defect, their great desire to learn, and their grateful appreciation of what has been done for them compensates in a great measure for their lack of sight. Instructors of the blind delight to dwell upon the facile disposition and talents of their pupils, and exhibit evidences of their work which teach the lesson clearly that intelligent philanthropy has done much to take away the sting of one of the greatest of physical bereavements.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Weighing a Hair.

"To number the hairs of your head is not a very difficult task," the refiner of the assay office said. "A very close approximation can be made by weighing a single hair. The weight of the former divided by that of the latter will, of course, give the desired number. If you will pluck out a hair from your beard I can show you."

A long and straggly one was accordingly detached, the refiner putting it on a scale, which was enclosed in a glass case, and graduated with extreme accuracy. With little weights of aluminium he piled up one arm, until an equipoise was reached. The hair weighed three milligrammes. "If you reduce this to figures," he said, "it would require 8,000 hairs to weigh an ounce, and supposing you have six ounces, you have 48,000 hairs."—*New York Sun.*

A Remarkable Class of Thieves.

The police of St. Petersburg have been for some time puzzled by the conduct of a remarkable class of thieves, who committed robbery not only in the open day, but, moreover, with ostentation. They were Finns, but were all young men. When arrested, they calmly pleaded guilty, and were sentenced to imprisonment for terms varying from one to three months. At the expiration of the sentence, they promptly disappeared. It turned out that they had returned to their own country, and had there resumed their several avocations without loss of social position. The law of Finland forbids the enrollment in the army of any persons who have undergone imprisonment for civil offenses, so these enterprising Finns had deliberately sought imprisonment in order to avoid conscription.—*London Truth.*

A Canine Newspaper Thief.

A "newspaper dog" of a very remarkable character, flourishes, according to a correspondent, in the suburbs of London. It is a greyhound, and its habit is to follow a particular postman on his rounds with the object of stealing one or more of the newspapers he has to deliver. It tries door after door through which the postman has pushed a paper until it finds one that yields to pressure, when it seizes the paper lying on the floor inside and darts off with it at a rate rendering pursuit hopeless. It would be very interesting to know how this trick was acquired, and what the greyhound does with the papers it takes so much trouble to obtain. It would seem much easier to pick up a newspaper in a shop, but dogs put the strangest limitations on their own depredations.

A Royal Ratcatcher.

I once met a chimney-sweep who prided himself on being a royal ramoneur on the strength of having the contract to sweep the chimneys of St. James palace. But I was not aware until last week that there is a proud individual who can claim the title of "Royal Ratcatcher," or shall I say "Ratcatcher in Ordinary to Her Majesty." Since Buckingham palace has been virtually uninhabited by royalty rats have so multiplied that it has been deemed advisable to appoint a ratcatcher for the palace. This official now receives pay at the rate of £8 per annum, though whether, like other loyal servants, a special livery has been devised for his use deponent knoweth not.—*London Figaro.*

It is the man with the most property that has the greatest will power.—*Lowell Courier.*

FATES.

When ships are buried in the sea,
And men greet death unflinchingly;
When, as in battle's bloody shock,
Death finds his prey firm as a rock,
Or when, between sob-echoing walls,
Wo's hardest blow on life's joy falls—
Death seems unmeet, heroic, or sublime.

The mourners give a fitting pall;
Fame crowns those who in conflict fall;
And waves chant dirges on the shore
For those who sail the deep no more;
These live in stone, or brass, or thought—
Half welcome death to lives thus wrought—
With fame complete, they merit deathless rhyme.

To bear a storm of lies and sneers,
And die for right bereft of tears;
In haunts of dire disease to walk,
Life pawned, death, visible, to balk;
To do and die, unheeding fame—
Tho' man may not, God marks your name—
Oh, grand and sweet these fates! They conquer time.
—*T. G. La Moille, in the Current.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

When a man is just about to sneeze you couldn't buy him off with a consulate.—*Boston Post.*

"Nothing is impossible to him who wills," says a philosopher. No, nor to the lawyer who conducts the case.—*Boston Post.*

A grain of sand may be the germ of a new world, but a button in the right place does more good in the rushing present.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

A writer asks, "Why does the modern woman tire so easily?" One reason is that the modern woman usually has a modern husband to look after.—*Graphic.*

Her pa and ma were safe in bed
They'd gone to sleep with the birds;
The girl hung on to the garden gate,
Her beau hung on to her words.
—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Bell, the telephone man, has an article in the current issue of *Science*, telling how to avoid icebergs. We haven't read it, but one good way is to travel only by railroad.—*Norristown Herald.*

Professor Huxley calls a primrose "a corollifloral dicotyledonous exogen," but he wouldn't do it if the primrose was able to hit back. Some men are terribly overbearing toward the weak.—*Boston Post.*

"Smith, why don't you get your diamonds insured?" said Jones. "Where can I do that?" innocently asked Smith. "At the United States Plate Glass Insurance Company, of cource," and a coolness has grown up between them.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

When those Filters of the System, the Kidneys, fail to perform their functions properly, DR. J. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS will restore their natural action, and prevent the progress of the disease to a fatal issue. In one week after commencing a course of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS you will feel like a new creature.

There are said to be 25,000 lawn tennis players within a radius of ten miles of New York.

"Love Sees No Faults,"
it has been said: but, when a woman is dragged down, emaciated, wan, and a shadow of her former self, with never a cheerful word, she can be no longer beautiful or lovable. Nature may have been generous in her gifts, and endowed her with all the charms of her sex, but disease has crept in unawares and stolen the roses from her cheeks, the lustre from her eye, and the sunshine from her heart. But to be well again lies in your own power. Take Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," it will cure you; thousands have been cured by it. Nothing equals it for all the painful maladies and weaknesses peculiar to women. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

ALMOST all the Southern States have a nearly equal number of each sex.

* * * * A disease of so delicate a nature as stricture of the urethra should only be entrusted to those of large experience and skill. By our improved methods we have been enabled to speedily and permanently cure hundreds of the worst cases. Pamphlet, references and terms, three letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A CHICAGO lady took her terrier to a dentist to have a tooth plugged.

The great diaphoretic and anodyne, for colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks, is Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed; also, cures colic, cramps, cholera morbus, diarrhœa and dysentery, or bloody-flux. Only 50 cents.

The banking capital of the United States to-day is $738,000,000.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

An Only Daughter Cured of Consumption.
When death was hourly expected from Consumption, all remedies having failed and Dr. H. James was experimenting, he accidentally made a preparation of Indian Hemp, which cured his only child, and now gives this recipe on receipt of stamps to pay expenses. Hemp also cures night sweats, nausea at the stomach, and will break a fresh cold in 24 hours. Address Craddock & Co., 1032 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa., naming this paper.

Freckles, Pimples, Salt Rheum cured. Ad'ss Dr. M. Hutchinson, 110 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

See F. & R.s' Gluten Flour adv. next week

THE national debt of Great Britain is about £760,000,000.

Cancer of the Tongue.
A Case Resembling That of General Grant.

Some ten years ago I had a scrofulous sore on my right hand, and with the old-time treatment it healed up. In March, 1882, it broke out in my throat, and concentrated in cancer, eating through my cheek to the top of my left cheek bone and up to the left eye. I subsisted on liquids, and my tongue was so far gone I could not talk. On October first, 1884, I commenced taking Swift's Specific. In a month the eating places stopped and healing commenced, and the fearful aperture in my cheek has been closed and firmly knitted together. A new under lip is progressing, and it seems that nature is supplying a new tongue. I can talk so that my friends can readily understand me, and can also eat solid food again. I would refer to Hon. John H. Traylor, State Senator, of this district, and to Dr. T. S. Bradfield, of LaGrange, Ga. MRS. MARY L. COMER.
La Grange, Ga., May 14, 1885.
Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., N. Y., 157 W. 23d St.

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Tired Languid Dull

Exactly expresses the condition of thousands of people at this season of the year. The depressing effects of the warm weather and the weakened condition of the body are quickly overcome by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Why suffer longer when a remedy is so close at hand? Take it now. It will give you health, strength and energy.

"I took Hood's Sarsaparilla for loss of appetite, dyspepsia, and general languor. It did me a vast amount of good, and I have no hesitancy in recommending it to my friends and all needing medicine."—J. W. WILLEFORD, Quincy, Ill.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to build me over."—W. J. BLAIR, Corning, N. Y.

"I could not sleep, and in the morning had hardly life enough to get out of bed. I had no appetite, and my face would break out with pimples. I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and soon began to sleep soundly; could get up without that tired and languid feeling, and my appetite improved."—R. A. SANFORD, Kent, O.

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THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.
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It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.
Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

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Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin, beautiful complexion secured to all.

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For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Female Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury or deleterious drugs.
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Gordon's King of Pain relieves pain of whatever nature, the moment it is applied, and is a household remedy wherever known for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache and Toothache, Burns and Scalds, Sprains and Bruises, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Sore Throat, Ulcers, Fresh Wounds, etc. Burns will not blister if applied, and Bruises will heal in a day that would require a week by any other method. The remedy is furnished in powder, with labels, etc., and is sent by mail, postage paid. It is put up in 50c., $1 and $5 packages. The 50c., or trial package, when reduced to liquid form, will fill 24 2oz. bottles, which are worth at retail, $6. Agents can coin money selling it. It is worth ten times its cost for burns alone. Send postal notes or two cent stamps. Address E. G. RICHARDS, Sole Proprietor, Toledo, Ohio.

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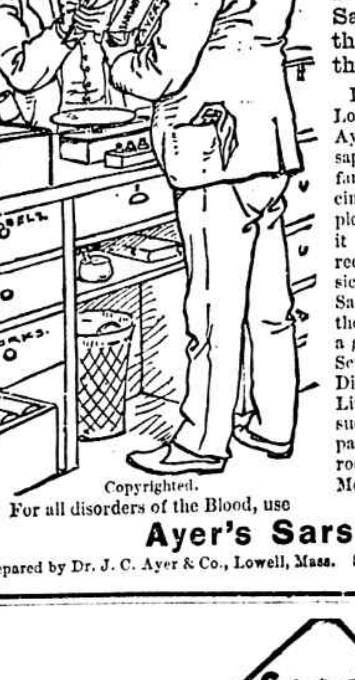

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I have been in the Drug business, in Lowell, for thirty years, and sell more of Ayer's Sarsaparilla than of all other Sarsaparillas combined. Being thoroughly familiar with the analysis of this medicine, and knowing the care and skill employed in its composition, I am certain it contains nothing that could not be recommended by the most scrupulous physician. It is made of the true Honduras Sarsaparilla, and of other blood purifiers, the best known to medical science, and is a grand specific in chronic cases, such as Scrofula, Salt-Rheum, Erysipelas, Kidney Diseases, and troubles of the Stomach and Liver. Many so-called Sarsaparillas are such only in name: they do not contain a particle of the real medicinal Sarsaparilla root.—Geo. C. Osgood, M. D., Druggist, Merrimack, cor. Suffolk sts., Lowell, Mass.

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Sorghum, adieu! Chutas, farewell!
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H. S. Whitney, Assistant Postmaster, Putnam, Conn., writes:—"I have suffered untold agony with kidney and liver complaints; my water was very bad, at times I actually passed blood. HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has benefited me more than all other medicines I used.

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HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY is a wonderful medicine. I cordially recommend its use to those suffering from dropsy or kidney troubles.—Geo. B. Robertson, Deputy Sheriff, Bangor, Me.

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Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goitre, Scrofulous or Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc. In these, as in all other constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS has shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, the Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations, Humors and diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like the Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, this Bitters has no equal.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

In conclusion: Give the Bitters a trial. It will speak for itself. One bottle is a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

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