BY PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

I've known men rise through talent, though such are And some by perseverance, and industry, and care; There are men who build up fortunes by saving a dollar a week: But the best thing to make your way in the world is to travel upon your cheek.

Now here am I, in middle age, just able to keep work in her lap—a nap wherein she dreamed that the \$50 bill had taken to itself legs and By working away the livelong day as hard as I can Tom Wentworth takes things easy, and rolls in his And cheek is the one sole reason why he is richer

Why, Tom and I were schoolmates about thirty years ago; I was reckoned one of the smartest, while at learning He didu't care for study-played hooky half the But somehow always dodged the cane by the aid of

"Little boys," they used to tell me, "should always When company came, I hung my head, and never But Tom was a sausy, forward cuss, well able to

I grew up nervous and timid-I never could blow or So people took it for granted that Tom must know Of what avail is learning-arithmetic, Latin or

thought him smart.

If you haven't the talent to show it off, for lack of the requisite cheek? Tom and I, as it happened, in love with the same girl fell, I never could muster the courage my heart's desire I think she liked me a little the best; but, before I

dared to speak.

Tom pressed his suit, and won her hand by steady, And then Tom struck for the city. He met with ups But always seemed to get ahead, in spite of fortune's

Like a cat he'd always fall on his feet; was confident, And talked with the air of a millionaire in possession of wea th untold. So Tom succeeded in business, and everything he'd

For people always help the man who passes as While I didn t have the advantage of either my For want of self-assurance and courage to make a If 'modesty is a quality," as the ancient saying

"Which highly adorns a woman," it oftentimes And those who are shy and backward, and those who are humble and weak,

So Tom, to day, is the millionaire, the flourishing merchant prince: . While, as for my hopes of suc ess in life, I've given the poor and meek, Atd men cant crowd through the pearly gates by traveling on their cheek.

THE FIFTY-DOLLAR BILL.

Mrs. Dean sat alone in her little kitchen. ered-the fact that the best rag-carpet. woven by her own skillful hands, must not be worn out too recklessly, the dread possibility of sunshine fading out these chaircovers. Mrs. Bean was an economist. She believed in making everything last as long as it possibly could. And so she made the kitchen her headquarters, and sat there knitting, with her feet comfortably balanced on the stone hearth, the saucepan of apples bubbling softly away at the back, and the sound of her husband's axe ringing from the back shed as he cut and split the kindling-wood piled up there in well-

She was a little, wrinkled-faced woman of fifty, with stiff ribbon bows to her cap, hair that seemed dried up instead of silvered. and keen blue eyes that twinkled as if they had discovered the secret of perpetual mo-tion. To save money was her chief end and aim in life. The very mittens she was knit- Mrs. Dean, reverently. " and He nas sent a ting were to be sold at the village store in exchange for tea, sugar, spices and all such good as a penny earned," was the golden rule by which she shaped her life.

"I am glad I took that money out of the savings bank yesterday," said Mrs. Dean to herself, as the bright needles clicked merrily away. "People say it isn't quite safe. And one can't be too careful. But then, again, there's the danger of burglars—though, to be sure, no burglar." she added, with a complacent, inward chuckle, "would ever think of looking in the folds of the old Clinkerville Clarion newspaper in the wall pocket on the wall. It's the bureau drawers and the trunks and the lock-up chests that they aim for. A \$50 bill! a clean, crisp, new \$50 bill! And all savings, too, out of the house money.'

Just then there sounded a knock at the door, and in came old Dr. Bridgman, rubicund with the touch of the March wind, and muffled up in the furs of the wild animals which, from time to time, he himself "Good-day, Mrs. Dean, good-day!" said

"No thank you; I can't sit down. I'm a deal too busy for that. But I heard yesday that you took \$50 out of the Savings

"Yes," said Mrs. Dean, her face involuntairly hardening, "I did!" "We are taking up a subscription to get little lame Dick Bodley a cart and donkey.

so that he can go around peddling tinware,' said the Doctor. "It's pretty hard for anyone afflicted as he is to get along, and if you can help us a little-" "But I can't," interposed Mrs. Dean, preathlessly. "The money was an investment. I don't propose to cut it up into lit-

"It's a deed of charity, Mrs. Dean," said the good old man, "to help lame Dick

visitor was Helen Hurst, a rosy girl of eigh-

"Excuse me for interrupting you, Mrs. Dean," said she, "but arry Johnson was at the bank yesterday, and he tells me that you

drew out your money!" "Was all creation there?" thought Mrs. til her needles seemed to glance and glitter

"I am trying to get a boarding place at Mrs. Swipes'," added Helen, coloring, 'so as to be near the District School, where I am to teach this spring. But Mrs. Swipes requires payment in advance by the month, and un-fortunately we have used up all our slender means in providing my outfit. A teacher, you know, must be dressed decently to com-

mand the respect of her pupils. But if you would kindly lend me \$10—" "I never lend," Said Mrs. Dean, curtly. "I will be sure to pay it up when I receive my first quarter's salary," pleaded Helen.
"And I don't know of any one else to go

"It's altogether against my principles," said Mrs. Dean, with her face as hard as if it had been carved out of hickory.

Helen Hurst crept out, feeling humiliated and disappointed beyond all expression. Mrs. Dean chuckled at her own shrewdness; but she hardly had time to stir up the apples in the saucepan before Mrs. Graham entered with a little leather-covered memorandum book and pencil.

"I am looking for charitable people, Mrs. Dean," said the 'Squire's wife, with a laugh. "Then you've come to the wrong place," said Mrs. Dean, frigidly.
"Poor Patrick O'Hare was killed yester-

day in the machinery of the rolling mill," said Mrs. Graham, ignoring her neighbor's response. "He had left a wife and eight children, totally destitute." "And whose fault is that?" said Mrs.

"Will you not contribute something to-ward relieving their destitute condition?" urged Mrs. Graham, opening the book and holding the pencil ready for use. "Certainly not," said Mrs. Dean. "I've

no money to spare.' "But I was told -

'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," softly spoke Mrs. Graham.
"Yes, yes, I know," said Mrs. Dean; "but nobody interprets the Bible literally, now-Mrs. Graham took her departure, ac

knowleding within herself that her errand was a failure and Mrs. Dean, left to herself at last, indulged in a nap, with the knitting was running away from the crowd of pursuers, herself among the number. When she waked up, roused by the noise

of coal being poured upon the stove, a candle was burning and Mr. Dean was laughing at her. 'Why, Betsey," said he, "I thought you never were going to wake again! Here you sat, with the fire dead out, and I've had to

kindle it up again." "Bless me!" said Mrs. Dean, "I must have been asleep quite a while. But"--as she started up she saw that the old wall-pocket opposite was empty--- where is that old umber of the Clinkerville Clarion?" "It was last week's paper," said Mr. Dean, calmly. "We had both of us read it, so just took it to kindle the fire?"

"You burned it up?" So I got the name of being a fool, while every one "Yes," Said Mr. Dean, "I burned it up; why shouldn't I?" For half an hour Mrs. Dean sat silent and never spoke a word. And her first utter-

"It's the Lord's judgment upon me!" Mrs. Dean was a resolute woman, full of character. She went to her table drawer, took out a sheet of paper and wrote to Dr. Bridgman, inclosing a dollar toward lame Dick Bodiey's cart and horse. She sent another dollar to Mrs. Graham for the poor little O'Harras, and promised to donate a barrel of russets, a bushel of potatoes and some of her husband's cast-off clothes to cut over for the children. And she sent for Helen Hurst to come and see her. "I can't lend you \$10, my dear," said she because I havn't got it. But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll let you make your home here as long as you please. There's a

nearer than Mrs. Swipes' to the district | to put in dull type the Major's graceful ges-"Oh, how very, very good you are!" said Helen, her eyes swimming with grateful

nice spare room, and it's an eighth of a mile

"Good!" cried Mrs. Dean. "I'm just beginning to see what a selfish, greedy creature I've been all my life. But you're welcome, my dear, and your board shall not cost you

She opened her parlor, shook out the curtains and built a fire in the air tight wood

"Dean likes the parlor," said she, "be cause it has such nice south windows, and I don't see why we shouldn't enjoy it.' She baked a fresh batch of gingerbread, and sent a loaf to old Mrs. Mudge; she took out a basket of hickory nuts for poor little | teresting in the caves of my memory than | George D. Prentice was the soul of Harry Jones, who was trying to crack dried a wide range of travel and some very emi- chivalry. Love of country was planted in up pignuts on the stone by the roadside; But the richest blessings of Heaven are promised to she renewed her subscription to the Church "I can't be very tiberal," she said; "but I

am determined to do what I can." "That's right, my dear; that's right," said her husband. "We shall be prosperous, never fear. I'm awfully sorry about burning up your fifty dollar bill; but, if it's She never used her parlor. There was the extravagance of an extra fire to be considues."

She never used her parlor. There was the extravagance of an extra fire to be considues."

Scheme. Of course my presence on the Bourse attracted considerable attention, and

Mrs. Dean was sweeping out the kitchen. moved the wide-leaved table which always stood under the wall-pocket, and took down the pocket itself, a rude structure of "Yes," she said, "I am afraid I was getting

Mr. Dean stooped and picked up a slip of crumpled dark-green paper, which had fal- forget it." len out from the wall-pocket as his wife turned it upside down and tapped her finger against it to remove all possible dust. "It's the \$50 bill!" said he, with mouth and eyes opening in unison. "It must have

to be a little miserly, and— Why, what's

slipped down from the folds of the newspaper and lodged here." 'The Lord has sent it back to us," said lesson, wise and merciful, with it." "Well," said Mr. Dean, after a moment or necessary groceries. "A penny saved is as two of silence, "there's a lesson in almost everything He does, if we did but know it." And all the theologians in the world could not have improved upon the faith of

> Where Shall Baby's Dimple Be? Over the cradle the mother hung, Softly cooing a slumber song, And these were the simple words she sung All the evening long:

this simple, unlettered old farmer,

"Cheek or chin, knuckle or knee, Where shall the baby s dimple be? Where shall the angel's finger rest, When he comes down to the baby's nest? Where shall the angel's touch remain, When he awakens my baby again?"

Still as she bent and sang so low, A murmur into her music broke, And she paused to hear, for she could but know The baby's angel spoke: "Cheek or chin, knuckle or knee

Where shall the baby's dimple be? Where shall my finger fall and rest When I come down to the baby's nest? Where shall my finger's touch remain, When I wake your babe again?" Stient the mother sat and dwelt

Long on the sweet delay of choice. And then by her baby's side she knelt And sang with a pleasant voice: 'Not on the limb, O angel dear!

For the charms with its youth will disappear; Not on the cheek shall the dimple be, For the harboring smile will fad- and flee; But touch thou the chin with impress deep, And my baby the angel's seal shall keep -J. G. HOLLAND.

Variety in Your Food.

There is no one standard for food applica-"I dare say," said Mrs. Dean, a little irri- matter of education. A taste educated in such a man as Jim Bennett. One night aftably. "But I never pretended to be a one direction revolts at a taste educated in ter we had been on a hunt and knocked The old Doctor went away, and the next | used in this country, were rejected with loathing a generation ago.

The French, who led off in eating frogflesh, are now eating horse-flesh-their taste tor the latter having been developed during the exigencies of the siege of Paris The English have, heretofore, turned with disgust from corn (maize), which is a very staff But she said nothing, only knit away un- of life in this country, and, in some of its

forms of cooking, a delicious favorite. It might be well for men generally to have their tastes broadened. Some persons are altogether too nice and narrow in their preference for food. It should be remembe ed that unused functions terd toward complete cessation. For instance, one of the best preservatives against consumption is in the ability of the stomach to d gest fat; but the power to digest it may be lost by long disuse, the glands ceasing to secrete the ne-

So, too, the quantity of food eaten by different persons varies. One man, in good health, too, and in the same surroundings, would be kitled by what is essential to the health of another. A hard-worker in the open air would starve if restricted to what amply suffices for the man whose employ-

ment is in-doors and sedentary. Life could not be sustaned in the arctic zone without immense quantities of heatproducing food. An Esquimau will eat daily from twelve to fifteen pounds of meat, onethird of it fat. He generates so much internal heat that he always throws off his coat in his hut, where the temperature ranges from freezing down to zero, with an out-ide temperature from 30° to 70° below the latter point.

of life as to be hardly even mentioned by o'er the smooth waters of the Victoria such writers as West and Vogel. Dr. Gar- Nyanza, gilding them like gold, there were den, in the London Practitioner, gives the dissevered heads and bodies, black and case of an infant of nine months who caught | bloody, scattered over the kraal like an uncold from bathing in cold water. Rheuma- | usually gory battle-field." tism followed, affecting the knee and ankle joints. These were wrapped in cotton, and three grains of salicin thrice daily were presented the literary member. scribed. The patient recovered in a fort-"O, yes, about the money that was drawn night, without showing any signs of heart did out of the savings bank," said Mrs. Dean. complication.

Although Not an Unruly Member It Tells Some Very Remarkable Yarns.

The Story of a Hunt for Elephants' Tusks for Empress Eugenie's Boudoir.

The History of Adventures that Would

Make Munchausen Blush for

Everybody reads the newspapers, therefore it is fair to presume that everybody has heard of Major Tom Ochiltree, of Texas, after whom John Chamberlain, the wellknown sportsman, named his famous racehorse, Major Tom was Marshal of Texas under Grant, and is known as one of the distinguished traveler's warmest adherents. The Major has the gift of speech developed to the remotest limits of exaggeration, which has caused him to be called by his many friends the "Arabian Knight." although his vivid imagination will not permit him to reply to a simple question about the weather without decorating it with what he calls a rainbow here and there it must not be inferred that in serious matters the red headed ranger of the Rio Grande is at all wanting in veracity. His word is quite as good as his bond in businees matters. Perhaps I can not better illustrate the fascinating characteristics of one who is now a national charact r than by relating a scene which took place the other night at the Union League Club, which was recently removed to new and magnificent quarters on the southern slope

KALEIDOSOPIC CHANGES OF THOUGHT and the magnetism of his ardent manner, but a good idea of the peculiari ies which | the flag, that, for more than three-four he of have made him famous may be obtained a century, has been a star of wership to his from what I was enabled to catch from a ancestors, his early death, though still tersofa on which I sat an amused listener. It rible, might have been borne by his father's League, and the few members sitting around in armed rebellion, against that glorious old the fire asked Major Ochiltree to enliven banner, now the emblem of the greate t them with one of his adventures. Tom and noblest cause the world ever knew, is threw a searching glance around the circle | full of desolation and almost of despair. to "take in" as it were, his audience, and re- But our love for him, undimmed by tears of

of Murray Hill. It is, of course, impossible

nent people I've met will be, but I will try | his heart, and the seed burst into flower, in to entertain you until my latch-key runs | the midst of the blood and fire of the Redown. In the spring of 1855 I found my- bellion at his own door. The wall over his self in Paris. I had been sent by the State | dead body was also the hymn of his death of Texas to negotiate a loan to build a rail- less patriotism. When Harney, his bitter road b tween Galveston and the City of Democratic opponent, of the Louisvill-Mexico. Some of you may doubtless re- Democrat, died, he spoke of him with manly member that General Santiago Barbosa, sympathy; and when Horace Greeley came going to open your heart like this, it's the then Dictator of Mexico, was in favor of the to Louisville to lecture, Prentice wr te I was approached one fine morning on the She looked around with a smile as she Boulevard des Capucines by a mgnificently

ALL GOLD LACE AND RED PANTSsplints, lined with red cambric and tied looked noble, I tell you-who said in a sort with cords and tassels or red worsted to of Algerian French, "His Majesty commands your presence at the Tuileries tonight at 10 o'cleck." I told him to say to my fellow sovereign that I would be on deck sharp at the hour named, and not to

"You said that in French?" said a consumptive-looking member, in a modest, inquiring tone.

"Yes, sir; I spoke just as good French then as I do now. I met His Majesty at the appointed hour, and by Jove! the Empress was with him, and I hadn't come dressed to see ladies. Not to dwell too long on a phase of European society which is now familiar to so many traveled Americans, His Majesty wanted me to go to Central Africa and buy about 25,000 pounds of elephants' teethivory, you know-tor him. Eugenie wanted to deck her boudoir in the palace at Fontainebleau in ivory, and the European markets were exhausted. At first I pleaded the importance of the interests intrusted to my care, but the Emperor interrupted me with a gesture of impatience, and exclaimed: Consider that loan placed I'll make Italy and Belgium take it all this week.' The Empress, then the most beautiful woman

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN I EVER SAW, except one-a St. Louis gambler's wife- pirations, attracted many of the best added her entreaties, paying a compliment writers to his columns, and broadened his to my native State, and saying she heard own influence. There was no other editor that I had faculty for finding my way safely like him, or equal to him, in the South. His around Greasers, Navajos, newspaper re- New England culture sustained him like porters and hackmen. That settled it! I an armor, and although he never evaded a started the next day with a letter of credit on the French Consul-General at Cairo for 2,000,000 francs, about \$400,000. The Egyptian Government—Said Pash was in power—rendered me every assistance, and in four months I was up the White Nile, 3,000 miles from the Delta and 1,000 miles in the Senate and the Assembly, a Cabinet in the Senate and the Assembly, a Cabinet with the New and a sthough he never evaded a responsibility, r queled before a menace, or flattered power, he was as graceful as a woman to those he level, and as courtly in his relations to the untler sex as a knight of the olden time. Had he lived in France, where the great jou nalist is often a leader in the Senate and the Assembly, a Cabinet with the New and the inland toward the Nyanzas, the guest of minister and an Academican, George Da Mtesa, the King of Unganda."

"Did you hear anything of Livingstone?" asked a fat member. "I haven't come to that yet," replied the Texan Major, fixing a bad eye on him. "I became great friends with Mtesa. He was a fine looking, splendidly-formed nigger, six feet seven inches tall. He was rather too fond of merissa, a strong native beer, and ble to all persons, whether as to kind of food | when under its influence would do things to or quantity. Our tastes are more or less a | make your hair stand on end; very much another. Tomatoes, now almost universally over a few lions. some blesbok, a dozen giraffes and a brace of hippopotami-"Is it strictly 'p tami or 'potamuses!' meekly inquired the thoughtful listener.

AS FULL AS A GOAT.

but without reply went on: "One night, I say, before I was interrupted by this lineal desendant of Noah Webster, quently, a few hints about the proper read-Mtesa was as full as a goat and for some tri- is g of a woman's hand may be very usefu fling infraction of court etiquette he ordered | to certain of our readers, especially married up his corps of executioners and struck off men, or men contemplating matrimony, the heads of 1,300 of the first nobles about | Women with square hands and thumbs are the royal town and court. I was forced to said to make good and gentle housewives. witness the inhuman butchery or run the This sort of women will make any one risk of losing my own head if I exhibited happy who is fortunate enough to win them. myself up to it by a pint of old Cognac | what is better-thoroughly domestic.

but no one replying the ornate Texan went

"Yes, sir, by the living Jingo! he cut off 1.500 human heads." "Thirteen hundred, I think, was the exact number," said the convalescent mem-

QUITE PICTURESQUE.

"Oh, damn figures! I've got no head for em. He cut off all these heads before daybreak, and when the sun rose over the snow-Rheumatism is so rare in the earlier years | capped Mountains of the Moon and shone

"That is a bit of descriptive work far be-"I should smile," said the Major, and he

"Well, I won't detain you, gentlemen.

But I intend to keep that money for my- TOM OCHILTREE'S TONGUE. I traded for all the ivory there was in the Kingdom of Uganda, and accompanied by my own hunters, would knock over from ten to a dozen elephants a day, taking the tusks myself and leaving the meat for the common people and the dogs; thousands of each followed us."

"Are elephants good to eat?" inquired the fat member, with an eager look in his

EATING ELEPHANTS. "Good to eat, to eat?" said the flery Texan. Why, man, where were you brought up? Boiled elephant's good; so is fried elephant, hashed elephant, elephant on toast, and en brochette, but an elephant's foot baked in hot ashes from the castor-oil tree, is the most delicious morsel on earth except buf falo hump baked in persimmon ashes. Good! I should say so. If they weren't so expensive I'd give the Club an elephant barbecue next summerat Coney Island, and teach you pretended epicures something. But the night wanes, gentlemen. Suffice it to say that I got back to Paris with the ivory for the Empress and enough on my own account to supply all Texas with bil liard balls for ten years. I have not given this to the public in book form because I saw nothing in it beyond an occasional reminiscence of travel to amuse my friends. Good night."

"What became of the money from Italy and Belgium to build the railroad? inquired Rufus Hatch, but the meteoric Texan was gone.

George D. Prentice. In a sketch entitled "Our Great Editor. Colonel Forney in his Progress, referring

to George D. Prentice, says: We had said many severe things of each other; but a common love of a common country soon made us, to the end of his life friends. His son, Courtland Pr-ntice had fought for the Rebellion, and was killed in the battle of Augusts, on the 18 h of September, 1862; and the obituary of his father was a curious piece of parental grief and patriotic ecstacy. These sentences closed the heartfelt tribute: "Oh, if he had fallen in his country's service, fallen with his burning eyes fixed in love and devotion upon was rather a slow evening at the Union | heart. But, alas! the reflection that he fell lated as follows:
"Well, gentlemen, I've nothing more inflower apon the grave of our buried years."

I send thee, Greeley, words of cheer, Thou bravest, truest, best of men; For I have marked thy strong career, As traced by thy own sturdy pen. I've seen thy struggles with the foes
That dark d thee to the desp-rate fight,
And loved to watch thy goodly blews

Dealt for the cause thou deem at the right. Thou'st dared to stand against the wrong, When many faltered by thy side; In thy own strength hast dared be strong. Nor on another's arm relied. Thy own bold thoughts thou'-t dared to think, Thy own great purposes avowed, And none have ever seen thee shrink

Thou, all unaided and alone, Didst take thy way in life's young years, With no kind hand dasped in thine own, No gentle voice to sooth thy tears. But thy high heart no power could tame, And thou hast never ceased to feel Wibtin thy veins a secred flame That turned thy iron nerves to steel.

From all the weaknesses of earth; For passion comes to rouse and tempt The truest souls of mortal birth. But thou hast well fulfilled thy trust. In spite of love and hope and fear; And e'en the tempest's thunder-gust

But clears thy spirit's atmosphere. Thou still art in the manhood's prime, Still foremost 'mid thy fellow men, Though in each year of all thy time
Thou hast compressed threescore and ten.
Oh, may each bless' sympathy. Breathed on thee with a tear and sigh, A sweet flower in thy pathway be, A bright star in thy clear blue sky.

The Louisville Journal, conducted by Mr. Prentice, was a thord gh party paper; but the taste for the poets, of Mr. Prentice, his gifts as a linguist, and his high literary as-Prentice would have been the counsellor of Kings, the associate of philosophers, and more than the equal of the richest commoner in the Nation.

Women's Hand.

The female thund is said to be an important index of the female character. Women with large thumbs are held by phrenologists, physiogi omists, etc., to be more than ordinarily intelligent-what are called sensible women-while women with small thumbs are regarded romantic. According to cerservers, a woman's and is more indicative Board by the Dy, Week or Month. of a woman's character than her face, as the latter is to a certain extent under control of The Major darted a fiery glance at him, temporary emotions, or of the will, whereas the former is a fact which exists for any one

the slightest sign of disgust. So I nerved They are not at all romantic, but they are Victor Hugo had pressed upon me the | Women with very large thumbs have a morning I left Paris, and smoked an ex- *temper" of their own, and generally a long quisitefy carved meerschaum pipe presented | tongue, There is a hint to the lover. Let to me by Marshal Canrobert, who had him, the first time he siezes hold of his Dyeing, Cleaning and Repairing Done received it as a wedding gift from Victor Emmanuel, the king of Italy, you know. Sir," said Major Tom, severely, as one of the let him make up his mind that as soon as he circle began to cough violently and hold his becomes a married man he will have to be a head down, "what did I understand you to good boy, or else there will be the very The circle looked a trifle embarressed, that his lady-love has a large palm with cone-shaped fingers and a small thumb, let him thank his stars, for in that case she is susceptible to tenderness, readily flattered, easily talked into, or talked out of, any- THE LARGEST BOARD IN THE STATE.

The judicious use of oil of turpentine will effectually exterminate red ants. It may be injected into cracks and crevices in closets and elsewhere from an ordinary sewing

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

United Brothers of Friendship Sumner Lodge No. 11, regular communication every first and third Monday of each month. Hall north-east corner of Meridian aud Washington streets All members requested to be present, also members of other lodges of the same faith are invited. H. W. Jackson, Worthy Master. W. S. Lock financial Secretary.

The leading beientists of to-d y agree that most diseases are caused by disordered Kidneys or Liver. It therefore, the Kidneys and Liver are kept in perfect order, perfect health will be the result. This truth has only been known a short time, and for years people suffered great agony w thout being able to find relief. The discovery of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure marks a new era in Kidney and Liver Cure marks a new era in the treatment of these troubles. Made from a simple tropical leaf of rare value, it contains just the element necessary to nourish and invigorate both of these great organs, and safely restore and keep them in order. It is a positive Remedy for all the diseases that cause pains in the lower part of the bodyfor Torpid Liver—Headsches—Jaundice—Diz ziness—Gravel—Fever. Ague—Mala ial Fever, and all difficulties of the Kidneys, Liver and Urinary Organs. It is an excellent and safe remedy for fe-males during Pregnancy It will control Men-struction, and is invaluable for Leucorrhosa

or falling of the Womb

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It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to can-cerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indi-

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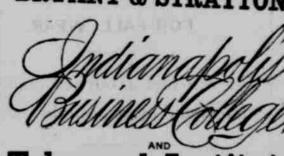
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