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TWO ANGELS.

Oh! restless heart! abode of storm and passion,
Thou art the home of angel sisters two
That came from heaven in angelic fashion
To deck our lives with peace and joy anew.

The elder, Love, a bright-eyed fiery maiden,
Unruly as a tempest in her night;
The other, Friendship, is with beauty laden,
And peaceful as a balmy summer night.

Love is a rugged, swelling mountain torrent,
Rushing, plashing onward to the sea;
While Friendship is a brooklet's gentle current,
Reflecting heaven's azure canopy

True Love announces her inspiring presence
Like lightning's flash—undaunted, bold and proud—
But Friendship gleams like ocean's phosphorescence,
Or like a moonbeam from behind a cloud.

Then blessed, yea, thrice blessed is the bosom
That for these angels finds abiding room,
Where, like a blushing rose, true Love may blossom,
And Friendship, like a snow-white lily, bloom.
—Milton Goldsmith.

ALIAS THE PARSON.

Even in '50, so long ago as that, when few western towns could boast a street lamp or a postoffice—to say nothing of churches and school houses—Four Hole City was generally classed as a "desprit hard place."

It was the toughest of the tough.

Though a comparatively young town at the date of the incident about to be recorded, its notorious wickedness had advertised it far and wide, and Four Hole City was an accepted synonym for the unique and superlative in western wretchedness.

Its population varied according to the distance and direction of the latest gold find.

A clear spring of water had made the spot a favorite camping place for miners, and a contraband barrel or two of whisky had established a bar and made the spring place a "city."

It could hardly be said that the growth of Four Hole City was phenomenal—that it was a magic city or anything of that sort. But it grew.

Trade was lively at the Red Finger bar, and the cemetery spread like a green bay tree. In due course of time there was another barroom and another burying ground.

Then Little Jug Nancy came, the first woman, and forthwith another graveyard was added to the list—three of them in seven months.

So alluring was the opportunity, in fact, that a speculative undertaker was tempted across the mountains from 'Frisco with a wagon load of coffins.

The market was all right, but it's a part of the record that the 'Frisco undertaker was the first man ever buried in a coffin at Four Hole City. Little Jug Nancy officiated.

But in spite of all that the town grew.

And as it grew there became manifest, at irregularly long intervals, a natural tendency towards something like reform. At even rarer intervals this usually vague manifestation took definite shape and proportions.

The first effort of the sort was when Shoestring, Mike and that gang had set section. Mike set himself up for mayor, and the rest of the boys were councilmen. Long Dicky Bass was the marshal.

It was all right while it lasted. They buried the mayor and the marshal in one grave and two of the council in another. Another one of the councilmen reformed, and was hung six months later for horse stealing. The others escaped.

Then the law and order fever struck Four Hole City. They hung Jimmy Doolan, of the Red Finger bar. Little Jug Nancy followed suit, same day, same limb. Three or four of the opposition lights snuffed out in amazingly rapid succession—and then the law and order gang caved.

This was when the 'Frisco undertaker saw his opportunity.

Then Nigger-Foot Jim tried to run it. This reform was pre-eminently successful, it must be acknowledged, so far as it went. Jim was a dead shot, and as quick as a cat.

His government terminated very abruptly, however, a few hours after it started, just as Jim stepped out of the door of the Red Finger bar. It was done in the dark, and they never did find out who did it.

They made him a grave beside Little Jug Nancy, and Four Hole City dropped back into the old rut. It relapsed, in other words.

Then a United States man came along. Poor fellow—they were looking for him. They had his grave dug twenty-four hours in advance of his arrival. They had his tombstone fixed and the epitaph, and one of those 'Frisco coffins marked for his private use.

Those brass buttons—six big ones and nine little ones—made elegant chips.

These were by no means the only efforts at reform, nor by any means the only failures. Suffice it to say that there had been precisely as many failures as there were efforts, and exactly as many efforts as failures, when Parson Josh came in that bright, breezy, beautiful day in autumn, 1850.

The parson didn't make any bones about it. He called out the boys and told them what to look for.

"Ef the Lord don't hinder," said the parson, "I'll preach here twice a week an' pray the same. Ef you don't like it, don't come. This yer's business, and business is business. All invited. Smokin' allowed, but I'll lick the fust man as laughs in meetin'. I ain't er seekin' no fuss. I'm er peaceable man, but business is business. I'm yer ter save souls, an' they must be order in meetin'. All I want is a square deal."

He had come in on horseback, and without taking his feet from the stirrups he pronounced the benediction nodded pleasantly to the crowd, and galloped off in the direction from which he had come.

It was done absolutely before a man in the crowd could realize it. The idea—preaching in Four Hole City! Benediction! Prayer!

The strangest part of it all was that the parson had compelled an unmistakable feeling of respect. He had left them impressed with the idea that he was a superior somebody, amply able to take care of himself, and not too sanctified to fight.

Three days later he came again.

This time they were ready for him. Slippery Sam Digger was the spokesman for the crowd. "This yer town," said Sam, "is Four Hole City. We are the gang as lives yer in Four Hole City. We don't want no preachin', and ——— we won't have none of it!"

The parson was thoughtful for a few seconds, weighing the matter deliberately, and then quietly announced that there would be meeting, and that if Sam didn't like it he'd have to move.

Then they hitched. It didn't last long. Sam was carried off on one of the benches, and the parson took his position at the outdoor pulpit as quietly as if nothing had happened.

"Owin' ter the racket," said the parson, "they won't be nothin' this evenin but the benediction. Hereafter they won't be no racket, an' reg'lar services will be held."

Then he pronounced the benediction upon as orderly and appreciative a congregation as ever faced a preacher.

Then he rode off leisurely, just as he did before, without ever once looking behind him.

After that, as the parson had predicted, there was no disturbance at the meetings. The parson soon became an established and very important institution. He knew that country like a book, and every mine in it, and his advice was reliable. His influence had on more than one occasion prevented bloodshed. In many ways the parson made himself popular and a power for good. Somehow or other they had learned that his name was Josh, but even this information was rarely made use of, and he was simply "the parson."

Four Hole City was slowly but surely undergoing a change.

It was becoming civilized.

The first step was taken. The parson had led them.

One afternoon, a year or so after the parson appeared first in Four Hole City, eighteen or twenty men, covered with dust and riding jaded horses, rode into town with a prisoner. That prisoner was the parson.

"Mistake! Mistake! Mistake!" said the citizens.

No, it wasn't a mistake. That was Red Murphy, murderer and horse thief.

"Proof!" demanded the citizens.

Plenty of proof. The horse he was tied to was one he had stolen.

The citizens were obliged to believe it. The parson said nothing in answer to questions, and seemed as indifferent of danger as the horse he was riding.

His legs were unstrapped, and he was taken from the horse. The rope was put around his neck and thrown over a limb.

"Wanter pray?" he was asked.

He looked doubtful for a moment.

"Unbind my hands," said he. "There are enough of you ——— to eat me. Let me pray with my hands loose."

In consideration of the good he had done, the request was granted, though there was some objection. His own unconcern was another consideration in granting the request. He seemed resigned to his fate, they noticed. It couldn't do any harm.

The parson raised his hands, his face turned upward.

"I have done some good," he said, slowly, "an' some bad. I have stole some horses, but I never took the last 'un from a po' man. I have killed some men, but I done it fa'r. All I want, O Lord, is a square deal in this. I kin lick any two in this crowd—eny three. They know it"——

The parson stopped suddenly, a knife in his hands.

In another instant the rope around his knees was loosed, and then at his feet, and he was fairly in the saddle and started before a shot was fired.

The parson was off—pursuit was out of the question. They fired recklessly, and he escaped unhurt.

They watched him then until he and his horse were a speck on the horizon.

"Red Murphy's luck," growled one of the men, as he turned to his horse.

"Good fer our parson," grinned Slippery Sam.—Glen Waters in Atlanta Constitution.

The Editor's Mistake.

"Do you ever receive contributions written on both sides of the paper?" asked a gentleman, entering a newspaper office. "No, sir; never," emphatically replied the editor. "All right; I was going to indorse this check to your order, but I don't want you to break your rules." Then he went out leaving the editor in a deep green study.—Yonkers Statesman.

Colds, coughs, bronchitis, and all throat and lung diseases are effectively treated with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. To neglect the use of proper remedies for these ailments, is to induce consumption, which is said to cause one-sixth of the mortality in all civilized countries.

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A DUTY TO YOURSELF.

It is surprising that people will use a common, ordinary pill when they can secure a valuable English one for the same money. Dr. Acker's English pills are a positive cure for sick-headache and all liver troubles. They are small, sweet, easily taken, and do not gripe. For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., Hartford. 48m6

Oh, What A Cough.

Will you heed the warning? The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by J. W. Ford. 41 1y.

A CHILD KILLED.

Another child killed by the use of opiates given in the form of Soothing Syrup. Why mothers give their children such deadly poison is surprising when they can relieve the child of its peculiar trouble by using Dr. Acker's Baby Soother. It contains no opium or morphine. Sold by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro. 48m6

SOUTHERN PROSPERITY.

Speech by Mr. J. M. Dickinson, of Nashville, on Matters of Moment—Material Prosperity Exists in the South.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

At a banquet of the Bankers' Club in Chicago the other night the Hon. J. M. Dickinson, of Nashville, Tenn., spoke as follows:

Gentlemen:—You ask me to tell you of the financial and general condition of the South. This is the age of progress, and everything is estimated by comparison. If I were merely to marshal before you the statistics of what we possess, the array would hardly challenge your attention. In you, who, in a land undevastated by war, under the most favorable auspices, have amassed in a measure that far out-strips the fabled "wealth of Ormus and of the Ind," the bare recital of our limited means would not excite an emotion. And yet these same facts and figures, contrasted with other decades, become excellent exponents, of the most marvelous recuperative power ever illustrated in the history of a people. That you may the better comprehend and appreciate the present, bear with me while, without bitterness or repining, I trace in rapid outlines a retrospect of the past. * *

From 1850 to 1860 the Southern States more than doubled their wealth, far outstripping the New England and Middle States in the ratio of increase. In 1848 the tax valuation of Tennessee was $129,510,043; in 1859 it was $377,208,641, thus being tripled in eleven years. In 1860 Louisiana had a wealth of $850, and South Carolina $770 per capita, which exceeded that of any other State in the Union except Connecticut, and every Southern State had at that time more property per capita than either New York or Pennsylvania.

It was a prosperous, happy land, a joyous people.

After the storm of a four years' war had swept over it, who can picture the desolation of that land, who can portray the starved and shattered remnant of her people? I saw it all, but it comes back to me confused, like the morning recollection of a frightful dream. Startling and distressing events came in such rapid succession that they overlapped each other, and the shock of one yielded them prostrate to the shock of another.

The angel of death has swept over the land and visited every household. Every church assembly looked like a funeral occasion, and all the congregation clad in black seemed to be the mourners. There was nothing left but the land and its inhabitants. With every other species of property there was swept away a valuation in slaves of $2,000,000,000. Can you form a conception of that amount?

These 3,607,057 emancipated people, without a dollar of their own, with all the crime, poverty, ignorance, and disturbing conditions that were naturally incident to their sudden political transition were precipitated upon the poorest, most wretched, and most disorganized section of the country.

Was there ever a people weighted with such a burden and confronted with so many and such complex social and political problems? They themselves were disfranchised and had no voice in the control of the remnant of their fortunes.

Hordes of creatures, Goths and Vandals, leeches and Vampires, poured in upon them and devoured their substance. The most wreckless legislation prevailed. Overwhelming State, county, and municipal debts were created for which no benefit was received except by the knaves who manipulated them. The great seal of the State of Tennessee was taken to New York and State bonds were there manufactured. War was terrible, but it was glorious. The reconstruction period had not a single rift in the black pall that hung over the people to show there was a silver lining behind. In the darkest hour of his fortune, when his friends had deserted him, Wallenstein exclaimed: "Night must it be for Friedland's star to shine." It was in the long gloomy night of reconstruction, when even hope had bid farewell, that the splendid qualities of the Anglo-Saxon displayed their greatest luster. At first it was a struggle for the barest necessities of life. Accumulation was almost imperceptible.

The tax valuation in Tennessee in 1869, after four years of recuperation, was $155,821,611 less than when the war began. The slave valuation in 1860 was $114,976,374. Thus, in addition to the loss of the slaves, there was in 1869 an unrepaired loss of $40,845,238. It is far easier to destroy than to restore.

In 1870 we in Tennessee by a coup d' etat got control of our own affairs. That was the beginning of a new era. Our population from 1860 to 1870, increased about 13.4 per cent. From 1870 to 1880 it increased 22.5 per cent. From 1860 to 1869 our tax valuation decreased $155,821,811. From 1869 to 1889 it has increased $103,543,180. In 1860 the banking capital of Nashville was $6,200,000. In 1865 it was but $350,000. To-day the capital and surplus is $5,074,487. All of our National banks pay a 2 per cent. quarterly dividend and the stock is at a premium of 20 to 40 per cent. One year after the war the banking capital of the entire State was less than $1,000,000. To-day the capital with surplus is $15,996,000. Our laws governing mortgages and deeds of trusts render such investments as safe and the collection as expeditious as those of any State in the Union. I have never known usury to be pleaded but twice, and that was by creditors of the borrowers, and over their protest.

In 1880 there was used in our cotton mills 11,436 bales, and in 1888 36,610 bales. In 1854 Tennessee made 40,306 tons of iron. In 1883 we made 47,733 tons of iron, while in 1888 the product was 330,000 tons. In 1883 she did not make a pound of crucible steel, while in 1888 she made 1,213 tons.

Nashville, which is about the twenty-fifth city in the Union in population, ranks as a market first in hardwood and sixth both in the shoe and hardwood trade. The estimated output of lumber for the State in 1888 was 530,000,000 feet.

From 1885 to 1888 there was an increase of attendance in the public schools of Tennessee of 200,000. The aggregate school tax of our State is eight mills, which is larger than that of any other State in the Union. The negroes as a mass are non-taxpayers, and yet our State expends more than $250,000 annually for their education. Last year 85,423 were enrolled in the public schools and 1,564 colored teachers were employed. Education is free. The temple of learning is thrown wide open, and every son of Adam may become a Levite about her altar. In her liberal contribution for the instruction of her former slaves and their offspring Tennessee is not exceptional. A great many people in the North think that they have done all and the South nothing in this work. I do not reflect upon the liberality of the North, for it has been generous, but the truth must be told. Since the war the South from her poverty has expended over $40,000,000 for the education of the negro, which is more than twice as much as all contributed by the outside world. There are now enrolled in the public schools of the South 985,022 negros.

In her growth Tennessee is but a type of the entire South.

The production of pig-iron in the Southern States in 1880 was 397,301 net tons, and in 1888 it was 1,352,858, thus being trebled in eight years. From 1877 to 1888 it increased 203,422 tons, while in all the other States it fell off in an aggregate of 122,121 tons. The product in 1889 in the Southern States will show an increase of at least 300,000 tons. Alabama, Texas, Kentucky and Tennessee are now making iron and steel rails. Of the twenty-nine furnaces now in construction in the United States, eighteen are in the South.

The increase in the exports of the entire country for the first five months of 1889 was 20 per cent., while for the same time the gain in the South was 32 per cent.

The cotton crop in 1886-7 was 2,233,000 bales. In 1887-8 it was 7,047,000 bales.

From 1880 to 1888 the Northern mills increased their consumption of cotton 246,000 bales, while during the same period the Southern mills increased their consumption 321,000 bales. The North increased about 13 per cent. and the South over 130 per cent. The South has trebled its looms and spindles since 1880.

The increase in other products and enterprises has been equally gratifying. We have diversified our crops and multiplied our industries. The statistics showing our growth in nine years startle belief. Here is a table showing the figures. It is from the Tradesman, of Chattanooga, and is based on public records so far as they are accessible:

The per cent. of increase in assessed wealth is 73; railroad mileage, 106; capital invested in manufactories, 185; value of iron products, 518; coal, 618; lumber, 124; agriculture, 42; fruit, 211; live stock, 41, and in school expenditures, 196.

The South, conscious of its forces, "rejoiceth like a strong man to run a race."

We are on the high road to prosperity and our resources are being developed with marvelous rapidity and mainly by Southern brains and Southern capital. I personally know that most of the men prominently identified with the great industrial enterprises in Tennessee were Confederate foldiers who came out of the army without a dollar, and looking like Falltstaff's ragged regiment. Much is said about the old South and the new South by those who know little of either. It is the same South and the same people addressing itself now as it did before, with courage, frankness and energy to the problems of the age. It is new in the sense that all it possesses, but the land, is new and recreated; but that title is false if it imply that the people of the South have repented, have been regenerated spiritually, and now look with loathing upon their former estate. The best that there is of the South to-day, far surpassing all that she possesses, is where her people most nearly approximate the traits of their ancestors.

We submitted certain political and social questions to the arbitrament of war and the decision was against us, and we accepted the result. We did not accept it because we thought it was right, but, having accepted it, it is now right, and we shall uphold the altered constitution with the same sacrifice offered up to our construction of the original Constitution. We do not believe in the right of secession, and if Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Vermont and Connecticut get up any more Hartford conventions we shall be prompt to return to their lips the chalice they offered to ours.

We do not claim that we have always met the exigencies passed upon us in the best and wisest way. The destiny of a people is not worked out like a philosophic theory or a chemical analysis. It is the resultant of mighty and conflicting forces. Goethe has written: "It is a pleasant thing to chat of wars infar-off lands." You who are so far removed in person and interest may theorize and dogmatize about the negro question and other difficulties with which we are confronted, but if you will come among us and see that it is "a condition and not a theory" you will have sympathy for the white as well as the black, and give us more of helping counsel and less of irritating criticism.

In Tennessee the negro question is not alarming. The whites have a numerical strength sufficient to assure their supremacy. In only three or four counties is any charge made that fraud upon negro suffrage has been practiced. Those who are supposed to have thus been outraged know but little and care still less about it. If it did not enter as a factor into outside interests the world would have heard but little of it. In the State at large the negroes exercise the elective franchise so freely that many of them rejoice in the privilege of selling their votes several times at the same election. We have negro magistrates, legislators, policemen, teachers and lawyers. I have not in years argued a case before a jury that was not in part composed of them. Quite recently I defended a family negro, before a negro Justice, opposed by a negro prosecutor, and negro lawyers, and the witnesses and audience being of the same dusky hue. As the Justice himself was the son of the faithful body servant of my brother-in-law, who had followed him throughout the war in sunshine and storm, through shot and shell, it is hardly necessary to add that I secured a triumphant acquittal.

But the South as a whole is confronted with appalling social and political questions growing out of race antagonism. I say race antagonism, for it is neither sectional nor political. The white man from the North who lives in the South has far less affinity for the negro than the native Southerner. In East Tennessee, which never had many slaves, voted overwhelmingly for the Union, gave nearly 30,000 soldiers to the Federal army and a majority for President Harrison of 25,000, white Republicans will vote for a Confederate soldier before they will vote for a negro. * * * *

I believe that the Southern question will be solved so as to maintain the integrity of Republican institutions without Africanizing a single State in the Union. Would that these questions were discussed, more with an honest attempt to solve them properly with a just regard for all, and less for political effect, under the intense excitement aroused by partisan and sectional antagonism. If I might propose a sentiment to be drunk by the whole country, I would say, in the language of a Tennessee Congressman, "The bloody shirt, may it be washed in the tears of disappointed politicians and hung up on Mason's and Dixon's line to dry."

Restored her Health.

For twenty-five years I suffered from boils, erysipelas and other blood affections, taking during that time great quantities of different medicines without giving me any perceptible relief. Friends induced me to try S. S. S. It improved me from the start, and after taking several bottles, restored my health as far as I could hope for at my age, which is now seventy-five years.
MRS. S. M. LUCAS, Bowling Green, Ky.

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G. W. WELCH, Mobile, Ala.

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One of my children was afflicted for a long time with rheumatism. After a number of remedies had failed I commenced giving her Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) After taking a couple of bottles she was entirely cured.
W. P. THOMPSON, Piedmont, S. C.

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A Youth's Love and a Father's Ire.

[Glasgow Times.]

Mr. John Henry Scriminger, near Slick Rock, and Miss Sandige, of Randolph, have been sweethearts for some time. Dr. Sandige, the father of the fair young lady, was very much opposed to his daughter becoming the bride of Mr. Scriminger and forbade him coming to his house. Least the wary younsters should outwit him and get away, the doctor kept his daughter locked up in her room. But young love is not so easily outdone. Last Thursday the young folks had a special friend from the neighborhood of Mud Lick in Monroe county to call the doctor to that section to see a patient who was represented as being very sick. In his absence, the young people having made all necessary preparation, proceeded at once to the nearest parson and were married. In the meantime the irate father had discovered how completely he had been duped by the youngsters, hastened home with all possible speed; but he was too late, the die was cast. His wrath and indignation now reached fever heat and got full control of him. He went home, armed himself and started in pursuit of his daughter and son-in-law. He was not long fining them. Overtaking them in the road in a buggy he opened fire on them at once with a shot gun. Mr. Scriminger leaped from the buggy, confronted his persuer square in the face and yelled to the old man not to shoot the girl but to shoot him. In the meantime he drew his pistol and opened fire upon the doctor, inflicting, it is thought the fatal wound the first shot. From all that we could gather, it is more than likely that Dr. Sandige will die. The whole thing from beginning to ending forms another dark chapter in our history, and casts a gloom over the entire community in which it occurred.

Talmage on the Newspaper:

I could preach a whole sermon on the everlasting blessings of a good newspaper. A good newspaper is the grandest temporal blessing that God has given the people of this country. In the first place all the people read the newspapers, which furnish the greater portion of reading to the people. The old people look for the deaths, the young look for marriages, the business men read the business and financial columns, and those out of employment read the want advertisements. Great libraries make a few intelligent men and women, but newspapers lift the nations into the sunlight. My idea of a good newspaper is a mirror of life itself. Some people complain the evil is reported as well as the good. The evil must be reported as well as the good, or how will we know what to guard against or what to reform. There is a chance for discrimination as to how much space shall be given to report of prize-fights, but the newspaper that merely presents the fair and beautiful, and the bright side of life is a misrepresentation. That family is best qualified for the duties of life who have told to them not only what good there is in the world but the evil, and is told to select the good and reject the evil.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00. If your lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by J. W. Ford. 41 1y

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The Worse Poverty.

[Cumberland Presbyterian.]

The worse poverty is that of the soul. A man with a soul so contracted or drawn out of shape by a love of gain and stinginess that he cannot entertain a liberal thought or do an unselfish deed or even make himself and his children comfortable, will be poor though he accumulated millions. This a kind of poverty of spirit which is not blessed but cursed. We heard of a man with a dozen farms who felt too poor to take a paper, though his sons and daughters were famished for wholesome reading. That man may still go on adding farm to farm, but he will, without a charge of heart, ever be one of the poorest of men.

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"Several years ago, on a passage home from California, by water, I contracted so severe a cold that for some days I was confined to my state-room, and a physician on board considered my life in danger. Happening to have a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I used it freely, and my lungs were soon restored to a healthy condition. Since then I have invariably recommended this preparation."—J. B. Chandler, Junction, Va.

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William Rinn, Harrisburg, Pa., writes: "I have never known anything to sell like your album. Yesterday I took orders enough to pay me over $25." W. J. Kline, Moore, Bangor, Me., writes: "I take an order for your album in almost every house I visit. My profit is often as much as $20 for a single day's work." Others are doing quite as well, and we have not space to give extracts from their letters. Every one who takes hold of this grand business (the up-town people, too) is doing well. Shall we start YOU in this business, whether you live in the country or in the city? If you write soon you will be able to pick up gold fast. ☞Remember, the success of a female canvasser is as sure as that of a male canvasser. Beautiful Chromo Photograph Album sells for only 25 cts. Sized in Royal Crimson Silk Velvet Plush, Chromolitho-decorated inside. Handsomest album in the world. Largest size. Greatest bargains ever known. Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Big money for agents. Any one can become a successful agent. Sells like wildfire—little or no talking necessary. Wherever shown, every one wants to purchase. Agents take thousands of orders with rapidity never before known. Great profits await every worker. Agents are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men. Boys, girls, can do as well as any one. Full information and terms FREE, to those who write for same, with particulars and terms for our Family Bibles, Books and Periodicals. After you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done. Address E. C. ALLEN & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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