THE LULLABY.

He was a rollicking baby boy, a little storm of laughter,
And he filled the house with babble from the Tipsy with fun and mad with mirth, a whirl o

And his mother sang to him each night, as to her neck he clung.

And this the quaint, queer lullaby that his fond

mother sung: He's a plump little lump of a boy, He's a fat little chunk of a man; Go asleep, mamma's chunk of a baby, Go asleep, mamma's baby boy.

But as the lateful years rolled on these feet wer swift to wander, Those baby feet, beyond the fields, beyond the And driven far and far away by fate's resistless

forces, Full often did those wayward feet stray in for bidden courses; But through the revel-rush of life, above the

clamorous din,
That baby song his mother sung, unbidden
would steal in: He's a plump little lump of a boy, He's a fat little chunk of a man;

Go asleep, mamma's chunk of a baby, Go asleep, mamma's little boy. Through wild and dizzy mazes, through chasms

dark with danger,
Pressed on the errant footsteps of this worn
and reckless ranger:
Far from the placid vales of youth, of sunrise Timed to the drunken music of the fitful march

And still he heard his mother sing, whate'er the

way he trod,
Through primrose vales or desert paths
scorched by the wrath of God:
He's a plump little lump of a boy,
He's a fat little chunk of a man; Go asleep, mamma's chunk of a baby, Go asleep, mamma's baby boy. His mother broke with grieving that her only

boy should perish, But nursed the love ineffable that only mothers tage of madness,
Then the poor, gray, crazy mother felt again
the old-time gladness;
For in her maddened thought she clasped her
baby to her breast,

And with the old-time lullaby she soothed him to his rest: He's a plump little lump of a boy,

He's a fat little chunk of a man; Go asleep, mamma's chunk of a baby, Go asleep, mamma's baby boy. And then her wandering boy came home, to vouthful scenes returning She knew him not, and heeded not his penitent

tears and pleading For madness is both stern and deaf and hears no interceding; The strong man bowed before her as she sang

mother's found her boy:' He's a plump little lump of a boy, He's a fat little chunk of a man; Go asleep, mamma's chunk of a baby, Go asleep, mamma's baby boy.
—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

WHICH ONE?

The Predicament of a Bachelor Determined to Marry.

"You don't mean it." "But I do, though."

"Isn't it a rather sudden conclusion? "On the contrary, my dear boy, I have been thinking of it for some time. Fred Bent gave a low whistle. "Well, I must say you have kept it

mighty private." "The best policy. If I had told you in the first place you might have per-

"But you said you should never "All blow, my dear fellow. When a man is young, a mere boy, he does well to rail at marriage, and declare he will

never wed. When he arrives at my years and gray hairs he will think bet-"But Laurie, honest old fellow, were you never in love?"

"Me-never!" And Laurence Weston laughed scornfully at the idea as he lighted a fresh cigar. Then you are not going to marry for

love?" inquired Bent.

"What for, then?"

"Oh, a variety of things, I suppose. was Weston's answer, as he settled himself more firmly in his crimson easy chair and looked contemplatively at the ceiling, while the blue wreaths of smoke from his choice cigar made an ethereal halo about his handsome head.

"Money, for one thing, I fancy," he went on, "and then I am growing older, my chances to marry well-to my liking-will not always be as fair as they are now, and I always intended to mar ry finally."
"Oh! did you?"

"Yes, though I would never own it, but I am in earnest now, and I mean to marry before this year is out." "Have you selected the lady?"

"There are two of them." "Oh! you are going over to the Mor-

mons."
"No, but you know a reserve force comes handy. 'If one won't' - you know the rest. Now, my dear Fred, all this nonsense about falling in love is bosh-pure humbug. I never could love one woman any better than another, unless I knew her better, and discovered in her nature more lovable qualities. I think it is much better to select a woman whom you think in every way likely to suit you, and then set about learning to like her. When a man is head over ears in love his judgment is warped and his eyesight proverbially poor. Fred Bent laughed good-naturedly.

"I don't know, Laurie-I am always in love, so, of course, my advice is worthless to you."
"Exactly," said his friend.

these two young ladies-"Would you object to telling me names?" interrupted Bent. "Not in the least. They are both called Blanche."

"What! the two Blanches?" "Yes, Miss Sturtevant and Miss Wel lington-both very suitable in every way, and, as far as I know, heart whole and fancy free.'

"Well, you ought to win," said Bent. "You are good looking and, by Jove, you have plenty of assurance. But must be going," and he arose.

At the door he turned and called "Shall I see you at the Leonards' tomorrow night?"

"Yes, I shall be there." "All right; good night," and, whistlng softly to himself, he passed out of the Merrick house, where Laurence Weston had his bachelor quarters.

After he had gone his friend finished his eigar and then, with a smile on his lips, retired for the night. Laurence Weston was a handson man, and he knew it and made use of the knowledge whenever he could.

He was a great favorite with the -and had he desired to, he might have counted his conquests by the score. He was not wealthy. His income

barely sufficed for his own luxurious living, and when he married he could by no means afford to despise that dross for which men have, before now, sold

Surely it was no harm for him to part with that insignificant organ in his anatomy, which he called a heart, in return for a fair amount of loveliness and gold.

The next night found him fault salv ttired, at Mrs. Leonard's reception. A shimmer of peach-bloom satin, in the moving mass of humanity, attracted him, and taking a pair of sparkling brown eyes as guiding stars, he made his way to the side of Blanche Sturte-

As she made room for him beside her. "I thought you didn't like recep-"I do not, as a general thing," he replied, "but this had a peculiar attrac-

The meaning he threw into the glanc he bestowed on her sent the delicate rose bloom to her cheeks, and she looked ten times as lovely to his fastidious eyes.

But suddenly, while he gazed at her pretty, flushed face, a queer sensation seized him. He felt actually timid about asking this beautiful girl to be his wife-even though he had been for years a man of the world. Somehow e felt as though she could read his very thoughts with those bright eyes.
"Do I look very badly?"

Her musical voice recalled him to his Your dress is beautiful-and

"Thank you," she said, hurriedly. "I fancied from the intentness of your gaze you had not quite decided see how I must insult her.

whether I would do or not," and she laughed softly. turned. two or three men looked anxiously at

the seat occupied by Weston. Some music was playing in another room, and when the strain had ended he spoke again. "Miss Sturtevant," he said, "I wanted

to ask you a question to-night, but the crowd is so great that there is not much opportunity for confidential talks. If I will write to you to-morrow, will you favor me with a reply?" "Certainly!" and the brown eyes

smiled sweetly, and perhaps unconsciously, at him, as he rose to relinquish his seat to another admirer. "There-that was neatly done," was his mental comment, "no fuss, no lovemaking to undergo-nothing disagreeable, and, if the fates are kind, I shall have one of the finest looking and one of the richest women in C. for my

the crowd, replying to a kindly greeting here and there, and presently found himself in the conservatory. But it was occupied.

Standing under a tall palm, a radiant vision in blue and gold, stood Blanche

Wellington. His face brightened as he approached her, for anything beautiful always appealed strongly to the artistic side of his nature, and what could be more beautiful than this tall, queenly woman with a crown of golden hair, and the deep blue of a violet lurking in the cool depths of her eyes!

What an opportunity there was to win for his own this lovely girl! His conversation with Miss Sturtevant, a few moments ago, crossed his mind, but he dismissed it with a He could easily explain to her his

request. Thank Heaven, he had not committed himself! Miss Wellington turned to him with a smile.

"So you are here this evening. Do you enjoy it?" "I have not-until now."

What did it matter if that sweet the soft cheek of the maiden before "Is it not beautiful in here?" she

"Yes," fervently, "it is a fit setting for you."
"Now you are flattering me." "Indeed I am not, I am always truthful," and he threw a world of

counterfeit tenderness into the dark eyes he turned upon her. It was only a step from that to some thing more—and he took it.

Holding her soft, white hand in his, he began:

"Miss Blanche, I am growing very tired of a lonely life. I want some one to share my griefs and joys. Will you of the people she loved—but "Really-I-I hardly know," she be-

At that moment gay voices were heard coming in their direction, and she drew her hand away from his clasp. In another moment the lively party were in sight, and he had only time to murmur: "I will write to-morrowwill you reply?"

hasty retreat. The next day he wrote the two let-

ters he had promised—for he was a man of his word. To Miss Sturtevant he wrote this:

My Dear Miss Blanche—I wish to apologize to you for some remarks I made to you last night, and to say that I have changed my mind concerning the matter I spoke of. It was realconcerning the matter I spoke of. It was really of no consequence, and I beg you will not give it any thought. It was only an idle question, which merely amounted to nothing, and in the fact cause which existed for my request no longer exists. Please treat the whole affair as a joke, and oblige.

"There," he said, as he pushed the

sheet to one side, "I fancy that disposes of Miss Sturtevant very easily. will think it was some foolish joke— will never fancy I intended to ask her to marry me-for she thinks me a confirmed bachelor. She is a lively, good natured girl, and will soon forget the whole affair. Now, for Miss Welling-

On another sheet of the fine cream note paper he always used, he wrote to Miss Wellington thus:

MY DEAR MISS BLANCHE—Had time permit-ted last night I should have urged you to ac-cept my hand and heart. But the crowd was so great and the opportunity for private conversa tion so limited, that it was impossible. You tion so limited, that it was impossible. You promised to write to me—may I hope for a favorable answer? If so, please appoint a time for me to call and tell you all I would say, more fully than I can commit it to paper. Yours,

"There," as he folded both letters and placed them in their envelopes, "I feel pretty sure of her reply, and now for a This was in the morning, and in the

evening Fred Bent dropped in, as was his custom. For a few moments the two men smoked in silence.

Then there was a knock on the door, which Mr. Weston answered. When he came back into the room he held in his hand two letters. "If you will excuse me, Fred, I will

"Oh, certainly-go ahead. From the fair charmers, I suppose?" Laurence Weston opened the letters at random.

The first read like this:

DEAR MR. WESTON—Although your proposal was a great surprise to me, for I always thought you were not a marrying man, I can say that I am inclined to regard it—and you—favorably. If you will call to-morrow at ten I shall be glad to receive you. Yours,

BLANCHE STURTEVANT. Blank dismay was pictured on his

MR. WESTON: Dear Sir—It is entirely immaterial to me whether your language of last night was a joke or not, and no apologies are necessary. Allow me to advise you, though, that in well-regulated society such jokes are considered insults to a woman. Yours.

BLANCHE WELLINGTON.

"What's the matter, Laurie? You FHE FARMING WORLD. "So I have. Here, read these," and

e pushed the letters to ward his friend. Then he burst into hearty laughter. "What are you laughing at?" asked

"Ha, ha! Because, really, old fellow, I can't help it. It's too goodwell, if it isn't rich. Did you mean to do it?" "Mean to do what?" their same of

'Can you ask me?" said Bent, tragally, waving the two sheets of scented -paper in the air. "What have I done? For Heaven's

"Is it possible that you don't know? You are not very shrewd, Laurie, or else you are in love, and love, you know, is 'proverbially blind.'" "Go on," said Laurence, impatiently.

"Why, man alive, you put your let ters in the wrong envelopes, as near as I can see." A sudden ray of intelligence darted

over Weston's face.
"I believe I did," he said, ruefully, enses.
"I beg your pardon. Was I staring my devoted head into." "Could you make it up with Miss

Wellington?" "I feel sure I could. But Miss Sturtevant has practically accepted me, and see how I must insult her."
"And yet," mused Fred, "you ought
to explain to Miss Wellington."

"I know it," distractedly, "but if I do, I must also explain to Miss Sturte-The crowd surged around them, and vant."

"Now, honestly, Laurie, do you care anything for either one?"

Laurence Weston met his friend's gaze without flinching.
"No, honestly, Fred, I like and ad mire one as much as the other.' "Why not give them both up?" "And get into the mire deeper than !

am? Besides, I am determined to mar ry one of them "Well," said Bent, rising to go, "I am sorry for you, Laurie. This is what your assurance and sound common sense has brought you to. For my part, 1 prefer romance. Good-by, old fellow.

"Good-by," came mournfully from the lepths of the easy chair. At the door Bent halted. "I say, Laurie, I might help you out.

might marry one of them." "If you only would; but which one?" "Ave, that's it." echoed Bent, as he closed the door and went down the nall; and the evening breezes wafted his words back, "that's the rub-which one?"—Agnes L. Pratt,in Boston Globe.

PRETTY WOMEN ARE GOOD, TOO out Somehow the Homely Ones Get Most

of the Credit for Goodness. Why is it that only the homely, unattractive girls receive praise for their rirtues? There are just, as many good pretty girls as there are ugly ones, yet one seldom hears much about the good deeds of pretty women.

Yet how much more credit pretty women deserve for doing acts than ugly ones. Nobody expects much of pretty women. They can be selfish, tyrannical, almost anything they like, without being blamed very much, while the ugly girl must be good to be endured by her fellow creatures. Still it's rather hard for the pretty woman who practices a few virtues

never to get credit for them. I was struck by this recently when the name of a girl came up for discussion and a number of racy stories were told about her. One man, who speech was false, it was very neat. At liked her anyway; that at her home she any rate it brought a beautiful color to nursed the sick and the wants of the poor were relieved by her generosity. 1 had heard stories about this girl for many years and this was the first kind one. If the girl had been homely she'd have had no temptation; she would have led a sedate life, and nursing the sick and feeding the poor would have been all to be said of her. But the pretty girl's shortcomings were blazoned abroad and her kindnesses

untold. whose name is spoken with a sneer, whose life has been full of kindly deeds: who has nursed her friends' sick children night after night; who has always thought of the comfort and happiness things are never mentioned.

And still another, whose ungodly church shunning ways are a by-word, and whose daily charities are so large as to make the church-going miser grasp his purse strings in terror at the thought of them.

And what do you think of a pretty girl who has been at the beck and call of her friends' convenience for many "Yes," and presently the cool, re-tired place was invaded by the merry-makers, and Laurence Weston beat a from pure heart kindness, who greased with her own dainty hands three little children with measles, who nursed the same night after night, and who is always the most comforting, kindly, loving body to be found when sickness and sorrow come?

And another pretty woman I know and whose life I would extol has spent her days in the fulfillment of hard duties and sacrifices to the comfort and happiness of those about her. She has no vanity, no love of self. Her mind is as brilliant and attractive as her face, and she loves all the good things and pretty things she has been denied, yet with a cheerful spirit she lives well and nobly every day of her life. This is true greatness.

Everywhere that I turn my thoughts find women as good as they are fair to look upon.—Atlanta Constitution.

Superficial Judgment of Men. In our judgment of men we are to beware of giving any great importance to occasional acts. By acts of occasional generosity weak men endeavor to redeem themselves in their own estimation, vain men to exalt themselves in that of mankind. It may be observed that there are no men more worthless and selfish, in the general tenor of their lives, than some who, from time to time, perform feats of generosity. Sentimental selfishness will commonly vary its indulgences in this way, and vainglorious selfishness will break out into acts of munificence. But self-government and self-denial are not to be relied upon for real strength, except in so far as they are found to be exercise in detail.-N. Y. Ledger.

A Timely Suggestion. Mrs. Peterby-Thomas, your hat is right shabby. You want to buy yourself a new one. Judge Peterby-This old hat is good

Mrs. Peterby (after a pause) -Then

nough for me.

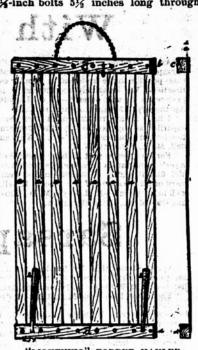
you can at least buy me one.—Texas Siftings. Not Given a Fair Show. Mrs. Quibble-The trouble with you. Silas, is that when you make a mistake you are never willing to admit it. Mr. Quibble - Oh! yes, I'm ready enough; but when I never make a mistake, I don't have any chance to admit

it.—Light. —A passenger on the steamer offered one of the sailors a glass of whisky, which the honest tar declined, saying: "No, thank'ee, sir, I never drink whi ky, besides it's too early yet; and thirdly, I have had three glasses already.

FODDER HAULER.

A Very Convenient Implement to Have
Around the Farm.

A Kansas subscriber sends to the
Orange Judd Farmer the sketch illustrated herewith and writes: I call it the "Lightning Fodder Hauler," and consider it a very handy implement. It is made of eight 6-inch 16-foot fence boards (a, a, etc.), with one 6-inch fence board 7 feet long crosswise under neath in front (b). On top in front is a 2x6, 7 feet long (c), with eight 1/2-inch bolts 5½ inches long through



band c. On the rear of top is another piece (d) just like c, through which and the boards (a) are run eight inch bolts 314 inches long. The heads of all bolts are underneath. Bore two holes for stakes (e, e) near the outer ends of hind cross piece (d). Fasten by chain in front, and half the terrors of fodder hauling have disappeared. A cross section is shown at the right of the illustration.

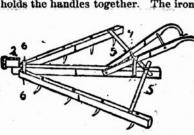
WORK IN THE GARDEN. What Should Be Done in Spring to In

sure Good Results. Spring is here and work plenty in the One advantage of the north is that for the winter months but little can be done out of doors, and when the green buds begin to push out and the grass to grow, people are itching to be oing something to help matters along. Pretty nearly everybody who has a plot of land will make some kind of an effort to clean up in springtime. The first thing to do is to clean up all leaves, rubbish, etc., and where this is dmissible, the better way is to bury it. It helps, on decaying, to furnish ma-terial for building up new plant growth. Flower beds and places where anything is to be planted require spading up, if small spaces around the house, if large, the plow-will do it more expeditiously, and it should not be forgotten that a coating of manure is beneficial to work

Anything in the way of shrubs, trees or hardy border plants that are now eing more thought of than formerly, should be planted as soon as the ground is in fit condition, as if left to the last moment it is often too late, as deciduous trees and shrubs do not transplant favorably when the leaves have burst out. Flower-beds that stand for long time in the same year after year are expected to grow about the same kinds of plants will, if not heavily manured, be found to fail to furnish the display they did at. first. This is because some particular part of the soil that is necessary to the well being of the plant has been ex-Some gardeners, where the ciple of rotation of crops, that the farmer finds beneficial in keeping his farm in what is called good heart.-Prairie Farmer.

HOME-MADE CULTIVATOR.

Any Intelligent Farmer Can Doplicate the Implement. The most effective cultivator I ever main timbers, 1 1 1, were 31/2 by 31/4 inches and the piece in front 2 by 3½ nches wide by 5 inches in depth, bolted to the center piece and cut away underneath in front to accommodate the clevis. The handles, 33, were ordinary nlow handles bolted to the center piece about one-third the distance from the front end. The uprights, 4 4, are 1 by 2 inches, chamfered at the insides at the lower ends in order to give necessary width at the top to correspond to the width of the handles They are attached to the pin which holds the handles together. The irons Explosions of Coughing are stopped by Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Curein one minute.



5, are 1/4 by 1 inch or heavier if desired. They are secured to a bolt with a hand setting nut. When a change of adjustment is necessary, the nut is taken off, the irons sprung off the bolt and arranged at the wiath desired. Two pieces of iron, 6 C, 1/6 by 3 inches, are bolted at the front, one at the bottom, the other at the top, and act as a hinge when adjusting at different widths. The teeth used were ordinary cultivator teeth. No wheel was used which admitted of its being attached close to the horse. Such a machine is very cheaply and simply made: Any person that can make a pair of bar posts can do the work, except punching the irons.—J. H. Andre, in Farm and Home. The Price of Wisdom.

There is nothing stranger to youth than the persistency with which age proffers its experience; there is nothing more trying to age than the determination of youth not to accept it. The fathers, mothers and guardians, who have learned their hard lessons, would be glad to impart their knowledge, without its ruinous price, to those they love. But the youngsters will have none of it. No; they must buy their own wisdom, "dree their own weird," 'pay the piper" themselves. No yearning affection can shield them from the trials and temptations they rush so gayly to meet. But why should the elders continually mourn that such is the case? They have spent their lives give satisfaction, in every case. It is doesn't, you've only to ask elders continually mourn that such is in learning how to live. So did their predecessors. Their children will do the same. The law is universal. refunded. If it does, you'll want Knowledge comes only with age and wisd m with the close of life. It must the cheapest medicine you can use, be that it was so intended. The blunders of youth, the struggles of maturity, the regrets of age, are all part of the levitable training of each soul; a training uscessary before it is prepared to enter on a fuller life.—Harper's Bazar. ing aloop.

MECHANISM OF THE HEART. How Sudden Death From Heart Failure

Now the American idea of treating give good food. Nature will then remove from the blood stream the physical causes of obstruction, and the heart will come down in size and be restored, on a trip from Liverpool to New York. simply because it has no more than its normal work to do. This is a principle a brisk gale, which speedily developed of surgery, to-wit, to remove a foreign into a hurricane of destructive violence of surgery, to-wit, to remove a foreign body from the eye, and the eye gets The side paddles were bent out of posiwell of itself; nature will always cure | tion and made useless, the top of the if she has a chance. This is repetition, rudder post was smashed and the helpbut there is need of it.

Few have any idea how far the blood about in the most alarming manne has to travel in the human body. If The waves were constantly washing the capillaries, which are 1-3000th of an over the decks and six of the boats were inch in diameter, of the human body could be removed and put into one straight line, it is estimated that this line would reach around the globe; call | ery and culinary utensils went crashing it 1,000 miles, it is clear that it will take about in all directions, chairs and taforce to project water through such a to project molasses. Now, if the heart projects normal blood through this tube, it is also clear that it would have Great Eastern would have gone to the to work harder to project abnormally thick blood, and so doing would grow bigger. The nerves of the heart are gineer, suggested and carried out a plan automatic, and do their work in their for controlling the rudder by means of way as the nerves of the head do a large chain cable. After an immense theirs. They appear to know when there amount of labor every difficulty was is obstruction to the circulation, and overcome and on the second day after they make the heart beat harder. the hurricane began the vessel again When I was a medical student a snake answered her helm and proceeded on was brought to be killed. It was in a her course. The passengers held a meet-

deep, empty glass jar, and a stream of ing, passed resolutions complimentary carbonic acid gas was turned on. In a to Mr. Towle and made him a present few minutes it was dead. All the gas was not used, but was turned on to the back of my hand: soon the skin was a livid lead color, was devoid of feeling, and paralyzed. Now this gas largely formed in the stomach, becomes absorbed through the heart sac, and paralyzes the heart. Probably this was so with Secretary Windom. He had eaten and then he spoke. The force used in speaking was taken from the work of digestion so that the blood fermented, or he may have been drinking carbonic acid water, and the stomach was full of carbonic acid gas. Thence it exosposed into the heart sac and death followed. I knew a doctor (who knew better) to die from eating food which he knew would ferment, simply because he pre-ferred the taste of his viands to their pathological effects. He is not alone; so long as mankind lives to eat and does not eat to live, just so long will sudder

deaths from weak hearts occur. It is not a wonder that Secretary Windom died: it is a marvel that he lived as long as he did. If his previous history is correctly given, he had symptoms of heart disease for some time He was liable to die any moment, as Dr. Sims died in bed. Rev. Dr. Dexter on a lounge, Dr. Cowden at the bedside of a patient, Almon W. Griswold on the elevated road, and many others. We should be thankful that Secretary Win dom was permitted to read his address and thus splendidly close his life, for, so long as he lived on the conventional diet of starch and sugar in excess, no one could tell how long he could sur-Again Secretary Windom had treat-

ment, but it was neutralized by a too close attention to business and possibly by the late financial, world-wide panic, in which people looked to the govern ment for relief for the evils brought on by speculation. People forget it is work to live-that each person has a limited amount of dynamic energy to expend in doing life work. Ten hours of brain work a day is enough. Longer work If it is the heart, it will give out. If food. If one has a broken bone and works too hard, the bone will not unite. So when people overcat or eat food that is hard to digest, they put a like strain on their system.-N. Y. Tribune.

hausted. Some gardeners, where the flower-beds are cut out of the grass or lawn, make a new arrangement, re-sod over the old spots, and cut new ones from fresh soil. Another way is to add a portion of fresh new soil to the bed, and cart away a corresponding portion of the old. It is all on the principle of rotation of crops, that the cured by the Bitters.

A not whose leg was repaired in New York by grafting some skin from a dog, complains now that his skin barks easily.— Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Five cents saved on soap; five dollars lost on rotted clothes. Is that economy? There is not 5 cents difference between the cost of a bar of the poorest soap made and the best, which is as all know, Dobbins' Electric. It is a woman's nature to pet something. If she has nothing to pet she is apt to be in a pet herself.—Somerville Journal.

My friend, look here! you know how weak and nervous your wife is, and you know that Carter's Iron Pills will relieve her. Now why not be fair about it and buy her a box? WHEN you get close enough to a frog to poke him with a stick that's the sign of spring.—Buffalo Express.

SUFFERERS FROM COUGHS, SORE THROAT etc., should try "Brown's Bronchial Troches," a simple but sure remedy. Sold only in es. Price 25 cts. It is a very stupid boy that doesn't knownis lines when the trout season arrives.— Du Bois (Pa.) Courier.

Conn in the field is shocked, and when it s made into whisky it is shocking.—Bing-memton Republican. It is no longer necessary to take blue pills to rouse the liver to action. Carter's Little LiverPills are much better. Don't forget this. THE cat is a mewt animal, but she has a voice like a fire alarm.—Binghamton Republican.



all the ills and ailments that only female flesh is heir to. It rests with you whether you carry it or lay it down. You can cure the disorders and derangements that prey upon your sex, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. For all organic displacements and

weaknesses, accompanied by weak back, bearing-down sensations, and for all uterine diseases, it's a positive specific. It's guaranteed to to ask for nothing more. It's because you only pay for the good

The Great Eastern Saved by the Inge The Great Eastern, the largest steam-er ever built, was launched January 81, ience of this ocean leviathan was unfortunate. Not long after being placed in commission the vessel started less ship was soon tossing and rolling bles were broken, and mirrors and chandeliers were shattered into fragments. The officers of the ship were at a loss what to do, and probably the bottom had not a passenger, H. E. Towle, of Boston, who was a civil en-

of a gold watch.—Chicago News. Treasurer Below Par Railroad-Let me help you to some more of the money First Director-No, thank you, I have all I can spend without attracting at tention.

Treasurer-Permit me-Second Director-No, no! Thanks, no. I couldn't carry another cent. Pockets bursting now. Same way with all the others. Treasurer (in despair)-What shall I

do with all this pile? It's ten times too much for the sinking fund. First Director (after deep meditation) -By Jove! I have it. Let's declare a dividend.—N. Y. Weekly.

A LITTLE poker now and then sometimes S'JACOBS OIL CURES SURELY.

SPRAINS. BRUISES. Ohio & Miss.Railway. 746 Dolphin Street, Office President and Baltimore, Md., General Manager, Cincinnati, Chio
"My foot suddenly ay foot suddenly turned and gave me a very severely sprained ankle. The application of St. Jacobs Oil resulted at once in a relief from pain."

"I was bruised bady in hip and side by a fall and suffered s verely. St. Jacobs Oil me." WM. C. HARDEN. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

SYRUP FIGS

ONE ENJOYS Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts sently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the sys tem effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known. Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c

and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will pro-cure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any gubstitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. LCUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

THE BONANZA OF THE FUTURE.

The Coming Iron, Agricultural and Sheep-Raising District
OF THE UNITED STATES. For Maps, Reference Book, Pamphlets, etc., descriptive of the wonderful mineral and agricultural resources of the State, apply to agents of the NORFOLK & WESTERN RAILROAD, 290 Washington Street, Boston; 303 Broadway, New York; 1433 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D. C.; or to General Office, ROANORE, VA.

GRIP, PNEUMONIA, COLDS, COUGHS cured by OL ALCOHOLIC LUNG REMEDY made from pure medicines in sugar tablets. Send for list of BEMEDIES for OTHER DISEASES. 30 DOSES in box, by mail for 30 CENTS; 4 for \$1.00. OL NURSE'S BENEDY CO., Box 2665, Boston, Mass

ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER CURED TO STAY CURED TO STAY CURED HAVE ALL



Digestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver, etc., ACTING LIKE MAGIC on the vital organs, strengthening the muscular system, and arousing with the rosebud of health The Whole Physical Energy of the Human Frame.

Beecham's Pills, taken as directed, will quickly RESTORE FEMALES to complete health. SOLD BY ALL DRUCGISTS.

Price, 20 Gents por Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England, ALLEN CO., Sole Agents for United States, 363 & 367 Canal St., New cho (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on (Mention this paper.) Fork, who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price—but inquire first.

(Mention this paper,)

Price, 25 cents per Box.

The Soap Cleans

Most

A Brawny Bargee at the Helm

A. J. TOWER, - Boston, Mass-A Planters Experience. "My plantation is in a malarial district, where fever and ague prevailed. I employ 150 hands; frequently half of them were sick. I was nearly discouraged when I began the use of

Tutt's Pills

Sold Everywhere. Office, 44 Murray St., New York. UNION MADE CICARS. AUSTRALIAN BALLOT.
FARMERS' ALLIANUE.
S-HOUR LEAGUE.
CHEROOTS
PANATELLAS



Albemarle County, VIRGINIA. Unsurpased for Fruit, Grain and Stock Raising Climate, Scenery, Soil and Health, Cheap land, labound living. Close to great markets. No cyclones, olizzards or fatal flood.

Soiltzards or fatal flood. CITY and FARM Property.

LD ATLETTA CO., or Mayor of City, CHARLOTTESVILLE, V.,

SPNAME THIS PAPER every time yes with.

GOLDEN MEMORIES, with Bishop New-MAN'S Introduction, is a BONANZA book for Agents every-where. Send for terms—don't delay. Address HUNT & EATON, 160 5th Ave., N. Y. City.

LOVE STORIES, 11 Tarilling Detective Stories, 160 Latest Songs 10c. BICE PUB. CO., 22 Geory St., San Francisco, Cal. WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISEDS PLEASE

I WILL MAIL A COPY OF

The Ladies' Home Journal. From Now to January, 1892 (Balance of this Year) To Any Address on Receipt of Only FIFTY CENTS I will give One Thousand Dollars To the person sending me the largest number of subscribers up to July 1st, at 50 cents each, for the balance of this year.

> One Hundred Dollars each To the five people sending me up to July 1st, the next five largest number of subscribers, at 50 cents each, for the balance of this year.

> > Commission, or such Premiums as desired, for every subscriber secured; but the 17 largest agents will be rewarded with the \$2500—divided among them

commands the best work of the most eminent living writers and artists, and presents the most costly

> its circulation to the highest possible point (a round million, if possible) before July 1st.

> > CURTIS PUBLISHING Co. Philadelphia, Pa.

Address-

and its management propose to

make a determined effort to push

Five Hundred Dollars, July 1st, To the person sending me the second largest number of subscribers up to July 1st, at 50 cents each, for the balance of this year. Fifty Dollars each To the ten people sending me up to July 1st, the next ten largest lists of subscribers, at 50 cents each, for the balance of this year, Every Club-raiser shall have a liberal Cash mmission, or such Premiums as desired, for every scriber secured; but the 17 largest agents will ewarded with the \$2500—divided among them idicated above. as indicated above. THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL mmands the best work of the st eminent living writers and ists, and presents the most costly it elegant periodical ever issued ladies and the family. Its circulation is far in excess of any and elegant periodical ever issued for ladies and the family. Its circulation is far in excess of any periodical or magazine in the world -now 750,000 copies each issue-