PRYOR'S OINTMENT

IS A SPEEDY AND SURE CURE FOR
Blind or Bleeding Piles, Hemorrhoids, Sores, Ulcers, Tumors, Itching of the Parts, Fistulas and all Kindred diseases; also of Burns, Corns, Felons, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Tetter, Sore Nipples, etc.

ATLANTA, GA., Aug. 25, 1877.

After an experience of twenty-five years in selling this ointment, and during that time having closely watched its effects, and having the testimony of my friends and neighbors to confirm my confidence in its merits, I became fully satisfied of its value, and I have bought the exclusive right to make and sell it, and offer it to you as the best remedy in the world, especially for all forms of Piles.

READ THE TESTIMONIALS:

This is to certify that I have tried Pryor's Pile Ointment in a case of piles, and state that it gave more relief than anything I have ever tried. I further state that as a remedy for burns it is unparalleled. I also used it for a case of tetter in my feet, of twenty years' standing, and say that it is the first thing that I have ever tried that gave me more than momentary relief. I consider now that I am entirely relieved from that distressing disease.

JOHN D. NEWSOM,
Troup County, Ga.

Having been afflicted for ten years, at intervals, with that distressing malady, the piles, and after many ineffectual trials of the remedies in common use, I commenced a short time ago to use your Pile Ointment. I experienced immediate relief. From the relief experienced in my case, as well as from the reputation so rapidly acquired by your Ointment in this vicinity, I have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that it is the most efficient remedy for piles ever invented.

O. A. BULL,
LaGrange, Ga.

This is to certify that I used Pryor's Ointment in a case of severe burn, and that in a very few days it was entirely relieved of all inflammation, and healed rapidly. After the first application of the ointment, the patient suffered no pain whatever.

E. J. MORGAN, LaGrange, Ga.

By the advice of Mr. Wynn, I used your Pile Ointment on a servant girl who had been suffering for eight years with a most aggravated case of piles. She improved from the very first day's use of your Ointment, and before using the box she was entirely recovered.

G. W. FOSTER, Cusseta, Ala.

This is to certify that I have used Pryor's Pile Ointment, and say that it is, in my opinion, the best remedy for piles ever presented to the public. I say this from a positive application of the remedy on my own person.

THOS. B. MORGAN,
Troup County, Ga.

For sale by all dealers in medicine. Price, FIFTY CENTS PER BOX. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

DR. J. BRADFIELD,
Atlanta, Ga.

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O. C. JONES.

New Grocery Store

1st Main Street, South.

FOURTH door from corner, where he deals in everything usually kept in a

Family Grocery.

All kinds of

Country Produce.

Taken in exchange or will pay

The Highest Market Price in Cash.

CALL and give him a trial. Satisfaction guaranteed or goods returned.
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Livery, Feed & Sale Stable.

Second Main St., North, Between St. Giles Hotel and the Methodist church.

PULASKI, TENN

I. H. RAINEY, Prop.

First Class Turnouts of Every Description, Polite Drivers and Reliable Teams.

Substantial Wagons for Commercial Men

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

A Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAKNESSES, Including Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Flooding, PROLAPSUS UTERI, &c.

☞ Pleasant to the taste, efficacious and immediate in its effect. It is a great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor and at regular periods.

PHYSICIANS USE IT AND PRESCRIBE IT FREELY.

☞ FOR ALL WEAKNESSES of the generative organs of either sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been before the public; and for all diseases of the KIDNEYS it is the *Greatest Remedy in the World.*

☞ **KIDNEY COMPLAINTS of Either Sex Find Great Relief in Its Use.**

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humor from the Blood, at the same time will give tone and strength to the system. As marvelous in results as the Compound.

☞ Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. The Compound is sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. *Mention this Paper.*

☞ LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents.

☞ **Sold by all Druggists.** ☞ (2)

TUTT'S EXPECTORANT

Is composed of Herbal and Mucilaginous products, which **permeate the substance of the Lungs, expectorates the acrid matter** that collects in the Bronchial Tubes, and forms a **soothing coating,** which **relieves the irritation** that causes the cough. **It cleanses the lungs of all impurities, strengthens them when enfeebled by disease,** invigorates the circulation of the blood, and braces the nervous system. **Slight colds often end in consumption. It is dangerous to neglect them. Apply the remedy promptly.** A test of twenty years warrants the assertion that **no remedy has ever been found that is as prompt** in its effects as **TUTT'S EXPECTORANT. A single dose raises the phlegm,** subdues inflammation, and its use speedily cures the most obstinate cough. **A pleasant cordial, children take it readily. For Croup it is invaluable** and should be in every family.

In 25c. and $1 Bottles.

TUTT'S PILLS

ACT DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER.

Cures Chills and Fever, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Bilious Colic, Constipation, Rheumatism, Piles, Palpitation of the Heart, Dizziness, Torpid Liver, and Female Irregularities. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.

A NOTED DIVINE SAYS:

DR. TUTT:—*Dear Sir:* For ten years I have been a martyr to Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles. Last spring your pills were recommended to me; I used them (but with little faith). I am now a well man, have good appetite, digestion perfect, regular stools, piles gone, and I have gained forty pounds solid flesh. They are worth their weight in gold.

REV. R. L. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.

Office, 39 Murray St., New York.
DR. TUTT'S MANUAL of Useful Receipts FREE on application.

About Women.

The reason that there are no female bill collectors is that "woman's work is never dun."

Life has no charms for the poor clerk whose salary is mortgaged three months ahead to pay for his wife's fur lined circular.

A new book is entitled "How to Wash a Baby." It omits the usual precaution peculiar to recipes, that is, "First catch your baby."

A Pittsburg girl robbed a hair store, and one of the local newspapers in describing her, said she resembled a pistol, because "she went off with a bang."

A bear broke into the house of a Nevada man the other night. He was away, and his wife thought it was him coming home drunk. The bear cannot recover.

A Brooklyn girl has married the living skeleton, weighing sixty-seven pounds, and now they are one bone and one flesh. He is the bone.

A Pennsylvania paper publishes an article on "Why Women Work." One would naturally suppose that it is because their husbands cannot afford to hire a girl.

"I should like to see some one abduct me," said Mrs. Smith at the breakfast table the other morning. "H'm! so should I, my dear, so should I," said Smith with exceeding earnestness.

"I do wish you would come home earlier," said a wife to her husband. "I am afraid to stay alone. I always imagine there's somebody in the house, but when you come I know there ain't."—[Arkansaw Traveler.

He was informed that a lady had called to see him in his absence. "A lady" he mused aloud, "a lady." Upon an accurate description he suddenly brightened up and added: "Oh, dot vas no lady; dot vas my vife."

"I feel I am growing old," said the lady, mincingly, to her guests, "for really I am beginning to lose my hair," (Of course she had bushels of it, and it black as a raven's wing.("Then, ma," exclaims her little child, with the innocent frankness of infancy, "why don't you lock up the drawer when you put it away at night?"

If a girl wants to be romantic, the proper way is to send up a toy balloon with a card attached, asking the finder to correspond with her. A Michigan girl tried it, and got a letter from her brother in Indiana, who found the balloon, and told her not to be a fool.

At a wedding ceremony in a Providence, R. I., church a few days ago, the service was delayed over an hour by the dilatoriness of the bride, and the company was getting restless when the organist relieved the tedium of waiting by playing, "Oh, Dear, What can the Matter Be?"

"I'll pay that bill now," said a Bridgeport woman the other day, and she handed out three dollars to one of that city's oldest merchants. He remembered her face and name, though he had not seen her since the bill was contracted 10 years ago, and making out a receipt smilingly invited her to call again.

The Habit of Daily Trust.

Instinctively in seasons of peril or calamity we cry to one stronger than ourselves for help. When the collision occurs on the river, or the fire bursts out at sea, or there is sickness in the house, and we tremble at the shadow of death, we are swift to call upon God.

A little incident, which ilustrates the half unconscious feeling which many people have about depending on Divine Providence, is related in the memoirs of Mary Somerville.

When a girl she and her brother had coaxed their timid mother to accompany them on a sail. The day was sunny but a stiff breeze was blowing, and presently the boat began to toss and roll. "George," called Mrs. Fairfax to the captain, "this is an awful storm! I fear we are in great danger; mind how you steer; remember, I trust in you!"

He replied: "Dinna trust in me, leddy; trust in God Almighty." In perfect terror the lady exclaimed: "Dear me, is it come to that!"

There is a sort of implied and unspoken belief that we are quite able to take care of ourselves on ordinary occasions, and this militates against our forming the habit of daily trust. Quite ready to confess our need when the storm is wild, we forget that the need is just as real and just as pressing when the sun is shining, and the skies are calm. So we lose the sweet unfolding of that atmosphere of never-changing faith, which makes some lives so full of peace and blessedness.

What should we think of that child in our own home who seldom appealed to us for advice, or sought our aid, when under the every-day routine of household life? Half a dozen times in a morning our little ones run in from their play with the question: "Is mother here?" Not that they want anything particular from mother, but unless they have the sense of her presence they feel ill at ease. Just this childlike relation it is that we ought to cultivate in our intercourse with our Heavenly Father.

While no important enterprise, no great change in our affairs, should be inaugurated, without our specially asking God's guidance, we should also refer to Him our little embarrassments and provocations. Is one of the children fretful or trying, is a servant wasteful and unfaithful, is a situation perplexing, does the sin that most easily besets us allure us with some dazzling temptation, there is safety, there is wisdom, there is patience, there is grace, each to be had for the asking. All we need is the habit of taking these small things to God. Not only at stated periods of devotion, but many times in the day, as the soul feels its want, it may lift a silent, almost wordless, appeal to a Friend who is always full of sympathy.

The father of Sir Philip Sydney enjoined upon his son, when he went away to school, never to neglect "thoughtful prayer." It was golden advice, and, doubtless, his faithful obedience to the precept helped to make Philip Sydney the peerless flower of knighthood and the stainless man that he was, a man for whom, for months after his death, every gentleman in England wore mourning.

To each of us it happens now and then to come to a hard place suddenly. We did not know that any trouble was to meet us to-day. We were not prepared to be received coldly by a friend who has always been dear and prized. We had not thought of failure in an undertaking that seemed to be prosperous. When these gusts of misfortune arrive, we will be greatly comforted and sustained with glad assurance if in the times of pleasure, of cordiality, of affluence, we have had the habit of unquestioning trust.—Congregationalist.

Loving Kindness to Children.

It is always to the credit of a man to show kindness to a child. If you see a man on the street, or a railway car, taking pains to help or gratify a child, it gives you at once a better estimate of him. A man with a somewhat coarse expression of face, and of unprepossessing appearance generally, was walking along a street in the suburbs of Philadelphia. He was noticed by two persons approaching him, and his unattractive manner and bearing were commented on as he drew near. But just before he reached these persons the man stopped and turned aside to help a poor street boy struggling under a heavy load of refuse fire-wood. The man lifted the load from the boy's head, balanced it anew, steadied it until the boy was fairly started with it, and then spoke a cheery word to the little fellow. In that simple, kindly act the man himself was transfigured. There was now a winsome look about him. He had shown himself another person from his outer appearance. Nor was this an over-estimate of the meaning of such an action as viewed by these chance passers. Four thousand years ago, at least, in the funeral ritual of the ancient Egyptians, one of the tests of the soul before the final Judge was the treatment of little children. The soul that would pass unscathed must be able to say it had never retused help to a helpless child. And our Lord and Master himself, as He sat a little child before His disciples as their example and their charge, said emphatically: "Whoso shall receive one such little child in My name receiveth Me. But whoso shall offend one of the little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea." It makes a good deal of difference whether a church or an individual is faithful or not in loving ministry to children. It makes some difference to the children; but not so much as to those who care for or neglect them.—S. S. Times.

A Prosperous Institution.

While a Banner reporter was in Pulaski a few days ago he chanced to drive out to Martin Female College which is beautifully located on the brow of Fort Hill. Prof. W. K. Jones, the president, stated that the college was in a most prosperous condition. He is not only a good disciplinarian, but a thorough worker. The college building is a large one, and he has completely filled it with boarding pupils, having between sixty and seventy.—[Banner.

Which Was the Heathen?

Near Vineland Station on Sunday afternoon some fast young men, riding along in a wagon, threw a lasso and caught a Chinaman. He was dragged some distance and received dangerous injuries. It is said that the good people of Vineland laughed till tears rolled down their checks. Even at evening service in the church some were obliged to stuff handkerchiefs into their mouths when they thought of the ludicrous involuntary strides taken by the Chinaman.

R. W. Hale brought in a pig's foot yesterday the like of which no one had ever seen before. It was a right fore foot, and had five digits instead of four, as is usually the case, the fifth digit being perfectly formed like the rest and coming out like the thumb of a man's hand. This may be regarded as another link in Darwin's chain—and pigs not much further developed but better clothed may be seen walking around the streets any day.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

The best and most economical hair dressing, and made from materials that are beneficial to the hair and scalp, Parker's Hair Balsam is highly esteemed everywhere for its excellence and superior cleanliness.

It Never Fails to Restore the Youthful Color and lustre to gray or faded hair, is elegantly perfumed and is warranted to remove dandruff and itching of the scalp, & prevent falling of the hair.

50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney or Urinary Complaints, or if you are troubled with any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, you can be cured by PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

HISCOX & CO., 183 William St., New York. 50c. and one dollar sizes, at all dealers in medicines.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. **There is nothing like it.** Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Hiscox & Co.

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75c. sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

COLOGNE

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Invalids, broken down in health and spirits by chronic dyspepsia, or suffering from the terrible exhaustion that follows the attacks of acute disease, the testimony of thousands who have been raised as by a miracle from a similar state of prostration by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is a sure guarantee that by the same means you, too, may be strengthened and restored.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

The Rattlesnake Saved His Life.

Game there was none. We could not break camp now with our weak men upon our hands, and it only remained for some to attempt the desperate journey across the San Juan range, by way of the Devil's Pass, to Animas, and return with food or a rescuing party. Failing in that, spring-time would find our cabin inhabited by corpses.

We drew lots among ourselves, therefore, we well men, to decide who should undertake this perilous trip, and the risk fell upon me. It was best perhaps that it should have been so, for of all the party I best knew the trail. Without waste of words or time, I prepared myself for the journey, and thoroughly armed, early one morning, before the pale moon had fallen behind the western mountains, bade good-by to my comrades and started. Turning my back upon the camp, I settled my course by a star, and at a brisk pace steered southward. All day I continued on the trail, ever with a watchful eye for Indian signs—for I believed our old enemies still in the vicinity—but all day unmolested, and at last, weary and worn, as the shadows began to creep across the great white plain behind me, I saw looming up in front the San Juan range, gashed with a narrow gorge—the Devil's Pass. Once through that horrible grave—for it was little else—and the road to Animas would be comparatively easy. My spirits rose hopefully.

As darkness came fairly down, I found myself just at the mouth of the canyon which led up to the pass, and deeming it a most sheltered place for a camping-spot, I soon gathered a heap of limbs beneath an overhanging oak where the snow had not yet come, built a roaring fire, which warmed and cheered me, and prepared for the night. I felt little fear, for the narrow, frowning canyon would hide the light of my fire from all the plain country. The only disturbance which I might look for would be the howling of the wolves, who threatened but dared not attack me; and I cared not for them.

With these comforting reflections, therefore, I ate a hearty supper, drank a little melted snow water, lit my pipe, and rolling myself in my blanket, crowded close to the rock wall behind me, now well warmed by my fire. And so, in the flickering light, protected on all sides, I gave myself unhesitatingly up to slumber.

How long I slept I cannot say. It was deep in the night when I woke with a sudden chill. It was as if some one had touched me with a cold and clammy hand. But even before I was well awake my frontiersman's caution returned, and I opened my eyes slowly and didn't move.

The fire was all but out and the ghostly light from its dying embers touched the snow and rocks and trees about with a strange color like thick blood. The air was growing chill and still, too, except for the cry of a coyote far up the canyon wall opposite, who whined and barked incessantly.

There was something almost oppressive about the silence to me, when suddenly, from just beyond my smouldering fire the sound of a step startled me, and before I had time even to move there was bending over me a hideous, painted face—the face of a savage, and in his hand, already creeping toward my heart, was his heavy scalping knife.

To describe my sensations is impossible. Some terrible spell seemed to bind me. Not only was I facing a danger which meant instant death, but I was unable to move, even in the attempt to save myself. It was as if I were fascinated.

I tried to reason with myself.—This was but a single enemy—if I should spring upon him I might kill him and so be free; but although the reasoning was right, the action I was unable to bring about, and all the time the terrible knife drew nearer. The redskin knew that I was awake, and that I saw him, but he gloated over my helplessness and delayed his fatal blow.

At last, however, I saw the gleam of his eye, the tightening of his muscles, and knew that in an instant more all would be over, when a sudden harsh, metallic rattle sounded, as if it were in my very bosom. I felt something glide from my side—a long, scaly, snaky body shot out to meet the dusky oncoming arm. There was a blow then a cry of horror, and as the knife fell ringing to the earth a rattlesnake crawled slowly away, and the Uncompahgre, with his now nerveless hand outstretched and the blood dripping down from his parted fingers, with a long, wild death shriek turned and disappeared in the darkness. The rattler which my fire had drawn from his winter quarters had saved my life and the lives of my companions.

A week later, with a party of thirty good fellows I recrossed the San Juan range and rescued my party from starvation and the Indians; and it is because of what that snake did for me in Devil's Pass nigh on twenty years ago, that I let the critters live to-day.—A Miner's Story in Toledo Bee.

New Mode of Treating Tomatoes.

My practice is to excavate in the early spring time as many flat turnips as are needed and having filled the cavity with earth, plant two or or three seeds in it, selecting the best plant when two inches or three inches high to remain, and pulling out the others; when it is time to set them in the garden, place the turnip, with its contents undisturbed, in a hole deep enough to cover the turnips two or three inches. Setting out in this way there is cutting away of the roots and little need of water, as the plant has not been in the least disturbed, especially if inured to the air out of doors for a week or two before being set in the garden. I have started tomatoes out so early that the plants were in blossom several days before being set out, not being at all checked or retarded in growth thereby. Cucumbers started in the same way I have had in bloom when set out with the same result. After being put in the ground the turnip soon decays, furnishing a little food for the plant. It the turnips are to be kept in the house before setting out, it will be well to put them in boxes, filling the interstices with moss, sand, or earth, kept moist, as too long esposure to the hot air of a warm place will cause the turnips to wilt—the earth in must be kept moist, whether the turnip is in or out of a box. Another point is that instead of being at the trouble of procuring sharpening and setting stakes, and pushing and taking care of them at the end of the season, I started into growth some sunflower seeds. To prevent too much shade I cut off the leaves of the sunflower as far above the tomato plant as is necessary to give it all the air and sunlight desirable. The Russian sunflower, because of its very tall growth, is the best for this purpose. The sunflower makes the best and most profitable stake, because it is so easily obtained—no loosening in the ground or breaking of stakes when loaded with fruit, and the seeds of the flower, which are better than corn for poultry, abundantly pay for all the time and labor in caring for them. The leaves of the sunflower also make good fodder. The Russian sunflower also makes an excellent bean pole, though it is not necessary to start early as for tomatoes, as a growth of one and one half feet by the end of June (bean-planting time) is all that is needed.—[Country Gentleman.

Only Pray.

If a little child should come up to its father and commence addressing him thus: "O, father, I acknowledge thee to be my parent—very strong, exceedingly wise and wonderfully good; thou ownest all this house and rulest thy family with equity; thou hast brought me up from infancy, furnished my food and clothing," etc.; and finally after going on thus, telling his father what he had done, could do and would do to the extent of ten minutes or more, would end by asking for a penny—that child would be very likely to have its ears boxed. And it can be nothing but the infinite grace and long-suffering of our Father in Heaven that saves some of the long-winded, pompous, theological propounders of prayer, that are so frequently heard from pulpit and pew, from receiving merited rebuke and chastisement from Him. It can be nothing else. Therefore, when you pray do not aver your theology, do not do anything else than pray.—[Moravian.

Pure Air.

While an adult needs from seven to ten cubic feet of air each minute, that the lungs may have a full supply and purify the blood in the best possible manner, it is quite certain that some, at least those in our close offices, our small bed-rooms, where about one-third of our time is spent, and which contain only enough air to sustain the sleepers for about half an hour, secure but a meagre supply. And while the present supply would suffice for a population a thousand times greater than the present, and while there are active agencies constantly restoring the vitiated air to its original purity, it is by no means needful that we should limit our lungs to a small amount. Breathe freely and deep of it by day and by night—the night air is not poison—and it will prove one of the best "tonics," a "blood purityer," food for the healthy, and medicine for the sick, free to the poor and rich.—Ex.

True, Every Word of It.

The Louisville Democrat of last Saturday very truthfully says "there is hardly anything going right in the government of this country. Nearly the whole course of legislative, administrative and judicial government favor a surplus of law making, and a still greater centralization of money and power. If this is really so—and who doubts it?—what is to become of our free institutions, of that peace and happiness which originally characterized the fortunes of our people? Does no one feel any alarm? Are we one and all indifferent? Are not the very rich getting richer and the middle classes and the poor getting poorer? What does that mean but that the masses are being enslaved? Is there to be no resistance to this tyranny?"

The Most Dangerous.

The pool-rooms of cities, in full blast the year round, are most dangerous contaminations. They are fraught with ruin to the youth of the country and are breeders of vices of every discription. Let this lurking destroyer be wiped out in its incipiency.—[Nashville American.

The above is the American's opinion of the pool room. The billiard-hall, the pool-room and whisky saloon are all closely allied, and the young man who starts with the billiard-room goes through the whisky-saloon to degradation and to the gutter.—[Tullahoma Guar.

The famous blue laws of Connecticut, enacted by "the people of the Domin ion of New Haven," were so called because printed on blue paper. They prohibit the ceremony of marriage being performed by a parson, on the strange ground that a magistrate might perform it with less scandal to the church. Adultery was punished by death. Wearing clothes trimmed with gold, silver or lace above one shilling a yard involved a tax on the person's estate of $15. "No one to cross a river on Sunday but authorized clergymen. No one shall travel, cook, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath. No one shall kiss his or her children on the Sabbath or fasting days. The Sabbath day shall begin at sunset Saturday."—[New Haven Register.

The writer of the following, which we quote from a provincial paper, speaks as one with authority: "Place a thimbleful in the palm of the hand, and rub it gently with the finger. If the flour smooths down, feeling gentle and slippery, it is of inferior quality, though of fancy brand, and high-priced, and white as the virgin snow drift, and will never make good, light, wholesome bread. But if the flour rubs rough in the palm, feeling like sand, and has an orange tint, purchase confidently. It will not disappoint you. Such flour, whatever may be its branded reputation, though its price be at the lowest figures, will make good, light, nutritious bread."

The profit from poultry is no longer a matter of doubt, as it has been proved from facts drawn from experience, and from the most reliable sources, covering a period of at least 30 years. Fowls will not be profitable if they are allowed to shift for themselves, and live in a state of semi-starvation summer and winter, nor will they benefit the keeper much if he neglects to house them and to care and provide for their little wants. But to make poultry-keeping a remunerative pursuit, a person must attend to it, and look to the well-being of his poultry.—[Poultry Monthly.

"You are always prying into other people's business," said the policeman to the burglar who was endeavoring to open a jewelry store with a jimmy.

It's a little hard on congress to say that it commences its session just about the time the organ grinders put the other monkeys away for winter.

The British Government, it is stated, sends agents into all impoverished districts of Ireland offering the starving people free transportation to the United States.

The Register says: "There is no valid reason why a man should not live a hundred years." True enough, replies the Courier. It is the invalid reasons which reduce the average longevity.

A little Alabama girl, three years old, on going to the window early one foggy morning, cried out, "O, come here and look, mamma! The sky is all crammed down to the ground.

A party of young men dined sumptuously at a restaurant and each one insisted on paying the bill. To decide the matter it was proposed to blindfold the waiter, and the first one he caught should pay the bill. He hasn't caught them yet.—[Chicago Herald.

A lecturer once prefaced his discourse upon the rhinoceros with: "I must beg you to give me undivided attention. Indeed, it is absolutely impossible that you can form an idea of the hideous animal of which we are about to speak, unless you keep your eyes fixed upon me."

A lad who had been in bathing was in the act of dressing himself, when one of his shoes rolled down the rocks and disappeared in the water. In attempting to rescue it he lost the other also, whereupon, contemplating his feet with a most melancholy expression, he apostrophized: "Well, you're a nice pair of orphans, ain't you?"

To go into statistics, it is estimated that during the year the average man has said: "How are yer?" 3,743 times; "Is this hot enough for you?" and "Is this cold enough for you?" each 471 times; "Pleasant day," 10,748 times; "Looks like rain," 12,325½ times; and meteorological remarks, not classified, 786, 421,107,365,792,001 times.—[N. Y. Herald.

A contemporary says it is funny to see a man howling about patronizing home industries when he uses a rubber stamp to make the most horrible daubs of letter heads and cards with which nice white paper is spoiled. Most men's idea of "patronizing home industries" is for every body else to do it.

One of our exchanges relates the following incident: "A constable made a return on the back of a paper, thus: 'I executed this subpeeny by trying to read it to John Smith, but he was driving cattle on horseback, and run faster than I could, and kept up such a hollerin' I don't know whether the suppeeny is served according to law or not.'"

A single vile book circulated among the children may do untold harm. There is constant need that library authorities, parents, teachers, keep themselves informed as to the character of the books the children are reading, and that they keep from them, at least as zealously as they would strychnine or arsenic, the poison of an immoral literature.

Tender care and comfortable quarters should be given young stock. There is not only humanity in it, but money. During the first year the foundation is laid for the mature animal. If it is dwarfed the first winter it will at maturity be only a dwarfed scrub. The time to make large frames is the first year, and without frames no profitable superstructure can be reared.

In a Chicago school recently the children were asked to give a sentence with the word "capillary." A little girl wrote: "I sailed across the ocean in a fine capillary." When asked what she meant by that, she turned to Webster's dictionary and triumphantly pointed to this definition: "Capillary, a fine vessel." Further investigation showed that more than twenty scholars had made the same blunder.

The Report of the Census Bureau shows the men in the United States spend in dress $498,000,000, and the women $317,000,000. The average is $45 a year for men and $27 for women. Suppose we add manly expenditures for whisky, cigars and tobacco, and it will be found that this persistent criticism of womanly weakness for gaudy apparel, laces, diamonds and furbelows is most unjust. Men are not only most vicious, but most wasteful.

The decision of the following case will doubtless interest the Catholics in all parts of the world as to the stability of their future prospects: The truth of the doctrine of purgatory as held by the Roman Catholic is about to be tested in the courts. A man in Australia left $7,000, to be used to deliver his soul from this state of existence, and the executor declines to pay the money without legal proof that it has been really earned.

It is well known that the uncertainty in regard to congressional action on the tariff question is having a very depressing effect upon several important branches of American industry. And yet, unmindful of this fact, they are dallying along with the question, each of the two parties seeking only a party advantage in disposing of it, and never once looking to or caring for the serious results to the business of the country.—[Tullahoma Guardian.

A gentleman who had been in town only three days, but who had been paying attention to a prominent belle, wanted to propose but was afraid he would be too hasty. He delicately broached the subject as follows: "If I were to speak to you of marriage after having only made your acquaintance three days ago what would you say to it?" "Well, I should say never put off till to morrow that which you should have done day before yesterday."

A Virginia preacher, who bought his butter from his brother Paul, sent for a fresh supply for his Sunday dinner and was in the midst of his sermon when his negro servant returned and took his seat in the church. The preacher had eloquently related what Matthew, Mark, Luke and John had said in relation to the subject-matter of his text, and he then said in thundering tones: "And what does Paul say?" The negro, thinking the question addressed to him, replied, in the hearing of the whole congregation: "Marse Paul says as how you can't get any more butter till you've paid for dat you got last week."—N. O. Picayune

A club of young farmers at Minden, La., has been organized to compete with each other in the cultivation of one race of corn. The man who produces the largest crop of on this acre is to receive five bushels of corn from each of the other members of the club. Each man selects his own acre and manures and cultivates it to suit himself. Suppose there are twenty members in the club. The lucky man will receive 95 bushels of corn, which will be a handsome premium. Every member will be benefitted in increased yield and the practical experience of all secured by contest.

In one of the coal mines of England there is a constant formation of new rock from the dripping of water. The water is full of lime, which it deposits as it falls. When work is going on and dust flying, the lime is colored gray. On Sunday there is marked a broad, white stratum, which the miners call "Sunday stone." Who can tell but to angel eyes there are white marks in our hearts and characters formed by every one of our sweet, peaceful Sunday of holy rest? Be content to have quiet. The still hours are needed that the foul dust of earth may, and, in the same way, be formed a white mark.

The St. Louis criminal court grand jury find that 80 per cent. of the local crime and pauperism is caused by saloons, and recommends that the license for liquor saloons be increased to $1,000 and wine and beer establishments to $5000.

Add a little glycerine to the grease applied to harness and it will be kept in a soft and pliable state in spite of the ammoniacal exhalation of the stable, which tends to make it brittle.

Women are such queer creatures that no man can understand them. Indeed, it has been generally conceded that the only way to find a woman out is to call when she is not in.

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It is a well authenticated fact that many medicines, especially 'bitters,' are nothing but cheap whiskey vilely concocted for use in local option countries. Such is not the case with BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It is a medicine, a cure for weakness and decay in the nervous, muscular, and digestive organs of the body, producing good, rich blood, health and strength. Try one bottle. Price $1.00.

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