Religious Miscellany.

For the Vermont Watchman.

A PRESENT SAVIOR.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

I cannot see thee, but I know,
Kind Savior, thou art near,
And seest the contrite tears that flow;
My voice will reach thine ear.

Though few my words and faint my heart
And tremblingly afraid,
Thou wilt the needed strength impart,
And with thy Spirit aid.

I cannot come to thee in vain,
In vain a blessing seek;
To serve and love thou wilt constrain
The lowly and the weak.

Over-Watchfulness of Self.

In pointing out some of the ways in which the tendency to think too much of one's self develops itself, I will mention first self consciousness, or sensitiveness to self. This may arise from the love of approbation. A yearning for the favor of men toward us may be so strong that every human being we meet shall throw back upon us some thought of how we ourselves stand with them. There is a tendency to keep one's self before one's own mind. Every man, under such circumstances, brings to us some thought about ourselves. Or, it may be a supersensitiveness to his rights and duties that shall cause one to fix his thought chiefly on himself. There are persons that are never out of their own sight; and although it may be their moral feelings that minister the thought of themselves to themselves, nevertheless it is self that is the theme of their thought. A generous and true man lets himself go away out of his own sight, as wise parents let their children go away out of their sight. A child that is brought up at home, and is never allowed to go out of the sight of father and mother, must be an extremely poor child, if it is not spoiled by the time it is brought up. The correct idea of family government is not that the parents should do all the governing, but that they should teach the child to do his own governing, and let him go by himself, and do something of his own accord, and work out results in his own way, and have a sense of responsibility. The earlier a child can be inspired in this way the safer it is for him. It is said that good people's children turn out badly. They do not. Good people's children, counted one by one, turn out better than other people's children. Now and then there is an instance, it is true, when good people's children turn out badly; but this is not the general rule. It is said that ministers' and deacons' children are more apt to turn out badly than worldly people's. I do not believe it. It would be strange, considering how many they usually have, if some of them did not turn out badly; but if you compare them with equal numbers of the children of people that make no profession of religion, you will find the facts to be exactly the other way. And the instances in which the children of Christians turn out badly I think you can generally trace to their over-anxiety to have them good. They mean to see to it that they are good. They do not let them try the experiment of moral conduct, and reap the rewards and penalties of it, in order that, gathering wisdom, they may know, when they go out from under the parental roof, how to take care of themselves. If the housewife is so considerate of her daughter as to make the beds and the bread for her, and do the sewing for her, and put all her things up for her, when she is grown she will not know how to do anything for herself. It is possible for a man to mistreat himself so. It is possible for him to keep himself under his own eye, and all the time watch what he is doing and thinking and feeling, so that his disposition and nature never can get a chance to work without restraint. There are a great many conscientious, cautious people who keep their own life so under their own inspection that it never gets out where it can be free, and develop a true, manly breadth and strength. A true man lives the greater number of hours with scarcely a thought that he does live. Everybody comes home to himself occasionally; but a man that is a man may be in life exerting great power, studying, thinking, laboring for others, working for causes outside of himself, and for hours and days scarcely think of himself egotistically. He may be hungry or thirsty, warm or cold, and he may think of it; but the thought, "Here am I; here is my understanding; this is my genius; this is my power and influence," never enters his mind from morning till night, nor from week's end to week's end. If a man is busy as he ought to be; if he is using himself rightly, pouring out his life in some path of usefulness, what occasion has he to go back and think about himself? But many persons do not permit this outgoing. They seem to think it is a part of their duty of watchfulness to keep themselves so near that they never are out of the reach of self-consciousness. All this may be amiably done; it may be done by a comparison of ourselves with others; it may be done regretfully or complacently; but whatever may be the inflection, it is inordinate self-consciousness. This tendency may be increased in persons who are liable to excessive selfness by the practice of self-examination. I distinguish between selfness and selfishness. A man is selfish when he consults his own welfare or pleasure at the expense or disregard of others; but when a man does not sacrifice anybody else's rights or advantages, and merely occupies himself much with his own self, he is given to selfness. Now, the duty of self-examination is an important one; but to be beneficial it must be an examination of general results rather than of casual and detailed processes. The habit of perpetual self-inspection leads, generally, to great confusion and perplexity, because it is unnatural. The mind was not made to be watched while it is working. It would be a great deal safer to take your watch out, and open it, and carry it open through Broadway, observing the act of its keeping time instead of looking at the dial to see what time it was, than it is to keep the mind open, and watch the springs of thought and the motives of life on the supposition that you can get a clearer insight in that way than in any other. For the mind acts best, as roots do, in the dark. If you insist on bringing the roots of a plant to the top of the ground, they wither and die. If you would have them thrive, you must let them lie under ground, and judge of the plant by its fruit. Self-examination is right; but that self-examination which consists in watching the processes of life is false in philosophy and mischievous in result. There are few who have the ability to employ the power of introversion judiciously. Many stop the processes they attempt to look in upon. When a feeling is excited, and you attempt to inspect it, you change it into a thought. The feeling stops, and instead of having an emotion, you have nothing but an idea. The emotive process ends in order that an intellectual process may take its place. Men spoil feeling by analyzing what they feel. Love, tremulous and initial, needs to be nourished, not watched. And when you undertake to analyze it the play of it is stopped. The habit of going back to one's self is a school in which men learn self-consciousness under the name of duty. This evil is sometimes increased by a wrong use of fervid teaching. It is a habit which men fall into just as really, if not just as much, through the process of self-condemnation. They also fall into it, oftentimes, through the door of self-pity.—*H. W. Beecher in Christian Union.*

The Value of the Soul.

The trouble is we do not weigh this matter of the value of the soul in the right scales. We weigh in the scales of selfishness instead of love. We permit the indifference and scorn we may chance to feel for those low down to become our standards, rather than the tender interest we feel in those near and dear. The right and wise way is to judge all after the estimate we put on the select few. There are mothers with the fond mother's heart beating in their bosoms. As often as they go abroad into the streets, and return, they see little eager eyes peering out of nursery windows, and little soft hands beckoning welcome. They hear tiny feet pattering toward them along hall and walk; and they feel, as often as they look down on these faces, upturned and beaming with radiance, the pressure of loving arms about their necks. Or, it may be, it is not these sweet greetings and caresses, but the memory of them, and that these children are not here any longer, but yonder with him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." But here or there, is there any language with which to give fit expression to the mother's sense of preciousness of those who have found life through her life? She takes them into her best and most sacred thoughts, and in the golden flush of her illuminated moods she says: "These children are God's gifts to me; God's image is on their brows; God's life is throbbing in their pulses; God's Spirit broods over them and tries to guide them; God's grace has bought them redemption, and there is for them, in God's great future, if they only will consent to wear it, a crown of everlasting rejoicing." Words cannot compass this mother's conception of the worth of these children. For they are her own—blood of her blood, bone of her bone, and heart of her heart. But every child of every mother the wide earth over, is of equal intrinsic value. No partiality of kinship, no fondness of affection, no closeness of association, can impress upon us too deep and earnest a conviction of the worth of a human soul. All that the warmest love can feel is but a feeble approximation to God's thought of the value of every member of mankind. The child who plays at this moment on the banks of the Ganges or the Lena, or who goes in and out of rudest Mongolian huts, has in it all the possibilities of those who run in and out with such sweet, winning grace in our own home circles. To our self-complacent pride this may not seem so; but unless we have everything wrong—wrong views of our natures, wrong views of God and of the meaning of his instructions and promises, wrong views of the signification of Calvary—so it surely is. For social purposes just now, for civil purposes, for educational purposes, for the purposes of industry and science and art and general order, men low down, and barbaric, and savage, or far away in habit and opinion and moral life, are not to be compared with those who are the rare, ripe products of splendid privileges, and of centuries upon centuries of the advantages of light, and of a devoted and magnificent ancestry. But estimated by the intellectual and moral faculties with which they are endowed; estimated by the possibilities which are in them, there is no difference. In thought, place them side by side in the gateways of eternity—the highest in all his wealth of culture, but stripped of everything which mere earthly distinctions have it in their power to confer, with the light of heaven playing upon them, and revealing and distinguishing between the perishable and imperishable, and then tell me, if there, before God, there is anything in the way of difference for a single moment to be compared with the august facts in which there is no difference. One is a little larger, it may be, than the other, a little finer, better, knows more; but in nature and possibility they are substantially alike. Not to accept this is to degrade human nature in the mass, and to strike from under our feet the foundations of human dignity.—*Dr. F. A. Noble.*

Absurdities of Religious Scepticism.

What a monumental paradox religious scepticism is! It is a belief as much as that which it antagonizes. It is the belief that the popular beliefs about God and his revelation, which have existed longest in the world and have been the center around which the world's strongest and best cultivated intellects have revolved, is not true; or in other words, the minority in rebellion against the majority, or an intense individualism magnified into a universal antagonism. Can there, in the possibilities of thought, be a greater absurdity than the relation of scepticism to superstition? If history shows anything, it is the inseparableness of unbelief and the most groveling superstition. There is no more patent fact on the page of history than that fear is the child of unbelief, and cowardice comes out of the same moral and intellectual vacuum. It is not worthy of surprise that atheism has no heroes and martyrs in her chronicles. Men who believe nothing are on a straight line to the belief of the unreal. Caius Cæsar, nicknamed Caligula (little shoes), was an atheist, but he was so terrified by fear when it thundered that he would hide himself under his bed.—*Presbyterian.*

We may also find in the fast-fading flowers at least a hint and illustration of the great central truth of the gospel,—salvation by a vicarious sacrifice. Some beautiful flower lays down its life that each luscious fruit and valuable seed may live, and every berry is preceded by a blossom and every fruit by a flower. So all fruits of holiness in human hearts and lives come from the laying down of the life of him who was the flower of humanity, and who died, the just for the unjust that he might bring us to God.—*Rev. B. B. Loomis.*

In the experimental Christian's heart there are compassions deep enough to drown the world's penitential griefs. On his lips are words that can melt the adamantine heart. In his persuasions and arguments are arrows that can pierce the brazen shield of infidelity and slay the enmity and unbelief of the heart that beats behind it.

New Advertisements.

If it were possible

to get the testimony of the multitude who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for debility, languor, lassitude, and that general feeling of stupidity, weariness and exhaustion which every one feels during this season, we should be able to present to our readers such an overwhelming mass of commendatory messages, that the few who have not tried it would do so at once. It is a positive fact, and has been so effectually demonstrated that no one to-day denies it, that Hood's Sarsaparilla contains more real medicinal value than any article before the people.

What a Man Did with Kidney Complaint

Dracut, Mass.
Messrs. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:
Dear Sirs—I have suffered from kidney complaint and biliousness for fifteen years. Have tried everything and never got any good. Last January, before I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, everything I ate bloated me all up, pain in my chest and arms, headache and dizzy. I could not get up without feeling weary and all fagged out. Many mornings I was obliged to lie down on the lounge. To do any work seemed almost impossible. Have taken two bottles. The backache, dizziness, pain in my chest and arms, and that feeling of intense weariness are all gone. I can eat anything and it does not press me at all. Feel just like work; in fact, like a new man. Can heartily recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla, and hope all who desire to know anything about it will come to me and ask what I think of it. Very truly yours,
JONATHAN J. COBURN.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Works through the blood, *regulating, toning* and *invigorating* all the functions of the body. Sold by druggists. Price $1, or six for $5. C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, AND GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS!

A. D. Farwell, Head of State Street, Montpelier,

Has just returned from market with a full stock of Clothing, Hats, Caps, and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods. He has everything in this line.

(*Continued from last week.*)

How Watch Cases are Made.

The many great improvements introduced in the manufacture of the Jas. Boss' Gold Watch Case, have led to similar improvements in the making of silver cases.

Under the old methods, each part of a silver case was made of several pieces of metal soldered together, requiring a great amount of cutting and soldering, which softened the metal and gave it the pliability of lead rather than the elasticity of silver.

Under the improved methods, each part of the Keystone Silver Watch Case is made of one solid piece of metal hammered into shape. The advantages are readily apparent, for every one knows that hammering hardens the metal while soldering softens it.

To test the superiority of the Keystone Silver Watch Case, take one of 3 oz. weight, press it squarely in the center when closed, and it will not give, while a case of same weight of any other make will give enough to break the crystal. The Keystone Silver Watch Case is made only with silver cap and gold joints.

Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(*To be continued.*) †

HOYT & GALE,
Real Estate Agents,
Plainfield, Vermont.

Farms, Village Places, and all kinds of Real Estate Leases and Mortgages negotiated. Send for circulars. Terms moderate. 90-tf

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

New Advertisements.

THE PROFESSION A UNIT.

Mr. C. H. Draper of No. 223, Main Street, Worcester, Mass., volunteers the following: "Having occasion recently to use a remedy for kidney disease, I applied to my druggist, Mr. D. B. Williams of Lincoln Square, this city, and requested him to furnish me the best kidney medicine that he knew of, and he handed me a bottle of Hunt's Remedy, stating that it was considered the best because he had sold many bottles of it to his customers in Worcester, and they all speak of it in the highest terms, and pronounce it always reliable. I took the bottle home and commenced taking it, and find that it does the work effectually; and I am pleased to recommend to all who have kidney or liver disease the use of Hunt's Remedy, the sure cure."

April 11, 1883.

WE ALL SAY SO.

Mr. George A. Burdett, No. 165 Front Street, Worcester, Mass., has just sent us the following, directly to the point: "Being afflicted with ailments to which all humanity is subject sooner or later, I read carefully the advertisement regarding the remarkable curative powers of Hunt's Remedy, and as it seemed to apply to my case exactly, I purchased a bottle of the medicine at Jannery's drug store in this city, and having used it with most beneficial results in my own case, my wife and son also commenced its use, and it has most decidedly improved their health, and we shall continue its use in our family under such favorable results."

April 17, 1883.

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

Alice E. Curtis of Brunswick, Me., writes us on May 15, 1883: "That she has suffered very much at frequent intervals with kidney disease, and the attacks were increasing in severity so steadily as to cause alarm. Her aunt, Mrs. N. M. Small, persuaded her to use Hunt's Remedy, and after using several bottles Miss Curtis has been freed from the severe aches and pains to which she had long been accustomed; and further says that Hunt's Remedy never fails to relieve the severe pains in the side and intense backache, and Miss C. pronounces it a real blessing to woman for all kidney diseases, and she cordially recommends it for the many ills and pains peculiar to women."

SULPHUR BITTERS

THE BEST AND GREATEST MEDICINE

It will drive the Humor from your system, and make your skin clean and smooth. *Those Pimples and Blotches* which mar your beauty are caused by impure blood, and can be removed in a short time, if you are wise and use the great blood purifier,

SULPHUR BITTERS.

Why suffer with Boils? Why rave with that terrible Headache? Why lay and toss on that bed of pain, with Rheumatism? What makes you tremble so? Your nerves are all unstrung, and need a gentle soothing tonic to assist nature to repair the damage which your excesses have caused. Sulphur Bitters is not a cheap rum or poor whiskey drink, to be taken by the glass, like other preparations which stimulate only TO DESTROY. It is composed of the choicest Roots, Barks and Berries, combined with the EXTRACT OF SULPHUR in such proportions as to make it NATURE'S GREAT NERVINE.

SULPHUR Bitters

The Dose is small—only a Teaspoonful. It is the *best and cheapest* medicine. Try it and you will be satisfied. Get it of your druggist. DON'T WAIT. GET IT AT ONCE

If you are suffering from Kidney Disease, and wish to live to old age, use SULPHUR BITTERS. They never fail to cure.

Bell's One Minute Cure for Toothache kills pain instantly. Price, twenty-five cents.

How Many Miles Do You Drive?

The

ODOMETER

Will Tell.

This instrument is no larger than a watch. It tells the exact number of miles driven to the 1-100th part of a mile; counts up to 1,000 miles; water and dust tight; always in order; saves horses from being over-driven; is easily attached to the wheel of a **Buggy, Carriage, Sulky, Wagon, Road Cart, Sulky Plow, Reaper, Mower,** or other vehicle. Invaluable to Liverymen, Pleasure Drivers, Physicians, Farmers, Surveyors, Draymen, Expressmen, Stage Owners, &c. Price only **$5.00** each, one third the price of any other Odometer. When ordering give diameter of the wheel. Sent by mail on receipt of price, post paid. Address

McDONNELL ODOMETER CO.,
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CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH ROSE-COLD HAY-FEVER COLD IN HEAD DEAFNESS HEADACHE PRICE 50 CENTS ELY BRO'S, OWEGO, N.Y. U.S.A. EASY TO USE

Effectually cleanses the nasal passages of Catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions, alays inflammation, protects the membrane from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure Catarrh, Hay-Fever, etc. Unequaled for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. Will deliver by mail. Fifty cents a package—postage stamps. Sold by wholesale and retail druggists. ELYS' CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

HAY-FEVER

SHARP PAINS Crick, Sprains, Wrenches, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Pleurisy Pains, Stitch in the Side, Slow Circulation of the Blood, Heart Diseases, Sore Muscles, Pain in the Chest, and all pains and aches either local or deep-seated are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the well-known *Hop Plaster*, compounded, as it is, of the medicinal virtues of fresh Hops, Gums, Balsams and Extracts. It is indeed *the best* pain-killing, stimulating, soothing and strengthening Plaster ever made. Ask for the *Hop Plaster* at any drug store. Price 25 cents or five for $1. Hop Plaster Co., Proprietors, CARTER, HARRIS & HAWLEY, Gen'l Ag'ts, Boston, Mass.

HOP PLASTER

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF
PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

Cod-Liver Oil and Lime.—That pleasant and active agent in the cure of all consumptive symptoms, "*Wilbor's Compound of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Lime,*" is being universally adopted in medical practice. Sold by the proprietor, A. B. Wilbor, Chemist, Boston, and all druggists. 18-21

WE WANT A Few Special Salesmen. BEST OUTFIT for framing pictures in the world, and thousands of pictures to be framed in every town. Address H. B. Wardwell, Auburn, Me. 16-19

Temperance.

The Home vs. The Saloon.

The home against the saloon—that is the issue, and we are glad to see it distinctly made at last. For many long years there has been conflict between these two forces. They are radically incompatible, and neither law, nor politics, no theology, nor any other thing, ever did or ever can make them harmonize. The success of the one is the destruction of the other. The protection of either requires the sacrifice of the other. How to preserve both is a problem which no state has ever been able to solve. Not for any lack of effort, however, as the legislation of the last fifty years bears abundant witness. Was ever any principle more juggled with? How not to do it has seemed to be the chief design of all parties. Not but that there have always been sincere and worthy champions of the home as against the saloon, but they have been at the mercy of wire-pulling cliques who were interested in the traffic, and the chink of whose money has smothered the cry of the distressed, and mocked at the tears of the homeless.

The home versus the saloon! The sentiments and the arguments which represent these two forces are at last crystalized and concreted into something very definite and plain. There is no longer any doubt that he who is not for us is against us. He who pays his devotions at the bar of the saloon cannot come with clean hands to the altar at home. There is no affinity between the two. He must love the one and hate the other—he cannot longer pretend to serve two masters. The lines are drawn, and every man must choose this day whom he will serve. Every man of lawful age, and not an idiot or a criminal, will be called upon to deposit his ballot for the home or for the saloon, as may seem to him best.

But there is a large and somewhat respectable non-voting class, who are neither minors, idiots, nor criminals. They are persons of mature age, average intelligence, and fair morals. And they have an interest—small, perhaps—but it may be worth mentioning in this canvass. Indeed, it is said to be chiefly on their account that the canvass is undertaken, for "What is home without a mother?" as the poet says. So you see the canvass is practical—the poetry to be furnished by those who do not furnish the ballots. And is there not enough of it for one campaign at least? Who can utter it? For many years the very air of heaven has been laden with it. The clouds have been thick and heavy with the tears of it. Winds have been solemn and mournful with the voice of it. The sod of hill and valley has been watered with it. The requiem of the grave has been mingled with it, and the ear of the Eternal has listened to it. The ears of men seem at last to catch its import, and the conscience of man has long been invoked in vain, but now that the giant has roused himself, and sounded the trumpet of battle, we shall see what we shall see. Had it been constitutional for the home itself to vote, the controversy might have been settled long ago. The saloon has voted early and late—the home never. We now see the saloon ranged on one side, and the self-constituted "protectors" of the home on the other. There ought to be only one issue possible. Every civilized state is founded on the home. It does seem as if a civilized state might exist without the saloon. The stronger and purer the home, the stronger and purer the state. To eliminate the saloon from the state is to strengthen and purify the home. May the God of battles give courage and wisdom to its defenders.—*Christian at Work.*

Good Cause for Alarm.

No wonder that the business men of Chicago, as well as men representing most of the leading professions are beginning to unite in a Citizen's League for the purpose of rescuing this city from the hands of the whiskey men. Chicago has 3,860 licensed liquor shops, and if we add to these the drug stores, groceries and other places where liquor is sold without license, it makes 5,000 dispensaries of intoxicants within the city limits. That gives one dram-shop to every one hundred and twenty inhabitants. There are about 2,500 stores, groceries, butcher and baker shops for the supply of food in Chicago, just about half as many places for the supply of food as there are for selling liquor. The mayor and ruling spirits in the city government are hand in glove with the saloons and gamblers and thieves. It is asserted by Hon. Emory Storrs, in the *Tribune*, that a great many criminals, as soon as they get out of the penitentiary at Joliet, are at once furnished with a certificate of good moral character by the city authorities of Chicago and enter at once into the saloon business. Nothing short of a general movement and unity of effort on the part of the better element in Chicago can stem the tide against this flood of iniquity. On the North Side alone there are 652 saloons, and thirty-eight churches. Here is a good field for the Evangelical Ministers' Alliance in this city, and for the Congregational Club, and for every other respectable organization, to get in its best work at once.—*Advance.*

Temperance Progress.

When cotton can, between Monday and Wednesday, be gathered and conveyed from Arkansas (five hundred miles) to the Louisville exposition, cleaned, ginned, carded, spun, colored, woven, made into a suit of clothes and worn by the governor of the state, and all for an advertisement, why shall not rapidity of anaolgous degree, characterize the march of philanthropy? The fact is, that we are moving with a swiftness that we realize as little as we do the whistling rush of our planet on its race course round the sun. Think of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union having temperance meetings in a Jewish synagogue, in Episcopal vestries, in state houses and senates! Think of a Catholic priest coming to hear a temperance woman speak in a Presbyterian church in Kentucky! Think of scientific temperance instruction legally enforced in three states, all in one year! Think of the Church of England establishing a "Woman's Temperance Union" (with a man as president! and he no other than the good and gifted Canon Ellison)! Listen to the seething of political cauldrons, the shot and shell from pulpits, the grape and canister from daily journalism, the muffled rumble of the people's voice spelling out "Prohibition." See woman's vote by signature routing the liquor traffic, horse, foot and dragoons, in Arkansas—and echo the classic words of that excellent colored brother, Rev. Jasper, that modern Galileo, "*But he do move!*"—*Union Signal.*

The Boston fair contains the cutlass of Paul Jones, and the flag of the Bon Homme Richard.

New Advertisements.

"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES."
Testimonial of a Boston lady.

Disfiguring Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and Infantile Humors cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from Cuticura, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sunburn, and Rough, Chapped, or Greasy Skin.

Cuticura Remedies are absolutely pure, and the only real Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers, free from mercury, arsenic, lead, zinc, or any other mineral or vegetable poison whatsoever.

It would require this entire paper to do justice to a description of the cures performed by the Cuticura Resolvent internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally.

Eczema of the palms of the hands and of the ends of the fingers, very difficult to treat and usually considered incurable; small patches of tetter and salt rheum on the ears, nose and sides of the face.

Scald Heads with loss of hair without number, heads covered with dandruff and scaly eruptions, especially of children and infants, many of which since birth had been a mass of scabs;

Itching, burning and scaly tortures that baffled even relief from ordinary remedies, soothed and healed as by magic;

Psoriasis, leprosy and other frightful forms of skin diseases, scrofulous ulcers, old sores and discharging wounds, each and all of which have been speedily, permanently and economically cured by the Cuticura Remedies when physicians, hospitals and all other remedies failed, as proven by a vast number of sworn testimonials in our possession, which we will cheerfully mail to any address.

Sold everywhere. Price: Cuticura, 50 cents; Resolvent, $1; Soap, 25 cents. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BEAUTY For Rough, Chapped and Greasy Skin, Black Heads, Pimples and Skin Blemishes use Cuticura Soap.

CATARRH

Sanford's Radical Cure.

Head Colds, Watery Discharges from the Nose and Eyes, Ringing Noises in the Head, Nervous Headache and Fever instantly relieved.

Choking mucus dislodged, membrane cleansed and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste and hearing restored, and ravages checked.

Cough, Bronchitis, Droppings into the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Dyspepsia, Wasting of Strength and Flesh, Loss of Sleep, etc., cured.

One bottle Radical Cure, one Box Catarrhal Solvent and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, of all druggists, for $1. Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure, a pure distillation of Witch Hazel, American Pine, Canadian Fir, Marigold, Clover Blossoms, etc. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS For the relief and prevention, **the instant it is applied,** of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Coughs, Colds, Weak Back, Stomach and Bowels, Shooting Pains, Numbness, Hysteria, Female Pains, Palpitation, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Bilious Fever, Malaria and Epidemics, use **Collins' Plasters** (an **Electric Battery** combined with a **Porous Plaster**) and laugh at pain. 25 cents everywhere.

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—AT THE—
Green Mountain Seminary,
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