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BOONEVILLE, Ind, January 25, 1887. I shall ever praise the day that you gentlemen were born, and that I hadheard of the day that your medicine was known to me. I had blood poison from birth, and so much so that all the doctors of my town said I would be crippled for life. They said I would lose my lower limb. I could not stand in my class to recite my lessons, and eleven bottles of your B. B. B. cured me sound and well. You may use my name as you see fit. In my case, there were knots on my shinbones as large as a hen's egg. Yours gratefully, MIRTLE M. TANNER. Send for our Book of Wonders, free to all. Address, BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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Ely's Cream Balm Gives relief at once for COLD in HEAD. —|CURES|— CATARRH. Not a Liquid or Snuff. Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 235 Greenwich St., N. Y.

The oldest medicine in the world is probably Dr. Isaac Thompson's CELEBRATED EYE WATER. This article is a carefully prepared Physician's prescription, and has been in constant use nearly a century. CAUTION.—The only genuine Thompson's Eye Water has upon the white wrapper of each bottle an engraved portrait of the inventor, Dr. Isaac Thompson, with a fac-simile of his signature; also a note of hand signed John L. Thompson. Avoid all others. The genuine Eye Water can be obtained from all Druggists.

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KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

MRS. PRESCOTT.

A Boston Story of Clubs and Culture.

"The next meeting of the club will be held at the house of Mrs. Webster Delano, and the discussion will be upon Tolstoi's 'Political Economy.'" This announcement was made by a tall, thin, dark-eyed man, who was addressing 20 ladies, members of the Intellectual Advancement Society. Dr. Stuart Margetson, who gave the notice, was the leader and teacher of the club. He instructed them in history, considered with them the possibility of a great American epic, and read Shelley until he was regarded as a universal genius; his word was law, and his dictum the unquestioned authority on any disputed subject. The ladies who composed the club were among Boston's oldest families; they all had wealth, position, and not quite enough to do. Some enterprising spirit among them had proposed the formation of a society for mutual culture. The plan was received with fervor; and soon after, when Dr. Margetson, young, good-looking and brilliant, became known to them, he was at once accepted as their leader. Meetings were held every week at the houses of the different members. The discussions, which were always followed by an elaborate luncheon, were usually somewhat one-sided, because they generally amounted to a monologue by the leader, while the ladies simply admired him. As had been said, many of Boston's oldest families were represented in this club. There were Mrs. Appleton Sears, Mrs. Fullerton Hovey, Mrs. Edgar Lawrence, Mrs. Francklyn Lowell, Mrs. Richard Prescott, and others equally well known; but our story deals with Mrs. Richard Prescott, and we must pass by the others and restrict our attention to her.

She had been married to Dick Prescott, as he was already called, four years, and had been very happy in her charming home on Newbury street. But she had not quite enough to do, so she joined the Intellectual Advancement Society and undertook to improve her mind. She joined chiefly because the majority of her friends were members and she should enjoy being with them, but with the advent of Dr. Margetson her ideas became more serious and she determined to study and improve. She brought home to her husband accounts of the club, but he was not much interested. Honest, well-bred, handsome fellow as he was, and in spite of the fact that he had been brought up among literary people, Dick was not intellectually brilliant. He had a wonderfully clear head for business, and was by no means uneducated. He had gone through Harvard, but while there had been chiefly interested in the Hasty Hudding Club and the Athletic Association. He had taken his degree without honors, but he had left college with the proud reputation of being a very popular man and a fine print runner. He religiously escorted his wife to all the Symphony Concerts, but for his own pleasure the preferred to hear "Erminie" or "The Corsair." It was trying, when Margaret was delighted with Irving and Terry in Shakesperian comedy, Dick went for his own enjoyment to "The Rag Baby." Now, when a woman has schooled herself to reading "Esoteric Buddhism," it is hard for her to know that her husband is not elevated above baseball matches and Cribb Club entertainments. Margaret Prescott began to feel this, and talked to Dick seriously, in hopes to bring him to her ideas. He listened patiently, and finally, patting his wife's hand indulgently, said: "I'm sorry, my dear, I can't oblige you, but no one man can do many things well. If he can do one successfully, he'd better stick to that. Don't you see, Margaret, no player in the league can pitch and catch equally well. The fellow that can run bases the best is apt to be a mighty poor short stop, and when a man is a pretty good all-around player he isn't great in any specialty. Now, I can't be everything at once. I'm said to be a good business man, and if I can't be a philosopher you will have to forgive me."

Mrs. Prescott sighed quietly. She loved her husband, and she knew he worshiped her, but the thought would arise that if Dick had but Dr. Margetson's intellect how much more he could be to her. But poor Dick, not knowing how seriously his wife regarded his failings, continued in his usual course, giving his wife all the attention she could desire, lavishing his wealth upon her, but yet attending sparring matches and betting on the yacht race. Dr. Margetson, on the contrary, was ever ready to discuss the most abstruse questions or to enter into any advanced scheme of intellectual or moral improvement. This man was dangerously pleasing to Mrs. Prescott, and she began involuntarily to contrast his fine taste with the sporting proclivities of her husband.

One day Margetson talked before the club upon "Altruism a Practical Theory of Life." Mrs. Prescott was deeply impressed, and then and there vowed to become a thorough altruist, to devote her life to others, and so attain that immortality which Dr. Margetson said came only from a subjugation of self, an obliteration of specific personality, and a gradual merging into the perfect whole of spirit. She remembered seeing in the transcript an appeal from the Associated Charities for visitors to the poor, and she determined to respond to this demand.

She dressed as plainly as possible, and took for her guide a small messenger boy, upon consulting whom she found that they could reach the Chardon-street Home, where volunteer visitors were to apply, by a West End car. Filled with enthusiasm for the good work, she hastened to prepare such a basket of food as a Lady Bountiful should always carry. Here she met with her first discouragement in the sarcastic remarks of the cook, who saw with disgust the freshly-rolled croquettes, salad and pastry disappear into the basket. Suspicious that perhaps she had not chosen suitable food, Mrs. Presscott resorted to questioning the messenger boy as to the diet of the poor people. She was a little disappointed and somewhat incredulous when he informed her that liver and onions was, in his estimation "immense." Determined, however, to be practical, she relinquished with regret her pretty basket, and on the way down town sent James into Johnson's market on Boylston street, to buy as much liver and onions as he could carry. Meanwhile she looked into Hollander's window for a solution of the problem of what to wear. She thought she would have that pretty diagonal cloth in the corner, and would have some handsome braiding on the back, because her seats for the Symphony Concerts this year were well forward, and it would be silly not to give a little thought to that fact when she had her gowns and bonnets made. Just then she felt a slight pull at her overskirt, and looking round met the pale blue, expressionless eyes of James, who was carrying a huge parcel of liver and a monstrous bag of onions. "To be sure James," cried she, remorsefully, "I had forgotton about you," and reproaching herself sternly she turned from the window to follow her small mentor to the car he had just hailed. Finally, reaching the Chardon-street Home somewhat out of breath from the a scent of the long stairs and with misgivings as to her capabilities for the new field of action, she wore a tired and confused expression, which was mistaken by the woman in charge for the proud reticence of genteel poverty. Margaret was considerably chagrined to find herself the object of kindly solicitude instead of the overpowering thanks she had rather expected for her voluntary assistance, and she corrected the false impression with some asperity. She learned with impatience that she would be obliged to go to the agent of charites in her own district before she could be asigned a family to visit, and she at once determined to seek for herself some object for her charity.

She explained her desire to James, who said she knew just the place, and would guide her to the "Slum Flats." After a short walk she found herself in a dismal looking alley. Entering a tenement and directing James to remain within call, she ascended the stairs and rapped softly at the first door, through whose shrunken casement a stifling odor of smoke from fried fat was oozing. A poor woman, whose appearance indicated poverty, sorrow and discontent, threw open the door and pushed some children out of the way as she hurriedly inquired of Margaret:

"What did you come for?"

"To see if I could help you."

"Who sent you?"

"No one; I came because"—Margaret felt a little delicate about saying "because it looked so wretchedly poor here," so she weakly finished, "because I thought I would."

"Have you got work for me?" demanded the woman.

"No, no. I would like to give you anything you need."

The woman interrupted her. "Oh, yes, you would like to amuse yourself at my expense, to, to give me your castoff finery and cold victuals, so as to ease your conscience for having so much of 'em. No, marm," with an ugly sneer, "I've seen enough of the likes of you; its such as you that has brought me shame and sorrow. It was another such as you that came to my dacent home one day, and to amuse herself, brought the fine clothes that led my Katie to ruin. She never had the likes of 'em, and contented enough the poor child was with the plain clothes I earned for her. But as soon as she got to wearing that woman's silly feathers, God knows the thoughts she got into her head, and to-day she's in the Woman's prison! 'Twas the same woman gave my husband money till the poor fool thought it was easier to get it by whinin' than by workin' for it, and it warn't long before he was sleepin' on the streets instead of workin' on 'em, and its only six months now since he was killed in a row, God be merciful to him! All has been took from me by you rich folks; two of my family and my dacint pride, and now you come with your smooth words, to ease your conscience by playin' at charity. No, I want no help. I've got one friend as is a friend, he got me good honest work, and I get my pay for it; he never insulted me with a cent I hadn't earned. 'Twas him that got little Jimmy Kelly a good job, and made Dan Murphy's boss raise his wages so he could send his girls to school instead of running cash in some God-forsaken store." Then the woman seemed to soften a little. "You mustn't mind my rantin,' marm,—thank you for comin', but I don't want nothin' but work."

"May I give you some work?" said Margaret, timidly. "Will you—will you come to my house and do some cleaning?"

"Thank you-kindly, marm, I will."

Mrs. Prescott told Dr. Margetson of this family with real pleasure, and urged him to accompany her on her next visit. He expressed a deep interest, but always declined to see the poor people, on the ground that too many visitors embarrassed them. In her acquaintance with the poor widow, Margaret heard much of the kind gentleman whom the woman proudly called her friend. Mrs. Prescott became much interested in the accounts of the stranger, and wondered that she had never met him in the course of her charitable rounds. One day a bright idea flashed across her that Dr. Margetson was this unknown visitor. "Ah," she thought, "that was the reason he would never go with me. His modesty did not wish to see the gratitude of his poor dependents. His charity has been so quietly done that I never suspected him. How good, how noble thus to hide his work!" Pondering this discovery, Margaret Prescott could not help contrasting Dr. Margetson's perfection with her husband's shortcomings. "Dick," she said, "is as happy as possible at a steeple-chase. His soul is satisfied with sparring matches. Our leader is continually seeking to improve himself. What sympathy has Richard with charity? His idea of it would be to give ragged boys tickets to the base ball games. Alas, early marriages are a fatal mistake. If I had not bound myself to him before I was old enough to understand my own possibilities, perhaps—"

But such soliloquies are dangerous, and Margaret was woman enough to check thoughts of this evil character. But she wanted Dr. Margetson to learn that she knew of his kindness to the poor family, and so formed a plan to have him meet his beneficiaries unexpectedly at her own house and be overwhelmed by their gratitude and his own modesty.

In agreement with this idea, Mrs. Prescott prepared a splendid supper, and invited the poor widow and her children to come and enjoy it at her house. Dr. Margetson was also asked for the same time, ostensibly to view some valuable autographs. The plan was arranged for a day when Mr. Prescott would be away. All the arrangements were carried out; the widow and her children were enjoying a luxurious tea in the dining room, Mrs. Prescott was entertaining the literary lion in the drawing-room, preparatory to leading him to the unexpected meeting with the poor people, when suddenly, to upset all calculations, Mr. Prescott appeared.

Thoroughly astonished, his wife could only say: "Why, Dick, you said you were not coming home tonight!"

"I finished my business in Lowell earlier than I expected. Apparently my entrance is inopportune," replied her husband. There was a sarcastic dignity in Prescott's voice which filled Margaret with vague alarm. She nervously introduced him to Dr. Margetson, and the latter's low bow seemed weak beside her husband's distrustful nod.

Turning to his wife, Dick said: "If Dr. Margetson will excuse you, we will go to dinner."

"But, Dick," responded Margaret; "a poor family are at tea in the dining-room. I wanted them to have for once a satisfactory meal in a pleasant room. I did not know that you were to be at home, or you should not have been inconvenienced."

"Poor people?" replied her husband, "very well, Margaret, let us come in and see them. It's great sport to see hungry children with all they want to eat before them."

Here Dr. Margetson put in a few words, to the effect th at he must take his leave, but poor, obtuse Mrs. Prescott could not have her scheme so spoiled. As there was no escaping her urgency, Margetson followed into the dining-room where the poor scrubbing woman and her children were ecstatically happy in the enjoyment of a luxurious supper.

What was Mrs. Prescott's satisfaction as soon as they entered the room to hear a simultaneous cry from the hungry party. "It's the kind gentleman." The poor widow rose to make a low courtesy and mumble. "Many thanks for your goodness to a poor woman, sir." But what was this? She addressed all her remarks not to Dr. Margetson, but to Dick! Margaret could hardly believe her eyes and, turning doubtfully to her husband, she said: "Richard Prescott, have you been helping these people?"

"I know them a little, my dear, but I never did anything for them that was worth mentioning, and so never told you." Even yet Margaret could not relinquish her cherished theory. Turning to the poor woman and calling her attention to Dr. Margetson, she said, "But don't you know him, has he not visited you?" Before Margetson could interrupt came the woman's reply. "Indeed, marm, I know him too well. He owes me a good bill for washing I did for him, and never a cent have I had for it."

Mr. and Mrs. Prescott turned to the object of this accusation in horror, but he had fled. Margeston, the brilliant, intellectual leader, fled before the honest indignation of a poor, defrauded washerwoman. He disappeared from Boston entirely, and at his departure many outstanding debts came to light, and several thefts were found to be due to him. Even in his haste to avoid the poor widow's accuation he had found time to take from the Prescott's home and autograph letter from Robert Browning.

Margaret was a different woman after this. She went to her husband and told him of her weakness. She confessed to her almost wicked admiration of his showy talents, she had almost scorned her faithful, loving husband. In her deep humility she felt as if she had sacrificed Dick's affection, and he could never care for her again. But Richard Prescott, if not intellectual, was great hearted and truly magnanimous. Drawing his wife toward him, he stroked her hair as he responded characteristically: "Maggie, my dear, we have both done badly; we've both thought too much about our individual records, and not played together well as a team. There were lots of errors in the past innings, but now we'll start a clean score card, dear, and begin the tally with a home run," with which statement Dick calmly caught his wife up and kissed her, and strangely enough, Margaret always liked to hear her husband talk of base ball after this reconciliation.

Stopped His Paper.

Stay, foreman, stay that ruthless speed,
At task of type arranging,
For at this moment there is need
Of multifarious changing;
Turn all the brazen column-rules,
Take out the head and drape'er
With signs of woe—that prince of fools,
Old Sneakley's stopped his paper!

Stay, pressman, in thy busy flight,
And heed this admonition;
The labors are abridged to-night—
We'll run a small edition;
And join, O comrades, in our tears
At this untimely caper,
By which we lose the fruit of years,
Since Sneakley's stopped his paper.

—*Chicago News.*

Tramp Printer to Editor.

"Say, boss, can't you give me two bits to get a bite to eat?" Editor: "Yes I'll give you two bits if you'll set type for it." Tramp printer, despondently: "That's just my luck. I'm dying for work, but I have the rheumatism so bad that I can't get my hands up to the case. Ain't you got anything else that I can do?" Editor: "I don't know. What else can you do?" Tramp printer, in a burst of confidence: "I'll tell you what I will do. If you'll show me the editorial you want for to-morrow, I'll cheerfully cut it out and hang it on the hook.—*Atchison Globe.*

The Man in the Moon.

"I could gaze at the moon for hours. Mr. Sampson," she said in a voice full of sweetness and pneumonia. "I never tire of it."

"Ah" would that I were the man in it!"

"Yes," she assented softly.

"And why, Miss Clara?" he asked getting ready to take her hand.

"Because, Mr. Sampson" she said, shyly veiling her eyes with their long lashes, "you would be four million miles away."—*Epoch.*

A RACY BOOK.

Scintillating With Sarcasm and Brilliant Truth.

New York Letter.

Chap. I. "Has Malaria;" goes to Florida.

Chap. II. "Overworked;" goes to Europe.

Chap. III. "Has rheumatism;" goes to Ems.

Chap. IV. Has a row with his doctor.

I have read a deal of sarcasm in my day, but I never read anything equal to the above four chaptered book, written by some anonymous. I suspect the experience portrayed is a personal one; the author intimates as much on page 81. Let me give you a synopsis:

"Malaria," as it states, "is the cloak with which superficial physicians cover up a multitude of ill feelings which they do not understand, and do not much care to investigate. It is also a cover for such diseases as they cannot cure. When they advise their patient to travel or that he has overworked and needs rest and is probably suffering from malaria, it is a confession of ignorance or of inability."

"The patient goes abroad. The change is a tonic and for a time he feels better. Fickle appetite, frequent headaches, severe colds, cramps, sleeplessness, irritability, tired feelings, and general unfitness for business are succeeded in due time by alarming attacks of rheumatism which flits about his body regardless of all human feelings.

"It is muscular,—in his back. Articular,—in his joints. Inflammatory, my! how he fears it will fly to his heart!

"Now off he goes to the springs. The doctor sends him there, of course, to get well; at the same time he does not really want him to die on his hands!

That would hurt his business!

"Better for a few days. Returns. After a while neuralgia transfixes him. He bloats; cannot breathe; has pneumonia; cannot walk; cannot sleep on his left side; is fretful; very nervous and irritable; is pale and flabby; has frequent chills and fevers; everything about him seems to go wrong; becomes suspicious; musters up courage and demands to know what is killing him!

"Great heaven!" he cries, "why have you kept me so long in ignorance?"

"Because," said the doctor, "I read your fate five years ago. I thought best to keep you ignorant of the facts."

He dismisses his doctor, but too late! His fortune has all gone in fees.

But him, what becomes of him?

The other day a well known Wall street banker said to me "it is really astonishing how prevalent bright's disease is becoming. Two of my personal friends are now dying of it. But it is not incurable I am certain, for my nephew was recently cured when his physicians said recovery was impossible. The case seems to me to be a wonderful one." This gentleman formerly represented his government in a foreign country. He knows, appreciates and declares the value of that preparation, because his nephew, who is a son of Danish Vice-Consul Schmidt, was pronounced incurable when the remedy, Warner's safe cure, was begun. "Yes," said his father, "I was very skeptical, but since taking that remedy the boy is well."

I happen to know what it was that cured the boy, for Genl. Christianson, of Drexel, Morgan & Co.'s, told me that it was that 'wonderful remedy Warner's safe cure.'

Well, I suspect the hero of the book cured himself by the same means.

I cannot close my notice better than by quoting the author's advice:

"If, my friend, you have such an experience as I have portrayed, do not put your trust in physicians to the exclusion of other remedial agencies. They have no monopoly over disease, and I personally know that many of them would far prefer that their patients should go to heaven direct from their powerless hands than that they should be saved to earth by the use of any "unauthorized means."

Do They Ever Say Such Things.

This bit of vicious talk was overheard in a dressing room recently between two rival Back Bay belles:

"Fred is getting positively spooney," one said to the other; "he called me a flower juit before I came up-stairs."

"You had been sitting against the wall for a long time," was the unamiable response, delivered with much sweetness, "but it wasn't nice of him to allude to it."

This reminds of an old French story, only that it is by no means as good as that venerable retort:

"Your husband told me last evening," one lady remarks to another, "that my cheeks were like roses."

"Yes," retorts the wife, apparently undisconcerted, "he said to me afterwards that it was a pity that they should be yellow roses.—Boston Letter.

"A Hair of the Dog That Bit You."

A similar proverb is earlier than the year 1856. De Lincy has:

"Du poil de la beste qui te mordis,
Cu de son sanc sera gueris."

Bovilli, "Prov." liv. ii. xvi siecle, t. i p. 19

The year of the publication of Bovilli's collection is 1531. Sec t. ii. p. 582. The proverb appears to have been in common use in the sixteenth century. De Lincy has again, at t. i. p. 171 and 167:

"Poil (de Baucon) du mesme chien,
Est au pion souverain bein."

Gabr. Meurier, "Tresor des sentences," xvi siecle.

"Contre morsure de chien de nuit
Le meseme poil tres-bein duit."—Ibid.

In the "Regimen Sanitatus Salernitanum" there is the repetition, to which the proverb refers in the lines:

"Si tibi serotina noceat potatio vini
Hora matutina rebibas, et erit medicina."
Vv. 45-6.

—[Notes and Queries.

Rich in Either Case.

A contemporary states that if the Emperor Frederick had died before he reached the throne his widow's income would probably have been £5,000 a year, and it might have been less. This is all nonsense, for the Empress Victoria has a life allowance from England of £8,000 a year, and her marriage settlements provided the same amount for her from Germany, so that if she had been widowed while crown princess, she would have had at least £16,000 a year. Under the Prussian royal statutes the Empress Victoria, if she becomes a widow, will have a fortune payable by the reigning emperor out of his civil list of £30,000 a year, and the use of the palace of Charlottenburg and a portion of the Neue Palais at Potsdam.—London Truth.

Quantity of Fruit.

We have recently been asked how many raspberries, blackberries, etc., can be grown upon an acre, and how many a person can pick in a day. Such questions cannot be very satisfactorily answered. To state the maximum yield known would be to state only what some one has done under extraordinary circumstances. Eighty bushels to the acre have been reported for raspberries, and blackberries bear equally well, but if the average grower expects any such yield he will be disappointed. So far as picking is concerned, it depends altogether upon the picker. Some pickers can pick five times more than others. in fruit picking it will soon be found that some have a natural talent for it as well as anything else.—Western Rural.

"Where Is My Boy To-Night?"

Of the 3,000 (estimated) young men in this city, 627 in one hour on a recent evening passed into nine saloons. During the same time only twenty-six young men visited the Young Men's Christian Association rooms. The only way that the association can successfully combat the saloons is to present equal or superior attractions. Second-floor reform affects the few. The association ought to have a building of its own, with just as much light and music and good cheer as the saloons, and the doors should swing as easily as those of the drinking places.—Jamestown Journal.

BARBED WIRE.

If you have barbed wire fences, keep Veterinary Carbolisalve in your stables. It cures without a scar and renews the hair its original color. 50 cents and $1.00 at Druggists or by mail. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

He who lets things be given him is not good at taking.

$500 Reward.

If you suffer from dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; if the eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; and there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice being changed and having a nasal twang; the breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; experience a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough, and general debility, then you are suffering from chronic nasal catarrh. Only a few of the above named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case at one time, or in one stage of the disease. Thousand of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents.

Mrs. Lamar, the wife of Justice Lamar, is going to build a house in Washington.

"Golden at morning, silver at noon, and lead at night," is the old saying about eating oranges. But there is something that is rightly named Golden, and can be taken with benefit at any hour of the day. This is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, literally worth its weight in gold to any one suffering with scrofulous affections, impurities of the blood, or diseases of the liver and lungs. It is unfailing. By druggists.

Fifty Boston firms sell annually 8,000,000 sheep skins.

Beautiful woman, from whence came thy bloom,
Thy beaming eye, thy features fair?
What kindly hand on thee was laid—
Endowing thee with beauty rare?
"'Twas not ever thus," the dame replied,
"Once pale this face, these features bold,
The 'Favorite Prescription' of Dr. Pierce
Wrought the wonderous change which you behold."

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

Physicians' Test.

The physicians in Lowell, who are testing the Moxie Nerve Food plant on paralysis and nervous exhaustion, in addition to the number already reported, have recovered a Mrs. Brock, of Barnet, Vt., a long time helpless. A Mrs. Cheney, 18 Bleachery Street, Lowell, who was not expected to live. Its greatest popularity springs from the fact that it substitutes stimulants and tonics without harm, and imparts great powers of endurance. The apothecaries are besieged for it everywhere. Large companies are forming for its manufacture all over the world.

One forgives everything to him who forgives himself nothing.

7 GRAND 7

Excursions at half fare to Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas, via the Wabash Western railway. Excursion train will leave Omaha at 3:15 p. m. as follows: March 6th and 20th, April 3d and 24th, May 8th and 22d, and June 5th. Full information given by calling on or addressing G. N. Clayton, Passenger and Ticket Agent Wabash railway, 1502 Farnam street, Omaha.

Who is the greatest liar? He who thinks the most of himself.

In another column of this issue will be found an entirely new and novel specimen of attractive advertising. It is one of the neatest ever placed in our paper, and we think our readers will be well repaid for examining the SUPPOSED display letters in the advertisement of Prickly Ash Bitters.

The tree overthrown by the wind has more branches than roots.

Land Excursion to California.

May 3d and June 15th a land excursion to California will leave Omaha over the Burlington Route. Those desiring lands for farming or fruit raising send stamp for catalogue.

Parties buying land from us will give them free second class transportation one way. C. W. Mount, General Agent, Barker Block, Omaha, Neb.

The worst enemy a man can have is a fool friend.

Omaha Commercial College.

In attendance 140 students. Fifty of whom work their way, and places for others. Send for College Journal and specimen of penmanship. Address, Rohrbough Bros.

Men may bend to virtue, but virtue can not bend to them.

How It Works.

In answer to many inquiries regarding the permanency of cures wrought by St. Jacob's Oil to which public attention has been specifically called in many varied forms, the following serves as a most excellent example of how the great remedy performs its miracles and what is meant by a permanent cure. Hundreds have testified to the same effect. Mr. J. E. Bonsall, Prothonotary, New Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa., in 1881 was permanently cured of rheumatism. From the age of 15 to 48, about 33 years, he had suffered acutely at times from that dread disease and at the date specified, he was permanently cured by St. Jacobjs Oil. In proof of this, he writes in 1886 that he has had no recurrence of rheumatic pains since his relief in 1881. Again in April, 1888, he writes as follows: "My health continues good; no return of rheumatism since 1881 when cured by St. Jacob's Oil. I receive letters from all parts asking about my miraculous cure after 30 years suffering."

A man is wise only just in proportion that he knows himself.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } LUCAS COUNTY, S. S.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

{SEAL.} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

P. S.—Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75 cents.

The court is like the sea—everything depends upon the wind.

A Rhode Island farmer recently sold ninety-three lambs for $1,000.

If You Feel Tired

Weak and weary, worn out, or run down from hard work, by impoverished condition of the blood or low state of the system, you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The peculiar toning, purifying, and vitalizing qualities of this successful medicine are soon felt throughout the entire system, expelling disease, and giving quick, healthy action to every organ. It tones the stomach, creates an appetite, and rouses the liver and kidneys. Thousands who have taken it with benefit, testify that Hood's Sarsaparilla "makes the weak strong."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I have taken not quite a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and must say it is one of the best medicines for giving an appetite, purifying the blood, and regulating the digestive organs, that I ever heard of. It did me a great deal of good." Mrs. N. A. Stanley, Canastota, N. Y.

Makes the Weak Strong

"Feeling languid and dizzy, having no appetite and no ambition to work, I took Hood's Sarsaparilla with the best results. As a health invigorator and for general debility I think it superior to anything else." A. A. Birkes, Utica, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

FREE By return mail. Full Description Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

GOLD Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

$65 A MONTH & BOARD for 3 Bright Young Men or Ladies in each county. F. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

$5 to $8 per day. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Hold er Co., Holly, Mich.

GOLD is worth $600 per lb. Pettit's Eye salve is worth $1,000 but issold at 25cts box by dealers

W. N. U., Omaha. 414—19.

THOSE ACHES down your Back and through your Limbs MEAN RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA OR KINDRED ILLS. CURED BY Jacobs Oil AT DRUGGISTS & DEALERS. THE CHAS. A. VOGELER CO. BALTO., MD.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL And Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

The only preparation of COD LIVER OIL that can be taken readily and tolerated for a long time by delicate stomachs