A TEST OF CHARACTER

Which has Been Sustained for Many Years.

It often takes a man years to build up a reputation, and what better proof of character is there than a life spent in rendering assistance to suffering mankind? Unquestionably there is none; and if age is a test of character, then the remedies of Dr. Radway are thoroughly established in the estimation of the public, for there is a continued demand for them even after years of use. New remedies are brought out daily, and for a brief time their virtues are exalted as a panacea for every ill that flesh is heir to. In a great many cases the remedies are extensively advertised, and the proprietors thereof rely more upon the faith of the patient in their efficacy than upon any curative powers which they possess. There are very few proprietary medicines which have stood the test of time, and for which, even after being years before the public, there is an increased demand.

Among this number, perhaps the foremost, are those bearing the well-known name of Dr. Radway & Co. For years Dr. Radway has invited the public in all cases of the most chronic disease to use his world-renowned remedies, and he has done so by means of newspapers, books and pamphlets. There are three different remedies, each one adapted to its own branch of complaints. Their curative qualities have become known to residents of every quarter of the globe, while skilled physicians appreciate the fact that they contain no incompatible elements. Who has not seen the initials "R. R. R.," by which Dr. Radway's Ready Relief is known? Surely, they are as universally known as the old-fashion alliteration, "readin', "'ritin'" and "'rithmetic."

Radway's Ready Relief is all that its name implies, and it cures or relieves the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. It should be kept constantly on hand by every family, as it is efficacious in all cases of inflammation and congestion of the lungs, stomach and other organs, while internally in water it relieves instantly such indispositions as cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, diarrhœa, colic, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache and internal pains.

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent is a blood purifier, and is a sovereign remedy for chronic diseases, scrofulous affections, skin diseases, chronic ulcers and old sores. The young people of both sexes suffering from pimples, blotches, etc., on the skin, should immediately take Radway's Resolvent. It surely and safely removes them.

Dr. Radway's pills, too, have become famous, and as a remedy for the liver and stomach they cannot be equalled. They are coated with sweet gum, are perfectly tasteless and are purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs. Dr. Radway prepares and distributes his famous remedies on a colossal scale, and, like air, they circulate all over the globe. The headquarters of the firm, which has branch offices all over the world, is at No. 32 Warren street, New York, and upon receipt of a two-cent stamp they will mail to any address an interesting illustrated work entitled "False and True."

Incubators for Infants.

Prematurely born and abnormally delicate infants are now supplied with artificial mothers of more than motherly tenderness. The apparatus, identical with the incubator or artificial hen for hatching chickens, is simply a large square box warmed by bowls of water beneath an inner bottom. In this, carefully wrapped in cotton, is placed the weak babe so frail during its first few days that the open air would fatally chill it. With an even temperature and a free circulation of warm air, secure from cold and dampness and with careful feeding the infant thrives and rapidly acquires health. The natural mother can only watch the growth of her offspring through the glass cover until the new life has been fanned into sufficient strength to be confided to her keeping. In the hospitals of Paris this system has been for some time giving satisfactory and even surprising results.

Eastern Summer Resorts.

During the coming season the Ohio & Mississippi Railway will have on sale in St. Louis round trip tickets at low excursion rates to White Sulphur, Red Sulphur, Old Sweet, Salt Sulphur, Chalybeate, Rockbridge Alum, and other mineral springs and resorts in the Virginias; Deer Park and Oakland in the Alleghenies, and Lake Chautauqua in western New York. The Ohio & Mississippi Railway is the only line from St. Louis by which these celebrated resorts can be reached in palace sleeping coaches without change of cars. Our sleeping car lines for the East pass directly through the greater part of them, allowing a stop-over for a few days en-route east. Those who take sleeper only during the night runs are in no way discommoded, as changes are made in Union depots at Cincinnati and Louisville. No other line from St. Louis can offer the advantages of the Ohio & Mississippi Railway in train service and quick time to the eastern summer resorts. Round-trip tickets from all points west will be on sale at office of connecting lines. In purchasing, see that they read via O. & M. R'y.

St. Louis offices, 101 and 103 N. 4th St., under Planters House, and at Union depot.

For further information address A. J. Lytle, Gen'l Western Pass'r Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

Viviparous Fishes in Florida.

Not long since a couple of gentlemen were out fishing near Orlando, one of whom is an accomplished naturalist, who can name the genera and species of almost anything he comes across. But there he found something which he set down as a natural Florida curiosity. It was a little fish that produced its offspring after the manner of warm blooded animals. It is a fact of interest to naturalists that in all the fresh waters of Florida are found fishes that bring forth their young alive and perfect, instead of laying eggs in the manner of the finny tribe generally. The parent fishes are very small, being only from one and a half to two inches long and are often used for bait for bass. The exact name of the genus and species is not yet known, but the books mention several species of the goby as being viviparous, like the specimens here mentioned.—Savannah News.

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Fenlow's Folly.

BY JAMES M. MERRILL.

It stood up gaunt and bleak, and bare, almost always in the shadow that solemn old building, a standing monument to the folly of one man who imagined he was to revolutionize the world, or that part of it at least, that revolved around Tidewind as a center.

"So that is Fenlow's Folly," said Paul Hildreth, as he stood beside the beautiful Alma Dane and passed down into the deep shadows of the gulch where the immense stone building stood over the little stream, and seemed a part of the gloomy picture with which nature had invested that lone spot.

Trees lining the hillsides shadowed the place, save for a brief bit at noonday, when the sun in his diurnal round peeped for a short time into the solemn gulch.

"That is Fenlow's Folly," answered the girl, her solemn, gray eyes shadowed with the gloom of the scene. "I have often wondered what was inside those walls, but, you see, haven't yet gained courage to make the exploration. Perhaps you would go with me."

"Not for the world," he answered with a laugh. "'Tis haunted, they say, and I have no notion of shocking my nerves by a visit to the old ruin. Did you tell me why it was built?"

"For a factory of some sort, but the projector died before it was completed, and no one cared to finish the work since Fenlow left no property."

"Indeed."

There was a puzzling look in the eyes of handsome Paul Hildreth, as he plucked at his moustache and regarded the sombre ruin thoughtfully.

"Folly, indeed," he muttered. "By the way, Cousin Alma, do you hear from our mutual friend, Gerard Manning? I suppose you and he would have joined lives and fortunes before now."

"I hear nothing."

And yet the gloom deepened in the gray eyes, and a touch of pallor shot into Alma Dane's cheeks. Why had this reference to Manning so affected her?

The man at her side understood, and bit his lip as he offered his arm, and the twain walked slowly down the country road. The walk extended half a mile, ending at the comfortable residence of old Squire Dane, whose broad acres were counted by the thousands, and who had laughingly promised his only child Alma a good fat duck on her wedding day.

Once in her own room Alma gave vent to her feeling in a dry sob as she sank low in the willow rocker and gazed hard at the floor. Why did Gerard Manning not come? This was the burden of her grief. At length she came to her feet, and from a drawer in the bureau near extracted a letter. She opened it and read for the dozenth time:

MY DARLING ALMA:—I shall be with you on the 20th of June if I live, and then the world shall know of our betrothal. I have prospered and expect to satisfy the exactions even of so exacting a desire as yours. Many kisses and good-bye. GERARD.

A precious missive that. For the dozenth time Alma pressed it to her lips, then, with a shudder, flung it from her, and sank once more to the low chair.

It was now the 22nd, and Gerard Manning failed to appear. "If I am alive I will be with you on the 20th," he had written. Could it be that he was dead? Alma felt a smothering sensation at the thought. But no, if anything had gone wrong with Gerard the telegraph would have quickly informed her of it.

For two days her handsome cousin, Paul Hildreth, had invested the squire's home with his presence, and he had been very attentive to his pretty cousin, who had, on a former occasion, refused him for the sake of the love Gerard Manning had kindled in her heart.

Paul was more than ever attentive during his present visit.

"I thought I must come before sitting out for Europe," he exclaimed. "I mean to be a enon, and drown my sorrow in a foreign land."

This had reference to his hopeless love for Alma. She pitied him as she regarded the handsome solemnity of his face, pitied, and waited in vain the coming of Gerard Manning.

"You have met Edith Walton doubtless," said Paul, carelessly, on the third day of his visit. "I saw her riding with Manning on the morning of the 20th, as I boarded the train."

"I never met her," was Alma's solemn answer. "I—I don't think Mr. Manning ever mentioned her name in my hearing."

"The sly dog. I suppose he wanted to keep it secret, but the gossips do say that Miss Walton is an heiress, and Gerard is desperately smitten. I might have tried there myself, only, you see I could not marry for mere gold, it isn't my nature. I believe I am not constituted as other people. I shall never marry."

He sighed deeply.

Unconsciously they walked to the bluff overlooking Fenlow's Folly, and paused only when the gray building loomed up dark and rugged, before their eyes.

"The 'Folly' again," uttered he. "Do you know, Alma the sight of that old ruin reminds me of my own life. It might have been bright and full of living enjoyment but for the folly that turned my heart toward one object. I am blighted at the inception of life. I shall go to Europe, and live and die there. I cannot remain here knowing that I can never win the object of my soul's desire."

Sad, yet handsome, was the face she regarded, as he glanced gloomily down at the partially ruined factory. Even as they gazed, a solemn moan seemed to sweep up from the gray walls to their ears.

"Come," he cried suddenly, seizing her arm, "I cannot stand this dismal scene; let us return."

"What was that sound from the 'Folly,' Paul?" she questioned, holding herself rigidly in her tracks.

"Nothing but the moan of the wind."

And then they walked slowly away, both in a solemn mood.

"I must leave you to-morrow," he said, as they parted. She gave him no hope, and they did not meet again until the morning of the following day. He had been to the nearest village, and returned looking white and troubled as he dismounted from his horse at the gate.

Alma was there nursing her better feelings over Gerard's non appearance.

"Ah I am glad you are outside, Alma," he said hurriedly. "I will leave you to-day but my trip to Europe must be necessarily postponed for a few weeks."

"I do not understand," she said.

"This will explain. I received it at the village this morning."

He placed a paper, with a printed telegram heading at the top, in her hand. She read it in silence.

Paul, remember your promise. I am going to marry the heiress June 26th, and expect you to stand as best man. GERARD.

Alma did not faint. She was made of sterner stuff. She seemed very white and troubled, however, as she handed back the bit of paper.

"You see, it is as I suspected—"

"Paul don't go today," she articulated, hoarsely.

"Tomorrow will do," he answered.

Then she went swiftly back to the house and to her own room. That last letter from his treacherous hand she tore to fragments, and set her heel on them in the fierceness of her indignation. Her eyes were dry, and the full red lips burning with fever.

"I will show Gerard that I am not disconsolate over his treachery."

With this uttered resolution Alma Dane went once more to meet her cousin. They were together for a long hour, under the shadow of the trees on the lawn. Before they parted he bent and kissed her, while a glow of triumph lit up the dark face, and lightened the glow in his eyes.

"I will remain for your sake, dearest," he whispered low. "I must excuse myself to Gerard, and will go there today and return tomorrow, when we will be married.

"Yes, Paul."

Her eyes were dry and a feverish glow filled her cheeks, parched her throat, rendering her voice husky and unnatural.

He left her, mounted his horse and rode swiftly to the railway station.

"If I can possibly return tonight I will," he said at parting from Alma. "Remember, you are not to go near the "Folly," for something might happen to you. For my sake I want you to obey me in this."

She gave a silent assent, and then paced along under the trees. The hours of that day were the longest Alma had ever experienced. Unrest worried her soul, and her heart was leaden in its sullen beating. She kept her room most of the day. Everything that belonged to Gerard she sacrificed, the sight of them rendering her miserable. Was ever a woman so sore distressed on the eve of her wedding as she?

The squire, her father, marveled at the strange gloom that had suddenly come over his daughter, but he did not question her that day—on the next day it was not necessary.

Night was once more threatening, and Alma sought solace without the heated atmosphere of her room. Instinctively she turned her steps toward Fenlow's Folly. She did not pause on the hill, but went down the narrow, long unused road, which was a short cut from the village to the farm of Squire Dane. She paused only when she stood in the gloomy shadow of the great stone building.

"Paul said I must not come here," she mused. "Why should he care? I made no promise. I am reckless tonight. I will learn the mysteries of the old mill."

Boldly she advanced through the open door that time had loosened from its hinges, and stood on the littered floor. It was almost dark here, and there was a damp smell to everything. Even in that summer night the air was chill, and Alma drew her shawl more closely. At that moment she started and trembled in every joint.

An awful groan assailed her ears.

For some moments she stood petrified, with terror stealing her senses away.

The groan was repeated, followed immediately by a muffled voice calling for help. Surely that could not be a spirit.

"Who calls?" cried Alma, gaining courage in spite of her terrible surroundings.

"It is I—Gerard Manning!"

The voice was muffled as though half smothered, yet it was plain enough to startle Alma into activity. She followed the sound and soon stood over the opening to a dry well, over which a heavy iron pulley, a part of the ancient machinery, was cast.

"I am here, pretty weak from long fasting," said the occupant of the strange prison, when he knew that Alma was above. "I've been here several days, I judge, and began to think death alone would end my sufferings. He and I came together on the 20th of June. We followed the short cut from the station, and at his request we entered here to examine the old factory.

"I stepped on some rotten planks and was precipitated into this old well. I was hurt by the fall. He promised to go for a rope. He did not return. Once I climbed to the surface but could not lift the wheel, and fell back. I have called and called until exhausted."

Alma, trembling with agitation and a strange inward joy, promised to mill. When she returned her father bring help, and hastened from the old accompanied her, bearing a lantern. It required the united effort of the old man and his daughter, with a lever, to move the covering to the unused well. When lifted to the surface Manning was too weak to stand.

Assisted by father and daughter, however, he managed to walk into the open air. His story of Paul Hildreth's perfidy planted redhot wrath in the heart of the old squire.

"Let him show his head again and I'll put him where the dogs won't bite him," avowed the old man at a white heat of wrath. And then the clatter of hoofs fell on their ears. Some traveler was taking a short-cut across the gulch. The squire lifted his lantern and flung the rays down the road.

It was Paul Hildreth.

His face grew white when he saw the trio, and noted that one was Gerard Manning.

"Stop a moment, Paul Hildreth," I've a little account to settle with you," cried the old man, advancing, his face revealed, stern and solemn, in the weird light. "In the sight of heaven you are a murderer! and I—"

But the old squire was not permitted to finish the sentence. A horse suddenly wheeled in the road, and dashed swiftly from the spot.

"The scoundrel! He must be intercepted," grated Mr. Dane, moving swiftly after the fleeting man.

"Father, come back," called Alma.

The old squire soon returned, realizing the futility of the chase.

"I will post him on the morrow, and he shall not escape," muttered the indignant old man.

And then the trio climbed the hill, and at easy stages made their way to the squire's home. Of course Paul Hildreth did not show up, nor did Squire Dane post him as he had promised, his not doing so owing to Manning's wish.

"He may not have meant to murder me," said Gerard, "but he would have released me only after wedding Alma, who, it seems, fell into the trap."

"For which I am heartily ashamed, although that telegram quite upset me," returned the girl.

In after years Fenlow's Folly was utilized, and the young squire who presides over the destinies of a growing manufacturing village, owes his all, he often asserts, to his wife's bravery in visiting the haunted ruin one night in the long ago.—*Yankee Blade.*

The King's Death.

Over the chasm of Night
The Sun, the king of Day,
Looks, shudders with affright,
And trembling turns away.

And while he trembling stands,
Longing to turn back,
The hours with eager hands
Are hastening on his track.

Ready they stand before him
To hurl him to his fate:
He draws his mantle o'er him—
Not long has he to wait.

He dies in gleaming splendor,
And a gloom o'er Nature falls,
Till morn all white and tender,
Climbs over the chasm walls.

—*Minnie W. Armstrong, St. Louis Magazine.*

Proper Care of the Eyes.

In reading, says Dr. David Webster of New York, the book should be held at a distance of from ten to fifteen inches from the eyes. The reader's position should be such that the light may fall on the book, and not on the eyes. The light itself should be sufficient. Nothing is so injurious to the eyes as poor light in reading. Next to sunlight the incandesent light gives the best illumination for reading and all notions of the injurious effect on the eyes of the electric light are erroneous. Reading while riding in the cars should be avoided. The jolting and shaking of the train causes a great strain on the eyes, and injures them. There is a great deal of popular prejudice against spectacles, but there are two good reasons why they should be worn, and only two. One is that we may see better, and the other that strain on the eyes may be relieved. The near-sighted child should wear spectacles, because they are the best preventive against increase of near-sightedness, and also because he loses a great part of his education in not being able to see more than a few feet away. When a person grows old the power of accommodation is lost, and even if he be not near-sighted, the hardening crystalline lens prevents sight at short distanced. Hence he is obliged to wear glasses. The vast majority of persons who wear glasses can see as well without them. They use them to avoid a constant strain on the eyes. The act of focalization is a muscular one, and uses up nervous energy. The over-sighted eye, in which the focus comes behind the retina, has to perform this muscular act continually. The results are headach, irritability and nausea. The only remedy in such cases is to wear glasses. For eyes in a healthy state pure cold water is the best wash. When the eyelids are inflamed a week solution of salt and water makes the best domestic eye lotion. Never apply poultices to the eye.

Seek Good Society, Young Man.

It is hardly creditable for a young man to pass his life in a great city without trying to know the best ladies' society. He should seek to do so, and ask some friend to take him about and introduce him. He should never push or transcend the delicate outlines of social sufferance; he must remember Thackeray's noble description:

"What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to be honest, brave, to be gentle, generous, to be wise, and possessing all these qualities to exercise them in the most graceful manner? Ought a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband and honest father? Ought his life to be decent, his bills to be paid, his tastes to be high and elegant? Yes, a thousand times yes."

Young men with all these virtues are sometimes led astray, in coming to New York, by the sight of certain gaudy adventurers who get into society and unaccountably succeed, by means of manners, impudence, self-assurance, audacity and plausible ways. They also see a set of men succeed and get to be leaders of the german, and they observe fashionable men whom they despised, whom they looked upon as cowards and snobs in college or at school. This success (not of the fittest) is apt to disgust manly young men and keep them out of society, a great loss to society. But this is a side issue. If the manly young man waits a few years, he will see these men sink into obscurity. No success is so ephemeral.—*Mrs. John Sherwood.*

Ten Years in 12 Hours.

Once in a while justice overtakes a wrong-doer with startling celerity in New York city. A policeman was caught robbing a store on his beat, of silverware, at 3:30 a. m., April 30. At 5 o'clock the chief suspended him, tearing the buttons off his coat; at 10 he was in the Tombs, an hour later he was before the grand jury; at 12:35 an indictment for grand larceny in the first degree was found, and at 12:50 he was before the recorder, where he pleaded guilty. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, just twelve and a half hours after he was caught, he was shaved, decked in stripes and on a ten-year term, working in a convict gang in Sing Sing. That is the way the thing ought to work. Swift retribution to an offender strikes terror to the heart of every intending evil-doer—and there are, unfortunately, too many men who are kept honest only through wholesome fear.—*Toledo Blade.*

Some men's promises are like foam on a glass of beer.—*New York Journal.*

PITH AND POINT.

The owner of a cremation furnace tries to earn a living by urning the dead.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

A Limburger cheese trust has been formed; but it is only a little one for a scent.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

When the Southern girl can jump a pea vine rope of home manufacture the South will be truly on its legs again.—*Courier-Journal.*

The genius that will invent a practical side saddle for the bicycle will greatly promote the formation of ladies' bicycle clubs.—*Chicago Journal.*

In the onward march of civilization paper rails and car wheels have taken the place of iron and steel, and now the railroad sandwich is made of pasteboard, instead of terra cotta paste, as heretofore.—*Exchange.*

"Is that all you can give me, ma'am," pleaded the tramp, "a dipperful of water?" "Why, no, certainly not," replied the woman with the big heart; "you can have as many dipperfuls as you like."—*New York Sun.*

Countryman (to furniture dealer)—"I want to git a bed an' a mattress." Dealer—"Yes, sir; spring bed and spring mattress, I s'pose, sir?" Countryman—"No; I want that kind that kin be used all the year around."—*Epoch.*

A thousand skunk skins were shipped from Scranton the other day to Germany where they are to be worked up in grenadier hats. If they should retain their natural odor they would add very much to the strength of the German army.—*Mercer (Pa.) Press.*

Capitalist—"Is the climate healthful?" Land Agent—"Healthful? Well, I should say it was! Why, the jury in our town had to bring in a verdict of murder in the first degree against a man for horse-stealing so as to inaugurate our new cemetery."—*Town Topics.*

"Of shur," said a tired citizen early in the morning. I'm (hic) lookin' f'r num'r three-fifty-one, an' 'm blamed (hic) fi can find it." "No. 351, I think, is five doors above, sir—the house with a woman looking out of the second-story window." "Yesh (hic), that's housh."—*New York Sun.*

"The True Advancement of Women."

The advancement of women! How the changes do ring on that sentence! Just what does it mean? Does it mean the granting of the suffrage to women? It cannot, because comparatively few of the mass of women care anything about suffrage, or would use the privilege if it were given. If it is a need of the sex from the standpoint of the advocates of the movement, it is not a want of the rank and file; and until it is, not much progress will be made toward the consummation of what we are told is right. The opening of even the conservative colleges to women, the erection and maintainance of thoroughly equipped colleges for women have settled one demand of the question. The position of women in many of the professions has settled another disputed point, proving that the world demands ability and does not question sex. Every year this question of women and their place in the world is narrowed and defined; every year more clearly proves that the development of ability and character settles the question independent of theory and debate. Intelligently philanthropic women are understanding more fully every day that it is to and by intellectual and moral development of the individual that the mass of humanity is to be lifted into harmony with God's purpose of creation, and that this is accomplished, not by standing outside their lives with theories to which the masses must conform, but by standing shoulder to shoulder with them, individually educating by the development and purpose of their own lives; by holding heart and head open to the suggestions; by recognizing the wants of the class, not dealing with its supposed needs; by giving the impulse that will create wants from needs. This the intelligent woman desirous of benefitting and elevating her race and the world, recognizes. That this is the only method that will give true advancement to women is proven by the work accomplished by the working girls' societies. No organization for women has accomplished for both the individual and the world what has been accomplished by these comparatively small bands of women working together.—*Christian Union.*

The Crow and the Farmer's Dog.

An old crow basked in the wintry sunshine on the bough of a leafless tree just outside the barnyard fence.

With blinking eyes he watched the farmers dog at his dinner of bones, and waited for a chance to steal some of the remains.

The dog raised his eyes.

"Be off!" he cried. "What do you want in the neighborhood of good and respectable birds? You are a vagrant and good for nothing."

"I may not be very good," calmly replied the crow, "but I have managed to reach a prosperous old age, which is more than can be said for the unfortunate and worthy turkey whose bones you have just devoured. The truly good die young. A little worldly wisdom doesn't hurt us in the race of life." And hastily snatching up a bone, he vanished in the frosty air.

This fable is not for the young.—*Life.*

A Word to Husbands.

Love and appreciation are to a woman what dew and sunshine are to a flower. They freshen and brighten her whole life. They make her strong-hearted and keen-sighted in everything affecting the welfare of her home. They make her to cherish her husband when the cares of life press heavily upon him, and to be a very providence to her children. To know that her husband loves her, and is proud of her and believes in her; that even her faults are looked upon with tenderness; that her face, to one at least, is the fairest in all the world; that the heart which to her is the greatest and nobelest holds her sacred in its innermost recesses above all other women, gives her a strength and courage, and energy and sweetness and vivacity which all the wealth of the world could not bestow. Let a woman's life be pervaded with such influence, and her heart and mind will never grow old, but will blossom and sweeten and brighten in perpetual youth.—*Exchange.*

The Five Sisters.

There were five fair sisters, and each had an aim—
Flora would fain be a fashionable dame;
Scholarly Susan's selection was books;
Coquettish Cora cared more for good looks;
Anna, ambitious, aspired after wealth;
Sensible Sarah sought first for good health.

So she took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and grew healthy and blooming. Cora's beauty quickly faded; Susan's eyesight failed from over-study; Flora became nervous and fretful in striving after fashion, and a sickly family kept Anna's husband poor. But sensible Sarah grew daily more healthy, charming and intelligent, and she married rich.

Manners must adorn knowledge, and smooth its way throuth the world.

Bartholdi's Great Work.

The statue of Liberty enlightening the world, which stands on Bedloe's Island, in the harbor of New York, is one of the most sublime artistic conceptions of modern times. The torch of the goddess lights the nations of the earth to peace, prosperity and progress, through Liberty. But "liberty" is an empty word to the thousands of poor women enslaved by physical ailments a hundred fold more tyrannical than any Nero. To such sufferers Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription holds forth the promise of a speedy cure. It is a specific in all those derangements, irregularities and weaknesses which make life a burden to so many women. The only medicine sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee printed on wrapper enclosing bottle.

Sarti, the musician, composed only in darkness.

The three R's brought Regret, Reproach and Remorse to a great political party in 1884. The three P's, when signifying Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets, bring Peace to the mind, Preservation and Perfection of health to the body.

A wedding ceremony should never pass off without a hitch.

Popular Move by the Moxie People.

To prevent counterfeiting and diluting by frauds, they have put a large 75c bottle of concentrated Moxie syrup on the market. With ice water, a bottle will make seventy-five half tumblers of rich beverage nerve food, as strong as the single X, that will give double powers of endurance to the nervous, weakly, over-worked, and always tired out, at a cost of 3 cents per day, without stimulation or reaction. The most eminent chemists have pronounced this the richest nerve food beverage known, and it does not lose its effect from long use.

Oscar Wilde declares that no married man can become a dude.

In General Debility, Emaciation, CONSUMPTION AND WASTING IN CHILDREN, SCOTT'S EMULSION of Pure Cod Liver Oil with hypophosphites, is a most valuable food and medicine. It creates an appetite for food, strengthens the nervous system, and builds up the body. Please read: "I tried Scott's Emulsion on a young man whom Physicians at times gave up hope. Since he began using the Emulsion his Cough has ceased, gained flesh and strength, and from all appearances his life will be prolonged many years."—John Sullivan, Hospital Steward, Morganza, Pa.

Von Moltke says of General Boulanger, "He knows something."

Deafness Can't Be Cured by local applications, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucus lining of the Eustachain Tube. When this tube gets inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucus surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we can not cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

Life is a reckoning we cannot make twice over.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Impulse can do wonders where preparation fails.

Where Runs the "Monon" Swiftly Southward.

From Lake Michigan South it starteth,
From Chicago, Illinois,
Michigan City too it toucheth;
Thence through towns of mill, and noise,
Enroute through Indianapolis,
Mighty city yet to be.
Onward then to Cincinnati,
Offering two routes to the sea;
Perhaps from Monon, where it brancheth,
Thou wouldst visit LaFayette,
Then see ye also Louisville,
Whose fame resoundeth yet;
Here again the Monon, offers
Choice of Pullman Palace routes
To the Gulf Coast, and to Florida,
Thus the traveling world it suits.

(Send to E. O. McCormick, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, for a guide—73 Clark Street.

Dan Rice, the old showman, owns 350,000 acres of land in Texas and New Mexico.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform you readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM. M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body.

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.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.

Sure Cure for Piles.

Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment has cured Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles when all others have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. Sold by Goodman Drug Co., Omaha, Neb.

The lawyer's motto—Work with a will.

You cannot mend a wrong subtraction by doing your addition right.

Note
St. Jacobs Oil
FOR STABLEMEN AND STOCKMEN
It is the Greatest Remedy known FOR Horses and Cattle
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHAS. A. VOGELER CO. BALTO. MD.

DEMOCRATS.

UNION PACIFIC,
"THE OVERLAND ROUTE,"

Will sell through tickets to St. Louis, Mo., to parties desiring to attend the National Democratic Convention to be held at that place, on June 5th, at one fare for the round trip from points in Nebraska and Kansas. Tickets going good June 2d to 5th, inclusive, and returning June 6th to 11th, inclusive, good for continuous passage only in each direction.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES Sure relief Price 25 cts. ASTHMA. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

GOLD is worth $600 per lb. Petit's Eye salve is worth $1,000 but is sold at 25c a box by dealers

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

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG When in Chicago do not fail to see this Great Panorama.

CANCER Tumors and Ulcers cured without knife. Write for pamphlet. DR. F. B. GOLLEY, Milwaukee, Wis.

W. N. U., Omaha. 417—22.

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. RIKER, 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

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

IT IS A PURELY VEGETABLE PREPARATION COMPRISING PRICKLY ASH BARK AND PRICKLY ASH BERRIES SENNA - MANDRAKE - BUCHU AND OTHER ACTIVELY MEDICINAL INGREDIENTS. It has stood the Test of Years, in Curing all Diseases of the BLOOD, LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, BOWELS, &c. It Purifies the Blood, Invigorates and Cleanses the System.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER KIDNEYS STOMACH AND BOWELS. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE DOLLAR

DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, JAUNDICE, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUS COMPLAINTS, &c disappear at once under its beneficial influence.

It is purely a Medicine as its cathartic properties forbids its use as a beverage. It is pleasant to the taste, and as easily taken by children as adults.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO Sole Proprietors, ST. LOUIS and KANSAS CITY

FOR ALL DISORDERS OF THE **Stomach, Liver and Bowels** TAKE **PACIFIC LIVER PILLS**

STRICTLY VEGETABLE.

CURE CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, PILES, SICK HEADACHE, LIVER COMPLAINTS, LOSS OF APPETITE, BILIOUSNESS, NERVOUSNESS, JAUNDICE, ETC. PRICE, 25 cts.

PACIFIC MANUFACTURING CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

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

TRY the CURE. HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered 60c. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St. New York.

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CUSHMAN'S MENTHOL INHALER. Instantly relieves CATARRH, HEADACHE, ASTHMA, NEURALGIA, HAY FEVER. SAT JAN 5-89 Continued use effects permanent cure. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Inhaler sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents. If after one week's trial you are dissatisfied, return in good order, your money will be refunded. Sold by all Druggists. Send your name and get beautiful cards by return mail FREE. H. B. CUSHMAN, Box 66, Three