Seventy-Five Drinks of Moxie, 75 Cents.

The Moxie Co. have prepared a 75c bottle of rich syrup, that with ice water will make seventy-five good drinks of rich nerve food beverage. One cent a glass, and contains eight times more Moxie than the 35c single X. Buy this; see our name, "Moxie Nerve Food, Lowell, Mass.," is blown in the bottle, and you steer clear of the counterfeiters. There is but one Moxie; other so-called nerve foods do not contain a particle of it. It is the only nerve food that has a useful record, or that has ever cured a case of paralysis as a nerve food. All druggists.

Not to feel misfortune is not the part of a mortal.

An ugly complexion made Nellie a fright,
Her face was all pimply and red,
Though her features were good, and her blue eyes were bright,
"What a plain girl is Nellie!" they said.
But now, as by magic, plain Nellie has grown
As fair as an artist's bright dream;
Her face is as sweet as a flower new-blown,
Her cheeks are like peaches and cream.
As Nellie walks out in the fair morning light,
Her beauty attracts every eye,
And as for the people who called her a fright,
"Why, Nellie is handsome;" they cry.

And the reason of the change is that Nellie took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which regulated her liver, cleared her complexion, made her blood pure, her breath sweet, her face fair and rosy, and removed the defects that had obscured her beauty. Sold by druggists.

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death.

How to Select a Wife.

Good health, good morals, good sense and good temper are the four essentials for a good wife. These are the indispensables. After them come the minor advantages of good looks, accomplishments, family position, etc. With the first four, married life will be comfortable and happy. Lacking either, it will be in more or less degree a failure. Upon good health depends largely good temper and good looks, and to some extent good sense also, as the best mind must be affected more or less by the weaknesses and whims attendant on frail health. Young man, if your wife is falling into a state of invalidism, first of all things try to restore her health. If she is troubled with debilitating female weaknesses, buy Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It will cure her.

Herbert: Quick believers need broad shoulders.

Pierce Pleasant Purgative Pellets Possess Powerful Potency, Pass Painlessly. Promote Physical Prosperity.

The Presbyterian Church South rejects the theory of evolution.

Our young friend D. N. Wheeler recently graduated at Elliott's Business College, Burlington, Ia., and is now bookkeeper for the Weir Plow Co., Dallas, Texas, at $75 per month.

The most effective coquetry is innocence.

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 Eustachian 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.

Browning, the poet, is 76 and looks only 40.

EXTERNAL USE of
St. Jacobs Oil
FOR PAINS
AND SORENESS RESULTING FROM
CRAMPS, COLIC, CRAMP COLIC, STOMACHACHE DIARRHŒA
Rub the stomach well with St. Jacobs Oil. Apply flannel steeped in hot water and wrung out.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHAS. A. VOGELER CO. BALTO. MD.

RADWAY'S PILLS.

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Perfect Digestion

Will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing

Sick Headache,

Foul Stomach Biliousness will be avoided and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicine according to directions and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet. A few extracts from the many letters we are constantly receiving:

Dr. A. C. Middlebrook, Doraville, Ga.: "I use them in my practice and faintly in preference to all other Pills."

Mrs. Caroline Monteith, Deer Creek, Ind.: "I believe my life has been saved by your medicine. Have long been suffering with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint."

H. A. Carr, P. M., Escambia, Ala.: "Best Pills he has ever used."

E. Hummel, Boonville, Mo.: Cured him when all others failed.

Alice E. Olwver, Mt. Storm, W. Va.: "I positively say that Radway's are the best Pills I ever had for Dyspepsia."

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO. No. 32 Warren St., New York, for "False and True."

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

The First National Bank of Chicago, first receiving teller, Mr. E. Cohen, also Mr. F. Bold, cashier in the Sherman House, Jno. F. Scanlon, R. C. R., of Foresters and many other prominent men endorse this remedy very highly; it has been prepared and prescribed with wonderful success by Rev. E. Koenig of Ft. Wayne, Ind., for more than ten years. A valuable book on nervous diseases will be mailed free to any address F. EBERLEIN, Druggist, 50 W. Madison St., Chicago.

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CORSETS. Warner's Coraline. Boned with Featherbone. Absolutely unbreakable. Soft, pliable and elastic. Story of Featherbone free. Address "FEATHERBONE," 2 Oaks, Michigan.

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W. N. U., Omaha. 41—35.

Human Sacrifice in Jamaica.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

"The last time I attended a sacrifice," said Mr. Lindsay, "was in August 1871, just previous to my second departure for California, where I had previously lived for years. The congregation started in separate groups and from different directions from a town of San Domingo towards a forest around a lake, several miles distant from the town.

"At the eastern side of the lake was an open space, and here a large number of the Kroomans erected a large camp-fire. Then all present, men, women, and youths, stripped to the waist and, joining hands, formed a circle around the fire, while two drummers with their chests and arms also bared entered the ring, and seating themselves back to back upon their drums, began pounding vigorously with the palms of their hands and their heels upon the goatskin drumheads. A strict silence was, however, maintained by the dancers. When this ceremony had continued for three-quarters of an hour the chief of the tribe and his eldest son, the junior chief, entered the circle and danced around the drummers, chanting wild anthems in the ancient or sacred tongue of the Kroomans.

"The two chiefs then called out the names of seven members to enter the circle and pray with them that the coming sacrifice might be acceptable to God, whom they also begged to choose a worthy victim. Those called for came in response to the chiefs and, with the latter, prostrated themselves face downward on the ground in prayer. At the close of this silent prayer the seven returned to their places in the circle, and then came the solemn portain of the rites.

"The elder chief was blindfolded by two strong men, who, when it was made certain that he could not see, rejoined the circle in company with the drummers. Imagine yourself there as I was at this awful moment.

"The victim of sacrifice is now to be selected. The person whom the hand of the blindfolded chief shall touch will be the fatal one. Wilder and wilder go the dancers in the swiftly flying circle. He rushes forward, staggering from fanatical excitement. Now he is near the ring of dancers. An old woman, an aunt of the chief, is directly in front of him, but the flying circle pulls her by and his hand falls heavily on the shoulders of a young man—a youth of only 16 years of age.

"Instantaneously the young man breaks from the circle and in resignation prostrates himself upon the earth at the feet of the chief, who was then led away by his son, and the high priest appeared upon the scene, clad from head to foot in flowing white linen garments.

"The high priest then danced around the victim, calling upon God in the sacred tongue to accept the being of sacrifice.

"The bandage being taken from the eyes of the elder chief he called a man from the circle to come forward and slay the victim.

"A tall Krooman responded to the leader's command, and, receiving a dagger from the high priest, in another moment stabbed the victim in the heart.

"The high priest next cut off very small pieces of flesh from the victim's right arm, then from his left arm, and afterwards from the calves of his right and left legs and distributed them among members of the congregation, who ate the morsels given to them.

"The members of the congregation, still arranged in a circle, then turned their backs to the central fire, and kneeling down, clasped their hands in prayer while the high priest, taking a calabash cup made out of a native gourd, filled it with the victim's blood and after signing the brows of the two chiefs with the crimson fluid he sprinkled it to the four quarters of the world.

"At the close of this ceremony the high priests and chieftains took the body and placed it in the fire covering it over with wood.

"The dancing and drumming were then resumed and kept up until the corpse was burned to ashes, which were scattered to the winds.

"With the exception of this festival the Kroomans hold no other religious services."

That Bad Little Brother.

Albany Journal.

A mother on Madison avenue lately requested her daughter, who is just approaching womanhood, to give her beau a hint that she must not sit up later than 10 o'clock. This, the girl was reluctant to do, but her little brother threatened that unless she did he would open the parlor door and announce the maternal edict. The sister supposed that she had put a quietus on her brother by reminding him of his playing hookey and forging his mother's name on excuses from school to go skating, not forgetting to mention a little riding whip his mamma kept in her room. All this however was not enough to keep the youth from getting even with his sis's beau for not giving him anything Christmas. The other evening he got an alarm clock with a bell as loud as the gong on the Brooklyn bridge bob, and placed it under the sofa where his sister and her betrothed were to do their spooning. The hands were pointed at 10. The unsuspecting girl heard the tick, but took it to be her lover's Waterbury. He was just tickling her ear with a yarn about a horse his papa was going to buy when the gong sounded. There was a pause—and then, as though understanding the meaning he grabbed his hat and never stopped running until he struck the door-stoop, when he flew. The boy had iced the steps. The little brother now takes a cushion to school with him.

A Woman of Her Word

Hard-faced, swell-dressed lady—This suite of rooms, you say, will be $40 a week, with board.

Soft-faced, pulpy, old boarding house madam—Yes, madam; but I'll make the rooms look pretty.

Hard-faced, swell-dressed lady—Very well, and you need not go too much trouble. I'll take things just as I find them.

Three days later the soft-faced, pulpy, old boarding house madam was in despair. The new boarber had moved out quietly and with her had gone a dozen choice bits of bric-a-brac. She had "taken things just as she found them," nearly everything in sight that was not screwed down.—Mr. Grundy.

Ohio's Giant Poplar Felled.

From the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

A wonderful poplar tree was felled near Tayelorsville, equalling some of the great trees of the Yosemite. This monster of the forest has been the attraction of that locality for many years, but it was not until Cincinnati enterprise found it that movement was made to utilize it.

This remarkable tree is 11 feet 8 inches in diameter at the base and 240 feet high. It is hollow at the base for several feet, and at least seven feet in the clear. For sixty feet there is not a limb, and it is estimated that the tree will yield from 15,000 to 20,000 feet of lumber.

A Cheerful Essay on Death.

New York Star.

People die very fast nowadays. Its a regular business. In my native village nine-tenths of my boyhood friends are in the graveyard. At least, the bones they used are there. I have rows of aunts and uncles there—all dead. I have one uncle there who was a great lover of horses. One night a horse kicked his tombstone in two pieces. People remarked it and guessed Uncle Henry had overdriven that horse some time or other. There's girls I used to know in that cemetery, too. They are all dead too. They are girls of 1856, whose young men went to California to make a fortune and never came back. The girls who waited for them died, and those who didn't wait married the other fellows, and wished afterward they were dead.

Does death end all? Not in New York if there's any money in the dear deceased. After death there's the judgment of the Probate Court, and the discontented heirs, and the broken will, and the lawyers, and the mourners mourning about the streets because he bequeathed a few thousand to a charitable society.

Said the Probate Court stenographer of this city to me recently: "I have been outraged. A villainous thing was done to me to-day in open court. The dissatisfied heirs who had got ready to contest the will of a rich relative have by some mysterious means become satisfied. They instructed their lawyers to withdraw objections. A squad of lawyers to-day withdrew them and I am out of pocket in prospective fees at least two millions of dollars—two millions of dollars sir. You know that Probate Court Stenographers never work for less than a thousand dollars an hour. You know how they all build towns and buy railroads. I never saw such an outrage in all my long experience of mortuary jurisprudence."

Funerals are very unconsoling affairs. The minister says something, but it is never very satisfactory. No one at a funeral seems to enjoy himself but the undertaker. He has got something to occupy his mind, to say nothing of the bill.

I've seen attempts made here by the skeptics who try hard not to believe in anything, to make the funeral of one of their fraternity lively and cheerful. But they turn out just as dismal failures as the rest. Then speakers will get up and say: "This is the last of our brother. He is gone out entirely. He is anihilated. His body is dead and so is his soul, and will your soul be and mine after we're dead." And everybody then goes home fuller of gloom than ever; and those who dare, take a big drink to wash out the recollection of the whole affair. Those who dare not drink, and live entirely on vegetables, get their little excitement by writing articles "to prove that we're all candles eternally snuffed out by death," which they give to their friends to read, saying: "Join our misery, brothers."

Our graveyards have become artificial stone quarries. We rate a man's worth by the tons of stone we put over him. If at the last day the graves do break open, the tall monuments in Cavalry and Greenwood cemeteries will go rattling and tumbling over each other like a run of bricks.

In my boyhood days death and deathbed scenes were the staple articles for conversation at the breakfast table—the intellectual relish of winter's griddle cake and country sausage. A funeral was a three days' business in a country village where people lived so near each other that the sound of busy hammers nailing coffins up could be heard over half the place. The young people got some relief by sitting up with the corpse, and the old ones by guessing how much the deceased left his family around the tobacco-stained stove at the village grocery.

Does death end all? No. When the rich man dies and is buried it's now necessary to hire permanently a squad of detectives to watch the remains. Rich men's bones have a commercial value in the thieves' market, and we may yet see the current prices quoted. The requiescat in pace period is over. This is a progressive world, and when a man of money dies we have sometimes to make a bogus grave for people to come and weep over to keep the body snatchers off the right scent.

I love graveyards. There's so much genuine fiction on some of the tombstones. I was walking through the wealthy part of Greenwood the other Sunday, and the resemblance of a substantial and costly street of sepulchers to a row of small retail stores was very striking. Of course it was accidental.

The queerest move I ever saw in graveyards was at Red Mountain Bar, Cal., in the winter of '61-62, when it rained for sixty odd days, and we had commenced making designs for Noah's arks. The camp graveyard on the hillside got so wet that the whole concern, tombstones and all, with the boys who had died with their boots on and those who hadn't, slipped off the ledge and slid into Bloody Bill's back yard, ramjam against his back door. The thing was done so neatly that not a corpse was disturbed, and Si Putnam's tombstone looked in at Bill's back window. Bill was mad, and wanted to hydraulic the lot off, but the boys wouldn't let him.

His Son Was 115 Years Old.

Vienna Dispatch to the London Times.

Cases of longevity are not rare in Austria-Hungary, but one is rather startled to see the Vienna journals announce as a positive fact that a peasant who has just died at Bieltsch in Moravia, had attained the remarkable age of 142 years.

He is stated to have left a son age 115, and a grandson age 185, besides numerous children, grandchildren and and great-grandchildren. The deceased centenarian, it is said, enjoyed the best of health until the last.

Got Angry by Telephone.

A recent decision in Germany is worthy of record for the benefit of American telephone patrons. One unfortunate telephone user lost his temper at being kept waiting by the central office, and when explanations were made he told the telephone official per telephone to shut his gab and not lie about it. The court gave the merchant sixty marks fine and twelve days in jail as a warning against a libelous use of a scientific convenience. —Electrical Review.

Those punctilious people who are making so much fuss about the alleged breach of Vatican etiquette by the king of Sweden appear to forget General Grant's visit to the pope. At the worst, all the king of Sweden did was to kiss the holy father on both cheeks instead of on the hand, but the American general, it will be remembered, instead of saluting the outstretched hand of the pope, seized it vigorously in his own, and shaking it heartily, exclaimed: "Very glad to see you, sir." Thus, if Pope Leo was so shocked, what must have been the state of mind of Pope Pius, I should like to know?—London Figaro.

The Everlasting Jew

The Jews sometimes call themselves "the deathless race." They are the only people who apply the extraordinary term to themselves, and what is most strange and significant, all other nations, including those that have been trying for eighteen centuries to annihilate them, admit the propriety and reason of the claim, and recognize in the Israelites a people who will probably outlive the present governing nations, as they have outlived those of the past. The Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans have passed away successively, leaving the Hebrews behind them—and it history teaches anything, the Hebrews will still be here when the English, French, Germans, Russians, and even Americans, shall in like manner have passed away. How new and raw do our centennials and ter-centennials, and even the millennials in certain parts of Europe appear beside the perpetually observed Hebrew anniversaries thirty-three centuries old. It was once held that the very persecutions this people were subjected to were the agency that perserved their coherency and identity; but as they have never been persecuted in the United States, and yet refuse to fall apart and become commingled with the American nationality, some other explanation of the phenomenon is necessary—and the Jews themselves find it in the necessity for preserving Judaism. The Jewish Voice, of St. Louis says: "To say that we are ready and willing to intermarry with non-Jews would be tantamount to an admission that we are on the point of giving up our very existence as the bearer of a divine message to the children of man. While others have but a nationality to lose, but no religion, the Jews, by intermarriage lose no nationality—for the moment they settle here they become Americans—but they would lose by this process their faith and religion." There is in this a robust and devout avowal of faith that contrasts strikingly with those Jewish sermons and discourses that attempt to turn the mighty seers and teachers of Israel into myths and degrade the Old Scriptures, common both to Jew and Christian, down to a mere human production. Moses and the prophets are read in Chrintian churches as well as in Jewish synagogues—on Saturday in the latter, and on Sunday in the former; and one of the most inexplicable features of the Christian reading is the serene self-complacency with which the Gentiles jostle the Jew out of his ancient place, strip him of his inheritance, and appropriate the words "Israel," "Zion," and "Jerusalem," together with all the inspiring promises that hang around the names, to themselves. The identity of the Jewish people, so severely maintained in the United States, where they have every temptation to mingle with the popular mass, as well as in Europe, where the memory of centuries of persecutions repels intermixture, might, at least, suggest to the complacent Gentiles that there is something for the Jew to do yet; that the "deathless people" are kept alive for a purpose and a time.— St. Louis Republican.

Items of Interest.

According to the Farmers' Advocate a ferret kept in a cage in a barn or other building will drive rats away. The scent from the ferret is what does it. It is claimed that rats are so fearful of it that they will even abandon theit nests of young.

During eight years' residence in this locality, where I depend altogether on alfalfa for my honey crop, I have never found it a failure. In an ordinarily good season I can always depend upon getting two sets of (84) sections finished by each colony of bees, while some colonies will finish three sets (120 to 126 sections). The honey is very white and of excellent body and flavor; but if wild flowers are abundant, as after a very wet winter, their honey will give the alfalfa honey an amber color.—W. M. R., Colorado.

A farmer who was troubled with the smell of garlic, or wild onions, in his milk, says that to obviate the difficulty he put the cows in the stable about 3 o'clock each afternoon, and fed them on hay, and gave them their grain as usual. The result was all he anticipated. A rest of three hours allowed the scent to pass off in the other secretions, though previously it very strongly flavored both milk and butter. The same course would probably be an advantage when the milk tastes of other foul weeds in the pasture.

Silage on a Noted Dairy Farm.

We have used nearly all the crops grown on the farm, but find corn most desirable and profitable, clover next; we prefer for stock a part of each. Corn should be drilled thin enough to produce ears which should be well glazed before cutting. We would leave it lying in field one to three days to wilt and partially dry before ensiloing; cut one-quarter inch, pack thoroughly and see that the corners of the silos are well filled. We prefer to fill one silo three or four feet and then change to another, leaving the first two or three days to heat. When full and the last filling has heated, cover with building paper, on which place matched planks. We weight about 150 pounds per square foot, but some parties have good success with very little weight. Clover should be cut when nicely in bloom. It can be put in the pit and kept nicely without running through the cutter, but it will require less room in silos and probably give better satisfaction to cut it.—Smiths, Powell & Lamb, in Rural New Yorker.

Feeding Cows.

A hearty cow, fresh in milk, observes the New England Farmer, and eating dry food, will frequently drink five or more ordinary pailfuls of water in a day. If this be taken into the system near the freezing point it must be warmed by the heat of the body, which heat costs the farmer money, just as the heat from the wood or coal we burn in our stover costs money. It was long ago discovered that heat saved by tight walls and roofs is cheaper than the heat produced from hay and grain. It is now being learned that wood, coal and kerosene oil is a cheaper fuel for warming water for animals than hay and grain. One feeder estimates that during the present Winter five cent's worth of fuel used for warming the drinking water for his cows has returned him $1.50 worth of butter. Is it best to feed cows all the corn meal and wheat bran they will bear? was one of the many questions found in the question box at the Connecticut State board meeting. Mr Secretary Gold replied, yes, up to the point where the cow might be injured or the food wasted. He once tried to dry off a cow by increasing her allowance of corn meal, but found that particular cow was a milk machine, rather than a beef-producer, and the more meal she ate the more milk she gave. Animals can never be fed by set rules, except such as the intelligent, watchful attendant makes for each animal from day to day.

THREE YARNS FOR A PRIZE.

Whoppers Told at Blizzard Time in the Vicinity of Cotham.

A physician in Yonkers, who is also something of a politician, has a comfortable place at Fork river, Barnegat bay, which is open the year round to his friends for sport or recreation. The late blizzard caught some of them down there unprovided with means of indoor amusement. They were imprisoned nearly a week, during which time a small ale house was their only change from the solitude of the lodge. One day the crowd was yawning in the ale house. All things had become ches nuts.

"I can tell you a story about my dog that's new, anyhow," gasped Charles Parker.

"I can beat it for a prize," said Ebenezer DeWitt.

"You fellows don't know how to lie," put in A. J. Prime. "It takes a lawyer. I seldom lie myself, but if ther's a prize in it, go ahead."

"Well, this dog, gentlemen" began Parker, loftily, "beat any rabbit dog that ever lived. He was faster than the wind. Once, on a hot trail, he ran his nose up against a scythe, which had been blade upright in a field. He was going at a terrible pace, and I knew what would happen; so I stooped down by the scythe in preparation. Sure enough, the blade parted him down the middle, dividing even his tail in equal parts. As the two parts tumbled over I clapped them quickly together and bound them up in a hunting coat. He was going so fast that the blood hadn't time to spill, and, of course the halves grew together. But somehow one half had flopped over just before I joined them, and when Jack got well he had two legs on the ground and two sticking up in the air. He was a curious dog after that. When he barked half a bark would come from the part of the mouth that opened up, and the other half came from the part that opened down. This defect annoyed him, and he practiced to remedy it. He got so far after a while that, after choo-chooing for a minute, like a locomotive getting under way, he could run his half barks together into a continuous note like a fog horn. I made money out of him by hiring him out mornings to a box factory for a steam whistle. The most curious thing though was to see him eat. I cut his food into tiny pieces. He would take one morsel with the half of his mouth that opened downward, and then turn a sort of handspring sideways to his other legs and eat another morsel with his other half mouth. When real hungry he turned so fast he looked like a 200 revolution fly wheel in motion. He never wagged his tail. The reason was that the muscular efforts at wagging, being equally balanced on each side, counteracted each other. He was a better rabbit dog than ever, for when he ran himself off one pair of legs, he'd simply turn a sidespring and go it on the other pair. You couldn't tire him out. It was a great blow to me when he died."

Mr. Parker stroked his chin contemplatively, and Ebenezer De Witt said slowly.

"Your dog was truly wonderful, but he can't compare with my rawhide traces. I bought them new in Jersey, and first used them to cart a load of wood up a half mile hill to my house. It was raining dismally as I loaded the wood on the wagon, and the rawhide traces got thorougly soaked. When all was ready I mounted one of the horses and drove to the house. When I got there I found that the wagon hadn't budged. The wet traces had stretched the whole half mile.

Here was a bad fix, and as the sun came out just then, I sat down to think about it. Then the sun got so hot I went indoors leaving the horses standing.

"When I came out a minute later the horses were straining to keep from being pulled down the hill. Looking down I saw my load of wood rumbling up the hill at a jolly rate. I was puzzled at first to understand what was pulling them, but soon saw that as the sun dried the traces they were contracting at the same rate they had stretched when wet, and as the horses held the ground at the top of the hill the wagon had to come up to the horses. I afterward formed a company for lifting safes to tenth story windows. Jay could put in the money and I put in the traces. We both got rich. The way I lost those traces was in trying to sound the bottomless spring in Pennsylvania. We tied a weight to one end and dropped it in the spring. As the weight sank into the depths those traces spun out till at last they became so fine a thread that a butterfly chancing to flit against one end, it snapped short off."

Everybody cried "Chestnut!" at the conclusion of this story. When the Uproar subsided Al Prime began.

"Gentleman," he said, "I have had no thrilling experiences such as yours. But I tested some gunpowder once that proved rather remarkable. I am something of a sportsman, as you know, and fond of experimenting with new brands of powder. On this occasion I put in a fair charge of the powder and plenty of shot, and blazed away at a white target about 100 feet away. When the smoke cleared I didn't see a mark on the target. This seemed inconceivable, for I flatter myself that I can hit a three foot target. I walked over and looked at it. Not a scratch on it. I filled a pipe, lighted it, and thought about it. It wasn't possible I could have missed so completely. Just then there was a little humming in the air and a rattling on the target. I looked at it and found it covered all over with shot. This was strange. It puzzled me. But at last the truth broke upon me. I scratched my head and remarked to myself:

"Great Scott, but that's slow powder!"

The barkeeper gazed blankly at the crowd from a corner. The tavern cat mewed piteously, and strove to squeeze out of a broken window into the cold, cold storm.

During last Tuesday's election at Yonkers, Lawyer A. J. Prime wore at the polls a blue ribbon in his buttonhole. One end of it was hidden in his pocket. To a few intimate friends Lawyer Prime showed the hidden end of the ribbon. On it hung a brown leather medal with a scarlet center; in letters of gold, was engraved on it the motto:

BOSS LIAR.

He had won the prize.—New York Sun.

Butter does not appear to have been either of Greek or Roman invention, but to have come to the former people from the Scythians, Thrasians and Phrygianc of Germany. It was only used as a medicine or as an ointment in the baths, but not as food nor in cockery. It was always in an oily state and not firm like our butter. Why butter was not considered a delicacy as food may be inferred from the fact that it was churned in a goat skin as it is yet by some nations. As an ointment it must have had rather a "loud" perfume.

Chemical Silk.

A new artificial silk is said to have been prepared at Lyons by M de Chardonnet. The process consists in adding to an etherized solution of nitrated cellulose (the base of gun cotton) a solution of perchloride of iron, add to this mixture a little of a solution of tannic acid in alcohol, when the whole is poured in a fine jet into water acidulated with nitric acid. The fluid thread becomes consistent, and is drawn off, dried and wound. The substance is supple, transparent, silky in appearance, and very strong. The color is gray or black, but may be changed to suit.

Desire of having is the sin of covetousness.

Botanic Blood Balm.

B. B. B. is the only Blood Purifier that makes positive and permanent cure of all Blood Diseases. For females, troubled with painful menstruation, ovarian tumors, uterine ulcers, and chronic troubles, its action is speedy and effectual. One $1.00 bottle will convince anyone. 6 bottles $5.00. All Druggists. Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga.

A check for his baggage—her marriage certificate.

WM. HANSCOM, Oshkosh, Wis., who was for seven years so afflicted with piles that he was unable to attend to business, is entirely cured by the use Cole's Carbolisalve. Price 25 and 50cents, at Druggists.

John W. Mackay, the bonanza king, has a dinner service worth $1,000.

Health and Strength

If you feel tired, weak, 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."

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I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

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NOT ALWAYS NECESSARY TO SEE PATIENTS.

By our original system of diagnosis, we can treat many chronic diseases just as successfully without as with a personal consultation. While we are always glad to see our patients, and become acquainted with them, show them our institutions, and familiarize them with our system of treatment, yet we have not seen one patient in five hundred whom we have cured. The perfect *accuracy* with which scientists are enabled to deduce the most minute particulars in their several departments, appears almost miraculous, if we view it in the light of the early ages. Take, for example, the electro-magnetic telegraph, the greatest invention of the age. Is it not a marvelous degree of accuracy which enables an operator to *exactly* locate a fracture in a submarine cable nearly three thousand miles long? Our venerable "clerk of the weather" has become so thoroughly familiar with the most wayward elements of nature that he can accurately predict their movements. He can sit in Washington and foretell what the weather will be in Florida or New York as well as if several hundred miles did not intervene between him and the places named. And so in all departments of modern science, what is required is the knowledge of certain *signs*. From these scientists deduce accurate conclusions regardless of distance. So, also, in medical science, diseases have certain unmistakable signs, or symptoms, and by reason of this fact, we have been enabled to originate and perfect a system of determining, with the greatest accuracy, the nature of chronic diseases, without seeing and personally examining our patients. In recognizing diseases without a personal examination of the patient, we claim to possess no miraculous powers. We obtain our knowledge of the patient's disease by the practical application, to the practice of medicine, of well-established principles of modern science. And it is the accuracy with which this system has endowed us that we owe our almost world-wide reputation of skillfully treating lingering or chronic affections. This system of practice, and the marvelous success which has been attained through it, demonstrate the fact that diseases display certain phenomena, which, being subjected to scientific analysis, furnish abundant and unmistakable data, to guide the judgment of the skillful practitioner aright in determining the nature of diseased conditions. The most ample resources for treating lingering or chronic diseases, and the greatest skill, are thus placed within the easy reach of every invalid, however distant he or she may reside from the physicians making the treatment of such affections a specialty. Full particulars of our original, scientific system of examining and treating patients at a distance are contained in **"The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser."** By R. V. Pierce, M. D. 1000 pages and over 300 colored and other illustrations. Sent, post-paid, for $1.50. Or write and describe your symptoms, inclosing ten cents in stamps, and a complete treatise, on your particular disease, will be sent you, with our terms for treatment and all particulars.

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By thorough organization, and subdividing the practice of medicine and surgery in this institution, every invalid is treated by a specialist—one who devotes his undivided attention to the particular class of diseases to which the case belongs. The advantage of this arrangement must be obvious. Medical science offers a vast field for investigation, and no physician can, within the brief limits of a life-time, achieve the highest degree of success in the treatment of every malady incident to humanity.

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