Nasal Voices, Catarrh and False Teeth.

A prominent English woman says the American women all have high, shrill, nasal voices and false teeth.

Americans don't like the constant twitting they get about this nasal twang, and yet it is a fact caused by our dry, stimulating atmosphere, and the universal presence of catarrhal difficulties.

But why should so many of our women have false teeth?

That is more of a poser to the English. It is quite impossible to account for it except on the theory of deranged stomach action caused by imprudence in eating and by want of regular exercise.

Both conditions are unnatural.

Catarrhal troubles everywhere prevail and end in cough and consumption, which are promoted by mal-nutrition induced by deranged stomach action. The condition is a modern one, one unknown to our ancestors who prevented the catarrh, cold, cough and consumption by abundant and regular use of what is now known as Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy and Log Cabin sarsaparilla, two old fashioned standard remedies handed down from our ancestors, and now exclusively put forth under the strongest guarantees of purity and efficacy by the world-famed makers of Warner's safe cure. These two remedies plentifully used as the fall and winter seasons advance, together with an occasional use of Warner's Log Cabin rose cream, to strengthen and protect the nasal membranes, give a positive assurance of freedom, both from catarrh and those dreadful and if neglected, inevitable consequences, pneumonia, lung troubles and consumption, which so generally and fatally prevail among our people.

Comrade Eli Fisher, of Salem, Henry county, Iowa, served four years in the late war and contracted a disease called consumption by the doctors. He had frequent hemorrhages. After using Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy, he says, under date of Jan. 19th, 1888: "I do not bleed at the lungs any more, my cough does not bother me, and I do not have any more smothering spells." Warner's Log Cabin rose cream cured his wife of catarrh and she is "sound and well."

Of course we do not like to have our women called nose talkers and false teeth owners, but these conditions can be readily overcome in the manner indicated.

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Tale of the Selfish Giant.

Every afternoon, as they were coming from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant's garden.

One day the Giant came back. He had been to visit his friend the Cornish ogre, and had stayed with him for seven years. When he arrived he saw the children playing in the garden.

"What are you doing there?" he cried in a very gruff voice, and the children ran away.

"My own garden is my own garden," said the Giant; "anyone can understand that, and I will allow nobody to play in it but myself." So he built a high wall all around it and put up a notice board:

"Trespassers will be prosecuted."

He was a very selfish Giant.

The poor children had nowhere to play. They tried to play on the road, but the road was very dusty and full of hard stones, and they did not like it. Then the spring came, and all over the country there were little blossoms and little birds. Only in the garden of the selfish Giant it was still winter. The birds did not care to sing in it as there were no children, and the trees forgot to blossom. Once a beautiful flower put its head out from the grass, but when it saw the notice-board it was so sorry for the children that it slipped back into the ground again, and went off to sleep. The only people who were pleased were the Snow and the Frost. "Spring has forgotten this garden," they cried, "so we will live here all the year round." The Snow covered up the grass with her great white cloak, and the Frost painted all the trees silver. Then they invited the North Wind to stay with them, and he came. He was wrapped in furs, and he roared all day about the garden, and blew the chimney-tops down.

"I can not understand why the Spring is so late in coming," said the Selfish Giant, as he sat at the window and looked out at his cold white garden: "I hope there will be a change in the weather."

But the Spring never came, nor the Summer. The Autumn gave golden fruit to every garden, but the Giant's garden she gave none. "He is too selfish," she said. So it was always Winter there, and the North Wind, and the Hail, and the Frost, and the Snow danced about through the trees.

One morning the Giant was lying awake in bed when he heard some lovely music. It sounded so sweet to his ear that he thought it must be the King's musicians passing by. It was really only a little linnet singing outside his window, but it was so long since he had heard a bird sing in his garden that it seemed to him to be the most beautiful music in the world. Then the Hail stopped dancing over his head, and the North Wind ceased roaring, and a delicious perfume came to him through the open casemate. "I believe the Spring has come at last," said the Giant; and he jumped out of bed and looked out.

What did he see?

He saw a most wonderful sight. Through a little hole in the wall the children had crept in, and they were sitting in the branches of the trees. In every tree that he could see there was a little child. And the trees were so glad to have the children back again that they had covered themselves with blossoms, and were waving their arms gently above the children's heads. The birds were flying about twittering with delight, and the flowers were looking up through the green grass and laughing. It was a lovely scene, only in one corner it was still winter. It was the farthest corner of the garden, and in it was standing a little boy. He was so small that he could not reach up to the branches of the tree, and he was wandering all round it, crying bitterly. The poor tree was still quite covered with frost and snow, and the North Wind was blowing and roaring above it. "Climb up! little boy," said the Tree, and it bent its branches down as low as it could; but the boy was too tiny.

And the Giant's heart melted as he looked out. "How selfish I have been!" he said; "now I know why the Spring would not come here. I will put that poor little boy on the top of the tree, and then I will knock down the wall, and my garden shall be the children's playground for ever and ever." He was really very sorry for what he had done.

So he crept down stairs and opened the front door quite softly, and went out into the garden. But when the children saw him they were so frightened that they all ran away and the garden became Winter again. Only the little boy did not run, for his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see the Giant coming. And the Giant stole up behind him and took him gently in his hand, and put him up into the tree. And the tree broke at once into blossom, and the birds came and sang on it, and the little boy stretched out his two arms and flung them around the Giant's neck, and kissed him. And the other children, when they saw the Giant was not wicked any longer, came running back, and with them came the spring. "It is your garden now, little children," said the Giant, and he took a great axe and knocked down the wall. And when the people were going to market at 12 o'clock they found the Giant playing with the children in the most beautiful garden they had ever seen.

All day long they played, and in the evening they came to the Giant to bid him good-bye.

"But where is your little companion?" he said; "the boy I put into the tree." The Giant loved him the best because he had kissed him.

"We don't know," answered the children; "he has gone away."

"You must tell him to be sure and come here tomorrow," said the Giant. But the children said they did not know where he lived, and never seen him before; and the Giant felt very sad.

Years went over, and the Giant grew very old and feeble. He could not play about any more, so he sat in a huge armchair and watched the children play at their games, and admired his garden. "I have many beautiful flowers," he said, "but the children are the most beautiful flowers of all."

One winter morning he looked out of his window as he was dressing. He did not hate the winter now, for he knew that it was merely the Spring asleep, and that the flowers were resting.

Suddenly he rubbed his eyes in wonder, and looked and looked. It certainly was a marvelous sight. In the fartherest corner of the garden was a tree quite covered with lovely white blossoms. Its branches were all golden, and silver fruit hung down from them, and underneath it stood the little boy he had loved.

Downstairs ran the Giant in great joy, and out into the garden. He hastened across the grass, and came near to the child. And when he came quite close his face grew red with anger, and he said: "Who hath dared to wound thee?" For on the palms of the child's hands were the prints of two nails, and the prints of two nails were on the little feet.

"Who hath dared to wound thee?" cried the Giant; "tell me, that I may take my big sword and slay him."

"Nay!" answered the child; "but these are the wounds of love."

"Who art thou?" said the Giant, and a strange awe fell on him, and he knelt before the little child.

And the child smiled on the Giant, and said to him; "You let me play once in your garden, to-day you shall come with me to my garden, which is Paradise."

And when the children ran in that afternoon they found the Giant lying dead under the tree, all covered with white blossoms.—Oscar Wilde.

In a Bad Fix.

One hot day recently, says the New York Sun, a young man wearing side light whiskers, and a long, crooked nose, betook himself to the classic sands of Isle de Conie with the sole intention of taking a plunge into the outstretched arms of old Father Ocean. Having deposited a 25-cent piece with the man who is not satisfied with the earth, but wants to own the ocean, he received a bathing suit made of Kentucky jeans. The suit had seen its best days, and was rapidly becoming bottomless and very holey.

The long-nosed young man managed to hold the suit together until he had buried himself in the surf. Then he took a little dive, swam under water for a little distance, and when his head reached the surface once more he found himself surrounded by a bevy of mermaids. He felt something entangling his feet, and reaching down he discovered that—oh, horrors!—that the lower part of his suit had dissolved partnership with the upper part. He was in a pretty fix. Summoning a friend he commissioned him to go after another suit of Kentucky jeans. While waiting for the return of the friend the young man modestly swam out beyond the ropes and came near being drowned.

The friend returned with the new suit and then began a struggle with the waves that has never before been equaled. The young man raised a leg in order to incase it in the new suit. A heavy wave came along and knocked him over. The spectators tittered. The girls blushed and the action was repeated. At last, after an hour of hard work, with the assistance of no less than twelve persons, the young swimmer managed to get into the new suit. The young man was very bashful and concluded he had enough of salt water bathing. Once more he stood upon the classic sands of the island inwardly betting himself 50 cents that he'd never be caught again in a suit of Coney Island Kentucky jeans.

An Egg in His Hat.

A laughable incident occurred while the train was waiting at our depot the other day. Capt. Lingo and Engineer Lanler came in contact with a very conspicuous colored individual of our community, and, after some conversation, proposed, for a wager, to play the game of "hiding the egg." The joke lies in putting the egg in the victim's hat, and the hat on his head, and then making a bet with a supposed outside party that the stranger cannot find the aforesaid egg. Capt. Lingo, with the innocent G. Washington, the negro, disappears behind the coach, and the ancient edition of the delectable hen-fruit is snugly laid away in the crown of G. Washington's hat, and he walks forth to be searched for the "hidden treasure," says the Wrightville. (Ga.) Headlight. After a careful and apparently diligent search of the darky's old clothes Lanler raises his hand and, coming down on the egg-man's head with: "George, dogged if I can find it!" jumped on his engine and pulled out for Tennille. Imagine the darky's appearance and feelings with the output of that egg trickling down the sides of his face, and with his attempts to preserve his imaginary dignity, with a perfume rivaling in distinctness the best efforts of a glue factory.

Mr. Beecher's Estate.

From Correspondence in America.

Henry Ward Beecher left a comparatively small fortune. He had an estate in Peekskill which cost him about $150,000. He had insurance policies which footed up something like $20,000 or $25,000, and in hot haste his heirs sold his pictures and books and all his persons belonging endeared to his friends, at all events by many, many years of close association with the dear old man, and now how does it stand. The $150,000 place at Peekskill has literally gone to seed. Those magnificent flower-beds, on which the eloquent old man spent years of thought, fortunes of experience, and thousands of dollars earned by the sweat of his imperial brow, are choked with weeds and overrun with grasses. Already the market price of the place has fallen to $85,000, and I understand—in fact, I have seen it stated in print—that an offer of $65,000, which was refused, will in all probability never again be made. And on the heels of this, with what was curiously called an "autobiography," written by one of his sons and his son-in-law, lying as dead as Mark Twain's own books upon the shelves of the stores, comes a rumor that his simple will is also to be contested.

An irate woman entered a dry goods store the other day and accosted one of the clerks: "I've come to find out what you mean by charging me a dollar Saturday night for that table spread and selling Mrs. Ferguson one just like it on Monday for 60 cents. Didn't you say it was my last chance to get one so cheap?" "You mistook me, madam," responded the ready clerk; "I said it was your last chance to get one for a dollar. And it was, for we put them down to 60 cents Monday morning."—Philadelphia Call.

The Iron Duke's Breeches.

One morning when the duke of Wellington was at breakfast, says Cassell's Magazine, he received a letter in an unknown and rather illegible handwriting. With a view to obtaining a clew to its contents he put on his eyeglasses and scrutinized the signature, which he read "C. J., London." "Oh!" said his grace, "the bishop of London, to be sure. What does the bishop want of me, I wonder?" Then he began at the beginning and read the note carefully through, an expression of bewilderment and perplexity gradually overspreading his face as he did so. The writer craved his grace's pardon for the intrusion and requested as a personal favor that the duke would kindly permit him to come and see his famous Waterloo breeches. "Why, the bishop must have gone mad!" exclaimed the duke, as he let his glasses fall. "See my Waterloo breeches! What in the world does the man want to see my breeches for? However, I'm sure I've no objection if he has a curiosity about them. A queer whim, though, for a bishop to take into his head."

Next morning the bishop of London, on sorting his pile of correspondence, found among it a letter bearing a ducal crest. He opened it and read as follows: "My Dear Lord: You are perfectly welcome, as far as I am concerned, to come and inspect the breeches I wore at Waterloo whenever you like. It's true I haven't a notion where they are, but I daresay my valet knows, and I will communicate with you more definitely in a day or two. Yours, very faithfully, Wellington." "The poor duke!" ejaculated the bishop of London, in a voice of the profoundest commiseration. "I always thought it was foolish of him to enter political life after his military career. He must be helplessly insane. What a dreadful thing for the country, to be sure!" So the worthy bishop, with many sighs, went into his study and wrote a kind letter to the duke of Wellington, remembering that persons who are mentally afflicted must be dealt with tenderly. He thanked his grace for his kindness, but assumed him as delicately as he could that he was not in the least anxious to inspect the historical relics in question, and begged that the duke would give himself no further trouble in the matter as far as he, the bishop of London, was concerned.

It was now the duke's turn to be astonished. "I can't have been dreaming, he said in his perplexity. "And yet the bishop's first letter was plain enough." Then he did what he ought to have done in the first instance—he called for his secretary, Col. B., and laid the whole matter before him. "I am afraid it's your grace who has made the mistake," said Col. B., an irrepressible smile flitting over his face as he examined the two letters. "The first letter is not from the bishop of London at all; nor does the writer say anything about the breeches you wore at Waterloo." "Not from the bishop!" exclaimed the duke. "Yes it is. The signature is as clear as can be—'C. J., London.' The initials stand for Charles James." "It is from Mr. C. J. Loudon, a scientific gentleman who is preparing an important work on forest trees," replied the secretary; "and what he wants to see is your grace's avenue, the Waterloo beeches, as they are called, leading up to your door at Strathfieldsaye. Shall I write and give him your permission?" And thus it fell out that both duke and bishop were ultimately convinced of each other's sanity.

Spiders' Webs.

I read the statement in this magazine not long ago, about the spiders' webs that cover the fields and meadows on certain mornings in the Summer which was not entirely exact. It is not quite true in the sense in which it was uttered, that these spiders' webs are more abundant on some mornings than on others, and that they presage fair weather. Now the truth is, that during the latter part of Summer these webs are about as abundant at one time as another; but they are much more noticable on some mornings than on others; a heavy dew brings them to view. They are especially conspicuous after a morning of fog, such as often fills our deeper valleys for a few hours when Fall approaches. They then look like little napkins spread all over the meadows. I saw fields last Summer, in August, when one could step from one of these dew-napkins to another for a long distance. They are little nets that catch the fog. Every thread is strung with innumerable fine drops, like tiny beads. After an hour of sunshine, the webs apparently are gone.

Most country people, I find, think they are due to nothing but the moisture; others seems to think that the spiders take them in as morning advances. But they are still there, stretched above the grass at noon and at sunset, as abundant as they are at sunrise; and are then more serviceable to the spiders because less visible. The flies and insects would avoid them in the morning, but at midday they do not detect them as readily. If these webs have any significance as signs of the coming weather, this may be the explanation: A heavy dew occurs under a clear, cool sky, and the night preceeding a day of rain is usually a dewless night. Much dew, then, means fair weather and a copious dew discloses the spiders' webs. It is the dew that is significant, and not the webs.—Joe, Burroughs, in St. Nicholas.

This Happened at Nantucket.

Harper's Magazine.

Last fall a man was arrested for petty larceny and sentenced by the judge to three months in jail. A few days after the trial, the judge, accompanied by the sheriff, was on his way to the Boston boat, when they passed a man sawing wood.

The sawyer stopped his work, touched his hat, and said: "Good morning, judge."

The judge looked at him a moment, passed on a short distance, and then turned to glance backward with the question: "Why, sheriff, isn't that the man I sentenced to three months in jail?"

"Yes," replied the sheriff, hesitatingly; "yes, that's the man; but you—you—see, judge, we—we haven't any one in jail now, and we thought it a useless expense to hire some one to keep the jail for three months just for this one man, so I gave him the key, and told him if he'd sleep there three nights it would be all right."

A Poetical Wife.

I was writing busily one morning when a young friend of mine came in and dropped into a chair, with a long, deep sigh.

"Tired, Ben?" I inquired absently—adding, "There's the morning paper. I'll be at leisure presently."

"Oh, dash the morning paper! Dash the whole newspaper press!" I have euphemized his expletive a little.

"Why, what's the matter, Ben?"

"Matter? What isn't the matter? My wife says she's the coming Corinne of America."

I began to feel interested.

"You see, it is in this way. When your paper came out with her first effusion, she forthwith went to the conclusion that she was inspired, and began pestering the editorial fraternity of the whole country with her rythmical rococo."

"Oh, that's all proper."

"But she didn't stop there, durn it. One evening I went home, kissed her, asked if dinner was waiting, and she began:

"'My love, the banquet soon will be
Spread with the best of food for thee;
And our new waiter from the sands
Of far-off transatlantic lands
Will help thee to menu fine,
Including old Falernian wine.'"

"Must have been exasperating," I said, in a condoling tone.

"Exasperating? Yes. You hit the needle pop on the optic. And she went on in the same strain until bedtime, winding up as follows:

"'My dear, you know full well it shocks
Me through and through when in your socks
I see a hole; I have the yarn
This awful orifice to darn.'

"After breakfast, as I was leaving the house, I heard a voice in the upstairs hall saying:

"'Now, Jane, manipulate the broom
With dext'rous hand in every room,
Until—'

"I fled. When I went home at half-past twelve that night my wife met me with a frown and hissed fiercely:

"'Out of my sight, thou laggard! Out of my sight, I say,
Seek thee another lodgment till the dawning of the day;
Here is my healthy broomstick, there is the open door;
Run, oh recreant husband! as thou never hast run before!'

"That made me mad."

"Naturally,"

"Yes; so I began:

"'This is my castle, madam; here will I stay. I vow,
Till rolleth the radiant sunbeams over the mountain brow;
And, listen, my own companion; if I cannot stay with thee,
I'll stop with Jenny, the housemaid—'

"She said:

"'Well, we—will—see!'"

"Did that remedy the defect?"

"Yes, till this morning, when she began again."

"How?"

"You see, my trousers were out of order, and I begged her to put a little patch under my coattails. That fired her off and she whizzed:

"'Oh, for the rare and radiant Junes
Ere ever I thought of thy pantaloons:
Ere ever I thought that thy love so sweet
Would deign to ask me to patch the seat
Of thy—'"

Just then the door opened; a pink and white vision of beauty appeared upon the threshold and began:

"Benjamin, mother is coming to-day,
And—"

"If that is the case there's the devil to pay," moaned Benjamin, and vanished from my sight.

A Hotel Clerk's Ruse.

A guest at an up-town hotel was last evening telling in an interesting way of the lavish manner in which people spend money at Florida summer resorts, particularly at Jacksonville. The outbreak of yellow fever there and its probable bad effect upon winter-tourist business, was what led to the subject. The Hebrews in particular, he said, were very liberal, and as an instance of this he told of one incident which is worth repeating: At one of the most fashionable hotels a gentleman of that race appeared and said that he wished to engage rooms for himself and wife. He was shown over the house, and one suite in particular took his fancy. He asked for the refusal of the rooms until his wife could see them, but this privilege the clerk would not accord him, even for an hour. "How much is the rent?" asked the man, and the clerk replied: "294 per week." "And no refusal?" "No, sir." "Well, I'll take 'em." The bargain being made the guests moved in and actually remained eight weeks. The reader can readily figure what the luxury cost.—Buffalo Courier.

Couldn't be Photographed.

A curious-looking craft, built a Chinese yard near Tunkadoo, a sort of stern-wheel boat in which the motive power was supplied by a number of coolies working with their feet, was seen passing down the Nile by an enthusiastic amateur photographer, a foreigner. He began to get his apparatus in order to photograph it, when he was accosted by an officer, who said: "No can makee picture this steamer; by'm by you go to England side make all same." And to make sure he warned the foreigner with his camera off the river bank.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Able to Read in the Dark.

From the Indianapolis News.

"You have heard of men with cat's eyes?' asked Federal Marshal Hawkins.

"Well, this man Johnson, alias Edwards, alias Brown, who was released under the poor convict law has a pair of that variety. They say up at the Penitentiary that he can read in the dark and that his eyes are fairly luminous. One of the guards said that Johnson, alias Edwards, alias Brown, could see a guard through a brick wall."

A curious fact revealed by the phonographer is that people generally do not know their own voices. The husband will recognize the wife's voice in a phonograph, and the wife will recognize the husband's, but neither will recognize their own speech. This must be mighty disappointing to the man who thinks himself a silvery-tongued orator.—Troy Times:

"George, don't!" exclaimed she; "you are altogether too much like the Anthracite Coal Trust." "Think so, my dear?" "Yes. the nearer the Winter season draws nigh the tighter you squeeze."—Chicago Tribune.

Danger of Malaria in Cities.

It is a common idea that greater risk is run from this cause of disease in the country than in towns and cities, but there are strong reasons for doubting that such is the case, so far as any unhealthy influence of the country itself is concerned. If a farm house be placed in a low, swampy situation, and a town in a similar locality, the dwellers in the one will be no more liable to malarial disease than the inhabitants of the other. In large cities, where the ground is being constantly turned up for the purpose of laying water and gas mains, constructing sewers or for any one of the hundred other purposes for which a continued upheaval of the pavements goes on, diseases of malarial origin will almost constantly abound. Some parts of New York city, or of Philadelphia, for instance, are nearly as full of malaria as are the worst parts of Florida. There is nothing, therefore, to be gained in this respect by a hasty return from the seashore or the mountains to the pent up atmosphere of a large town in which excavations of some kind or other are at certain seasons of the year carried on with more than usual vigor.—Dr. Wm. A. Hammond in New York World.

Match Hint.

There is a dog in Westville that has a mania for extinguishing matches. Let any one light a match before him and he will spring at it, attempting to seize it in his mouth and put it out. Light one and throw it at him and he will catch it and extinguish it. It makes no difference to him whether the matches are sulphur or parlor matches. A day or two since a gentleman lighted and threw towards him what is known as a volcan match—one having about a half inch of chemical compound that cannot be extinguished before it is consumed. The dog seized it in his mouth, but it did not go out. He then dropped it and put his paw on it, finally seizing it again in his mouth. His owner says that many a box of matches has been burned in showing off the animal's peculiarity. Strange to say the dog does not seem to become tired of the pastime. Last Fourth of July the small boys of the neighborhood lit fire crackers and threw them at him. These occasionally exploded in his mouth, but apparently did him no harm.—Hartford Times.

LOG CABINS were not hothouses and the people who dwelt in them were not hot-house growths. They were a hardy, healthy generation and the remedies used were simple preparations reproduced in Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy and Warner's "Tippecanoe" the great stomach tonic.

Old Maidhood.

There are many worse things than single blessedness, and the condition of the old maid is no less honorable to her than is that of matrimony to her wedded sister. The old maid may, and she generally does, bear a noble part in the good work of making the world a better and happier place. There are probably few who do not carry with them through life the tender memory of some old maid whose love and goodness cheered their early years. How often is she a ministering angel whose life is spent in acts of unselfish devotion to those around her? We cannot spare the old maid. She has an important role to play in the human comedy, and the thing for her to do is to study it and play it well. The woman who worries because she sees old maidhood before her is without good sense. Let her be sure that there are thousands of wives who only wish that they had led single lives, and then she may find it easier to learn of the apostle in whatsoever state she is therewith to be content.—North American.

Drew a Five Thousand Dollar Prize.

Marshall (Mo.) Progress, Sept. 1.

Two gentlemen living in Gilliam in this county have reaped the reward of a long series of investments in the Louisiana State Lottery. There has been a rumor for some time past that some gentleman in Gilliam had drawn five thousand dollars in The Louisiana State Lottery but no certain intelligence as to the matter having reached us, the Progress reporter at Gilliam, Mr. M. D. Kerr, investigated the case and ascertained the facts. He sends us the conclusive evidence and particulars as follows showing that the drawing of the five thousand in cash is an actual and undisputed fact. Mr. Kerr says:

The prize drawn here in the Louisiana State Lottery was $5,000 and was drawn by a ticket held jointly between E. J. Dunlap, the druggist here, and Mr. James Woolridge who is a salesman in the store of W. H. Land & Son. They received the cash through the Citizens Stock Bank last Saturday. Their success is the result of several years regular investment in these tickets."

Of the total Indian tea crop of 98,000,000 pounds Assam produces 71,000,000.

Moxie Makes a Big Excitement in Malden, Mass.

A twelve year old daughter of John Nicholson, 735 Main street, Malden, has been as helpless as a baby for a long time. Her father finally gave up his doctors, and gave her this liquid nerve food, "Moxie." Five bottles so fed the nerves of her paralyzed limbs to strength, she is now a nice, romping, healthy girl. The people of Malden are much excited over it, and consider it the most wonderful thing they ever saw.

Henry II passed his leisure moments almost entirely in the company of children.

You sturdy oak whose branches wide
Boldly the storms and winds defy,
Not long ago an acorn, small,
Lay dormant neath the summer sky.

Not unlike the thrifty oak in its germ, development and growth, is consumption. But even this mighty foe of mankind positively yields to the wonderful curative properties of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery if taken early. Don't be blind to your own interests and think yours a hopeless case. This remarkable remedy has rescued thousands. Of druggists.

Artificial flowers were first invented by nuns in an Italian convent.

In Love's Harness.

Most women naturally look forward to matrimony as their proper sphere in life, but they should constantly bear in mind that a fair, rosy face, bright eyes, and a healthy, well developed form, are the best passports to a happy marriage. All those wasting disorders, weaknesses, "dragging down" sensations, and functional irregularities peculiar to their sex, have an unfailing specific in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Six hundred thousand Frenchmen own shares in the Panama canal.

Suit Yourself,

but there is no other remedy for sick headache, dizziness, constipation, biliousness, or to restore a regular, healthy action to the liver, stomach and bowels, equal to those reliable little "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" prepared by Dr. Pierce. Of druggists.

A Kansas lad of ten years is in jail for stealing fifty horses during the past year.

Have you a few hours' or a few days' spare time occasionally that you would like to turn into money? If so, then write quickly to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and they will give you information that will prove to be money in your pocket.

Jay Gould is enjoying life in the Catskills.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Young wives who have old husbands will be glad to know that a New York physician offers to cure snoring for ten dollars; but Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure sore throats and colds for 25 cents.

For neuralgia, rheumatism, gout, burns, wounds, etc., use Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Spelin is the rival universal language to Volapuk.

One of the reasons why Scott's Emulsion has such a large sale is, because it is the best. Dr. W. H. Cameron, Halifax, N. S., says: "I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, for the past two years, and found it more agreeable to the stomach and have better results from its use than any other preparation of the kind I have ever used. Sold by all druggists.

The trade and products of the Bahama Islands both show decline.

JAY EYE SEE'S Driver, Edwin D. Bither, uses Cole's Veterinary Carbolisalve, and a thorough trial enables him to endorse it as the best remedy that he ever saw for general stable use. Sold by Druggists at 50c and $1.00.

Amelie Rives Chanler is said to be very happy in her married life.

Diamond Dyes

Warranted to color more goods than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors. Ask for the *Diamond*, and take no other.

A Dress Dyed, A Coat Colored, Garments Renewed FOR 10 CENTS.

A Child can use them!

Unequalled for all Fancy and Art Work. At Druggists and Merchants. Dye Book free. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Props. Burlington, Vt.

LACTATED FOOD

Is a Perfect SUBSTITUTE FOR MOTHER'S MILK. Babies living upon it sleep well, laugh and crow, are plump and healthy. It regulates the bowels, curing both constipation and diarrhœa. Send for valuable pamphlet, free. Sold by druggists, 25c., 50c., $1.00. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Burlington, Vt.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

RRR RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Cures and Prevents Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Stiff Neck, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Headache, Toothache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Asthma, Bruises, Sprains. Quicker Than Any Known Remedy.

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with diseases may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Will Afford Instant Ease.

INTERNALLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick-Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Malaria in its various forms cured and prevented. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For Headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents Sold by all druggists.

Ely's Cream Balm Is Worth $1000 To Any Man, Woman or Child suffering from CATARRH. Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

"OSGOOD" U. S. Standard Scales. Sent on trial. Freight paid. Fully Warranted. 3 TON $35. Other sizes proportionately low. Agents well paid. Illustrated Catalogue free. Mention this Paper. OSGOOD & THOMPSON, Binghamton, N. Y.

CHAMPION Single Barrel SHOT GUN. GUNS IS THE WORLD'S STANDARD. Sold upon getting the "Champion"! If your dealer hasn't it, send to us. Send 6c. in stamps for Illustrated 100-Page Catalogue of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Police Goods, &c. JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., Manufrs. Boston, Mass.

PENS USE THE BEST. Stationers keep them. Standard quality all styles. Sample doz. 10 cents by mail. 26 John St., New York. ESTERBROOK.

Teaches the powerful influence of the blood, when stimulated, the builder of health, to throw off poisons withheld from the parts where they work pain and death. This simple, natural action, purifying the blood, is promptly accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla, a skillful combination of such vegetable extracts, whose active qualities and native excellences are concentrated by a process peculiar to itself, and found in no other preparation. Hood's Sarsaparilla does actually strain out impurities, removes obstructions and opens the natural outlets of the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 Doses One Dollar

CAUTION

Beware of Fraud, as my name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all my advertised shoes before leaving the factory, which protect the wearers against high prices and inferior goods. If a dealer offers W. L. Douglas shoes at a reduced price, or says he has them without my name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE. FOR GENTLEMEN

The only calf $3 SEAMLESS Shoe smooth inside. NO TACKS or WAX THREAD to hurt the feet, easy as hand-sewed and WILL NOT RIP.

W. L. DOUGLAS $4 SHOE, the original and only hand-sewed welt $4 shoe. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $6 to $8.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.50 POLICE SHOE. Railroad Men and Letter Carriers wear them. Smooth inside as a Hand-Sewed Shoe. No Tacks or Wax Thread to hurt the feet.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2.50 SHOE is unexcelled for heavy wear. Best Calf Shoe for the price.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE is the best in the world for rough wear; one pair ought to wear a year.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2 SHOE FOR BOYS is the best school shoe in the world.

W. L. DOUGLAS $1.75 YOUTH'S School Shoe gives the small Boys a chance to wear the best shoes in the world.

All made in Congress, Button and Lace. If not sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year. It is an encyclopedia of useful information for all who purchase the luxuries or the necessities of life. We can clothe you and furnish you with all the necessary and unnecessary appliances to ride, walk, dance, sleep, eat, fish, hunt, work, go to church, or stay at home, and in various sizes, styles and quantities. Just figure out what is required to do all these things COM