THE DAILY BULLETIN.

Love at First Sight.

Sitting in my window,
Pointing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
(I thought, but it was you,) enter our gates.
My blood flew out and back again, as fast
As I had pressed it forth, and sucked it in,
Like breath; then I was called away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man
Heaved from a sheepcot to a sceptre, raised
So high in thoughts as I. You left a kiss
Upon these lips, then, which I mean to keep
From you forever. I did hear you talk
Far above singing: after you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched
What stirred it so. Alas! I found it love.
—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

AN OCEAN BRIDE.

The good ship "Waverly," homeward bound from Japan, was becalmed in mid-ocean.

"What land did you say that was, Captain Lane?" asked young Perley, the second mate, pointing to a wild, picturesque-looking island, lying less than a league and a half off their lee bow.

"One of the Society group. By my chart that should be Morley Island. Let's see, you said you touched there for water the year before last when you were on the 'Atlas,' did you not, Jack?"

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the old tar, quickly; "and a lively time we had, too. We see'd the purtiest gal thar thet ever lived, I'll bet! But, Lor'! she was as wild as a gull!"

"A beautiful girl on that island?" cried Robert Perley, incredulously.

"Ay, ay, Mister Perley. And I'll bet my sou'-westr ag'in' my head she wor none of the black-and-tan natives, either! We wanted to go back and look for her ag'in, but the old skipper wouldn't believe us, nor say but she war an Injun gal."

"Captain Lane, I am more determined to go ashore than ever," exclaimed the mate, in a fever of excitement. "What do you say, Charlie?" he asked, turning to the supercargo, a good-looking young man of two and twenty.

"I am with you. We can get back before the breeze comes up."

"Oh, yes; I'll warrant you are both dying to go!" muttered old Captain Lane. "Just say there is a purty girl on that island, and all the sea-lions in seven seas couldn't keep you away! Well, you had my consent before, and I shall not withdraw. But look sharp for the cut-throat savages there, and return the minute I sound the trumpet, if you don't before.

In less than fifteen minutes the young officers accompanied by four sailors, were fairly flying over the water toward the island.

Touching upon the sandy beach, they drew up their boat in a cove nearly hidden by overhanging trees, and started inland.

"If we wish to see the gal we have got to be purty sly, for she's a wild one," declared Jack. "Then we must be on our look-out for the natives, too, for they're a beastly set as you ever saw."

After an hour's weary tramp, however, they were beginning to think they should have to return to the ship in disappointment, when, as they paused for a moment, to gaze out upon the sea, the tone of some one sweetly singing was wafted to their ears.

When they had listened until the song was finished, enraptured with the melody, Charlie Weston exclaimed joyously—

"It must be she!"

"Yes; and she must be a fairy to sing like that. Come, boys, let's go down there. But, for your life, don't disturb her."

Advancing cautiously, until they gained the line of thick shrubbery that skirted the beach, they parted the foliage, to behold the loveliest vision their gaze had ever met.

Standing in the shallow water, that laughed and played at her delicately-formed feet and ankles in high glee, while she was engaged in fastening her waving mass of golden hair, which fell far down her waist in pretty braids, was a beautiful maiden of scarcely sixteen summers.

Her form, habited in a well-fitting garb made of the inner back of the sea island willow, was faultless; and her features were perfect in their outlines, while the purity of her complexion seemed only enhanced by the slightly-bronzed hue that a life of exposure to a tropical sun had given it.

"Isn't she beautiful!" exclaimed Robert, lost in admiration.

"Yes," whispered the supercargo, in reply, equally fascinated with her appearance. "But see! she is going to sing again."

Again the air was filled with the sweet notes of her song, and until the last sound had died away the entranced listener did not dare to even breathe aloud for fear of breaking the spell.

"There is no Indian blood in *her* veins!" declared Bob, lowly, as she ended her song, and they continued to gaze upon her in rapt wonder. "Her features and the tone of her speech are English."

"You are right, Bob," whispered Charlie. "And, look! she wears a chain and locket which tells that she has not always been here."

His companions started with renewed surprise as they discovered a gold chain and locket suspended from her neck.

"I would give a year of my life to know the mystery of her existence here!" exclaimed the mate impetuously. "I am going to speak to her."

Suiting action to the words, he stepped lightly forward, and addressed her in a clear voice. But, as the first sound fell from his lips she turned in alarm, and catching sight of him fled like a frightened gazelle.

Seeing that it was vain to think of overtaking her, they could only watch her out of sight with looks of wonder!

"We must find her, boys," declared the excited mate, and his words were heartily seconded by the supercargo the others were nothing loth to join in the wild chase.

Away dashed the sailors on the course of the fugitive maid, but finally they were forced to abandon the search as a fruitless one.

Hush! at that moment, high and clear over the mile or more of intervening sea, came the clarion tone of the captain's trumpet.

"We must return to the ship now, but I am determined the 'Waverly' shall not leave these waters till we know more of that——"

"Hough-ough-ou!" broke in a wild, discordant yell upon the mate's speech. Then, half a hundred furious natives rushed toward them from every quarter.

Six against fifty in an open fight! The sailors were brave men, but in less time than we could describe it they were hurled to the earth and overpowered.

Instead of putting them to death then and there, however, the savages bore them away with exultant cries.

Finally a valley teeming with tropical growth was reached, and the prisoners saw the rude huts under the cocoa-nut trees that comprised the home of their captors.

Here they were met by a motley throng of old men, women, and children, who crowded around with anxious gaze and anon uttered startling yells.

But our friends looked in vain for the island nymph.

The triumphant savages bore them forward to the centre of the glade into the presence of an old, weazen-faced native seated squat upon the ground in front of the largest wigwam.

At sight of the captives he gave an exclamation of delight.

After he had satisfied his curiosity, a long consultation was held between him and the leader of the captors, wholly unintelligible to our friends, though they knew from the violent gestures made no good was boded them.

Briefly told, at its conclusion three of the savages seized Robert Perley and led him to a huge cocoanut-tree, where he was compelled to stand upright against its trunk.

Charlie and Jack were then placed one on each side of him, when three spearsmen with their rude weapons were stationed a short distance off, ready to send the instruments through their bodies.

The doomed men looked in vain for mercy from the swarthy visages before them, and their lips moved in prayer.

At this critical juncture a sharp cry was uttered, and looking up, the whites saw the beautiful maiden rushing towards them.

She did not pause until she reached their side, when she placed herself in front of Robert, and waved her hand frantically to the spearsmen.

The old chief came forward with an angry frown, and ordered her to stand aside, but with flashing eyes she met him unflinchingly.

"Warana no warrior to kill helpless whiteface," she cried, in broken English. "See, they like Star Singer much! She not let Warana kill."

Maddened by her defiance, the chief commanded his followers to take her away.

Her shapely foot stamped the ground impetuously, as she cried:

"Warrior, touch Star Singer and she kill quick! See, she go if white-faces do!" and the defiant maid held a sharp, murderous-looking weapon over her own heart. "She no more sing for Warana!"

Evidently the chief did not care to lose her, for he hesitated in his designs.

It is doubtful if the heroic girl could have rescued the captive sailors, but she had saved their lives by delaying the execution.

Wild shouts rung on the air, and a body of the "Waverley's" crew rushed into the valley.

Panic seized the frightened natives, and the whites won a bloodless victory.

"The captain thought you were in trouble and sent us to you."

"And with this brave girl you have saved our lives," said the young mate, warmly grasping his brother officer's hand.

The wonder of the seamen at beholding the fair timid maid, can be well imagined.

"You must go with us," said Robert, clasping her hand.

She trembled violently, and her gaze hardly left the sight of the terrified natives, huddled together in a group not far off, but, without a word, she yielded, seeming to feel that she was a captive.

It was many days before she mingled freely with her new-found friends, and even then, at times, the old spirit of uneasiness stole over her.

In that time Robert and Charlie Weston learned to love her dearly, and the sometime friends felt a gulf widening between them.

Finally the mate could bear the suspense no longer, and he resolved to know his fate.

As yet, she had allowed no one to touch the locket she wore, but guarded it with anxiety.

As Robert told the story of his love, however, he pleaded again that he might examine it, when, at last, she consented.

Pressing a spring, it flew open, disclosing the portraits of a man and women.

As his gaze met the pictures, the mate uttered a cry of surprise and almost dropped the locket.

"My father and mother!" he exclaimed. "Can it be possible you are my sister, who was lost at sea, twelve years ago in the ship 'Jason,' bound for the Sandwich Islands? She never was heard of after passing the Horn, and we never knew where she was lost, but here is a clue."

"Writing in there!" said the girl, and taking the locket from his hand she pressed out one of the miniatures, and there lay a bit of paper yellowed with age, which she handed to Robert. He read aloud:

"The wearer of this is Captain Osgood Perley's daughter. She and I have been cast away upon this island from the ship 'Jason.' The natives have doomed me to die. I pray whoever may find her will bear her to her parents, now in the Sandwich Islands, or there learn their address.

"JABEZ PERLEY."

"It is true!" cried the mate. "My sister! my long-lost sister!" And he clasped the surprised maid in his arms.

Charlie appeared upon the scene with looks of amazement.

"Congratulate me, old boy!" cried Robert, excitedly. "I have found my sister, the lost Minnie, that we have mourned so many years—who was left behind when father and mother went to the Sandwich Islands, fourteen years ago; but when she was four years old Uncle Jabez took her on his whaling-ship bound for Behring's Straits, designing to leave her with our parents in the Sandwich Islands, where father then was English consul. The ship never was heard from after she passed the Horn: but here is the sad proof that she was lost." And he handed the paper to Charlie, who, reading it, exclaimed—

"Then I have a sweetheart!"

Need we attempt to describe the happiness that followed?

The "Waverly" reached port in safety, and soon after, a father and mother, who had mourned their daughter as dead for twelve years, were overjoyed to have her restored to them; while to her it seemed like a strange, sweet dream.

Two years later Charlie Weston and the fair Minnie Perley were married.

Robert Perley is now a happy husband and father as well as a thriving merchant in the old town of Plymouth.

The National Park.

A correspondent of the *Argonaut* writing from the Yosemite says: Sitting under the shadow of oaks and pines, at the foot of the great Yosemite fall, within the voice of its tumbling waters, surrounded by ferns, and milkweed, and trembling poplars, and within the great amphitheatre of rocks, with a decayed stump for my writing table, I write. A week spent in this valley, beside the clear waters of the Merced, four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and three thousand below the level of the land, with domes, and peaks, and pinnacles, and precipitous walls of granite, with oaks, and pines, and shivering poplar trees, and ferns, and grasses, and wild flowers, and roaring waterfalls, and grassy meadows, ought to do one good; ought to lift him above and out of the anxieties and petty vexations of an every-day city life, with its little ambitions and struggles. It is certainly an agreeable thing to be away from the men of merchandise, and the men of politics, and the men of newspapers. I have done this, leaving my annoyances at home, except my wife, who sits upon the fallen log of which I occupy the stump, sketching; endeavoring to portray this divine waterfall, that leaps from its dizzy height two thousand six hundred feet down to the chasm below; to picture these eternal rocks, this ever-falling stream in its splendid framework of sky, and rock, and forest; to reduce it to a canvas—to a canvas thirty inches square—as I am endeavoring, in feeble words, with a Faber pencil, to describe a phenomenon that nature wrenched itself to produce; a phenomenon that no one can explain; that Whitney, and Clarence King, and John Muir love to theorize about, and wonder whether it was produced by glacial action or subsidence; whether in some far-off epoch of time a cataclysm rent the rocks asunder, or whether the bottom dropped out one early day in time. I have no theory concerning the Yosemite. I saw it sixteen years ago. Since then it has not changed in its natural features, save wagon roads instead of trails; twelve-seated coaches in place of mule and horse; some more hotels, and, I am sorry to say hotel runners. Trails have been made to new points of view, and the Yosemite Park Commissioners have established some healthy regulations: They would be more healthy, no doubt, if commissioners and guardians were chosen from those who have no interest in the Big Oak Flat wagon-road, and who have no money-making interest in horse or hotel. It was a grand idea to rescue this valley from private ownership, and preserve it for a national park. It would be still an improvement if the commissioners would purchase the private trails, abolish tolls, and throw open the valley and its surroundings to the free access of all. It would be still further improved if the area of the reservation could be more largely extended, and the itinerant sheep-herder, with his devastating woolly caravan, could be excluded from coming within it. Sheep are utterly destructive to all the lesser plants so curious to the botanist, while the sheep-herder is a perfect fire-fiend; he burns on every side, that in the coming years he may find more grass. This reservation should become a grand game preserve and botanical garden, where the plants and wild animals of the Sierra might find protection from the greed and avarice of man.

THE ONLY absolute specific we know of for sneezing, snuffling and choking catarrh or head colds is Sanford's Radical Cure, which for the small sum of $1 affords instant relief and invariably cures.—Medical Times.

Explorations in the Gaboon.

Hugo von Koppenfels describes the result of his very recent explorations in the Gaboon. On the Eliva Comi (an inland lake) he had met with the gorilla and shot a fine male specimen. He declares he has fully satisfied himself of the existence of hybrid forms between the male gorilla and the female chimpanzee, and he would thus account for the many so-called species, many of which get local names from the natives. He found the Oschebas, visited by Du Chaillu, a harmless, though somewhat suspicious people. In the country about the Gaboon the mammalian fauna is poor; there are none of the large antelopes, giraffes, gnus, zebras, quaggas, rhinoceroses, gazelles, lions, etc., which abound in the interior, but the leopard is common and the fine black variety, though rare, is now and then seen. Great wild hogs abound; otter and porcupines are common. Besides the man-like apes, the blue-faced mandril and the long-tailed, dog-faced baboon are to be found. In the rivers and lakes there are hippopotami, which sometimes, but rarely, go down to the ocean. The manatee, being much hunted for its delicious flesh by the natives, is continually decreasing in number, and will in all probability soon be quite extirpated. Of reptiles there are two crocodiles, a leather-backed turtle, many serpents, among these the python, of which one was shot just eighteen feet in length.

Thinking Men

should take Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

Rub It In.

Jacob Loeckman, 274 Clinton street, Buffalo, N. Y., has been using Thomas Eclectric Oil for rheumatism. He had such a lame back that he could do nothing: but one bottle entirely cured him. For sale by Paul G. Schuh.

Woman's Resources.

The shop-window beauties, says a correspondent, are to be entirely excluded from the balls and receptions of the princess of Wales this season. Not a single professional beauty is to be allowed to participate in the amusements of the annual garden party given by the princess to the queen. But compensation has been found already by one of the most fashionable of the beauties in her voluntary retirement from the gay scenes in which she played so conspicuous a part last year and to which she would be no longer welcome. She has taken a villa on the bank of the Thames, to which all the best men in London are anxious to be invited. She knows well that the mothers and daughters will not be long in seeking for invitations likewise. A clever woman is that identical professional beauty.

No Woman Need Suffer

when Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure can so easily be obtained and so safely used.

What's in a Name.

"King, the wrestler, had a fight with a driver on a transfer wagon in front of the Weddell House, yesterday, and got the worst of it. Both parties were arrested."

The above little paragraph, which was clipped from the Cleveland *Sunday Voice*, reminds us of an adventure which befell the celebrated prize fighter Tom Hyer, in Albany, a good many years ago. Hyer was an American, and it was just after the famous battle with "Yankee Sullivan," the Irish champion, in which the former was victorious, and when Hyer's name was in almost everybody's mouth. Hyer was the worse for liquor, and in passing along the sidewalk he jostled rather roughly a countryman who was minding his own business. The latter said a little savagely, "Come, what are you about?" Hyer turned and slapped him in the face. The countryman, like the prize fighter, was of large stature, and, not knowing who it was that had insulted him, fell afoul of Hyer with great fury. The prize fighter found himself doubled up so quickly that he had no time to display any of that science which had used up Yankee Sullivan. Hyer, after the first onset, picked himself from the gutter where he had been hurled, and struck an attitude which might have appalled a scientific opponent, but to the aroused countryman it was like shaking a red flag in the eyes of an enraged bull, and he went for him again like a hurricane. Hyer a second time went down under the furious onset, and the countryman, determined to follow up the advantage, threw himself upon the prostrate form of his gigantic antagonist and commenced to pound him unmercifully. In the meantime a large crowd had gathered, and one man who knew Hyer sang out: "Hyer! What the h— are you doing to let a countryman lick yer?"

The victorious yeoman heard the name, "Hyer," turned pale to think of his peril, and springing to his feet, leaving his hat in the street, took to his legs and ran at a headlong pace as though pursued by something worse than Tam O'Shanter ever fled from. He left Albany by the leg express, and did not stop at the way stations.—*Hartford Times.*

LADIES who appreciate elegance and purity are using Parker's Hair Balsam. It is the best article sold for restoring gray hair to its original color and beauty.

How often persons have been annoyed by burrs clinging to their dress or clothing, and how seldom have they, when cleaning them, given it a thought that Burdock Root is the most valuable blood cleanser and purifier known, and is sold by every druggist under the name of Burdock Blood Bitters. Price $1.00, trial size 10 cents. Sold by Paul G. Schuh.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

Mrs. J. G. Robertson, Pittsburg, Pa., writes: "I was suffering from general debility, want of appetite, constipation, etc., so that life was a burden; after using Burdock Blood Bitters I felt better than for years. I can not praise your bitters too much."

R. Gibbs, of Buffalo, N. Y., writes: "Your Burdock Blood Bitters, in chronic diseases of the blood liver and kidneys, have been signally marked with success. I have used them myself with the best results for torpidity of the liver, and in the case of a friend of mine suffering from dropsy, the effect was marvelous."

Bruce Turner, Rochester, N. Y., writes: "I have been subject to serious disorder of the kidneys and unable to attend to business; Burdock Blood Bitters relieved me before half a bottle was used. I feel confident that they will entirely cure me."

E. Asenith Hall, Binghamton, N. Y. writes: "I suffered with a dull pain through my left lung and shoulder. Lost my spirits, appetite and color, and could with difficulty keep up all day. Took your Burdock Blood Bitters as directed and have felt no pain since first week after using them."

Mr. Noah Bates, Elmira, N. Y., writes. "About four years ago I had an attack of bilous fever, and never fully recovered. My digestive organs were weakened, and I would be completely prostrated for days. After using two bottles of your Burdock Blood Bitters the improvement was so visible that I was astonished. I can now, though sixty-one years of age, do a fair and reasonable day's work."

C. Blacket Robinson, proprietor of the Canada Presbyterian, Toronto, Ont., writes: "For years I suffered greatly from oft recurring headaches. I used your Burdock Blood Bitters with happiest results, and I now find myself in better health than for years past.

Mrs. Wallace, Buffalo, N. Y., writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for nervous and bilous headaches, and can recommend them for anyone requiring a cure for biliousness."

Mrs. Ira Mulholland, Albany, N. Y., writes: For several years I have suffered from oft recurring bilious headaches, dyspepsia and complaints peculiar to my sex. Since using your Burdock Blood Bitters I am entirely relieved.

PRICE, $1 PER BOTTLE: SAMPLE SIZE 10 CTS.

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Prop'rs, BUFFALO, N. Y.

For sale by PAUL G. SCHUH. [1]

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

FELLOWS' Compound SYRUP OF HYPO-PHOS-PHITES

THE POWER OF ARRESTING DISEASES displayed by this preparation is honorably acknowledged by the medical faculty in every section where it has been introduced; and the large sale is its best guarantee of the estimation in which it is held by the public. For the effect produced by

FELLOW'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES

the inventor will refer to the medical gentlemen whose letters are attached hereto

(Extract from a letter.)

LYNN, MASS, March 1, 1876.

Messrs. Fellows & Co., St. John, N. B.

Gents; I have prescribed your (Fellows' Hypophosphites), in my practice, for some hundreds of patients, where its use was indicated, with quite satisfactory results. A. I. McARTHUR, M. D., 22 South Common st.

ELBRIDGE SIMPSON, M. D., of Hudson, N. Y., writes:

"I have used the Syrup of Hypophosphites made by Mr. Fellows in cases of Consumption and other Lung and Throat diseases, with the most gratifying results."

EDWIN CLAY, M. D., of Pugwash, N. S., writes: "I know of no better medicine for persons suffering from exhaustion of the powers of the Brain and Nervous System, from long continued study, or the cough following Typhoid Fever, &c., &c."

CHANDLER CRANE, of Halifax, N. S., writes: "I have used it freely in my practice, both in diseases of the Chest, as Consumption and Bronchitis, &c., and in infantile diseases of the prima via, or Stomach and Bowels, with eminent success."

For sale by all druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BAYARD TAYLOR, Poet & traveler said: "I take great pleasure in recommending to parents the academy of Mr. Swithin C. Shortlidge."

HON. FERNANDO WOOD, M. C. Said (1880): "I cheerfully consent to the use of my name as reference. My boys will return to you for their fourth year after their vacation."

For new illustrated circular address SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A. M., Harvard University Graduate, Media, Pa., 12 miles from Philadelphia.

NORTHERN TEXAS offers greater attraction in way of good, cheap lands, healthy country mild climate, abundance of timber and water, diversity of products, than any other region now open to settlement. In this rapidly developing section, the Texas and Pacific Railway has in operation over 800 miles of road, along which are to be had, at low prices and on easy terms, millions of acres of good and cheap railroad and government lands, but recently opened for settlement. For circular and maps, giving truthful information address W. H. ABRAMS, Land Commissioner, T. & P. Railway, Marshall, Texas.

Young Men Learn Telegraphy! Earn $40 to $100 a month. Graduates guaranteed paying offices. Address Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

PAMPHLETS for advertisers. 100 pages, 25 cents. G. P. ROWELL & CO., N. Y.

Floreston Cologne The Most Fragrant and Lasting of all Perfumes. New, Delightful & Fashionable. Sold by dealers in Drugs and Perfumery. Hiscox & Co., N. Y.

All Farmers, Mothers, Business Men, Mechanics, &c., who are tired out by work or worry, and all who are miserable with Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or Bowel, Kidney or Liver Complaints, you can be invigorated and cured by using

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

If you are wasting away with Consumption, Age, Dissipation or any weakness, you will find Parker's Ginger Tonic the greatest Blood Fertilizer and the Best Health & Strength Restorer you Can Use, and far superior to Bitters and other Tonics, as it builds up the system, but never intoxicates. 50 ct. and $1 sizes. Hiscox & Co., Chemists, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Removes Dandruff. Finely Perfumed. Prevents Baldness. Restores Color.

Morgan Park Military Academy.

The best Boys' Boarding School in the West. Prepares for College, Scientific School or Business. Location attractive and elevated. Session begins Sep. 13, 1881. Send for catalogue to Capt. ED. N. KIRK TALCOTT, Prin., Morgan Park, Cook Co., Ill.

DIARRHŒA & DYSENTERY.

The most astonishing cures of Dysentery and Diarrhœa, both among children and adults, are daily reported by the use of

Dixon's Blackberry Carminative.

It appears to be a sovereign remedy.

Sold by all druggists in the United States and Canada.

W. F. DAVIDSON & CO., Proprietors, Cincinnati.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE MILD POWER CURES

Humphreys' Homeopathic Specifics

Proved from ample experience an entire success. Simple, Prompt, Efficient, and Reliable, they are the only medicines adapted to popular use.

LIST PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICE.
1.	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations,	.25
2.	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	.25
3.	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants,	.25
4.	Diarrhea of Children or Adults,	.25
5.	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic,	.25
6.	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting,	.25
7.	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis,	.25
8.	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache,	.25
9.	Headaches, Sick Headaches, Vertigo,	.25
10.	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach,	.25
11.	Suppressed or Painful Periods,	.25
12.	Whites, too profuse Periods,	.25
13.	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing,	.25
14.	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions,	.25
15.	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains,	.25
16.	Fever and Ague, Chill, Fever, Agues,	.50
17.	Piles, Blind or Bleeding,	.50
19.	Catarrh, acute or chronic; Influenza,	.50
20.	Whooping Cough, violent Coughs,	.50
24.	General Debility, Phys'l Weakness,	.50
27.	Kidney Disease,	.50
28.	Nervous Debility, Spermatorrhea,	1.00
30.	Urinary Weakness, Wetting the bed,	.50
32.	Disease of the Heart, Palpitation,	1.00

For sale by druggists, or sent by the Case, or single Vial, free of charge, on receipt of price. Send for Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease, &c., (144 pages), also Illustrated Catalogue, FREE.

Address, Humphreys' Homeopathic Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

PILES

ANAKESIS

Dr. S. Silsbee's External Pile Remedy

Gives instant relief and is an infallible

CURE FOR ALL KINDS OF PILES.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Price, $1.00 per box *prepaid* by mail. Samples sent *free* to Physicians and all sufferers, by F. Neustaedter & Co., Box 3915, New York City. Sole manufacturers of "*Anakesis.*"

MOLLER'S NORWEGIAN COD-LIVER OIL

MOLLER'S COD LIVER OIL

is perfectly pure. Pronounced the best by the highest medical authorities in the world. Given highest award at 12 World's Expositions, and at Paris, 1878. Sold by Druggists. W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N. Y.

FITS STOPPED FREE

Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored! DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER

for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. *Only sure cure for Fits, Epilepsy and Nervous Affections.* INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. *No Fits after first day's use.* Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying expressage. Send name, P. O. and express address to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St. Philadelphia, Pa. *See principal druggists.*

A Fortune! Agents write quick! Territory free. Sentirely new best selling articles out. Propelling Belts for sewing and all machines. Indestructible Sash Cord and a perfect Door Spring. The P. T. Coiled Wire Belt Co., 330 7th Ave. N. Y.

3 REASONS WHY THE CELLULOID Eye Glasses ARE THE BEST.

Because they are the LIGHTEST, HANDSOMEST AND STRONGEST known. Sold by Opticians and Jewelers. Made by SPENCER OPTICAL CO., N. Y.

WANTED! An intelligent young man in every country town, to take permanent local agency for the sale of our teas, coffees, etc., in packages, to consumers. This agency requires no peddling and but a moderate amount of soliciting, and if properly managed will pay from $500 to $1,000 per year. Particulars free. PEOPLES TEA CO., P. O. Box 5026, St. Louis, Mo.

DRY IN ROGERS' POWDER

CITRATE OF MAGNESIA

AN AGREEABLE APERIENT AND REFRIGERANT.

This well-known preparation is highly recommended for Dyspepsia, Headache, Sickness of the Stomach, and all complaints arising from Acidity, Biliousness, and Malarial Fevers. It cools the blood and regulates the bowels. It is a favorite medicine for children. Prepared by A. ROGERS' SONS, Chemists, 281 Bleecker Street, New York.

Superior to Mineral Waters, Seidlitz Powders, etc. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 17 Stops 5 Sets Golden Tongue Reeds, only $85. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

REVISED NEW TESTAMENTS! Illustrated. Cheapest and Best. Sells at Sight. HOLMAN'S NEW PICTORIAL BIBLES. Agents Wanted. A. J. HOLMAN & CO., Philad.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

METAL TIP LAMP WICK

Pat'd Dec. 7, 1880.

Gives a Brilliant, White and Steady light, requires no trimming, and lasts for months. Sample wick 10 cts., 3 wicks 25 cts., 12 wicks 75 cts. postage paid. Have three sizes, A, B, and D. Agents wanted. Address, METAL TIP LAMP WICK CO., 70 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED the Author. A new and great Medical Work, warranted the best and cheapest, indispensable to every man, entitled "the Science of Life, or, Self-Preservation;" bound in finest French muslin, embossed, full gilt, 300 pp. contains beautiful steel engravings, 125 prescriptions, price only $1.25 sent by mail; illustrated sample, 6 cents; send now. Address Peabody Medical Institute or Dr. W. H. PARKER, No. 4 Bulfinch st. Boston.

KNOW THYSELF.

CUTICURA Permanently Cures Humors of the Scalp and Skin.

Cuticura remedies are for sale by all druggists. Price of Cuticura, a medical jelly, small boxes, 50c. large boxes $1. Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, one dollar per bottle. Cuticura Medicinal Toilet Soap, 25c. Cuticura Medicinal Shaving Soap, 15cts.; in bars for barbers and large consumers, 50cts. Principal depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston Mass.

☞ All mailed free on receipt of price.

Have you ever KNOWN

Any person to be seriously ill without a weak stomach or inactive liver or kidneys? And when these organs are in good condition do you not find their possessor enjoying good health? Parker's Ginger Tonic always regulates these important organs, and never fails to make the blood rich and pure, and to strengthen every part of the system. It has cured hundreds of despairing invalids. Ask your druggist about it.

1,000,000 Acres Choice Lands

In the Great Wheat Belt. For sale by the WINONA & ST. PETER R. R. CO. at $2 to $6 per Acre, on easy terms, at low interest. Lowest fare and freight. Fare refunded to purchasers. A climate unsurpassed for healthfulness. The best market facilities. ☞ Guide and Maps giving full information FREE. Address CHAS. E. SIMMONS, Land Commissioner of Chicago & Northwestern Railway Co., Chicago, Illinois. Mention this paper.

IN MINNESOTA & DAKOTA