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Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

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FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

GENERALITIES OF INTEREST.

In 1790 New York had a colored population of 25,978.

Athletic sports are taking strong hold in the European universities.

Austria and Mexico have resumed intercourse for the first time since the execution of Emperor Maximilian.

When a crew sets out for the north pole the cost is no small matter. The item of food supply for the Baldwin expedition will amount to $50,000 or $60,000.

In Russia the sunflower is cultivated as a staple crop. The sunflower seeds are an article of diet, being eaten either raw or roasted. The oil is also used liberally in cooking, being practically equal to olive oil.

NEARLY GONE.

Mrs. Julia A. Mallahan, of Owosso, Mich., Has a Very Narrow Escape —The Doctor Had Little Hope.

Owosso, Mich., March 25 (Special).—Elite Rebekah Lodge, No. 2, I. O. O. F., of this town, came very nearly losing their esteemed and capable Secretary, Mrs. Julia A. Mallahan. Mrs. Mallahan caught a severe cold last winter, and like many others, failed to recognize the dangerous possibilities until it had settled in her kidneys, and left her with very severe bearing down pains and almost constant back-ache. It almost carried her off. Mrs. Mallahan tells the story this way:—

"I caught a cold last winter, which I neglected until it settled in my kidneys, causing severe bearing down pains and almost constant back-ache. My health had previously been so good, that I paid little attention to these symptoms, until the disease had gone so far, that my doctor entertained but a slight hope of my recovery.

Fortunately, one of our Lodge Members mentioned Dodd's Kidney Pills. Her description of the cures they had effected sounded like a fairy tale, but I sent for a box, deciding to give them a trial. I soon found that she had but half told the story of what they could do. I bless the day I first tried them, and have nothing but the highest praise for them."

Many very valuable lives have been saved by the timely use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and not a few of these have been in Owosso and other neighboring Michigan towns. There seems to be no case of kidney trouble or back-ache that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure.

They are 50c. a box, six boxes for $2.50. Buy them from your local druggist if you can. If he cannot supply you, send to the Dodds Medicine Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

DRY? Sawyer's Pommel Slickers

Warranted Waterproof.

Sawyer's Excelsior Brand Pommel Slickers afford complete protection to both rider and saddle. Made extra long and wide in the skirt, insuring a dry seat for rider. Easily converted into a walking coat. Every garment warranted waterproof. Look for trade-mark. If your dealer does not have Excelsior Brand, write for catalogue.

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A. N. K.—G 1858

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

THE STORY OF A BONNET

I'D MADE up my mind fer sartin that Jenny (you know that she Had named the day in her own sweet way—the day she would marry me?)
Should have the purtiest bonnet that ever the store folks made—
One that would throw a rainbow jest twenty mile in the shade!

Ever seen Jenny smilin'? Ever took note of her eyes?
I tol' her a angel made 'em from little blue patches o' skies!
Jest 'peared to twinkle sunshine! an' whenever they look at me
I see jest all o' Heaven that ever I hope to see!

Well, I went down thar to the city, an' I tol' the store folks plain,
I wanted the finest bonnet that ever come in on the train;
An' I paid my money fer it 'thout any contendin' words:
It wuz all fixed up with roses, an' ribbons, an' singin' birds.

But now the trouble's a-comin'!—she wuz all in deep distress;
How wuz a ten-dollar bonnet to go with a caliker dress?
Mother—she kinder shook her head; said 'twould be "out o' place,"
An' Jenny, with tears a-fallin' on the roses of her face!

But her gran'ma come ter the rescue: "It's been seventy year," says she,
"Sence I wore my weddin' dress, an' now it's good as it use to be;
I've been a-keepin' it stored away—but it saddens me now an' then;
An' seein' to-morrer's the Easter day, we'll make it over fer Jen!"

Jen throwed her arms around her, till we heard the gran'ma say:
"Ever you see sich a silly gal? She'll smother me that away!
Go 'long an' git yer scissors, an' all o' yer needles bright;
With a hat like that a weddin' dress is jest what'll set you right!"

An' it did! An' secin' she looked so sweet when the Easter day come 'roun',
When meetin' wuz over, the license an' the parson wuz easy foun'!
An' I ain't a-lovin' Jenny any the more, or less,
Kaze I married her Easter mornin' in gran'mother's weddin' dress!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

BLOSSOM'S EASTER DAY.

LILIES did not grow in Easton court. The only superfluous articles which the children who lived there knew anything about were bits of broken bottles and waste papers. Squalor, misery and unhappiness there were in plenty, but no flowers, no Sabbath days, no happy children—that is, excepting Blossom — Blossom, whose long-lashed violet eyes and shining curls set her apart from all the other alley children like a bit of heartsease; whose little crutch went tapping through the halls all day, and who sat on the rickety stairs at nightfall ready to call out a cheery greeting to her mother when she turned into the dark alley.

Blossom was very rich. Her mother did day's work for the wealthy people on the avenue, and, besides, Blossom's mother had not always lived in the alley. So when Blossom's glad cry: "Hurry up, mamma, I'm waiting for you," would ring out on the foul air, the alley children would hurry to the stairs and look with wondering, wistful eyes at the scene which never failed to take place. Blossom's mother was never too tired to kiss the winsome face and Blossom's arm always caught her mother in a rapturous embrace. Then they went in and shut the door, and the alley children were so poor, so poor.

Out in the great city the Easter story was being told again and again one Saturday evening, and after her bit of work was done Blossom's mother told her a new story of a little girl who, ever so long ago, went to church on Easter morning, and who talked to the lilies and palms while the minister preached to the big people.

It was a fine old church, with a great organ, and windows so beautiful that the sun made violet, and gold, and purple lights on the floor. "And the little girl sitting there in her white dress did not know, my Blossom, that some day she would grow up and have great trouble to bear."

"Poor mamma," exclaimed Blossom, and then she fell to cuddling the hard hand in her sweet baby way and with the exquisite imagery of childhood went to the beautiful church herself, hearing the wonderful music, and seeing the lights and flowers. The vision filled her waking thoughts, her prayers and her dreams that night, and when she awoke with the sun of Easter morning shining across her face, there was a tremulous hope in her heart that down in the alley she would hear some one crying: "Christ is risen to-day," and then the response: "He is risen indeed," just as her mother used to hear it in her old home.

But Blossom heard only wicked and evil words, so she went back to her world of "make believe" and said blithely to her mother: "Now put on your prettiest dress, mamma, and I'll put on my white dress, and the lace cap, and the little slippers with big bows, and we'll go to church and hear the big organ and, O mamma, couldn't we do it honest truth—for sure, I mean?"

"I am afraid Blossom, that you and I would look queer in a fine church," she answered, sadly.

"O mamma, please," coaxed the child, sitting up in bed, her little hands held out pleadingly.

A torturing wave of homesickness swept over Blossom's mother. "If I only could go," she murmured, and wise little Blossom said cheerily: "We will, mamma; I'll take care of you." Then they both laughed as if there were no heavy shadows in Easton court, and nothing but joy and love in the world on Easter morning.

"We shall have to start early, then, dear, before the people go to church, and you shall see the lilies and then we will come home and have a happy Easter by ourselves," said her mother.

After one awe-stricken whisper, Blossom did not speak again to her mother. She felt as if she must have died and gone to Heaven, for never in her happiest flights of imagination had she dreamed of anything so beautiful as that which she saw on entering the church. They sat down under the gallery and Blossom's mother, white-faced and weary, leaned her head against a pillar and closed her eyes. There was a lump in the child's throat; her pleasure gave her such keen pain. The organist was playing a slow, sweet melody that throbbed through the church like a psalm of rest, and Blossom, unable to control her tears, stood up leaning heavily on her crutch and wiping her eyes with her little coarse handkerchief.

An early worshiper, a lady whose crape draperies floated about her like a sable cloud, moved down the aisle. She caught sight of Blossom sobbing among the shadows and went over to her, laying one caressing hand on the top of the crutch and the other on Blossom's shining head. Blossom did not start, for she had reached the stage when nothing could surprise her, but she looked up into the fair, haughty face and smiled through her tears.

"What is the matter, little girl?" the lady asked, in a voice so musical that Blossom smiled again and gave her head a little shake to send the tears flying.

"It's so—so nice," she answered, reverently. "Aren't you glad the lilies tell about Jesus?"

The lady did not answer her in words, and as she stooped nearer the child, lifting the dimpled chin in her palm, she said with passionate tenderness: "Poor little girl! You are a cripple like my little boy; I am so sorry for you."

"Oh, is he lame, and will he be here to-day? He won't mind his lameness when he sees the lilies."

"He is not here; he is risen; and I am alone," answered the lady, her voice sharp with pain.

"Do you mean that he has gone to Jesus?" asked Blossom.

There was only an affirmative nod for answer, and Blossom, whose childish idea of ministry meant loving, put up her hand and stroked the face of the stricken woman beside her, as she did the tired mother's when the hard day's work was ended. "Poor lady," she said, softly, "I expect God is letting him gather Easter lilies for Him to-day. Mamma thinks God has gardens in Heaven because there are so many folks like me who never had any flowers down here. I never saw an Easter lily till to-day, and won't it be nice when we all go to Jesus for me to tell your little boy that we talked about him to-day down here?"

BLOSSOM'S MOTHER TOLD HER A NEW STORY.

Mrs. Raymond was crying—crying as she could not cry when they carried Donald's casket from the house; crying as any oppressed heart will cry when relief comes, and still Blossom's voice went steadily and sweetly on: "I guess you are lonesome without your little boy and that makes you cry, but some day when you go to see God, your little boy will already be there, and he'll run right up to you without his crutches. Mamma says God doesn't have crutches there, and I think I'll be the happiest little girl in Heaven when God lets me show mamma how I can run."

Blossom's mother turned uneasily and the child went over to her. "You went to sleep, mamma, you were so tired," she said, in quaint apology; then, turning and smiling brightly at her new friend, she said: "I guess we must go now, for mamma said we could only stay with the lilies until the people came; she said we would look queer; do we?"

"Stay to service with me," pleaded Mrs. Raymond, but Blossom's mother would not be persuaded, and went away, leaving the child under Mrs. Raymond's protection.

Blossom has never forgotten that wonderful Easter day. The triumphant music, the perfumed air, the glorious promises of resurrection and life, fell with untold power upon the innocent child life. She was unconscious of the notice she attracted to the pew of the wealthy Mrs. Raymond, who had not been to service for months, and who had been so bitter in her grief over the loss of her only son that her best friends had avoided her in the hours when she most needed them. Blossom had not felt the bitterness, so she leaned confidingly against Mrs. Raymond, bringing to her the first real comfort she had known. Looking down into the child's rapt face, she found her best help in the warm human sympathy of the loving heart beside her, and as her quivering nerves stilled a little the tender triumph of the pulpit message added its healing balm to the hurt in her troubled heart.

Blossom rode home in a carriage that day, and the wonder of it all had not left her when a servant in livery returned with several large boxes of Easter lilies, roses and ferns. There was a perfumed note with a dainty monogram tucked between the lily stems, and Blossom's mother read it aloud to her.

"Dear Blossom," it ran, "I want to send you something from my little boy. I think he wishes you to give these flowers to all your friends in Easton court to help them remember that there is no darkness where Jesus is."

Blossom sat with her hands folded over her knee, looking down at the mass of blossoms at her feet. "It all came true," she said, softly; "we did go to church, and God let me see the lilies. God can do anything, can't He, mamma?"

"Yes, my Blossom, He lets us have all that is good for us," answered the brave, trusting mother, who, in the midst of her toil and pain and poverty, had learned to keep the true Easter in her heart.

Many Easter days have come and gone since then, and now the lilies blossom royally at Easton court, for Mrs. Raymond, thoroughly awakened from the selfishness of her grief, tore away the old buildings whose environment laid so cruel a hand upon the children of the court, and in their stead built up Donald house, in memory of the boy she loved and well-nigh lost. Blossom and her mother have rooms in the new house as in the old.

Sometimes when Mrs. Raymond has taken leave of them she remembers her first meeting with them, and, retracing her steps, takes Blossom's face between her hands while she says: "God bless you and keep you sweet in this garden for many years, my Blossom," and Blossom, whose presence is like a benediction in Donald house, can repay her friend only by the daily unfolding of her own Christ life.—Minnie Waite Roselle, in Baptist Union.

Found Time to Be Kind.

The business man forgets, as do many of us, the truth expressed by Ruskin that "a little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money." The great demand is on their hearts, not on their purses. In the matter of kindness we may all be great, and if the prime minister of one of the greatest nations in the world, a man whose pen and tongue and brain were constantly exercised in behalf of the poor and oppressed, wherever he found them; if the grand old man of England, William E. Gladstone, could find time to leave his parliamentary duties to carry a bunch of flowers to a little sick crossing sweeper, shall we not be ashamed to make for ourselves the excuse: "I haven't time to be kind?"—Success.

WHEN HE WOKE UP.

Mrs. Nuwed—Isn't my new Easter hat a dream?

Mr. Nuwed—Yes, and the price-mark is an alarm clock.—Baltimore American.

At Eastertime.

At Eastertime, oh, who can doubt
That He who calls the violets out
Of their brown graves beneath the rime
Will wake us, too, in His good time?
Are we not more than many flowers?
Oh, sweet the lesson of the hours
At Eastertime.
—May Riley Smith.

A Calculating Mind.

"Did you observe Lent this year?"

"Very carefully," answered he. "I think I succeeded in denying myself enough things to pay the cost of an Easter wardrobe."—Washington Star.

AN INHERITANCE IN WESTERN CANADA.

Indian Reservations and Other New Districts to Be Opened Up This Year.

In the Great Saskatchewan Valley, and the Fertile Plains of Assiniboia.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir: The past three or four years have demonstrated to a large number of Americans the value of the grain-growing and ranching lands of western Canada. Tens of thousands have taken advantage of the offer made by the Canadian government as well as of the exceedingly low prices asked for lands by the railway, colonization and other companies. The experience of those who have been settled there for some little time is of a highly gratifying character. So much so that the Canadian government, who has control of the immigration into western Canada, has decided to open up some new districts this year in the well-known Saskatchewan valley, and also in the fertile plains of Assiniboia. These districts are probably the most productive in the entire west and in close touch to largely settled communities, as well as being situated on some of the most important lines of railway. They are within easy reach of markets, schools, churches and other social advantages. In some of these districts lands may be homesteaded as well as purchased outright at very low prices. Now as to what can be done on these lands. The evidence of the settlers in the neighborhood of the lands now about to be opened for settlement (some of them being located in one of the best Indian reservations) goes to show that the very best results have followed even most indifferent methods. Cases are given where farmers having gone there with most limited means, barely enough to erect a small house and break up a little land, have in three or four years' time become prosperous, all debts paid and money in the bank. The soil in the districts mentioned, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan, is a rich black loam, 15 inches to three feet deep. As a settler says: "It appears like the accumulation of decayed vegetation and ashes for centuries (the subsoil is a stiff putty clay)." On this soil it is possible to raise from 40 to 50 bushels of wheat to the acre; oats, 75 to 100 bushels, all of which bring good prices at the local market. For mixed farming these new districts are probably among the best in western Canada. Stock fatten easily on the wild grasses. Hay is plentiful, and prices splendid. Another settler writing to a friend in Iowa says: "The climate is all that could be desired, plenty of rainfall in summer, with no hot, dry winds. On the 28th of September I saw prairie flowers in full bloom, sweet corn, potato and tomato vines that had not been touched a particle with frost, and the winters are milder than those in the state from which I came. After the holidays the winter sets in clear and cold, with plenty of snow for good sleighing; no high winds or blizzards are known. Horses live out all winter and pick their own living, while cattle live all winter in open sheds and around the hay ricks. Wheat, oats and barley are the principal grain crops. Potatoes and all other roots and vegetables do well, the yield being enormous as compared to those in the states. Wild fruits, such as strawberries, raspberries, cranberries, gooseberries and all varieties of currants yield in abundance. As a reader of your valuable paper for a number of years, I feel that I should inform you of the progress and advancement being made in Canada within the past few years and the inducements and advantages that will follow settlement in western Canada. Those who desire information can do as I did, and apply to any agent of the Canadian government, whose name, I see, appears in advertisements appearing elsewhere in the columns of your paper, and when writing ask particularly about the Saskatchewan Valley or Assiniboia Districts. Yours truly,

"OLD READER."

Bows and Beaux.

Certain of the Spartan women, it is recorded, hesitated. "If we cut off our hair and give it to the soldiers to string their bows with, how are we to get along?" they protested. "Why we can string our beaux with false hair!" exclaimed the others warmly.—Detroit Journal.

Cheap Rates to California.

February 12th and each Tuesday thereafter, until and including April 30th, Special Low Rate Colonist Tickets will be sold via the Southern Pacific's Company's "Ogden" and "Sunset" Routes to all points in California. The rate will be: From Chicago $30.00, from St. Louis, Memphis and New Orleans $27.50, from Omaha, Kansas City, etc., $25.00. Corresponding low rates from all other points east and north.

For particulars and detailed information pertaining to the Southern Pacific Company's Routes, and these special rates to California, call upon or address

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Through the Mountains of Tennessee —Georgia—The Old Battlefields Route.

Double Daily Through Sleeping Car Service. "Dixie Flyer," leaving Chicago 6:10 p. m. over Illinois Central, and "Chicago & Florida Limited" leaving 11:05 a. m. over the C. & E. I. both carry through sleepers Chicago to Jacksonville via Nashville, Chattanooga and Atlanta. "The Chicago & Nashville Limited" leaving Chicago at 7 p. m. via Evansville, also connects in Union Depot, Nashville, with the "Dixie Flyer," carrying through sleepers to Jacksonville. Cheap Excursion tickets now on sale. Full particulars on application to B. F. Hill, N. P. A., 328 Marquette Bldg., Chicago. W. L. Danley, G. P. A., Nashville, Tenn.

After talking with a nagging woman it is a great relief to take a roll in a bed of stinging nettles.—Ram's Horn.

Speltz, the Richest Food Out.

The articles in the John A. Salzer Seed Company's catalog, La Crosse, Wis., on Speltz, Bismarck Hog Food Pea, Billion Dollar Grass, Victoria Rape and Bromus Inemus are worth $500.00 of any wide-awake farmer's money, particularly the one on Speltz is remarkably interesting on account of the wonderful richness of this productive, prolific hay and grain food. Every farmer should get Salzer's catalog and read about Speltz. [K.]

Nervous Prostration

A Noted Boston Woman Des its Symptoms and Terrors.— Severe Cases Cured by Lyd Pinkham's Vegetable Compou

ADELE WILLIAMSON.

"I am so nervous! no one ever suffered as I do isn't a well inch in my body. I honestly believe n are diseased, my chest pains me so, but I have no c am so weak at my stomach, and have indigestion terri palpitation of the heart; am losing flesh; and this l and backache nearly kills me, and yesterday I had hys

"There is a weight in the lower part of my bowels, down all the time, with pains in my groins and th can't sleep, walk, or sit, and blue — oh goodness! I an the most miserable of women."

This is a most vivid description of a woman sufferi nervous prostration, caused by inflammation or som diseased condition of the womb.

No woman should allow herself to reach such a pe of misery when there is no need of it. Read abo Williamson's case and how she was cured.

Two Bad Cases of Nervous Prostration C

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM;—I was suffering such tortures from nervous prostration that life was a burden. I could not sleep at all, and was too weak to walk across the floor. My heart was affected so that often I could not lie down at all without almost suffocating. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it worked like magic. I feel that your medicine has been of inestimable benefit to me."

MISS ADELE WILLIAMSON, 196 N. Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.

"I had nervous pr terribly, caused by weakness. I suffere thing; was unable sleep, or work. After I was induced to try Pinkham's Vegetabl pound, and I really improve on taking bottle. I continued the medicine, and a better in every way, like a different person simply a well woman.

MRS. DELLA K Mariet

$5000 REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Ly which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimon are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's sp mission. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICI

UNDER THE SNOW

Ghastly Truths Revealed on the Di pearance of Winter's White Man

Deadly dangers lurk in the ground left bare by the departing snow. All Winter long there have been accumulating deadly disease germs.

These have been protected and kept alive by the covering of snow and now, with the first warm days, these death-bringing microbes are awakened by the rays of the sun, and as the ground dries they are carried to all corners of the community in the dust that is blown everywhere by the Spring winds.

The human body at this time is particularly susceptible to these germs, especially the germs of fevers. The system has been depleted by the foregoing Winter. The blood is sluggish and filled with impurities. The nerves have not recovered from the tension they have been under for the past months. The stomach, the bowels, the kidneys, the liver are all at their worst.

It is therefore, not strange that these germs of disease find fertile ground in which to thrive, flourish and develop into deadly ills.

Spring is the time of year when one should fear an attack of fever, especially when the system is depleted, one should dread any severe illness. The vitality is at a low ebb. There is less power of resistance to throw off disease, and it is on this account that fatalities are so much greater during the Spring months than at any other time of the year.

There is but one way to ward off such dangers, and that is to fortify the human body so that it will become imp the germs of invading disease.

To do this take Dr. Greene's Ne and nerve remedy. It will bui quickly, it will reestablish your petite, it will give you restful nig it will give vim and vigor to t and it will dispel all existing have accumulated in the b counteracting the effects of othe accumulate.

Following is an instance th trate the wonderful power of Nervura blood and nerve reme

Sheriff Jonas T. Stevens, whc Hyde Park, Vt., says:—"I ha Greene's Nervura blood and especially as a blood purifier. severe humor on my arms, ac a very bad itching, so severe t sleep nights, causing me great by the loss of sleep by the itch advised me to take Dr. Gree blood and nerve remedy, whic the most satisfactory resu trouble has entirely disappea now rest comfortably nights a of my former misery from itching sensations."

Remember Dr. Greene's ad given to any one desiring the s ly free if they will write or ca his office, 35 W. 14th St., New

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Last year we started out for 500,000 new customers. We received 270,000. We now have on our books 1,110,000 names. We wish 250,000 more in 1901, making 1,500,000 full, hence this unprecedented offer for 16 cents postpaid of
20 kinds of rarest luscious radishes.
12 magnificent earliest melons,
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In all 150 kinds, sure to delight and please and captivate your hearts, together with our great Illustrated Plant and Seed Catalog, telling all about Billion Dollar Grass, Peaut, Teosinte, Bromus, Speltz, Onion Seed at 60c., etc., all for 16 cents stamps and this notice. Catalog positively worth $100 to any planter of garden and farm seeds.
JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. (K) La Crosse, Wis.

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That's what agents can make selling IWAN'S PATENT IMPROVED POST HOLE and WELL AUGER. A man can do thrice the work with an "IWAN" than with any other. Used by the U. S. Government, which buys only the best. Highest award, World's Fair, 1893. Price, each, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, or 9 inch, $2.50; 10 inch, $3.00. Users value them at $25.00. Inquire of hardware dealers, or write us for particulars of our full line. IWAN BROS., Box A, Streator, Illinois.

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Dainty Desserts

Can be made with Burnham's Hasty Jelly-con. Delicious jellies from purest ingredients. Dissolve a package in hot water and set away to cool. Get a package at your Grocer's to-day. There are six flavors: orange, lemon, strawberry, raspberry, peach, wild cherry and the unflavored "calfsfoot" for making wine and coffee jellies.