

ACROSS THE GARDEN WALL.

I looked across the garden wall,
And saw her there--I see her yet!
A little thing that played at ball.

AN UNLUCKY RAID.

In the good old days of the Bow Street
runners, when highway assaults were
rife, and solitary post-chaise travelers
never journeyed without pistols in their
pockets, and tremor at their hearts;

One afternoon in early autumn, close
upon sunset, a couple of well-dressed
men, driving a light gig in which was a
poor jaded-looking horse, stopped at a
wayside posting-inn, not a hundred miles
from Bath, and requested accommodation
for the night.

Giving the horse and gig over to the
care of the ostler, they adjourned to the
public room and called for some light
refreshments in the shape of drink, or-
dering a supper to be served later.

"What's this story about a great high-
way robbery near here last night, land-
lord?" questioned one. "Is it true?"

"Quite true, sir. Ah, gentlemen I
it is a dreadful thing--though clever, I
must say. My Lady Cantifere with her
two daughters was driving home across
the heath an hour or two after midnight,

"More than that, your worship.
What should those bold blades do but
invite the damsels to tread a measure
with them! It was a fine night, as you
may perhaps remember, sirs; the moon-
beams shining bright on the bare heath.

"The two gentlemen, listening to this,
had gone into bursts of laughter. "But
what of the men-servants?--what were
they doing?" spluttered one.

"Only two were in attendance, sirs, it
seems; my lady's footman in the dicky,
and the postilion on the horses; and
while two of the robbers were thus doing
their dancing, the other two stood guard
over the men, each with his pistol cocked
and his hand on the trigger, ready to fire
at the least movement."

"And the upshot?"
"The young ladies were bowed into
their coach again, all with stately cere-
mony, and the robbers, after wishing them
a very courteous good night, rode
off at a canter, with every jewel they
had possessed, small or large, costly or
simple, and my lady's purse into the
bargain. They may well boast
that they lead merry lives, those men!
Fine commendation the news has caused
round about us to-day, as you may
imagine, gentlemen. Everybody's talk-
ing of it."

"The landlord, being called for else-
where, retired; the travelers sipped at
their glasses, laughing away, and con-
versing with one another in an under-
tone. Dusk came on, and the elder and
taller of the two addressed his friend in
a different tone.

"About time to see after the horse,
isn't it, Jim? It's dark enough."

"I was just going to," answered Jim.
And draining his glass, he went away to
the stable-yard.

"Looking about him, with the air of a
connoisseur, after watching his horse
eat up his oats, he made himself ac-
quainted with the arrangements of the
stables. Some five or six horses were
in them. In the box next to his own
stood a splendid animal; evidently valu-
able.

"A better steed nor your'n, sir?" cried
the ostler from behind, in a quiet voice;
and the gentleman gave a start, not
thinking anybody was near.

"Ay, mine has seen good service, and
he has been worked hard lately," an-
swered the stranger, good-humoredly.
"A very fine animal this, as you ob-
serve. And yet," stepping back to look
critically at it, "were my horse in good
condition it might not be much inferior
to this. They are not altogether unlike;
about the same height, and much the
same in color--brown."

"With the last words, the stranger went
back to the house, whistling. The ostler
peered after him through the dusk while
he made his comments.

"You have got a check, master, who-
ever you may be; and an impudent cheek
it is. Going and comparing of the two
horses like that--this fifty guinea beau-
tiful animal, and that there wretched old
hack of theirs! What next? I wonder
who they be, when they be at home?"
And, with that, he locked the stable
door.

"Never had a better chance in all our
lives," was the answer. "In the
next box to ours stands one of
the grandest animals you ever saw
--same color, same size, or about it;
worth a little fortune. And a set of
silver-mounted harness hanging up by
him!"

"Silver-mounted?"
"Think so. Looks like it. We have
got a rich chance, I tell you, Wade."

Supper was announced in due time,
and the two hungry men did justice to
it. Afterwards they sat over the fire,
with pipes and grog, and retired to their
room about eleven o'clock.

The room, a double-bedded one, was
not exactly on the ground floor, but it
was not much higher. A few steps lead-
ing off from the staircase conducted to
it. The travelers had chosen it in pre-
ference to one at first assigned them on
the second floor; one of them observing
that he liked to sleep near the ground in
case a fire broke out in the night, of
which he had a peculiar dread.

The first thing they did on entering the
chamber was to double-lock the door and
put the candle out; the second was to
softly open the window, to stretch their
necks out of it as far as they conveni-
ently could, and to wish the moonlight was
"hang'd."

"Nothing of a drop, that," observed
Wade, measuring with his eye the space
to the ground. "A child might jump
it. Shut down the window, Jim, and
let's have a pipe. Hang that moon again!
I thought you were wrong in foretelling
it would be a dark night."

Shutting the window as softly as he
opened it, Jim and his friend, each tak-
ing a short, well-worn pipe from his
pocket, sat down to smoke. From another
pocket came forth a flask of some kind
of liquor. Thus they made themselves
comfortable, and seemed to forget all
about bed.

At any rate, neither of them attempted
to go to it. They sat on, and smoked,
and drank at the flask occasionally, and
whispered together in hushed tones. At
last the clock struck two. One of them
rose, drew aside the window curtain and
looked out.

A suppressed shout of exultation broke
from him. "Wade, Wade! the night has
changed. It's raining, and the moon is
gone. I knew rain was coming."

"Man alive, don't make that row,"
retorted the other. "We don't want the
horse woke up!"

Putting away their pipes and flasks,
they opened the window with crafty
gentleness, and dropped down on the
ground outside it, one after the other.
The night was very dark, no light, or
glimmer of it, was to be seen anywhere.

Making their way round cautiously to
the coach-house and stables, Jim pro-
duced a master key which undid the
locks. The stable door he undid with
it; and he was surprised to find what an
easy lock it was. Then, while the other
man kept watch he hastily and noise-
lessly attached the horse to their own
gig, using the harness he had admired
so greatly. The rain was dashing down
smartly, which tended to deaden other
sounds. When all was ready they cau-
tiously led the horse and gig out of the
yard, and to a distance beyond it, got in
and drove away at a spanking pace.

So far they were well-satisfied with
their night's work, and congratulated
themselves on the valuable prize they
had captured in the horse and harness.
It's true the horse appeared to require
the whip pretty frequently, and Jim,
who was driving, did not fail to admin-
ister it.

"Lazy beggar! he has stuffed himself
out with corn," cried he. "You shall
fast all this day, my gentleman, and that
will bring you into working order. What
a pet it is!" looking up at the pouring
rain. "Should say this was the clearing
shower."

"What'll the job bring us in, Jim?"
"Twenty pounds, clear, I reckon. And
an old hack thrown in to complete the
bargain."

On the heath now, they began laugh-
ing over the past night's adventure there,
as related to them by the landlord. They
had no fear of the highwaymen them-
selves, not they, such gentry do not prey
upon one another.

"Hang it, Jim! can't you drive faster?"
cried Wade, suddenly.

Jim made no answer. He was begin-
ning to feel somewhat puzzled, for, un-
less he was greatly mistaken, the beau-
tiful horse betrayed unmistakable signs
of giving in. Their own wretched animal
could do as well as this. Presently it
stopped; stopped dead from exhaustion.

"What the deuce is the matter with
him?" demanded Wade.

"Be shot if I know. He seems dead
beat. It's so dark one can see nothing.
Wish that moon would come out!--the
rain has ceased."

"Well, this is a pretty go!" exclaimed
the other, as the horse, in spite of whip
and word, refused to move. "Brought
up before one's half beyond danger, with
a stolen horse! You must have been
mistaken in the worth of the animal,
Jim, never knew you mistake one be-
fore."

was intensely surprised at the appear-
ance of the travelers, and at the splir-
ing away of some harness that belong-
ed to the young Viscount Dare. He stood
in the stable yard talking with his ostler.

"But for me his lordship's horse would
h' gone, too," cried the ostler stolidly.
"Then I see one o' they two gents a
poking and peering about here last
night under the cover o' the dusk, and
see him gazing at the fine animal with
hungry eyes, and next watched him a
fingering the stable lock, it struck me
what he might be after--the wanting to
have a try at changing their own sorry
hack for this one. So the last thing at
night, before turning in, I changed the
horses; putting them in the best stable,
and I'other here, and made him safe with
my bar and padlock which can't be
picked. And they've just been and gone
away with their own."

"Why didn't you change the harness
as well?"

"Well, I never thought o' the har-
ness."

But in the course of the day a mes-
senger brought the harness back--and
did not wait to ask for that of the travel-
ers.

So the landlord, by the bargain, got a
set of plain harness, which really was
not bad, and he let the unlucky thieves
alone.--The Argosy.

A Five-Foot Headstone and a Ready-
Made Angel.

"Some queer characters? Well, I
should say so. We meet more oddities
in this business than you would believe,
and see a side of human nature that is
not shown up in any trade that I know
of."

The remark came from an old marble-
cutter, who was busily engaged recently
in chipping out a ferocious looking ani-
mal, presumably a lamb, on a flat slab of
snowy marble. The lamb stood out in
relief, and in its unfinished condition
bore a strong resemblance to a hump-
backed buffalo in pantaloons.

"That stone," said the man, as he
carefully dug out the lamb's eye with
the point of a delicate tool, "was ordered
by a woman who is character in herself.
Her husband died nearly three years ago.
She came to me last Monday week, and
spent just five hours in giving her order.
I had just finished chiseling out a beau-
tiful figure of an angel when she came
into the yard. She has a thin, vinegar-
ish face, a squeaky voice, and a pair of
eyes looking two ways for Sunday."

"What'll it cost?" says she, "to have
a headstone made for my ole man? He's
been dead goin' on three years now, and
his folks are complainin' because I hain't
had it done before. To tell the truth he
didn't deserve it. He was the all-fired-
dest meanest man you ever see. Still,
it's got to be done, and I wish it as cheap
as possible. Now what'll it be with his
name and some words on it?"

"Well, madame," said I, it all de-
pends on what kind of a headstone you
want--the size, the lettering, and the
amount of labor required. I can get up
a very nice stone with a ready-made
angel or an All-Seeing Eye, for about
\$35. But if you want a first-class angel,
long wings, full robe, and carved out in
the highest style of art, it will cost a
good deal more. Or if you want a nice
lamb lying down or standing up, or a--"

"Now look here," said the woman,
getting angry all of a sudden, "who said
anything about lambs or angels or any
such trash? I just want what I told
you, something good and cheap."

"So we argued for an hour, until she
finally made up her mind to have a foot
stone, with a lamb at the top.

"That's only to please his old maid
sisters," said she, as sour-like as you
could imagine, "for he wasn't any more
like a lamb than I'm like a lion."

"But, pshaw!" continued the maker
of tombstones and epitaphs, "there's
lots more like her, only worse. Some of
them want one thing and some another.
It's a little curious, too, how long people
wait before they think of marking the
resting-place of their dead. A year is
probably the shortest time at the out-
side. Two years, ordinarily, and some-
times half a dozen, before it is thought
of. Then they go to the marble cutter and
haggle about the price. The first idea
is to have a monument, but usually they
end with a five-foot headstone and a
ready-made angel."--Philadelphia Press.

A Dog's Funeral.

Nearly a year ago a gentleman died in
affluent circumstances at Kirkwood, and
left a childless widow. The husband,
who never enjoyed the proud distinction
of being called a father, provided his sur-
plus affections on a fine shepherd dog by
the name of Dash. This canine was
provided for in his master's will by the
setting aside of a certain house and lot,
the monthly rent from which was to be
appropriated to "Dash's sole benefit dur-
ing his natural life." In this way the
dog's days were comfortably provided
for, and the gentleman's wife was named
as Dash's guardian. Shortly after her
husband's death the lady went to New
York to assuage her grief, but she didn't
take the dog along. In her absence
Dash was taken very sick, and a tele-
gram informed her of the animal's afflic-
tion. True to the last will and testament
of her late husband, she telegraphed to
employ the most eminent physicians for
Dash's treatment, which was done by a
faithful servant. In a few days the wires
informed her Dash was dead. She ad-
mitted of no delay, but immediately
started for St. Louis to conduct the ob-
sequies and again act as chief mourner.

Arriving here, a costly coffin was pro-
vided and a hearse conveyed Dash's re-
mains to Oak Ridge Cemetery. At that
place they were interred with due
solemnity at the feet of his dead master
in the presence of the widow, now in
mourning for him. A \$300 monument
suitably inscribed, stands at the head of
the husband's grave, while a less pre-
tentious one, costing \$150, rests at his
feet to mark the place where Dash lies.
--St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Cincinnati body-embalming firm
offers Mrs. Samuels \$10,000 for the body
of her son, the outlaw Jesse James, with
a share in the proceeds of the exhibition,
which they estimated at \$100,000.--
Boston Post.

The Tettering Repudiator.

Boss Mahone is likely to come to
grief, though backed by the power and
the patronage of the Administration.
The corrupt coalition which he organized
rested upon two main ideas: First, rep-
udiation of the honest debt of the
State, contracted before the civil war
and expended on public improvements;
and secondly, the spoils both national
and local. They attracted the support
of the non-taxpayers and of the whole
office-seeking tribe, white and black.

The success of the coalition last fall
made Mahone master of the situation in
Virginia, and gave him special prestige
at Washington. He dictated all the
Federal appointments, and he assumed
to distribute the offices of the State
among his personal partisans, disregard-
ing the agencies by which he acquired
this power for evil.

One of his first acts was to discard
John E. Massey as State Auditor, who
might be called the father of the Rep-
udiator party, and who, notwithstanding
his delusion on that subject, is esteemed
as a man of character and of private
worth. Mahone wanted no rival near
the throne, and as Massey refused to
prostitute the Auditorship by putting its
patronage in the hands of the Boss as a
reward for his followers, he was sacri-
ficed for a more pliable creature.

This beginning excited discord and
resentment in the ranks of the Rep-
udiators, but Mahone supposed he could
crush out all opposition by punishing
those whom he chose to regard as ene-
mies, and by rewarding those whom he
selected as friends. He became int-
ensely arrogant, and demanded that his
programme and no other should be
carried out to the last letter by the Leg-
islature.

The entering wedge of discontent
caused by the treatment of Massey grad-
ually widened, and the disappointments
in office seeking enlarged the breach.
Open hostility began to show itself, and
recently it has taken positive form in a
manner that threatens the complete
overthrow of the coalition at the next
election, if the present malcontents
stand firm, as they promise and propose
to do. Five of them hold the balance
of power in the Senate, and thus far
they have prevented the passage of a
bill gerrymandering the State for Mem-
bers of Congress and other schemes
which Mahone had contrived to streng-
then his hand. The appliances used to
overcome their opposition are disgraceful
to all concerned, and cannot fail to
produce a great impression and to cause
a reaction when they are fully under-
stood.

In order to fortify Mahone's pledges
of Government pay for needed votes,
Jay A. Hubbell, Chairman of the Con-
gressional Republican Committee, and
the manager of the Presidential cam-
paign at Washington, who assessed the
clerks in all the departments three sev-
eral times for "voluntary contribu-
tions" to elect Garfield, was sent to
Richmond as Envoy Extraordinary of
the Administration. It is known that
he and Mahone offered the best Federal
offices in the State, and some of the
foremost out of it, for votes to break the
dead-lock.

Two of the five Senators are old-time
Republicans and special friends of Gen-
eral Wickham, the Republican leader
who refused to touch the foul coalition
or to support the ticket nominated by
the packed convention. He would not
recognize Mahone on any terms. It is
said an overture was made to appoint
Wickham's son a Judge of the United
States Court if the father would consent
to have the dead-lock broken. But this
bribe was spurned, and other offers
made more directly to the Senators, or
to their immediate kindred, who con-
trol the result, were equally unsuccess-
ful.

After repeated efforts to purchase
support Hubbell and Mahone returned
to Washington satisfied that the persua-
sive appeals of patronage had failed as
decidedly as the coercive experiment to
draggon the Legislature by edicts from
Mahone's seat in the Senate, or by ful-
minations from his organ at Richmond.

The mask of pretended independence
was thrown off recently when Mahone
announced that the coalition had be-
come distinctively an Administration
party. Up to this time he had em-
phatically denied any such alliance,
though the bargain was well known to
have been made before the fall election.

This attempted transfer of a part of
the Repudiators, formerly Democrats,
who believed in scaling the State debt,
has already led to a revolt. They did
not go into the Mahone movement to be
sold out, and they will abandon him for
having betrayed them.

All the indications now point to a
rupture in the following of Mahone,
which, should it take place, will leave
him high and dry without a future in
the State, and will leave the Adminis-
tration burdened with the dead weight
of repudiation and jobbery.--Wash-
ington Cor. N. Y. Sun.

The Party of the "Administration."

Senator Mahone a few days ago left
Richmond for a short visit to Wash-
ington, whither he goes sometimes, even
during the session of the Virginia Leg-
islature; and immediately after his de-
parture the Richmond Whig, a Rep-
udiator newspaper, declared that hence-
forth the Repudiators shall be known as
the party of "the Administration." The
paper was shown to Senator Mahone,
and he is reported as having said, after
manifestations of great surprise and of
much satisfaction, that it was a master-
stroke--indeed, the only proper thing
to do. Did he approve of it? "Entire-
ly," entirely, and the Repudiators of
Virginia, Democrats and Republicans,
will henceforth be known as Adminis-
tration men." It is no news to hear
that Senator Mahone himself is an "Ad-
ministration man" in spite of an ap-
parent contradiction that a conscien-
tious person might find between that
position and the position indicated
by the following letter:

"COMMITTEE ROOMS,
READJUSTER ORGANIZATION,
RICHMOND, Va., October 28, 1890.
"Let me assure you, as I do confidently,
that our Electoral ticket, headed by General
and Riddoberger, and pledged to Hancock,
will carry the State by a plurality of 25,000;
but it will beat either the Funder or Grip-
picks by this vote--not less. Rely on this."

"WILLIAM MAHONE.
But not content with his own adjust-
ment to perjury and profit, by which, of
course, he betrayed the silly Democrats
whose votes elected him to the Senate,
he now proposes to deliver to the Ad-

ministration 30,000 Democrats who voted
for Hancock in 1880. Perhaps they de-
serve no better treatment than they
have received; but Mahone now assumes
that they are willing to be sold as polit-
ical slaves. If these 30,000 men were
not Republicans in 1880, they are not
willing to become Republicans now.
There has been no change of party prin-
ciples, and, unlike their master, they
will receive no personal reward for a
change of faith. On the other hand, if
they can understand anything they must
understand, all local questions apart,
that they have been betrayed and are
now insulted by being transferred bodily
in a political sale from the party of their
faith in 1880 to the party they opposed.
If the 84,000 Republicans of Virginia,
including such men as General Wick-
ham and Congressman Jorgensen, who
under adverse circumstances and in a
hopeless minority have for years
worked for "Administrations," are
now to constitute the strength of the
"Administration party" but to receive
no reward therefor, they also are but
chattels. But both these classes must
consent to be sold if the
Readjusters maintain their strength
until the election of Congressmen.
This sudden change to "Administration
men" is made the more galling, too,
to both parties because it is nothing
more nor less than a proffer of the
30,000 Readjuster Democrats to the
Republicans if the stubborn Republi-
can Senators of Virginia will vote for
the infamous Redistricting bill which
will come up in the Senate this week.
Otherwise Parson Massey may be elec-
ted to Congress.

One bargain has had to follow so
hard upon the heels of another, and one
piece of treachery has so often had to
counteract another, that the predicament
of the "reformers" of Virginia is hard-
ly encouraging to their brethren in
Georgia and North Carolina. The
Democratic party sincerely congrat-
ulates the "Administration" on its new
acquisition.--N. Y. World.

Joined to His Idols.

Senator Mahone, of Virginia, an-
nounces that hereafter his party of Re-
pudiators will be out-and-out Republi-
cans, or as he calls them "Adminis-
tration men." In an interview at Rich-
mond, recently, this great apostle of
repudiation and political spoils said of
his followers: "They have been the
friends of the Administration, not only
of President Garfield while he lived,
but of President Arthur now, and the
friendship has been reciprocal and use-
ful. The Funder of Virginia at first
used all sorts of abuse in speaking of
our friendly relations with the Adminis-
tration, with the idea of compelling
Democratic Readjusters to abandon
their Republican allies. They relied
upon the old prejudice against the term
Republican, which had long been deep
enough to accomplish such a division
by the mere mention of a possible alli-
ance. The only hope of success for the
Readjuster cause was in a union, and
the leading men in the movement saw
it. The assistance rendered by Presi-
dent Garfield was exceedingly valuable.
If he had not been shot the movement
would have gathered strength much
more rapidly than it did. When Presi-
dent Arthur found opportunity to ex-
tend sympathy and help to the Read-
justers he did so, and the effects of his
acts have been of very great conse-
quence. It has become apparent to
some of the Readjusters that an at-
tempt has been made by un-
friendly Republicans to ally the
opposition to the President with the
Funder element in Virginia. At this
 juncture, therefore, and when some of the most important of the
measures proposed by the Readjusters
were about to be passed by the Legis-
lature, it was regarded as an excellent
time to declare a policy by which the
progressive party in Virginia should be
guided in the coming canvass. Next
fall you will probably see two parties in
the field, with candidates for Congress.
One of these parties will nominate men
avowedly opposed to President Arthur
and the progressive measures adopted
by the Virginia Legislature. In the
other party will be found not only the
men who are pledged to support those
measures, but also those who are at the
same time determined to sustain Presi-
dent Arthur as a friend of the Readjust-
er party in the State."

This is as it should be. Mahone and
his party of Repudiators, or "Read-
justers," as he euphoniously terms
them, belong in the Republican ranks,
and now that they have formally taken
their leave and openly joined the Re-
publican party, the Democratic cause in
Virginia will gain new strength. Of
course, the negroes, the bulk of the Re-
publicans, and a handful of Democratic
spoilsmen will cling to Mahone, but
the better classes of people in Virginia
will be in the Democratic ranks. They
will have a hard fight to overcome the
negroes and the spoilsmen, backed, as
they will be, by the entire power of the
Federal patronage of Virginia, but in
the end Mahone and his motley gang
will be buried at the polls by an im-
mense majority of the votes of the re-
spectable and intelligent voters of Vir-
ginia.--New Haven Register.

Anxious for His Morals.

"Ephrahem, boy, come yer. Whar
you bin, eh?"

"Bin out wid de 'Publicans, ole wam-
an."

"You is, eh? See here, child, you
broke yo' ole mulder's heart, and brung
her grey hairs to de grave wid yo' rock-
lunness an' carryins on wid obil assoo-
yashuns. Hahn't I raised you up in de
way you should oughter go?"

"Yassum."

"Hahn't I bin kine an' tender wid you,
an' treated you like me own chile, which
you is?"

"Yassum."

"Hahn't I reezened wid you, an' de-
potted de good Lord to wrap you in his
buzzum?"

"Yassum."

"An' an' I yoo nateral detector an'
guarden fo' de law?"

"Yassum."

"Well, den, dou't s'pose I see gwine to
hab yo' morals ruptured by dat Public-
an trash? No, sah! Yo' got in de house
dis instep, an' ef I eber cotch you 'municat-
in' wid de posegate party any mo',
fo' de Lord, nigra, ole as you is, I'll
break yo' black head wid a brick-yard--
'y' n' no?"

"Yassum."--St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure
For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses
accident to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Com-
plaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulcers
in, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent
Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the
Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in
an early stage of development. The tendency to can-
cerous humors there is checked very readily by its use.
It removes flatulency, distention, destroys craving
for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.
It cures bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration,
General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and In-
dignation.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight
and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.
It will at all times and under all circumstances act in
harmony with the laws that govern the female system.
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