MISCELLANEOUS.

—Spelling-bee at Carson, Nev.: "Triantular," "tirantler," "tarantler," "turantel," "trantler," "turtleanter," "tyrantlee."

—The Salt Lake *Tribune* speaks of "pleasant" polygamy and tells of a woman who was made "so happy by it that she jumped into a well."

—According to high legal authority, a man is twenty-one years of age and entitled to vote on the day preceding his twenty-first birthday, which is really the first day of his twenty-second year. *Iowa State Register.*

—A novel question is agitating the residents of Tucson, Arizona, as to whether a female who went through the marriage vows with a man on his dying bed is maid or widow. The technical proposition is that the physician exclaimed, just as the minister was pronouncing them man and wife: "My God, he's dead."

—A school of sportive whales carried away the propeller of the ocean steamer Mount Lebanon and left her almost helpless far at sea. A passing steamer towed the disabled craft to Halifax, where she was found to have experienced so great damage that she was unloaded and dry-docked for repairs.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Nowadays, when the traveler in the Holy Land asks to be directed to the Mount of Olives, he receives some such reply as follows: "Go to the telegraph station; turn to the right and follow the railroad until you see a beer-garden; then steer for the beer-garden, and you can't miss it."—*N. Y. Independent.*

—Eastern ladies have a very pleasing and fashionable habit of knitting silk stockings for their very particular gentlemen friends, and the very particular gentlemen friends evince a very pleasing and cheerful alacrity in accepting them in lieu of the inevitable smoking cap or embroidered slipper.—*Christmas Hint.*

—The model for the Lee monument to be erected at New Orleans has been completed and accepted by the Monumental Society. General Lee is represented standing in an easy attitude, wearing the full uniform of Lieutenant General, the hand resting on the hip, a favorite and almost constant position of the great leader of the Confederate armies. The bronze statue will be fifteen feet three inches in height.—*Chicago Times.*

—Some genius has invented a little article called a "fire-kindler." Unless it is made in the shape of a coal-oil-can, the newly imported girl will not touch it. If it contains something that will explode and knock the domestic end over end over two or three chairs, and burn off her eyebrows, without doing any other damage, there may be a large demand for the "fire-kindler.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—During a Deadwood quarrel the other night a woman was seen to rush between the combatants, and throwing herself before one of them exclaimed to the other: "Don't shoot, oh, please don't shoot him." Greatly affected, the foe lowered his revolver and asked in tremulous tones: "Are you his sweetheart, wife or sister?" "No" answered the peacemaker, "but this man has a room at my house and owes me three weeks' board.—*Denver Tribune.*

—An eccentric but very handsome "turnout" recently seen on the streets of London is described as follows: It consisted of a dark green dog-cart of very light structure, with the wheels, body and shafts picked out with red, drawn by a beautifully symmetrical mule with light brown harness. The gentleman who drove this equipage was a well dressed, swarthy personage—a West Indian Creole—attended by an English groom in irreproachable livery.

—It is the "good old custom" of the Piutes, who believe in the survival of the fittest only, to kill off all the children that are deformed or idiotic. Near Dayton, Nev., lives a squaw who has a deformed and idiotic boy. The other day a delegation of braves went to her hut to kill the boy, but the mother fought so valiantly with tongue, teeth and nails that she held the executioner and his assistants at bay until some of her white neighbors, aroused by her outcries, went to her rescue and drove off the attacking force.—*Chicago Times.*

—For a long time the art of making what is known as Egyptian black pottery has been lost to the world. The black is of a peculiarly brilliant appearance which modern makers have been unable to produce. But the owners of pottery works in Devonshire, England, are now putting forward the claim that the lost secret has been found by them. In support of their claim they recently exhibited at the county fair an example of their work in that line which was generally thought to furnish an admirable argument in their favor.

What is Plagiarism?

What is plagiarism? Among all the questions connected with literary criticism there is, perhaps, none to which it is more difficult to give a satisfactory answer. Of course it is easy enough to define plagiarism in the abstract as a form of theft, the things stolen being thought, phrases, images, and the like; the difficulty is to decide whether in this or in that case the offense has really been committed. Sometimes the evidence for the accuser may be obviously too crushing to be set aside, such as when a sermon or an essay or a poem which professes to be the work of one man is discovered to be identical, sentence for sentence and word for word, with the previous work of somebody else. In such a case it is tolerably clear that deliberate "conveyance," as Pistol loved to describe it, must have been practiced by preacher or essayist or poet No. 2. Literature is, however, full of duplicates the existence of which cannot by any means be so readily explained. Some thoughts have a trick of turning up again and again in same kind of dress, and though sometimes the similarity of costume is so marked as strongly to suggest a suspicion of literary larceny, the kindly critic is generally free to believe either that the reproduction has been unconscious—a vague reminiscence having been mistaken for an original idea—or that the correspondence is altogether fortuitous, and that two minds have hit not only upon the same thought, but the same form of expression, while working in entire independence of each other.—*Chambers' Journal.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—The color of a hen's comb is a good index of her health. A pale or dark color is a bad sign, but a bright crimson "is a daisy." That hen will soon lay, in case she don't lay already.—*Detroit Post.*

—To wash chamois-skin vests or gloves make a thick suds of warm water and white castile soap; wash in the suds and rinse in water containing a little soap. Do not rub the soap on the garment. If stretched repeatedly while drying it will look much better.—*Exchange.*

—Manure for corn, applied and well spread on the sod in autumn, to be turned over for corn in spring, always acts beneficially by enriching the soil more effectually than in spring. Some of the best farmers estimate the benefit double.—*Country Gentleman.*

—In washing scarlet flannel, to prevent the color from changing, mix with the water a cupful of flour, having previously boiled it in a quart of water for ten or fifteen minutes. Do not rub on a board, but squeeze and rinse up and down several times. If greatly soiled wash in three or four waters, and care must be taken to have them all of the same temperature.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—The *Farm and Workshop* thus befriends the worm: "Worms are among the best friends of the farmer; they are great borers. They go down into the earth, and the holes they make enables the air containing carbonic acid to penetrate down to the mineral matter below the surface, by which the fertilizing qualities are changed and fitted for the nourishment of plants. The worms, by opening and casting up the soil, do for the farmer what he does for himself by plowing. The farmer is indebted to the worm for producing plant food, and to the plants we are indebted for our own food."

—Dampness undoubtedly favors the growth of the potato disease; therefore, if there is any chance at all of disease existing in the roots they ought to be stored as dry as possible, especially seed potatoes. Since the beetle came among us we have had the best results from early planting and early varieties, but the early kind are more easily affected by warmth than the late ones, as they sprout easily. Some people think it makes no difference to tear off long sprouts; but while they sometimes grow out again, there is little doubt that they are constitutionally weaker, and much more liable to disease than those which do not sprout until ready to go in the ground.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Why Squash Vines Do Not Bear.

J. T. J., asks why his squash vine has no fruit set and the vine is ten feet long. I can tell him. Two years ago my farm was in the hands of a tenant for a few months. He thought he would raise a lot of Hubbard squashes and retire from business with the proceeds. So he emptied the manure cellar upon two acres and planted squash, and certainly tended them well and had enormous vines. He "pointed with pride" to more than one vine which ran thirty feet and over, a long, snake-like cord which seemed to want to go into the next field for an airing. But I observed none but male blossoms upon these vines, and very few fruit set upon any except those which had lateral shoots. And he retired from business in the end only with disgust. Now I have grown squash and melons for years, and live among professional melon and squash growers who have learned to pinch in these rampant shoots, because these plants are really climbers, and the main shoot is naturally only the supporter of the fruit-bearing branches which are the laterals.

This, of course, would be known to any person who considers knowingly the nature of the gourd-bearing plants. The same year I was growing squash in my garden, and, as my practice is, I pinched the main vine when it met the vine from the next hill, or at about four feet from its root. Immediately side shoots appeared and these bore female flowers abundantly. When a fruit is set on a lateral shoot—or two if the vine is strong—the end is pinched to strengthen the fruits, and so we get squashes and melons in abundance this way, while the other way one would get only long, trailing rope-like, barren vines with but a few fruits. In selecting fruit for seed only, these taken from the laterals should be saved. Now J. T. J. will know why his squash has set no fruit.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

The Horse Stall.

The soundness and suppleness of the harness horse depends very largely upon his stall treatment and accommodations. Casual thought would conclude that the abuse of the horse consists in over work, undue exposure and insufficient food. But equally destructive with either one of these agencies is his stall mismanagement.

Prominent among these abuses is the excessive inclination of the stall. In order to have rapid drainage, the grade of the stall is made so steep, that frequently the horse is made very tired, by practically thus standing up-hill, while he should, under more favorable circumstances be resting. The weight of the carcass is therefore thrown largely upon the hind-quarters, and the result is sometimes weakness, if not soreness over the loins, and probably with equal frequency, either wind galls, enlarged flexors, swollen ankles, or incipient occult curbs and spavins. This is a very unnatural standing position of the horse in a state of freedom. Whether protecting himself from the storm, or standing still after being satiated with grazing, he invariably either chooses level ground or a position slightly descending, in which the forehanded portion of the carcass is appreciably lower than the hips. The physiological reason of this position is manifest upon careful examination. The office of the front feet and limbs while in motion is largely to sustain the body, to prevent it falling headlong, while the hind limbs and feet propel it forward. In a state of rest, therefore it follows that the burden of the weight can be more comfortably sustained by the front limbs and feet. When the body is pitched at the reverse inclination by the steep grade of the stall, the horse frequently shifts the weight from one hind limb to the other, in such a manner as to indicate his discomfort. If he must stand in a narrow stall, it should be made more nearly level, and the activity of the groom aroused to keep it scrupulously clean.—*Live Stock Journal.*

—The æsthetic movement has more than once furnished a theme for the dramatist; it has now found a historian. The author of the work which professes to set æstheticism—now, since the departure of Oscar Wilde, rather moribund in London—once more on its legs is Walter Hamilton, a young gentleman who appears to be more "utterly utter" than the renowned Oscar himself. He abuses Du Maurier and Robert Buchanan in forcible terms, and maintains that there is no such thing as literary or artistic taste outside the charmed circle of æsthetics. Mr. Hamilton is himself a resident in the unæsthetic neighborhood of Clapham, sacred to cockneys, and never before remarkable for devotion to fine art.

—No, we are pretty well satisfied that there is no companion to the language of flowers known as the language of food. If there was such a book, it would contain something like this: Hash—innocence; boarding-house steak—tender thoughts; sausage—kiyi; beans—culchah; fishballs—forget-me-not; etc.—*Puck.*

—The corner-stone of the old National Theater at Boston, which was recently uncovered by the widening of Portland street, was found to contain, among numerous other interesting relics, a grape shot from the field of Cerro Gordo, and a bill from the ancient Federal street theater, dated Oct. 28, 1790.

—The Rev. H. P. Haweis has won renown in London by having the outside of his house painted, the first in the city.

A Telling Law.

Mr. Charles Law, Jr., in conversation with one of our representatives, recently said: "I have been a sufferer from rheumatism and neuralgia for the past ten years, and tried all kinds of remedies. Having heard so much about St. Jacobs Oil, I tried a bottle, and found it truly wonderful.—*Pottstown (Pa.) Ledger.*

A HILL out West is called Turtle Mountain. If it is only a hill it must be a mock turtle mountain.—*The Judge.*

MR. ED. THICKETT, the celebrated oarsman, Kingston, Canada, says: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil a sure and certain cure for rheumatism, etc."—*New York Clipper.*

ALL ABOUT A SHOE-PEG.—It is laughable to see how little it takes to raise a crowd—or start a story—in a city street. "Never you mind me," said a bent-over old man, when asked what had happened to him. "How did he get hurt?" asked a man out of breath. "Did the horse step on him?" queried a colored man with spectacles on. "Where did the dog bite him? Did they shoot the dog? Was it a big dog? Has he got a wife? Did they live together?" rattled a woman made up a good deal like Widow Bedott. "Come and see the man in a fit," squeaked out a bootblack, as he called the rest of the brigade. "Look out, he's going to shoot!" yelled a big man with red whiskers; and the crowd blew away like dust when the old man slid his hand into his pocket as if for a shooting iron. Then he straightened himself and started off on his own individual business, muttering something about "What the mischief it was to them if he wanted to sit down and take a peg out of his shoe."—*Detroit Post.*

The Precious Blood.

The blood is a most precious element of life. It is very susceptible to the influences of organic diseases. It is quickly poisoned by coming in contact with any thing of a poisonous nature. Don't let this stream of life ebb too low. When the blood becomes thin and watery, disease enters the citadel of life and becomes master. Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla is a blood maker. It will infuse new strength and vigor into the whole circulatory system. It makes the blood rich, red and pure, and drives out all disease, and poisonous humors, and gives strength to every part of the body.

THE waiters ought to succeed in a strike, for they usually carry all before them.—*Boston Courier.*

MR. JERRY WINCHELL, of Warsaw, Ky., writes: "Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, I ever used. I find it cures pimples, etc., very quickly. For indigestion it is unexcelled by any medicine I every tried."

"WHEN is yer gwine ter Fredericksburg?" asked an Austin negro, who had learned to read, of one who had not acquired the accomplishment. "I am gwine ter-morrow mornin' in de early stage." "Don't yer go in the early stage, Julius. I tells yer don't yer risk it." "Why not, Pompey?" "Bekase de early stages am sickly. I read a piece yesterday, warnin' folks about consumption in the early stages."—*Texas Siftings.*

Be Wise and Happy.

If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug cure-alls, that do harm always, and use only natures simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—rely on it. See another column.—*Press.*

"THE end of the season," remarked Fogg, holding up the empty pepper-box.—*Boston Transcript.*

WOULD not be without Redding's Russia Salve, is the verdict of all who use it. Price 25c.

"HERE'S your match!" said G—— to a conceited wag, handing him a match. "By Lucifer, I ought to be offended," said the wag, taking a cigar from his pocket, "but I'll make light of it."

SOME one has discovered that firing minute guns at sea is a miserable way of killing time.

IS THERE any fly-trap that you can confidently recommend?—*Edith.* The best fly-trap we know of is an uncovered cream jug.—*Philadelphia News.*

"AS WE charged," says a war correspondent, "the bugles blew." It must have been a trumped-up charge.

IN a suburban town lives a relative of the immortal Mrs. Malaprop. The other evening a caller asked if Mr. —— was at home and could be seen. "I think not," was the reply. "I believe my husband has expired for the night.—*Boston Transcript.*

A SIOUX MOTTO: "White man big smart; he furnish brains. Red man heap brave; he knock 'em out."

TWO PERSONS were waiting at a railway station. One asked the other: "What time is it?" She looked at the clock, and replied: "It's ten minutes *to wait.*" But it was only twenty minutes past seven.

THERE is a man in England who gained over fifty pounds in one week. He bet on the winning horse.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

DID Richard III. exclaim: "Give me another horse!" because he was tired of the night-mare he had been riding?

THE Nashville *Advocate* hears "of an old brother in Kentucky who said he was mighty glad to hear that all the Methodists had got together and held an Economical Convention."

THE country hotel keeper may not be all that is desirable, but the traveling public must put up with him.

A CHICKEN with six legs and four wings has been raised in Wisconsin. That is the sort to make richness in boarding-house soup. As a wader it has uncommon qualifications.

An Extraordinary Case.

AUSTIN, TEX., Feb. 20.

To Mr. J. W. Graham, Druggist:

Dear Sir—My case was an acute form of bronchitis, and was of one and a half year's duration. I employed the best medical aid possible, but failed rapidly, until the doctors said I would die—that my case was incurable. Thrown upon my own resources, I got a bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and in six hours felt a decided relief. In three days the cough almost disappeared. Now that my chances of life are good for many years, I earnestly recommend the above to every sufferer of lung or throat disease. C. G. LATHROP.

THE Providence *Transcript* asserts that Western rats commit suicide. Let's import that kind.—*Boston Post.*

Nonpareil Velveteen.

*Another velvet season is one of the certainties announced thus early by the merchants. The best service is given by the close, short pile velvets, such as the Nonpareil Velveteen, which is not easily marred or crushed. The Nonpareil Velveteen is found in all the stylish new shades, and when made up, with the pile turned upward, it cannot be distinguished from silk velvet. The difference in the price makes a garment cost about one-third as much as if made of Lyon's silk velvet."—*From Harper's Bazar, September 2.* To be purchased from all first-class dry goods retailers.

"LAY by something for a rainy day," my son, if it is only an umbrella."

*Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cures all female complaints by removing the cause.

TIME is a good deal like a mule. It is better to be ahead of time than behind time.

MRS. GRUNDY

And Everybody Else Says That "Which Nobody Can Deny."

Neuralgic and Nervous Headaches removed by Dr. Benson's Celery Pills.

Humors, Scrofula, Ulcers, vanish before Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. Highly recommended.

Oh, my headache! Remove the cause by Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills.

THE most likely thing to become a woman—a little girl.

☞ The wonders of modern chemistry are apparent in the beautiful Diamond Dyes. All kinds and colors of Ink can be made from them.

A STATISTICIAN has estimated that courtships average three tons of coal each.

*** "Too late to whet the sword when the trumpet sounds to draw it." But never too late to whet your appetite by taking Kidney-Wort, restoring health and making yourself a well, strong, hearty man. It is unequalled as a remedy for all liver, bowels and kidney diseases. All druggists keep and recommend it.

WHEN a passenger boards a train, what is the bill of fare?—*Waterloo Observer.*

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

WHEN a doctor can't think of anything else to prescribe he falls back on "absolute rest."—*Detroit Free Press.*

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

"I AM jam full," as the urchin remarked after interviewing his mother's preserves.

A PROFESSIONAL CONFESSION.

The Unusual Experience of a Prominent Man Made Public.

The following article from the *Democrat and Chronicle*, of Rochester, N. Y., is of so striking a nature, and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith re-published entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting.

To the Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle:

SIR:—My motives for the publication of the most unusual statements which follow are, first, gratitude for the fact that I have been saved from a most horrible death, and, secondly, a desire to warn all who read this statement against some of the most deceptive influences by which they have ever been surrounded. It is a fact that to-day thousands of people are within a foot of the grave and they do not know it. To tell how I was caught away from just this position, and to warn others against nearing it, are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for my death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous, any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, had weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull and indefinite pains in various parts of the body and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought it was nothing; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a dull, and at times a neuralgic pain in my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid but little attention to it. However, my stomach was out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet I had no idea, even as a physician, that these things meant anything serious or that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon me. Candidly, I thought I was suffering from Malaria and so doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled in the bottom. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

There is a terrible future for all physical neglect, and impending danger always brings a person to his senses even though it may then be too late. I realized, at last, my critical condition and aroused myself to overcome it. And, Oh! how hard I tried! I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the prominent mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, nervous prostration; another, malaria; another, dyspepsia; another, heart-disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of all of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during all of which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders—the little twigs of pain had grown to oaks of agony. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a torture to myself and friends. I could retain no food upon my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell upon the floor, convulsively clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My urine was filled with tube casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, rector of St. Paul's Church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation he mentioned a remedy of which I had heard much but had never used. Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures which had come under his observation, by means of this remedy, and urged me to try it. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I cherished the prejudice both natural and common with all regular practitioners, and derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice and try the remedy he so highly recommended. I began its use on the 1st day of June and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for me in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity. I also determined that I would give a course of lectures in the Corinthian Academy of Music of this city, stating in full the symptoms and almost hopelessness of my disease and the remarkable means by which I have been saved. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 26 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain, and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe that more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own, (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other known complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate of "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it was Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, and as such is usually supposed to be heart-disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of Kidney difficulty. Certain agony and possible death will be the sure result of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unqualified statement as this, coming from me, known as I am throughout the entire land as a practitioner and lecturer, will arouse the surprise and possible animosity of the medical profession and astonish all with whom I am acquainted, but I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I am prepared to produce and truths which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step. I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences. J. B. HENION, M. D.

MARRIAGE, except with a widow, is always a miss-take.

FLIES, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

THERE is no doubt but a lean man can enjoy a fat legacy.

Gleun's Sulphur Soap.

Use it when your skin breaks out in pimples. Hill's Hair Dye, black or brown, 50 cts.

STRAIGHTEN your old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again. Sold by shoe and hardware dealers.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

NATIONAL YEAST always good. Don't forget it.

TRY the new brand. "Spring Tobacco."

A SURE CURE for Epilepsy or Fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. DR. KRUSE, 2844 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo.

$47 A MONTH and board in your county. Men or Ladies. Pleasant Business. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., BOX 94, Chicago, Ill.

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THE BEST FAMILY MAGAZINE For Two Dollars. *Demorest's Illustrated Monthly.* Sold by all Newsdealers and Postmasters, or the Editor of this paper will take your subscription. Send twenty cents for a specimen copy to W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, Publisher, 17 East 14th Street, New York.

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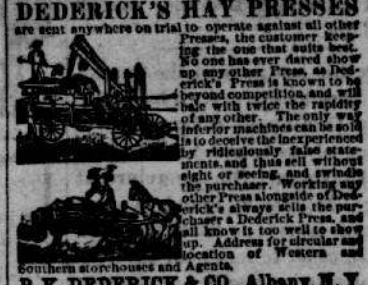

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