

There was great excitement on Friday among the laborers in the Street Cleaning Department who are engaged filling in the North River front at the foot of Seventy-ninth Street. It was reported that Michael Cummings, the father of a young man who is employed by the Department as a trimmer at the river, had found a Government bond valued at \$10,000 among the refuse, and that some of the men had seen him pick it up and tuck it carefully into the bosom of his shirt. Cummings could not be found that afternoon, but on Saturday, when his friends congratulated him and suggested that he "wet" the bond, he complied with great generosity. This settled the question in the minds of his friends, and when he disappeared again it was said he had gone to buy a house and lot in Fifth Avenue. A Times reporter called upon Mr. Cummings last evening to ascertain how much truth there was in these stories. Mr. Cummings was found in his comfortable cottage at the foot of Seventy-ninth Street. He was attired in blue "overalls" and a "jumper," and was complacently smoking a clay pipe in his sitting-room. Mrs. Cummings and Mr. Cummings, Jr., were also present. When the reporter announced the object of his visit the expression of Mr. Cummings' countenance changed from a lofty calm to one of extreme sheepishness, and half suppressed smiles were noticed upon the faces of Mrs. Cummings and Mr. Cummings, Jr.

"In just wan minute, sir!" he said, and disappeared into a back room, while Mrs. Cummings and Mr. Cummings, Jr., laughed outright. "Poor divvie," said the former, "he'll niver hear the last o' that. 'D'y'ee see—'" But here Mr. Cummings appeared with a small lamp and beckoned the reporter to follow him. He led the way through a bedroom and the kitchen out into the woodshed. Then he placed the lamp on a shelf and bade the reporter be seated.

"Now I'll give it to ye straight. Ye'll excuse me for bringin' ye out here, but I'd git the grand laugh if I staid there, agin, and I've got all I want of it already. Now, thin! About four o'clock Friday afternoon I was out wid a coal-scuttle picking up small bits of coal in that street refuse, when suddenly I finds a piece of paper marked tin thousand dollars. I looked at it two or three times to make sure I was right, an' then I kicked the coal-scuttle into the river and made a break for home. The old woman was mending me socks.

"Throw them old things into the stove!" I says, and I showed her that bond. Thin some of the boys got out an' came in to see about it, an' I sent out for the whisky and called in the neighbors an' we had a high time. I showed the bond to the foreman of the work at the river, and he told me fer to go to Drexel, Morgan & Co.'s—where their name was on the paper—and see if it was good. So on Monday I took it around there—say!" said Mr. Cummings, suddenly interrupting himself and pointing to the corpse of a remarkably large and plump turkey which hung from a rafter. "D'y'ee see that bird hangin' there? That don't look as if this family was goin' to starve if that bond wasn't genooine, does it? Well, sor, Mr. Morgan told me that it was no good. It was only a check that had been canceled d'y'e mind? I took that check and—"

At this juncture the door opened and Mrs. Cummings appeared. Mr. Cummings looked at her warningly, but she asked, with great hilarity: "Did ye tell the gentleman how ye run ten dollars in debt settin' 'em up for the boys, Mike?"

"Will ye be good enough to hoid yer jar?" retorted her husband with great asperity. "She's tryin' to play it on ye, sir. That's a lie. As I was saying I took that check and tore it up in small bits."

"And the more fool you!" interjected Mrs. Cummings. "I tore it up in small bits right before that man's desk, and that's the end of it. Will you be good enough to leave this apartment before I feel obliged to use my authority on ye?" Mr. Cummings then remarked, sternly, to his better half, whereat she laughed inordinately.

"There's another thing," went on Mr. Cummings, bestowing a savage glare upon her, "I want to tell ye about. A reporter wrote in wan of the papers that I lived in a shanty—a dilapidated shanty. Now I ask you as a man and a gentleman if this looks like a dilapidated shanty? If I had that reporter here," continued Mr. Cummings with great indignation, "I'll tell ye what I'd do, I'd send my son out to ring the fire alarm for an ambulance, and thin I'd pound that reporter until the ambulance got here to take him away."

Mr. Cummings is evidently a sly flatterer, for he came outside of his door when the reporter went away to remark: "Say, I can till by yer appearance that ye're the only reporter I've talked to that knows anything. Jis give Drexel, Morgan & Co. the tip in the paper, that if they should send me a check for one hundred dollars as a reward for my honesty, I shouldn't have any hard feelings against 'em on that account.—N. Y. Times.

Coolness. A scream, a high chair and a gathering together of feminine habiliments is woman's recipe in the presence of a rat, but a printer—a man printer—who happened along in Sacramento the other day where a party were waiting to see a terrier kill one of the rodents, had quite a different plan. The cage was opened and the rat most unexpectedly ran up the printer's leg inside his trousers. He did not scream or clutch, but clenched his hands, stood erect, and coolly told those present to be quiet. "Now he is going up by my knee; now he is on my thigh; now he has passed to the small of my back; now he rests. Don't strike; don't seize him. Here, take a small stick, tap gently just above the rascal—gently, gently. That's it; drive him down easily—don't provoke him. Now he moves, now he turns—press gently; now he descends; there he goes around my hip; now he turns downward; here he comes to my knee—there, he's out." And so he was, and the terrier forthwith monopolized him.—Buffalo Express.

—The yield of the Pennsylvania coal mines last year reached the enormous amount of 80,000,000 tons.

Jumbles: For jumbles take one cup of sugar, a half-cup of butter, a half-cup of milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder; roll out and bake in a quick oven.—Cincinnati Times.

Without sheep English farmers could not keep up the fertility of their land. There are three sheep to four acres kept in England, while Americans only average one sheep to thirty-four acres.

Preserving Smoked Meats: This can be done by packing them in pounded charcoal, in which neither hot weather nor flies can affect them. The preservative character of charcoal will remain until the charcoal itself rots, which requires years.—Detroit Post.

To make veal cheese take equal quantities of boiled veal and boiled tongue, sliced; pound each separately, and add a little butter; mix in a stone jar, press hard, and pour over it melted butter; keep covered in a dry place, and when cold cut in thin slices.—Chicago News.

An experienced farmer recommends that oats be soaked sufficiently to swell before feeding them to stock. Ground oats are in proper condition at all times, but millers are not partial to grinding oats, and many farmers feed them unground. When soaked the husk is partly torn away, and facility of digestion increased. Poultry will carefully pick out the soaked grains from the dry when allowed a preference in the matter.—Chicago Times.

A good authority on all matters pertaining to the table says that a toothsome salad can be prepared at any time during the winter if you have a supply of turnips in the cellar, and they sprout well, as they often do, especially if the cellar is dark and warm. They—the sprouts—should be plunged in hot water a moment and then in cold. Let them drain thoroughly; then send them to the table with the plain salad dressing.—N. Y. Evening Post.

To prevent scarlet fever or worsted goods of any description from losing their color when washed, put half a cup of flour with a quart of cold water and let it boil about fifteen minutes, and then mix with the warm suds in which the goods are to be washed. Do not rub on a board, but squeeze and rinse up and down several times. Make the suds before putting the article in, and so avoid rubbing soap on it. If very much soiled use several waters; have them of the same temperature if possible.—N. Y. Times.

How housemaids groan over steel fenders and fire irons! but yet, with a little care, they are not difficult to keep bright; a mixture of sifted emery powder (not the coarse, as it scratches) and olive oil, applied now and then, and succeeded by a smart polishing with a soft leather, is all that is necessary to make them always look nice. Brick dust should never be used, as it scratches the steel. For keeping fire irons packed up during the summer rub them over with olive oil and sprinkle with unslacked lime, wrap in paper and put away in a dry place.—N. Y. Herald.

Winter Treatment of Poultry.

Fowls should be treated in winter with some regard to what is wanted of them, whether eggs in winter or a large number of early, strong chicks in spring. If the latter are wanted it is not best to force the hens to lay much in winter, for by so doing they are not in a strong and vigorous condition to have hardy chicks in the spring. I have found that the first batches of eggs laid by a hen are better for hatching than the last, and those laid in mid-winter are too early for hatching. When eggs are wanted for market the winter eggs are most profitable, and for their production some attention is needed, which is generally repaid with interest.

The first requisite is good, stimulating food. The morning or mid-day meal should be of warm, soft food, such as corn-meal, wheat middlings, oatmeal or buckwheat meal, changing from one to the other occasionally, or two of them give boiled potatoes; small ones are as good as large ones, and come cheaper. These should be mashed while boiling-hot and the meal stirred in, which saves the trouble of scalding the meal separately. The meal should be quite stiff when fed; it is cleaner than a soft, pasty mess, and the birds like it better. Wheat or barley is a good morning meal. Whole corn should only be given for the evening meal. If it is given them unsparingly they are apt to eat it in preference to wheat, which is a better egg-producer. The birds should always go to roost with crops full of grain, to carry them through the long winter nights.

Warmth is the next consideration. No person must expect eggs in severe weather without a good fowl-house for his stock. All through our Northern and Eastern States the walls should be lathed and plastered. One coat on the lath, if good, hard mortar is used, is enough. There should be no openings on the north or west sides; there ought to be glass on the south and east sides, and that low down to warm the floor. Where it is not practicable to plaster walls, they may be lined with straw to stop all drafts; laths should be nailed over the straw to hold it and to keep fowls from pulling it down. All houses must be ventilated thoroughly near the top or ceiling, and the ventilators should be so constructed that during zero weather all can be closed, but, by all means, open them as soon as the weather moderates, or disease will surely follow. Whenever the thermometer rises to sixteen degrees and the weather is clear during the day, let out the flocks, and do so when the temperature is at twenty degrees during cloudy weather, unless it storms. Near the glass, on the south side, must be a dust-bath, where fowls will dust and clean themselves. This they are fond of doing when the sun shines on them. The baths can be made by sinking a box filled with sand and fine coal or wood ashes and a handful of pulverized sulphur, which will prevent parasites multiplying on the fowls; but this will not effect the perch mite or little animal that breeds in the wood-work, nests, etc. This can only be killed by fumigation, or sprinkling with carbolic acid, kerosene, or some good insecticide. It is always requisite to fumigate once or twice during the winter when many fowls are kept in one building.—Berry Notes, in Rural New Yorker.

The thoughtless person who imagines that a horse's tail is of value simply to the animal himself will be surprised to learn that the loss of a horse's tail in this city entailed a loss of some \$300 on its owners. Swallow & Sumner own a horse, which a week ago they raised at \$400. The animal was a handsome and stylish dark bay, five years old, with no vices or defects except that his tail hung to one side. Wishing to remove the ground of the objection, his owners summoned a veterinary surgeon to perform the usual and frequent operation of setting the offending member straight by cutting one of the cords in the tail on the side toward which it turned. The operation was, however, unskillfully performed, and the cutting resulted in destroying the life of the entire tail. The owners have offered the horse for sale since he was curtailed for \$100, with no purchasers appearing.—Boston Globe.

A lady who was spending a recent night with her husband at Harrisburg, Pa., hotel took off her diamond earrings on retiring and wrapped them in tissue-paper. Being a person of unusually neat habits she put the room in order before leaving it in the morning, and eyed what so far as to throw into the open coal-bin a scrap of tissue-paper which lay upon the bureau. As it descended into the flames she remembered to her horror that it contained the diamonds. In such an emergency fingers were of no account, and she picked the ear-rings out of the blazing coals. The diamonds were uninjured, but their settings and her own hands were much the worse for wear.—Pittsburgh Post.

A New Haven man made a bet that he would be dead before the following morning, and then went and committed suicide. There is no moral to the story except that you should never bet with a man who has "the age" on you. The whole thing recalls the story of the Irishman who laid a wager of \$5 that one of his associates in the hod-elevating profession could not carry him on his back up a ladder to the top of a six-story building without falling. The feat was accomplished, and when the roof was reached the loser said: "Tis your money, Felix, but thin your fur slipped at the fourth story, fair, I thought I had ye."

It's all well enough to go up to find the north pole if you please, but it's quite another thing when the north pole comes down to find you.

An Age of Suspicion. Truly, this is an age of suspicion. Nevertheless, Captain F. M. Howe, of the steamer William Cruse, Merchants' & Miners' Transportation Line between Boston and Baltimore, who suffered severely from rheumatism, caused by the exposure incident to his profession, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil. This is no suspicion.—Boston Globe.

There is a grocer in a certain small town in this State who has always been called the stingiest man in Michigan, and many stories are told about his breaking crackers in two and taking out pieces of flour to make exact weight. It seems, however, that he has been harshly judged. A few days ago he had a lot of cranberries displayed at the door, and a lady pedestrian laid it and asked: "Are they fresh?" "Oh, yes," "How much a quart?" "Twenty cents, madam." "That's ten cents for a pint, five cents for a half, and a half for half a gallon, one and three-quarters for you want a quart?" "Oh, no, I was reading that corn could be cured by binding on a split cranberry. I have two corns, and one berry would answer for both. I'll give you a cent for a pint, five cents for a half, and a half for half a gallon, one and three-quarters for you want a quart?" "Oh, no, I was reading that corn could be cured by binding on a split cranberry. I have two corns, and one berry would answer for both. I'll give you a cent for a pint, five cents for a half, and a half for half a gallon, one and three-quarters for you want a quart?"

Health, Strength and Vigor. If you are seeking health, strength and vigor, we earnestly request you to give Dr. Guy's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla a trial. No medicine ever invented has such a true record as a health-renewer, blood purifier and good strengthener of every part of the body.

How to expedite the males—Get papa to ask what their intentions are.

Personal. THE VOLTAIC BELY CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt 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.

A VERY little thing turns the head of a crank. "Dr. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills are worth their weight in gold in nervous and sick headache."—Dr. H. H. Schlichter, of Baltimore.

POISONING by the use of horrid hair-dyes may be looked upon as a dyer calamity. EXQUISITE: How old are we? Why just nineteen. That is to say: Three years ago, a certain actress and myself were just the same age, nineteen. She told us only a day or two ago that she was just nineteen that day.—Boston Post.

Borrowed money is a noteworthy object. A CLEVELAND man has invented a barrel without hoops or staves. Who invented the Cleveland man is not stated by the paper which furnishes the other information.—Chicago Tribune.

DRIVERS keeping to the right cannot go wrong. THE sodical sign for the opening of winter is a goat. The goat is a hard butter and hard butter is almost always a sign that the weather is cold.—Philadelphia News.

THAT YOUNG lady who made 700 words out of "conservatory" last fall has run away from home. Her mother wanted her to make three leaves of bread out of "four."—Detroit Free Press.

Let women be brought up to the habits of industry and economy, and learn to support a husband, and the tramp nuisance will soon cease.—Chicago Siftings.

THE Chicago Times says that logs are much more common in that city than they used to be, and it wants some genius to invent a way to use them.

A CALIFORNIA man has acquired a fortune in a singular way. He had a lot of mining stock of a nominal value, and plotted it as collateral for a loan. Then the stock rose very high. The person to whom it was pledged sold it. Subsequently it fell again, and he bought it back, making \$200,000 by the transaction. The true owner of the stock found out about the transaction, and sued for the \$200,000 as belonging to him. The Supreme Court gives it to him, too.—San Francisco Chronicle.

HORACE GREELLY once defined a "Bobolink" as "a man who would rather get one thousand dollars now and then, than fifty dollars a week regularly."

Most of the mechanical arts are made in Connecticut.

The Escape of a Well Known ex-Army Surgeon from Unforeseen Danger. (Baltimore American.)

News Editors: I seldom appear publicly in print, but the facts connected with my experience which follow are so striking, and bear so closely upon the experience of others, that I venture to reproduce them entire: In the month of September, 1873, I was practicing medicine in New Orleans. The summer had been excessively hot and everybody was complaining of being exhausted and feeling tired. It was not an infrequent occurrence to have patients ask for something to relieve this weary sensation, and that I should also partake of the same universal lassitude or exhaustion, did not alarm me. I supposed that over-work and exposure had produced a temporary physical prostration; therefore I made a trip to St. Paul, Minn., thinking that a rest of a few weeks in a cooler climate would soon reinvigorate me. Little did I dream, however, what was in store for me. After getting up in my new quarters I took a short walk every day, and patiently awaited a return of strength, but in spite of all my efforts I seemed to be losing strength; and even my slight exercise became intolerable. During this time I had frequent dull aching pains in my head, and through my back and hips, occasional shooting pains in various parts of the body, with soreness, shortness of breath, and palpitation of the heart. My feet and hands were like lead one day, and burn with heat the next. I had no desire for food, and what I did eat distressed me; my sleep became disturbed with the frequent desire to urinate. The quantity of fluid passed would at one time be small and at another quite large. For several days I would be perfectly free from this desire and nothing seemed to be the matter; nevertheless my debility gradually increased. My eyelids were puffed out; my bowels were alternately torpid and too active; the urine would be clear some days, and others it would be loaded with a brick-dust sediment, and at others there would be a whitish appearance and a thin greasy scum would rise to the top. The pains in my head, back, chest, joints, bowels and bones were horrible in the extreme. I went in vain from place to place and consulted the best medical authorities the country afforded; I would have a chill one day and a burning fever the next. I suffered excruciatingly with a numbness of my feet and hands, and at the same time my limbs and body would boast and physicans said I was suffering from the dropsy and could not recover.

How I could be so blind to the terrible trouble that was devouring me, I do not know; but there are thousands to-day who are suffering from the same or are as ignorant of its nature as I was. When the color of marble at one time, and then again it would be like saffron, and this terrible restlessness, and I might say wildness, was followed by a dull, heavy, drowsy sensation, I was unable to more skeleton extension when the dropsic liquid occurred. I tried all the celebrated mineral waters of this country and Europe; all kinds of medicine and all kinds of doctors. Still no help came. I lay at my hotel in Philadelphia, where I was suffering so agonizingly, given up to die by my friends and physicians alike. When providentially came into my hands a little pamphlet, which I carefully read, and from which I got a view of my real condition, which no other agency had revealed. I purchased the medicine, and my water analyzed at once, and to my surprise found bismuth and tube cast's were found in large quantities. A skillful physician was sent for and apprised of the fact. He said it was Bright's Disease, and that death was certain. My friend, who had read the pamphlet, which I had just received, told me a remedy which had won a great reputation for the cure of all forms of kidney disease, and I therefore laid aside my prejudice and commenced its use. At first my stomach rejected it, and I was unable to take more than a few drops; but after the first few days my stomach accepted it, and my improvement was rapid and permanent. I have regained 50 of the 65 pounds of flesh I lost during my illness, and I feel as well today as I ever did, and can unreservedly state that I feel that I owe my life to Dr. Williams' Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy I used.

It may seem strange that I, being a physician and an ex-army surgeon, did not have the water analyzed as early as I did. I had the analysis made by the chemist of the U. S. Army, and I did not suspect that my kidneys were in the least particular out of order; and here is just where I was in the greatest danger, and where most people who read this article are in danger. I am not only one of those thousands who are suffering from kidney disorders, which, neglected, surely terminate in Bright's disease. I also know that physicians may treat these disorders for months without knowing clearly what the trouble is, and even after ascertaining the cause, be unable to prevent it. When death, however, really overtakes the helpless victim they disavow its real cause, attributing it to heart-disease, convulsions, apoplexy, vertigo, paralysis, spinal meningitis, blood and uræmic poisoning, etc.

Words, of course, fail to express my thanks to H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., for giving the world such a needed and certain cure, but such as they are I gladly give them; while to the thousands to whom I have lectured upon the laws of health and hygiene, I commend this letter most cordially, and warn them to beware of the faithless nature of a disease over which physicians confess they have no control, and which, in one form or another, is carrying more people to untimely graves than any other maldy.

J. M. PORTER, M. D., Baltimore, Md., 64 Saratoga Street.

A NICE LITTLE boy.—An Annetta lady, who had company to tea, reported her little son several times, speaking, however, very gently. At last, out of patience with him, she said, sharply: "Jimmy, if you don't keep still, I'll send you away from the table." "Yes, that's what you always do when there is company, and there's not enough canned peaches to go around."—Texas Siftings.

Set Back 42 Years. "I was troubled for many years with Kidney Complaint, Gravel, etc.; my blood became thin; I was dull, and inactive; could hardly crawl about; was an old worn out man all over; could get nothing to help me, until I got Hop Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and kidneys are all right, and I am as active as a man of thirty, although I am seventy years old, and I have no doubt it will be well for others of my age. It is worth a trial."—(Father).—Sunday Mercury.

Is it proper to ask a man how he is getting on, when he has just sworn off?—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Strenuous Irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchu-palpa." \$1.

TWO HEADS are better than one, to the opinion of a news editor.—N. O. Picayune.

REUMATISM CURED. Send stamp for free prescription. R. E. Helphand, Washington, D. C.

WHEN FOG was on a train on the drive of an old lady he remarked that it was behind him.—Boston Transcript.

WELL'S "HOUSE OF CORN." Corns, warts, bunions, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

COCAIN'S shells ground in quantities and mixed with black pepper, indicate that the season will be mild.

One Redding's Russian Salve in the house and Redding's Russian Salve in the stable. Try it.

"You have lovely teeth, Ethel." "Yes, George," she fondly replied, "they were a Christmas present from Aunt Grace."

"TIVE doctors no end of medicines; no relief. Dr. Benson's Skin Cure has driven every eruption and I'm nearly well. Ida C. Young, Hamilton, N. Y.

LAWYERS are given credit for being sharp because they generally file their answers.

Flowers, ribbons, velvet can all be colored to match that new hat by using the Diamond Dye. It costs for a color.

Dr. Robt. Newton, late President of the Eclectic College of the City of New York, and formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio, used Dr. Wm. HALL'S BALM very extensively in his practice, as many of his patients, now living, and restored to health by the use of this invaluable medicine, can amply testify. He always said that so good a remedy ought not to be considered merely as a patent medicine, but that it ought to be prescribed freely by every physician as a sovereign remedy in all cases of Lung Disease. It is a sure cure for Consumption, and has no equal for all pulmonary complaints.

A PEDIAN called at a Philadelphia house the other day, and asked to see the head of the family. He was referred to the servant girl.—Philadelphia News.

The Dead Cannot be Halted, nor if your lungs are badly wasted away can you be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is, however, unequalled as a tonic, alterative, and nutritive, and readily cures the most obstinate cases of bronchitis, coughs, colds, and incipient consumption, far surpassing in efficacy cod liver oil. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption and kindred affections. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, 261 N. 3rd St., N. Y.

It is not true that kissing cures freckles. At least you can't get a freckled girl to declare that she hasn't been kissed.—New Haven Register.

"Female Complaints." Dr. R. V. FRENCH, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—I write to tell you what your "Favorite Prescription" has done for me. I had been a great sufferer from female complaints, especially "dressing-down," for over six years, during much of the time unable to work. I paid out hundreds of dollars without any benefit till I took three bottles of the "Favorite Prescription," and I never had anything do so much good in my life. I advise every sickly to take it. Mrs. EMILY ROADS, McBride, Mich.

What do the wild waves say? Why, probably, "We cost a dollar and a half at the hair store."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Young and middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three stamps for Part VII of pamphlets issued by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The world moves. A New York plumber has been fined fifty dollars for slighting his work.—N. Y. Sun.

"Keep to your place and your place will keep you." But you cannot expect to keep your place without the lib, the foundation of all success. For instance, a railroad engineer in the employ of the C. M. & St. Paul R. R. had been grievously affected with diabetes for six years. He took four boxes of Kidney-Wort and now writes that he is entirely cured and working regularly.

The money lender never neglects his business. He takes all the interest he can in it.—N. O. Picayune.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done thousands of women more good than the medicine of a dozen doctors.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are widely known as an admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs and Throat troubles.

STRAIGHTEN your old boots and shoes with LYON'S Patent Steel Stiffeners, and wear them again. Sold by shoe and hardware dealers.

Hale's Honey of Horsehond and Tar. If timely used prevents galloping consumption. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

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

Try the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

HOPBITTERS. Hoppetter's stomach Bitters gives steady relief to the nervous, indigestion, headache, and all the ailments of the stomach, and by promoting a vigorous circulation, and by the action of the physical system, it also acts as a powerful tonic. It is the true indication of a well-balanced condition of all the animal power. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers everywhere.

THE N.Y. SINGER, \$20. With all the latest improvements. Guaranteed perfect. Light running, quiet, durable, and reliable. Best in use. Circulars, and full particulars, sent free on request. Address: SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO., 23 N. 5th St., New York. Also sent on trial for ten days. Also sent on trial for ten days. Also sent on trial for ten days.

CANCER. NEW METHOD OF CURE. Established, 1721, in 1850. For the Cure of Cancer, Tumors, Ulcers, Scrofula, and all the ailments of the skin. Address: Dr. J. C. F. & Co., 43 Third St., Chicago.

FRAZER'S AXE GREASE. Best in the World. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade-mark and is marked "FRAZER'S AXE GREASE." GOLD EVERYWHERE.

PATENTS. SECURED! I will secure for you a patent for any new invention. Address: R. W. STEWART & CO., Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

JUST OUT. NEW STONE PIPE SHELF. One agent sells 100,000 in 24 days. Address: Boston and Portland Press, Boston.

ENGINES. (Traction) Portable for Farm, etc. For price, description, and full particulars, send stamp to TAYLOR & TAYLOR CO., Mansfield, O.

HAIR. BURNHAM'S Hair Dressing. One bottle will clean and beautify the hair. Address: BURNHAM & CO., Chicago.

GREAT SAVING FOR FARMERS! Lightning May Knife! (WATKINS' PATENT.)

Diamond Dyes. Best Dye Ever Made. For silk, wool, or cotton. Dresses, coats, scarves, hosiery, etc.

Gold and Silver Paint. Bronze Paint. Artists' Black. For gliding, fancy baskets, frames, lamps, etc.

SEEDS. Choice and reliable. For sale by all dealers.

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DR. STRONG'S PILLS. The Old, Well Tried, Wonderful Health Renewing Remedy.

STRONG'S PECTORAL PILLS. For the Liver, Stomach, and all the ailments of the chest.

KIDNEY WORT. FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

50 CENTS FOR THREE MONTHS. The new volume (thousandth) of Dr. J. C. F. & Co.'s "The Family Physician" is now published.

THE MASSILLON. Light and Heavy. A. W. M. & Co., New York.

CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease, by its use thousands of men and women have been cured.

W. H. B. & Co., New York. A. K. B. & Co., New York.

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