FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Never paper a wall over old paper. This may be removed by dampening it with saleratus and water.

—Dairymen have found that oat middlings are one of the best rations that can be fed for the promotion of the milk yield.

—Every farm should have a root crop as part of a rotation. A root crop cleans the land of weeds and furnishes an abundance of food for farm animals.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Fresh grated cocoanut is considered by some cooks a welcome addition to plain ice cream. It should be put in and mixed with the cream after that has commenced to freeze.

—Joseph Allen, in the *Ohio Farmer*, thinks a farmer might as well attempt to dodge death and taxes as escape the results of unwise or unkind treatment of his cow or other stock animals.

—In a recent address at Columbus, O., Secretary Chamberlain recommended the use of glazed instead of unglazed tiles for under-drainage, as the former will last a life time, or longer, while all the water, practically, enters at the points between the tiles at any rate.

—Excellent fried cakes to be eaten while fresh are made of two well-beaten eggs, a large pinch of salt and flour enough to make a dough that can be rolled. Cut with a fancy cake cutter—drop into boiling lard; when done and while still warm dip them into powdered sugar. They may be flavored with lemon or with rose.—*The Household.*

—Mr. Isaac Garthe gives the *Northwest Farmer* the following direction for making a bushel crate for shipping potatoes to market: For the ends use inch boards, cut 12½ inches square. For slats use half-inch stuff, 3½ inches wide, putting three slats at the bottom of the crate, and three on each side. The crate, when finished, should measure twenty inches long, outside measure. These crates, Mr. Garthe claims, are the most convenient size for loading a wagon box.

—Pumpkins and squashes require less cultivation than almost any of the crops raised in the field or garden. There is cheapness and profit in using them for feeding stock during the fall and early part of winter. Squashes make an invaluable feed for fowls during the winter. They require some fresh food, and in many places it is easier to supply them with squashes than any other fruit or vegetable. Pumpkins fed in connection with corn to fattening hogs have a salutary effect upon the health of the animals, who will put on more fat in a given time, and make a finer showing than under the old system of almost exclusive corn feeding —*Cleveland Leader.*

Bad Horse Shoeing.

It is allowed on all sides and by every authority that the common diseases of the hoof are the result of shoeing, and yet it is equally certain that but very few horses in our manner of using them can work continuously without shoes. The object of a rational treatment must, therefore, be to prepare the feet and shoe them in such a manner as not to interfere with nature more than is necessary.

When iron is nailed upon living organism there is an interference with the processes of nature, and the method employed should be careful and thoughtful. The whole English-speaking world bears witness to the abuses of horse-shoeing, unintentional for the most part, but the result of ignorance and the practice of tradition and routine. There are 10,000,000 of horses in this country that are continually shod. The cost must be at least ten dollars each, making a tax on horse owners at $100,000,000 per annum. If this is also an injury to the efficiency of horses, as some contend, it is time it was abolished, or a better method discovered. Some horses with especially strong feet can travel without shoes, a large number can be used part of the time with bare feet, others with weak hoofs must always be shod.

It is no valid argument to point out that the most civilized nations of ancient times in Southern Europe did not shoe their horses. The fact that they did not is attributable to other reasons than the fear of injuring the feet. Most of the laborious work that we now put upon horses was then performed by asses and mules, while horses were only used for war and light work. The light, soft soil of those countries, too, had much to do with the fact that shoes were not used. When the barbarians, however, swept down from the North and overran the Southern countries they brought with them, among other customs, that of protecting the hoofs of their horses by pieces of iron. The necessity of doing this arose with them from the hardness of their frozen grounds and the length of the winters. They found that the front portion of the hoof was the part liable to wear down, and, accordingly, a method was invented of nailing the iron shoe on in such a way as to protect it. We at the present time are likewise obliged to shoe our horses, and by so doing we increase their utility a thousandfold. This being so, the question at once arises, how can we do this without injuring the feet? I may remark right here, with perfect truth, that the American farriers or horse-shoers, are, with the possible exception of the French, the best in the world. Prof. Wood, in a lecture delivered in this city a short time ago, described very vividly the abuses existing, as he claimed, among American farriers. Now, as a matter of fact, the abuses mentioned by him exist almost wholly in England and not in this country. He pointed out that one great evil was that the back parts of the horse's shoe were raised in such a way as to depress the toe unnaturally and cramp the whole foot, just as a woman's foot is cramped and injured by the wearing of high-heeled shoes. This evil is one that exists in England, but fortunately is not found in this country. Another practice quite common in England is that of fitting the shoes upon horses while red-hot, and burning them, as it were, with the hoof. The great evils of such a practice can only be appreciated through a correct understanding of the anatomy of the horse's foot.—*From a Lecture by John E. Russell, in Boston.*

For Young Readers.

GETTING READY FOR THE DOLL'S WEDDING.

I'm 'vited to the wedding,
And have to make a dress;
I want a lot of 'lusion,
A hundred yards, I guess—
I think I'll make it "princess,"
I couldn't wear it plain—
It's very fashionable
To have a plaited train.

It's Rosa Burdock's wedding,
To-morrow, just at three,
In Mamie Turnbull's garden
Under the apple-tree:
The bridegroom's Colonel Bracebridge,
He wears a sword and plume,
To show that he's a soldier—
It's stylish, I presume.

We made some sugar-water,
And Mamie's got a cake;
I never saw such good once
As her mamma can make:
She puts on plenty frosting
And lots of sugar-plums;
I guess we'll have the 'freshment
Before the min'ster comes.

We've got to pick some dandelines,
To make a chain and ring—
Louise will play the jews-harp,
And May'm and I will sing;
We'll have to say the 'sponses—
They couldn't if they tried—
But Rosa *is* so el'gant,
She'll make a lovely bride.

We'll have to stand the Colonel
Against a piece of board,
Or may be he can stand up
By leaning on his sword.
Come, now, this is to-morrow,
Let's get our hats and shawls,
Bring June and Zepharine,
And all the other dolls.

RUNNING OUT NIGHTS.

So you want to run out o' nights, eh? Well, my boy, if there is one single habit more than another calculated to bring a lad to evil ways it is that of running around a village, town or city o' nights. All the bad in human nature begins to bubble as soon as the sun goes down. You wouldn't dream of doing a mean act to your neighbors by daylight, but after dark it seems a good joke to lug off gates, upset outhouses, steal fruit or raise a false alarm of fire. It may seem fun to you, but when you come to sit down and think it over you can't help but admit that it is small business. Any action of yours which puts any one else to trouble and expense may be questioned to your detriment.

Find a murderer, burglar or thief—point out to me the biggest loafer in your town—and I will show you a man who began his career by running out o' nights. I don't say that George Washington or Thomas Jefferson or Abraham Lincoln didn't throw down lumber piles or rob fruit trees at ten o'clock at night, but if so, they started out just right to become bad men.

Don't I want a boy to have fun?

You bet I do! and, by and by, I'm going to put you up to a dozen different things in that line. But this grabbing your hat after supper and sneaking out over the back fence is a mean piece of business when you come to figure it down. Down on the corner you meet Jim this or Tom that. You go "over town" and are seen hanging around this or that place. You may sneak into a saloon to see a game of billiards, but you hate yourself for it. You may sit in Smith's grocery and hear a lot of old bald-headed liars spin their yarns and abuse religion, but you go out feeling that you could kick any one of them who dared bow to your mother.

You'd go home and go to bed if it wasn't for Jim or Tom. He wants a little "fun" and he drags you into it. What he calls fun is stringing a rope across the sidewalk. It doesn't occur to him that some person may break a limb and be put to several hundred dollars' expense, or even be killed outright. He thinks it a cute thing to roll off barrels of salt, barricade the bridges, set an oil-shed on fire or stop up the chimneys on a widow's house. When you have played such tricks it comes very easy to play others which the law won't look at in the funny light.

There is to-day in the Michigan State Prison a boy whose career I watched for two years. I first saw him prowling around o' nights. He had an honest face and a good heart, but his father had seemingly never been a boy himself. He let this lad go and come as he willed, and within three months the police had to caution him. Inside of six months he belonged to a gang of juvenile thieves. Within two years he was a burglar. When he stood up in court to receive his five years' sentence women wept to see that one so young had drifted so rapidly to the bad.

What can you do o' nights if you remain at home?

Scores of things, my boy. In the first place, there's the checker-board, and in the next place, your father wants to sit right down and teach you all he knows about it. Outside of the interest in a chance game your wits are made the sharper by such struggles. A good checker-player will never be a rash business man. This very training makes him cautious in his dealings. There are dozens of good boy-books to be had, and your father had better buy you two or three per week than turn you over to the town. There's no end of mechanical tops and toys and games.

And suppose you learn how to draw or paint? Look at a watch and you will realize that all the wheels and springs and shafts and jewels go to make up a perfect time-piece. Just so with a man. There are lots of one-wheeled men in this world. They can sell goods, make boots, run an engine or keep a butcher shop, but outside of that one thing they are all at sea. It is the handy man who is helping this world along—the man who is full of wheels and springs. Don't be afraid because you have planned to study law, to read up on philosophy and science, to learn how to handle tools, to analyze steam, to post yourself on whatever is worth knowing.

You will discover as you grow up that the man who knows the least is the greatest bigot to argue with and the meanest man with whom to transact business. Not one in twenty of our high-school pupils knows how a mason mixes his mortar or a painter his colors. They never saw a tinsmith at work or a grainer imitating the various woods. Now, then, when you find the evenings dull ask your father to put on his hat and help you post yourself. Did you ever look over the queer machinery in a tin-shop which bends the metal in shape for covers and bottoms and handles? Ever visit the gas works, or go through a big flouring mill or pass an hour in a foundry? There are dozens of places to be visited at night where you can learn something useful. Each point you seize upon helps to broaden and enlighten your mind and make a well-posted man of you. And, instead of shouldering a gun on Saturdays, or tramping off after a good time in a swamp, go down to the round-house and look over the mechanism of a locomotive—go into a wheat elevator and see how curiously everything is arranged—go into a machine shop and see how iron can be turned as easily as pine—go into a planing-mill—down where they saw blocks of stone by steam—go somewhere and see something to post yourself.

Ah! boy, if you only realized how much this country will depend upon you twenty years hence you wouldn't waste your time! You will sooner or later have to take hold as the rest of us did. There will be the same strife for place and fame and riches as you see to-day, and the boy who has wasted his time will be the man who is pushed here and jostled there and driven to the back seats because he is in the way of the busy, money-making world.—"*M. Quad,*" *in Detroit Free Press.*

"Bad Friends."

Lu and Mamie were bad friends. They were never going to speak to each other again as long as they lived and breathed—that is what they said.

Poor little girls! It was so very uncomfortable being bad friends. They hadn't been so for an hour before they felt sorry, and were ashamed of their quarrel—and well they might be, for it was about such a little, insignificant thing that I am not going to bother my head to tell you what it was.

These little girls lived next neighbors to each other, with just an old, crooked-tree orchard between them. Their papas were brothers, and Grandma Lane belonged to both of them.

Grandma Lane had given them a pair of twin dolls—that is, she gave one twin to Lu and the other to Mamie. They had to tie a pink and a blue ribbon around the wrists of these dolls to tell them apart, for they looked just alike. And since they were such "very, very twins," as Mamie said, they must have twin names. So the little girls had put their heads together, and after some hard brain-work Lu's doll was named Ellathear and Mamie's Edithmear.

They had had very pleasant times playing with the twins in the old orchard. They had enjoyed themselves much going to day-school and to Sunday-school together, getting their lessons together, and sewing their "stints" together.

But that was when they were good friends. For almost a whole dreadful week the poor twins had not been played with, and the silly mothers had straggled along apart to and from school, and only looked at each other sideways with their foreheads scowled. They were both tired enough of being bad friends, but they had what Grandma Lane called the "Lane grit;" which in fact, was something that made the Lanes very disagreeable, though Grandma Lane didn't say that.

And right into this dreadful week came May-Day, warm and sunshiny. They both went Maying, after school, in the woods near their homes, but they didn't go together. Oh no, though their hearts ached for each other, and they felt lonesome and dismal.

Mamie stayed near the edge of the woods, and Lu went back amongst the thick trees. Mamie didn't have the "Lane grit" quite as bad as Lu, and she tried a little to get near her cousin; but Lu wouldn't stay in one place, and poor little Mamie's feelings were hurt so that she began to cry.

But while Mamie was crying and picking flowers she thought of something. Something that made her dry up her tears, and hunt around for the prettiest flowers and pick them very industriously.

Next morning there was a May-basket left at the front door of Lu's home. It was a pretty paper basket with some sweet, fresh flowers, and on the handle there was tied a note with: "To Ellathear, from Edithmear," written on the back in Mamie's crooked handwriting that Lu knew so well.

Lu opened the note very eagerly:

DEAR ELLATHEAR—I thought that I would send you a May-basket; they are some that my mother picked out in the woods. I wish that they were nicer and more smelling, but they are not; but they are the nicest she could find. She said that she thought that she saw your mother there, too. I am awfully sorry that your mother and my mother are mad. From Your True And Ever Twin

EDITHMEAR.

P. M.—I wish that you would come and see me.

Lu went immediately and hunted up her twin. Then with the twin on her arm she started for Mamie's home.

Mamie saw her coming, and with a happy, pink glow on her face she snatched up her twin and ran to meet her.

"I have only just brought Ellathear to see Edithmear," said Lu when they met, and Lu spoke in a very cold way, with a little scowl, for her "Lane grit" wasn't quite conquered.

"Let 'em kiss," said Mamie, holding out her twin.

Lu held out her twin, and while she was doing this Mamie somehow got her arm round Lu's neck, and put a soft, bashful kiss of her own on Lu's cheek.

And then the "Lane grit" quite gave out. Lu returned the bashful kiss with a hearty smack, and before the twins had kissed the mothers were not bad friends any more.—*Youths' Companion.*

—George Rockwood, a New York photographer, says that he is convinced that in nineteen out of twenty cases the left side gives the most characteristic likeness, while in the same degree the right side is most symmetrical. This is as new to the majority of the people as is the fact that every one's nose turns either to the right or to the left side of the face.

—They say that the Empress of Austria in her equestrian performances carries a whip in the head of which is stored a charge of electricity, so that at will she can startle or subdue the horse by administering an electric shock.

—The courts of Massachusetts have decided that when a man is naturalized his wife is also naturalized. The question came up in that State recently on the women voting for school trustees.

Idtuition of Women

"In a conversation I once held with an eminent minister of our church," says Dr. Boardman, "he made this fine observation: 'We will say nothing of the manner in which that sex usually conduct an argument; but the intuitive judgment of women is often more to be relied upon than the conclusions which we reach by an elaborate process of reasoning.' No man that has an intelligent wife, or is accustomed to the society of educated women, will dispute this. Times without number you must have known them decide questions on the instant and with unerring accuracy which you had been poring over for hours, perhaps, with no other result than to find yourself getting deeper and deeper into the tangled maze of doubts and difficulties. It was hardly generous to allege that they achieve these feats less by reasoning than by a sort of sagacity which approximates to the sure instinct of the animal races; and yet there seems to be some ground for the remark of a witty French writer, that, when a man has toiled, step by step, up a flight of stairs, he will be sure to find a woman at the top; but she will not be able to tell how she got there. How she got there, however, is of little moment. If the conclusions a woman has reached are sound, that is all that concerns us. And that they are very apt to be sound on the practical matters of domestic and secular life nothing but prejudice or self-conceit can prevent us from acknowledging. The inference, therefore, is unavoidable, that the man who thinks it is beneath his dignity to take counsel with an intelligent wife stands in his own light, and betrays the lack of judgment which he tacitly attributes to her."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Waiting.

"What are you hanging around here for?" asked a policeman of a suspicious character who was lounging about the car-shed.

"Oh, I'm just waiting," meekly replied the man.

The officer moved on, but kept a close watch on the waiting man and presently beheld his fingers coming into too close proximity with a gentleman's watch-chain.

Instantly the arm of law was laid heavily on the would-be thief's shoulder and the policeman asked:

"What have you been waiting for?"

Seeing that he was caught the stranger replied:

"I've been waiting for an opportunity."

"I've been waiting, too," again spoke the officer.

"What for?"

"To see that you get nothing but the opportunity; we have both been satisfied, so come along and wait 'til the court meets to-morrow;" and as the key was turned on him, the prisoner began whistling: "Wait 'Till the Clouds Roll By."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—It is intervals of rest that everybody requires, child or adult, and when they once consent to rest, diversion will follow without effort or premeditation. Let everything come in its due place and proportion, and both over-work and over-play will be escaped.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

CURES OF RHEUMATISM AND SCIATICA.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., March 3, 1884.

I am a boat-builder living at Peekskill, New York. I have been greatly troubled during the past winter with Rheumatism in my back and shoulder. I have used ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS and they always relieve the pain. I have used other plasters recommended by friends, but I find ALLCOCK'S *decidedly* the best. We have used them in the family for some years, and would not be without them.

WM. R. OSBORN.

CROTON LANDING, New York, Jan. 21, 1884.

This will certify that BRANDRETH'S PILLS and ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS cured me of a very severe attack of sciatica. I was taken with this severe pain on January 4, 1881, and, having tried various remedies without benefit, I bethought me of the above named medicines. I took two pills every night at bed-time, and put five ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS on my limbs. I had not used them over three days before I felt great relief, and in thirty days I was completely cured. They took all the rheumatism out of my system. Thanking God first, and you secondly, I am truly yours, etc., E. CHASE,

Principal Public School, Croton Landing.

When purchasing a *Porous* Plaster, be sure to get "Allcock's." All other so-called Porous Plasters are imitations.

TWO MULES used on Salt Lake street-cars rejoice in pet names—Sin and Misery—because it is a misery to drive them and a sin to whip them.—*Denver Tribune.*

THE Empress of Austria can set type, and the Empress of an American farm can set a hen. Customs differ in different countries.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A SUBSCRIBER writes: "There is a spring sixty rods from the house, and by running eighteen rods beyond the spring I can get a twelve foot fall." Foolish man. A banana peel on his front door step would give him a twenty-seven foot fall without his running at all.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

WHEN Joaquin Miller writes a love poem to some girl, she should not get mad if it does not please her, for he would say: "I was only a Joaquin."—*Electric Light.*

AN inquirer asks the way to make light bread. The simplest way is to call on a newly married couple, see the way the bride makes the bread and not to make it that way.

"EVEN a hog wouldn't touch tobacco," exclaimed *Jones*, who didn't chew, to Smith. "Well," returned his friend as he took out his plug, "who resembles a hog the most, you or I?"

WHEN a young girl finds a four-leaf clover it is a sign that she will be married within a year. It is strange that some families don't hire a farm and sow it all to clover.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A COLORED man came into a Galveston newspaper office and wanted to subscribe to the paper. "How long do you want it?" asked the clerk. "Jess as long as it is, boss; if it don't fit de shelves, I kin t'ar a piece off myself."—*Texas Siftings.*

SHE—I am fond of poetry. He—Are you indeed? So am I. Do you like Burns? She—No, indeed, they are so distressing. But then I am not much troubled with them, and me does all the cooking.—*Detroit Post.*

NERVOUS, dyspeptic individuals, whose distress of mind and body make life miserable, if your sufferings have been prolonged and increased by the use of bitters and pretended cures of kidney and liver diseases, throw all such nostrums aside and find health, strength and vigor in that simple remedy known as Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood, strengthens the urinary and digestive organs, and infuses new life into all parts of the body. No other remedy equals it. Have your druggist get it for you.

A SCIENTIST asserts that a bee can only sting once in two minutes. We would respectfully add that that's all it generally needs to.

"Buchu-paiba." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney and Urinary Diseases, $1.

"ANOTHER expedition to the pole," said the man, as he wended his way to his barber shop.

CATARRH AND HAY FEVER.—For twenty years I was a sufferer from Catarrh of the head and throat in a very aggravated form, and during the summer with Hay Fever. I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm and after a few applications received decided benefit—was cured by one bottle. Have had no return of the complaint. CHARLOTTE PARKER, Waverly, N. Y.

AN actress is like a little girl in one respect. When she gets mad she won's play. —*N. Y. Dial.*

THE best test of a human life is the amount of good it has been and done to others. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham may be given a seat of honor among those who have helped to change sickness into health, and to transform the darkness of suffering into the sunshine of rest and hope.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, $1.

A FAIR X change—Two fives for a ten.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

Horrors of Mineral Poisoning.

"I have been poisoned with Mercury and Potash!" is the tale of thousands who write our physicians in regard to treatment of Blood and Skin diseases, and it would seem that what they say must be true, for it is "with one accord." If you have been poisoned in this way or have any blood or skin disease or cancer, send to us for Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases which will be mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

THE fame that comes from hanging is but hemp-tie honor.—*N. O. Picayune.*

PAPILLON Cough Cure is a delicious vegetable syrup. A cure for Whooping Cough, that has never failed. By druggists.

HABIT, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity. Eating is one of these unfortunate habits.

"Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete cure, hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

NOT what its cracked up to be—An ancient egg.

THOSE COMPLAINING of Sore Throat or Hoarseness should use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. The effect is extraordinary. Singers and speakers use them for clearing the voice. *Sold only in boxes.* 25 cts.

A BROKEN idle—The tramp.—*Boston Post.*

WE take pleasure in informing the public of the merits of Papillon Catarrh Cure. It will cure Chronic Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Rose-cold, and for Hay Fever no remedy is as effective. It has cured hundreds of cases. Sold by druggists.

"BETTER better behave yourself," said the turnip to the potato, "or some one will come along and take the starch out of you."

"Rough on Coughs," 15c., at Druggists. Complete cure Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat.

A TEAM-STER — The Whip. — *Merchant Traveler.*

MRS. ANN LACOUR, of New Orleans, La., writes: "I have a son who has been sick for two years; he has been attended by our leading physicians, but all to no purpose. We had in the house a bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. We administered it and he was instantly relieved."

THE man who pursues the even tenor of his way never commits a bass act.—*Boston Budget.*

IF you want a fine looking Face,
And a Skin rosy and clear,
Use "BEESON'S" Sulphur Soap; all Trace
Of disease will disappear.
☞Sold by druggists, etc., everywhere.

MAINE folks have a corner on spruce gum. It is in the corner of the mouth.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar
To a cold is like oil on troubled waters. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

A PAPER announces that a star actor will play "Ten Thousand Miles Away." Ah! if he only would!—*Lynn Item.*

PUBLIC speakers and singers use Piso's Cure for hoarseness and weak lungs.

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup," for feverishness, worms, constipation, tasteless. 25c

AGENTS WANTED. Fastest selling books. Largest profits to canvassers. Circulars free. COBURN PUBLISHING COMPANY, CHICAGO.

$65 A MONTH and BOARD for three live Young Men or Ladies, in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Chicago, Ill.

Good Pay for Agents. $100 to $300 per mo. made selling our fine Books & Bibles. Write to J. C. McCurdy & Co., 64 Leslie, Mo.

HAIR Wholesale and retail. Send for price-list. Goods sent C. O. D. Wigs made to order. E. BURNHAM, 71 State Street, Chicago.

EASILY CURED FREE! OPIUM HABIT BOOK FREE! DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN.

INVISIBLE TOOTH CIRCULAR SAWS

EVERY BEARD ELIXIR

PILES "Anakesis" gives instant relief, and is an *infallible cure* for Piles. Price $2, from druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Pamphlet free. Ad. "ANAKESIS," Nelson, Box 3418, New York.

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST." ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers (Suited to all sections.) Write for WHEEL Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

2 $156 ORGANS FREE! Equal Chance for ALL.

CANCER INSTITUTE, Established, 1872; Incorporated, 1880. For the Cure of Cancers, Tumors, Ulcers, Scrofula and Skin Diseases, without the use of knife or Loss of Blood, and little pain. For INFORMATION, CIRCULARS AND REFERENCES, address DR. F. L. POND, Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

XX.-CAUTION.-XX.

As BLUE FLANNEL Garments Of Inferior Quality of Goods are sold as the "genuine Middlesex," which are not made by that mill, The Middlesex Company, in order to protect their customers and the public, give notice that hereafter all Clothing made from THE MIDDLESEX STANDARD INDIGO BLUE FLANNELS AND YACHT CLOTHS, sold by all leading clothiers, must bear the "SILK HANGERS," furnished by the Selling Agents to all parties ordering the goods.

WENDELL, FAY & CO., SELLING AGENTS, MIDDLESEX COMPANY, 86 and 88 Worth St., New York; 97 Franklin St., Boston; 814 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Regeneration for enfeebled systems, suffering from a general wast of tone, and its usual concomitants, dyspepsia and nervousness, is seldom derivable from the use of a nourishing diet and stimuli of appetite, unaided. A medicine that will effect a removal of the specific obstacle to renewed health and vigor, that is a genuine corrective, is the real need. It is the possession of this grand requirement which makes Hostetter's Stomach Bitters so effective as an invigorant. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

NOW IS THE TIME.

To prevent and cure all "Skin Diseases," and to secure a white, soft and beautiful Complexion, use

BEESON'S Aromatic Alum Sulphur Soap.

Sold by Druggists. One cake will be sent on receipt of 25 cents to any address.

WM. DREYDOPPEL, Manufacturer, 208 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BEST and most economical Laundry Soap for Washing, especially Merino, Woolens and Undergarments (cleans perfect and easy; makes clothes white and sweet) is DREYDOPPEL'S Borax Soap.

Sold by all wholesale grocers and first-class retailers.

CANCER

The developments of the treatment of Cancer with Swift's Specific seem so wonderful, that all so afflicted should write us.

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SPARTANBURG, S. C., March 14, 1884.

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