SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Gospel is preached in each of the forty provinces of China.

—An academy to teach the Aztec language has been started in the City of Mexico.

—The Catholic Bishop of Albany has issued an order that the church picnic in his diocese shall give up the revelry and the pecuniary profit of liquor sales, including lager beer. The church will not have any such revenue, he says.—*Albany (N. Y.) Journal.*

—The number of scholars enrolled in the Sunday-schools in this country is estimated at 9,000,000, one-third of whom are adults, being 6,000,000 children. It is estimated that in a population of 57,000,000, at least 12,000,000 are children. This leaves 6,000,000 children who have no Sunday-School connection.—*Chicago Times.*

—A Chicago schoolmaster is teaching type writing to the volunteer pupils of his two upper classes and claims that the experiment is successful. Two hours a week are devoted to the type writer by each member of a class of twenty-five.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Twelve out of thirteen theological seminaries of the Presbyterian Church reported to the general assembly at Saratoga Springs; 55 professors, 7 other teachers, 516 students, 223 new students, 130 graduates, 23 post-graduates. In the libraries there are 123,986 volumes, of which 11,055 have been recently added. The total value of real estate is $1,701,431; endowments, $2,271,014; scholarship funds, $252,918; general funds, $220,917; income, $306,579; and expenses, $342,544.—*Troy Times.*

—The Salvation Army has found an opponent in a new religious sect called "the Hallelujah Lassies." The title is not dignified, but the aim is modest. The leading spirit is known as "Happy Josephine." She takes the chair at the meetings and explains what she and the other lassies mean to do. They are opponents of no creed or church, but poise as humble preachers of the gospel to the poor, the chief object being to get these same poor to attach themselves to some church, leaving them to choose which they prefer.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The Protestant Episcopal Convention of South Carolina has decided upon an aggressive policy with respect to work among the colored people of that State. An executive committee has been appointed to act with the Bishop in all matters pertaining to this work, such as the establishment of missions and schools, the seeking out of suitable men to be candidates for the ministry, and making provision for their maintenance during candidateship, etc. A liberal support was pledged for carrying out these measures.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Cardinal Manning was visited by a correspondent in London the other day. "I long to see America and to know Americans," the Cardinal said, "but alas! I am too old. I have but one journey to make now. Forty times have I traveled to Rome, and I am well weary of the journey. The position of the church in America is to me of great interest. You see, in America, the church has lost nothing; it never had anything to lose. There you have no aristocracy handing down the traditions of the Anglican Church; no powerful territorial interest operating against Rome. There you have not the effects of 300 years of Anglican prestige. The church is free and untrammeled.—*Chicago Tribune.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Bjorkstein, the tjenor, will pjaralyze this cjountry next sjeason. Bjorge!—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—It is noted as an interesting fact that the wages of sin have not been cut down to any perceptible extent.

—The King of Portugal wants to start a newspaper. Not satisfied with the fame of royalty he longs for wealth.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Dar's a difference 'twixt truth an' honestness, fur a man is sometimes so truthful dat when he steals he doan deny de fack.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—A woman attempted to throw her child in front of a locomotive at Frankfort, Ky., but was thwarted by a colored man, who saved the life of the babe at the risk of his own.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Medical Note: "Hard workers out of doors seldom have insomnia," according to an eminent physician. Possibly because they work hard and get tired and sleepy. But we are not an eminent physician and may be wrong.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—A gentleman who ordered shad at the hotel waited long enough to destroy patience as a virtue. Finally, calling to him the head waiter, he asked: "Do your shad come from the Hudson or the Delaware?" "I'm sure I don't know," said the head waiter, "but I'll ask the steward, if you would like to know." "Do," said the gentleman, "for I want to find out where my waiter has gone fishing."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—As they were standing at the gate in the full moonlight, Adolphus asked her if she knew that ice cream brought on freckles. "Yes, darling," she answered, as she raised her violet eyes to meet his, "but I don't think there's any danger in my case as long as you are with me." And as Adolphus strode homeward under the same pale, melancholy moonlight, he wondered if all women were the same.—*Boston Post.*

—"Do you know, Miss Smithers," remarked young Featherly, "that there is something very peculiar about your father?" "Something very peculiar about my papa?" repeated Miss Smithers, who loved Featherly passionately, but purely. "Yes," that young man went on, "very peculiar." "And what is it, pray?" "It lies in the fact that although he is not a grandfather, he has a grand daughter."—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

—A young man who had been following a lady through Thirty-seventh Street drew alongside her at Fifth Avenue, lifted his hat and observed: "Haven't I met you somewhere before?" "Once, I think," answered the lady. "I knew it," said the young man, with a self-satisfied smile; "and you've been in my thoughts ever since." "I thought you had not noticed me particularly," said the lady. "I met you two weeks ago at your wedding. Your wife is my cousin."—*New York Sun.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—*Le Dimenche*, an Amiens paper, has discovered that next year is the 1,900th anniversary of the Virgin Mary's birth, and advocates a celebration.

—San Francisco has organized a "Girls' Union" for the benefit of young women who are strangers in the city and who may need sympathy and assistance.—*San Francisco Call.*

—A code of signals has been arranged for flirtation by means of parasols, but the code does not say what carrying a parasol just high enough to scrape the ear of every man passed in a crowded street means.—*Boston Post.*

—At Naples the other day a steel torpedo boat was launched, which had been built there for the Italian Government. In her trial trip she not only accomplished the stipulated speed (twenty miles per hour), but did twenty-one and a half miles, which is a long way the best time on record.

—The wealth of the United States is estimated at $50,000,000,000; that of Great Britain at $40,000,000,000. The wealth per inhabitant in the United States is $900, and in Great Britain it is $1,000. In the United States seventy-two parts of the wealth go to labor, twenty-three to capital and five to government. In Great Britain forty-one parts go to labor, thirty-six to capital, and twenty-three to government.—*Chicago Journal.*

—George Wilson, of Cleveland, O., has sued a firm of white lead manufacturers, his late employers, for $10,000 damages, alleging that he and two others were directed to clean out what was called the cog-wheel room, beneath the main floor of the factory, and that he did not know the dangerous character of the work, and was made ill for a year, by the poisonous fumes of the lead, and eventually totally blind. His two fellow-workmen, he says, are dead.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Dr. Sturge, a medical missionary to Siam, relates how a native doctor administered an emetic to a love-sick lady who had swallowed a quantity of opium with suicidal intent. The scientist of Siam took a live eel, clipped off a part of his tail to make him squirm in a lively manner, and then pushed him, tail first, down the romantic damsel's throat. When the eel returned to the stream of running water near which the girl was made to recline the opium quickly followed him.

—"What's the matter with the bank?" demand an excited tourist. "Closed," replied the calm citizen. "What," exclaimed the excited one, "not closed?" "Shut up tighter than wax," asserted the calm one. "Well, that's queer," said the tourist. "Not ten steps away from where we now stand a citizen told me she was 'busted wide open,' and now you say she is shut up 'tight as wax.' What liars some men are." And he made an entry in his note-book.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Recent defalcations and deficiencies bring to mind the case of a colored bank janitor who lived in Philadelphia in 1857. He had been in the service of the Pennsylvania Bank, the total wreck of which was one of the incidents of the panic of that year. As usual in such wrecks, there was a large deficiency. The books of the bank had been kept in such a mixed-up way that its affairs were in a great tangle. One day it was announced that the directors had found out how much the deficiency was. The old darkey thereupon put on all his dignity and remarked, "We don't care so much about knowing how much de deficiency is; but de question dat agitates my mind, and dat agitates de mind ob de public, is, whar's de deficiency gone to." They never found out exactly where the deficiency betook itself.—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Cornice.

The famous Cornice really begins at Marseilles, behind the harbor and the ports, the "Chemin de Cornice" being the favorite drive of the Marseilles citizens of a Sunday. Truly no city in the world—Constantinople, Naples, or Palermo not excepted—can boast of a more grandly beautiful promenade. Rocks to the left, mountains in the middle distance, rocky islands crowned with castles to seaward on the right, with a succession of sheltered bays and rugged promontories, each turn disclosing some new and enchanting surprise, while the country houses cling to crevices in the cliffs, in their settings of orange groves and gay flower gardens, and the blooming creepers of Africa have been everywhere acclimatized were hard labor can find them a footing of soil. Above are the azure skies, far beneath is the limpid sea. It is a delightful drive for once in a way; it is an odd medley of suburbs with what should be savage solitudes; and the picturesque strip of coast has been coquettishly Cockneyfied. From under the dusty bare trellising of a drinking-booth you look out on the barren mountains and the broad expanse of the sea; while a creek that might contain rock baths and a tiring cave for the sea nymphs or the sirens has been turned into a popular "oyster reserve," and has christened itself the "Renommee de Bouillabaisse." This spring, when we walked along that road, it chanced to be the last day of the carnival, and the sight was one to be long remembered. All Marseilles appeared to have flocked out. For two miles at least along the winding ledges of the Cornice, and as many more along the broad Boulevard of the Prado, which leads inland at right angles and back again to the town, was one dense mass of closely packed vehicles and human beings. Specimens of all ranks were to be seen on wheels, from the wives and daughters of wealthy merchants, in their well-appointed equipages, to clamorous females in the overcrowded carts of costermongers, charcoal vendors and fishermen. There was every style of costume, from Parisan toilets to the glaring cottons and the turbans of Barcelona handkerchiefs, knotted carelessly round shaggy and swarthy locks. The mob was good-humored, though very noisy, and if there was any drunkenness, it was chiefly among the foreign mariners, who might have represented each port from the Baltic to the Black Sea.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

What We Outlive.

There is a little French phrase which sums up in six words one's whole experience of life: "*Tout passe; tout casse; tout lasse*"—everything passes, breaks, fatigues—in time. It is a question of time only. We outlive everything in turn—from the fresh delights of childhood, through the deeper joys of adolescence and the grave satisfaction of successful maturity, down to the very peace of old age.

First of the links which fall from the golden chain is that phantasamagoric and unreal state we call childhood—that state which makes its own world apart from the real life going on about it, and lives in shadows and dreams, created by imagination, acting on and through ignorance. The griefs which were so violent then as almost to break our heart would now be no heavier than thistledown, no more substantial than a cloud. The joys which made the glad earth a childish paradise tenanted by cherubs for playmates and angels for guardians would now be intolerable if they had to be endured. It is all outlived, and we stand on the burial place of that young past different in all save name and continued individuality.

In youth the doubts and fears which so terribly affected us are now as vague and unsubstantial as are the former sorrows of childhood. Before we knew our power, or had measured exactly the space we should occupy in the history of our time and the esteem of society—what an infinitude of these doubts and fears distracted us! We were so uncertain of ourselves, if we were sensitive and without much assertion; or if of the more sanguine kind, we made so many bold flights which ended in ignominious tumbles into the gutter, before we learned the exact strength of our pinions and what we could do and what we could not! The invitations to high places which gave us so much anxious consideration about the correct shibboleth—the triumphs which were pain rather than pleasure because of shyness and modesty—the bright burning hopes which seemed as if they would go on forever like the sun and the stars—and which ended in smoke and smudge!

And then our love affairs! The sleepless nights we have had because she was cross or he was cold; because she flirted in the corner with Tom and he gave his arm to the supper-room to Jane! And in return the wild, unreasoning delight when the idol of the moment graciously winked its precious eyes and gave a sign of understanding our prayer! It has all passed. And we have outlived our love for Tom, or married Jane—which certain cynics say comes to much the same thing. At all events, if we have married, we have outlived fear and know the best and the worst of our portion.

In like manner, if we go on long enough, we outlive the proud joy of fulfilled ambition. The honor which we gave our life to gain becomes to us a mere pinch of dust, a mere name, when our vitality has waned and we care no more for things of the world; when pleasure itself has fallen from us, and we want only rest and peace. We need only to go on long enough to come to this: "*Tout passe; tout casse; tout lasse!*" While, however, any energy lives in us at all, and before we come to the last sad stage when we are merely living mummies, held together by a slender thread of life—there are certain things we do not and ought not to outlive—these are: Love of truth, love of beauty, love of humanity. We love our kind best when we love all that is beautiful and good most; and, without love of our kind, life is a grim and ghastly satire. We need never outlive these things while the poor frail machine of the body does its work. And with these we shall always find wells of happiness and floods of sunshine whatever our outward circumstances may be.—*Home Journal.*

No More Frontier.

The system of building railroads into the wilderness, and then allowing the wilderness to develop afterward, has knocked the essential joy out of the life of the pioneer. At one time the hardy hewer of wood and drawer of water gave his life willingly that his son might ride in the "varnished cars." Now the Pullman palace car takes the New Yorker to the threshold of the sea or to the boundary line between the United States and the British possessions.

An old-timer once said to me: "I've about decided, Bill, that the West is a matter of history. When we cooked our grub over a sage brush fire we could get fat and fight Indians, but now we fill our digesters with the cold pizen and pewter of the canned peach; we go to a big tavern and stick a towel under our chin, and eat pie with a fork, and heat up our carkisses with antichrist coal, and what do we amount to? Nuthin! I used to chase Indians all day, and eat raw salt pork at night, bekuz I dassent build a fire, and still I felt better than I do now with a wad of tin-can sodder in my stummich and a homesick feelin' in my weather-beaten breast.

"No, we don't have the fun we used to. We have more swarrees and sciatica and one bloomin' thing and another of that kind, but we don't get one snort of pure air and appetite in a year. They're bringin' in the blamed telephones now, and malaria and sigue, old sledge and fun might as well skip out. There ain't no frontier any more. All we've got left is the old trantler joose and rheumatiz of '49.—*Bill Nye.*

—An enterprising Frenchman has located in Chicago and opened up a dimple factory. Now a good many people don't know what a dimple factory is. It is a place where any one can go and have dimples made anywhere they may want them. How the Frenchman will ever manage to build dimples on the average Chicago cheek is a problem that no one has yet been able to satisfactorily settle. Nothing short of a hard cold chisel and a sledge-hammer will have any effect whatever, and that is only discernable under a powerful magnifying glass. That Frenchman must have a good deal of pluck and patience to have opened a dimple factory in Chicago.—*Peck's Sun.*

—The wood pavement being put down in Paris is a United States patent.—*N. Y. Times.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Cup Cake: Five cups of flour, three of sugar, one of butter, one of cream, five eggs, one teaspoonful of soda; season to taste.—*Exchange.*

—Spots of iron rust may be removed almost always if they are covered with lemon juice mixed with common salt; lay the garment where the sunlight will fall on it.—*Troy Times.*

—The best method of catching hawks is by affixing steel traps to posts, as the hawks usually alight on a post in preference to anything else, in order to look around before selecting their prey.

—When you have spilled anything on the stove, or milk has boiled over, and a suffocating smoke escapes, filling the room and your breathing tubes, sprinkle the spot with a quantity of salt, and it will cease almost immediately.—*Detroit Post.*

—Lemon Biscuits: One pound of flour, three ounces of butter, half a pound of castor sugar, two eggs, one lemon. Rub the butter into the flour, add the sugar and the grated lemon rind, add the yelk of the eggs, and all the lemon juice if needed; whisk the whites last. Roll out thin, cut into rounds with a paste cutter. Bake in a rather slow oven. They must be kept dry.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—To prevent haystacks firing, scatter a few handfuls of common salt between each layer. The salt, by absorbing the humidity of the hay, not only prevents its fermentation and consequent heating, but it also adds a salty taste to the forage, which all cattle like; besides, it stimulates the appetite and assists their digestion, and so preserves them from many diseases.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—To put down cucumbers: Wash your cucumbers and pack them in a jar; to four quarts of vinegar take one tea cup of salt, a piece of alum the size of a hen's egg; let all come to a boiling heat, then pour over the cucumbers, and after standing one day draw the vinegar off and heap up again; repeat this three times and they are ready for use, and they will keep for years and be hard and nice.—*N. Y. Post.*

—If possible, plant trees on new ground where none have been grown before. If necessary to fill up the old orchard take special care in preparing the place in which to set the new trees. Remove the soil where the old ones stood and replace it with fresh earth. Mulch the newly-planted trees heavily and broadly with straw manure, and also apply it to the old ones remaining.—*Exchange.*

Training Horses.

The writer began the interview by saying: "Professor, what the public seems to want to know is the secret you possess which makes you so completely the master of the horse."

"I am glad you asked me that question, as it is asked me a great many times a day, and, of course, I can not be expected to answer all the letters that are sent to me. If you will kindly answer it for me in the *Herald* you will save me a great deal of annoyance. There is no secret about the business at all. I possess no secrets. I am willing that all should know just how I work, and without wishing to boast or appear vain, I wish all who have to do with horses would work as I do. It would be better for the horses and better in the end for us. Kindness, patience and consideration are the elements of success."

"I have seen it claimed by men familiar with the horse that it is absolutely necessary to use the whip frequently in order to get the horse to do anything."

"That is not true. I use the whip very little, and principally to liven the horses and make them quicker. The first thing to be done is to gain the horse's confidence. The horse must know that you mean to treat him right, and that you do. He knows what is right with very little instruction. He understands, too, how far punishment is deserved, and when it is overdone. Some people treat a horse as if it were his nature to be ugly. Now the horse is very rarely ugly by nature, and when he balks, kicks or runs away he does it in the belief that he is defending himself. The most important thing is to get the horse to understand what you want him to do. Sometimes he may do what is desired, but it may be simply by chance, and the next time the horse is asked to do the same thing and fails, perhaps the whip is applied to overcome his supposed obstinacy. That is not right. Be sure he knows what it is you want him to do. Horses closely resemble the human family in their dispositions and degrees of intelligence."—*Boston Herald.*

Dressing in White.

Those who think to economize in dry goods sundries by wearing white frocks throughout the season will find themselves n the wrong side of the day-book in which expenses are set down by the bald-head of the family. No matter of what material they are made white dresses are going to cost like sixty, whether of cross-barred jaconet, such as baby slips are made up of during the necessarily tedious process of cutting back teeth, or of fine embroidered India muslin box suits, thin enough to pull through a gold ring. They will be the costliest dress fabrics worn, providing, of course, that the wearer gets up the accessories to match the frock.

Nothing can be more ill-timed or in worse taste than coarse shoes and stockings with a white dress in the first place, without considering hats, bonnets, gloves, parasols, extra trimmings in the way of lace jabots, handkerchiefs and laces. No right-minded woman will consent to degrade the appearance of her feet, whatever else she may economize on—not by a decorated jug full. Western and Southern women have too much cause to be proud of their feet to put them in mean coverings, and with white gowns must be worn delicate stockings and superfine kid shoes either high or low. If low shoes are worn the hosiery must be either of black or dark silk, no matter how horribly those "crock" the feet, as they say down East. A woman with misshapen, down-at-the-heel shoes is like a peacock who, strutting about on a garden wall, happens to cast his eye down on his rusty toes—then you will see green and purple feathers take a fall.—*St. Louis Republican.*

—Malaria is frequently carried through long distances by the winds; therefore it is well to ascertain whether there is any malaria-breeding marsh or other pestilential locality in the direction of the prevailing winds. These may to some extent be countera ted by having to pass through a timbered country, as timber has the property of absorbing or destroying malaria to a great extent as it is borne through by the winds.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The Cincinnati *Merchant Traveler* publishes a "black list" of those cities and towns, mainly in the South, which impose a "drummer tax" upon the representatives of business houses.

In the Shade.

Hon. R. C. Payne, City Alderman, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, writes: "I have been a great sufferer with rheumatism for years and have tried every known remedy, including galvanic batteries and Turkish Baths. Finally I tried St. Jacobs Oil the great pain-cure and can positively say it gave me instantaneous relief. It puts all other remedies in the shade."

An Ohio newspaper speaks of a man being bruised by the "emphatic gesture of a mule."—*Chicago Tribune.*

CURE OF CHRONIC COSTIVENESS.

BULLY BUENO MILLS, ARIZONA TER., January 24, 1883.

For the last two years I have been greatly troubled with costiveness, often ten or twelve days elapsing without any movement of my bowels. I have tried many remedies, but none with success, until I used your VEGETABLE PILLS—taking three pills and increasing one each night until I took nine, then decreasing one each night. Since then my bowels have continued regular each day, and my headache, sour stomach and general lassitude have left me, and I feel like another man—which is entirely owing to your pills—and I would not be without them in this new country. A. M. HEATH.

Impurity of Blood, however generated, is always present in the body when pain is felt; it spreads and ferments wherever a weak spot or low vitality exists.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are the one great and unfailing remedy, because they take hold and expel only what is hurtful; so when sick, have pain, dizziness, rheumatism, colds, or costiveness, take from three to five, and if they do not operate in four hours or so, take three or four more. They cleanse the bowels and circulation from all impurities of the blood, and often save life. BRANDRETH'S PILLS preserve the vigor of youth, and for a long period keep off the debility of age.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, with plain printed directions for use.

A VERY narrow aperture—the crack of a whip.

DURING the season for mosquitoes and other stinging insects, and of poisoned plants, if your skin is impure, a bite will swell and fester unless you apply Papillon Skin Cure. A single application will neutralize the poison.

A GOOD many "amusements" are bores; but fishing is reel fun.—*The Judge.*

THE surprising success of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for the several diseases peculiar to women forcibly illustrates the importance of her beneficent discovery and the fact that she knows how to make the most of it.—*Dr. Haskell.*

A "DROLL dog" is a wag with a funny tale.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

☞ Keep in the Fashion. The Diamond Dyes always do more than they claim to do. Color over that old dress. It will look like new. They are warranted. 10c. at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

A GREAT waste of effort—The child that cries for an hour never gets it.

"$10,000 would not purchase from me what Swift's Specific has done for me. It cured me of Rheumatism caused by malaria."
ARCHIE THOMAS, Springfield, Tenn.

THERE is always something of a haze around our military academies.

Higher Prices for Butter.

All dairymen who use Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color, agree that it increases the value of butter several cents a pound. It is pure and harmless, convenient for instant use, has no taste or odor, and gives a clear, golden richness to the butter. It is the very best butter color obtainable, and is not expensive. In every State in the Union the demand for it is increasing.

THE thinnest thing is thought to be a milk dealer riding on a railroad whose stock is watered.

THE short, hacking cough, which leads to Consumption, is cured by Piso's Cure.

THE difference between advertising and advertiser is, the former always pays while the latter sometimes does not.

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

SAID a nervous visitor to an Austin lady, at whose house she was making a call: "Are you not afraid that some of your children will fall into that cistern in your yard?" "O no," was the complacent reply; "anyhow, that's not the cistern we get our drinking-water from."

A WIT, hearing a cannon boom in honor of the birth of a Prince, exclaimed: "How they do powder these babies!"

LIGHTNING struck a hall out in Minneapolis where some of Wagner's music was being rendered, and the leader of the orchestra merely motioned to the man at the big drum to hit it more gently in the next inning.—*Philadelphia Press.*

"WILL you join me in a cup of tea, Mr. Simpkins?" Mr. Simpkins: "Ah, thank you; but wouldn't it be rather crowded?"

ANCIENT Rome had eight circuses and no newspapers. And we all remember the fate of ancient Rome!—*Norristown Herald.*

A VERMONT man has a hen thirty-nine years old. The other day a hawk stole it, but after an hour came back with a broken bill and three claws gone, put down the hen and took an old rubber boot in place of it.—*Boston Post.*

A LADY noted for her fondness of using large words asked her visitors if they would not be helped to some more pumpkin pie. On their refusing, she insisted: "Do take more, for it is neither debilitating nor exhilarating, but highly nutritious."

A BOSTON clergyman recently asked: "What has a fool more than a wise man?" He usually has more lip.—*Detroit Post.*

FISH have no vocal organs; they don't need them. Fishermen do all their lying for them.—*Oil City Derrick.*

"HOW DO you pronounce p-t-i-n-g-y?" asked the teacher of the dunce of the class. The boy replied: "It depends a great deal on whether the word refers to a person or a hen."

Lots of People

get bilious, have heavy headaches, mouth foul, yellow eyes, &c., all the direct result of impure blood which can be thoroughly cleansed, renewed and enriched with Kidney-Wort. It acts at the same time on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels and has more real virtue in a package than can be found in any other remedy for the same class of diseases.

WHEN the iron enters a man's soul it should nerve him to greater effort. Iron is very strengthening.—*Philadelphia Call.*

PAPILLON Catarrh Cure is recommended by members of the Hay Fever Association of New England.

MAN was made to mourn, but some mourn more'n others.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

merits the sanction accorded by physicians. Hill's Hair Dye, black or brown, 50c.

BLAINE & LOGAN. Best Steel Portraits, 8x10, 15c. each; $5 per 100, by mail. Agents wanted. G.E.Perine, Pub'r, 121 Nassau St., N.Y.

HAIR Wigs & Waves sent C.O.D. anywhere. Wholesale & Retail. Price-list free. Goods guaranteed. B.C.STERNE, 157 Wabash av., Chicago.

$250 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample FREE. Address JAY BRONSON, DETROIT, MICH.

NO Peddling DELUSION, OUR SOLID QUIET HOME BUSINESS PAYS YOU 300 PER CENT. PROFITS. Furnishes FREE. DRY PROCESS PKG. CO., 461 & 463 Canal St., N. Y.

LIVER "ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILLS." The Best Cure for Liver and Bilious complaints, Costiveness, Headache and Dyspepsia. Price, 25c. at Druggists or by mail. Samples free. St. Bernard Pill Makers, 63 Murray St., New York.

GUNS ShotGuns Revolvers, Rifles, Etc. Large illus. Address Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

EDUCATIONAL.

BRYANT & STRATTON'S Business College, St. Louis, Mo. Short-hand by mail on the short-hand machine in one-third the usual time. Graduates successful in getting employment.

CHICAGO MUSICAL COLLEGE. CENTRAL MUSIC HALL. DR. F. ZIEGFELD, PRESIDENT. All Instruments and Voice taught by the most skillful instructors. Fall Term opens September 8th, 1884. Send for Catalogue.

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

WANTED—Agents for the Authorized Social Campaign BOOK. BLAINE AND LOGAN. Profusely Illustrated with Steel and Wood Engravings. Outfit only 50cts. Book sells for $2. For every 100 copies ordered, will give as premium a complete Gazetteer of the U. S. PEOPLE'S PUB. CO., Chicago.

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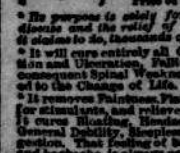

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