THE PRINTER.

He stood by his accustomed place
With aching limbs and weary brain.
The hues of death were on his face
He thought that he had lived in vain.

Life's little day drew near its close
Soon all his hopes would be forgot
n that long sleep, the grave's repose,
Hard, hard indeed had been his lot.

But little longer could he strive,
His health had failed and he was poor,
His scanty wages scarce could drive
The hungry wolf from out his door.

Long years his hands had served him well
In tangled words and complex thought,
But what 'twas for he could not tell.
What smallest good had all this brought?

Fashion and wealth both met his view
With ever cold and haughty heart,
But if the printer only knew,
He still had played the strongest part.

Careworn and pale might be his face,
His passing power was over all;
Those little types when in their place
The oldest wrongs may well appall.

O printer, cease thy life to scan
Still do thy duty in thy place,
The noblest art that's known to man
Is to uphold and aid his race.

—Cleveland Sentinel.

ABOUT CREMATION.

The Process of Burning the Dea Described.

Some Information that may Remove a Great Amount of Prejudice Against Incineration.

The following graphic account of burning the dead was written by one who witnessed the process. He had before regarded the custom with repugnance. Having seen it, he was converted, and is now an earnest advocate.

"A furnace fire is built and kept burning for twenty or thirty hours before the cremation is to take place. Immediately above the fire is placed in a horizontal position a cylinder of clay called the incubator, three feet in diameter by seven long. This fire clay incinerator, the walls of which are from one to two inches thick, receives to itself the intense heat of the fire below, but does not admit the flames. The consequence is that the body when placed in the incinerator, is not, in the proper sense of the word burned. It is reduced to ashes by the chemical application of intense heat. Gases are driven off or absorbed, and being carried down into the fire from the incinerator and led back and forth twenty-five feet through its flames, are utterly consumed. Even the smoke of the fire is consumed, and nothing can be seen issuing from the chimney but the quiver of the heat. The process might be called, as we have said, the spiritualization, of the body, the etherealization or sublimation of its material parts.

"When the incinerator has been raised to a white heat, it is ready for the reception of the remains. As the cover is removed from its mouth, the inrushing air cools it from a white heat to a red heat, and the whole inner surface is filled with a beautiful rosy light, which is fascination to the eye. It looks like the blush of dawn upon the sky, or like the exquisite tints which sometimes flicker along the aurora borealis. There is nothing repulsive about it, and nothing as has been said, to suggest the idea of fire except the intense heat.

"The body, being decently clad for burial, and tenderly laid in the crib for the purpose, is wholly covered with a clean white sheet, which has been dipped it a solution of alum. The effect of this is entirely to prevent smoke or fume or flame, which would otherwise arise from putting anything inflammable into the midst of such heat; but under its protection, even the extraordinary heat of the incinerator does not produce upon the body the appearance of scorching or smoking or anything of the sort. There is no such impression as that of burning made upon the eye. The sheet, saturated with alum, retains its original position over the crib, and conceals the entire form until nothing but the bones are left; and when the eye first rests upon the remains after they are left in the rosy light of the cylinder, it sees nothing but those bones gently crumbling away into dust, under the mystic touch of an invisible agent, whose only appearance to the eye is like the tremor of the northern lights in the sky; or, more exactly, the radiation of the heat from the earth beneath the summer's sun. You have laid a white-robed form within the rosy cylinder, and have turned away to think with gratitude that all is well. You have let your imagination dwell lovingly upon the pleasing sentiment, that whatever may be left—beside the calcined bones, most pure and clean—have gone to mingle with the upper air and dwell with sunshine, birds and flowers. The darkness and the dampness of the earth have escaped, and so have the perils of grave-snatching, the indecencies of a possible dissecting-room, and the nameless horrors of putrefaction. You have pleasant memories to cherish of the 'last sad hour,' which, instead of 'breathless darkness' and the 'narrow house' and the dreadful thud of falling earth upon the coffin, present to mind a lovely bed of rosy light, and a peaceful form, clad in virgin purity, resting within its soft embrace. If a lilly had been laid up a bed of pinks or roses in summer, and you had seen its fragrance and its beauty all exhale amid the shimmering beams of radiated heat beneath the touch of some invisible and gentle agency, you would have had a not dissimilar experience. And this is neither painful to the eye, nor distressing to the sensibilities, nor ungrateful to the memory."

IN SAHARA.

The Way-Marks that Point the Path Across the Vast Solitude.

New Orleans Times.

Riding five hundred meters in advance of our little troop of horsemen who acts as guide directs our way over the dead level of the dismal solitude. For the last ten minutes he kept his horse at a walk, sitting motionless in his saddle, and singing in his own tongue a melancholy, long-drawn chant, with singularities of Oriental rhyme. We imitate his pace. Then all of a sudden he starts off at a trot, standing in his stirrups erect, with his great burnous floating behind him. And we all trot after him, until he draws rein again to recommence a gentler pace.

I ask my comrade:

"How can he guide us through these naked wastes without a single mark to show the way?"

But he answered:

"There are only the bones of camels."

And, in fact every quarter of an hour we came across some enormous bone gnawed by beasts, cooked by the sun—all white, in strong relief against the sand. Sometimes it was part of a leg, sometimes part of a jaw, sometimes a portion of the vertebral column. The caravans leave behind them every animal that can not keep up, and the jackals do not carry all the remains away.

And for several days we continued this monotonous voyage, always in the saddle always behind the same Arab, almost without speaking.

Now, one afternoon, as we were approaching Bou-Saada, I saw afar off before us a great dark mass, made larger by the mirage, the form of which astonished me. At our approach the vultures flew away. It was a carcass, still slimy in spite of the heat, glossy as though varnished with putrid blood. The chest alone remained. The limbs had doubtless been torn off and carried away by the voracious devourers of the dead.

"Ah! There are travelers ahead of us," said the Lieutenant.

Some hours later we entered a ravine, a sort of defile—a frightful furnace, bordered by high rocks, toothed like a saw—sharp, pointed, raging, rabid, in revolt as it were against the implacably ferocious sky. Another corpse was lying there and a jackal that had been devouring it fled away.

Then, as we passed out of the ravine, a gray heap of something before us moved; and slowly, at the end of a dispropor ately long neck, I saw the head of an agonizing camel rise up. He was lying there—had been lying there for three or four days perhaps—on his side, dying of fatigue and thirst. His long members, that seemed inert, broken all mixed up together, were stretched upon the fiery soil. And, hearing us coming, he lifted up his head like a light-house. His forehead already gnawed by the sun, was but one wound, a great running sore, and his resigned gaze followed us. He did not utter a moan—did not make the least effort to rise. One would have thought that, at he had seen so many of his brothers die in their long voyages through desolation, he knew too well the mercilessness of man. Now it was his turn; that was all! And we passed on.

But when I looked back a long time afterward, I saw still rising up from the sand the lofty neck of the abondoned beast, watching to the end the last living creatures he could ever behold, passing beyond the horizon.

An hour later it was a dog, crouching close to a rock, with jaws wide open and fangs glittering—incapable of moving a paw—with eyes fixed upon two vultures who sat not far off, pluming themselves while waiting for his death. He was so possessed with terror of those terribly patient birds waiting for his flesh, that he never turned his head, and did not even feel the stones that a spahi flung at him.

And suddenly at the outlet of another defile, I saw the oasis before me.

It was an apparation never to be forgotten. One has traversed endless plains climbed mountains all craggy, bald, calcined, without ever seeing a tree, a plant a single green leaf; and lo! right before you, at your very feet, is an opaque mass of sombre verdure—as it were, a lake of foliage extended upon the sand. Then, further on, the desert recommences, lengthening infinitely to the indefinable horizon, where it mixes with the sky.

What to Take on a Journey.

Wide Awake.

To be helpful I give you one lady's list of inevitables for the overland tour, expected to last two or three or four months:

Three papers of crimping pins, five of hairpins, five invisible front nets, five elastic cord, three papers of pins, three spools black sewing silk, six spools sewing cotton, the same of mending cotton, two dozen boot buttons, one half dozen tape, two dozen linen and pearl buttons, skein linen thread for boot buttons, wax, three ounces vaseline, the same of carbonate of ammonia, dry, one ounce gum tragacanth (for mucilage and bandoline) four ounces gum camphor, one ounce permanganate of potash, the same of pure carbolic acid, the same of citric acid, one-half dozen of toilet soap, one-half pound powdered borax, two bottles lavender water, one bottle shoe dressing, one box ink-powder, one of elastic letter bands, one of mouth glue, two pounds thin note paper, envelopes half as many, one half dozen pencils, two small boxes pens.

This looks like an odd mixture but it is all wanted. The ammonia and borax are to soften the hard water on the Plains for washing hands, the permanganate of potash dissolved in water will soften the skin, heal eruptions and neutralize bad odors, which I grieve to say are too often found about the bedrooms of first-class hotels, or what pretend to be such. You cannot always get lemons, and a tiny chrystal of citric acid in a glass of water will give you a morning lemonade which will keep off the biliousness which steals over one in the long journey with its changes of water and food. Of course it is troublesome to take care of one's self, but it is also vexing to be left at the hotel with a tearing headache while all the rest are going up Cheyenne Canyon, or to find yourself half blind with malaria when you want to be enjoying yourself between the orange groves and drives at Los Angeles. Of all wretched things, to be sick on a pleasant journey is the most out of place and unhappy.

PAPER PLATES

An Innovation at Berlin that is to Become General.

The latest application of paper is the adoption of plates by some of the great restaurants and cafes in Berlin. The innovation was first introduced during the summer of last year by the adventurous landlord of a much frequented open-air restaurant. Every customer ordered bread and butter, rolls, cakes, buns, or similar articles, had them served to him on a little paper plate, made of light paper mache, adorned with a pretty border in relief, and having at the first glance a great similarity to porcelain. Guests, waiters and hosts were all pleased with the novelty. It saved the waiters many a deduction from their wages on account of breakages, which the very deftest and cleverest can scarcely avoid when he handles hundreds of pieces of crockery during a single afternoon and evening. The paper plates were so cheap that the landlord did not care to assert his ownership over them, and his customers were allowed to carry them away like the pretty serviettes of thin paper used in so many restaurants in Holland. There was also a considerable saving on the time lost and the chance of accident incurred in the cleansing of earthenware pottery. The success of the experiment has been so marked that the new species of plates is likely to be introduced into a great number of restaurants.

The salvia gives a good deal of brightness to a flower garden.

FEW ORATORS AT THE BAR.

A Judge Says it is Because too Many Young Lawyers Are Dudes.

Philadelpia Times.

"Hardly a young lawyer now cultivates the art of speaking to a court or jury," said a common pleas judge yesterday. "When Daniel Dougherty and one or two others shall be gone, there will be no lawyer to whom it will a pleasure to listen. Mr. Dougherty is, in fact, almost the only man in practice who has made oratory a study. In my youth Philadelphia lawyers were among the best forensic talkers of the day."

"How is the change to be accounted for?"

"In a degree to the fact that every lawyer now hands up an epitome of his argument in the shape of a paper book, to be read at the court's leisure, and so in part does away with the neccessity of being entertaining and impressive in his speech to the judges."

"But what about his speeches to juries?"

"Lawyers now are bad jury talkers, chiefly because they have deprived themselves of the best field for the cultivation of that branch of the art."

"What is the best field?"

"The court of quarter sessions, the court, in which we deal with crime, with liberty, with the hearts of men. There you may acquaint yourself with the intricacies of human nature and learn how best to persuade the soul. When I first came to the bar every lawyer appeared in the quarter sessions. I tell you I have heard some splendid speeches there. Now the sessions are left for the most part to men who would laugh at any exalted notion of the advocate's office as mere sentimentalism. There are some good men, however, who still go into the quarter sessions and they deserve all honor."

"Why do so many stay out of that court?"

"Because they are dudes. They don't wish to have anything to do with men charged with crime. A young man comes to the bar with the fixed and foolish resolution never to go into the sessions. He fancies that to break that resolution would be to lose caste. Some of these young dandies are the sons of men who did splendid work in the criminal court. These dudes will take a very shady civil cause, but they would starve to death rather than bury their false pride and go into the sessions. When I put one reason and the other together I think I see why oratory at the bar is becoming a memory only."

HIS WIFE'S MOTHER.

Poots has his own ideas about decorting his parlor. He insisted on hanging the motto "Touch not, taste not, handle not," immediately underneath the picture of his wife's mother.—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

A circus clown recently dropped dead in Ohio while getting off an old joke on his mother-in-law. Thus you see that a man always gets the worst of it when he didn't know the blamed thing was loaded.—Paris Beacon.

Bob Burdette has come to the defence of the mothers-in-law. This only goes to show what influence a man's wife's mother can exert over him, when one of them forces a paragrapher to defend his enemies.—Boston Times.

"The mother-in-law of the new Comptroller of the Currency has a place in his bureau." A good many other men would like to put their mothers-in-law in their bureaus or box them away somewhere.—Roxbury Advocate.

The Paris Beacon says: "It is a noticeable fact none but bald-headed men have ever had the courage to marry their mothers-in-law." It is somewhat singular, for most of them would never have been bald-headed but for having a mother-in-law.—Boston Times.

A CAVE HUNTER.

What a Western Editor Does When He Sees a Cyclone Coming.

Abe O. Welshons, editor of the Greenfield, (Ia.) review, but a native of Pennsylvania, was in the city a day or so ago visiting friends. "Pittsburgers know nothing about wind," he said, referring to a recent gust that had tangled up the telegraph wire hereabouts.

Everybody out our way has a cave on his premises. When they see a black cloud coming the whole family bundle into the cave, and then in an hour or so the old man comes out to see if the house is still standing. You have no idea of the terrible nature of these cyclones. The first thing you notice is a dense black cloud with ragged edges. Then the base of the cloud turns a greenish-yellow, and you hear an indescribable roar which grows louder until you can hear nothing else and the storm is upon you. Most of the houses are constructed of wood, many of them with substantial cellars. It's funny to see the mothers gathering up their children and hurrying them into the cellar or cave, but this precaution has saved many a life. I've hunted a cave more than once when I saw a black cloud and heard the storm coming and you don't stand on ceremony, either."—Pittsburg Dispatch

KISSING CASES.

The woman who is going on the stage must never object to taking a bus.—Boston Budget.

It is the custom among the French to kiss the forehead and not the lips. Not much fun courting in France.—Burlington Free Press.

A contemporary publishes an article headed "Stage Kisses Unpleasant." It does seem as though the jelting of the vehicle would be annoying.—Boston Post.

A contemporary in a half-column article discusses the question, "Why Do Women Laugh?" Well, many of them laugh because wise fools write half-column articles on such subjects.—Boston Star

A Brooklyn woman now in jail for bigamy used in writing to the tenth man she married addressed him as my 'own darling baby.' Great Scott! that's enough to give all of us the croup and cholera infantum.—Philadelphia News.

A contemporary publishes an article headed "Stage Kisses Unpleasant." It is not surprising to learn that if a stage kisses at all it kisses unpleasant. Is it anything like the kissing of billiard balls?—Boston Star.

A contemporary publishes an article headed "Stage Kisses Unpleasant." Reference is probably made to the celebrated Emma Abbott stage kiss. But "unpleasant" seems a mild word to use.—Philadelphia Call.

Potatoes as Food.

Popular Science Monthly.

As regards the nutritive value of the potato, it is well to understand that the common notion concerning its cheapness as an article of food is a fallacy. Taking Dr. Edward Smith's figures, 760 grains of carbon and 24 grains of nitrogen are contained in one pound of potatoes; 2½ pounds of potatoes are required to supply the amount of carbon contained in one pound of bread; and 3½ pounds of potatoes are necessary for supplying the nitrogen of one pound of bread.

With bread at 3 half pence per pound, potatoes should cost less than 1 half penny per pound, in order to be as cheap as bread for the hard working man, who requires an abundance of nitrogenous food.

My own observations in Ireland have fully convinced me of the wisdom of Wm. Cobbett's denunciation of the potato as a staple article of food. The bulk that has to be eaten, and is eaten, in order to sustain life, converts the potato-feeder into a mere assimilating machine during a large part of the day, and renders him unfit for any kind of vigorous mental or bodily labor.

If I were the autocratic Czar of Ireland, my first step toward the regeneration of the Irish people would be the introduction, acclimatising and dissemination of the Colorado beetle, in order to produce a complete and permanent potato famine.

The effect of potato-feeding may be studied by watching the work of a potato-fed Irish mower or reaper who comes across to work on an English farm where the harvest men are fed in the farmhouse, and where beer is not excessive. The improvement of his working powers after two or three weeks of English feeding is comparable to that of a horse when fed upon corn, beans and hay, after feeding for a year on grass only.

A Great Stone.

The largest artificial stone in the world is the one just finished and which is to form the foundation for Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island in New York Harbor. The stone is made of broken trap rock, sand, American and foreign cement mixed with water. Twenty thousand barrels of cement were used. The mixture for the stone was emptied into the "jacket" or mold, and then the surplus water squeezed out. The stone rapidly hardened, and will now bear one hundred tons to the square foot. It is only expected to bear up five tons to the square foot, but it will grow harder for the next two years. It has the color and grain of coarse gray sandstone. It is sunk fifteen feet below the floor of the front and rises thirty-seven feet above it, has a base ninety-one feet square, is sixty-seven feet square at the top, and is fifty-two feet and ten inches high. On top of this will be erected the granate pedestal from which is to tower in all its magnificent proportions the colossal work of the great French sculptor. The casting of this mammoth monolith evidences the extent of modern progress in a signal way, especially when we imagine how, by this concrete process, Cheops could have so much more easily molded his pyramid, and the Russian Emperor spared the great undertaking of removing to St. Petersburg the monster rock which supports the equestrian effigy of Peter the Great.

CHERUBS CHATTERS.

What does a baby say when it smiles for the first time at its mother? "I believe I know you."—Kentucky State Journal.

A certain cure for spring fever is to have a cross baby in the house. They will prevent everybody from becoming lazy.—Buffalo Express.

"Every man must sleep according to his temperament," says a prominent physician. That physician does not know much. Every man's sleep depends on the temperament of his baby, or the babies next door.—Philadelphia Call.

The New York Morning Journal says that a babe is the oasis of married life. There is nothing green about him, however, when he makes his father, in a ballet costume, walk up and down the room with him in the dead of Winter.—Boston Budget.

Mabel (married about three years and mother of two babies.)—Miss Blank, of New York, got the funniest wedding present from her father. It was a Texas ranch.

Pa (with whom she is visiting)—Well, I hope for old Mr. Blank's sake she will take the hint.

Mabel—The hint? What hint?

Pa—To keep her nursery in the middle of the ranch until her babies get old enough to sleep nights.—Philadelphia Call.

A Confederate Chaplain.

Arkansaw Traveler.

Among the first confederate troops that went out from Arkansaw was Parson Geesmore who enlisted as a chaplain. He was a devout christian, and his prayers were regarded by the men as utterances from a higher power. Just before the battle of Jenkins' Ferry, the old man in a sermon, said:

"My dear boys, I have decided to go into the next fight with you. I don't think that a man can properly preach about the evils and sensations of war unless he has experienced the feeling of going into battle. Now, the next fight in which we engage, shall have me numbered among its participants."

The old gentleman rode a large gray horse, and when preparations for the battle of Jenkins' Ferry were being made he appeared on his snowy charger. Some of the officers begged him to keep out of danger, but with an expression of heroism, he replied that he would engage in the battle. The first artillery fire from the enemy shot the horse from under the old gentleman, and by the time he settled himself on his feet, a bullet came along and took off one of his fingers. He attempted to be calm, but just then a ball carried away his right thumb, and wheeling around, the old man struck a determined trot for the rear.

"Hold on, parson!" called some one.

"Hold on, h—l!" he replied. "Ask a man to hold on, when the whole d—d universe is shooting at him. Take care of your body, and the Lord will take care of your soul."

Work Wins.

Work is the great panacea for many ills of mind and body. So don't be idle, dawdling away precious time, waiting for "something to turn up," or that "luck' which rarely makes the purse plethoric. Some philosopher has wisely said that the difficulty with most people is that they want to sit in the sunshine and have good fortune come tumbling down into their laps. Nature is an old dame, however, and does not even give half a loaf to a man who can do his own loafing. You must get your spindle and distaff ready, and then Providence will send you the flax to spin.

BABY BORN IN CAPTIVITY.

A Little Stranger Welcomed at Jefferson Market Prison—His Christening.

New York Journal.

"Like Barnum's baby elephant, he is the first one born in captivity; that is, the first in this prison. "The speaker was Keeper Van Holland, of Jefferson Market Prison, as he gazed admiringly at the pink face of an infant about ten hours old, which was peacefully slumbering in the arms of Messenger McEvoy.

"What is the baby's name?" was asked.

"Its mother's name is McCaffrey, and she has already christened the little one 'McEvoy McCloskey McCaffrey'."

"Why don't she give it a Christian name?"

"Oh, his mother says he can't have too many Mc's to his name."

Why she selected the above names was explained by the keeper, who said that Mrs. McCaffrey, who is a poor homeless woman, obtained shelter in the prison on Saturday night. Keeper McCloskey and Messenger McEvoy took a great interest in her. They procured the babe's first clothing, and vied with each other in their attentions both to the waif and its mother. When Mrs. McCaffrey learned who her friends were she determined to name the baby after both.

Many visitors to the court room and prison were taken charge of by McEvoy yesterday, who conducted them into the matron's room to show them "Little Mac," the Jefferson Market baby.

REMORSELESS REVENGE.

How a Politician Clipped the Wings of a Western Editor.

Western Politician—"Yes, sir; that paper has abused me terribly, but I have my revenge."

Friend—"Have you sued them?"

"Sued them? No, of course not. That would do no good."

"What have you done? Stopped the paper? Got an injunction?"

"No, I couldn't do that; but I've prevented it from coming out for one day, anyhow."

"You don't mean to say the paper won't be published to-day?"

"But I do."

"Good gracious! How do you manage it?"

"Stole the editor's shears."—Phila. Call.

The Language of Umbrellas.

There is a language of umbrellas as of flowers. For instance, put your umbrella in a rack, and it will indicate that it will change owners.

To open it quickly in the street means that somebody's eye is going to be put out; to shut it, that a hat or two is going to be knocked off.

An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courting.

When a man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings it indicates marriage.

To punch your umbrella into a person and then open it means "I dislike you."

To swing your umbrella over your head signifies "I am making a nuisance of myself."

To trail your umbrella along the footpath means that the man behind you is thirsting for your blood.

To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man that follows you.

To open an umbrella quickly, it is said will frighten a mad bull.

To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a silk one signifies "Exchange is no robbery."

To purchase an umbrella means "I am not smart, but honest."

To lend an umbrella indicates "I am a fool."

To return an umbrella means—well, never mind what it means, nobody ever does that.

To turn an umbrella in a gust of wind presages profanity.

To carry your umbrella in a case signifies it is a shabby one.

To carry an umbrella just high enough to tear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats, signfies "I am a woman."

To press an umbrella on your friend, saying: "Oh, do take it; I had much rather you would than not!" signifies lying.

To give a friend half of your umbrella means that both of you will get wet.

To carry it from home in the morning means "it will clear off."

PISO'S CURE will cure Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. 25 cents.

The portulacca makes a fine show. It must have plenty of sunshine.

A gentleman of Goodwater, Ala., writes: "My wife was down so long, I do not know what all she had taken. I had doctors attending her and they failed to relieve her; so I got a bottle of your Female Regulator, and she used it, and has been mending ever since. She can now go about the house and do her work, and we know it to be a very valuable medicine."

Treatise on the Health and Happiness of Woman mailed free.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Box 28, Atlanta, Ga.

Buckwheat furnishes honey of a more pronounced flavor than clover does.

Allen's Brain Food botanical extract strengthens the Brain, and positively cures Nervous Debility, Nervousness, Headache, unnatural losses, and all weakness of Generative system; it never fails. $1 pkg., 6 for $5.—At druggists or by mail from J. H. Allen, 315 First Ave., New York City.

One of the finest sweet corns for late summer fodder is Russell's prolific.

A CARD. To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D. New York

The Cuban queen watermelon succeeds in the South. It is very large.

In 1850 "Brown's Bronchial Troches" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

Inclose your currant bushes in a yard and turn in the poultry.

BOUNTY.

Thousands yet entitled. Send to us for blanks and instructions. Stoddart & Co, 413 G Street, Washington, D C.

Strong brine, made of common salt, is recommended for string halt.

Every nervous person should try Carter's Little NERVE Pills. They are made specially for nervous and dyspeptic men and women, and are just the medicine needed by all persons who, from any cause, do not sleep well, or who fail to get proper strength from their food. Cases of weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous and sick headache, &c., readily yield to the use of the Little Nerve Pills, particularly if combined with Carter's Little Liver Pills. In vials at 25 cents.

The Insurance "Argus," of Chicago, says: "One of the best of western insurance companies is the Burlington, of Burlington, Iowa. It is a credit to the State and to the business."

London is the centre of the wool trade of the world.

BUSINESS MEN,

wearied from the labors of the day, on going home, find that they cannot have the desired and necessary rest, for the little darling is still suffering, and slowly and pitifully wasting away by the drainage upon its system from the effects of teething. If they would only think to use Dr. Bigger's Southern Remedy, loss of sleep and bowel complaints would be unknown. This with a bottle of Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein, combining the stimulating expectorant principle of the sweet gum with the healing one of the mullein, for the cure of croup, whooping cough, colds and consumption, presents a little MEDICINE CHEST no household should be without for the speedy relief of sudden and dangerous attacks of the lungs and bowels.

A white robin was shot at Southampton, L. I., last week.

P. W. Geobel, druggist, of Louisburg, Kansas, says: "I have sold 'PRICKLY ASH BITTERS' for five years, and I have never handled a medicine which gave more universal satisfaction. It is fast becoming the family medicine of this section. I have warranted dozens of bottles and never had one returned.

We pity the child who lives on a farm without cherries and harvest apples.

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

The Dude's Lament.

I'm a Dude, Dandy Dude,
You can tell by the cut of my fashion
And my hair is not all there
For Carboline *was not* my passion.

"ROUGH ON ITCH" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Depression of Spirits and General Debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against Fever and Ague, and other Intermittent Fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from Fever or other sickness, it has no equa.

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney and Urinary Diseases. $1.

DR. JAQUES' GERMAN WORM CAKES never fail to destroy worms and remove them from the system.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SPRAINS and BRUISES are permanently relieved by Uncle Sam's Nerve and Bone Liniment. Sold by all druggists.

PURIFY THE BLOOD with Eilert's Daylight Liver Pills. They act directly on the Liver, Stomach and Bowels, being mild and cleansing but never griping or painful.

SAVE YOUR HARNESS—by oiling with Uncle Sam's Harness Oil, which will make it soft and pliable. This is the best oil ever made for leather. Sold by all harness makers.

DR. WINCHELL'S TEETHING SYRUP is just the medicine for mothers to have in the house for the children. It will cure coughs, colds, sore throat and regulate the bowels. Do not fail to give it a trial, you will be pleased with its charming effect. Sold by all druggists.

WHEN HORSES AND CATTLE are spiritless, scraggy and feeble, they need treatment with Uncle Sam's Condition Powder. It purifies the blood, improves the appetite, cures COLDS and DISTEMPERS, invigorates the system and will keep the animal in a healthy, handsome condition.

STOP THAT TERRIBLE COUGH.—Every case of consumption commences with a cough, occasioned by having taken cold, which if allowed to run its course will soon work its way into the air passages and then to the lungs, if not checked by some such valuable cough remedy as EILERT'S EXTRACT OF TAR AND WILD CHERRY, which is unrivalled for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Save dangerous spells of sickness and expensive Doctor's bills by taking this valuable medicine in season Ask your Druggist for it.

"ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it. Complete cure, hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM

Causes no Pain. Gives Relief at Once. Thorough Treatment will Cure. Not a Liquid or Snuff. Apply with Finger. Give it a Trial. 50 cts at Druggists. HAY-FEVER 50 cents by mail registered. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS. Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

CATARRH THIS REMEDY

was discovered by its present proprietors, and is the result of experiments, based upon many years experience as Pharmacists. It is different from other preparations used for these troubles; being harmless and agreeable; offering in those respects a marked contrast to the DANGEROUS AND HARMFUL LIQUIDS, SNUFFS AND CAUSTIC BLOWING POWDERS. Apply by the finger into the nostrils. Send for circular. 50 cts. at Druggists. HAY-FEVER 50 cents by mail registered. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

THE LIVER AND ITS FUNCTIONS.

It has become a well established fact that the larger portion of diseases to which the human family is subject arise in the first place from some derangement of the Liver. This organ is not only the largest, but at the same time one of the most important. The venous blood, on its return to the heart, passes through this organ, and in its passage the impurities, as also the secretions which are necessary for digestion as well as for a cathartic to assist in the removal of waste material &c. are eliminated. From this it is easily seen that the Liver is liable to get out of order to a greater or less extent, and when this occurs it is impossible for it to properly fulfil its office of removing all objectionable matter from the blood, but allows it to pass through, carrying with it the poisons of which it should have been relieved. With impure blood the whole system becomes affected, and no organ can properly perform its function unless it is supplied with PURE BLOOD to maintain its strength. So the Liver becomes all important, and when one has the feeling of being continually tired, worn out, is constipated, with tendency to Piles, Headache, Sick Stomach, Sallow Complexion Eruptions of Skin, etc. they may be sure their Liver is out of order, and a remedy is required to assist nature in relieving itself of all accumulations, and restore it to its original Strength and Vigor. For all the complaints of this kind there is no medicine that equals

DR. R. F. SHERMAN'S PRICKLY ASH BITTERS.

The result of years of study, experiment and medical research and practice of Dr. R. F. SHERMAN, its originator, and, its success wherever used is sufficient guaranty for its merit. Drastic Purgatives and that class of remedies can have but one effect—that is by their violent action to derange and weaken the system. Prickly Ash Bitters acts directly on the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, & Bowels, in a mild yet effective manner, and is as pleasant to the taste as any cordial, and is as easily taken by children as adults.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS is a medicine of rare merit, and not an intoxicating beverage, and being purely vegetable in its composite can be used at all times with beneficial results. It is not claimed as a cure-all, but for derangements of the organs mentioned, it is a specific and as a BLOOD PURIFIER ranks above all other preparations. Ask your druggist for it, and give it a fair trial. If he has none on hand, ask that it be ordered for you.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS, ST. LOUIS AND KANSAS CITY, MO.

PATENTS! Thos. P. Simpson, Washington, D. C. No pay asked for patent until obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

AGENTS WANTED For the Best and Fastest Selling Pictorial Books & Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NAT. PUBLISHING CO., St. Louis, Mo.

LEARN Telegraphy or short-hand and type writing here. Situations furnished. Address Valentine Bros. Janesville, Wis.

CANCER A new treatment.—A positive cure.—Dr. W. C. Payne Marshalltown, Ia

ASTHMA Relieved immediately and cured by using CONE ASTHMA CONQUEROR. Price $3.00 per bottle or 3 bottles for $8.00 delivered. Address DR. C. MARKT, manager, HAMILTON, OHIO.

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

"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.

RUPTURE
Cured without Surgical Operation or detention from business at the Vienna Rupture Institute, St. Louis. This Institute is chartered by the State of Missouri. Dr. Smythe's book, containing likenesses of persons before and after cure, mailed for dime. Persons treated start home same day. Address Dr. F. T. SMYTHE, Pres. Vienna Institute 1105 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS

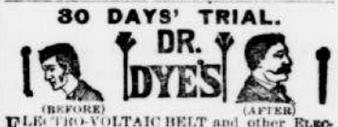
Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with Self-Adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free. EGGLESTON TRUSS CO., Chicago, Ill.

U.S. STANDARD. JONES OF BINGHAMTON

5 TON WAGON SCALES, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box, $60 and JONES he pays the freight—for free Price List mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N. Y.

FIELDS The greatest Powder in existence POWDER
An explosive for rifle and blasting use, as powerful and more satisfactory than dynamite and giant, and as safe as the old standard powders, as it can be exploded only by fire. Can be shipped in two parts, (neither of which can be exploded by a red hot iron), at merchandise rates and mixed at the place of use in strength desired for specific purpose. A saving of 100 per cent to users of powder. A little stock of the Company still for sale on terms favorable to investors. Send orders, or for circulars, to FIELDS POWDER CO. 517 1-2 Chestnut St., St. Louis Mo.

30 DAYS' TRIAL.



ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES are sent on 30 days' Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG or OLD, who are suffering from NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, LOST VITALITY, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all diseases of a kindred nature, resulting from whatever causes. Speedy relief and complete restoration to HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

To the Consumptive—Wilbor's Compound of COD-LIVER OIL AND LIME, without possessing the very nauseating flavor of the article as heretofore used, is endowed by the Phosphate of Lime with a healing property which renders the Oil doubly efficacious. Remarkable testimonials of its efficacy can be shown. Sold by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, and all druggists.

DR. FOOTE'S Original METHODS OF HOME CURE!
OLD SORES Made New without doctors, medicine or glasses
RUPTURE Cured without operation or uncomfortable truss.
PHIMOSIS Cured without cutting; painless, safe, sure.
NERVOUS Debility, etc.: causes and treatment. Five Dispensaries of 1111 beds. pamphlets so called "Incurable." 10c. each.
Address Dr. F. B. FOOTE, Box 788