TOO CONSIDERATE.

H. C. BUNNER.

I rowed her out on the broad bright sea,
Till the land lay purple upon our lee.

The heavens were trying the waves to outshine,
With never a cloud to the far sea line.

On the reefs the billows in kisses broke—
But, oh, I was dying for one small smoke.

She spoke of the gulls and the water green—
But what is Nature to Nicotine?

She spoke of the tides, and the Trinton Myth;
And said Jones was engaged to the blonde Miss Smith.

She spoke of her liking lemon on clams,
And Euclid and parallelograms.

For her face was fair and her eyes were brown
And she was a girl from Boston town.

And I rowed and thought—but I never said—
"Does Havana tobacco trouble your head?"

She talked of algæ, she talked of sand,
And I thought: "Tobacco you cannot stand!"

She talked of the ocean steamers' speed,
And I yearned for a whiff of the wicked weed.

And at last I spoke, between fright and fret:
"Would you mind if I smoke a cigarette?"

She dropped her eyes on the ocean's blue,
And said: "Would you mind if I smoked too?"
—Puck.

WASHINGTON'S KISS.

Still Lingering in the Memory of an Aged Woman.

"Speaking of aged people," remarked Mr. James Donnelly, the proprietor of the coal yard at Second avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-third street, yesterday afternoon, "why don't the Journal interview Mrs. Nancy Skidmore, the eldest woman in New York, if not in the world?"

The Journal reporter had never heard of Mrs. Skidmore, but expressed his willness to call upon the lady.

"All right, I will take you around to her house," said Donnelly.

Together the visitors proceeded up to One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street and walked east until the black waters of the Harlem river were in view.

"There is the house," said Mr. Donnelly, pointing to a three story wooden structure which had once been painted, but which is now worn and discolored by the storms and snows of many years. It is numbered 238 East One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street, and is owned by Mr. John Campbell, a great-grandson of Mrs. Skidmore, and who is the proprietor of a meat stand in Washington market.

The inevitable Harlem canary, in the shape of a well developed William goat, was calmly chewing a section of the picket fence when the reporter and Mr. Donnelly entered the yard. The goat stopped chewing and looked inquiringly at the visitors as if debating whether to charge upon them or not. The reporter threw William an empty tomato can, which decided him in favor of peace.

A small tow-headed girl opened the door in answer to the pull at the door-bell, and the reporter inquired: "Can I see Mrs. Skidmore?"

"My great-great-grandmother is not very well, but I guess I she will see you," was the reply, as the tow-head and a glimpse of red stocking dashed up the stairs. Mr. Donnelly and the reporter seated themselves in the little parlor to await the appearance of the female centenarian. A faltering step was heard coming down the stairs, and the tow-headed girl opened the parlor door and said: "Here's the gentlemen, grandmother."

"Howdy do, gentlemen," squeaked the lady in a piping voice, as she sank into a big arm-chair. Mrs. Skidmore certainly appeared to be over a century old. Her form was as thin as a match and the bones could be seen sticking through the skin of her arms. Her face was the color of parchment and she resembled closely an Egyptian mummy which the reporter had seen in the Eden Musee.

"Fetch me the invigorator, Jennie," she continued, and the girl brought a quart flask, from which the old lady emptied something into a glass and drank it quickly. It smelled like whisky and the reporter asked:

"Do you ever use liquor, Mrs. Skidmore?"

The latter smacked her lips and replied:

"Ever since I was seventeen years old, my dear. I drink about a quart of strong whisky every day and Dr. Blagdon of Harlem says it's the only thing that keeps me alive."

"How old are you?" asked the reporter.

"I was born in 1764," replied Mrs. Skidmore. "That will make me 120 years old on the 30th of next December."

Seeing an expression of incredulity on her visitors' faces she cried sharply, "Bring me the Bible, Jennie." On examining the ancient relic the following inscription, blurred and faint with age, could be dimly distinguished: "Nancy Nevers, born December 30 1764."

"That's it," exclaimed the old lady, triumphantly. "It's in the Bible and that settles it. I was born in this city on what is called Ann street, near where the site of the Postoffice now is. That was considered out in the country then, and I remember young David Barker, who was my first husband, had to leave my house every night soon after midnight to get down town to work in the morning. That's when he was courting me," and Mrs. Skidmore smiled at the recollection. Then she called for the flask, and after an interval, resumed:

"I was married five times. My last husband, Adolphus Skidmore, who commanded the Skidmore Guards, died when I was ninety-six years old. I don't expect to marry again, as I promised him not to."

The old lady sighed as if regretting her promise, and then remarked blithely:

"What a handsome man General Washinton was! I remember him delivering his Farewell Address to the army on Battery Green. How grand and noble he looked! And when he bent down and kissed me, how happy I felt! Poor Mr. Nichols, who was then my third husband, was real jealous about it. But come and see my collection of curiosities," said Mrs. Skidmore.

She conducted the visitors to a bedroom upstairs, where gifts from every President from Washington to Arthur were displayed upon the large mantel. Washington had given her a cuff-button which has since turned a greenish color, but Mrs. Skidmore insists that it is real gold; John Quincy Adams presented her with one of his back teeth which he had broken off while eating a railroad sandwich. From Lincoln she had a pretty silk handkerchief. Ex-President Grant had sent her an empty cigar box, R. B. Hayes a bottle of cold water and an essay on "How to live on fourteen cents a day," and President Arthur had given her a pair of his gaiters, which are somewhat badly used.

"I used to get up before breakfast and walk out to Fordham every morning for an appetite," said Mrs. Skidmore "but a year ago, while attending the picnic of the Alderman Duffy association in Jones's wood, I fell off the dancing platform and hurt my feet. Since then I don't walk much."

"Do you smoke?" asked Mr. Donnelly.

"Yes, I have smoked ever since I was twenty-three, sometimes a pound of tobacco a day. I become nervous some nights and go out on the balcony at midnight and smoke until dawn. H[illegible] pipe I've used for fifty-five years."

The reporter took it in his hand. But it was so strong that he couldn't hold it, and Mrs. Skidmore tied it to the bedpost.

The lively old lady accompanied her visitors to the door and as they were departing she cried:

"The girls didn't eat ice-cream or wear Mother Hubbards when I was a girl." Then she threw a brick at the goat and returned to the house. N. Y. Morning Journal.

A COMBAT ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

How Two Prospectors Fought Fierce Foes Far Up on the Roof of the World.

Salt Lake Tribune.

Charles F. Blackburn, a famous prospector, who, incidentally in his travels among the Rockies, has killed forty-three full-grown bears, furnishes the Tribune with the following narrative: We were on a prospecting tour. "Ranger Hank" (Hank Wormwood), a Texas ranger, and myself left camp one morning just at daybreak. We were out to examine the country for quartz lodes above timber line. It was during August. We reached the snow by 10 o'clock. We were bound for that famous peak known as the "Russian Crown." The Crown is the highest mountain between Clark's Fork and the Yellowstone river. We reached the summit at 2 o'clock. It was a tiresome journey; still, we never regret climbing such mountains. The Russian Crown is nearly 14,000 feet high. I will not attempt a description of the scenery, but tell about the bear.

While looking carefully over the snow fields we discovered eighteen full-grown bears and ten cubs. Leveling the telescope on them we could see the monsters in all their glory, lying lazily around in the snow, some asleep, some playing and some feeding on grasshoppers; these insects flying over the range get chilled when near the snow and those that fall on the snow fields never get away. All of the bears except two were several miles from us. Nearly a mile down the slope, on the mountain that we were on, we observed two large bears and resolved on attacking them. Looking at them through the glass we soon found that they had no knowledge of our presence. We came within a hundred yards of them and then standing, we both shouted—to rouse the bears. The grizzly observed us first (the other was a cinnamon.) Immediately after seeing us the grizzly jumped up from the snow and came charging—growling at every step.

Hank had a Sharp's rifle and a good six-shooter; I had a Winchester and a full belt of cartridges. We let the bear come within fifty paces; he commenced snorting and began to show his teeth; his long shaggy hair began to stand up, and he was a mad grizzly. We felt safe and kept cool; having good breech-loaders, we were brave. Bruin was brave, too; he came right along, evidently bent on having a square meal from an individual of the genus homo. We let Mr. Grizzly come within thirty paces and now he began to loom up like a Mississippi steamboat. Hank says: "Let me crease him?" I said: "Give it to him!" Hank shot bruin through the top of the neck, he was not hurt, but he growled loud with rage. We both opened fire and the bear would fall at every shot. Seeing that the other bear had started for us I took careful aim at the grizzly's head and fired, killing him instantly, he went rolling down the snowy slope and did not stop until he had rolled out on the ice of a frozen lake 2,000 feet below.

As the dead grizzly rolled away the live cinnamon moved bravely up. When within a hundred yards we commenced on him. We could not shoot fast enough. The bear was soon between us and it was dangerous to shoot at all. In less than two seconds the bear made for Ranger Hank, knocking him down and instantly jumping on him. Hank lost his rifle, but made good use of his revolver, shooting the bear in the mouth and brain, killing bruin instantly. The bear dropped and, being squarely over Hank mashed him deep in the snow. It was not long until I rolled the bear off Ranger Hank, and Mr. Bear went tumbling down the snowy slope, landing alongside the grizzly on the frozen lake. Hank and I concluded to kill no more bears that day.

FAMILY FACES.

Wading Through Twenty-nine Pages of Family Likenesses.

R. J. Burdette.

Oh, yes, I said, I always enjoy looking at photographs. Photographs and autographs I just dote on. I had myself, a large collection of the autographs of eminent tradesmen, mostly local, to which I was daily adding, paydayly that was.

She was a serious sort of a woman, Mrs. Squaretop, and never smiled at my feeble joke as she handed me the album to look over until her husband came in from the field. I had just engaged summer board.

I am a man accustomed to family photograph albums. You can't fool me on them. I have sat up with them from Halifax to Denver, and I know them by name and sight. Pa and ma and that's grandpa and that's grandma and here's uncle George, and this is an aunt of pa's, she's very wealthy and has no children and pa is her favorite nephew; and this is a young lady I went to school with, and this is his brother Henry, and this is cousin Sue, and this is aunt Hattie's baby, and this is a young man Henry went to school with, and—do you know who this is? Ah, you, now I won't listen to another word. It ain't a bit like me, anyhow; it's a horrid, and this is pa's clerk, and this is—te, he, he—a young man—no, I won't tell you his name; he lives in Kickapoo, and this is—oh my son, you can't stand me on photograph albums. I know just where the family ends and the strangers file in.

So I praised everybody's ugly, flat expressionless, startling, stupid mug in Mrs. Squaretop's album, and I hit everything all right on the first and second quarter and was coming along splendidly, and drew up on the strangers just in sight of the distance pole, and I usually feel a little tired then and rest myself on the strangers.

"And who," I said airily, "is the placid old female who had her face ironed out while it was hot?"

"That was Mr. Squaretop's mother," Mrs. Squaretop said half smiling, and I felt elated. Evidently the old lady was not so placid as she looked.

"And old 'before taking'" I said; "this forlorn old ghost just disappearing into his shady collar?"

That was Mrs. Squaretop's uncle, a grand old man, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. That is he would have signed it, she exclaimed, only the soliciting committee got all the signatures they wanted just before they got to him. I had struck a snag, but not a bad one. The uncle was out of place, anyhow. He ought to be dun down. I laughed and said:

"This only boy who has just been blown up in a powder mill—did his friends know that he contemplated this photograph?"

That was her father's cousin, who was very dear to her. It has always been considered by good judges an excellent picture. She said it again, and left out the good and placed the emphasis on plain, unadorned judges. Somehow I wished she wouldn't.

I next found a "pirate stricken with remorse," which proved to be her half-brother, whom she loved more dearly than any of her own brothers; and then I tried to even up by praising the angelic face for a man to love; there was a countenance to shine in a man's home and his heart like sunshine—ah-h!

It was Mr. Squaretop's first wife.

Then I went at it again and tried to check the falling thermometer by saying that the imbecile with the curly hair would look less like an ass if he had simply had his hat photographed, as that was evidently what he had borrowed that silk tile for, but as the imbecile was Mr. Squaretop's dearest cousin it was a failure, and I settled down for a final effort on "the squab with the snub nose," and wondered if he had as many brains as he had buttons and freckles, adding that it was marvelous how awfully black red hair always took in a photograph. It was Mrs. Squaretop's eldest son, now at West Point, and I was greatly relieved by the opportune entrance of Mr. Squaretop, Sr., at that moment. He bowed, and I waited for an introduction. got it.

"This was Mr.—an—," she said.

"Featherly," I said, bowing.

"Leatherhead," she accepted sweetly; "he came to look at two rooms in the south wing, but I think they will hardly suit him. They are scarcely airy enough."

I didn't want them to think I was running away or was frightened, and so I sauntered down the road after I said good-by with slow motions, but taking awful strides. So I wasn't 500 yards down the road before Mr. Squaretop emerged over the orchard fence, calling on me to stop a minute. He might as well asked me to stop a whole week. A man clad in the habiliments of a plow boy is not arrayed for a foot-race, and before I was quite across the county line he had given up the chase.

I still retained unimpaired my excellent voice for photograph albums, but I have no patience with people who scatter their relatives all the way through them. What shall it profit a visitor if he vade safely and gracefully through twenty-nine pages and then flounder in 130 fathoms on a first cousin or an only son?

Cheap Son-in-Law.

"I must not be put off this way," said young Spandling to Judge Pottsmore. "I love your daughter. It is all very well, judge, for you take a practical view of the matter, but, sir, when two hearts yearn toward each other, why sir, it is time for all foolish opposition to cease."

"Then, if I understand the situation, you love Pauline?"

"I do. I love her for her worth."

"That's what I thought, but how much do you think she is worth?"

"You do not understand me. Your views are sordid. Your are placing upon my affections a financial valuation."

"Not at all, for your affections are worth nothing financially."

"Judge, you are cruel. Say that you will consent?"

"No use to say it, for I don't."

"Is there no inducement?"

"None that I can see at the present writing."

"What shall I do?" sinking on the sofa.

"Better get up and stir around a little, I reckon. Exercise would help you."

"Oh, iron-clad fate!"

"Yes, and oh, galvanized destiny!"

"I thought, judge, that you had a spot of tenderness."

"I have; I've got the gout."

"What will Pauline say when she hears of your cruel decision?"

"She'll get over it. Her fate has been decided several times."

"What! you don't say that she has ever loved anyone else?"

"Well, I don't know. She has been very much concerned on several occasions. Wanted to marry young Spikenard some time ago and would have done so had it not been for iron-clad fate. He played with a horse out in the Indian territory and he now slumbers in the redman's soil."

"I know that she loves me, and I know that she is anxious to be my wife."

"No doubt, and I would consent but for the fact that I am hardly able to support you."

"Oh, be relieved. My father failed in the merchant-tailoring business, and I have clothes enough to last ten years. Besides that I have dyspepsia and eat nothing but oatmeal."

"How much oatmeal have you on hand?"

"My grand-father is a farmer. He supplies me."

"Well this puts a new phase on the matter. Clothes enough; oatmeal furnished. All right, sir, you may have her." Arkansaw Traveler.

How California got Her Name.

California in the sixteenth century was the general name applied to all the region northwest of Mexico. It was said to have originated in an old Spanish romance very popular in the time of Cortez, in which appeared a character called California, Queen of the Amazons. The Mexicans told the Spaniards that most of their gold and precious stones came from a country far to the northwest. Cortez therefore turned his attention in that direction, and sent out several expeditions to explore the Californias. All adventurers returned empty-handed from the very region where, three centuries after, the world was startled by the finding of a land of gold.

Fan scabbards are made of brocade or of satin delicately embroidered in fine vine design and are suspended by ribbon.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A Young Girl's Dementia—How it was Occasioned—Some New and Startling Truths.

The St. Louis express, on the New York Central road, was crowded one evening recently, when at one of the way stations, an elderly gentleman, accompanied by a young lady, entered the car and finally secured a seat. As the conductor approached the pair, the young lady arose, and in a pleading said:

"Please, sir, don't let him carry me to the asylum. I am not crazy; I am a little tired, but not mad. Won't you please have papa take me back home?"

The conductor, accustomed though he was to all phases of humanity, looked with astonishment at the pair as did the other passengers in their vicinity. A few words from the father, however, sufficed, and the conductor passed on while the young lady turned her face to the window. The writer chanced to be seated just behind the old gentleman and could not forego the desire to speak to him. With a sad face and a trembling voice the father said:

"My daughter has been attending the seminary in a distant town and was succeeding remarkably. Her natural qualities, together with a great ambition, placed her in the front ranks of the school, but she studied too closely, was not careful of her health, and her poor brain has been turned. I am taking her to a private asylum where we hope she will soon be better."

At the next station the old man and his daughter left the cars, but the incident, so suggestive of Shakspeare's Ophelia, awakened strange thoughts in the mind of the writer. It is an absolute fact that while the population of America increased thirty per cent. during the decade between 1870 and 1880 the insanity increase was over one hundred and thirty-five per cent for the same period. Travelers by rail, by boat, or in carriages in any part of the land see large and elaborate buildings, and inquire what they are?

Insane asylums!

Who builds them?

Each state; every county; hundreds of private individuals, and in all cases their capacity is taxed to the utmost.

Why?

Because men, in business and the professions, women, at home or in society, and children at school overtax their mental and nervous forces by work, care and worry. This brings about nervous disorders, indigestion and eventually mania.

It is not always trouble with the head that causes insanity. It far oftener arises from evils in other parts of the body. The nervous system determines the status of the brain. Any one who has periodic headaches; occasional dizziness; a dimness of vision; a ringing in the ears; a feverish head; frequent nausea or a sinking at the pit of the stomach, should take warning at once. The stomach and head are in direct sympathy and if one be impaired the other can never be in order. Acute dyspepsia causes more insane suicides than any other known agency and the man, woman or child whose stomach is deranged is not and cannot be safe from the coming on at any moment of mania in some one of its many terrible forms.

The value of moderation and the imperative necessity of care in keeping the stomach right must therefore be clear to all. The least appearance of indigestion, or mal-assimilation of food should be watched as carefully as the first approach of an invading army. Many means have been advocated for meeting such attacks, but all have heretofore been more or less defective. There can be little doubt, however, that for the purpose of regulating the stomach, toning it up to proper action, keeping its nerves in a normal condition and purifying the blood, Warner's Tippecanoe The Best, excels all ancient or recent discoveries. It is absolutely pure and vegetable; it is certain to add vigor to adults, while it cannot by any possibility injure even a child. The fact that it was used in the days of the famous Harrison family is proof positive of its merit as it has so thoroughly withstood the test of time. As a tonic and revivifier it is simply wonderful. It has relieved the agony of the stomach in thousands of cases; soothed the tired nerves; produced peaceful sleep and averted the coming on of a mania more to be dreaded than death itself.

DRESS FANCIES.

Broad-ribbed terry ribbons, in different shades and widths, are satin-faced on one side.

Printed delaines in exquisite shades are made up with shot silk and trimmed with cream lace.

The insteps of bed-room slippers are ornamented by inserting embroidery in diamond-shape into the kid or satin.

Tufted zephyrs are among the novelties in cotton goods. They are in black, in color or with tufts of color on a white ground.

Loops of ribbon are used profusely as the decorations of evening robes, some are so long as to extend down from tunic to the edge of the skirt.

Ball dresses of colored net are thickly covered with lozenges of small colored-glass beads, with a tinsel centre. The beads match the color of the net.

Diagonal tinsel braid, with lines of silver or gold alternating with those in black or any one of the new colors, are much used to trim costume of handsome woolen fabrics.

A new shoe is made of tan-colored glazed leather that will not draw the feet. It is neatly laced up in front, with ribbon to match, and is ornamented with a neatly-punched peak toe-cap.

An eccentric jacket consists of coarse brown Turkish bath toweling, trimmed with a full twine fringe and ornamented with large, brown wooden buttons cut out in the shape of dogs' heads.

Titan braid comes in various widths, from four to twenty lines of diamond relief, making the braid elastic. It is in black, seal brown, navy blue, myrtle and garnet and is used to trim suits of cheviot, serge and cloth.

String-colored elastic delaine, a new fabric, is so open as to resemble a canvas; it is very soft in texture and one pattern is ornamented with shaded roses and nasritiums in pale hues and delicate, indistinct leaves.

FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

We are giving away to each Subscriber of the SATURDAY SAYINGS an elegant lithograph picture, size 24x36 inches, of either of the candidates for President, to each party sending us 40 cents for the paper until after the November election. These pictures are practically as good as the Steel Engravings that cost $2 apiece, and when framed make as fine a showing as pictures that cost $10 in the stores. The SAYINGS is a bright, and sparkling paper and has met with a great and well merited success in its career. No political clap-trap can change its policy. It tells the facts that intelligent voters want to know. Address all orders to

THE SAYINGS CO.
513 Elm Street,
St. Louis, Mo.

There Shall be no Alps.

When Napoleon talked of invading Italy one of his officers said: "But, sire, remember the Alps." To an ordinary man these would have seemed simply insurmountable, but Napoleon responded eagerly: "There shall be no Alps." So the famous Simplon pass was made. Disease, like a mountain, stands in the way of fame, fortune and honor to many who by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" might be healed and so the mountain would disappear. It is specific for all blood, chronic lung and liver diseases, such as consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs), pimples, blotches, eruptions, tumors, swellings, fever-sores and kindred complaints.

A French writer estimates that the world contains 193,600 doctors, and there is not one of them can define what malaria is.

* * * * Pile tumors cured in ten days, rupture in four weeks. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The dwellings and farms of widows, minors, and spinsters are exempted from taxation in several States of the Mexican republic.

Despise Not the Day of Small Things.

Little things may help a man to rise—a bent pin in an easy chair for instance. Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are small things, pleasant to take, and they cure sick-headaches, relieve torpid livers and do wonders. Being purely vegetable they cannot harm any one. All druggists.

"But," said the serenaded man, "I must go out and make a speech. Something must be done to stop the playing of that band."

Springfield, Mass., April 10, 1883.
"For diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder, and urinary organs I received great benefit from HUNT'S (Kidney and Liver) REMEDY. I pronounce it the best."—H. W. Payne, Manufacturer of Trunks, Harnesses, etc., 447 Main Street.

What saves the virtues of many a woman is that protecting god, the impossible.

Cramped Financially,

Has no speedy relief, but cramped in the bowels has a sure one in the use of Dr. Biggers' Huckleberry Cordial, the GREAT SOUTHERN REMEDY for all bowel affections, and an undoubted boon to parents who have been spending sleepless nights in nursing the little one who had been gradually wasting away from the drainage upon its system from the effects of teething until given the Great Southern Remedy.
For sale by all druggists at 50 cents a bottle.

The Pompadour dressing slipper is made of either scarlet or blue morocco and ornamented with a band of patent leather.

HAY-FEVER. One and one-half bottles of Ely's Cream Balm effectually cured me of Hay Fever of ten years' standing; have had no trace of it for two years.—Albert A. Perry, Smithboro, N. Y.
Price 50 cents.

HAY-FEVER. I was severely afflicted with Hay-Fever for 25 years. I tried Ely's Cream Balm, and the effect was marvelous. It is a perfect cure.—Wm. T. Carr, Presbyterian Pastor, Elizabeth, N. J.
Price 50 cents.

The woman who throws herself at a man's head will soon find her place at his feet.

Father!!

Your poor wearied wife losing sleep night after night, nursing the little one suffering from that night fiend to children and horror to parents, CROUP, should have a bottle of Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein, an undoubted Croup preventive and cure for Coughs, Colds and Consumption.
Sold by all druggists at 25c. and $1.00 a bottle.

Very few people know what love is, and very few of those that do, tell of it.

YOUNG MEN—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

To a woman the romances she makes are more amusing than those she reads.

Something that will quiet the nerves, give strength to the body, induce refreshing sleep, improve the quality of the blood, and purify and brighten the complexion, is what many persons would be very glad to obtain. Carter's Iron Pills are made for exactly this class of troubles, and are remarkably successful in accomplishing the end desired, as named above. They are useful for both men and women. Sold by druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. See advertisement.

A woman and her servant, acting in accord, would outwit a dozen devils.

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

There is but one kind of love, but there are a thousand different copies of it.

When you visit or leave New York City, via Central depot, save Baggage Expressage and $3 Carriage Hire. Stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite said depot. Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars; $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

The lawyers of two Massachusetts towns are going to play a match game of base ball. The umpire will be fortunate if he survives.

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

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

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