YAWCOB STRAUSS.

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

I haf von funny leedle poy,
Vot gomes schust to my knee;
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue
As efer you did see.
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
In all parts off der house;
But vot of dot? he vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He got der measles und der mumbs,
Und everyding dot's oudt;
He stills mine glass off lager bier,
Puts schnuff indo mine kraut;
He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese—
Dot vas der roughest chouse;
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk can for a drum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo
To make der schticks to beat it mit—
Mine cracious, dot vas drue!
I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,
He kicks oup sooch a touse—
But nefer mind, der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dose:
Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cuts dot schmoodth place oudt
Vrom der hair upon mine hed?
Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der gilm I douse—
How can I all dose dings egsplain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

Some dimes I dink I shall go vild
Mit sooch a crazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I could have rest
Und peaceful dimes enjoy;
But ven he vas ashleep un ped,
Yoost like a leedle mouse,
I bray to God dake any ding,
But leave dot Yawcob Strauss.

THE RIVALS.

The twilight was descending, dark and chill; the lurid clouds which threatened a coming storm piled in sullen, ragged masses along the southern horizon, and still Eunice Layard sat on the old stone stile, patting her pretty foot on the rustling heap of dead leaves, while the fresh winds painted her cheeks of the softest damask pink, and the long, over drooping lashes hid the shining of her clear gray eye.

For it was the old, old story of our lifetimes over again—Love contending for its empire, while the little queen of hearts stood coquettishly by, and enjoyed the measuring of lances.

Mr. George Hardenbrook, with his hands in his pockets, and a rather unbecoming fur cap drawn down over his square forehead and shaggy eyebrows, certainly did not wear a very romantic exterior, but, then, does not the old proverb say: "Never judge by appearances!" while Mark Tyrrel, a straight, bright eyed young fellow, whose simple rustic attire had something of the picturesque in its style and arrangement, leaned against the trunk of a lifeless sugar maple, and watched Eunice's every movement, as if she were a precious, priceless, diamond, and he her guardian.

"I make no professions," said Mr. Hardenbrook, nodding his fur cap dogmatically; "but I'll be a good husband to you, Miss Eunice, and it is well known that the Hardenbrook farm is the best in the neighborhood, let alone the water privileges and the saw-mills. I ain't young, but then, again, I ain't old! My house was newly furnished last fall, and there ain't nothin' you'd a mind to ask for, Miss Eunice, that you couldn't have right straight off!"

"You're very kind," said the modern Helen of Troy, with a demure quiver of the long eyelashes.

And then she glanced toward Mark Tyrrel, as if mutely to question what he had to say for himself.

"I can offer no such brilliant inducements as Mr. Hardenbrook," said the young man, quietly, though as he stood there with folded arms, there was a slight accent of satire in the tones of his voice. "I am a self made man, and my fortunes remain yet to be achieved."

Eunice laughed.

"As if I were to be sold to the highest bidder," said she, haughtily.

"You are laboring under a mistake, Eunice," said Hardenbrook, eagerly; "I assure you we have no such idea. You see, I happened to meet Tyrrel, and it transpired where he was going, and so I told him honestly that I was bound in the same direction. So, says I, 'Let's go on and have it out like men,' and, says he, 'Agreed!' So here we are."

"He speaks truly, Miss Layard," assented Mark Tyrrel, as Eunice glanced inquiringly at him. "We did agree to lay our future at your feet, and abide the decision you were pleased to make."

"And," Eunice's eyes glittered scornfully again, "you expected me to choose a husband on the spot, as coolly as if I were selecting a new dress or a set of china."

"Well," said Hardenbrook, "a girl must choose some time, and I don't see why now isn't as good a time as any."

"I, at least, do not wish to hurry your choice," said Mark, quietly.

And Eunice looked a little vexed—she would, perhaps, have preferred somewhat more of a true lover like ardor.

"Gentlemen," she said, calmly, "I believe, according to the popular creed of the world, I have reason to feel very much obliged to you. But I shall take a week in which to consider what is best to do."

"Very well," said George Hardenbrook, complacently. "I ain't afraid of waiting. The more you think about the Hardenbrook farm, and the water privileges——"

"And the newly furnished house," broke in Eunice, laughing. "But it's getting cold, and I want to get home."

"May I have the pleasure——" began Mark, but Eunice shook her pretty little hooded head resolutely.

"No, you may not," she said, "I prefer to go home alone."

And she stood by her word.

"She is very willful," said Mr. Hardenbrook, discontentedly, as he watched the scarlet shawl disappear, a fluttering bit of color, down the chill autumnal pathway. "I shall break her of all that sort of thing."

"When you get her," said Tyrrel, dryly."

"Yes, of course, when I get her. It's very pretty and enticing, and all that sort of thing, in the girl you're making love to; but in a wife——"

"It will be time to talk about that when you have a wife," said Mark Tyrrel, and George felt a sort of uneasy consciousness that his rival was laughing at him.

The week of ordeal passed away, as all weeks will, of joyous holiday or burdened with the awful shadow of mourning. And Mark Tyrrel and Mr. Hardenbrook went down to farmer Layard's snug little red brick house to learn the story of their fate, on the evening of the second day from that on which Eunice had sat enthroned on the stone stile and received two offers of marriage at once.

Miss Layard, meanwhile, had not been idle. She made up her mind to marry the man who loved her the best.

"For if I should love, and have no equal meed of affection given me back," Eunice said, "my life would be simply a wreck. If I am loved—really, truly, and for myself, then,' and her violet gray eyes softened into velvet tenderness, "I would not envy the proudest lady in the land."

"But how are you going to decide the question?" said Mrs. Tarbox, her aunt, who "kept house" for farmer Layard, and did her very best to spoil Eunice every day of her genial life.

"Oh, I know how," said Eunice, calmly.

"And mayn't I know, too?"

"Of course you may, for I couldn't manage matters at all without you."

And then there was a regular council of war between these two designing females.

So when Messrs. Hardenbrook and Tyrrel arrived, Mrs. Tarbox received them with a great deal of politeness, and invited them to "stay and spend the evening."

"Mr. Layard'll be in directly," said Mrs. Tarbox, "and I know he'll be pleased to see you."

"Ahem!" said Mr. Hardenbrook pompously. "I—we, that is, called to see Miss Eunice."

"Oh—h—h!" cried Mrs. Tarbox. "Then you haven't heard?"

"Heard what?" demanded Mark and George at once, while Eunice, hiding behind the door in the next room, felt herself quiver all over lest Aunt Tarbox shouldn't have nerve enough to go satisfactorily through her part.

But Aunt Tarbox had more nerve than her niece gave her credit for, and went on admirably.

"Well, I declare," said this excellent lady, "I thought everybody knew by this time. News does travel so in this village."

"But," interposed Hardenbrook; nervously, "you haven't told us what it is."

"So I haven't," said Aunt Tarbox. "Then you didn't know that our Eunice was going to marry Squire Carpenter, down in Daleville."

"Squire Carpenter!" roared Mr. Hardenbrook, growing very red. "Who the —mischief is Squire Carpenter, of Daleville? I never heard of him."

"No, nor anybody else," thought Aunt Tarbox, secretly longing to burst out laughing, but she answered, calmly:

"Well, he's a rich gentleman, who,—"

"And Eunice has jilted me for him?" cried George, scarcely crediting the evidence of his own ears. "Me when the Hardenbrook farm and the saw-mills and everything else that belongs to the property might have been hers."

Mark Tyrrel stood quiet and silent, but through the friendly crack of the door Eunice could see how very pale his countenance had grown in the lamplight.

"Well," quoted Mr. Hardenbrook, still very much excited, "let her go, I never cared much about her—maybe it's just as well. There's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught out of it; eh, Tyrrel? Don't you think we've had a lucky escape from the flirting, good-for-nothing little——hey—hallo! what are you about?"

For Mr. Hardenbrook's flow of words was suddenly checked by a firm and uncompromising grasp of his jugular.

"Hold your scandalous tongue," enunciated Mark Tyrrel, indignantly. Miss Layard's name is far too precious to be taken into your insulting mouth. Let her marry whom she will, I shall always love and respect her, and I shall insist upon you doing at least the latter."

"I didn't mean anything," sullenly muttered Hardenbrook, as the young Hercules set him down with more emphasis than gentleness on the chair in the corner, "I wish you a good evening, Mrs. Tarbox."

And out he flounced, considering himself a very ill-used mortal.

Mark Tyrrel was about to follow his example, when the door suddenly opened and Eunice ran out with reddened cheeks and smiling lips.

"Mark—Mark—don't go yet!" she cried. "I want to tell you that——"

"That Squire Carpenter is all an invention," laughed Mrs Tarbox. "Eunice only wanted to find out which of you really loved her the best."

"Then, Eunice!" exclaimed the young man, with kindling eyes.

"Yes," said Eunice, quietly, "you may have me, if you will. Only," she added, laughing, "I'm sorry that Mr. Hardenbrook was so disturbed."

"I am not," said Mark.

Debility in Russia.

From a consular report recently published it seems that at the examination of recruits for the Russian army during 1882, of 1,000 candidates examined, 460 were rejected as being "too narrow-chested," 50 had pulmonary tuberculosis, and 10 "poverty of blood." Of the whole, 57.5 per cent were rejected for physical disability. It was found that over 50 per cent of the young men of St. Petersburg, between 20 and 22 years of age were "weak and sickly." Of the population of the city, 2,000 were affected with bodily infirmities, 771 were blind, 707 deaf or dumb or both, 188 without arms, and 282 without legs. Blindness was twice as common among women as men, but the latter showed a large proportion of cripples. Of the 771 blind, 134, and of the 707 deaf and dumb, 409, cases were congenital.

Paper Doors.

"Feel the weight of that door," said a builder to a reporter, who was looking at an unfinished apartment house up town The reporter prepared to lift what seemed a polished mahogany door, but it proved too light for any wood. "It is made of paper," said the builder, "and, while it costs about the same as wood, it is much better, because there is no shrinking, swelling, cracking, or warping. It is composed of two thick paper boards, stamped and moulded into panels and glued together with glue and potash, and then pulled through heavy rollers. It is first covered with a waterproof coating and then with a fireproof coating, and is painted and varnished and hung in the ordinay way. Few persons can detect that they are not made of wood, particularly when used as sliding doors."

A Clever Scheme.

Denver Opinion.

Said Jones: "We're going to run Blifkins for judge this fall."

Said Smith: "Blifkins! What does he know about law?"

"Nothing at all. He never saw a law book. That's the reason we are going to run him. We think that if he is ignorant of law we may get a little justice."

HE BETRAYED THE PRESIDENT.

Death of the Man Who Divulged Andrew Johnson's Secrets.

Nashville American.

Buck Lewis, janitor of the Meigs school, East Nashville, died at 7 o'clock after a brief illness. Lewis was at one time the body servant of Andrew Johnson when that distinguished Tennessean was president of the United States, and created a sensation in Washington by revealing the great commoner's private affairs to the president's enemies This was done while the impeachment trial was going on, became the ruling sensation of the hour and was a common theme for speculation during many months following. President Johnson discharged Lewis at that time and he came back to this city, where he has remained since.

Lewis has since frequently suffered great want, and told a friend that President Johnson's words, when he discharged him, had often come to his mind during his misfortunes. The words referred to by Lewis are these. "Take this $100 bill and go where you will. I trusted you, and you betrayed my confidence for less than I have often given you without asking. All I can say to you is that you will never suffer as much as you have caused me to suffer by your base treachery."

The person to whom Lewis told these words only a few weeks ago is Andrew D. Foster, one of the proprietors of the Maxwell house barber shop; who was for many years the body servant and valet of President Johnson, and to whom the great Tennessean was a benefactor up to the hour of his death.

Wood at a Depth of 1,700 Feet.

Winnemucca (Nev.) Silver State.

About two years ago the Central Pacific Railroad Company determined upon sinking an artesian well at White Plains, near the Desert Crystal Salt Works. This station is on what was known as "The Forty-mile Desert," between the sink of the Humbolt and the Truckee River. The surface of the country is covered with salt and alkali, which, in dry weather, makes it appear as if it was sprinkled with snow. There is no fresh water in the vicinity, though a short distance from the railroad there are springs from the water of which salt of the purest quality is manufactured. The railroad company employed W. C. Chapin, who had had much experience in boring wells in the oil regions in Pennsylvania, to superintend the sinking of the well at White Plains.

After nearly seventeen months of continuous work the drill has reached a depth of 2,100 feet and is passing through a stratum of rock, below which, it is believed, the desired fresh water will be found. If not, the work will probably be abandoned. The bore, which was at first eight inches, has been considerably lessened as the depth increased. Boiling water has been struck and salt water has been passed through, and still the 2,500-pound drill goes down in search of the much-wanted fresh stream. At the depth of 1,700 feet something very remarkable happened. The drill struck and passed through nine feet of solid wood. The singular point about it was that, although the wood had turned entirely black, owing to its long burial, it had not carbonized in the slightest, but could be whittled and broken like wood above ground. Its having turned black prevented Mr. Chapin from determining its kind, but he sent quite a number of pieces away to friends and has a few left. Much of the wood came up in pieces, but little of it pulverized under the action of the drill.

A Journey to the Sun.

As to the distance of ninety-three million miles, a cannon-ball would travel it in about fifteen years. It may help us to remember that at the speed attained by the limited express on our railroads a train which had left the sun for the earth when the Mayflower sailed from Delfhaven with the Pilgrim Fathers, and which ran at that rate day and night, would in 1884 still be a journey of some years away from its terrestrial station. The fare, at the customary rates, it map be remarked, would be rather over two million five hundred thousand dollars, so that it is clear that we should need both money and leisure for the journey.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of the sun's distance is given by expressing it in terms of what the physiologist would call velocity of nerve transmission. It has been found that sensation is not absolutely instantaneous, but that it occupies a very minute time in traveling along the nerves; so that if a child puts its finger into the candle, there is a certain almost inconceivably small space of time, say the one-hundredth part of a second, before he feels the heat. In case, then, a child's arm were long enough to touch the sun, it can be calculated from this known rate of transmission that the infant would have to live to be a man of over a hundred before it knew that its fingers were burned.

Minnesota's Forests.

The big woods of Minnesota cover 5,000 square miles or 3,200,000 acres of surface. The woods contain only hardwood growths, including white and black oak, maple, hickory, basswood, elm, cottonwood, tamarack, and enough other varieties to make an aggregate of over thirty different kinds. The hardwood tract extends in a belt across the middle of the State, and surrounding its northeastern corner in an immense pine region covering 21,000 square miles, or 13,440,000 square acres.

Prescriptions for General Debility.

"What's the matter, Auntie?" asked Officer Woods of an old colored woman in the Charities and Correction building yesterday. For answer she handed him a piece of paper on which was written: "The old woman is suffering from general debility."

"Well, what can we do for you?" the officer asked.

"Anything at all you can get for me I'll take, but I would prefer a little buckwheat and molasses."

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

Every man desires his own deeds emblazoned in long primer—his neighbors in diamond type.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is not only pleasant to take, but it is sure to cure.

The world is a great barber shop and every man waits his turn to be shaved.

Farmers and Stockmen.

The only remedy that readily cures Galls, Cuts and Wounds on horses and cattle, and always brings the hair in its original color, is Veterinary Carbolisalve.

In 50c and $1.00 cans, at druggists or by mail. J. W. COLE & CO., Black River Falls, Wis.

BAFFLED!

One of the Most Unaccountable and Dangerous of Recent Deceits Discovered and Exposed.

There is some mysterious trouble that is attacking nearly everyone in the land with more or less violence. It seems to steal into the body like a thief in the night. Doctors cannot diagnose it. Scientists are puzzled by its symptoms. It is, indeed, a modern mystery. Like those severe and vague maladies that attack horses and prostrate nearly all the animals in the land, this subtle trouble seems to menace mankind. Many of its victims have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A strange sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load upon the stomach; sometimes a faint all-gone sensation is felt at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy. The eyes grow sunken, the hands and feet feel clammy at one time and burn intensely at others. After a while a cough sets in, at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greyish colored expectoration. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. He becomes nervous, irritable, and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a peculiar whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become costive, and then, again, outflux intensely; the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood grows thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow; the urine is scanty and high-colored, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste; it is often attended with palpitation of the heart. The vision becomes impaired, with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of prostration and great weakness. Most of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population have this disorder in some of its varied forms, while medical men have almost wholly mistaken its nature. Some have treated it for one complaint, some for another, but nearly all have failed to reach the seat of the disorder. Indeed, many physicians are afflicted with it themselves. The experience of Dr. A. G. Richards, residing at No. 468 Tremont street, Boston, is thus described by himself:

"I had all those peculiar and painful symptoms which I have found afflicting so many of my patients, and which had so often baffled me. I knew all the commonly established remedies would be unavailing for I had tried them often in the past. I therefore determined to strike out in a new path. To my intense satisfaction I found that I was improving. The dull, stupid feeling departed and I began to enjoy life once more. My appetite returned. My sleep was refreshing. The color of my face which had been a sickly yellow gradually assumed the pink tinge of health. In the course of three weeks I felt like a new man and know that it was wholly owing to the wonderful efficiency of Warner's Tippecanoe The Best, which was all the medicine I took."

Doctors and scientists often exhaust their skill and the patient dies. They try everything that has been used by, or is known to, the profession, and then fail. Even if they save the life it is often after great and prolonged agony. Where all this can be avoided by precaution and care, how insane a thing it is to endure such suffering! With a pure and palatable preparation within reach, to neglect its use is simply inexcusable.

"Schooners" of beer sail the sea of trouble, and many a mariner is wrecked when "half seas over."

HAY-FEVER. After trying in vain for eleven years to cure my Hay-Fever, I purchased a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, which entirely relieved me.—R. W. Harris (letter-carrier), Newark, N. J.
Price—50 cents.
For twenty years I was a sufferer during the summer months with Hay-Fever. I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, and was cured by its use.—Charlotte Parker, Waverly, New York.

Men and horses differ. The latter is worthless unless he is broke, and the former is worthless if he is ditto.

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 think to use Dr. Biggers' Huckleberry Cordial, the GREAT SOUTHERN REMEDY, loss of sleep and bowel complaints would be unknown in that home.
For sale by all druggists at 50 cents a bottle.

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

The Old Grandmother,

When called to the bedside of the little one suffering with that night-fiend to children and horror to parents—CROUP—the old grandmother used to send for mullein, and make a tea and at once relieve it; made into tea now, and combined with sweet gum, it presents in Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein a pleasant and effective cure for Croup, Whooping-Cough, Colds and Consumption.
Sold by all druggists at 25c. and $1 a bottle.

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

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," so says an old adage, and so the proof of the value of a medicine is in the opinion of those who have used it. Thos. Bass, Sr., of Steelville, says: "I have used Prickly Ash Bitters in my family for two years for ailments of the kidneys, liver and bowels, and find there is no remedy equal to it."

Clothes don't always make the man—unless he sells them at a good profit.

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 political dance is not always a square dance.

When you visit or leave New York City, via Central depot, save Baggage Expressage and $3 Carriage Hire, and 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.

Many are comfortable when others are not.

These persons who do not need Iron, but who are troubled with Nervousness and Dyspepsia, will find in Carter's Little Nerve Pills a most desirable article. They are mostly used in combination with Carter's Little Liver Pills, and in this way often exert a most magical effect. Take just one pill of each kind immediately after eating, and you will be free from Indigestion and Dyspepsia. In vials at 25 cents. Sold by all Druggists.

Composed of genuine French Grape Brandy, Extract of Smart-Weed and Jamaica Ginger, with Camphor Water, Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed excels as a remedy for colic, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery or bloody-flux, or to break up colds, fevers or inflammatory attacks.

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.

"Isn't that Mrs. Holmes? I thought the doctors gave her up. She looks well now."

"She is well. After the doctors gave up her case she tried Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and began to get better right away. I heard her say not long ago, that she hadn't felt so well in twenty years. She does her own work and says that life seems worth living, at last. 'Why,' said she, 'I feel as if I had been raised from the dead, almost." Thus do thousands attest the marvelous efficacy of this God-given remedy for female weakness, prolapsus, ulceration, leucorrhœa, morning sickness, weakness of stomach, tendency to cancerous disease, nervous prostration, general debility and kindred affections.

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.

* * * * Delicate diseases of either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Book of particulars 9 cents, in stamps. Consultation free. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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.

"Rough on Tooth Ache." Ask for it. Instant relief, quick cure. 15c. Druggists.

Indian History.

The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing—the theme of the touching ballad—is gone; but the Petroleum they discovered (now made into Carboline, the natural Hair Restorer) will live forever.

"ROUGH ON PAIN" POROUS PLASTER, for Backache, Pains in the Chest, Rheumatism, 25c.

Pure Cod-Liver Oil made from selected livers, on the sea-shore, by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

Chapped Hands, Face, Pimples, and rough Skin, cured by using JUNIPER TAR SOAP, made by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York.

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence. $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 DENTIST" Tooth Powder, Fine, Smooth, Cleansing, Refreshing, Preservative, 15c.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.
Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.
Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify. It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the change of life. It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. For sale at druggists.

CATARRH
ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD, CATARRH, ROSE-COLD, HAY-FEVER, DEAFNESS, HEAD ACHE. PRICE 50 CENTS. ELY BRO'S, OWEGO, N.Y. U.S.A.
HAY-FEVER
50 cents at Druggists. 60 cents by mail. Sample bottle by mail 10c.
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

HAY-FEVER.
I have been a Hay-Fever sufferer three years; have often heard Ely's Cream Balm spoken of in the highest terms; did not take much stock in it because of the many quack medicines. A friend persuaded me to try the balm, and with the most wonderful success.—T. S. Geer, Syracuse, N. Y.
Cream Balm is a remedy founded on a correct diagnosis of this disease, and can be depended upon.

ROCKFORD WATCHES
Are unequalled in EXACTING SERVICE.
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