DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

English Farmers and Dairymen Experiment in Selling Their Products Directly to Consumers—"Booms" in Farming.

Selling Their Products.

London papers state that there is a revolt of English farmers against the exactions of middlemen. Several farmers in Kent county have taken to selling mutton directly to consumers instead of sheep to shippers or butchers. They seek regular customers in neighboring towns, to whom they deliver mutton on certain days in every week. Knowing in advance how much mutton they can dispose of in a certain time, they fatten their sheep so they will be in a condition to slaughter as they are wanted. They generally sell their mutton by the quarter or entire carcass. They do not attempt to supply chops and roasts to small families, and generally limit their trade to regular customers. Their best patrons are hotels and boarding-house-keepers and large private families. They learn to dress and cut up sheep with as much skill as butchers employ, and take the meat to their customers in covered carts. They cure and dry the pelts of the sheep, and when they have a hundred or more sell them to dealers. The tallow and coarse fat of the sheep after being rendered are put in barrels and sold to soap and candle makers. The hearts, feet, and entrails of the sheep are converted into fertilizers and used on the farms.

Several dairy farmers in Cheshire county have taken to selling their cheese directly to consumers, following substantially the same course that the Kent sheep-raisers do in regard to their mutton. They make small cheese that is adapted to the wants of families. They do not cut their cheese, but make them of the size desired. They make cheese of several varieties, so as to please the taste of their customers. They also keep a supply of cheese of different ages. They endeavor to ascertain the preference of each of their customers in relation to the flavor and richness of cheese and to suply exactly what is desired. It is their practice to visit the houses of their customers on one day in each week. Some cheese-makers have secured so many customers that the good-will of their trade is worth a considerable sum. The cheese-makers have made so much of a success in selling their products direct to consumers that butter-makers are now following their example. They take contracts for supplying hotels, restaurants, and private families with a certain number of pounds of butter each week, and deliver it in the kind of a package that is desired. They ascertain the wishes of their different customers in relation to the amount of salt they wish in their butter and endeavor to suit them in this manner.

This is but a return to the primitive methods of trade that were generally practiced before railways were introduced and "middlemen" became common. The plan of having producers dispose of their goods directly to consumers has many advantages. It saves the cost of transportation, handling, and changing ownership several times. It enables consumers to obtain articles in their best condition. It encourages honesty and fair dealing. A producer who sells articles of food directly to consumers will deliver nothing that is not good. His reputation and a continuance of his trade will depend on the quality of the articles he delivers. The responsibility can not be shifted on some unknown party as is often done when articles pass through several hands. A man who sells his products directly to the persons who are to use them will seek to obtain and to preserve a good reputasion in all respects. It will not be to his advantage to make false representations. He can not afford to acquire a bad name among his near neighbors with whom he expects to have dealings for many years. He will wish to build up a steady trade with regular customers by selling good articles at a fair price. It will not answer for him to resort to the means often employed by tradesmen to secure the trade of transient customers.

The farmers and dairymen of England have better opportunities for selling their products directly to consumers than the farmers in most parts of this country have. A much smaller proportion of the people there are engaged in any branch of husbandry. The towns are larger and nearer together, and the roads are better. To offset these advantages, however, the profits made in selling goods, especially articles of food, are much smaller than in this country. American farm products, it is said, are retailed in Great Britain at lower prices than they are in this country. Especially is this the case with salt meats, flour, beans, and meal. Many farmers living near large towns in this country have profited by selling vegetables, poultry, fruit, and eggs to consumers. They take their products to town at times when they wish to make purchases. As they have regular customers, it takes but little time to deliver the articles they bring. There is little doubt that the trade in cheese might be greatly increased in the country districts if the operators of factories would pursue the course that has recently been adopted in England. Many families who now rarely ever eat cheese would buy and consume those which weigh about ten pounds.

"Booms" in Farming.

In an article on general farm management in the Dominion of Canada, *The Globe*, of Toronto, makes some excellent suggestions that are valuable to the farmers in the United States. It says: In a country so well adapted to mixed farming as Ontario and much of Quebec the importance of utilizing the winter season to make the farm profitable is one of great practical importance. This is the more so now that the competition of India and the northwest has reduced the profits of wheat culture, while cattle raising does not afford the profits which a short time ago were to be obtained. Farming, like every other business in which the number of competitors is very large, fully meeting the demand under ordinary circumstances, is one of small profits, and to attain these not only physical activity and industry are required, but brains and mental aptitude. The "booms" which have been known to make farmers wealthy within a few years are things of the past; at any rate they are likely to be much rarer in the future than they were a generation ago, for the sources of supply of any of the great staples which this country produces are now so numerous, and the means of transportation so ample and so efficient that neither wars nor short crops in any particular country can do more than cause a slight rise in the price of commodities.

The time was when a European war, particularly if Russia were involved in it, would send grain up with a bound, and maintain the price until the restoration of peace. In recent years this has not been the effect. Russia and Turkey were recently in the throes of a great conflict, which closed the grain ports on the Black sea, but prices were not very perceptibly increased. Why? Because though Russia has increased her grain production, yet the proportion which her export forms to the total import of Britain has been reduced to very small proportions. Egypt, India, the United States, and the colonies are all now producing grain in abundance. A short crop in India or in the United States would of course affect prices; but not very greatly nor for any lengthened period, for the deficiency would promptly be met by an increased export from the other countries. The same thing holds in regard to cattle. Any one of the great sources of supply might be cut off, but with the continent of Europe, with Canada, the United States, La Plata, New Zealand, and Australia as sources from which to draw abundantly there would be but little room for extraordinarily high prices to obtain. Only in the event of Britain herself being involved in war with a great naval power, or taxed severely to defend her own coasts, could a repetition of the prices of the Crimean war period occur. Such a possibility appears remote indeed.

Of course there are little "booms" which bring fortunes to few. Fortunate and uncommon is the man who knows how to look for and prudently take advantage of these booms, and the common sense not to be misled by them. There is "hops," for instance. But hop-farming is the kind of farming to make a man's head bald from over-anxiety. Hops disappoint most people who look to them for sudden riches. Most people go into the business when prices are high, and are not ready for the market until the other swing of the pendulum is taking place; then, disgusted, they go out of the business, and the few who remain in are ready for the rise. A shrewd hop-grower will go into the business when prices are down, and out when they are up. When everyone becomes shrewd on this point, of course the rule will not apply.

Then there is cattle-breeding. Not everyone is adapted to it, nor possessed of sufficient capital. There have been fortunes for the few; the multitude don't touch it till the period of much profit is past. Horse-breeding has been "boomed" of late years. There is a change in it, however, to which foresighted breeders are adapting themselves. Making haste to get rich, however, usually ends in slow progress with most people; and even the sucessful few find that it has serious disadvantages. The man on the outlook for "catches" is very apt to neglect his general farming and lose about as much in consequence as he can gain by his speculating. Patience and perseverance in following the ordinary branches of farming pay best for the average man, and bring the most contentment. It is well, however, to keep one's "weather eye" open. Old saws have much in them, but many people make them a curse. This is one, for instance: "A rolling stone gathers no moss." That is perfectly true of the stone. It is well, however, for a man to roll a little. There is something in the paradox: "A setting hen never gets fat."

In these days of keen competition it does not do for a shrewd farmer to be oblivious to the changing demands of the market; to the new and promising openings of which he may take advantage. If over-sanguine and headlong plunges into new departures are to be greatly deprecated a little circumspection and foresight is commendable. Mixed farming as a rule pays. There is much in the little things on the farm. Fruit growing, with the varying supply and demand for various kinds of fruits, affords a profitable field for cautious enterprise. A man needs to know just about when to pause, however. Not a few Canadian farmers have made money out of beans, peas, and onions by carefully and quietly watching the market and its varying supply. Sorghum and its chief product, syrup, have been turned to profitable account by many. Poultry and the production of eggs should receive attention on every farm, and especially near cities the winter supply of fresh eggs, by special arrangement with hotel dealers, or private families, may be made a very profitable item in the income of the farmer.

The shipment of milk where railway facilities are good is, if cautiously pursued, a source of profit. Of course there are difficulties attending it, owing to the varying demand caused by changes of weather, but these fall more on the dealer than on the producer. The demand is steadily increasing, and with the increase the opportunities for farmers are increasing. Milk is shipped to Toronto from farms a hundred miles distant, and some of those farms, even in face of the competition of dairies in their neighborhood, find the business decidedly remunerative. The milk must, however, be good to insure success, and the dealer to whom the farmer ships trustworthy. Butter, carefully made and handled, is to many a farmer a very profitable article of winter production.

Choice butter sent to good hotels and private families in the cities commends a price more than commensurate with the extra care taken in its production. Thirty and even fifty cents per pound have been paid in winter in Toronto and Montreal for the choicest article. Of course, the number of people who will pay very high prices is very limited, but there are fastidious people with whom a good butter-maker will find it very profitable to establish a connection. Choice butter, sent directly to consumers or to particular dealers, however, always commands a good price. This might not be true were very many butter-makers to realize this fact, and govern themselves accordingly. But the wide-awake farmer can take advantage of the case as it stands. Many are the ways in which in winter, as well as in summer, the farm can be made to yield a good profit. Caution must be used, of course, in taking advantage of these ways. Everyone is not adapted to turning the market to very profitable account, however favorably he may be circumstanced. Common sense must accompany enterprise, and common sense can scarcely be called acquirement, though it is capable of some cultivation.

The foolish virgins who spend nine-tenths of their leisure time in learning to decorate china would do well to remember that the young man in search of a wife is more likely to tie to the girl who knows how to docorate her china with a good square meal, well cooked and daintily served.—*Somerville Journal.*

Elijah Younglood, a hunter, aged 65 years, in Coffee county, Ga., has captured 991 deer during his career, and wants to make the number 1,000 before he gives ——

Is Every Body Drunk?

Among the many stories Lincoln used to relate was the following: Trudging along a lonely road one morning on my way to the county seat, Judge —— overtook me with his wagon and invited me to a seat.

We had not gone far before the wagon began to wobble. Said I, "Judge, I think your coachman has taken a drop too much."

Putting his head out of the window, the judge shouted: "Why, you infernal scoundrel, you are drunk!"

Turning round with great gravity, the coachman said: "Be dad! butthat's the firs' rightful s'cision your Honor's giv'n 'n twel' mont!"

If people knew the facts they would be surprised to learn how many people reel in the streets who never "drink a drop." They are the victims of sleeplessness, of drowsy days, of apoplectic tendencies, whose blood is set on fire by uric acid. Some day they will reel no more—they will drop dead, just because they haven't the moral courage to defy useless professional attendance, and by use of the wonderful Warner's safe cure neutralize the uric acid in the system and thus get rid of the "drunkenness in the blood." The American Rural Home.

The Maverick Mystery.

It was the twenty-fourth of December, eight o'clock in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Maverick were in the sitting-room. Mr. Maverick was reading, or, rather he affected to do so; in order to express his dissatisfaction with the harangue which his wife had been engaged in delivering. Mrs. Maverick was an admirable woman, but she had a gentle persistency which, at times, seemed monotonous to the subjects of it—among which subjects her husband was naturally the most frequent. This couple lived in an ancient house on the outskirts of a venerable town in one of our oldest States. They got the house cheap, because it bore a bad name; that is, a former owner had hanged himself, under circumstances of peculiar horror, to the hook intended for the gas fixture in the ceiling of the front bed-room. The legend asserted that his spirit still pervaded the premises. Up to the present time, however nothing wholly inexplicable had occurred. Strange sounds had been heard; but such as rats, loose blinds, warped doors and meaning draughts might have sufficed to account for. Mrs Maverick had been less impressed by these phenomena than her husband, who was of a nervous and excitable organization, with a powerful imagination. He had latterly lapsed into a somewhat abnormal state, giving rise to anxiety in the breast of his spouse; and she was constantly urging upon him the expediency of taking medical advice. But Mr. Maverick, unfortunately, had conceived a mortal antipathy against anything in the shape of a doctor—an antipathy which may have had its source in the fact that his wife's uncle was a member of that profession, and had, many years before, administered an emetic to Mr. Maverick by mistake for a sleeping-potion. From that time, at any rate, Maverick had declared bloody vengeance against whatsoever representative of the faculty should darken his doors. It will readily be conceived, therefore, that Mrs. Maverick, who was really concerned about his condition, was at her wit's end how to proceed.

II.

Mr. Maverick, in a fit of nervous exasperation, slammed the book he had been reading down on the table. "Maria, let us have no more of this!" he exclaimed. "Once for all, I will not see a physician! and if you bring one into the house, I'll murder him!"

These fearful words had hardly left his mouth when there was a sound of a heavy fall in the room overhead. The globes of the chandelier jingled and the window panes rattled. Mr. Maverick sprang to his feet.

"Great Heavens! what was that?" he cried out.

Mrs. Maverick had not moved from her chair; but she looked up at him in a distressed way. "Oh, my poor dear," she murmured, "what is the matter?"

"That noise! Upstairs! Like a heavy body hurled to the floor! and there's no one in the house but ourselves and the cook—and she's down in the village.

"A noise, my dear?" faltered Mrs Maverick. "Was there a noise? Where? Where?"

Her husband slowly turned, and stared at her. The startled expression in his widely-opened eyes deepened into amazement, and finally darkened into something like terror.

"You didn't hear it, Maria?" he said below his breath. Are you mad, or am I? Why, the whole house trembled!"

"Are you sure you are not mistaken, John? I'm sure it was only nervousness," said his wife, anxously. "Oh, if you would only consult a physician!"

"Physician be ——!" began Mr. Maverick, excitedly; but he stopped short. "I have it!" he went on, in a changed tone. "The noise was in the front bed-room, where the old fellow hanged himself. And when the rope broke, he fell!"

"Surely, John, you don't place faith in all that gossip," protested Mrs. Maverick. You're not quite yourself, dear, that's all!"

Mr. Maverick made no verbal reply. He buttoned up his coat resolutely, stepped over to the old writing-table in the corner of the room, and took from one of its drawers a silver-plated Colt's revolver. Having satisfied himself that it was loaded, he lit a candle, and started for the door.

Mrs. Maverick, now seriously disturbed, tried to calm him in vain. At length, with a sigh for his obstinacy, she arose and followed him.

III.

There is no one here, said Mr. Maverick, after an exhaustive search of the front bed-room. "But there is that old hook he hanged himself from; and he fell right here."

"Do come down stairs again, John. I was sure you would find nothing. Think how often ——"

Her husband caught her arm. His lips were parted, and he was listening intently. "Steps!" he whispered. "Steps in the hall! Listen! there—now—steps!"

"I hear nothing!" said Mrs. Maverick, after a moment.

Mr. Maverick's teeth chattered; but he commanded himself by a strong effort. "If you hear nothing, Maria," he said, "it is the best evidence that this intruder is no flesh and blood, but a spectre. But, whatever he is, I will hunt him down if it takes all night."

"How can you hunt down a spectre? Don't be absurd, John, dear. You will only catch your death a-cold, trotting round these chilly entries and places."

"Don't attempt to restrain me, Maria," replied her husband, with a nervous shudder. "If I don't search out this mystery it may be the death of me!"

They went out in the hall. The candle threw a gleam along it, but its extremities were swathed in deep shadows. Mr. Maverick peered searchingly into this obscurity, and then, stealthily raising his finger, he pointed toward the thickest gloom.

"There it is!" he murmured, in a scarcely audible voice. "I saw it move! See—in a long gray dressing-gown—see! . . Ha! it's gone!"

"But surely, John, my eyes are as good as your, and rather better. If there were anything, why wouldn't it be visible to me as well as to you?"

"Heaven knows, Maria! but it is only some organizations that are susceptible to apparitions. I saw the figure move, and the gleam of its white face. But where can it have disappeared? Hark!"

A long, heavy sigh, as of a breathing heavily oppressed, was distinctly audible in the intense stillness. It seemed to come from close at hand, and yet it was impossible to fix the direction. Immediately following it, there was a creaking sound from the staircase behind

"I did hear a noise then," she whispered.

"He must have passed close by us and gone down," returned the husband. "I had a cold feeling, a moment ago, as from a draught of icy air. Come—let us follow it up."

They descended a an to the lower story; but everything there appeared exactly as when they had left it. The wind had now begun to arise, and, sweeping across the naked, white fields, whispered and muttered about the old house, as if it had some sad secret to communicate. The two hunters in this ghastly chase were now in the dining-room, a sombre apartment, with a portrait over the mantlepiece of an elderly man in a gray surtout. The frame of this portrait was fastened into the wall, and had occupied its present position since an unknown date. The original of the portrait was also unknown, but it was supposed the suicide of the legend. Mr. Maverick stood gazing up at it, as if expecting some sign of life in those dark, troubled features.

"The story is," he said, in the tremulous undertone which had come to be his manner of speech during the last half hour, "that, on the evening of his death, he went out to the barn to chop wood. While there, a messenger came to him from the village with the terrible news which——"

He stopped, and his wife and be stood staring into each other's eyes. From the direction of the barn came a dull, muffled sound, repeated regularly at short intervals.

"There he is now!" exclaimed Maverick, speaking with difficulty. "He's at work again, just as he was fifty years ago. What a fearful thing this is! Where is the lantern?"

"Don't go out, John! Oh, don't!" entreated his wife. "In your excited condition, and in this freezing air, it will kill you—I know it will!"

"I must go, Maria," he replied, with a sort of desperation, "To sit still and feel that you are haunted would be worse than death. So long as I am on its tracks I can bear it. You stay here; call me if you see or hear anything."

The lantern was procured, and Maverick set forth. He reached the barn, ploughing his way through the crisp snow, and found the door partly open. He threw it back and looked in. A pile of uncut logs lay at one side; the saw horse, with the saw leaning against it, stood near. The axe was nowhere to be seen, nor were there any trace of its having been recently used. After listening and looking for a few moments, he closed the door and fastened it, and turned again toward the house.

From where he now stood the windows of the dining room were visible, lighted up by the candle which he had left there. At one of the windows, outlined against the light behind, he saw the figure of his wife apparently looking out for him. But immediately afterward he saw, or thought he saw, the shape of a man moving to and fro in the room behind her. The shape approached her, and Maverick with a thrill of horror, recognized the same apparition whose vague contours he had beheld in the obscurity of the entry. Mrs. Maverick stirred uneasily, but did not look round, though the mysterious shape seemed to be close at her shoulder. With a cry of warning to her. Maverick leapt forward and ran toward the house. Instantly the figure shrank backward, and flitting across the room, vanished apparently in the direction of the fireplace. It was as if the portrait had come down from the frame during his absence, and had again retired to it.

He burst into the house and staggered into the dining room. His wife, turning from the window, met him with a questioning look, and with only so much discomposure as might naturally be excited by his own panic stricken aspect.

"Did you find anything, dear?" she asked.

"Good God, woman!" he gasped out, "do you mean to say you saw nothing—felt nothing?"

"What should I feel, John?" she demanded, in a troubled tone.

"It—the spectre—him!" cried Maverick, pointing at the portrait, which frowned back at them from its frame.

"No spectre has been in this room that I know of," returned Mrs. Maverick, in a quivering voice, while the tears sprung to her eyes. "Oh, my poor husband, what shall I do for you?"

V.

His agitation and the chill occasioned by his visit to the barn had put Maverick into such a state that he yielded at length to his wife's entreaties that he would take a hot bath and go to bed. The bath room was a narrow apartment off the upper entry, awkwardly arranged so that the only window was a narrow opening near the top of the partition between the bathroom and the front bedroom. As Maverick lay in the bath his back was toward this window. Mrs. Maverick was in the bedroom; he could hear her moving about there. But presently a faint sound, as of something gently and cautiously pressing against the partition, or slowly crushing against it, roused his attention, in an instant to the acutest pitch. With a sudden movement he turned his head and threw a swift glance at the window. It was enough! A strange, sombre face had been flattened against the pane, and had been watching him—who could tell how long? It vanished instantly like a shadow, and without a sound, but Maverick had seen it. He uttered a frantic cry, scrambled out of the bath, wrapped the heated blanket about him, and reeled into the bedroom. There sat Mrs. Maverick in her easy chair, seemingly just aroused from a doze. Evidently she was, as usual quite unconscious of anything unusual having happened. Maverick could not speak. He reached the bed and fell upon it in an almost fainting condition. He was but vaguely conscious that his wife was moving him into an easier position, and tucking warm wraps about him; then he smelt brandy, and, mechanically opening his lips, felt the fiery stuff trickle down his unaccustomed throat. He wondered where the brandy came from; and in the midst of his surmises fell asleep.

Suddenly, after how long an interval he knew not, he was broad awake, with a feeling that something was going to happen. He was lying on his back, with one arm outside the coverlid; the only light in the room came from the remains of a coal fire in the open grate. Awake though he was, Maverick did not fully open his eyes, or shift his position; he remained absolutely without motion, and with his eyelids down. But he could see that gray figure gliding stealthily across the room, and drawing nearer and nearer to him. The lower part of its face was muffled in some odd drapery; but the eyes were revealed, and they were fixed steadfastly on Maverick's countenance. What did the thing mean to do to him? Where was Mrs. Maverick? Maverick's limbs seemed bound with iron; he could not stir, nor utter any sound; but his whole body seemed to be made of eyes and ears. It was standing close beside him now, and extending its arm, it laid its cold fingers upon Maverick's wrist. The touch was as light as a feather, but Maverick felt it through every nerve of his organism. Then the cold fingers left his wrist, and crept slowly upward toward his throat. The sweat broke from his forehead, and his heart trembled and stood still. The next instant, with a low snarl of desperation, Maverick had sprung from the bed, and seized in a frantic grasp the burly figure of Dr. Tibbets, his wife's uncle.

VI.

"But what could I do, John dear?" pleaded Mrs. Maverick the next day, "if uncle hadn't fallen down upstairs all this wouldn't have happened; but as it was, I didn't dare tell you it was uncle, for fear you would do something violent. I had asked him to come here, without your knowing it, in order to form an opinion, if possible, as to your condition by feeling your pulse and examining you when you were asleep, or in any way unaware of his presence. But when you began hunting him in that wild way with a revolver, what could I do but try to persuade you that you were mistaken? And as for poor uncle, he was nearly scared to death; and if he hadn't been very kind; he would have run out of the house at once and left you to your fate."

"You nearly had me that time up in the hall," added Dr. Tibbets, chuckling. "You heard me breathing just inside the embrasure of the spare room door; and if that stair hadn't creaked, by the mercy of Providence, just then, and got you off the scent, I'd have been a dead man. Then the slamming of that old barn door gave me a chance to communicate with Maria; but—well, excuse me from passing such another night for anybody!"

"And what do you think is the matter with him?" asked Mrs. Maverick!"

"Lack of good ale and outdoor air—and doctors!" replied the old gentleman. "I tell you, Maverick, doctors are the best company going; and the only way to get along without them is to have one to dinner once a week."

"Well," said Maverick, "I'll begin with you at our Christmas dinner to day. After a ghost, even a doctor is a relief." Julian Hawthorne.

At the Gate.

Ah, love I see your boudoir light
Already shining like a star;
I had so much to tell to-night,
I wish our walk were twice as far!
The eyes that watch in skies above
Seem kindly smiling on us, love.

The latchet of the little gate
Lifts half reluctantly, as though
It knew what secret longings wait
Deep in my heart, some sign to show
That bids them fearlessly to rise
And seek an answer in your eyes.

And while unconsciously we stand
Together here, a moment's space,
The gentle pressure of your hand.
The shy expression on your face,
Comes like Love's messenger in quest
Of what so long ago you guessed.

Beneath the leafy vines the dew
Has lately kissed, a silver gleam
Of moonlight falling over you
Makes you the image of a dream
That comes forever in my sleep
As if a memory to keep.

A vision fair who never speaks;
But in the smile I always see
Steal softly o'er the rounded cheeks
There seems a message sent to me.
Be you its kind interpreter,
And whisper to me, love, of her.

For you, it is, when I am blind,
Of whom I dream; and now, awake,
Beloved, tell me I may find
It true when slumber's fetters break.
With but her smile take leave of me,
And I shall know its mystery!

—Times-Democrat.

Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain, has made a most brilliant debut. All druggists and dealers in medicines sell it at 25 cents a bottle.

Forgot Something After All.

Bloomsby, who is out on the road a great deal, is quite forgetful. When packing his valise to go away he is pretty apt to forget something whose loss sometimes causes him not only a little inconvenience. The last time he went out his wife told him to think of the articles he wished to take and then to tie strings around his fingers to represent each one. As fast as he put an article in his valise he could take off a string, so that if any strings were left he would know in time that he had forgotten something. He concluded to follow her advice, and the articles he wished to take and the strings on his fingers corresponded exactly.

"This time," he said, proudly, as he laid down his valise to go to breakfast, "I have the satisfaction of knowing that I haven't forgotten anything."

An hour later he was well on the way to Kankakee. Suddenly it struck him that he had forgotten something. He thought a moment and then groaned. He had neglected to bring his valise. San Franciscan.

"Speaking of coughing," says Mrs. Partington, "some will cough till their face gets black and blue and never think of buying a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup."

The throngs that overflow the sidewalks in Grand street, the displays of holiday goods in the windows and stalls, baskets and trays of the street venders filled with all sorts of novelties and Christmas goods, make up a scene that puts Donnybrook fairs and Oriental bazaars to shame.

PLAIN QUESTIONS FOR INVALIDS.—Have the routine medicines of the profession done you no good? Are you discouraged and miserable? If so, test the properties of the great Vegetable Specific, DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS, the finest invigorant, corrective and alterative that has ever seen the light, and you will find relief.

A second crop of ripe strawberries has just been exhausted in Grass Valley, Cal.

For over eight years I have suffered from Catarrh, which has effected my eyes and hearing; have employed many physicians without relief. I am now on my second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, and feel confident of a complete cure.—Mary C. Thompson, Cerro Gordo, Pratt Co., Ill.

There have been nineteen deaths from hydrophobia in London thus far this year.

"Rough on Catarrh."

Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure for most chronic cases, also unequaled as gargle for Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Foul Breath, &c.

Storm Signals.

As the coming of a great storm is heralded by the displaying of cautionary signals, so is the approach of that dread and fatal disease, Consumption of the Lungs, usually announced in advance by pimples, blotches, eruptions, ulcers, glandular swellings, and kindred outward manifestations of the internal blood poison, which, if not promptly expelled from the system, attacks the delicate tissues of the lungs, causing them to ulcerate and break down. Doctor Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the great remedy for this, as for all diseases having their origin in bad blood. It improves the appetite and digestion, increases nutrition and builds up the wasted system.

The man who raised the first American flag on California soil is now living in Ohio. His name is Jacob P. Leese.

If bilious, or suffering from impurity of blood, or weak lungs, and fear of consumption (scrofulous disease of the lung) take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," and it will cure you. By druggists.

A number of people in Ohio have been poisoned by drinking cider drawn from a barrel through a lead pipe.

Young or middle aged men, suffering from nervous delility or kindred affections, should address with 10 cents in stamps for large treatise, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo N. Y.

A dove recently flew into the police headquarters at Stockton, Cal., and is now a pet with the policemen.

Don't say there is no help for Catarrh, Hay Fever and Cold in the Head, since thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has entirely cured them. It supersedes the dangerous use of liquids and snuffs. It is easily applied with the finger and gives relief at once. Price 50 cents at druggists. 60 cents by mail. Send for circular. Ely Bros., Owego, N. Y.

A California man blasted a huge boulder a short time ago, and recovered $8,000 in gold from the debris.

"Rough on Pain."—Liquid.

"Rough on Pain" Liquid, 25c. Quick cure. Neuralgia, rheumatism, aches, pains, sprains, headache, cramps, colic. Rough on Pain Plaster, 15c.

The price of coral has advanced in consequence of the scanty harvest obtained in the Mediterranean.

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 glad to obtain. Carter's Iron Pills are made for exactly this class of troubles, and are remarkably successful in accomplishing the ends desired, as named above. They are useful for both men and women. Sold by druggists. Price, 50c. a box. See advertisement.

It is said to be almost impossible for Europeans to learn the language of the natives of Congoland.

Every one is perfectly satisfied who uses Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

A Virginia girl who advertised in a Dakota paper for a husband has received 119 letters in reply.

The bowels may be regulated, and the stomach strengthened, with Ayer's Pills.

A Cleveland paper says a large number of young men of that city paint and powder their faces.

PILES, Itching or Bleeding, relieved and permanently cured by Cole's Carbolisalve. Get the Genuine. 25 cents and 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. J. W. COLE & CO., Prop's, Black River Falls, Wis.

Two new planets, of the Ledge family, hitherto unknown, have been discovered in Scotland.

"Rough on Coughs"

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for coughs, colds, sore throat, hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

There are 3,100 saloons in San Francisco, which yield a yearly revenue to the city of $208,510.

Relief is immediate, and a cure sure. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. 50 cents.

The next governor of New Jersey will have the appointment of six supreme court judges.

Five dollars saved yearly in boots and shoes by using Lyon's Heel Stiffeners; costs only 25c.

There are 452 women editors in England—more than in all the rest of Europe combined.

Halford Sauce is capital for dyspeptics. Invaluable to all good cooks.

Mandalay, upon which the British lion rests its persuasive paw, has a population of 100,000.

A Pint of the Finest Ink for families or schools can be made from a 10c. package of Diamond Dyes. Try them. All druggists keep them. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample Card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2c. stamp.

Native Daughters of the Golden West is the name of a secret society in the Pacific states.

The Half was Never Told

of the wonderful powers and virtues of that best of all medicines, Kidney-Wort. It has been tried and proved. Its cures are numberless and the record of (supposed) incurable cases that have yielded to its influence, is astounding. If you have trouble with your Kidneys, Liver or Bowels, if you suffer from Constipation and Piles, if you are a victim of Rheumatism or Malaria, take Kidney-Wort. You will find it the remedy you need.

The latest list of American beetles describes 9,490 species on this continent alone.

I used part of two bottles of Ely's Cream Balm and can say I am entirely cured of catarrh.—Charles Biesel, Co. K., 17th Infantry, Fort Custer, M. T.

On Roberts Island, on the pacific coast, a 400-acre tract of peat is burning fiercely.

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

No greater nuisance could be found,
Than old man Brown; the country round,
All thought he'd leave these earthly scenes,
Till some one gave him Smith's Blue Beans.
They stirred his liver, removed the bile,
Now all the old man does is smile.

RED STAR COUGH CURE

TRADE MARK.

Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.

SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

For Pain

Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Many hospitals and curative institutions use only Red Star Cough Cure, for throat and lung troubles. It cures. Price twenty five cents. St. Jacobs Oil cures rheumatism.

"Hard-time parties" are a form of social diversion in Virginia City.

VINEGAR BITTERS

Vinegar Bitters, a purgative and tonic, purifies the blood, strengthens the liver and kidneys, and will restore health, however lost.

Vinegar Bitters is the best remedy discovered for promoting digestion, curing headache and increasing the vital powers.

Vinegar Bitters assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.

Vinegar Bitters is the great disease preventer, and stands at the head of all family remedies. No house should ever be without it.

Vinegar Bitters cures Malarial, Bilious and other fevers, diseases of the Heart, Liver and Kidneys, and a hundred other painful disorders.

Send for either of our valuable reference books for ladies, for farmers, for merchants, our Medical Treatise on Diseases, or our Catechism on Intemperance and Tobacco, which last should be in the hands of every child and youth in the country.

Any two of the above books mailed free on receipt of four cents for registration fees.

R.H. McDonald Drug Co., 532 Washington St., N.Y.

CANCER. A positive cure. No knife, No plaster. No pain. W. C. Payne, Marshalltown, Iowa.

WORK FOR ALL. $30 a week and expenses paid. Outfit worth $5 and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY Augusta, Maine.

TELEGRAPHY. Learn here and earn good pay. Situations furnished. Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

A Casket of Silver Ware Free

To any person who will show it to their neighbors, and take a few good orders. Give your nearest express and Post Office address. Address CONN. MANFG. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

DR. FOOTE, of 120 LEXINGTON AVE. NEW YORK, invites letters of CONSULTATION from sick folks of all sorts everywhere; sends good advice & valuable books free

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Business forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc., thoroughly taught by mail. Circulars free. BRYANT'S COLLEGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

WANTED An active Man or Woman in every county to sell our goods. Salary $75 per Month and expenses. Expenses in advance. Outfit and Particulars FREE. Standard Silver-ware Co. Boston, Mass.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.

6 CENTS For 51 New Chromo, Scrap and Gold Edged Cards. Rosex Card Works, Ivoryton, Conn.

200 New Scrap Pictures and Agent's Album of 49 Card Samples for 10c. Steam Card Works, Hartford, Conn.

SAMPLE BOOK containing 51 samples of New Cards for 6 cts. to pay FREE! postage. Centerbrook Card Co., Centerbrook, Conn.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.

The Old Doctor

NERVOUS DEBILITY MALE or FEMALE WEAKNESS AND DECAY.

A Life Experience. Remarkable and quick cures. Trial Packages. Send stamp for sealed particulars. Address Dr. WARD & CO. Louisiana, Mo.

ESTERBROOK STEEL PENS

Leading Nos.: 14, 048, 130, 135, 333, 161. For Sale by all Stationers.

THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., Works: Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

The BUYERS GUIDE is issued Sept. and March, each year. 256 pages, 8½ x 11½ inches, with over 3,500 illustrations—a whole Picture Gallery. GIVES Wholesale Prices direct to consumers on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These INVALUABLE BOOKS contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy FREE to any address upon receipt of 10 cts. to defray expense of mailing. Let us hear from you. Respectfully,

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. 227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

These Discs represent the opposite sides of DS

B. H. DOUGLASS & SONS' Capsicum Cough Drops

for Coughs, Colds and Sore Throats, an Alleviator of Consumption, and of great benefit in most cases of Dyspepsia. (BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.) They are the result of over forty years' experience in compounding COUGH REMEDIES. Retail price 15 cents per quarter pound. FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

THE Gold & Jewelled MEDAL Was awarded by the National Medical Association TO THE AUTHOR OF THE

SCIENCE OF LIFE

(who is the chief Consulting Physician of the Peabody Medical Institute)

It being the best Medical Treatise on Manhood, Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Man, the Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries resulting from indiscretions or excess in early life, which the author has proved may be alleviated and positively cured. It is a standard Medical Work on the above, and is a treasure to every young and middle-aged man. Warranted as represented or the money refunded in every instance; 300 pages; embossed muslin, full gilt; 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Price only $1, by mail, sealed, post-paid. Illustrative samples, 6 cents. Send now. This work is universally recommended by the press, clergy, parents and teachers, and every one of its more than a million readers. Every man, young or old, should read this book, and every sufferer should consult the author. "There is a balm in Gilead; there is a physician there." Address Dr. W. H. PARKER, 4 Bulfinch st., Boston, Mass.

Every child in every land is subject to

Oceanican (Cannibal).

Coughs, Croup and Whooping Cough. Which if not attended to in time will result in CONSUMPTION.

Take Taylor