

Mr. H. Carl, 139 Fourth Street, Troy, N. Y., says: "My daughter had a sprain of the ankle, St. Jacobs Oil cured her in a day or two. My son had rheumatism about nine years ago, St. Jacobs Oil cured him; he has not been affected since." Price Fifty cents.

The White Mountain Butterfly.
Mr. Samuel H. Scudder, the entomologist of Cambridge, and Mr. Edwin Faxon of Boston, who take great interest in the plants peculiar to Mount Washington, have been making their annual visit to that region. The former has been studying the growth and development of the White Mountain butterfly which is found only with a single exception, on Mount Washington, and there never below an elevation of 300 feet. It is closely allied to a butterfly found on the coast of Labrador, and it is supposed to have come down here in the great ice age in the glacial period, and when the climate changed and the snow-line retreated it was left on Mount Washington, where it has since existed. The only other place in which it is found is in Colorado on the summit of its higher mountains, and on none at an elevation less than 13,000 feet.

From Philadelphia, Pa., Mr. S. M. Cross, writes, briefly and pointedly, thus: "Your St. Jacobs Oil has cured me of neuralgia of the face and head." Price Fifty cents.

Paddy Williams, of Chester, Ga., drank a quart of whisky and saved his life after being bitten by a copperhead.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Pisco's Cure for Consumption.

A blacksnake 5 1/2 feet long was found in bed with the three children of Joseph Thompson at Rosemont, Mich.

Afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it, 5c.

Duluth has made up its mind to have 100,000 population before 1890.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

An Ohio tame crow has lived to pass his thirty-second birthday.

Those who are trying to break up the baneful habit of intemperance will experience great benefit from the use of Prickly Ash Bitters. Lightens the system, Ash Bitters will remedy the evil results and restore the brain, stomach and liver to healthy action, thereby strengthening the will power, thoroughly cleansing and toning up the system and remove every taint of disease. It is a purely medicinal and while pleasant to the taste, it cannot be used as a beverage by reason of its cathartic properties.



MERRELL'S FEMALE TONIC
Is prepared solely for the cure of complaints which women are so liable to. It gives tone and strength to the system, and restores the system to its normal condition. It is a purely medicinal and while pleasant to the taste, it cannot be used as a beverage by reason of its cathartic properties.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS
It is a purely vegetable preparation containing Prickly Ash Bark, Seneca, Mandrake, Buchu and other equally efficient ingredients. It has stood the test of years, and is the most reliable medicine for the cure of all the following diseases: BLOOD, LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, BOWELS, etc. It is a purely medicinal and while pleasant to the taste, it cannot be used as a beverage by reason of its cathartic properties.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS
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FOR ALL DISORDERS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. It is a purely medicinal and while pleasant to the taste, it cannot be used as a beverage by reason of its cathartic properties.

PACIFIC LIVER PILLS
CONSTRUCTION, INDISTINCT, DYSPEPSIA, PILES, SICK HEADACHE, LIVER COMPLAINTS, LOSS OF APPETITE, BILIOUSNESS, NERVOUSNESS, JAUNDICE, ETC. It is a purely medicinal and while pleasant to the taste, it cannot be used as a beverage by reason of its cathartic properties.

KRESS' FEVER TONIC
Is a sure and speedy cure in the most stubborn cases. It is a purely medicinal and while pleasant to the taste, it cannot be used as a beverage by reason of its cathartic properties.

KRESS' FEVER TONIC
How Ives Got His Start. That tremendous wealth often flows from the brain of a man who has a feverish brain. It is a purely medicinal and while pleasant to the taste, it cannot be used as a beverage by reason of its cathartic properties.

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THE GRANTS AT LONG BRANCH.

Their Cottage Noted for its Hospitality. Mrs. Fred Grant's Accomplishments.
A Long Branch correspondent of The Chicago Times writes: Mrs. Gen. Grant has a cottage at Long Branch, N. J., which is noted for its hospitality. Mrs. Grant is a woman of many accomplishments. She is a pianist, a singer, and a writer. Her cottage is a beautiful one, and she is a most hospitable hostess.

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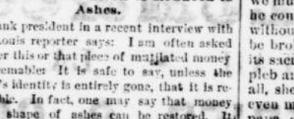
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THE AMBITIOUS MAIDEN.

"I like to see names fitted to their wearer," I replied, lightly.
"Or hear them," concluded Maudie, precisely. "Papa, what is this United States' like?"
"I could not tell you," replied papa, despondently. "But I am sorry that I concluded to sacrifice him. His peace of mind will be wrecked forever."
Papa left us at this juncture, and we had just time to brush up our toilets for the evening before dinner time.

Just as dusk the gentleman arrived with papa, and Maudie and I could not help but exchange congratulatory glances, for Mr. Weber was certainly an elegant and fascinating companion. He was hardly what could be called a handsome man. His form was good, his hair and mustache were certainly red, his eyes were blue, and his complexion was unadornedly white, yet his gentlemanly air and fine conversational powers would distinguish him in any society, and in that one evening in that little Roman theater he made himself so agreeable to Maud and I, that, after he had left us, we agreed that he was the most fascinating man we had ever met.

"He is ever so much homelier than papa," said Maud. "What is it that is so charming about him, Bel?"
"I think it is the fact that he has not met another man except these little oily Italians in weeks and weeks. We shall have to look out or we will be getting jealous of each other."

After this Mr. Weber called upon us very frequently, and together we four visited old-time prisons and modern St. Peter's, and papa collected many a relic from among the ruined edifices of ancient Rome, while Maudie, Mr. Weber and myself sat among the fallen though class stones of the city which had once ruled the world, and talked.

I never shall forget those conversations. Mr. Weber was the most entertaining man I ever met. We have traveled extensively, but he had seen more than we had ever dreamed.

"Eighteen were those bright hours beneath the blue Italian skies, but they were but the forerunners of the tragedy which darkened all our lives."

Will Weber had not been with us long before I knew that he was interested in either Maud or myself. I could tell it by the gleam in his eye when he joined us evenings—by his every action. I knew that in his breast an affection dwelt for one or the other of us two.

The first week of our acquaintance he brought letters of introduction from prominent men in America to papa, and we should understand that he was respectable in every way.

And this too strengthened the belief I had formed concerning him. But which was it?
Was it Maud? Was it myself? It was hard to tell, and yet when I remembered the glance I had met from those gray eyes my cheek burned, and I believed with joy that it was myself and no other.

What a genuine Egyptian mummy, and papa expended more toil and care upon him than he ever did upon any living person. He had dollars enough to have portioned off to his daughters.

And to crown all, he insisted upon our tolerating his unworldly presence; we must have an eye upon it constantly, he could not think of sending it home without going with it himself. It might be broken by careless expression, and its sacred dust be mingled with mere pleb an soil, and stronger reason than any superstitious fears which might trouble us, or any fanciful dreams which might be inspired by the constant association with a defunct dandy of three thousand years ago.

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But then we had long dwelt in close proximity to the east-of-bomb of giants and mastodons, and relics taken from the graves of druids, and Cleopatra, as we had named her, proved to be no intrusive companion after all; so we never thought of her unless it was when we were talking over our grievances and wishing that we might at least have one admirer apiece and be like other girls of our own age.

But we did not know—ah! how could we know?—that that girl wish was but the preface to a fate which either Maudie or myself would have laid down our life to have kept from the other.

Al! why need it have been! How sad to know that if even the strongest affection of woman be fully returned, that some underlying sorrow must accompany it to mar the happiness which would otherwise be perfect.

I do not think two sisters were ever dearer to each other than Maudie and myself.

Maud and Mable were our parents; she was 18, I was 20. We were both luminous, and looked so much alike that one was often mistaken for the other.

My own eyes told me that Maudie was pretty and bewitching, and I was ever pleased to be told that my sister resembled me greatly.

It was the very day after our little conversation in our room that papa came to our presence fidgeting about a purchase he had just made.

"I have secured all the old pictures and the plate belonging to the old Lorazzi palace," he said, breathlessly. "The palace has been shut up for years, and I made the best of my opportunity and bought up everything of value as soon as it was opened."

"But how did they come to open it?" I supposed it was nothing but a ruin," asked Maudie.

"It has just been purchased by a young American gentleman, who thinks the pictures are worthless because they have been mutilated somewhat, and that the plate is so old, and he may be right, but it is old, and the crest upon it would sell it in New York for ten times the price I paid for it."

"He must be a rarity—this American who believes anything which belongs to him is not simple pure perfection in its way."

"He is a very agreeable gentleman my dear," replied my father, smiling shyly. "I am coming this evening to attend the theater with you, so that you will have a chance to judge for yourselves."

"Oh, goodie," I cried, laughing. "One does get so tired of going about with only one's father for an attendant."

"I knew that news would please you, Bel," returned papa.

"Papa's young gentlemen have a pro- voking way of turning into middle-aged men who have just finished some piece of high-bred, warranted to be a thousand dollars' worth of dandy outfit of dandy clothes."

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"He is a very agreeable gentleman my dear," replied my father, smiling shyly. "I am coming this evening to attend the theater with you, so that you will have a chance to judge for yourselves."

Papa made an excuse. He could not be enticed away from his treasures to overlook empty rooms, and we then started out together.

"Do you ever intend to live here, Mr. Weber?" I asked by way of making talk.

"Um, no, I hardly think that I shall. That fancy passed away as the novelty of the place wore off. I hardly like the impression the place gives me."

"It seems rather gloomy," I replied. We passed from our apartment to another up, down, all over the moody old white marble palace, and at length we three paused in a little room with three of its sides composed of finely-sculptured marble columns connected with the most delicate lattice work.

"My lady's bower," cried Maud, gaily flitting about the room. "What a lovely place!"

Mr. Weber did not reply. I felt that his eyes were fixed upon my face. I turned away from him and was going over to Maud's side, when she exclaimed in a half-frigid voice:

"Oh, oh, Mr. Weber, look here. See what I have done."

Mr. Weber was at her side instantly, and after a momentary examination said:

"You have touched a spring to a secret drawer, Miss Maud, and been fortunate enough to discover what we have never seen before."

It was as he said. One of the white marble blocks had moved forward from its place in the side of the wall, and we saw that it was hollowed out into the resemblance of a drawer.

At first it seemed to be empty, but Mr. Weber's gray eyes had discovered something at the bottom.

"A ring," he cried, bringing forth a dusty circle of gold. "Worth more than all your father's collection too. A jewel unworn since the middle ages undoubtedly. See, Miss Mable, it has a setting too; just note the peculiar luster of the stone."

I glanced at the jewel which he had polished with his silk handkerchief, and its dull, unattractive gleam made me shudder. It reminded me of the light in the eye of a serpent.

"This jewel must have an owner," said Mr. Weber, looking straight at me. "But which of the two fair damsels shall it be?"

He held it up as he spoke and Maud blushed rose red.

Mr. Weber moved a little nearer toward me. It seemed as if I were to be his choice.

I turned quickly and ran out of the room and down the steps leading to the hall where papa was awaiting us. I did not tell him our discovery, but I could not help eagerly waiting for the appearance of Mr. Weber and my sister.

They came at last, and I saw that the ring encircled Maud's finger.

Mr. Weber began to relate the strange circumstances and Maud came straight to me.

"Bel, dear sister, coax papa to return at once. I do not feel right."

"Did he say anything?" I whispered.

"No, I'm provoked at him; nothing but I had a right to the ring as he discovered. Let's go, papa!" she continued, "I am tired."

I glanced at her face. It seemed as if some light in it were extinguished, and I hastened our departure.

Papa could talk of nothing but Maud's jewel all the way back to the hotel, and I think no one noticed but myself the death-like palor of her face.

"I am faint," she whispered, as we alighted at the ladies' entrance.

"Lean on me dear sister," I replied, throwing my arm about her.

She had entered our room, and I was removing her wraps when she staggered and fell headlong in a faint as I thought.

I hastily called papa, and Mr. Weber ran for a physician.

Maud could not be brought out of the strange state into which she had fallen, and it was with raptures that I welcomed the physician when at length he came.

He was an Englishman, and a well-learned man.

"I think she is dead," he said at once. "I shall see if I can do anything for her."

Every doctor in the ancient place was summoned, and no one of them, disagreed with the verdict of the first comer.



Smith's BILE BEANS purify the blood, by acting directly and promptly on the Liver, Skin and Bowels. They consist of a vegetable combination that will not injure the system. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and Dyspepsia, and are a safeguard against all forms of fevers, chills and fever, gall stones, liver and kidney disease. Send for sample package and test the TRUTH of what we say. Price, 25 cents per bottle, mailed to any address, postpaid. DORSEY BEAN, Sold by druggists, J. F. SMITH & CO., PROPRIETORS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

"Consumption can be Cured."
Dr. J. S. COMES Owensville, Ohio, says: "I have given SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites to four patients with long coughs that seemed hopeless with any remedy. All were hereditary cases of Lung disease, and advanced to that stage when Cough, pain in the chest, frequent breathing, frequent pulse, fever and Emaciation. All these cases have increased in weight from 16 to 28 lbs., and are not now needing any medicine."

Verdi and his wife are building a splendid hospital at Busseto which they will richly endow and give to the town.

PILES, itching or bleeding, relieved and permanently cured by Cole's Carbolic Salve. Get the Genuine, 50c and 50c at druggists or by mail, W. COLE & CO., Proprietors, Black River Falls, Wis.

Francis Murphy, the temperance advocate, has been assisting Mr. Moody at Northfield.

Now let me die.
With a little insignificant fodder plant doing more for the temperance cause than all the preaching, lecturing, and temperance societies in the country, and helping the women out of nervous exhaustion and the tired feeling quicker than any medicine ever found, and covering up the sins of husbands after due notice, and making the boys look as if they had been to Sunday school after a racket, what is there left for the reform agitator to live on? We don't wonder the Mexico is voted the inception of a new era. Everybody drinks it. It saves the poor fellow on the razor edge of the liquor appetite. That's credit enough.

A failure to vaccinate is punished at Phoenix, A. T., by \$300 fine or six months in jail.

All sufferers with such chronic ailments as liver disease, dyspepsia, blood diseases, cough, consumption (scrofula of the lungs), and kindred diseases should know that Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is their best friend in such deep affliction. It comes to soothe, alleviate and cure.

Hundreds of titled Europeans are looked to arrive in this country during the autumn.

Don't You Know
that you cannot afford to neglect that catarrh? Don't you know that it may lead to consumption, to insanity, to death? Don't you know that it can be easily cured? Don't you know that while the thousands and one nostrums you have tried have utterly failed, that the Catarrh Remedy is a certain cure? It has stood the test of years, and there are hundreds of thousands of grateful men and women in all parts of the country who can testify to its efficacy. All druggists.