I.

Plack, at morn, from its stem, a rose—
Sweet will it be when the day doth close;
Take from the sands a golden grain,—
A thousand times will it shine again.
Rose tints will it live in thy memory-hall;
The grain will the boundless sea recall.
If so little delight can bring,
Is man's love but perishing?

II.

Take from foam-white waves a shell;
Write therein a song of life;
Of man's bravery in the strife;
Woman's trust—engrave it well;
Cast it on the spray dashed beach;
Sea will speed it, yond thy reach;
But list at eve—the sounding waves
Will echo, softly, from their caves
This sweet song—believe it, then—
"True are women; true are men."

Mary Aristine Peck in the Utica Observer.

THE WISE SCHOOL TEACHER.

The bell rang out cheerily from the window of the little red school-house, and there was hurrying of childish feet from the green in front of the entrance, as the young teacher drew her hand in, and the clatter of the bell ceased.

"There, I told you so; I knew we'd got a new teacher before I saw her, 'cause Susie Mill's father is committee man, and she told me so yesterday. Miss Hurd is married, you know."

And little Nellie Ayers smoothed her white apron in a consequential way as she walked beside her playmate, Mattie Jones.

"What did you say, Nell?" asked a handsome but mischievous-looking boy of about 12 years, as he pulled Nellie's curls.

"Be still now, Frank Ayers, or I'll tell mother. We've got a new teacher. Mattie didn't believe it till she saw her. I hope she'll whip you every day, and make you behave yourself."

"Shol I guess it will take more'n a dozen like her to make me mind, Nell."

And with boyish gyrations he quickly reached the entrance, and peeped in at the teacher.

"Ting-a-ling," the bell sounded again from the desk, and the children entered quietly, all but Frank Ayers, who stood peeping in and making faces until they were all seated; and then, with a clownish gait, noisily followed.

The teacher waited until he took his seat, and then, after reading the Bible and prayer, she went around with a book and pencil, to learn the names of her scholars, when her attention was called by a small, upraised hand.

"What do you wish?" she asked.

"Frank Ayers says he shan't mind no dough-head of a teacher."

"You had better not repeat any such language," she replied.

"Well, but he meant you."

Miss Stephens tapped with her pencil on her head, and smiling, said:

"If my head is dough, I think it is quite well baked," and went on with her duties till she came to the form where Frank Ayers sat, and a suppressed titter went around as she stepped beside him and asked his name.

"Abednego Mulliken," he replied.

A tittering laugh followed this reply, and the teacher looked around reprovingly, and said:

"I am surprised, children; that you should laugh aloud so. What is your age, Abednego?"

"Eighteen last hoeing-time," in a loud voice.

Books were raised to cover laughing faces. Unmindful of it, she said:

"That would be about June. You are very near my age. I would not think you were so old, and you are not quite so advanced in your studies as is usual at that age."

And, smiling, she passed on, leaving Frank with a flushed, uneasy-looking face.

This was most unexpected, having his replies, for which he expected to be reproved or punished, taken in this way, and he became very uncomfortable, from the name that he had given himself, which was freely applied by the schoolmates. All of his roguery was treated in the same manner, and the teacher was kind to him, while his schoolmates were constantly turning the laugh intended for the teacher upon him, and he soon learned that he had a shrewd one to deal with, and her kindness was like punishment to him in his rebellious state.

Thus three weeks passed, and no violence marred the harmony of the school. The other scholars became very fond of the new teacher.

Showy posters were put up in every conspicuous place, announcing the coming of a great circus and menagerie. All the boys in town were nearly wild over the great event. Miss Stevens found it difficult to keep them from whispering about it during school hours. Frank Ayers was much excited, and knew just which way it would come, and just what time they ought to start to meet it, as they proposed.

Now, Frank, active as he was, had one bad, lazy habit, which his parents tried to break him of, but which, I fear, he did not try very hard to overcome, so long as it did not interfere with his plans or pleasures. His father often reproved him, as he liked to see all of his family in season at the breakfast table; yet still Frank seldom rose betimes.

When called at the usual time on the morning of the circus, he turned lazily over, as was his custom, and settled down for another nap, and that nap proved too long for him to keep his appointment with the boys. They waited a while for their leading spirit, and then hurried away, wondering what kept him.

Nearly an hour too late, blustering and fretting, Frank seized his hat, and rushed away without his breakfast. He took the nearer way across the pastures, and ran fleetly along, startling many a staid bossy at her breakfast. Half way across the third one he came to sudden, most unexpected stop, as he was thrown violently forward into a rapidly flowing brook. One loud cry of pain, and then he lay moaning in unconsciousness.

There were hurried steps near, and soon a white, startled face was bending over the insensible boy, and trembling hands strove to raise him up. Miss Stevens had been to watch through the night with one of her pupils who was ill, and was just returning to her boarding-place passing along by the side of the brook, this being her chosen, usual way to the school-house, instead of the longer, less agreeable way by the dusty road. Striving to raise him up, she found that his feet were entangled in a wire, which was carried some distance across the narrow path, a cunning snare.

She quickly released his feet, scarcely wondering at the snare in her fright, as she found the blood flowing freely from his nose, and a deep cut made by a painted rock near the left temple. Greatly alarmed, she laid him back on the grass, and ran to an adjoining field and called some laborers. One of them carried Frank to his home, while the other went for a physician. Miss Stevens hastened on to inform his parents.

Upon examination it was found that one arm was broken, and his head was badly bruised, beside the wound upon the temple. He was unconscious for some time after he got home, and, as Mrs. Ayers was much affected by the accident, Miss Stevens remained with her, and so the first face that met Frank's moment, his eyes filled with tears, which he quickly brushed away, and, taking his hand in hers, she said:

"I am very sorry for you, dear Frank."

He gave her a grateful look, and then clung nervously to her hand as the painful operation upon his arm began, his mother being too much affected to stay near him during it; and she cheered and soothed him til it was through with, remaining with him until he fell into an uneasy stupor, still holding her hand.

Frank awoke from that stupor tossing in delirium from inflammatory action of the sensitive brain, and for two weeks mischievous Frank was very ill. Every moment of time that Miss Stevens could spare from her duties as teachor was spent with him, and no other hand could soothe him so well in his delirious moments as his faithful teacher. In these moments he was continually lamenting something he had done, and telling how sorry he was.

The crisis passed, and he lay pale and helpless for days, watching Miss Stevens intently as she moved about caring for him, till his eyes would fill with tears, and he would put up his hand and hide them; and one day Miss Stevens stood beside him when this happened, and she laid her hand upon his, and said:

"What is it, Frank? Please tell me."

"I—I am so sorry," he sobbed, as the tears fell fast over his wan cheeks.

She soothed him, and said:

"Yes, yes, dear Frank, I know you are. and you must not worry any more about it."

"But, do you know about it? It might have killed you!" he sobbed convulsively.

"Killed me? Oh, no, Frank!"

"But the doctor said it might of killed me, and you would have fallen heavier," he moaned.

A little light dawned upon the teacher's mind as she said:

"Why, what do you mean, Frank?"

"I—I put it there to trip you up, th day the boys laughed at me so, but, oh, I am so sorry!" he moaned again.

She soothed him, and assured him of her forgiveness, and grief at his misfortune.

Frank arose from that illness a new creature, for, although the natural vivacity of his temperament asserted itself with returning vigor, it found vent in harmless mirth, never indulged at the expense of another; and he became, under the guidance of his own exertions, the most loveable pupil, instead of the worst boy, and the tyrant of the school, as he had formerly been considered.

"GLUED FOR LIFE."

The Man Who Wanted His Wife Completely Stopped from Flirting

A couple from away down in the hills came to town to get married. The groom, apparently about thirty years of age, wore a clay-colored suit of jeans and black-snake whip. The bride, who was scarcely more than twenty, was indeed a blooming beauty. Making their way to a justice of the peace and taking a license out of his pocket, the love-stricken man asked:

"Be you the 'squire?"

"I be," said the 'squire "What is it you wish?"

"Have you the power to marry people and hitch 'em solid?"

"Yes, sir."

"So it can never be undone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fire ahead, 'squire."

The 'squire proceeded to business, and when he got as far as the question to the girl, "Do you take this man to be your lawful and wedded husband?" the groom lengthened the ceremony by the following additional questions to her, for he wanted to be "hitched tighter nor wax:"

"And you won't have nothing more to do with Bill Sykes?"

"No."

"Nur Sam Hill?"

"No."

"Nur Pete Jones?"

"No."

"See here, Sally, don't look down on the floor that way; that means you don't know whether you will or not. Look squar in my face, Sally."

Then Sally looked "squar" in his face and he continued:

"Nur Jack Powers?"

"No."

Here the 'squire interrupted and said:

"I don't think it necessary to pin the young lady down so closely. She promised me to be your true and lawful wife, and that's enough."

"'Squire you don't know that girl like I do, She's a coquet. She flirts with every fellow who gets struck after her, and there is a dozen of 'em. Now I want that business stopped, and I want it done here by law."

"So be it," said the 'squire; "Sarah Peters is wedded to you for life and no power on earth can take her from you."

"That's the talk! Come on, Sally; you're mine. We're glued for life! Oh—wait til I pay the squire."

He paid the squire $1—all he had—and left for his country wagon happier than he'll ever be again.

Victoria and Mrs. Lowell.

A pleasant story illustrating Queen Victoria's kindness and consideration is told in a London paper. Mrs. Lowell, the wife of the American minister, is in very delicate health, and was not able to go to court last season. This year, however, she resolved to run the risk of attending the first drawing-room, but was obliged to apply for a dispensation in some small matter of costume. These questions are always brought under the queen's own immediate notice, and in this case her Majesty, besides assenting to Mrs. Lowell's request, sent her private message that she was on no account to come to the drawing-room unless she received the permission of her medical advisers; and that if they could sanction her attendance at the palace, her majesty would have much pleasure in paying her a visit at the legation.

Dismissed to Fame.

Seeming calamities often turn out blessings. Such was the case when Hawthorne was dismissed from an office in the Custom House.

One wintry day, Hawthorne received at his office notifications that his service would no longer be required. With heaviness of heart he repaired to his humble home. His young wife recognizes the change, and stands waiting for the silence to be broken. At length he falters, "I am removed from office."

Then she leaves the room; she returns with fuel and kindles a bright fire with her own hands; next she brings pen, paper and ink and sets them beside him. Then she touches the sad man on the shoulder, and as he turns to the beaming face, says, "Now you can write your book."

The cloud cleared away. The lost office looked like a cage from which he had escaped. "The Scarlet Letters" was written, and a marvellous success rewarded the author and his stout-hearted wife.

Disraeli in his "Curiosities of Literature" relates many incidents of successful authorship that are similar to this. Misfortune has been the parent of many books.

HOUSE AND FARM.

Farming Notes.

The Indiana farmer says that the statute in reference to the sale of adulterated milk is violated in Indianapolis not less than 500 times a day, and that the fines, if collected, would amount to $25,000 per day.

Dairymen say that a cow should be capable of producing 200 pounds of butter annually, in order to be profitable. It is believed, however, that the average yield per annum of milch cows does not exceed 150 pounds.

Where is the individual who has passed any time in the country that does not remember aunties' or grandmothers' Horehound tea when a sudden cold has placed them on the sick list? This plant is a perennial herb, with a strong aromatic smell, and a bitter pungent taste. It is a tonic, and is useful in asthma; and a favorite remedy in pulmonary complaints, entering largely into the composition of coughs, syrups and lozengers. It will thrive in any soil, but is stronger if grown on light, poor land. Always let it be represented in the vegetable garden.

Cotton-seed oil is largely used both here and in Europe as a substitute for lard, and it is steadily growing in favor It is estimated that our production of lard is about 1,000,000 tierces a year, and that of cotton-seed oil 400,000 tierces; but only about one-fifth of the spare seed is now pressed for oil, and, owing to imperfect machinery, a large proportion of the oil remains in the cake, so that with improved machinery, more capital and greater enterprise in the South at least 2,000,000 tierces of oil may be produced at an early day.

Oil Cake Meal For Horses.

But very few know anything of the value of oil cake meal for horses. Its use in fitting fine bred cattle has long been common and its value fully appreciated. The same can be said of swine, for no food will cause a pig to gain and put him in show condition so speedily as oil cake meal, giving him a glossiness of coat not obtainable so well in any other way. What oil cake will do for cattle and pigs it will do equally for horses. A horse appearing to be bound up, as this term is understood in the stable, can, by the use of this feed, be relieved of this condition as promptly as by turning out to grass, involving none of the contingencies which attend the latter, the full strength and vigor being maintained in the meantime. Nothing so quickly improves the coat of a horse as the use of a little oil cake incorporated with feed, while turning out to grass in sun and rain fades and roughens the hair in a week's time. In addition to this, oil cake loosens the bowels, the degree to which this is done being entirely under control, while the effect from a run on grass is entirely a matter of chance.—Live Stock Journal.

To Prevent Hens from Sitting.

Do not drench them in water nor put them in a barrel with one or two inches of water in the bottom, nor tie them up by one leg to a tree, nor any of these cruel practices which our fathers in their ignorance used to quench the natural instinct; put take them from their nests, put them in a large coop in the open air, under a shady tree, if the weather is warm, and feed largely with everything, including baked beans, that you give to your laying hens. In many cases the fowl commences to sit when she is in good condition to keep on laying eggs, if can but get the notion out of her head that she must be a clucking mother. She needs, perhaps, the material for egg shells, which may be easily supplied. Furthermore she should not be put in a small coop, where she would not obtain exercise; better put her in a pen having no floor, but loose earth, where she may scratch for a living. Activity will tend to the forgetfulness of the sitting fever or desire to sit. It is well to provide for social activity, and to this end a cock may be introduced to a pen where sitting hens are kept. He will talk with his own language, scratch with the would-be sisters, and soon eggs will be found, when you may be sure that the time has come for freedom.—Poultry Journal.

Currants and Gooseberries.

The currant is a very useful fruit, and generally does not receive the respect to which it is entitled. It is found in most gardens, but in the majority is left to itself—to live or die bear or be barren. Not so, however, with those who fully realize that it is really one of our best and most useful fruits. It is best propagated by cuttings ten or twelve inches long, of the last season's growth. These cuttings should be cut just below their union with the old wood, all the buds from the portion put under ground, and two, or perhaps three buds left above the ground. Set about half the cutting into the ground. The setting should be done in early spring. Have the soil deep and mellow, and it should be rich. Set a foot apart in the row, and make the rows two feet apart. Transplant in the spring following in rows wide enough apart to allow cultivation with the plough, and the plants should be three feet apart in the row. Keep the three-year-old branches cut away. Trim and shorten annually. Every half dozen years the rows will need renewing.

The propagation of the gooseberry is similar to that of the currant. But it requires a deeper soil than the currant, for it is a very gross feeder. Gregg recommends a trench two feet deep, the bottom to be coveredwith a heavy dressing of fresh stable manure. The rows should be five feet apart, and the plants three feet apart in a row. Keep the roots clear of shoots, trim to a single stem, from twelve to thirty inches high. Keep the head well thinned out, "but do not cut off the ends of new shoots." The best remedy for mildew—the chief difficulty with this plant—is high, open culture, free manuring and a copious mulching, says an authority. Sawdust or spent tan bark is recommended for a mulch, applied to a depth of from four to six inches. Also hay, or other material, sprinkled with salt is recommended. Ashes sprinkled on when the dew is on is said to have a good effect upon the fruit to prevent mildew. There is one alleged remedy, however, that is very beneficial on the bush, even if it does not do as much as is claimed to prevent mildew, and that is frequent sprinkling with soap suds in the spring. A New Jersey grower recommends the following for mildew: Remove the dirt from about the roots, thickly mulch with salted meadow hay, and then cover again with earth.—Western Rural.

The Garden.

Farmers often draw the line between farm and garden work with too much distinction. They work in the garden when they can't work in the field, and thus make the garden of secondary importance, while, considering the value to the family of fresh garden vegetables, it should stand on an equality, at least, with the farm. We do not advise following in the old rut of planting the same vegetables in the same places have more of the work done with horse and cultivator, as might be, if seeds were sown in rows at a proper distance apart. In small gardens where the cultivator cannot be used, the beds should be arranged so that a hand cultivator may take its place. A few flowers in the garden make it very attractive.

An Unshod Horse.

The Bath (Me.) Times says: "A gentleman at the South End has a horse which he has owned nine years and never had a shoe on its foot. He thinks the advantages are viz; that in damp snow the horses hoof will not ball up and he is sure of his footing. Second, that the horse never calks himself in deep snows, never wears out floors by stamping, and is never lame from having shoes that pinch the feet. He says that itusually costs $40 a year to shoe a family horse like his, so that in a financial point of view he saves $40 a year. The horse was seen this morning and was in good order; the hoofs were sharp and tough and smooth. He says that although having been in use nine years, he never yet met with an accident, not even so much as a stumble."

An American Girl Heard From.

From the Rural New Yorker.

I am another one of those girls who, like "Annie Winfrey," do not think housework so very charming. If the able writers who often take us for a subject would only say: "Get the girls interested in housekeeping," I could agree with them, for every girl should know how to keep and manage a house. Housekeeping means the management of domestic affairs which acquire great skill and judgment; and while it may be construed to mean a performance of many household labors it does not necessarily mean all the downright hard work of a house. But, instead of housekeeping, they say: "Get those girls interested in housework," which means all the work of the house, washing, ironing, scrubbing, cleaning, cooking, etc., and if we dare ever so faintly say we do not like this work they glare at us with open disapproval. Now, I think we girls are greatly abused. If you choose to look the country through I do not believe you can find one girl in a thousand sits down, leaving her mother to do the work alone.

Yet the papers of to-day teem with articles accusing us of not working. You can hardly find one of us who does not do all in her power to lighten her mother's work, and we deserve more credit than is given us for doing so much that is unpleasant. Not that housework is degrading, but hard and disagreeable. Still we do this work willingly and cheerfully because we consider it our duty and are interested in our labors to this extent, we know the work must be done and it is our place to do it and more satisfaction is given when work is done well than otherwise. This is not saying that we like the endless round of housework, and why should we? Why should we like to soak our hands in dish-water three times a day, steam ourselves over a wash-tub, scorch ourselves over the ironing-table and roast ourselves over a cook stove until our faces are scarlet, gradually deepening to a royal purple—a very beautiful color in its place but not often admired in the face. Are we vain because we do not like to do work that makes our hands rough and our faces coarse? To say nothing of backaches and weary limbs.

I wonder if there are many women who can truthfully say they would rather do housework than anything else?

To country girls housework frequently means, in addition to the above, feeding pigs and chickens, and sometimes even milking the cows, and always getting the vegetables from the garden, picking berries and hundreds of other things not thought of until they turn up to be done. In Mrs. Annie L. Jack's charming stories there is always at least one servant to do the drudgery. I can see how housework in that way could be made very pleasant, but doing it alone is a different thing. Perhaps not one of these writers who take us to task so often ever went into a kitchen and did the work week after week, year after year, or they would not think it so strange that we dislike it. Since considering this subject I have taken some pains to consult my girl friends who I know do a great deal of housework and have not found one who says she likes the work, still does it conscientiously and cheerfully.

Ofcourse I am speaking of people whose circumstances make it necessary for their women to do the work. If one can have plenty of servants I don't blame the girls for not going into the kitchen. There must be some way of learning to keep house well and doing housework in case of an emergency (such as marrying a poor man), without a lifetime of practical experience. There may be some girls in poor circumstances who let their mothers do the work in order to preserve their own beauty but I am sure they are few compared with the number of girls in the world. These few are probably so hardened that no advice can touch them; therefore why lecture and scold us all so often when so few are the sinners and they evidently beyond reform?

A lady writes: "Painful menstruation was the bane of my life. I dreaded those feelings of bearing down and that pain in the side and loins. Of late I got in the habit of using Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. It goes right to the spot, gives me strength and frees me from all pain. I think it is worth its weight in gold."

End of the New York Season.

New York Special.

The theatrical season is at an end. The actors are coming to town. Union Square will soon be thronged with the heroes of the stage. The failures of the season have been numerous, fully one-half of the 216 combinations that started out in September having joined the majority. Some of them possessed merit, some did not. The most successful combination this season was that playing the "Romany Rye." This melodrama was played to larger business than any other play ever produced. On May 12, the close of the season, the "Romany Rye" will have been presented for thirty-one weeks to audiences which paid in the aggregate $201,297, an unprecedented amount—about $6,500 a week. Although the salary list and expenses of the "Romany Rye" were great the managers must have realized a large amount of money. The Madison Square theater management have not yet made up their books for the season, but their traveling companies, twelve in number, all did well. Miss Mary Anderson met with great success, and has added over $100,000 to her already snug fortune. She will appear in England in a few months.

How the Human Organism Protects Itself.

The organism of the human body is a self-regulating apparatus. Even interruption of its moral functions excites a reaction against the disturbing cause. If a grain of caustic potash irritates the nerves of the palate, the salivary glands try to remove it by an increased secretion. The eye would wash it off by an ay of the same substance could be swallowed only under the protest of the fauces, and the digestive organs would soon find means to eject it. The bronchial tubes promptly react against the obtrusion of the foreign substances. The sting of an insect causes an involuntary twitching of the epidermis. If a thorn or splinter fastens itself under the skin, suppuration prepares the way for its removal. If the stomach be overloaded with food, it revolts against further digestion.

These automatic agencies of the organism generally suffice to counteract the disturbing cause, and the sensory symptoms attending the process of reconstruction constitute merely a plea for non-interference. The suppurating tissues push the thorn outward, and present only a pressure in the opposite direction. The eye volunteers to rid itself of the sand dust, but remonstrates against friction. The rum-soaked system of the toper undertakes to eliminate the poison, and only asks that the consequences of the outrage be not aggravated by its repetition. But if that plea remains unheeded, it finally takes the form of the emphatic protest we call disease. For, even in its urgent manifestations, the reaction against a violation of Nature's health is a cry for peace, rather than a petition for active assistance in the form of medication. "Accustom yourself in all your little pains and aches," says Jennings, "and also in your grave and more distressing affections, to regard the movement concerned in them in a friendly aspect—designed for and tending to the removal of a difficulty of whose existence you were before unaware, and which, if suffered to remain and accumulate, might prove the destruction of the house you live in—and that, instead of its needing to be 'cured,' it is itself a curative operation; and that what should be called disease lies back of the symptoms which, in fact, are made for the express purpose of removing the real disorder or difficulty."—[From "The Remedies of Nature," by Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in Popular Science Monthly.

Beecher has written a letter to Mr. Barnum, in which he expresses the wish that he could go to a circus at least once a week.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

There has never been an instance in which this sterling invigorant and anti-febrile medicine has failed to ward off the complaint, when taken duly as a protection against malaria. Hundreds of physicians have abandoned all the official specifics, and now prescribe this harmless vegetable tonic for chills and fever, as well as dyspepsia and nervous affections. Hostetter's Bitters is the specific you need.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

A REAL

Skin Cure!

There is only one, and that with simple name.

"*My skin, which has been covered with scaly sores, has become clean, smooth and soft as a lady's. My hands were covered with little dry scabs. They have disappeared and I'm better than I have been for twenty years, using Dr. Benson's Skin Cure.*"—A. M. Noble, Salem, N. C., July 3, 1882.

Dr. Benson's Skin Cure consists of internal and external treatment at same time, and it makes the skin white, soft and smooth. It contains no poisonous drugs. $1, at druggists.

"*I had Salt Rheum for 19 years. 4 packages of your Skin Cure entirely cured me.*" F. P. Lavelle, Merced, Cal. $1, at druggists.

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Health Preserving, $1.50. Self-Adjusting, $1.50
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VEGETABLE COMPOUND,

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For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

A Medicine for Woman. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.

It revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

Physicians Use it and Prescribe it Freely.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulant, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of man woman or child. Insist on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3ct. stamp. Send for pamphlet.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

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There is nothing so good as Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs and Sore Throat.

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The work of grading has been resumed on the Manitoba's Devil's Lake line.

"MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP."

Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 25c.

The new steel cruisers are to be named Boston, Chicago and Atlanta.

The Diamond Dyes for family use have no equals. All popular colors easily dyed fast, and beautiful. 10 cents a package for any color.

William Sargent died recently at Stewartsville, Olmstead county, aged 114 years.

"ROUGH ON RATS."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

The Rum river log drives are moving, but slowly.

"Indigestion."—You have tried everything for it and found no help. We are no doctors, but can offer a prescription that has cured very many, and it might cure you as well; it will cost but a quarter of a dollar, and can be had at any druggist's Ask for Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

Fergus Falls Methodists are going to erect a $6,000 church this season.

"BUCHU-PAIBA."

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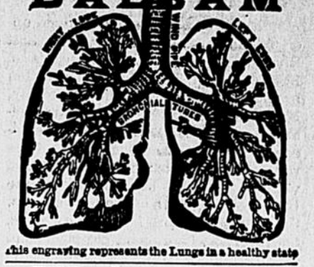

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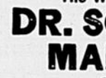

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