Growing Old Gracefully.

Softly, oh! softly, the years have swept by thee,
Touching thee lightly with tenderest care;
Sorrow and care did they often bring nigh thee
Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear.
Growing old gracefully,
Gracefully fair.

Far from the storms that are washing the Ocean;
Nearer each day to the pleasant home light;
Far from the waves that are big with commotion,
Under full sail and the harbor in sight!
Growing cheerfully,
Cheerful and bright.

Past all the winds that were adverse and chilling;
Past all the islands that lured thee to rest;
Past all the currents that wooed thee unwilling,
Far from the port of the land of the blest.
Growing old peacefully:
Peacefully and blest.

Never a feeling of envy or sorrow,
Where the bright face of children are seen;
Never a year from their youth wouldst thou borrow,
Thou dost remember what lieth between.
Growing old willingly;
Gladly, I ween!

Rich in experience that angles might covet;
Rich in a fate that has grown in thy years;
Rich in the love that grew from and above it;
Soothing thy sorrows and hushing thy fears.
Growing old wealthily;
Loving and dear.

Hearts at the sound of thy coming are lightened.
Ready and willing thy hand to relieve;
Many a face at thy kind words has brightened,
"It is more blessed to give than receive!"
Growing old happily;
Blest, we believe.

RUTH.

He came from his day's work feeling just as he used to when he was a boy, after he had been romping and racing over every hill within a mile of home until he had worked himself up into a fearful state of perspiration, and then had set down to rest and get cool. The next day he was sure to feel anguish, and a dull, heavy pain would find every particular bone in his body, and all that he wanted was to lie down on the bright covered lounge by the fire, and have mother sit by him and give him a drink, once in awhile, from the cup of mysterious tea which he had used to believe was a sure panacea for all ailments his flesh was heir to. Just so he felt now. His head ached; and every little while he went off into a series of terrific sneezes which seemed to threaten utter demolition to the top of his head, and the poor little plaster sheperdess on the mantel, for she went into a jingling paroysm every time, probably from some mysterious and occult sympathy which he hardly comprehend.

"Dear me! such a cold as I have got!" growled David Reade, kindling a fire in the little stove, while his teeth was fairly chattering. "It'll keep me tied up to the house for a week just as like as not, and I ought to be down to the store every day."

He got the fire to burning at last, and pulled up the hard, uncompromising old chair, which was one of the three or four articles of furniture the room contained, before the feeble blaze and tried to get his feet warm.

But poor David couldn't get warm, nor feel comfortable. Cold chills crept up his back and down his legs, and regularly, every fifteen minutes, as if he were run by clock-work, and marked off the quarters, he kept up his sneezes, and the sheherdess danced her jigs on the very edge of the mantlepiece to their accompaniment.

"Seems to me I never felt quite so miserable before," groaned David with a shiver. "Seems to me, too, that this room looks a little the worst I ever saw;" and he looked about him with a great deal of dissatisfaction written on his face.

It was a bare little room. There was no mistake about that, David Reade. There was a bed in one corner, and the chair he occupied; a bureau that had amalgamated with a wash-stand, and became rather a nondescript article of furniture in consequence, and his trunk. Yes, and there was the stove, and a little shabby old table that had been so weak in the legs ever since he had known anything about it, that it had to have the corner all to itself in order to have it stand up at all.

He was head bookkeeper in a great store down town, and he saved quite a sum of money. Sometimes he thought he would get a more comfortable room, and furnish it nicely, and get some good out of his earnings. But he hadn't any faith in his ability to keep things looking orderly and neat, for he abominated an untidy, littered room, and he wouldn't have the chambermaid putting things to rights for him on any account. That would spoil every thing, for it would seem like sending out and hiring a home at so much a week to have some one who was paid to do it keeping things as they should be. so he had never carried out his plan, but had continued to live on in his cheerless bachelor quartors.

"Dear! dear! how I do ache!" growled David, getting up and pacing up and down the floor. "A fellow doesen't feel the need of a home so much when he is well, but when he's under the weather, he begins to wish he had somebody to care for him and nurse him up."

A ray of light flashed across the darkness—for by that time it was night—and made a bright spot on the wall of his room. He went to the window and looked across the way. The light shone from the attic window of a tenement house. He could see into the room from which it shone, and it revealed a pretty and pathetic little picture to him. A woman, sat at a little table, copying. A great many pages of manuscript lay beside her elbow, and he knew by the pile before her that her task would not be done for hours yet.

It was a very pretty face that bent over the paper. Not a girlish face, but it had a sweet, grave kind of beauty in it, and the brown hair banded back smoothly from the forehead, shown like gold in the lamplight falling on it. It was a poor little room that she worked and lived in, as far as David could make out from the glimpse afforded by the window, but it was a wonderfully neat one. He knew that, for he had often watch her sweep and dust it, and put things deftly in their places. Yes, he, David Reade, bachelor, had been guilty more times than he would have liked to confess, of watching his neighbor across the way.

He stood there to-night and watched her until his feet seemed to be standing in a puddle, and the cold shivering sensation in his bones warned him that he had better be trying to warm himself at the fire than be watching Ruth Doane. The last look he got of her was more satisfactory than any previous one had been, for she looked straight towards the window. David drew back as if he felt sure she would discover him watching her; and then the light of her lamp seemed to get tangled up in the rose bush in her window, and he dragged his aching body back to the stove and sat down.

Sat down to think and dream.

What he thought about was Ruth Doane, and what he dreamed was this: In the little glow which came from the crack in the stove door, the whole room seemed suddenly changed into a scene of comfort, that to David Reade stood for type of heaven, because it was home. There was a soft, warm carpet on the floor, and a lounge, whose curving sides seemed made to embrace somebody, and for nothing else in the world, stood where the table stood in the room that he was sting and dreaming in to-night. There were bright, cheery pictures on the wall, and a bird slept in a cage in the window, where half a dozen blossoming plants grew, vigorous and green, and kept summer in the room the whole year round. There was a little table before the open grate, where the warm fire leaped and danced as if it were a sentient thing, and enjoyed the cosiness of the room, and on this table there were books and papers. And he sat beside the fire, slippers on his feet, and a dressing-gown about him, instead of a clumsy old coverlet; and he was happy, for close by sat the very Spirit of Home—a woman with a sweet and tender face, and the face was Ruth Doane's.

It was such a beautiful, beautiful dream! He awoke from it with a chilly groan, and came very much near sneezing his head off his shoulders, and the shepherdess off the mantel, than ever before.

"Dear me!" growled David: "what's the use of working, day in and day out, and making money to lay up and take no good of it?"

After which interrogation he sneezed in a subdued manner, by way of postscript to his other sneezes, and concluded to go to bed and try to sleep off his cold.

When he got up in the morning he knew he wouldn't get down to the store that day. He felt worse than he had when he went to bed. He built a little fire and told the boy, whose unfortunate career in life had so far been among the shoals and quicksands of errand-going and waiting on everybody, to tell Mrs. Scraggs to send up some tea and toast; he wouldn't come down to breakfast.

By-and-by Mrs. Scraggs knocked at the door with the articles called for, and acting on the supposition that the position of landlady made her a sort of a stepmother to her boarders, she came to find out what the matter was, and see what ought to be done.

"You've got pneumony on your lungs," announced Mrs. Spraggs. "Leastwise, an attack of it. It's awful apt to break out at some season of the year. You wan't camomile tea, hot, an' a brick to your feet, hot likewise, an' ef you can git a good sweat, you'll feel better, I guess."

Accordingly, poor David took "camomile tea, hot," and disposed himself in bed, with a brick at his feet, and wrapped up to his ears; and sweat he did. But felt as bad after taking the treatment prescribed by Mrs. Dr. Scraggs as he did before.

Such a long day as it was! He couldn't stay in bed, and his bones ached so that he couldn't sit still with any degree of comfort, notwithstanding Mrs. Scraggs sent up her most comfortable rocking-chair for his use. All the comfort he did take was in watching for glimpses of Ruth Doane, and thinking of her. He remembered that it was just three months ago that day that she first applied at the store for copying to do. Three months! it seemed as if he had known her as many years, and yet he hardly knew her at all. Their acquaintance had gone but little farther than a smile and a bow when they met, and occasionaly a few commonplace words. But for all that she didn't seem at all like a stranger to David.

Poor David was in love.

If the light of Ruth Doane's love could only shine into his life, as the light from her window did into his room, how pleasant everything would seem. And then he dreamed in a wide-awake fashion of the home they would make. The light on the wall seemed the fire on home's hearthstone; its dancing flames made him warm, and he fell asleep and dreamed it all over and over.

But he didn't feel well by any means, when morning came. He sent word to the store that he couldn't come down yet awhile; and partook sparingly of Mrs. Scraggs' tea and toast, but utterly repudiated camomile tea and bricks, when Mr. Scraggs' in the role of doctor, suggested the advisability of another course of treatment similar to yesterday's. And he wouldn't have a doctor, he declared. He'd feel better to-morrow, and doctors stuff he didn't believe in any way.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Scraggs knocked at his door, and said Miss Doane was in the parlor. The store had got her to do some writing, and the store didn't understand just how it ought to be, and the store had told her to see him, and he'd tell her all about it, as he knew what it ought to be, seein' as he had charge of it, and the store didn't. After the delivery of which message, Mrs. Scraggs waited for instructions.

Ruth Doane had come to see him! That was the first thing he thought of. Then he remembered that it was on business, and that took away something of the first pleasure of the thought. Should he go down or ask her up?

"Would there be anything improper in her coming up here, if you came with her?" he asked.

"I can't see as there would," answered Mrs. Scraggs, "bein' as you're respectable an' it's business for the store."

"You may ask her to come up then," said David. I don't feel like stirring about much, for fear I'll take more cold, tell her."

Mrs. Scraggs withdrew. David had an object in view, in asking Miss Doane to his room. He thought the sight of it would awaken a feeling of pity in her tender heart. He knew, in some unexplainable way, that her heart was tender. He was quite sure of that.

Mrs. Scraggs was back presently, with Miss Doane. How bright her face made the room, the minute it passed the door! It made it so cheerful to David that he was afraid his design in getting her there was a failure. She wouldn't dream of its being bare and cheerless, if it looked to her as it did to him.

"Mr. Graham told me you were sick," she said, sitting down by the window. "I got some extra work to do, in consequence;" and then, while Mrs. Scraggs busied herself in putting things to rights, she explained what her errand was; and David instructed her in regard to the writing to be done; and made the explanation as elaborate and minute as possible, in order to keep her there. She began to think she had undertaken a fearfully responsible and important task before he had got through his instructions.

When she was gone, David groaned. The mean little room seemed more dismal than it ever had before. But—she had been there! and there was some mysterious influence left to linger where she had been, like the subtle breath of fragrance the rose leaves behind it, when it has been borne out of sight.

And that night he watched the light upon the wall, and dreamed more dreams, and every one was sweet with thoughts of Ruth, and love and home. The next day he confidently expected to be able to visit the store, and "see to things" in his particular department. But he didn't. He couldn't get rid of that miserable feeling of dullness and languor, and every time he tried to exercise much, he felt such a chilly sensation, and such a rushing, roaring sound in his head, that he was glad to keep still.

"Here's somethin' as Miss Doane sent over," said Mrs. Scraggs, coming up with some gruel. At first David supposed it was the gruel Mrs. Scraggs referred to, and began to fancy the aroma of that particalar bowlful of the article named was as delicious as the fragrance supposed to emanate from the "rose gardens of Isphan;" and up to that time he declared that the gruel was his particular abomination, and partook of it under protest. But he presently discovered what Miss Doane had sent was not gruel, but a rose—such a beautiful great red rose, with a yellow heart, and it filled the room with a perfume that was delicious enough to enchant any man.

"Ain't it beautiful!" demanded Mrs. Scraggs, presenting the gruel in one hand and the flower in the other. "I'll put it in a tumbler, and it'll keep ever so long. She's a dear, good soul, I tell you. It's a pity she hain't a home, an' some one to take care of her; though fur's that's concerned, she's willin' an' capable of taking care of herself. But every woman needs a home, I think." Mrs. Scraggs watched David, to see how he took her view of things, and was gratified to see that it interested him.

"Tell her I thank her very much," said David. "It makes me think of mother's roses; tell her that."

The flower made his room almost beautiful, and his heart seemed full o dreams, for he did nothing but dream the rest of that day, and it must have been the rose's fragrance that made him do it.

Another day of confinement! Would he ever get out again? He went to the window and watched the skies. They were forbiddingly gray. It would rain by to-morrow. But while he stood there the sun seemed to burst forth, and the world was suddenly bright and gay. Other people might have failed to see any wonderful change; but looking over the way, he saw Ruth at her window watering her rose, and she saw him, and bowed and smiled, and that accounted for the sudden brightening up of everything.

The next morning it rained; a slow, dull, drizzling kind of rain, that didn't amount to much as a rain, but effectually prevented him from going to the store, as he had intended to.

Ruth was at the window, setting her rose on the sill to catch the drops as they fell, when he looked across the way after breakfast. She nodded and smiled to him, and the air seemed alive with sunbows. He threw up his window and said, "Good morning," and they had quite a pleasant chat together. Being up so high they could carry on their conversation without interfering with anybody.

He sat by the window and tried to read, that afternoon. But his eyes would keep wandering from his paper to the window over the way.

By and by Ruth came to take in her rose. She threw up the window and reached to get the pot; but by some mishap it slipped from her grasp and went tumbling down to the ground, where it broke into fragments, and the rose was a poor, mangled thing, with its life crushed out of it forever.

A cry broke from Miss Doane's lips—a cry full of pain and grief. Her rose was like a friend, almost the only friend she had in the world. And it was gone!

David sprang up, pulled on his coat, put on his hat, and started for the old German florist's, round the corner, "that sudden," Mrs. Scraggs declared, "that she thought he was took worse, an' wondered if he wasn't out of his head."

Pretty soon he came back with a pot under each arm; one held a rose bush, twice as large as the one that had met such a sad fate, full of beautiful roses and scarlet buds; and the other a calla, with two magnigcent blossoms gleaming out whitely from its broad green leaves.

David went straight to Ruth Doane's room. He never stopped to think any thing about the propriety of the action. He knocked at her door, and she came to let him in with a tearful face. She had been crying over her poor rose.

"I saw it," cried David. "I knew how you cared for it, and I brought these to take its place."

"Oh, what beautiful things!" she said, bending over them, while her face was fairly radiant. I don't know which pleased her most, the flowers or the kindness which prompted the gift. When she looked up her eyes were full of tears.

"I can't think of words to tell you how thankful I am," she said. "But if you knew how few beautiful things my life has in it, and could only know how much like friends flowers are, you could understand it."

"I do understand," he said softly. "Oh, Ruth, would love make your life any brighter?"

She looked up wonderingly, questioningly.

"I love you," he said simply, and his face was transfigured by the holy light of his affection. "I love you, Ruth. I want you. May I have you?"

He held out his hand toward her. She was pale now.

"Are you sure you want me?" she asked.

"Quite sure," he answered, smiling—"surer than I ever was of anything else in my life."

She put her hands in his, and a sweet rain tears broke over the violets of her eyes. He folded her to his breast and kissed every tear away, while his heart was ringing with sudden music.

"My Ruth," he said, very softly, very tenderly, and kissed her again. "How happy I am! I wonder if you know?"

"I think I do," she whispered, "because I am so happy myself."

By-and-by, David, sitting by the little table where Ruth had written hour after hour, while he had watched her light upon the wall, told her of his dream.

"Such a pleasant home as we will have!" he cried, and the rose bush shook all over in its mysterious glee, and the trumpet blossoms of the calla seemed ringing out jubilant peals.

"Home," she repeated, musingly "It's a word I've almost forgotten the meaning of."

"We'll learn what it means," he said.

And they have. The fire on their hearth is as bright as any hearth-fire in the land. Home is home to them, and not a place to live in.

The Umbrella Trick in Paris.

The thief of the period has begunto betake himself to a new system of warfare, in which the defensive is largely combined with the offensive art. A very simple but effective stratagem has been doing duty in the jewelers' shops in Paris which has never before in its history been so full of "knights of industry." The new trick is most easily performed by a person of English appearance, inasmuch as the use of an umbrella is essential for it; and, as every one knows, our countrymen are never expected to abandon, even under the clearest sky, a companion so familiar to them. The operator, provided with his umbrella, enters a shop with it in his hand, having pulled down the silk covering, but not securely fastened it, so that its folds hang round the handle in a loose mass, forming a sort of open mouthed net. Into the net thus opened it is not difficult to jerk a ring or two, or even a larger article, which will fall into it without the slightest sound, and remain safely ensconced there as long as may be required, If the shopman should miss the bijou thus abstracted, he will, of course, run after his customer, and equally, as a matter of course, the other will protest his innocence. A search will ensue, at the end of which, just as every one is beginning to be hopelessly baffled, the owner of the umbrella will be struck by a bright thought, and will himself bring to light the desired object, apologizing in the blandest way, and making merry over a joke which was so nearly, as he says, assuming a serious character. The trick has been tried as usual once too often, but it is dreadful to think what successes it may have had throughout a month which has been so exceptionally favorable for the use of umbrellas in Paris.

The English feed for fattening sheep consists of cotton seed and turnips. They claim that it will put on the most fat, is the safest feed, makes the best mutton at a less cost, and pruduces the best and strongest manure.

Wood ashes sifted on the currant bushes while covered with dew causes currant worms to speedily disappear. Air slacked lime is also good.

HOUSE AND FARM.

The Farmer's Wife.

ANNIE L. JACK.

Up in the morning at dawn of day,
Then hardly time to her Maker to pray,
Milking her cows with a "Co, boss, co,"
Under her feet no grass can grow.
Busy, so busy, and this is her song—
"The summer is short, and the winter long."
Old in her youth, often weary of life,
Bless her! God help her! the farmer's wife.

Chickens to feed, such a hungry crowd,
Calves to be tended of which she is proud.
Bread of the lightest and sweetest to bake,
Butter the golden, and fragrant to make;
Honey, like amber, to strain and to clear,
Fruits to preserve in its season each year.
Cheese to press, and to turn each day,
Bless her! God bless her! we sigh, as we say.

Washing and ironing to do each week,
Hundreds of things that a pen cannot speak;
Cook and confectioner, seamstress, is she,
Dairymaid, housemaid, and teacher to be,
Nurse, physician, and preacher, at home,
City of refuge when errings ones roam,
"She hath done what she could," short her life's little day.
Bless her! God help her! my friends let us pray.

Useful Information.

A good way to test the purity of milk: Dip a well polished knitting needle into the fluid; if the milk is pure some of it will adhere to the needle, but if water has been added it will not.

It is estimated that there is invested in the dairy industry in this country, a total capital of $1,450,000,000. Of that amount $450,000,000 is in cows, $900,000,000 in land needed for their support, and $100,000,000, in teams, dairy implements etc.

Cutlers' cement, for fastening the blades of dinner knives in their ivory handles, consists of resin, four parts; beeswax, one part; brick dust, one part. Fill the hole in the handles with the cement, heat the tang of the blade, and press in.

Slices of a juicy lemon are used with brisk rubbing by the Indian jewelers for cleaning silver. The article is then covered with the slices for a few hours, swilled in water, stirred in hot soapsuds, and brushed, washed and dried: no waste of silver results from this treatment.

The practice of pressing on the edge of a razor in stropping soon rounds it, the pressure should be directed to the back which should never be raised from the strop. If you shave from heel to point of the razor, strop it from point to heel, but if you begin with the point in shaving, then strop it from heel to point.

Dingy dresses can be bleached and made into something serviceable and pretty. Let them be washed and boiled in hot suds until all the color possible is extracted, then finish the job by scalding in lye and washing in suds and laying out on the first young grass. Good prints and other articles of dress are frequently cast aside because they are faded, but they may be made to render good service by this mode of bleaching.

To clean off the ugly scratches left on paint by lighting matches upon it, cut a sour orange or lemon in half; apply the cut half to the marks, rubbing for a moment quite hard; then wash them off with a clean rag, dipped first in water to moisten it, and then in whitening. Rub well with this rag, dry thoroughly, and nine times out of ten the ugly marks will vanish. Of course, sometimes they are burned in so deeply that they cannot be eradicated.

To Make Good Coffee.—French cooks are famous for the excellence of their coffee, which they make so strong that one part of the liquor requires the addition of two parts to reduce it to the proper strength. This addition is made with hot milk. The large proportion of hot milk, in the place of so much warm water, gives the coffee a richness like that made by the addition of cream in the ordinary way. By this means any housekeeper desirous of making good coffee can have it without cream.

Every piece of horse radish grows; if we take a piece of root about an inch in length; about the size of a large bean, and put it an inch below the surface of the prepared ground, a short piece will come to the surface and form a crown, and another portion will descend and probably work to form a root; but instead of that, if we make a hole a foot or so deep in the ground with a dibble and let the little pieces of root drop to the bottom, a clean straight sprout will come up to the surface and this will in time make as clean and thrifty a market piece as could be desired.

It may be better to cut hay for mixing with grain when feeding the latter to cows or other stock, but we doubt very much whether it will be enough better to pay for the extra work. Good blover rowen is about as good food as it can be without cutting. Our own practice is to moisten the meal and shorts and feed it in tubs or boxes. If the mangers are tight and can be kept perfectly clean, there should be no objection to feeding meal dry. A few men claim that meal is always better digested if fed with cut hay than when fed alone; but every one must have noticed that, however the meal is fed, it always makes the animal look better. The main point with them is to get it—how it is given is of minor importance.—*New England Farmer.*

Mixture for Skeletonizing Leaves.—Four ounces common washing soda dissolved in one quart of boiling water; add two ounces slacked quick-lime; boil fifteen minutes; cool solution and pour off clear liquid into a saucepan. Put over the fire, and, when at boiling point, put in leaves and boil for an hour; add boiling water occasionally to replace the loss by evaporation. When the leaves are removed, if the cellular tissue does not rub off in cold water, boil again When skeletons are exposed they are not white. To bleach them, put them in a weak solution of chloride of lime—one large tablespoonful of chloride of lime to one quart water, and a few drops of vinegar; let leaves remain in bleaching fifteen minutes; if leaves remain in the bleaching mixture too long they become britle. A soft tooth-brush is better to clear skeletons with rather than the finger. Gather specimens of matured leaves in July to September, never in damp weather. Dry specimens in white blotting paper, under gentle pressure.

A Good Horse.

Wind, says an old horseman, is the grand secret of a fast horse. Good lungs will cover a multitude of faults, while, on the other hand, perfection of shape and form are useless, when the wind is out. The chest, therefore, in all cases should be large and capacious. It may vary somewhat in shape, according to the service to which the horse is to be put. If he is apt to be kept for slow work and heavy drawing, the chest may be nearly circular in form, because this shape is one for strength and bulk to receive and bear up against the pressure of the collar, while at the same time sufficient room is secured for that expansion of the lungs caused by slow, regular work. But if the chest is circular, let it be at the same time deep, or else the lungs may be cramped. A horse with a shallow chest is worthless for any purpose. The rule, then, is: For a draught horse, a circular but deep chest; but as you pass through the different degrees of speed up to the racer and trotter, the chest will increase in depth, compared to its roundness, until, for the highest rate of speed you must take a chest as deep as a greyhound, and at the same time not lacking in strength.

Silk stockings should be washed in cold water, with soap, rinsed in cold water, laid flat on a fine towel, rolled tightly until dry, and rubbed with a piece of flannel to restore the gloss.

Cruelty to Canaries.

"A 'bird lover' sends this communication—applicable to all localities—to the New York *Herald*: "As a lover of song birds I beg a small space in your valuable 'Complaint Book' for the purpose to call attention to a species of cruelty that is being constantly practiced by ladies who keep canaries, of course in utter ignorance of the fact. During the present intense heat I have been frequently pained by seeing hapless canary birds hung up their brass cages in the blazing sunshine. To keep a bird for two or three hours exposed to the rays of the sun when the thetmometer stands eighty degrees or ninety degress is simply to shorten its life. All birds love to sport in the sunlight, but it is contrary to common sense to expect a caged bird to be healthy after a continuous sun bath of six or eight hours. If ladies desire that their pets may enjoy the sun in a natural way let them cut a round cover of green paper, whith a hole in the middle, and place it on top of the cage, so that the little creature may have shade whenever it wishes to rest. I am urged to write this note because to-day a neighber of mine found her bird dead in the cage, and, judging from the symptoms, it was a clear case of sunstroke. The best plan is to put the bird out in the early morning sunshine, but by eleven o'clock the cage should be withdrawn to the shade behind the window blinds; then health will be secured and the number of sudden deaths among these feathered pets greatly reduced. You might as well wrap a child in a blanket and send it out to play in the hot street as to keep a canary in the sun all day."

Soft soap should be kept in a dry place in the cellar and not be used until three months old.

A Healthy Body and a Clear Head.

If indigestion, constipation and biliousness torment the body, the head cannot be clear. These disorders react upon the brain most hurtfully, and produce a cloudiness in the organ of thought not experienced by a healthy man. Happily these brain-oppressing maladies may be entirely dispelled by that peerless alterative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which cheers, refreshes and invigorates the brain and nerves, while it regulates the organs of digestion, assimilation and bilious secretion. It expels the morbid humors which poison the system through the bowels and urinary passages, and exerts a powerfully invigorating influence as well. Its catharic action is never irritating, violent or painful, but even, natural and progressive. As an appetizer and sleep promoter the Bitters is unrivalled; it mitigates the infirmities of age, relieves the ailments peculiar to the gentler sex, arrests premature decay, and builds up an enfeebled physique.

Voluntary assertion should be considered as grand evidence of the merits of a remedy. Below is what one person thinks of Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR as a cure for Heart Disease:

"Sirs—Will you please send me a bottle of Dr. Grave's HEART REGULATOR by express. I see you have it advertised in the Times, and I can say it is the best remedy for the heart ever offered to the public.

N. Ham, Sutton, Vt."

Among the many forms of Heart Disease are Palpitation, Enlargement, Spasms of the Heart, Stoppage of the Action of the Heart, Trembling all over and about the Heart, Ossification or Bony Formation of the Heart. Rheumatism, General Debility and Sinking of the Spirits. Send your name to F. E. Ingalls' Concord, N. H., for a circular containing a list of testimonials of cures, &c.

Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR is for sale by druggists at 50 cents and $1 per bottle.

Malignant and Subtle indeed is the poison of Scrofula, and terrible are its ravages in the system. They may, however, be permanently stayed and the destructive virus expelled from the circulation with Scovill's Blood and Liver Syrup, a potent vegetable detergent which eradicates all skin diseases, leaving no vestage of them behind. White swelling, salt rheum, tetter, abscesses, liver complaint, and eruptions of every description are invariably conquered by it. Druggists sell it.

Palate and Stomach,

If you would have your biscuits, bread, rolls, corn-bread, cake—in short, all articles prepared from flour, thoroughly enjoyable and digestible, use Dooley's Yeast Powder, which is not only free from adulteration, but wholesome, and makes food very nutritious This Baking Powder is used by the most eminent chemists and physicians. Buy it only in cans, never loose or in the bulk.

CHEW
The Celebrated
"Matchless
Wood Tag Plug
Tobacco.
The Pioneer Tobacco Company,
New York, Boston and Chicago.

We have a list of a thousand country weeklies, in which we can insert a one-inch advertisement one year for two dollars and a quarter a paper, or for the same price we can insert fifty-two reading notices (a new one every week), averaging seven lines each. For list of papers and other particulars, address Beals & Foster, 10 Spruce Street, New York.

For upwards of thirty years Mrs. WINSLOW'S SHOOTING SYRUP has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowls, cures dysentery and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. 25 cts. a bottle.

A Friend in Need—Grace's Salve is a friend in *deed*. Who has not found it such in curing Cuts; Burns; Bruises; Scalds; Felons; Boils, and even the most obstinate old Ulcers, and other Sores? It is a wonderful compound, suited alike to the skin of the child and of the adult.

It is a dangerous thing to allow the diarrhœa or dysentery to go unchecked and there is no need of it. A small bottle of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* will cure the most stubborn casethat can be produced.

Fever and ague, malarious fever, billious and typhoid fevers all originate in one producing cause and may all be easily prevented by *Parsons, Purgative Pills*. These pills act directly and powerfully upon the blood.

Attention is directed to the advertisement in another column of the auction sale of Percheron Norman stallions and graded stock, from the celebrated breeding farm of L. Johnson, East Castle Rock, Minn.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Farmers, Families and Others can purchase no Remedy equal to Dr. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT for the cure of Cholera, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Croup, Colic, and Sea sickness, taken internally—(it is perfectly harmless; see oath accompanying each bottle) and externally for Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Cuts, Burns, Swellings, Bruises, Mosquito Bites, Old Sores, Pains in Limbs, Back and Chest. The VENETIAN LINIMENT was introduced in 1847, and no one who has used it but continues to do so, many stating, if it was Ten Dollars a Bottle they would not be without it. Thousands of Certificates can be seen at the Depot, speaking of its wonderful curative properties. Sold by the Druggists at 40 cts, Depot 42 Murray, St., New York

FOR $750

We will insert a one-inch advertisement, thirteen times, in one thousand American weekly newspapers. Advertisement may appear three months every week, or every other week six months.

HALF INCH.....FOR $425
FOUR LINES.....FOR $250
THREE LINES.....FOR $125

For cash payment entirely in advance, five per cent. discount. No extra charge for making and sending cuts.

For catalogue of papers and other information address

BEALS & FOSTER,
10 Spruce Street, New York.

TEAS—We want an Agent in every town and city in the United States to sell our Teas. HONG KONG TEA CO., 116 and 118 Madison St., Chicago.

STUNNING OFFER.—N. Y. (Weekly) PALLADIUM 40 columns. Subscription 50 cents a year. 10 cents a month on trial. 1 College Place, New York.

AUCTION SALE
Of Imported Percheron Norman Stallions and graded Colts at Fair Grounds, St. Paul, during week of State Fa; or at adjoining establishment.
Maple Point Stock Farm
For full particulars address L. JOHNSON, Proprietor, East Castle Rock, Minnesota.

'GRAND' CHARTER OAK STOVE
The BEST of All
Unrivalled in Appearance.
Unparalleled in Simplicity.
Unsurpassed in Construction.
Unprecedented in Durability.
Unexcelled in Economy of Fuel.
Undisputed in the BROAD CLAIM of being the VERY BEST OPERATING, QUICKEST SELLING, HANDSOMEST AND
MOST PERFECT COOKING STOVE
Ever offered to the public.
MADE ONLY BY
EXCELSIOR MANUFACTURING CO.
Nos. 612, 614, 616 & 618 N. Main St.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
SOLD BY
Adam Decker, St. Paul,
Janney Bros., Minneapolis.

1878. THE MINNESOTA STATE FAIR. 1878.
TO BE HELD AT
Saint Paul,
September 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7.
$9,875 Premiums awarded.
The Greatest attractions of high bred Cattle, Horses, Sheep and Swine ever held in the State.
$14,500 for Distribution
To Horses Exhibiting their Trial of Speed.
Rarus,
The fastest Horse in the World, will make his first appearance in Minnesota, and exhibit his wonderful speed Wednesday, Sept. 4th.
Great Eastern
Will prove himself as good as his high reputation as one of the fastest horses in America.
The Famous English Colony
From Fairmont, Minn., will exhibit their Horses and Hounds in Hurdle races, Fox Hunting, &c.
COL. JOHN BISHOP,
Breeder of Shetland Ponies,
At Beloit, Wis., will exhibit thirty to forty of his beautiful trained Ponies.
DOCTOR CARVER, of California,
The Greatest Rifle Shot in the World, will shoot glass balls flying in the air.
CAPTAIN BOGARDUS,
The Champion Wing shot of the World, will exhibit his skill.
Minnesota Veteran's Association
Hold their annual re-union at the State Capitol, Sept. 5th. Speeches, Bands of Music and general good time.
MINNESOTA GROWN AMBER SUGAR CANE
Will be manufactured on the grounds every day during the Fair. This is a general attraction as the introduction of a new and profitable crop for this State.
The Great Bench Show of Dogs of Best Breeds, from England and the United States will be on exhibition. $2,000 premiums to be divided. Field day trial, and special premiums.
The Celebrated Eagle, "Old Abe,"
Who served through the war with the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment, will be found at camp on the grounds,
Trained Elk,
In harness, will be exhibited as a civilizing feature.
The Minnesota Fishery Association
Will exhibit the State culture by living specimens in aquariums on the grounds.
The Duluth Glee Club
Will give exhibits daily of their delightful singing.
Grand Display of Fire Works.
On the River fronting the city on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights of Fair Week.
*His Excellency, President Hayes, and members of his official household will be in attendance on Thursday.
Geo. P. Rowell & Co.,
10 Spruce Street,
New York.

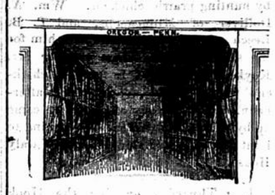
THE OBJECT OF OUR ESTABLISHEMNT.
Our Newspaper Advertising Bureau, No. 10 Spruce St., New York, is an establishment intended to facilitate the convenient and systematic placing of advertisements in newspapers. It is conducted upon the principles which we conceive to be the right ones for securing the best results to the advertiser.
We undertake to represent American newspapers, not only the newspapers of the city of New York, and of all other American cities, Religious, Agricultural, and all other class newspapers,—but also the small country journals. We receive regularly and keep on file the daily and weekly newspapers of every description throughout the land.

CONFINED STRICTLY TO NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING AND TO AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.
We confine our transactions to newspapers, and do not accept or undertake the management of other classes of advertising, such as books, sign boards, posters, or job printing.
By adhering to one branch of advertising we make ourselves masters of it.
We also restrict our dealings to newspapers published within the geographical limits of the United States and Dominion of Canada.

THE NATURE OF THE SERVICE WHICH IT IS OUR BUSINESS TO RENDER TO THE ADVERTISER.
We undertake to maintain an established credit with every newspaper, and to have at hand a schedule of charges for advertising space in its columns: to be able to quote the rates to an advertiser who wishes one or several, and to procure the prompt insertion of the advertisement without any extra charge for the service rendered; which service consists of quoting the price printing or writing as many duplicates of the advertisement as may be required, forwarding the copy for insertion at our own expense for postage or messenger service; examining the papers to see that the advertisement appears, when, and in the manner that it ought to; checking each subsequent issue of the advertisement, in each paper, in a book kept for that purpose, at all times subject to the inspection of the advertiser, and marking plainly in each paper the advertisement said to appear: so that when the advertiser comes (or sends) for the purpose of having the files examined, the eye may light promptly upon his announcement, without the labor of searching a whole paper or page. If errors or omissions occur, it is our duty to notify publishers, at our own expense by letter, postage or messenger, and to see to it that the publisher of the paper actually does render the specified service for which the advertiser contracted.

Our Promise.
We promise those advertisers who entrust their advertising patronage to our management that we will not allow them to be charged, in any instance, any more than the publishers' schedule rates; that we will procure for them the acceptance of any advantageous offer definitely made to them by any newspaper published by any advertising agent, or canvasser of responsibility. We are unwilling to do work without a profit, and never offer to do so, yet in confirmity with the promise made above, we sometimes find it advisable.

THE SYSTEM OF ARRANGEMENT FOR NEWS PAPER FILES.



We have a perfected system for filing newspapers, a separate space being accorded to each, and labelled with the printed name of the paper it is intended to accommodate. A stranger can place his hand upon

any paper he wishes to examine with the same readiness with which he would find a word in a dictionary, a name in a directory, or a book in a library catalogue.

THE AMOUNT OF MONEY TO BE EXPENDED.
Persons who have had little experience as advertisers often have a pretty clear understanding of what they would like to do, but are entirely ignorant of the probable cost.
We have made out for such a person a plan of advertising calling for an investment of $5,000, and on submitting for approval, found our customer dismayed at the magnitude of the expense, he not having contemplated an expenditure exceeding $200 or $300. In such a case labor would have been saved, if at the commencement of the negotiation the question had been asked: "How much money are you prepared to devote to this advertising?"

THE CONFIDENCE OF OUR PATRONS A MATTER OF PRIME IMPORTANCE.
It is a matter of prime importance to us, for the purpose of maintaining our influence with publishers that it shall come to be understood among them that our statements about the advertising to be done, or not to be done, are to be relied upon, and to this end our dealing with our advertising patrons must be upon a basis of mutual confidence and good faith.

OUR CUSTOMERS ENTITLED TO OUR BEST SERVICES.
Whenever we are doing the advertising for any individual, or firm, we consider them entitled to our best services. If they suggest using a paper which we know to be not the best for the purpose, we say so and give the reasons. We often expend a good deal of time for very small advertisers, much more than the profits on their patronage would warrant; but we are content, as they entrust to us what they have to disburse, and influence in our direction the patronage of their friends and acquaintances.

Extract from New York "Times," June 14, 1875.
Ten years ago Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. established their advertising agency in New York City Five years ago they absorbed the business conducted by Mr. John Hooper, who was the first to go into this kind of enterprise. Now they have the satisfaction of controlling the most extensive and complete advertising connection which has ever been secured, and one which would be hardly possible in any other country but this. They have succeeded in working down a complex business into so thoroughly a systematic method that no change in the newspaper system of America can escape notice, while the widest information upon all topics interesting to advertisers is placed readily at the disposal of the public.

Geo. P. Rowell & Co.,
10 Spruce Street,
New York.

$150 A YEAR. Board and tuition for Girls, Boys and Young Men. Preparatory Course for Business, Teaching, Medicine, Law and Divinity. Instruction thorough. Location unsurpassed. Rev. T. M. Reilly, B. D. E. piscopal Academy, Haddonfield, N. J.

GRACE'S SALVE
Jonesville, Mich., Dec. 27, 1877.—Messrs. Fowles. I sent you 50 cents for two boxes of Grace's Salve.