WAIT A BIT.

When Johnny came a-courting,
I thought him overbold,
For I was but a young thing,
And he no' very old.
And though I like him well enough,
I sent him on his way,
With, "Wait a bit, bide a bit,
Wait a week and a day!"

When Johnny passed me in the lane,
And pleaded for a kiss,
And vowed he'd love me evermore
For granting of the bliss;
Although I'd liked it ower well,
I ran from him away,
With wait, "Wait a bit, bide a bit,
Wait a week and a day!"

When Johnny fell a-ranting,
With, "Jenny be my wife!"
And vowed I never should regret
However long my life;
Although I like it best o' all,
I turned from him away,
With, "Wait a bit, bide a bit,
Wait a week and a day!"

Oh, Johnny was a ninny,
He took me at my word!
And he was courting another
The next thing that I heard.
Oh, what a ninny was Johnny,
To mind me when I'd say,
"Wait a bit, bide a bit,
Wait a week and a day!"

Heigh-ho, I've met my Johnny,
I gin him a blink o' my eye,
And then he fell a-raving,
For the want o' my love he'd die!
I ne'er could be so cruel,
So I set the weeding day,
With, "Haste a bit nor waste a bit,
There's danger in delay.

—Jennie E. T. Dowe.

A Trial of Faith.

"What I consider the essential element of happiness in any love affair is the supreme faith and perfect trust of the one in the other," said the Heroine, in a voice that in a moderately pretty girl would have seemed authoritative, but not in a splendid creature as tall and stately as Tennyson's Maud, with red-brown hair, dark violet eyes and a mouth shaped like Cupid's bow. "No matter what appearances are against him, no matter if time or distance or malicious tongues seem to separate, the woman should trust. Since I have become engaged—"

"Engaged to what, Florence?" asked Jack's sister, with her irreverent giggle. But what could you expect of a little undersized creature, with a turned-up nose and a pair of green eyes that look as inquisitive as an?? "When I think that you and Jack are really to be married it does seem too ridiculous, he has just gone into the Senior at Yale and you out of school last June. And then such a lot of sweethearts as he has had! There were Emily Hazen and Marie De Brese and last year Professor Peters's daughter, the youngest one, with the big black eyes, that giggled. And to hear you, the veriest sp tfire in school when you got jealous, talking about love and trust and f h! Now, my lady, don't get vexed; s all 'badinage and persiflage,' as the woman of society would say. I'm merely watching the miracle of love."

"I am eighteen years of age, Susie Lane, and your brother is, ah, twenty-one; we are neither of us children; and, besides, I'm not going to have you making fun of me this way, and ridiculing everything. I shall never tell you anything again as long as I live. I thought you sympathized—"

"Oh, Florence, don't cry," cried the scoffer, melted and distressed in turn. "Do let's sit down on this log and tell us all about it. Bertie is dying to hear, and has been pinching me black and blue ever since we started. Don't mind me; you know that Bertie and I are nothing but miserable schoolgirls in scrubby clothes, and know nothing but chemistry and moral and mental philosophy, and French and German and the sciences, and English literature and art; don't be bashful before us?"

"Oh, hush, Sue," cried Bertie; "we are tired of you and your nonsense. I want to have a real sensible, sentimental time. Lets sit right here. I wish I had my sketch book. How deep the wood is, and how soft the shadows, and that bank of ferns and the great boulder covered with lichens! See the waterfall yonder, and that half-charred log. Ah! this is the very forest of Arden. Come, dear, tell us all about it."

"Well" said the Heroine, "It happened at this very spot, yesterday afternoon, just before he left on the 7 P. M. train. Indeed, I just can't tell the very words, girls, because it's kind of sacred; but he vowed he never cared one straw for Emily Hazen or Marie De Brese, and as for that Peters girl, he positively scorned her. I looked very uninterested and dignified, and said I really didn't know why he should make me his confidant, though I was Sue's friend and staying in his house, and all that, and he plumped right up and down there where you are sitting, Bertie, and kissed my hand and told me—No, I just won't; but he talked perfectly beautifully about trust and faith, and how I must believe in him, even though he were far, far away at Yale, and I here in Pennsylvania. And he said we must remember we were together in heart, 'though the hills lie between.' "

"He got that out of my scrap book," said Sue conscientiously. But it came in very well. Jack is a very tidy boy, and I really believe he is in love this time, and I hope you will trust him, Florence. Let's go home and get into his top drawer and turn out the mementoes of the past. Do you know that the other day I stepped in while you and he were discussing constancy on the veranda, and I found twenty different locks of hair in one corner of the bureau, every color of the rainbow, except gray, and all mixed up, so that they looked like Joseph's coat or a rag carpet."

"Don't mind Sue, Florie dear," said little Bertie, comfortingly. "I saw them, and there wasn't a strand of red, auburn I mean, in the lot."

"I do not mind either of you," said Miss Maxwell, with dignity. "I love and—I trust.

"Sue! where is Sue?" called Mrs. Lane one morning about three weeks after this conversation. "Come into the library, your papa wishes to see you."

"I wonder what mamma wants?" said Sue, putting down her linen doilies on which she was working a Rosina Emmet tea party. "When they go into the library, and shut the door, and call me, something has happened to Jack. By-the-way, you haven't had a letter for a week, have you, Florence?"

"Not for two weeks," said Florence, bravely, though the telltale color dyed her cheek for an instant with a crimson wave. "I don't believe you care one bit about poetry, Bertie. I've been reading this lovely 'Absence' for half an hour, and you keep on drawing as if it were 'Heavens's Philosophy.'

"What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?"

"I'd make caramels some of the time," said Sue, flippantly, and swing in a hamock three hours a day at least."

"Sue! Sue!" came the voice from the library. "Daughter," said her mama, a pale, shrinking lady in a white wrapper and pretty embroidered breakfast cap. "Now, don't get in a passion, dearest doctor; let Susie see the telegram. Oh, my dear, I fear something terrible has happened. I had a sort of persentiment; you know I was telling you, doctor—"

"Fiddlesticks with your presentiments!" roared the doctor, a red-faced old gentleman with a lot of blue-black hair that stood up from his forehead like porcupine bristles. "Something terrible, indeed, something disgraceful, something dishonorable, something that brings my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave." The doctor had not a white lock in his head, but his meaning was apparent, if his language was figurative." "I always said John was a sentimental, tennis-playing idiot. Never let me hear of tennis courts again. I would not give a cent for the whole of the present generation. That wretched college, with the professors and their family life, family life indeed! I knew John was good for naught, spoiled by his mother out of all conscience; but to have disgraced himself, his family, all of us! Not that I consider him in the least to blame. He was always the most punctilious, the most strictly honorable, Quixotic creature. It was the woman, of course. She is twenty years older than he."

"No, Papa," from Susie; "she's just nineteen."

"I know what I am talking about. All college belles are twenty years older than the men they elope with; and he so trusting and so confiding! The unhappy, hot-headed creature! to think he has deceived this splendid, beautiful, wealthy girl under my roof! Why, I almost felt like not sanctioning the engagement, because taking place here, it looked as if I manœuvred for it. I a manœuvrer! Great Cæsar!"

"Hush, papa!" said Sue, clasping his arms as he frantically tore up and down the room. "Give me the message."

YALE COLLEGE, Sept. 25, 18—.

"John Lane and Lady will arrive at 7 P. M. Meet with carriage at station. Prepare supper and rooms. E. SNEED."

"Oh, mamma! it is true, then, he is married; and if at Yale, to that Peters. What shall we do? Poor Florence! she is so devoted to him, it will kill her. Oh, Jack! Jack! and to that scrubby girl! Don't let them come here mamma. I'll telegraph."

No, he shall come here," cried Jack's mother. "Its terrible, but the poor dear trusts and loves me. See, the telegram is to me, and you can't expect me, doctor"—turning with some violence on the almost insane father—"even you can't expect me to side against the only boy I have on earth."

"Come here," said the doctor, almost calmed by the excess of passion in his bond slave. "Of course he's coming here; he's got no other place to go. He hasn't married fifty thousand a year, has he? But the question is, who will break it to that splendid creature? I can't tell her; I can't tell her—by Jove I can't! You go, Sue, and break it to her. Give her a hint. You women are clever enough at inveigling," with a glare at wife and daughter that made the very cap strings palpitate. "Tell her he's dead, and then he's is married, that will ease her down a bit."

"Oh, don't say such a thing of my poor darling!" cried his mamma, instantly summoning up the image of the recreant John pale and beautiful in death.

"What's all this commotion about?" cried a fresh young voice. "Something about Jack, isn't it? Why, what ails you all? He—is—not—dead—is he?"

"Yes," said the doctor, nodding violently, the appropriatness of his suggestion almost stunning him; "dead and buried. Oh no, my dear," as he saw the light die out of the proud, pretty face. "That's my way of breaking it to you. He's—he's—. Tell her, Sue, he's married. He is coming here, of all places, with his bride to-night, in a few hours, and, of all people, that beggarly Peter's daughter, who is twenty years older than he, Mrs. Lane; I know these college belles. She is twenty years older if she is a day, and—"

"Read the telegram yourself, Florence," said Sue, through her tears.

The Heroine stepped to the window and stood in the recess for five minutes, her back to the other three. "Well?" she said presently.

"Well?" re-echoed the trio hanging on her words.

"He has been entrapped," said Florence, looking tall and stern. "I blame her entirely. She made him do it. I always said she was the most manœuvring, deceitful—oh, my poor Jack!" cried the Heroine, in a burst of bitter weeping.

"I hear the carriage coming up the avenue, Florence," said Sue, in a low voice, as she tapped at the door at seven o'clock. "Why, Florence, you are perfectly lovely, all in white like a bride, and with your diamonds on! What a lovely color in your cheeks, too! Oh, dear, what made him do it?"

"What made her do it?" said Miss Maxwell, with set lips. "Wait one minute. Does my train sit in the back? She will be dirty and dusty, the little—"

"Never mind; we will go down to meet them."

Sue trembled, and Bertie's fifteen-year-old eyes were red with crying; but they decended together. "Your train rustles just as Lady Macbeth's does in the sleep-walking scene," whispered the youngest girl, and Florence took a momentary comfort in this momentous resemblance.

The doctor and his wife were in the hall; the carriage stopped; the door flew open.

"Well, mammy, here she is," cried Jack, a big, good-natured college boy, with an honest pair of ugly gray eyes, and out stepped a wizened little old lady with a jolly kind face, for all the world the prophecy of Sue's at sixty-five.

"Why, it's Emily! it's Aunt Emmie! When did you come? Where did you come from? How are you here?"

"From England, on the Scythia," cried Jack, answering everybody at once. "I told Sneed to wire you, but I dare say he forgot Aunt Emmie's name. I had only time to shout out to him I wanted the carriage at the station. Why, what are you all so dazed about? Anything wrong? And you Florence— What, my darling, crying, when I've brought you a beautiful diamond ring, with '*Fidelis ad mortem*' as big as life inside."—*Ira C. Cabell, in Harper's Bazar.*

Breadied for life—the old toper's nose.—*Cleveland Sun.*

He Knew Her Sister.

Mrs. Dollinger, a Soux Falls lady, who lives on Twelfth street, heard a rap at the front door the other afternoon, and responded to find a very distinguished-looking gentleman, extremely dignified and handsome.

"Ah! Mrs. Dollinger, I believe," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"My name is Harcourt. I live in Huron. Mrs. Scott, of that place, is your sister, is she not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! yes, I am very well acquainted with her. She requested me to call and do a little errand for her."

"Oh, yes; won't you step in, Mr. Harcourt?"

"Thank yow. I believe I will. Very fine weather we're having."

"Yes, sir. Take the easy chair."

"Thank you—pray don't put yourself to any trouble on my account."

"Certainly not. Was my sister well when you left?"

"Quite well, I am pleased to say. By the way, Mrs. Dollinger, I have a little work here which I would like to show, as I am sure you would be interested in it, it is called 'Daniel in the Lion's Den,' and is by Rev. Thomas R. Deuteronomy, and it comes in twelve parts exquisitely bound in cloth, leather or extra Russia, is finely illustrated and should be in every library, and I am taking hundreds of orders as you can see by examining this order book, and everybody is wild over it and all pronounce it the most wonderful book written since the holy scriptures, it treates of Daniel in ten stages, when he started to go into the den, when he got a little farther in, when he got clear in, when the lions came up to examine him, while they were making their survey, while they retired to consult together, when they decided a post-mortem would be necessary, when they announced the result to Daniel, when he convinced them that he would not consent to an autopsy, when the lions retired and Daniel got out embellished with numerous cuts, plans, maps and beautiful steel engravings, comes at $1 a part or $12 for the entire work, put your name down here and pay as you receive each part, eleven parts now ready—here is a fountain pen, write under Mr. Brown's name at the bottom of this page."

"Mr. Horcourt," said Mrs. Dollinger, rising and suppressing her tears, "you're a mean, deceitful book agent! Get out of my house!"

"I know, but just sign—"

"Go on, or I shall scream!"

"Certainly, certainly, if you insist, no offense. But can't you tell me the name of the lady next door, and where some of her family live? Ah, won't, eh? I'll work another scheme, then. Good day, Mrs. Dollinger, good day; glad to have made your acquaintance!"

—Dakota Bell.

A Predicament.

Alas! a sorry lot is mine,
I'm deep in love with one
Whose eyes are bright as stars that shine,
When sets the beaming sun.
I dream of her at noon and night,
I am her worshiper,
And yet, such is my woeful plight,
I dare not tell her.

I've conned the pages of romance
To see how heroes woo;
They always seem to find a chance
And know just what to do.
Alack-a-day, I am not versed
In arts of rhetoric;
In all the parts that I've rehearsed
I'm awkward as a stick.

My voice is oft inclined to break,
And if, upon my knees
I said, "I'll die for your sweet sake,"
I fear I'd fail to please
Had I a word with Romeo,
Perhaps he might unfold
Some way to guard against her "No,"
And still not mention "gold."

The poets sing of "love divine,"
In numbers short and long;
This does not suit a case like mine—
A fig for every song!
Will some successful lover not
(I'm sure there are a few!)
Have pity on my mournful lot
And tell me what to do!

—Clinton Scollard in Detroit Free Press.

It Stopped Their Boom.

"Having a boom here?" asked a stranger as he put his head out of a car window at a Dakota station.

"Naw!" replied a native.

"That's strange—thought every place had one this spring."

"They be, mostly," and the man sighed and leaned up against the depot.

"Then why isn't this town having one?"

"W'y, you see, stranger, it was owin' to a little mismanagement. We platted a big Brighton Beach boulevard addition over on the lake j'inin' the town, and you know the land there is just a little bit soft like. Well, the first spec'lator that come along the boys got too fast and took him down to it and he started to walk off across the lots and I'm blamed if he didn't stick there and we couldn't get to him to pull him out."

"How long ago did it happen?"

"Bout two weeks."

"He must be dead, then?"

"Oh, yes, I reckon he's dead all right enough, but before he sunk out o' sight he hollered to other buyers that we took down and warned them 'bout the place and somehow capitalists kinder got prejudiced ag'in our real estate and we hain't havin' no boom a-tall. I'm goin' to move."—*Dakota Bell.*

Willing to Reciprocate.

"I would like to pass to New York, if you please. I believe you are permitted to give passes to the clerical profession?"

"Yes; the interstate law gives us that privilege, I believe. You are a member of that profession? Yes? What name? (Writes out the pass and hands it to the applicant with a gracious bow.) And where do you preach, Mr. Blande?"

"Preach, I don't preach anywhere."

"But you said you were a clergyman."

"Not I. I said I was a member of the clerical profession. Clerk down in Julep's saloon. Call round and see us. Glad to reciprocate. So long."—*Boston Transcript.*

Too Diaphanous.

With seats at $7 each a great many young men of this town have discovered that Patti's voice is not as sweet as it used to be. When they say that they don't care to hear her this time, they may think that they are hoodwinking the young ladies, but they are not. —*Baltimore American.*

Easily Remedied.

The conductors on the New York Elevated Railway trains have been forbidden to flirt on duty. Why don't the company put spark arresters on their trains?—*Norristown Herald.*

MARKETS.

CHICAGO:—Wheat, No. 2 spring, 82½c; No. 3 spring, 77c; No. 2 red, 82½c. Corn, No. 2, 37½c. Oats, No. 2, 27½c. Rye, No. 2, 56½c. Barley, No. 2, 63c. Flax seed, $1.07½. Timothy seed, $1.09. Pork, per bbl., $20.50. Lard, per 100 lbs., $7.15. Butter, creamery 17 to 22c; dairy, 15½ to 21c. Eggs, 11½ to 12½c.

NEW YORK:—Wheat, No. 2 spring, 93c; No. 1 hard, 94c; ungraded red, 95½c; No. 3 red, 91½c; No. 2 red, 93½c. Corn, ungraded, 50½c; No. 2, 49½c. Oats, mixed western, 37c; white, 42c. Eggs, 13½c. Butter, western, 12 to 24c.

MILWAUKEE:—Wheat, 78½c. Corn, No. 3, 38c. Oats, No. 2, white, 32½c. Rye, No. 1, 62½c. Barley, 60c. Pork, $16.50. Lard, $7.15. Butter, 13 to 20c. Eggs, 12 to 12½c.

MINNEAPOLIS:—Wheat, No. 1 hard, 76c; No. 1 northern, 74½c; No. 2 northern, 73½c. Flour to local dealers, or shippers, in sacks $4.20 to $4.30. Corn, 39c. Bran, $10.00 to $10.50. Shorts, $10.00 to $10.50. Oats, 30c. Rye, No. 2, 48c; No. 3, 40c. Corn meal, bolted, $18 to $20. Hay, wild, $9 to $10.50. Butter, creamery, 24 to 25c; dairy, 18 to 20c. Eggs, 12 to 12½c. Potatoes, 50 to 55c.

ST. PAUL:—Wheat, No. 1 hard, 77c; No. 1 northern, 76½c; No. 2 northern, 75c. Corn, No. 2, 38c. Oats, No. 1 mixed, 29½c; No. 2, mixed, 29c; No. 1 white, 32c; No. 2 white, 31c. Barley, No. 2, 50c. Rye, No. 2, 48c. Flax seed, 95c. Timothy seed, $1.70. Clover seed, $4.00. Potatoes, 45 to 53c. Eggs, 11½ to 12c.

DULUTH:—Wheat, 77⅞ to 78⅛c.

Thin hair thickened, baldness cured, and gray hair made to return to its youthful color by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

Secretary Lamar, in response to the question whether he expected to be appointed to succeed Judge Woods on the supreme bench, said that the president had never mentioned the vacant judgeship to him.

Charles B. Wright, head of the Philadelphia or opposition interest in the Northern Pacific directory, in an interview with a Chicago Tribune correspondent purporting to write from Mandan, declared that after the next annual meeting, to be held in September, there would be a change in the administration of the land department of the road. Mr. Wright announced that after that meeting Col. Lamborn, the present land commissioner, would be retired and a man put in who will more completely represent the prevailing idea of the discontented stockholders. In their opinion the land policy of the road should be much liberal to the actual settler than it is at present.

The Massachusetts house refused to agree to the constitutional prohibitory amendment—135 to 73.

Mr. Arthur Shurtleff, Parker, Dakota, writes: "St. Jacobs Oil will cure one thing not advertised. It cured a wart on my finger which I had for years," Price fifty cents.

Turkey has been assured that Germany, Austria and Italy will stand by England in the new Egyptian convention.

At Terre Haute, Champaign county, Ohio, Mr. Charles F. Powell was postmaster, and he writes: "I have a fine lot of polish chickens. I gave them St. Jacobs Oil on a pill of bread for the croup. It cured them. The next morning I could not tell which of the chickens had been sick."

New York Special: That congress might know what was being done with the appropriation for perfecting the dynamite gun some of the West Point board of visitors accepted Lieut. Zalinski's invitation to take in the monster while they tarred in New York. Lieut. Zalinski put the great gun through its paces, and Maj. Randolph caught the flying projectiles in midair with his instaneous photograph camera. Three shots showed what the creature could do. The missile leaped over the water, starting at an elevation of 14 degrees. It struck the water with a splash, and when it had buried itself well under the water, the explosion came, throwing up a mountain of water and mud. The gun can be made to drop shells into that same square rod of water all day.

At Philadelphia, Mrs. Annie Griffith, in a fit of insanity, cut the throat of her ten-year-old daughter, Mabel, with a razor, and then drew the weapon across her own throat, dying almost instantly. The child died in a few hours.

Col. Kittredge Haskins of Vermont, whose term as United States district attorney in that state did not expire until the close of the present administration, has been removed and Clarence Pitkin appointed to the place.

Though Shaken Like a Leaf

By the most trivial causes, weak nerves are easily susceptible of invigoration, a term which also imports, in this instance, quietude. The nervous have but to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters systematically to overcome that supersensitiveness of the human sensorium, which is subversive of all bodily comfort and mental tranquility, and which reacts most hurtfully upon the system. The difficulty underlying this, as well as many other ailments, is imperfect assimilation, no less than incomplete digestion of the food. In the discharge of both the digestive and assimilative functions, the Bitters are the most potent, the most reliable auxiliary. As the body regains vigor and regularity by its aid, the brain and nervous system are also benefited. Persons subject to the influence of malaria, dyspeptic and rheumatic invalids, and persons whose kidneys are inactive, should, also, use the Bitters.

Money is coming in freely for the monument to be erected at Florence, Italy, over the grave of Theodore Parker.

Over-Worked Women.

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school-teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around bottle. Price $1.00 a bottle, or six bottles for $5.00.

A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for ten cents in stamps.

Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y

Dr. Phillips Brooks of Boston will probably preach before Queen Victoria in the private chapel at Windsor Castle.

Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" cleanse and purify the blood and relieve the digestive organs.

The late Charles D. Keep, of the Wall Street News, left a fortune of $500,000.

When all so-called remedies fail, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

Policeman Coogan found $7,500 in cash in the streets of New York.

It is extremely funny to see clergymen and rumsellers putting themselves out of breath advocating the Moxie. Go in gentlemen; meanwhile the drunkard's wife and children will thank God. Drink Moxie.

Work has begun on a $1,229,000 hotel at Denver.

Those who have been pestered in summer time by houseflies (and who has not) may rejoice to know that the housefly himself is bothered with parasites. They are to be found under the wings, where the fly cannot dislodge them and one observer has found as many as seven upon one fly. The fly exhibiting uneasiness and muscular twitchings may be supposed to be a victim.—Dr. Foot's Health Monthly.

The great bridge over the Tay has been completed at a cost of £700,000.

While the symptoms hitherto attending the Emperor William's malady continue to subside, he has caught a fresh cold and is somewhat weakened.

For any Derangement of the Digestive organs take Allen's Iron Tonic Bitters. All genuine bear the signature of J. P. Allen, Druggist, St. Paul, Minn.

Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, and their party will leave England for New York Oct. 20.

Expresses his gratitude.—Albert A. Larson, of Kirkman, Ia., in expressing his gratitude to the proprietors of Allen's Lung Balsam, writes: "I firmly believe my wife would have died of consumption, if not for the timely use of your Balsam." Buy the $1.00 bottle for Lung Diseases.

Twenty-five thousand square miles of land are inundated in Hungary.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff. 50 cts.

Lord Rosebery has invited Mr. Blaine to visit him at his country seat in England.

Mensman's Peptonized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, Dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. HAZARD, HAZARD & CO., Proprietors, New York. Sold by Druggists.

How to Cure Skin & Scalp Diseases with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

TORTURING, DISFIGURING, ITCHING, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of disease-sustaining elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of crusts, scales and sores, and restores the hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, is indispensable in treating skin diseases, baby humors, skin blemishes, chapped and oily skin. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the great skin beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

TINTED with the loveliest delicacy is the skin bathed with CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

BOYS Crenkle Seersucker Coats and Vests ages from 11 to 17 years sent, postage paid for $1.65. Boys pleated knee pant suit same material, ages from 4 to 12 years postage paid $2. 15. Kilt Suits ages 2 to 5 years postage paid $1.65. These bargains to be found only at the BIG BOSTON, MINNEAPOLIS.

One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

Your "Tansill's Punch" 5c cigar is becoming more popular every day. Cigar drummers don't bother us any more.

HUGO ANDRIESSEN, Beaver, Pa.

Address R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS

For 25 YEARS ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

has been the favorite REMEDY for THROAT & LUNG DISEASES. Thousands have been Cured and in every House Allens Lung Balsam should be used as a STANDARD REMEDY for COLDS COUGHS CROUP Whooping Cough and Consumption. Price 25¢ 50¢ & $1.00 per bottle. All DRUGGISTS sell it. J. N. HARRIS & CO. Limited, Prop's Cincinnati, O.

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

PATENTS R. S. & A. P. LACEY, Patent Attorneys Washington, D. C. Instructions and opinions as to patentability FREE. 17 years' experience

PATENTS OBTAINED by LOUIS BAGGER & CO., attorneys, Washington, D. C. Established 1864. Advice free. Scandinavian language understood.

PENSIONS, Officer's pay, bounty procured; deserters relieved. 21 years' practice. Success or no fee. Write for circulars and new laws. A. W. McCormick & Son, Washington, D. C. & Cin., O.

SHORTHAND, Typewriting AND TELEGRAPHY BEST AND LARGEST SCHOOL in the United States. Shorthand by mail a specialty. Send for circulars to ANNA C. DREW, Hale blk., St. Paul, Minn.

The oldest medicine in the world is probably Dr. Isaac Thompson's CELEBRATED EYE WATER. This article is a carefully prepared Physicians prescription, and has been in constant use nearly a century, and notwithstanding the many other preparations that have been introduced into the market, the sale of this article is constantly increasing. If the directions are followed it will never fail. We particularly invite the attention of physicians to its merits. JOHN L. THOMPSON, SONS & CO., TROY, N. Y.

Dyspepsia is the bane of the present generation. It is for its cure and its attendants, Sick Headache, Constipation and Piles, that Tutt's Pills have become so famous. They act speedily and gently on the digestive organs, giving them tone and vigor to assimilate food. No griping or nausea. Sold Everywhere. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

O The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued Sept. and March, each year. 312 pages, 8½x11½ inches, with over 3,500 illustrations—a whole Picture Gallery. GIVES Wholesale Prices direct to consumers on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These INVALUABLE BOOKS contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy FREE to any address upon receipt of 10 cts. to defray expense of mailing. Let us hear from you. Respectfully, MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. 227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

GIBBS IMPERIAL GANG PLOW FOR DIFFICULT SOILS SULKY & HAND PLOWS

THE BEST PLOWS ON Earth Manufactured by the BUCHER & GIBBS PLOW CO. Canton, O. LIDDELL, CAMPBELL & CAVNAH, Genl. Agts. Minneapolis, Minn. and Altoona, Pa.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS The Original and Only Genuine. Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless imitations. Ladies, ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c. (stamps) to us for particulars in letter by return mail. Name paper. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2618 Madison Square, Philada. Pa. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC Boston, Mass. THE LARGEST and BEST EQUIPPED in the WORLD—100 Instructors, 2168 Students last year. Thorough Instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Piano and Organ Tuning, Fine Arts, Oratory, Literature, French, German, and Italian Languages, English Branches, Gymnastics, etc. Tuition, $5 to $25; board and room with Steam Heat and Electric Light, $3.00 to $7.50 per week. Fall Term begins Sept. 8, 1887. For Illustrated Calendar, with full information, address E. TOURJEE, Dir., Franklin Sq., BOSTON, Mass.

N. W. N. U. 1887 No. 26

TOWER'S FISH BRAND. None genuine unless stamped with the above TRADE MARK.

SLICKER Is The Best Waterproof Coat Ever Made. Don't waste your money on a gum or rubber coat. The FISH BRAND SLICKER is absolutely water and wind proof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. Ask for the "FISH BRAND" slicker and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the "FISH BRAND", send for descriptive catalogue to A. J. TOWER, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

WORDS OF PRAISE

The following words, in praise of DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION as a remedy for those delicate diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such maladies. They are fair samples of the spontaneous expressions with which thousands give utterance to their sense of gratitude for the inestimable boon of health which has been restored to them by the use of this world-famed medicine.

$100 THROWN AWAY. JOHN E. SEGAR, of *Millenbeck, Va.*, writes: "My wife had been suffering for two or three years with female weakness, and had paid out one hundred dollars to physicians without relief. She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did her more good than all the medicine given to her by the physicians during the three years they had been practicing upon her."

THE GREATEST EARTHLY BOON. MRS. GEORGE HERGER, of *Westfield, N. Y.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from leucorrhœa, bearing-down pains, and pain continually across my back. Three bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' restored me to perfect health. I treated with Dr. ——, for nine months, without receiving any benefit. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to us poor suffering women."

THREW AWAY HER SUPPORTER. MRS. SOPHIA F. ROSWELL, *White Cottage, O.*, writes: "I took eleven bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Pellets.' I am doing my work, and have been for some time. I have had to employ help for about sixteen years before I commenced taking your medicine. I have had to wear a supporter most of the time; this I have laid aside, and feel as well as I ever did."

IT WORKS WONDERS. MRS. MAY GLEASON, of *Nunica, Ottawa Co., Mich.*, writes: "Your 'Favorite Prescription' has worked wonders in my case. Again she writes: "Having taken several bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' I have regained my health wonderfully, to the astonishment of myself and friends. I can now be on my feet all day, attending to the duties of my household.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only *symptoms* caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, *directed to the cause*, would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

3 PHYSICIANS FAILED. MRS. E. F. MORGAN, of *No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass.*, says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was *perfectly cured*, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, *and enclosing a stamped-envelope for reply.* I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the $1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

JEALOUS DOCTORS. A Marvelous Cure.—MRS. G. F. SPRAGUE, of *Crystal, Mich.*, writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, leucorrhea and falling of the womb for seven years, so I had to keep my bed for a good part of the time. I doctored with an army of different physicians, and spent large sums of money, but received no lasting benefit. At last my husband persuaded me to try your medicines, which I was loath to do, because I was prejudiced against them, and the doctors said they would do me no good. I finally told my husband that if he would get me some of your medicines, I would try them against the advice of my physician. He got me six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' also six bottles of the 'Discovery,' for ten dollars. I took three bottles of 'Discovery' and four of 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have been a sound woman for four years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who was troubled in the same way, and she cured herself in a short time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost four years."

THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies. **Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription** is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus, or womb and its appendages, in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It promotes digestion and assimilation of food, cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating and eructations of gas.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its