CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHILD FANCIES.

BY ANTHONY E. ANDERSON.

Young Folks' Boral.

I'd like to know if stars are really worlds—
  Mamma told me so last night;
And every one that twinkles in the sky
  Glows with beauty, warmth and light!

The moon, she said, was one great turning sphere,
  Cold and dark and bleak and bare;
It seems so strange and queer to think of it—
  'Tis not fair and bright up there!

I'm sure the moon must be a lovely boat,
  Grandly sailing o'er a sea;
'Tis filled with treasures rare and sacks of gold,
  That a young prince brings to me!

Bright sides of silver has my fairy boat,
  Moonbeam-oars that gleam and shine;
I think I hear my fair prince sing for me,
  (Cricket voice so clear and fine!)

Or else the moon's a graceful lily on
  Deep-blue depths of upper sea;
And every star must be a daisy face,
  Smiling, nodding unto me!

The Game of Reverse Readings.

The boys were very quiet all dinner time. Mrs. Earl wondered at the unusual silence, but asked no questions, wisely biding her time for the explanation. The secret came out as the napkins were folded and the chairs pushed away from the table.

"Mother," said Edward, "the Hapgood boys have sent to ask Davy and me it we will go over and sit with them awhile this afternoon. It's real disagreeable to sit three or four hours poked up in that dull room, and Saturday afternoon, too. Now mother, if you were a boy wouldn't you say it was dull, even if you were ever so sorry for the Hapgoods?"

"Let me think," mamma answered, musingly. "How did I do when I was a boy? Oh, I remember. When I was asked to go and spend a few hours with two poor little fellows who had been confined to a room for six weeks—one with rheumatism and the other with a sprained ankle—I used to cheerfully, even on a Saturday, because I expected to have a good time, not a dull time, and I contrived to have a nice game, or entertaining book, or some enigmas or puzzles to make the time pass pleasantly."

"But mother," said the elder boy, everything is exhausted. They've played all the still games we boys know, and read books and magazines till they are tired of them. And they have had rabbits carried into them, and guinea pigs and canary birds; and every kind of a puzzle is worn out. What can we think of that is new?"

At this moment Kitty Columbo came in. Kitty was the adopted child of the minister of the parish, brought from the island of Fayal, when she was a wee thing, by the minister's young wife, who, for the sake of her health, had spent a winter on that notable island ten or twelve years before. Kitty Columbo was an orpan, but there was a legend in the family where her present friends first found her to the effect that she was a great-grandaughter, several times removed, or, at any rate, a lineal descendant of Christopher Columbus, and had been taken off the wreck of a Spanish ship when a mere infant of a few days old. This rumor, which every child in North Medway school implicitly believed, combined with the fact that her clear brown skin and large, limpid eyes really did suggest a southern origin, made her an object of lively interest with the kindly people among whom her lot was cast. "The foreign child" she was dubbed by her schoolmates, and immense eclat it gave to her.

A very bright and winning child was Kitty Columbo, and as she came skipping into Mrs. Earl's dining-room, with black curls dancing and bright eyes sparkling, the boys felt in the furthest corner of their cheered-up hearts that here was their aid and their inspiration.

"If Kitty will go with us," they cried, with one voice, and Kitty [consented, and said she would take Mary Hayes along with her, because she was "so quick at catching things."

It was anything but a dull company that gathered, half an hour later, in the room of the young invalids, George and Newton Hapgood. When the suffering limbs had been duly inquired after, and peeped at behind the bandages, and Mrs. Hapgood had said how very kind it was of the children to leave their outdoor sports and come and sit with her two lonesome chicks, the question began to loom up: "What shall we do? Sit with folded hands and talk like a Sunday school until teatime? Oh, no."

"I know something," said Kitty Columbo, "if Newt and George can hold pencils and write a little."

"Of course we can," said both the invalids. "Is it a play? Is it a game? Did you invent it, Kitty?"

"Maybe she discovered it as her great grand papa did America," said Davy Earl. "Is it a funny game, Kitty?"

"Why, it's a game of all. Maybe it's an 'exercise.' It's only reverse readings, and they may be funny or not, as you make them. You are to make sentences which will read the same backward as forward, or, if not the same, will at least make sense when read backward. Of course it must be real good sense."

"You mean it must be intelligible," interposed Mrs. Hapgood, who, from her sewing chair by the window, was an interested listener.

"Yes, ma'am," said Kitty.

"Oh we'll never be able to do it," cried all in concert.

"I know one word—that's Hannah," said Mary Hayes; "and there's Otto—that is another."

"I've brought a list of words," remarked the ever helpful Kitty, "and I'll copy off some for each of you. Then you'll think of others, and it won't be so hard to join them together."

Paper and pencils were produced, and after much questioning and several whispered consultations with Kitty Columbo, deep silence fell upon the group.

"Can we use the character '&' for and?" at last inquired Davy Earl.

"Oh, yes! I forgot to tell you that. And another thing, you can put letters at the end of a sentence for signature, if you like, and in the reverse they can be read the same as other letters."

Little Reuben Hapgood, who had come and sat quietly down by the bedside, with a slate and pencile, was the first to complete a sentence.

"See here! look a-here! I've got one! 'Selim's eye smiles.' Won't that do Kitty?"

"I guess Kitty helped you," said his mamma.

Rube stoutly maintained that Kitty only give him one word, and he put the "eye" in all by himself.

"Hurrah!" called Edward Earl, from the table, "I've raised Cain—see if I have not, thanks to one little hint you gave me, Kitty. Here it is: 'Cain a monomaniac.' Just the same backward as forward—see?"

"That's so. Well, I declare, you are right," the boys chimed in.

"That accounts for his killing poor Abel," said Mary Hayes.

"All keep still now and work away," advised Kitty Columbo, and another silence followed.

"Listen, all. 'Wyll of Warsaw's reign at Angiers was raw folly. W.'"

It was Newton Hapgood this time, and the others clapped their hands and cried "Splendid."

I don't know whether it is allowable to spell Will with a y," said Kitty, "but I have somewhere seen it spelled that way—a few times."

The "foreign girl's" decision was, of course, final.

"I've got one!" cried Davy Earl, waving his pencil. "It is the best I could do. It is a hotel-keeper's orders for repairs. 'Steven V. Moor. Level and repaper room. V. N. Evets.'"

It was now George Hapgood's turn, but as he was not quite ready Mary Hayes volunteered a sentence.

"O. C. Cabot sleeps in Ned's tubs, but S. Dennis peels tobacco."

"My goodness! You don't mean to say that line is the same backward as forward?"

"Examine it yourself, and see," said Mary, handing over the paper.

It proved entirely correct and great were the honors heaped upon her.

Now for Georgie Hapgood's.

"E. Morton, Artamus Rof & Delia sailed, & for Sumatra, not Rome."

Another chorus of cheers and then a little good-natured criticism.

"I should like to know what countryman Artamus Rof was," said Davy Earl.

Grorgie answered that he was a Swiss, or possibly a Russian; he wasn't particular about nationalities. And then they discovered that "Artamus" was all wrong. It should have been Artemus. However, the verdict, when finally reached, was that the sentence, despite that small blemish, was a capital one.

Now for Kitty Columbo.

"'A coup d'etat saved Mr. Otsdam, as a mad storm devastated Puoca.' Puoca is supposed to be a city in Mexico," Miss Kitty averred, with a twinkle in her eye; "and Mr. Otsdam was a foreign consul or minister, or something. That's the way he came to save himself by a coup d'etat."

So they laughed and chatted over the "perverse" readings, as Rube called them, until supper was ready and the dusk came creeping in.

"It's been a splendid time," said the invalids, when the good nights were spoken, "the jolliest afternoon we've had for weeks."

FELL AGAINST A SHARP EDGE.

Rockford (Ill.,) Register.

This is furnished by Mr. Wm. Will, 1613 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.: Some time since I received a severe injury to my back, by failing against the sharp edge of a marble step, the stone penetrating it at least a half-inch, and leaving a very painful wound. After suffering for a time, I concluded to apply St. Jacobs Oil, and am pleased to say, that the results exceeded my expectations. It speedily allayed all pain and swelling and by continued use, made a perfect cure. I really think it the most efficacious liniment I ever used.

American Bonapartes.

Corr. Springfield Republican.

The Bonapartes are very popular in Washington. They occupy a house next to the Chinese Legation, facing on Farragut Square, which they have enriched with many rare works of art brought from Paris, and they also brought their servants with them. He is a grandson of Mrs. Patterson, whose marriage with Jerome Bonaparte was broken by Napoleon, and he resembles his great uncle's portraits. She is a granddaughetr of Daniel Webster, and was a wealthy widow-Mrs. Eaton-when Colonel Bonaparte married her. She has half the jewels givin by Jerome Bonaparte to her husband's grand mother, and many curious articles that belonged to her grandfather. Their son will soon enter West Point as a cadet.

Chambersburgh (Pa.) Herald.

After vainly spending five hundred dollars for other remedies to relieve my wife, I have no hesitation in declaring that St. Jacobs Oil will cure Neuralgia, says M. V. B. Hersom, Esq., (of Pinkham & Hersom,) Boston, Mass., an enthusiastic indorser of its merits.

A RICH EXPERIENCE.

What a Prominent and Well-Known New York Physician Told a Reporter.

His Revelations Upon a Subject of Vital Interest to All.

The experience of any one of education and learning extending over a long period of time must necessarily be valuable, and while no two experiences in this world are alike, there is such a similiarity between them as to render one which is rich in valuable facts of benefit to all. America's greatest orator declared that he knew of no way of judging the future but by the past; and past personal experience is of the same nature as that history which repeats itself.

A representative of this paper while lounging in the lobby of a prominent New York hotel, met a gentleman whom he had known years before in the city of Detroit, but whom he had not seen before for a number of years. When the knight of the quill had last seen this gentleman, he was giving his entire time and attention to an extensive medical practice, and was on the crest of the wave of popularity. From Detroit he removed to New York where he could find a more extensive field for his talents and experiences. Although several years had passed, the doctor's physical condition had evidently very much improved, for he was looking much better than when the man of news had last seen him. After some general talk, the doctor fell into an easy train of conversation and uttered some truths so scientific and valuable, as to justify their reproduction in print.

"Yes," said the doctor, "I have improved in health since you last saw me and I hope also in many other ways. One thing, however, I have succeeded in doing, and it is one of the hardest things for any one, and especially a doctor, to do and that is I have overcome my prejudices. You know there are some people who prefer to remain in the wrong rather than acknowledge the manifest right. Such prejudice leads to bigotry of the worst order, and of precisely the same nature as characterized the sixteenth century when people were burned at the stake. Now I am a physician and of the 'old school' order, too; but I have, after years of experience and observation, come to the conclusion that truth is the highest of all things, and that if prejudice or bigotry stand in the way of truth, so much the worse for them—they are certain to be crushed sooner or later. Why, when I knew you in Detroit, I would have no sooner thought of violating the code of ethics laid down by the profession, or of prescribing anything out of the regular order, than I would of amputating my hand. Now, however, I prescribe and advise those things which I believe to be adapted to cure, and which my experience has proven to be such."

"This is rather an unusual way for a physician to talk, is it not, doctor?"

"Certainly it is. It is way outside of our code of ethics, but I have grown far beyond the code. I have all I can attend to, and am determined to be honest with my patients and mankind, whether my brother physicians are with me or not. Why, I prescribe medicines every day, some of them so-called patent medicines, which would render me liable to expulsion from the medical fraternity, but I am supremely indifferent to their laws."

"Are the medical fraternity of the country combined against proprietary medicines, doctor?"

"Invariably, and it is sufficient ground for expulsion from any medical society in the land to prescribe any patent medicine whatever, no matter if it is made from an exact formula, such as physicians are using every day. You see the code is established and sustained by old physicians like myself, who make the rules and insist upon their enforcement in order to keep the younger doctors from obtaining a foothold and encroaching up n the already established practice of the elder ones. This is largely the reason why young physicians have such a hard time of it; they are fettered by the code, and have only their personal influence to depend upon in securing practice."

"How did you come to get such heretical ideas as these, doctor?"

"Oh, they are the result of my experience and observation. I obtained my first ideas upon the subject, however, from having been cured after all my cures and the skill of my professional brethren had failed to relieve me. Why, I was so badly off with a complication of troubles, including dyspepsia, and consequently imperfect kidneys and liver, that I feared I should have to give up my practice. For more than a month I could not sit down or get up without the most intense agony, and I was suffering all the while. Some one advised me to go out of the regular channels and try a remedy that was becoming quite famous for the remarkable cures it was effecting; but my prejudice was altogether too strong for that. However, I did quietly begin trying the remedy, but I promise you I said nothing to my brother physicians, or even to my family about it. Well, sir, it was a revelation to me; for in all my medical experience I never saw anything operate so rapidly or so effectually as that did. I owe my health to-day, and for all I know, my life also—to the remedy known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. That was the starting point with me, and my prejudices faded very rapidly after that I can assure you. I went to reading extensively and analyzing more extensively, and I suppose I analyzed all the leading proprietary medicines that are made. Many of them I found perfectly useless, being compounded simply of water with a little flavoring. A vast majority of them all, however, I found made up of prescriptions used by physicians in their every day practice; but out of the entire number I found only two that contained absolutely harmful ingredients and then in very slight quantities. Indeed we are prescribing things constantly that have more deleterious matter in than they had. After discovering this, I said to myself: why should the medical fraternity be prejudiced against those prescriptions which they are writing every day, simply because they are put up by wholesale and are sold with a government stamp on the wrapper. I saw its manifest absurdity and resolved that I would be bound by it no longer. Since that time I have prescribed proprietary remedies nearly every day, in my practice, and I have no reason to regret having done so. Why, only a few days ago I advised a lady who was suffering from a serious female difficulty and displacement to use this same Safe Kidney and Liver Cure which cured me. I saw her this morning and she is nearly well; the pain and inflamation are all gone, and she is around as usual. We have no right in the medical fraternity to sit back and declare there is no such thing as improvement or advancement, or that we have a monopoly of the remedies which nature has given to mankind. There are great changes going on in every department of life and there are great developments in medicine as well. Thousands of people die every year from supposed typhoid fever, rheumatism or other complaints, when really it is from trichina, and the result from eating poorly cooked diseased pork. A vast majority of all diseases arise from imperfect kidneys or liver. The liver becomes clogged, and its work is thrown upon the kidneys; they become overworked and break down, and so the poison gets into the blood instead of being thrown from the system. No one with perfect kidneys or liver is ever troubled with malaria; and it is the poisonous particles which these diseased organs allow to get into the blood that clog the capillaries of the lungs and cause tubercles and consumption. Thousands of children are dying every year from dropsy as the sequel of scarlatina, when in reality it is diseased kidneys, which have become weakened by the fever they have just had. Here is another strange thing: not one in ten people who have diseased kidneys notice any pain in the vicinity of the kidneys, for these organs lose their nervous sensibilities when they become diseased, and the symptoms are shown in hundreds of other ways."

"Well, doctor, you have got some new truths here, certainly, but they sound very reasonable to me."

"Well, whether they are reasonable or not, I have demonstrated to my own satisfaction that they are true, and I propose to stand by them, no matter how much opposition I may raise by doing so. Any man, be he politician, preacher or physician, who is so considerate of his pocket book or his own personal ends as to stultify himself by suppressing the manifest truth, is unworthy the name of man, and unworthy the confidence of the public whom he serves.

A Western newspaper publishes the following: "Wanted a correspondent. I am 25 years old have one hundred and sixty akers of Kansas land worth 1500 dolars tolaberl fair looking comin chool educatoon eny lady fairly educated will oblige me by righting I will send my PhotograPh by return male. William lemons."

Peter Fagg, Madison, Wis., says, "Day's Kidney Pad is perfectly reliable."

Too Fond of The Bottle.

A white fantail pigeon lived with his family in a pigeon-hole in our stable-yard. He and his wife had been brought originally from Sussex, and had lived, respected and admired, to see their children of the third generation, when he suddenly became the victim of the infatuation I am about to describe. * * * No eccentricity whatever was remarked in his conduct until one day I chanced to pick up somewhere in the garden a ginger-beer bottle of the ordinary brown-stone description. I flung it into the yard, where it fell immediately below the pigeon house. That instant down flew paterfamilias, and to my no small astonishment commenced a series of genuflexions, evidently doing homage to the bottle. He strutted round and round it, bowing and cooing and performing the utmost ludicrous antics I ever beheld on the part of an enamored pigeon. * * * Nor did he cease these performances until we removed the bottle; what proved that this singular aberration of instinct had become a fixed delusion was this, whenever the bottle was thrown or placed in the yard—no matter whether it lay horizontally or was placed upright—the same ridiculous scene was enacted; at that moment the pigeon came flying down with quite as much alacrity as when his peas were thrown out for his dinner, to continue his antices as long as the bottle remained there. Sometimes this would go on for hours, the other members of his family treating his movements with the most contemptuous indifference, and taking no notice whatever of the bottle. At last it became the regular amusement with which he entertained our visitors, to see this erratic pigeon making love to the interesting object of his affections, and it was an entertainment which never failed, throughout that summer at least. Before nixt summer came round he was no more.

Postage stamps are great travelers, and yet the majority of them are found sticking in some corner.

Indigestion, Dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility relieved by taking **Mensman's Peptonized Beef Tonic**, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It is a mere stimulant like the extracts of beef, but contains blood-making, force-generating, and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease; particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., Proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

Two Irishmen were in prison—one for stealing a cow, the other for stealing a watch. "Hullo, Mike, and sure what o'clock is it?" Said the cow stealer, "I've no time-piece handy, but suppose it's just about milking time."

Buy the Philadelphia Lawn Mower.

This is the best machine for the purpose in the market, and the best ever invented. Do not buy any other until you have seen this. They are made of different sizes, to suit the demands of the market, but all have the same gearing, adapting them to work easily and well. The "City Mower" is a small size for cutting grass plots, such as are usual in city yards, too small to warrant the purchase of more expensive machines. The "Philadelphia" is the only perfect lawn mower made, and in every trial for a test has attained the first prize. The horse lawn mowers, 30 inch, with draft rod, light horse, 315 lbs. $100. 30 inch, with shafts and seat, light horse, 350 lbs, $120. 36 inch, with shafts and seat, light horse, 450 lbs, $130, are desirable machines for large lawns.

All other mowers of any value are built under a license granted by the manufacturers of the "Philadelphia." If you want a smooth and beautiful lawn, buy the "Philadelphia," which posseses all the features of a perfect lawn mower, and is rapidly taking the place of all others. All sizes and styles of the "Philadelphia" are warranted to work as represented when properly managed. When ordering machines mention width of cut and style.

The Patentees and Manufacturers, are GRAHAM, EMLEN & PASSMORE, 631 Market St., Philadelphia.

Agents for its sale may be found in all the principal cities and towns.

"Look here," said Mr. Spilkins to his wife, "you ought to have some fine brandy in the house to cure my sickness at my stomach." "That's where you re mist aken," responded the good lady, 'you would be sick at your stomach ten times a day if there was an alcholic remedy for it in the house."

Don't Die in the House.

Ask druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, bed bugs, roaches, vermin, flies, ants, insects. 15c per box. Mitchell, Bartlett & Crain, Des Moines.

A German was in a room with a dozen other lodgers, trying to sleep, but was kept awake by their terrific snoring. At last one of the snorers, who had been shaking the building for half an hour, gave a snort and stopped short. "Tank Gott, von ish tead!" said the Dutchman.

Decline of Man.

Impotence of mind, limb, or vital function, nervous weakness, sexual debility, etc., cured by "Wells' Health Renewer," $1 at druggists. Mitchell, Bartlett & Crain, Des Moines.

A Jerseyman, whose wife keeps a boarding-house in order to support him complained because she gave the boarders spring chicken. "Well," she said, "that chicken has laid eggs for us for years, and I never turn anything out to die of old age. It is better to kill it and end its sufferings."

A Losing Joke.

A prominent physician of Pittsburgh said jokingly to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill health, and of his inability to cure her, "try Hop Bitters!" The lady took it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughs at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it, as it cost him a good patient.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

Correct your habits of crooked walking by using Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners.

There is but one way to cure baldness, and that is by using CARBOLINE, a deodorized extract of petroleum, the natural hair grower. As recently improved, it is the only dressing for the hair that cultured people will use.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, 233 Western Ave., Lynn, Mass., is rapidly acquiring an enviable reputation for the surprising cures which daily result from the use of her VEGETABLE COMPOUND in all female diseases. Send to her for pamphlets.

Consumption can't kill any patient who will Take Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar when he's ill

Of a cough that no other prescription will still.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

Don't Pour Alcohol on the Fire. And don't take anything that has alcohol in it to help inflamed kidneys. Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is purely vegetable, and acts directly upon the kidneys and liver.

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass. says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a violent bleeding of the lungs followed by a severe cough. I soon began to lose my appetite and flesh. I was so weak at one time that I could not leave my bed. In the summer of 1877 I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I was so far gone at one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I laughed at my friends, thinking that my case was incurable, but I got a bottle to satisfy them, when to my surprise and gratification, I commenced to feel better. My hope, once dead, began to revive. "I write this, so that every one afflicted with diseased lungs will be induced to take Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and be convinced that Consumption can be cured. Sold by druggists.

All respectable dealers sell Frazer axle grease because it is the genuine and gives perfect satisfaction.

Gen. John A. Logan,

Hero of the late war and now United States Senator from Illinois, writes: "Some years ago I was troubled more or less with the rheumatism, and have within the last year or so suffered intensely with the same disease. I began to take 'Durang's Rheumatic Remedy,' and am thoroughly satisfied that I have been permanently cured by its use. I do not hesitate to recommend it to all sufferers."

Use Redding's Russia Salve—Cuts, Burns.

"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.

A Farmer's Opinion.

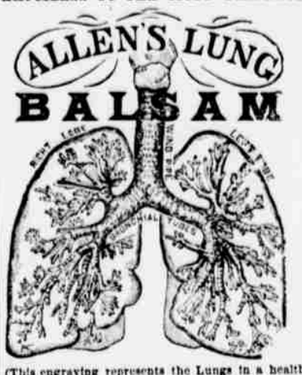
A Michigan farmer writes that he was completely cured of a very bad case of *Piles* by one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Nothing on earth is so sure a cure. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cts.

A Good Family Remedy!

STRICTLY PURE.

HARMLESS TO THE MOST DELICATE.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM



(This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.)

What the Doctors Say.

ISAAC R. DORAN, M. D., of Logan Co., Ohio, writes, that "**Allen's Lung Balsam**" gives perfect satisfaction in every case within my knowledge. Having confidence in it, I freely use it in my daily practice, and with unbounded success.

DR. FLETCHER, of Lexington, Missouri, says: "I recommend your '**Balsam**' in preference to any other medicine for coughs and colds."

DR. A. C. JOHNSON, of Mt. Vernon, Ills., writes of some wonderful cures of **Consumption** in his place by the use of "**Allen's Lung Balsam.**"

FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE THROAT, LUNGS AND PULMONARY ORGANS, IT WILL BE FOUND A MOST EXCELLENT REMEDY.

AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL. IT CONTAINS NO OPIUM IN ANY FORM.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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EVERY SOLDIER disabled in line of duty by wound, disease, or injury, is entitled to pension. **PENSIONS INCREASED**—Many are drawing less than entitled to.—Thousands of Heirs entitled to Pension and Bounty.—**REJECTED CASES** re-opened.—**ABANDONED CASES** finished.—Copies of Lost Discharges obtained.—Claims of every description prosecuted.—**Patents Procured.** Address, with stamp,

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FREE BOOK on Scrofula, Diseases of Men and Women, and all chronic ailments, with the evidence of the curability. Address Murray Hill Pub. Co., Box 769, New York City.

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STOMACH BITTERS

Why Suffer Needlessly

With the convulsing, spasmodic torture of fever and ague and bilious remittent, when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is acknowledged to be a real curative of malarial fevers, will eradicate the cause of so much suffering. No less effective is this benignant alterative in cases of constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, rheumatism, and in general debility and nervous weakness. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

As it is for all diseases of the **KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.**

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

KIDNEY-WORT

has had wonderful success, and an immense sale in every part of the Country. In hundreds of cases it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, **CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION**, but harmless in all cases.

It cleanses, Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

As it has been proved by thousands that

KIDNEY-WORT

is the most effectual remedy for cleansing the system of all morbid secretions. It should be used in every household as a

SPRING MEDICINE.

Always cures BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, PILES and all FEMALE Diseases.

Is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans, one package of which makes 6 quarts medicine.

Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated for the convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. *It acts with equal efficiency in either form.*

GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'rs, (Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

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ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY. FOR RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of **50 Cents**, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

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