CALLED HOME.

She has passed away,
Like a gentle breath,
And her eyes are closed with the sleep of death.
The leaves on the trees will flutter and fall,
And the drifting snows will cover all,
But she will peacefully, calmly rest,
Forever happy
By angels blest.

Just in the spring
Of womanhood,
Tender and loving, and wise and good,
Ah! too good for the sinful earth!
Only the angels knew her worth,
So they called her unto them,
Decking her brow
With a diadem.

Better to smile
When such a life
Gives up the battle of earthly strife,
Better to know that her tasks are done,
Trials ended and glory won;
Tears are vain, when a soul so bright
Wings its way
To the gates of light.

She has passed away,
But her sweet good-will,
Like a fragrant odor, lingers still;
The tender lesson that memory brings
The mantle of patience o'er us flings,
We learn to follow the path she trod,
To be more like her,
Who has gone to God.

MR. BULSTEAD'S SURPRISE.

Mr. Bulstead's third and last letter bore the Oxford postmark; as he opened it he frowned. His niece, who had long ago noted that particular letter with apprehension, helped him in haste to the hottest and choicest kidney on the dish. Maggie knew well that of late the contents of letters from Oxford were far from welcome.

"Now, I will not stand this any longer!" cried the irritable old gentleman, dashing his fist upon the table, and narrowly missing the just arrived and juicy kidney. "Now, Master Tom has tried my patience once too often! Bill after bill have I settled during the last three months, expecting each to be the last; and, forsooth, listen to this, miss! To five hundred lawn-tennis balls, £12 10s.; to rackets, as per former account, £8 10s.; to marking machines, £4; to—good gracious!—to half a ton of whiting, £4; total, £29! Good gracious! I say; does the young scapegrace live upon whiting?"

"Oh, it must be a mistake, uncle?"

"Mistake, indeed! Why, did not I have a bill of £2 10s. for dog-collars? Was that a mistake too? And the wine bill, and Symonds' bill for horse-hire? All mistakes, of course! You may thank your stars, young lady," cried the old gentleman, abandoning the indignantly satirical for the savagely personal tone, "that I would not let you tie yourself to this extravagant nephew of mine. Now I've done with him, and so have you."

Maggie rose from the table with a flushed face, and looked from the window with eyes that saw little of the square outside through their tears. But, like a wise girl, she kept silence, and the kind-hearted old gentleman, after storming once or twice up and down the room, began to cast uneasy glances at the window. If there was one person whom Mr. Bulstead loved before and above the cause of his present anger, it was his niece Maggie Lloyd.

"Well, well," said he, sitting down to his now cold kidney. "There, my dear, give me another cup of tea. Half a ton whiting—the lad must have gone mad!"

"It might have gone in worse things than whiting," she suggested humbly, but with a humorous quiver at the corner of a pretty mouth.

"So it might; that's true." The old gentleman was a little more strait-laced than most Londoners. "I'll tell you what, Maggie; I'll give Tom one more chance. I'll go down to Oxford by the 11 o'clock train, giving him no notice, and see for myself what sort of life he is living. If he is doing nothing worse than to waste money, I'll forgive him; but if I find the young fellow is as vicious as some of these Oxford sparks, why, then"—and Mr. Bulstead's voice assumed a quite unaccustomed tone of cool determination—"I've done with nephew Tom."

Maggie trifled with the teaspoon, her eyes bent upon her plate. Her uncle's irritability was little to be feared; it was more than neutralized by his kindness of heart. But she knew him to be on rare occasions, and in some matters a man of great obstinacy, and, loving her cousin with all her heart, she dreaded the result of her uncle's projected trip. Tom would be doing nothing dreadful, but he might be doing something Mr. Bulstead might object to. To move her uncle from his resolve, once expressed in this way, she knew to be beyond even her influence; the more as the old gentleman, who had a few months before forbidden any express engagement between the cousins, was a little inclined to resent any influence she might try to exert in Tom's behalf.

"I shall not want any more tea, thank you, so you may go to your music lesson, if you like. I shall just go to the Athenæum for an hour, and then to Paddington. I'll leave orders about the carriage, and if you like you can meet the 6 o'clock train with it."

When Mr. Bulstead reached his club he found, to his disgust, that his favorite chair was occupied by a bishop. Had it been anyone else, he would not have scrupled at attempting to oust him by one of those forms of strategy so well known in club rooms; but as it was, he ran his eye over the *Times* "all standing," and took his seat in a cab not in the best of tempers. "Half a ton of whiting!" he muttered to himself, in tones of fretful speculation, as he passed through Park Lane.

He felt a little like a spy as he hurried across Canterbury Quad, and made with all speed for the bottom of Tom's staircase. The scout, old "Dot and go one," as he was called, from his wooden leg, in vain essayed to detain him. Up went Mr. Bulstead two steps at a time to the second floor, where, above the left-hand door, appeared, in white letters upon a black ground, his own name. He knocked sharply, and, hardly waiting for some one within to utter what might or might not be 'Come in,' threw it open and entered. Lounging upon one of the window-seats, in flannels and a cigarette in his mouth, was a young fellow, whose good-looking face was rather manly and straightforward than handsome. He was alone, and got up without much appearance of flurry.

"How do you do, uncle? I thought it was you crossing the quad. Take a seat. Why did you not let me know that you were coming?"

Mr. Bulstead took the proffered seat, and panted as he looked around. The stairs were steep, and his wind was not so good as it had been.

"I thought I would come upon you a bit by surprise, Tom," he said, without any circumlocution. "The fact is, it is that whiting that has brought me."

"Whiting, uncle!" ejaculated Tom, with his first show of surprise.

"Half a ton of whiting!" murmured his uncle, irresistibly impelled to dwell upon the mystery. "Half a ton of whiting! Ay, here it is." And he flourished the bill under the other's nose.

Tom took it gingerly and opened it with a serious face. It seemed to Mr. Bulstead that he was not quite so much at his ease as he would have his uncle believe and the old man glanced suspiciously round the room. It certainly was not the room of a hard-working, hard-reading student; but still there was nothing objectionable in it. He turned his glance again upon Tom; the latter was contemplating the bill with a broad smile genuine enough.

"Well," said Mr. Bulstead, "what have you to say about it? Half a ton of whiting, you know, Tom?"

The young man laughed loudly.

"I am not in fault this time, sir; it is the Lawn Tennis Club's account sent in to me as secretary. I gave the groundman the check to pay it last week, and why they should have had the impudence to send it to you I can't imagine."

"Umph! but how about the whiting, Tom? What is that for?"

"Marking out the ground, sir."

"Of course it is, Tom! Very stupid of me. Well, I'm very glad of it, my boy," said Mr. Bulstead pleasantly. The mystery of the whiting was cleared up, but somehow it had made him suspicious.

"Now," said Tom, "will you come with me to a shop I want to call at in the High—not a hundred yards off, sir? and by the time we come back lunch will be ready."

Was the dust of that whiting still in Mr. Bulstead's eyes? At any rate, it seemed to him that his nephew was peculiarly and restlessly anxious to get him out of the rooms. However, he rose.

"Yes, Tom, certainly. Where did I put my umbrella? Ah, here it is, thank you. Why—what—the—deuce—is—that?"

If it had been another half ton of whiting piled upon the sofa the old gentleman's face could not have grown darker. The thing lying half hidden by the sofa cushion was a lady's parasol—a dainty, tiny, wicked looking sunshade of gray silk, and by it was a glove of too, too apparent French kid. Mr. Bulstead's worst fears were confirmed with a vengeance. All along he had felt that there was something wrong; this was the haunt of wicked dissipation he had half feared he should find it. Half a ton of whiting, indeed! In a moment, and before he had glanced at the young fellow's confused face, he thought the worst of him.

"Well, sir," he said, and there was real sorrow as well as anger in the tones, "can you explain this with equal ease?"

"No, I cannot, sir; but—"

"You can't? Cannot say whose they are, or how they came to be in your rooms? Fie, sir, fie! Or where their owner is now, I suppose?" he added, suddenly recalling the scout's seeming attempts to delay him at the foot of the stairs, and marking the doors that led to two inner rooms.

"I cannot account for them."

"And will not, I suppose?"

"You can put it that way if you like, sir. All that I can say is that I am innocent of what you are thinking of me. I give you my word of honor, I am; and I can't say any more."

The old man was a little impressed by the youngster's earnestness. The obnoxious articles might have been left there innocently, of course.

"Then let me have a look into your other rooms, young man, if you wish me to believe you."

"No, I can't do that," cried Tom, springing, as the other advanced, toward the nearest door and setting his back against it. He was cooler now, and not a bit confused. The old gentleman, even in his anger, noticed that he looked more handsome than ever before.

"Don't be a fool, Tom!" he cried, imperatively. Then suddenly changing his tone to an appealing one—"Make a clean breast of it, and I'll try to forgve you."

"There's nothing to forgive."

"Then open that door. You won't?"

"As I live, if you don't before I count three, I'll cut you off without a shilling. Now, sir, one, two—it's your last chance—three! There, sir, I've done with you now, sir—I've done with you—I've done with you!" And, clapping on his hat, with furious haste and yet shaking steps the old gentleman ran down the stairs and, his heart full of sorrow and anger, made for the station.

Ah, Tom, Tom! A minute later he opened the inner door, and looked rather anxiously at the half-frightened, wholly pretty face that appeared at it.

"Did you hear anything?" he asked.

"No, but do let me get away. I am so nervous. He was very angry, wasn't he? Yes. What was it about, Tom? Bills?"

"Yes," was the somewhat halting reply; "bills and other things. I daresay he'll cool down. If you hear anything against me, you won't believe it, will you?"

"Oh, Tom, how can you ask?"

"Then there is no harm done," answered Tom bravely and gallantly. And after reconnoitring from the window the two left the rooms.

To return to Mr. Bulstead, senior. It was a great trouble for him. Looking back upon that half-ton of whiting, he wondered how that could have made him angry with the lad. If he would only have kept to that he could have forgiven him a ship-load of whiting. But this was a different matter, and the more the old gentleman thought of it, the worse it appeared to him. Still he was a just and fair man; he had no real intention of cutting off the young profligate, as he termed him in his thoughts, with a shilling. He would make him some sufficient, but small, allowance, but near his house or near Maggie he would not have him.

He made this last determination known to Maggie, merely adding that her cousin had behaved so ill that he had forbidden him the house. The announcement was received with a woman's strongest remonstrances, silent tears. Altogether things were rather gloomy that June in Fitzroy square.

One morning Mr. Bulstead made up his mind to see his lawyer about Tom. "I'll get it over," he said to himself, with a sigh, as he sought for his umbrella in the stand. It took him some time to find it.

"Bless the umbrella!" he cried at length, fumbling among the heap. "Is that it? No! Nor that. Why, what's this? Well, I'm dashed!"

Only the word which he used was a stronger one, and one which seldom, even in moments of irritability, escaped him. But now, at the sight of a sunshade in the umbrella-stand, he solemnly repeated it twice: "Well, I am dashed!"

Then he stood in the hall for some minutes whistling softly to himself. This done, he went rather slowly and thoughtfully up to the drawing-room, and stood on the hearth-rug.

"Were you at Oxford when I was there on the 28th of last month?"

"Yes," answered Maggie, horribly frightened, and yet relieved at getting the matter off her mind. She had not confessed simply because she was afraid of increasing her uncle's anger against Tom. "Yes, I was, uncle. You said you were going to put Tom to the test, and I was afraid he might be doing something to displease you. I went to warn him."

"And you were in his rooms while I was there?"

"Yes. It was foolish of me; you followed me so closely, and I was afraid to face you. Tom put me in the Scout's Hole, as he called it."

"So you deceived me between you?" said he harshly.

"No, sir; I did. Tom knew nothing of my coming; he was afraid for me, not for himself."

"Did he tell you what I was angry about?"

"After you were gone?"

"Of course!" snapped Mr. Bulstead, poking the fire vigorously.

"I think," said Maggie timidly, for now it was Tom's favor was at stake, "he said it was about bills. He had nothing to do with my journey to Oxford."

"And a nice ladylike thing you consider it, I suppose, gadding about to young men's rooms. Very well. Since you seem inclined to mix yourself up with his affairs, you will write to him to come up to town to-morrow and call here. When you are both together I'll tell you what I think of it. A pretty pair of fools!"

And Mr. Bulstead fumed his way out of the room with much outward heat, and an angry expression of countenance. But the butler, who watched his exit with awe, and opined that there had been stormy weather up-stairs, was amazed to hear him mutter with an audible chuckle as he reached the darkest angle of the staircase, "Good lad! good lad!"

Tom, of course, came up as fast as the Great Western would bring him; and when they were both together, Mr. Bulstead told the culprits what he thought of it. No happier trio sat down to dinner that day in London than the party presided over by our friend's butler. Somewhere in the old gentleman's nature was a large lump of the chivalrous, and, for the sake of Tom's gallantry, Maggie's deception was forgiven. In no long time he did visit his lawyer, but it was upon business more pleasant both to himself and to that professional gentleman. "For a really paying piece of work," the latter has often been heard to say in confidence, "give me a marriage settlement."—*London Society.*

A MORE HOPEFUL VIEW.

Comments of an Expert on the Depression in the Great Iron Industry.

Mr. George W. Cope, the editor of the *Iron Age*, was questioned concerning the many reports of great depression and suffering in the iron and steel trade. He said:

"The depression in the iron trade, it is true, is really greater than it has been for several years. It is five years since the boom began. This time six years ago the condition of the iron industry was very bad indeed. In the summer of 1873 prices were at a much lower point, for I believe everything in the way of iron and steel, than they are now, except the one item of steel rails, which are selling now at far lower figures than rails, either of iron and steel, ever before sold for in this country. The influence of the present depression seems, therefore, to be greater in this one direction than in any other. It is true that in looking over the country we see here and there an establishment standing idle that was able to run in the depression following '73, but this alone does not prove that the iron business is in a worse condition generally than it was then.

"It will be remembered that the country has grown very considerably within the last six years, and that this period has seen a wonderful expansion in our capacity to produce iron and steel, therefore a larger number of establishments could be idle now than in 1878 and still form a smaller percentage of the total number of works in existence. In the census year of 1880 the amount of capital invested in iron and steel was in round numbers $231,000,000, and the hands employed numbered 141,000. We had two years of further growth, reaching in 1882, the maximum of our production. In the census year of 1880 the production was 3,781,000 tons of pig iron, while in the calendar year of 1882 our production reached 5,178,000 tons.

"As compared with the condition of affairs a year ago the iron trade is certainly in worse shape; but I do not think it has yet reached the depth of depression touched during that long period of dulness and declining prices which followed the failure of Jay Cooke & Co.

"The recent reports of the bad condition of trade at Pittsburg, which have been widely circulated, are, I think, unduly exaggerated, and are calculated to convey a decidedly erroneous impression of the condition of industrial affairs throughout the country."

The Baker's Horse.

There was a very stout and haughty volunteer general in the Southern army who had contrived to make himself hated by his men, one of whom took occasion to revenge himself as follows: The general, who was extremely vain of his appearance and horsemanship, dissatisfied with his own horse, secured a large, showy chestnut (the property of a baker in a neighboring town), which he rode for the first time on the occasion of a grand review of the army by the commander-in-chief. His enemy heard of the transaction from the garrulous baker, and an inspiration came to him. On the day in question the soldiers were drawn up, the general came curveting and caracoling down the line, his immense frame squeezed into the newest, tightest, most gorgeous uniform that ever field-officer sported, conscious of the eyes of his chief, and rejoicing to run his course, when out stepped his enemy and shouted, "Bread!" with a voice like a bassoon. The horse, recognizing the familiar summons, stopped short, and presently his rider was sprawling in the dust before his command, the most absurd figure in the world.

SPARROWS.—English farmers now offer six cents per dozen for sparrows' heads, and the same price per dozen for their eggs. These prices have stimulated a raid of almost complete extermination in some counties.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A Young Girl's Dementia—How it was Occasioned—Some New and Startling Truths.

The St. Louis express, on the New York Central road, was crowded one evening recently, when at one of the way stations, an elderly gentleman, accompanied by a young lady, entered the cars and finally secured a seat. As the conductor approached the pair, the young lady arose, and in a pleading voice said:

"Please, sir, don't let him carry me to the asylum. I am not crazy; I am a little tired, but not mad. Oh! no indeed. Won't you please have papa take me back home?"

The conductor, accustomed though he was to all phases of humanity, looked with astonishment at the pair as did the other passengers in their vicinity. A few words from the father, however, sufficed, and the conductor passed on while the young lady turned her face to the window. The writer chanced to be seated just behind the old gentleman, and could not forego the desire to speak to him. With a sad face and a trembling voice the father said:

"My daughter has been attending the seminary in a distant town and was succeeding remarkably. Her natural qualities, together with a great ambition, placed her in the front ranks of the school, but she studied too closely, was not careful of her health, and her poor brain has been turned. I am taking her to a private asylum where we hope she will soon be better."

At the next station the old man and his daughter left the cars, but the incident, so suggestive of Shakespeare's Ophelia, awakened strange thoughts in the mind of the writer. It is an absolute fact that while the population of America increased thirty per cent. during the decade between 1870 and 1880 the insanity increase was *over one hundred and thirty-five per cent.* for the same period. Travelers by rail, by boat, or in carriages, in any part of the land see large and elaborate buildings, and inquire what they are?

Insane asylums!

Who taxes them?

Each State; every county; hundreds of private individuals, and in all cases their capacity is taxed to the utmost.

Why?

Because men, in business and the professions, women, at home or in society, and children at school overtax their mental and nervous forces by work, worry and care. This brings about nervous disorders, indigestion and eventually mania.

It is not always trouble with the head that causes insanity. It far oftener arises from evils in other parts of the body. The nervous system determines the status of the brain. Any one who has periodic headache; occasional dizziness; a dimness of vision; a ringing in the ears; a feverish head; frequent nausea or a sinking at the pit of the stomach, should take warning at once. The stomach and head are in direct sympathy and if one be impaired the other can never be in order. Acute dyspepsia causes more insane suicides than any other known agency, and the man, woman or child whose stomach is deranged is not and cannot be safe from the coming on at any moment of mania in some one of its many terrible forms.

The value of moderation and the imperative necessity of care in keeping the stomach right must therefore be clear to all. The least appearance of indigestion, or malassimilation of food should be watched as carefully as the first approach of an invading army. Many means have been advocated for meeting such attacks, but all have heretofore been more or less defective. There can be little doubt, however, that for the purpose of regulating the stomach, toning it up to proper action, keeping its nerves in a normal condition and purifying the blood, Warner's Tippecanoe The Best, excels all ancient or recent discoveries. It is absolutely pure and vegetable; it is certain to add vigor to adults, while it cannot by any possibility injure even a child. The fact that it was used in the days of the famous Harrison family is proof positive of its merit as it has so thoroughly withstood the test of time. As a tonic and revivifier it is simply wonderful. It has relieved the agony of the stomach in thousands of cases; soothed the tired nerves; produced peaceful sleep and averted the coming on of a mania more to be dreaded than death itself.

Artemus Ward—His Courtship.

'Twas a calm, still night in Joon. All natur was hush'd, and nary zeffer disturbed the sereen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fence of her father's pastur. We'd been romping threw the woods, kulln flours and driving the woodchuck from his Native Liar (so to speak) with long sticks. Wail, we sot nar on the fense, a-swinging our feet to and fro, blushing as red as the Baldwinsville skool-house when it was first painted, and looking very simple, I make no dout. My left arm was ockepied in balansin myself on the fense, while my rite was wounded lavishly round her waste. I cleared my throat, and tremblingly said, "Betsy, you're a Gazelle." I thought that air was putty fine. I waited to see what effect it would have upon her. It evidently didn't fetch her, for she up and sed, "You're a sheep!" Sez I, "Betsy, I think very muchly of you." "I don't b'leeve a word you say—so there, now cum!" With which observashun she hitched away from me. "I wish thar was winders to my sole," sed I, "so that you could see some of my feelins. There's fire enuff in here," sed I, striking my buzzam with my fist, "to bile all the corned beef and turnips in the naborhood. Versoovius and the Critter ain't a circumstance!" She bowed her hed down and commenst chawing the strings of her sun-bonnet. "Ah, could you know the sleeplis nites I worry threw on your account, how vittals has seized to be attractive to me, and how my limbs has shrunken up, you wouldn't dout me. Gase on this wastin' form and these 'ere sunken cheeks—" I should have continnered on this strane probly for some time, but I unfortnitly lost my balinse and fell over into the pastur ker smash, tearing my close, and severely damagin' myself ginerally. Betsy Jane sprung to my assistance in dubble quick time, and dragged me 4th. Then, drawing herself up to her full hite, she sed: "I won't listen to your noncents no longer. Jes say rite strate out what you're drivin' at. If you mean gettin hitched, I'm in." I considered that air enuff for all practical purpusses, and we proceeded immejitely to the parson's and was made 1 that very nite.

A Bird's Reasoning.

I saw one of those English sparrows that we are learning to detest so much perform a feat the other day, which entertained me greatly. He had found in the road a long strip of cotton cloth, which his intelligence seemed to tell him was excellently adapted for purposes of nest building. Confidently, then, he seized one end of it in his beak, and flew away with it. Soon, however, the wind blew the long streamer about his wings, and brought him tumbling into the dust. He picked himself up, shook himself, and, seizing the rag by the other end, made a second attempt, which resulted as disastrously as the first. Then he seized the strip by the middle, but this time he was entangled more quickly than before, and brought to earth before he had risen to the height of a yard. He then squatted down, panting, regarding the rag malevolently, yet apparantly determined. Presently his appearance changed; an idea had evidently struck him. He hopped briskly up to the cloth, and with claws and bill rolled it up, into a compact ball. Then he drove his beak into it, shook his head once or twice to assure himself that the ends were secure, and flew briskly away, reaching his distant box in safety. If ever a bird reasoned this sparrow did, and I have no doubt that they all do reason, and rather profoundly, too, at times.

A MAN named Limburger has turned up at Rochester who claims that he hasn't a scent to his name.

How to Take Ice.

Iced drinks should never be taken at odd times, when no food is eaten at the same time. The dauphin, son of Francis I., is believed to have died from taking a glass of iced water in this way, and several other terrible examples are cited which, we fear, are little known or remembered just now. Another grand problem is whether wine should be iced before being uncorked or mixed with ice after it is poured into the glass. We all know how opinions differ on this point among the unlearned public; but the doctors clear up the difficulty in a single phrase. When the bottle is iced the temperature of the drink is lowered to the same level; whereas, when ice is added by fits and starts to a glass, it varies greatly from time to time. Now, it is far less trying to the digestive organs to take a drink of uniform than of a varying temperature, and therefore the wise man will have his bottles iced, and abjure the tempting knobs offered for immersion in his champagne glass. Finally, the eating of ice creams should also accompany or immediately follow a meal, and be washed down, if possible, by a glass of liquor, which will correct the acidity noticeable in many of them, and also obviate the biliousness of the sweeter compounds.—*London Globe.*

Dr. Reuben Garter writes us that as long ago as 1865 he made an effort to establish in Washington, D. C., an institution in which the teachings of Heredity should have a permanent place; then, again, in the winter and spring of 1879 in Philadelphia he undertook to organize a society for the purpose of awakening attention to the subject of Heredity. He says he has been much pleased with the reports of the parlor meetings during the past winter, and the more so, because twenty years ago he was considered fanatical, cranky and crazy for advancing precisely the same views.—*Dr. Foot's Monthly.*

"Raise no more spirits than you can conjure down," is the motto of the liquor dealers.

When you receive a favor you ought never to forget it; when you do one you ought not to remember it.

Father!!

Your poor wearied wife losing sleep night after night nursing the little one suffering from that night fiend to children, and horror to parents, CROUP, should have a bottle of Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein, an undoubted Croup preventive and cure for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. Sold by all druggists at 25c and $1.00 a bottle.

The best remedy against an evil companion is to refuse an introduction to him.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is to be had at the nearest drug store for a dollar. It is not claimed that this remedy will cure every disease under the sun, but that it does all that it claims to do, thousands of good women know and declare.

To prove a fool is simply lost labor; therefore do not sit down and scold yourself.

A natural oil, cleanly, one that will not become rancid, one that is penetrating, one that combines all these qualities is Carboline, the most elegant hair-dresser and restorer. Try it.

Slumber not in the tents of your columns. The world is advancing, advance with it.

Another Life Saved.

About two years ago, a prominent citizen of Chicago was told by his physicians that he must die. They said that his system was so debilitated that there was nothing left to build on. He made up his mind to try a "new departure." He got some of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and took it according to directions. He began to improve at once. He kept up the treatment for some months, and is to-day a well man. He says the "Discovery" saved his life.

All the scholastic scaffolding falls as a ruined edifice before one single word—faith.

Wrecked Manhood.

Victims of youthful indiscretions suffering from nervous debility, lack of self-confidence, impaired memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three letter stamps for large illustrated treatise, giving means of certain cure, with numerous testimonials. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The devil always either comes himself or sends some one when you call for him.

Young Men!—Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Beware of pretended friends, for in your hour of trouble they will desert you.

HAY-FEVER is a type of catarrh having peculiar symptoms. It is attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of headache, watery and inflamed eyes. Ely's Cream Balm is a remedy founded on a correct diagnosis of this disease and can be depended upon. 50 cts. at druggists; 60 cts. by mail. Sample bottle by mail 10 cts. Ely Bros., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

The Georgia fruit crop is more abundant than for several years past.

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Drgts.

To correct an evil which already exists is not so wise as to foresee and prevent it.

How to Secure Health.

Scovill's Sarsaparilla and Stillingia, or Blood and Liver Syrup, will restore perfect health to the physical organization. It is, indeed, a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and has often proven itself to be the best blood purifier ever discovered, effectually curing scrofula, syphilitic disorders, weakness of the kidneys, erysipelas, malaria, all nervous disorders and debility, bilious complaints, and all diseases indicating an impure condition of the blood, liver, kidneys, stomach, etc. It corrects indigestion, especially when the complaint is of an exhaustive nature, having a tendency to lessen the vigor of the brain and nervous system.

The hog and hominy crop of Tennessee are very promising.

"Frailty, Thy Name is Woman." —*Hamlet.*

That she is frail, often in body,
"'Tis true, 'tis true, 'tis a pity.
And pity 'tis, 'tis true."

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is the best restorative tonic for Physical frailty in women, or female weaknesses or derangements. By druggists. Price reduced to one dollar.

Many Northern people are coming South to settle this fall.

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Quick, complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Scalding, Irritation, Stone, Gravel, Catarrh of bladder. $1. Druggists.

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Has no speedy relief, but cramped in the bowels has a sure one in the use of Dr. Biggers' Huckleberry Cordial, the GREAT SOUTHERN REMEDY for all bowel affections, and an undoubted boon to parents who have been spending sleepless nights in nursing the little ones who had been gradually wasting away from the drainage upon its system from the effect of teething, until given the Great Southern Remedy. For sale by all druggists at 50 cents a bottle.

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FOR CURING CHILLS AND FEVER
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Removing the Distressing Effects of Malaria,
AYER'S AGUE CURE
HAS BEEN FOUND SO
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We Authorize Dealers to Return the Money,
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A SURE APPETIZER. BEST TONIC KNOWN.
Will cure quickly and completely Dyspepsia, Weakness, Malaria, Impure Blood, Chills and Fever, and Neuralgia.
IRON
INVALUABLE FOR LADIES AND FOR ALL PERSONS WHO LEAD A SEDENTARY LIFE.
RELIEVES INDIGESTION. CURES DYSPEPSIA.
It is a sure remedy for diseases of the Liver and Kidneys.
It strengthens the muscles, tones and invigorates the system.

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Brown's Iron Bitters is the Best Liver Regulator—removes bile, clears the skin, digests the food, CURES Belching, Heartburn, Heat in the Stomach, etc.

It is the best-known remedy for female infirmities.

The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by
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—Take all the *Dyspepsia* and indigestion *cures*,
—Take all the *Ague*, Fever, and bilious *specifics*,
—Take all the *Brain* and Nerve force *revivers*,
—Take all the *Great* health restorers.
—*In short*, take all the best qualities of all these, and the *—best*
—*Qualities* of all the best medicines in the world, and you will find that *—Hop*
—*Bitters* have the best curative qualities and powers of all *—concentrated*
—In them, and that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or *—combined*
—Fail. A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

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