FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Why Seeds Fail to Grow.

Imperfect compact of the soil around the seed, in which is included undue hardening of the surface by rains, is the chief cause of failure in seed germination. In planting seed corn we have often found a difference of one or two days in the time for corn to come up in favor of that where the seed was pressed into the ground with the foot after being covered. In a very dry time some of the corn not stepped on never came up, and the difference of one or two days was where conditions were apparently favorable. A kernel of corn is large and swells to twice its bulk before the seed shoots starts to grow. The smaller grain seeds are more liable to injury than corn. Probably on most fields a large proportion never comes up, or grows so feebly that it makes only weak plants. This is one reason why very thin seeding often produces extremely large crops when other conditions are favorable. One of the heaviest oat crops ever reported had only a bushel and a peck of seed per acre. But the soil was in fine tilth and just moist enough. Probably in this case nearly every seed grew and was able to stool so as to entirely cover the ground five weeks after sowing.

Planting Cut Potatoes.

The common way of dropping cut potatoes is to drop the pieces cut side downward, and of course with the eyes up and ready to grow. But a great improvement on this is to be particular to have the cut side up and the eyes downward. As each piece is dropped step on it to press it farther into the loose soil. The roots start from the base of the eye and needs firmer soil than is usually scraped over them. If there is a hollow space under the potato set the hill will suffer from drought all the season and cannot amount to much. Many failures from planting on newly-turned sod result from this cause. After a potato is planted cultivation does not much affect the character of the soil under the hill. Hence all the greater necessity that the planting should be just right. It is possible to use merely the eye of the potato with only the skin attached, as seed. In such case the ground should be in fine tilth and fertile, so that the roots, as soon as formed, may get nutriment to push the plant with vigorous growth. In the ordinary large sets the first growth of the potato is from starch decomposed in the potato itself.—*Cultivator.*

How to Preserve Fences.

There are several methods of preparing fence posts for the purpose of increasing their lasting qualities. It has been learned by experience that posts thoroughly seasoned when set will outlast those put into the ground when the wood is green, and it has also been proved that those set with the tops in the ground will remain sound long after others from the same quality of wood set with butts down have decayed. Charring the ends of the posts set in the ground drives out the sap contained in the wood, and closes the pores so as to prevent the moisture in the soil from penetrating it. This is probably the cheapest method known, and has proved very satisfactory. A paint composed of linseed oil and finely pulverized charcoal is very highly recommended. To prepare this put a quantity of oil in a strong kettle, place over the fire and let it remain until it boils, then stir in the charcoal until it is as thick as ordinary paint and apply a liberal coat to the posts. Coal tar is used by some instead of linseed oil, equal parts of pulverized charcoal and quicklime being used instead of the charcoal alone. The proportions recommended are five gallons of coal tar to one pound each of finely pulverized charcoal and freshly slacked lime. The coal tar should be brought to a boiling heat in an iron kettle, when the charcoal and lime should be added. Apply while hot, either with a brush or by dipping the posts into the mixture. Another very cheap, durable paint is made as follows: Take fifty parts of resin, forty parts of finely pulverized chalk, 300 parts of clean, hard sand, four parts of linseed oil, one part of red oxide of lead and one part of sulphuric acid. Place the resin, chalk, sand and oil in an iron kettle over the fire until the resin is melted; then add the lead and acid, slowly stirring the mass until thoroughly mixed. Should it prove too thick to spread conveniently, add linseed oil until brought to the proper consistency. Apply while hot. This method is used in France, and the paint when cooled is said to be very hard and durable.

Care of Horses' Feet.

Horses in civilized lands suffer more from ailments of the feet than from any other cause. The feet of a horse are subject to many injuries, both from bad shoeing and from ill-kept roads, and it is important for owners of horses to study well how these causes of diseased feet can be avoided. But in the consideration of this question there are some points not well understood. The *London Stock-keeper* gives a statement that a horse weighing sixteen hundred pounds, when drawing a load, bears a weight upon the feet of two tons, the extra pressure being caused by the downward force of the act of drawing. Now, an average horse's draft power amounts only to a forward strain of one hundred and fifty-seven pounds. As the horse is only exerting this forward force by pressure upon the collar, it is clear, the feet cannot press with any more force upon the ground, so that the above explanation of the cause of injury to the horse's foot, is imaginary. It is not the force exerted by work at all. A wild horse, galloping at the top of his speed, presses upon the ground with his feet more than a horse moving a ton in a wagon upon a road at the rate of two miles an hour; and yet wild horses have excellent feet and are never lame. But they have a choice of a smooth path, and have no blacksmiths to cut away the frogs of their feet, and so deprive them of the very means nature provides for the protection of the foot. If the roads were kept in good condition and free from loose stones, and the frog of the foot were never pared, horses would rarely suffer from foot lameness. Frog pressure expands the heels, toughens the horns, cures corns, and does much toward giving a horse sound feet.—*American Agriculturist.*

Raising Calves.

More calves are injured every year by long fasting and over feeding than in any other way. When calves run with their dams they take their food often, and, of course, little at a time, but in our artificial treatment we reverse nature's methods. If calves are allowed to suck, the injury from long fasting will be less marked, for the milk is taken at the right temperature, and in its natural state. But when we milk the cow, and then keep her milk twelve or more hours for the cream to rise before feeding the calf, we are departing still further from nature's methods. Since by artificial methods of feeding, and by breeding for that purpose, we have greatly increased the proportion of cream or fat in the milk of some of our breeds of cows, it has been found that calves will often do quite as well, and in some cases better, fed upon milk poorer in fat than the whole milk from their dams.

It is claimed by many breeders of Jersey and Guernsey cattle, that partially skimmed milk from cows of these breeds is really better for calves than the whole milk, and we have little doubt that their claim is well founded. No better calves were ever raised than have been raised upon skim milk, when all the details were properly looked after by a careful feeder of good judgment. The "bad luck" in raising calves by hand comes from too long intervals between the feedings, too heavy feeding, and especially from giving milk at too low a temperature. Let a calf become very hungry from long fasting, then be given an overfeed of cold milk, and one may warrant the calf to be sick within a very short time. An over-loaded stomach refuses to act, sometimes even when the food is of the proper kind, but is sure to do so when the food is so cold as to chill the animal. When a calf shivers after drinking it is safe to predict trouble. Milk should be at nearly the same temperature when fed from the pail that it would be if taken in the natural way direct from the cow, and the colder the weather the more important does this matter of temperature become. The milk should not only be right when taken from the fire, but should be right when it reaches the stable. Blood heat, ninety-eight degrees, is the right temperature, and for young calves in cold weather it should not fall more than a degree or two below. Milk is best heated in a tin pail set in a vessel of hot water, stirring the milk occasionally to keep it from sticking to the sides of the tin in case the water is very hot.—*New England Farmer.*

A Chapter of Household Don'ts.

Don't stand when you can sit just as well.

Don't put off the mending from week to week.

Don't you know that vinegar will clean the isinglass in the stove doors?

Don't you know your floor oil cloths can be washed in buttermilk or kerosene?

Don't give little children two languages to learn—first baby-talk, then afterward true pronunciation.

Don't hesitate to place a piece of zinc on the live coals in the stove; it will clean out the stove pipe.

Don't throw away nice woolen stockings when the feet are worn out, but cut them down for the children.

Don't fail to be clean and tidy in every nook and corner, but don't be a slave to a shining stove or carpet.

Don't do unnecessary work because your grandmother did. There was not half so much to be done in her day.

Don't cherish the idea that you will catch cold if you feel a bit of fresh air, or know there is an outlet for heated impure air.

Don't throw away old suspender rings, but sew them to the corners of kitchen holders, serving a better purpose than loops to hang by.

Don't flirt dirt from one piece of furniture to another and call it dusting, but take it up carefully in a dusting cloth and shake it from the window.

Don't say "micky" for milk, "ridey" for ride; baby will understand "hand mama your little dress" as readily as if you said "bring his itle dess to mama."

Don't talk servants or family matters to callers, and don't tell them the exact date of their last call. They will be likely to make the interval longer the next time.

Don't you want to know that rose bugs can be destroyed by adding three or four spoonfuls of kerosene to a watering pot of water, if used freely when the bug appears?

Don't fail, in conversation, to occasionally pause and give the listener an opportunity to speak, and don't mistake polite listening, prolonged, for interest in your subject.

Don't lose a moment of the day; finish one piece of sewing before commencing another; don't fail so to plan the work that several things may be attended to at the same time.

Don't fail to rest yourself during a long day's sewing by changing your seat occasionally, and in warm weather don't fail to remember that washing the face and hands will be found very refreshing.

Don't sit over the stove, with feet in the oven, complaining of being cold, but dress warmly and take a brisk walk in the open air, when you will think the fire has taken a fresh start, or the weather has abated.—*Sarah J. Blanchard, in Good Housekeeping.*

What the Brain Does.

It is a well known fact that people whose limbs have been amputated tell you that they can feel their fingers and toes for a long time afterward—for years, sometimes—and will even describe pains and definite sensations affecting certain joints of individual digits. This is readily understood when we remember that the brain is the only part of the body that feels, all sensations and impulses being conveyed to it from different parts by nerve fibers. Feelings of pain, heat, cold, touch, and the functions of the special senses are telegraphed to it; and when the connecting nerve is divided it may be some time before it learns to localize truly the seat of the sensation it appreciates. When we knock our "funny bones" we experience a thrill in the little finger and the inner border of the hand; the fact being that we have stimulated the bundle of telegraph wires—known as the ulnar nerve—which transmits sensations from that finger and part of the next, in the middle of its course, as it winds round the joint of the elbow.

SOME PECULIAR DISHES.

A TALK WITH AN INSECTIVOROUS EPICURE.

Eating Fried Locusts—An Effort in America and England to Get People to Eat Insects.

Professor Riley, of Washington, invited some friends to breakfast with him recently. He placed before them a dish of fried cicada, or seventeen-year locusts. The professor is in the habit of eating locusts and grasshoppers, and evidently relishes them. His guests were a little doubtful at first, but after eating them agreed that there was no exception to be taken to them, either in flavor or delicacy of taste.

Mr. John Sutherland said: "I read the report of Professor Riley's breakfast, and I agree with him that cicada are delicious. They eat the tenderest of vegetables, the choicest and youngest tendrils, and are the essence of pure vegetable matter. Prejudice against certain kinds of food is the work of the imagination, and founded almost entirely on the looks of things. There are crabs and lobsters, which are infinitely more unclean than either the cicada or the grasshopper, and yet few food fish are prized more highly. Snails are the scavengers of the sea, and are never so fat and juicy as when caught in proximity to a dead horse or human body. Then there are snails. There is nothing I enjoy more. They are perfectly clean. People will eat periwinkles, and like them. They are just the same things as periwinkles. Often I make a salad of them. People ask what they are, I say periwinkles, and they are perfectly satisfied. If I should say snails, as they are, they would perhaps become sick. They should be caught and put in clean sand, and then allowed to wriggle around. This process takes away all the slime and leaves them neat and clean. They should then be parboiled.

"People are predjudiced against lampreys. They are very good and equal to an ordinary eel. There are many other kinds of fish that persons object to. This seems unreasonable to me. They all come from the same water, and virtually live on the same kinds of food. Of course there are some sorts of fish far superior to others, but all fish is good. I know persons who will not touch frogs, yet they live on just the same things as trout, and are equally as tender and toothsome. Of birds, too, there is much discrimination. A hawk is good, so is the crow. A young blue heron is as good as the most favored birds, but very few people can one find who will eat them. Not long ago some gentlemen came here and asked me to get them up something that couldn't be gotten anywhere else. 'All right,' said I. I went and got some ox pallets and fixed them up. They were corrugated and looked like snakes. I twisted them up and served them with Italian sauce. They ate them and were much pleased. When about half through, Mr. Peyton, one of the party, wanted to know what the dish was. I said, 'rattlesnakes. Tom Placide, the old actor, sent me some the other day, and as you wanted something you couldn't get anywhere else, I gave them to you.' The knives and forks dropped with a clatter on the floor. Two of the party were frightfully sick. 'Now, see here,' said one, 'don't tell me that I've been eating rattlesnakes. I'll never be able to eat again.' When I saw they were about as sick as they well could be, I told them them they were beef pallets. Immediately every man got well, resumed eating, and all were wonderfully happy. Tom Placide and I were great friends. He was really very fond of rattle snakes. One day he brought me one; we skinned it nicely, fried it and ate it. Tom smacked his mouth, but I must confess I didn't fancy it as much as I do other things. Rattlesnake eggs are, however, very nice. They have a faint musky flavor, and are delicious. There are many other things that people will not eat now, but the day will come when all these things will be regarded along with white bait, trout and other things of this class.

"In the east, locusts—the insects as well as the vegetable—are highly esteemed as food. Fried in butter, these destructive creatures form a popular dish and this is the only good point about the 'locusts migratoria.' Dried lucosts are exported in quantities, and are a staple food in Arabia, Syria, and other Oriental countries. It is, unfortunately, an indisputable fact that human beings have in various ages and different parts of the world been far from dainty in their domestic dietary. They have supped—and breakfasted, too—on horrors. There is an African race for example, which consumes ants and pretends to like them. The Andaman islanders habitually live on rats, guanas, lizards and snakes, adding a few shell fish when they can get them. People who do not object to consuming caterpillars would probably soon pass on to serpents. Mrs. Colin Mackenzie, the wife of an Indian missionary, has related how she was cured of an intermittent fever by eating cobwebs. In some parts of Hindostan the natives prescribe cobweb pills as a sure antidote to fever; and the lady whose case we have mentioned found them far more effective than quinine. The pills, she tells us, are 'made of common cobwebs and taken in doses of ten grains three times a day.' If, however, cobwebs can be eaten, why not spiders? The fact is that man in his civilized state has forgotten a thousand articles of food which are known to the savage. He has no faith in 'simples,' though half the best medicines are made up of roots and leaves which he could pick for himself in the woods and fields if he liked. Persons who have unfortunately been in a besieged town have proved before now that nobody need starve so long as there is a piece of old shoe leather about. At the siege of Haarlem by the Spaniards, Mr. Motley tells how the inhabitants ate first linseed and rapeseed, and then cats, dogs, rats and mice. When these humble friends of man were exhausted, they took to boiling the hides of oxen and horses, and devouring them, and shoe leather was in constant demand for dinner tables. Finally, they were reduced to feeding on nettles and grass found between the stones in churchyards, but at this latter point, of course, many succumbed to starvation. It is highly probable that civilized communities consume without knowing it things far more objectionable than either nettles or spiders. Has any statistician given us the probable quantities of animal fat which a single person eats as butter in the course of a twelvemonth, or the amount of acetic acid and vitriol which is found in the vinegar used to form an ordinary salad? The dinner table is surrounded by mysteries, into which the boldest may be afraid of prying too far."—*New York Commercial.*

An Army Routed by Locusts.

Of all destructive foes none are more dreaded in most eastern lands than the locusts, whose dire visitations may well be national calamities. In point of fact, the lands which are exempt from their occasional presence are the favored few. A very few details of their invasion in Southern Russia in the years 1879 and 1880, will give us some idea of their multitude. They fell upon the province of Caucasus, utterly destroying vineyards and gardens, blockading the streets so that traffic was suspended, filling the ovens so that for several days baking was quite out of the question, and so choking the water courses that not a cup of water could be drunk until filtered.

In Georgia they fairly routed a detachment of Russian troops, who, not liking to turn aside on their march repelled by mere insects attempted to face the locust army, although reports said it covered twenty square miles of the country. So the soldiers advanced, but soon found themselves literally covered by the clinging, creeping insects, which crawled all over them, until finally the men fairly turned and fled, slipping and sliding as they ran over the crushed and oily bodies of their martyred foes. For forty-eight hours they were were detained, taking refuge in a village, and assisting the inhabitants to kill millions of the invaders, whose corpses they carted off to manure the fields, which, however, were in the meantime stripped of every blade of grass or corn, and the trees shorn of every green leaf.

On the road from Tiflis to Poti the locusts lay so thick on the line that the trains were obstructed. Large districts of Southern Russia were swept as bare of all vegetation as if a fire had raged over the land, and hundreds of peasants, utterly beggared, abandoned their homes to seek bread wherever it might be found. In the province of Chersom alone, 50,000 roubles was voted by government for expenditure in the effort to free the land of this plague; in another district 20,000 persons were employed daily for three months in the same work; the government expenditure on the whole organization was estimated at 200,000 roubles, without any calculation of the loss on crops of all descriptions.

Another notable scene of locust plague was Algeria in the year 1866, when the damage done by these insects was estimated at 50,000,000 francs, and resulted in a famine so appalling that 200,000 natives died of starvation.—*All the Year Round.*

Oil on the Water.

A correspondent sends to the *Scientific American* the following letter relative to the effects of pouring oil on a rough sea: On the evening of August 1, 1883, I and two companions in adventure were thrown on one of the Santa Barbara islands, about one hundred and fifty miles northwestward from San Diego off the California coast. Two days later we were picked up by an Italian fisherman, and carried to Santa Barbara. In our passage across the channel which separates Buena Ventura from the island of Santa Cruz, we encountered a gale, and the white caps ran pretty high. Our boat was pretty small, and the flying spray drenched everything on board. In the midst of this the old fisherman called our attention to smoother sea ahead, and went on to explain that it was due to oil on the water, and that the oil came up from natural wells in the bottom of the ocean.

By this time the boat was gliding through the calmer sea. I noticed that the waves were running as high as ever, but the crests of them remained unbroken, and no white caps were to be seen. The tumbling and roaring of the white caps, the flying of the spray before the wind, and the crests of the waves blown off, were no longer to be seen or heard; but the size of the billows was not otherwise diminished. The waves were now huge swells of the ocean, following each other regularly and silently, and the wind appeared to glide smoothly along the surface of the sea, unable to ruffle or disturb the water.

The oiled water was only a narrow strip, running nearly east and west. I should judge that it was less than one-half mile. I could not observe its length. The oil field is just fourteen miles north of Santa Cruz Island. Perhaps the attention of the public has been called to it long ago, but I did not know of its existence until I saw it, and have not heard of it since.

A Great Inventor's Income.

How much is Edison worth? I do not know. He certainly does not own himself, for he has been public property now, lo! these many years. One of these hydra-headed correspondents of half a dozen newspapers declares that he is "worth nothing;" that he has lost "a pile of money" lately; that his stocks are of no value, whereas they were formerly worth two millions, and that he is "disappointed and depressed." Now, the fact is that Edison is what most people would call a rich man, even in these modern days. He has a regular annual income from the Western Union Telegraph company of $20,000 in royalties on old patents. He is the principal stockholder in five manufacturing companies that bear his name, with an aggregate of $800,000 capital, and all of them pay large dividends every six months. He has put $80,000 in cash into the Downtown Electrical Illuminating company, which has earned a dividend, notwithstanding the large expenditures which experiments required. Since the death of Mrs. Edison he has moved with the three children into a flat on Eighteenth street, near Broadway, where the inquisitive could probably ascertain that he pays his rent with scrupulous regularity. In fact, Edison has a very practical side, and I suppose he receives an income of from $75,000 to $100,000.—*W. A. Croffut, in New York World.*

The Egyptians believed in a bird feeding its young with its blood, and this bird was none other than the vulture.

A SINGULAR BOOK.

Scintillating with Sarcasm and Brilliant with Truth.

New York Correspondence American Rural Home.

Chap. I. "Has Malaria;" goes to Florida.
Chap. II. "Overworked;" goes to Europe.
Chap. III. "Has Rheumatism;" goes to Ems
Chap. IV. Has a row with his Doctor!

The above chapters, Mr. Editor, I find in a book recently published by an anonymous author. I have read a deal of sarcasm in my day, but I never read anything equal to the sarcasm herein contained. I suspect the experience portrayed is a personal one; in short, the author intimates as much on page 31. Let me give you a synopsis:

"Malaria" as it states, is the cloak with which superficial physicians cover up a multitude of ill feelings which they do not understand, and do not much care to investigate. It is also a cover for such diseases as they cannot cure. When they advise their patient to travel or that he has overworked and needs rest and is probably suffering from malaria, it is a confession of ignorance or of inability. The patient goes abroad. The change is tonic and for a time he feels better. Comes home. Fickle appetite, frequent headaches, severe colds, cramps, sleeplessness, irritability, tired feelings, and general unfitness for business are succeeded in due time by alarming attacks of rheumatism which flits about his body regardless of all human feelings.

It is muscular—in his back. Articular,—in his joints. Inflammatory, my! how he fears it will fly to his heart! Now off he goes to the springs. The doctor sends him there, of course, to get well: at the same time he does not really want him to die on his hands!

That would hurt his business!

Better for a few days. Returns. After a while neuralgia transfixes him. He bloats; cannot breathe; has pneumonia; cannot walk; cannot sleep on his left side, is fretful; very nervous and irritable, is pale and flabby; has frequent chills and fevers; everything about him seems to go wrong; becomes suspicious; musters up strength and demands to know what is killing him!

"Great heaven!" he cries, "why have you kept me so long in ignorance?"

"Because,' said the doctor, "I read your fate five years ago. I thought best to keep you comfortable and ignorant of the facts."

He dismisses his doctor, but too late! His fortune has all gone to fees.

But him, what becomes of him?

The other day a well known Wall street banker said to me, "it is really astonishing how general Bright's disease is becoming. Two of my personal friends are now dying of it. But it is not incurable, I am certain, for my nephew was recently cured when his physicians said recovery was impossible. The case seems to me to be a wonderful one." This gentleman formerly represented his government in a foreign country. He knows, appreciates and declares the value of that preparation, because his nephew, who is a son of Danish Vice-Consul Schmidt, was pronounced incurable, when the remedy, Warner's safe cure, was begun. "Yes," said his father, "I was very skeptical, but since taking the remedy, the boy is well."

I regret to note that ex-President Arthur is said to be a victim of this terrible disease. He ought to live but the probabilities are that since authorized remedies cannot cure him, his physicians will not advise him to save his life, as so many thousands have done, by the use of Warner's safe cure, which Gen. Christiabsen, at Drexel, Morgan & Co.'s, told me he regarded "as a wonderful remedy."

Well, I suspect the hero of the book cured himself by the same means. The internal evidence points very strongly to this conclusion.

I cannot close my notice of this book better than by quoting his advice to his readers:

"If, my friend, you have such an experience as I have portrayed, do not put your trust in physicians to the exclusion of other remedial agencies. They have no monopoly over disease and I personally know that many of them are so very 'conscientious' that they would far prefer that their patients should go to heaven direct from their powerless hands than that they should be saved to earth by the use of any 'unauthorized' means."

And that the author's condemnation is too true, how many thousands duped, and yet rescued, as he was, can personally testify!

Well-diggers in Dakota hunt for anthills. The wise insects always locate over a vein of water.

Brown's Little Joke.

"Why, Brown, how short your coat is," said Jones one day to his friend Brown, who wittily replied: "Yes; but it will be long enough before I get another." Some men spend so much for medicines that neither heal nor help them, that new clothes is with them like angels' visits—few and far between. Internal fevers, weakness of the lungs, shortness of breath and lingering coughs, soon yield to the magic influence of that royal remedy, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

THE Good Templars have 7,000 members in Virginia.

Stricture of the urethra in its worst forms, speedily cured by our new and improved methods. Pamphlet, references and terms, two three-cent stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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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. Caswell, Hazard & Co., Proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

An Only Daughter Cured of Consumption.

When death was hourly expected from Consumption, all remedies having failed and Dr. H. James was experimenting, he accidentally made a preparation of Indian Hemp, which cured his only child, and now gives this recipe on receipt of stamps to pay expenses. Hemp also cures night sweats, nausea at the stomach, and will break a fresh cold in 24 hours. Address Craddock & Co., 1032 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa., naming this paper.

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Is kept by all dealers. One box lasts as long as two of any other. Received medals at N. C. State Fair, Centennial, and Paris Exposition.

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When you visit or leave New York city, save baggage, expressage and $3 carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central depot. Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upward per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

THE present area of the city of Boston is 10,170 acres.

Vigor and Vitality

Are given to the whole system by the purifying, toning, and strengthening influences of Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you feel "all gone," are debilitated by disease, or the effects of changing weather, Hood's Sarsaparilla will build you up. We do not ask you to take this medicine merely because of what we say. The thousands of people who testify in its favor should certainly convince you of its great medicinal merit.

"I used Hood's Sarsaparilla last spring and can truly say it helped me very much. To those suffering with bilious complaints, nervous prostration, or rheumatism, I earnestly recommend it."—MRS. E. CARPENTER, Kalamazoo, Mich.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier has no equal. It tones the system, strengthens and invigorates, giving new life. I have taken it for kidney complaint with the best results; have used several bottles in my family and am satisfied that its reputation is merited."—D. R. SAUNDERS, 81 Pearl Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

More Than Thanks.

Fort Madison, Iowa, Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham: "I am glad to inform you that I have tried one bottle of your Vegetable Compound and have found great relief. *I more than thank you* for your kind advice. I have never felt so well as I do now since I had these troubles. Yours Resp'y, Mrs. W. C. A——." The above is a sample of the many letters received by Mrs. Pinkham expressing gratitude for the benefit derived from her Vegetable Compound. Another letter from Kaufman, Texas, says: "Your Compound has done me more good than all the Doctors ever did, for which I thank you with all my heart. Your friend, Anna B——."

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