

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Phrygians, a people of Asia Minor, were the first to coin gold and silver. Through the efforts of Ouida, the practice of skinning frogs alive has been stopped in the markets of Florence. Japan possesses 2,000 newspapers. Not a single journal of any kind existed or was thought of in the country twenty-five years ago. A woman who had been fourteen years in the service of Queen Victoria was convicted at Middlesex Sessions recently and sent to prison for two months for theft. A Venetian gondolier makes on an average four francs (about eighty cents) a day the year round. On this he will marry, rear a family, and put some money away. At a recent caucus meeting of the senior branch of the Bonapartists it was ruled that no orator, when he addressed the sovereign people, should speak with a plug of tobacco in his mouth. Nicholas Leblanc is to have a monument. He was the French chemist who, in 1742, discovered how to produce soda artificially, thereby contributing immensely to the modern progress of industries. There has been a heavy decline in many securities in the past few years, but the Shapira manuscripts lead the list. A couple of years ago they were offered for \$5,000,000. Not long ago they were sold for eighty cents. Disease germs are probably much less affected by extreme cold than might be expected. Experiments have been reported to the Glasgow Philosophical Society in which a temperature of 120 degrees below zero was insufficient to stop processes of putrefaction. The King of Siam is a very much married man. He has some three thousand wives. The establishment where they are housed is a city almost in itself. They are kept very close from the eyes of men. No European and very few natives of the male sex are allowed to enter the sacred precincts. One hundred and fifty-four thousand pounds of orange blossoms, 13,000 pounds of acacia blossoms, 154,000 pounds of rose leaves, 122,000 pounds of violets, 82,000 pounds of jasmine blossoms, 9,000 pounds of tube roses and a large amount of Spanish lilacs are annually used in the manufacture of perfumery at Cannes and Nice. Among the most recent acquisitions made by the trustees of the British Museum are a series of pen-and-Indian ink drawings executed by the Venetian artist Giovanni Domenico Tiepolo. Tiepolo assisted his father in decorating the palace at Madrid, and died in Spain in 1795. The subjects represented are chiefly mythological, resembling in manner some of his etchings which are in imitation of Benedetto Castiglione. GLOUCESTER. How Fish Are Packed in the Atlantic Seaport. "I want you to go through one of the fish curing and packing establishments," said a citizen of Gloucester to a reporter a few days since. "I doubt if you have any idea of the work that is done in one of them. Great changes have been made in the business. Years ago curing fish was synonymous with dirt and offensive smells. All that has been done away with, and the curing and packing of fish is done with as much regard to cleanliness as is the grinding of wheat and packing of flour. "Where shall we go?" asked the journalist. "Anywhere, into any of them; in all of them the processes are clean and wholesome." Being near the establishment of Messrs. John Pew & Son, the representative asked the proprietors to show him about, which they kindly did. The establishment covers two or three acres. The first thing which attracts one's attention is a huge reservoir which is filled from an artesian well by power furnished by a windmill. "We are obliged to have an abundance of pure water," said Mr. Pew, "because thorough washing is of the utmost importance in this business. At the wharves of the company were two ships unloading salt. 'That ship,' pointing to one of them, 'is one of the last of the famous fleet built by McKay.' The salt used is of the cleanest and best quality, great care being taken to get the best and to remove from it all impurities. A cargo of mackerel was just in, and a crew of men in one building were at work repacking them. Where they are caught they are put into barrels with little salt and regarded of size. In the curing establishment they are all taken out, classified, re-salted and packed into barrels, half-barrels and kits. Large houses were filled with heads of cod and other fish in pickle. These fish are not sold in that form, but carcases are usually kept in that condition as the most convenient and safest prior to drying. The fish are dried on frames, those of this firm covering half or two-thirds of an acre, and one dare not say how many thousand pounds of fish can be cured at one time thereon. The packing of dry fish is comparatively a new industry. In days of yore the dry fish was thrown down in most any place in the retail store where it would not clog up or lose anything in weight. All this has been changed by the introduction of packing and boxing. It is also a great saving. Heretofore it was difficult to sell the small fish; now that the skin and the bones are removed the small ones are just as good as the larger. On the second floor of one building were over thirty men, women and boys engaged in cutting, curing and packing dry fish. It was a model workroom, light, with the cool breezes from the ocean coming in at the windows. From a pile of the fish men with strong hands took the fish and removed the bones in less time than it takes one to tell it. Others seize it and pull off the skin. Another gang cut them into pieces about two and one-half by six inches. This is done on large tables divided into squares, through

which the knives are run. Girls next put the pieces into packages weighing two pounds or more. These packages are next passed along to men who put them into presses and reduce them to the smallest space possible. Then girls take them and put twine about them. The bunches are then carefully salted and put into boxes, which in turn are nailed up and carried out. The Gloucester houses pack fish for special customers to all parts of the country, putting their brand on the packages. The wood for the boxes is pine, of small dimensions, and comes largely from New Hampshire, all prepared to be nailed together. The boxes are printed at the curing establishment on a job press run by gas power. The Pew print fifty or sixty different brands. Other grades of fish are skinned, boned and cut in two or three pieces and shipped in larger boxes, according as ordered. What becomes of the refuse? The skins of the fish are made into glue in Gloucester. It is the only glue that will stick wood to iron. The bones go to the fertilizer factory and are disposed of there. Nothing is lost, and certainly nothing is left about the premises. The Gloucester men are as careful about their packing and curing as are the packers of fruit. It is their interest to be so. There were two or three fishermen at the wharves, either unloading or ready to go to the Banks. They were neatly looking vessels, and all of the arrangements for the business showed the constant care and expenditure which is demanded to make the business moderately remunerative. "There are no fortunes made in this business," said one gentleman. "There is not a rich fisherman in Gloucester." It is a very comfortable looking town, nevertheless, and the sound of the hammer and the click of the trowel indicate that it is growing. It is the headquarters of the ocean fishing industry. N. F. Graphic.

LONDON DOCK LABORERS.

The Efforts Made by the Unemployed to Obtain Work. In sunshine or shower, fog or fair weather, the approaches to the docks and wharves of the metropolis are every morning thronged by crowds of eager, anxious men, struggling—nay, in many cases fighting like wild beasts—to obtain work within the gates. As the hour draws near for the ringing of the great bell announcing the commencement of work a crowd of often a couple of thousand men press around the principal entrance to the London docks, and as the big gates swing slowly open the mighty mass of humanity rushes forward like an overwhelming flood to the chain-barriers where the superintendent gives out the metal tokens entitling the holder to employment with n. Of course he shows preference to those previously employed, but there is always the chance of obtaining a ticket, and the men strive to clutch one of the precious talismans with intense and passionate eagerness. They push and jostle and struggle, leaping on each other's shoulders, and fighting and wrestling in the mad rush like famishing animals rather than human beings. The most desperate determination is written on every face, and there is small thought in the mind of any man of that surging crowd for any one but himself. For work means food—poor and scanty, no doubt, but still something to keep the terrible wolf from the door. Failure means self-starvation or worse. But of the crowds who struggle and fight at the gates, frequently not more than one-third are selected, and the remainder, bearing their sad fate with as much philosophical fortitude as they can muster—perhaps it is stony despair, rather—turn disconsolately away, some to seek work at other places which open later and others to wait for 'calls' which may occur at any time during the day. This a visitor strolling through the fine docks and admiring the shipping and immense quantities of merchandise piled on every hand is suddenly arrested by the strange sight of a sea of white, anxious faces pressed wistfully against the bars on a side entrance. Yes, men are still waiting there for any call of laborers that may come during the day. And presently, as you wait, the superintendent appears, and cries: "One man wanted!" Instantly all the watchers spring up like eaged animals when food is brought them, yelling, shouting and extending their hands. They leap on each other's backs and clamber up to the topmost rails; and all this feverish excitement is to obtain one little metal ticket—perhaps for one hour's work, entitling the owner to fivepence or sixpence at most! One out of the large number receives the ticket, apparently by chance rather than by any other manner of selection, and then the noise subsides, and the men wait on the patient, dogged, hungry-eyed, as before. At another time a call will come for two men, and the same scene will occur again, and so on throughout the day. But of the great numbers who crowd the gates in the desperate struggle to obtain employment only a very few comparatively can ever be engaged. One in every three or four appears to be the average number who obtain work.—The Quiver.

"No, gentlemen," said a patriotic citizen, "I am not personally ambitious. I am only ambitious for my country's good. I want to see her occupy that position among the nations of the world to which her greatness entitles her. And," he added, rather weakly, "I am fortunate enough to obtain what I seek, I pledge myself to do all I can in that direct on." "Do you understand," he was asked a little later, "that there is no salary attached to the office to which you aspire?" "No what?" "No salary; not a cent." "Then the office can go to thunder!" said the patriot.—N. Y. Sun. Exchange of courtesies between two Arizona editors.—From the Gila Bowler: "The lickspittle greaser who edits the Ripporter lost his head last week in trying to answer us." From the Ripporter: "The reformed bum whose office boy edits the Bowler for him can't lose his head, for he has none."

"UNCLE SAM."

Created By an English Caricaturist Long Ago. Some of the distinguishing marks of burlesque—the tags by which the comic artists make their victims known to the public—have been so long in use they can scarcely be traced to their inventors. For instance, there is the familiar and extraordinary figure of our Uncle Sam. Every American acknowledges kinship with him, but few know how he came into existence. Even some of the artists who have depicted him, year after year, in his different moods and attitudes, know nothing of his origin. After making many interrogatories in regard to him and considerable research into his genealogy I learned that an English caricaturist created him in deers on long ago. The intent was to embody all the ignorance, egotism, crudeness, pretension and assertiveness of the saucy young country in the quaint figure of the old Yankee. But there was a dignity in the tall, angular, self-satisfied old man which his creators neither meant nor saw. The people of the new country saw it, however, and took him to their hearts. They adopted the idea of the benevolent uncle, and put him into song and story. Then they accepted him as he was portrayed, thin and elongated, long-haired, hatched-faced, and wearing raiment the like of which never was seen on land or sea—striped pantaloons of an economical cut, a swallow-tailed coat of most antiquated design, a high hat that is a challenge to all modern headwear, and a vest gaudier than a tropical bird. This became the familiar figure which in comic art represented our beloved country. The idea took definite form; it became fixed in our fancy. It was a creation destined to live and to grow. Uncle Sam became a fact, a reality, a part of our selves and our history. He was first made familiar to his people in Funke's Notions, a comic paper that flourished more than a quarter of a century ago, but has long since climbed the golden stair. Nast was the first artist to lift our revered uncle out of ridicule and contempt, endow him with proper dignity, and make him a distinctive and honored character, though he claims no credit for it. He says he remembers him as far back as he can remember anything in the way of pictures. The other artists assert that Nast has made him what he is a kind, wise, courageous, quick-witted, sunny-spirited, dignified, lovable old man, kindly active to every thing affecting the interests of his people—in short, a gentleman. It is interesting to see how the character of Uncle Sam has developed with the character of his people. One realizes this by comparing some of the old portraits of him with some of the more modern. In Nast's allegorical sketches we have seen him in all the phases of his strong, spirited, and noble character. He has wept with Columbia over the loss of heroes, he has held fast to the old flag when it was tarred with shot and shell, but has turned his gray head aside in humiliation when the public trusts were betrayed and honors abused; he has mourned over his slain sons as they lay in the valleys, on the hills, and by the rivers of the South. His keen wit has mercilessly punctured shams, and his big heart overflowed with sympathy when the children of his adoption suffered. Dear, quaint, grand old Uncle Sam may his kind and rugged face ever beam upon us in love and goodwill. When he smiles his people rejoice; when he weeps or frowns they are sorrowful or disheartened. One of the whims of caricature to make Uncle Sam fat and jolly when "times are good" and thin and sad when finances languish. Keppler first made him fat in the prosperous days of '73. One of Nast's hits was giving him a swollen silver leg and a good solid silver leg during the monetary excitement in France and the mining excitement in the West six years ago. The silver leg was gaudy, and could only be moved by straps and pulleys. It led him to a chair and made an invalid of him, of course.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

THRIFTY ELOPEMENTS.

How the Affairs are Conducted in St. Louis. It may sound strange, if I mention the fact that, notwithstanding the low marriageable age fixed by law, elopements are common. It is true they are of a quite peculiar sort, and they might be divided into elopements with and elopements without the consent of the parents on either side. This custom so illustrates the character of the peasantry of all regions, that I must not dismiss it with too brief a mention. Elopement with consent is an important matter. The young pair are agreed and have the full sanction of the parents on both sides. But every marriage calls for a wedding, and a farmer's wedding is, under ordinary circumstances, no child's play. The relatives and friends must be invited from distances extending to fifty or a hundred miles. The substantial part of the feast is rather a secondary affair to the farmer richly provided with farm products and cattle, but the drink must be furnished, and the National drink is dear, and will be consumed on such occasions in immense quantities. In order to escape the expense of this provision, which would be borne equally by both families, the parents of the bridegroom advise him to elope with his beloved, and her parents advise her to consent to the elopement. After receiving the blessings of the crafty parents, the young couple steal away to the bush. On the next day the friends set up a cry of murder, beat around for a while, and laugh in their sleeves. The young couple must, of course, come back after a little while and receive forgiveness, for there can be no wedding-feast after such a "scandal." The latter is confined to a narrow circle, and the brandy is saved.—Dr. Alfred Brain, in Popular Science Monthly. —Gilbert Cloonen is living at Sing Sing with a piece of his skull as large as a half-dollar removed from the top of his head so that the pulsation of his brain can be plainly seen. While standing up a well-to-do skull was fractured by a piece of rock.—N. Y. Times.

HORSEY YOUNG LADIES.

New York Girls Developing a Taste for Gambling. Our young ladies are not only developing horsey tastes, but they are developing a taste for turf gambling that would make their grandfathers turn in their graves if they knew of it. A young lady who can not talk horse nowadays shows that she is not in the social whirlpool. She must know the points of a horse as readily as any jockey. I was amused the other day on the train by a conversation of two young ladies—very ladylike and quiet girls they were, too—who, after discussing Schumann's songs, began to talk horse, and they seemed to be as familiar with one as with the other. "Were you at the exhibition in Madison Square Garden?" asked one of the other. "No," she replied; "unfortunately I was out of town at the time." "That was too bad," said the other, "you missed a splendid show. I have never seen finer cattle. The yearlings looked exactly like three-year-olds." The other expressed her disappointment at not having seen these wonderful yearlings, but she had seen particularly fine three-year-olds that she thought were going to develop into fine trotters. The other day I was driving through Central Park and the handsomest turnout that passed me was driven by a lady. It was none of your village carts or Victorias, but was a genuine Stanhope gig, with footmen up behind, and the lady on the box holding the reins of a pair of prancing steeds; no ponies, mind you, but full-sized horses, and frisky ones at that. What I liked about it was that she was such a quiet looking lady. There was nothing at all horsey in her appearance. She wore a simple, tight-fitting coat and modest bonnet, and was, I should think, about thirty-five or thirty-seven years of age. There is Miss Daisy Cameron, who drives a pair of fast horses; but she drives them to a Victoria, which is more feminine than a Stanhope. Miss Pussy Breeze also drives a spanking span, and in winter her cutter is the admiration of the road.—N. Y. Cor. Boston Gazette.

This is on the whole a surprising scheme of the English Salvation Army people—to raise \$100,000 to send furloughed men to this country. But though the English are showing as great a zeal in the endeavor to rid themselves of this perplexing problem as they did to solve the pauper problem awhile ago, the scheme will not work. This country can hardly be expected to take upon itself the risks of so tremendous an experiment, and if England insists upon shirking the task, she will probably have to turn it over to some of her own colonies.—Providence Journal.

There is a remarkable natural bridge spanning a canon twenty miles north of the point where the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad crosses the boundary between New Mexico and Arizona. This bridge is 65 feet long and 15 feet wide at the narrowest point. It consists of tough soft rock, underneath which the soft sandstones have been worn away to a depth of twenty-five to forty feet beneath the arch. Near by is a petrified forest. The stone tree trunks lie just beneath the soil, or half exposed, fallen in all directions.—Chicago Herald.

A deposit of natural soap, twenty-five feet wide, has been discovered near Mammoth, Montana. It is said to resemble castile soap, both in appearance and quality.

Count Tolstoi, the Russian author, has become a shoemaker's apprentice in order to give his brain a needed rest. He sets a beautiful example.—Chicago Current.

The State of New Jersey gives one dollar bounty on every ton of sugar cane grown in that State, and one cent per pound for every pound of sugar made.

At Meyerstown, Pa., two women deliberately smashed a plate-glass window that they might be charged with malicious mischief and join their husbands in jail.

Rupture radically cured, also piles, tumors and fistulas. Pamphlet of particulars two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

While the Car is compelled to have a mastiff to guard him, some of our American ladies feel secure with a pug.—Atlanta Constitution.

Prof. Proctor describes how the earth will look sixty million years hence. It is very interesting, but does not compare with the burning question: How will we look?—Philadelphia Call.

Very rash—A boy with measles.—Life.

A STOCK-YARDS hog-thief is certainly a pork-reacher.—Chicago Sun.

The sea side is a good deal to the man blind in one eye.—Merchant Traveler.

An organist, who advertised for vocalists for a church choir, headed his advertisement: "Good chants for the right parties."—Rochester Advertiser.

A SHARP-TALKING lady was reproved by her husband, who requested her to keep her tongue in her mouth. "My dear," she said, "it's against the law to carry concealed weapons."—N. Y. Independent.

"O, WHERE does beauty linger?" demands a Quaker city poetess. As a usual thing she lingers in the parlor until her mother has cleaned up the kitchen.—N. Y. Mail.

If one dog can be placed on a scent, how many dogs can be placed on a cent dollar?—Kalamazoo Vanity Fair.

The cholera germ is said to be shaped like a comma. Can't it be brought to a full stop by cutting off its tail?—Peck's Sun.

Who says that fish do not cry aloud. Little Paul says his cook makes a codfish ball every Sunday morning.—The Rambler.

A Sad Case of Poisoning is that of any man or woman afflicted with disease or derangement of the liver, resulting in poisonous accumulations in the blood, scrofulous affections, sick-headaches, and diseases of the kidneys, lungs or heart. These troubles can be cured only by going to the primary cause, and putting the liver in a healthy condition. To accomplish this result speedily and effectually nothing has proved itself so efficacious as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which has never failed to do the work claimed for it, and never will.

FRANCE presents America with the statue of liberty, and we put up the pedestal—a sort of base ingratitude.—Texas Siftings.

WHAT can be more disagreeable, more disgusting, than to sit in a room with a person who is troubled with catarrh, and has to keep coughing and clearing his or her throat of the mucus which drops into it? Such persons are always to be pitied if they try to cure themselves and fail. But if they get Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy there need be no failure.

THE sky, unlike man, is most cheerful when the clouds are heavy. The grass, unlike man, is most delightful when the greenest.—Old City Derrick.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. See GLENN'S Sulphur Soap and Beautifier. See GERMAN COIN REMOVER kills CORN and Bunions.

A MAN must be thick-headed who will row with a double skull.—Rochester Democrat.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH. When applied to the nostrils, it will be absorbed, effectively cleansing the head of catarrh, and relieving the head of all its ailments. It is a most valuable remedy for all ailments of the head, and is sold in all drug stores. NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF. ELY BROTHERS, DRUGGISTS, OREGON, N. Y.

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Did you Suppose Mustang Liment only good for horses? It is for inflammation of all flesh.

Narrow Escape.

ROCKSWELL, June 1, 1882. "Ten Years ago I was attacked with the most intense and deadly pain in my back and neck. It was a terrible trial to me. It extended to the end of my toes and to my brain! "Which made me delirious! "From agony!!! "It took three months to hold me up bed at times! "The Doctors tried in vain to relieve me, but to no purpose. "Morphine and other opiates! "Had no effect! "After two months I was given up to die!!!

"When my wife heard a neighbor told what Hop Bitters had done for her, she at once got and gave me some. The first dose eased my brain and seemed to go hunting through my system for the pain. "The second dose eased me so much that I slept two hours, something I had not done for two months. Before I had used five bottles, I was well and at work as hard as any man could, for over three weeks; but I worked too hard for my strength, and taking a hard cold, I was taken with the most acute and painful rheumatism all through my system that ever was known. "I called the doctors again, and after several weeks they left me a cripple on crutches for life, as they said. I met a friend and told him my case, and he said Hop Bitters had cured him and would cure me. I looked at him, but he was so earnest I was induced to use them again. "In less than four weeks I threw away my crutches and went to work lightly and kept on using the Bitters for five weeks, until I became as well as any man living, and have been so for 11 years since. "It has cured my wife, who had been sick for years; and has kept her and my children well and healthy with from two to three bottles per year. There is no need to be sick at all if these Bitters are used. "J. J. BEAN, Ex-Superior.

"That poor invalid wife, Sister, Mother, "Or daughter!!!! "Can be made the picture of health! "With a few bottles of Hop Bitters! "Will you let them suffer!!!!

Prosecute the Swindlers!!! If you call for Hop Bitters the druggist hands out a bottle of "Hop Bitters" with a green cluster of Hops on white label, about that druggist as you would a viper, and he has taken your money for a house and a lot of Hops. After the third bottle the inflammation disappeared and your eyes cleared up and you were able to see. After the fourth bottle you were able to see a child. Her headache as disappeared and she was able to see. After the fifth bottle she was able to see. After the sixth bottle she was able to see. After the seventh bottle she was able to see. After the eighth bottle she was able to see. After the ninth bottle she was able to see. After the tenth bottle she was able to see. JOHN F. HAYDEN, Detroit, Mich., May 16, 1882.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO. 117 W. 37th St. N. Y. City.

ECZEMA! My wife has been severely afflicted with Eczema of the skin from infancy. We tried every known remedy, but to no avail. She was also afflicted with a peculiar nervous headache, sometimes followed by an intermittent fever, so that her life became a misery to her. Finally she was cured by using Hop Bitters. After the third bottle the inflammation disappeared and your eyes cleared up and you were able to see. After the fourth bottle you were able to see a child. Her headache as disappeared and she was able to see. After the fifth bottle she was able to see. After the sixth bottle she was able to see. After the seventh bottle she was able to see. After the eighth bottle she was able to see. After the ninth bottle she was able to see. After the tenth bottle she was able to see. JOHN F. HAYDEN, Detroit, Mich., May 16, 1882.

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