"LOOK OUT FOR THE ENGINE."

I am a locomotive engineer, and have been for twenty years, and am now running on the Maine Central Railroad. Life on an engine, as all engineers know, is very trying to health and strength. The continual jar of the engine, and strain on our long trips all tend to weaken the kidneys and urinary organs. In addition to this, ten years ago, I met with a severe accident, and I was taken from under my engine with severe internal injuries, which gave me great pain. I was laid up for six months, and suffered more than I can describe, and more than I wish to suffer again. I resumed work, but my kidneys began to disturb me, and my nervous system seemed to be out of order. I could not sleep, as my water demanded such constant attention that I was kept awake a great part of the night, to urinate caused severe pains. I employed the best medical skill in Portland and elsewhere, but continued to grow worse.

I was persuaded to try Hunt's Remedy, as I found that many of my friends in Portland had used it with great success, yet I had no faith that it would reach my case. However, I sent for a half-dozen bottles at one of the drug stores, in Portland, and from the use of the first bottle found a great relief. My water was much better and the pain in the back and limbs greatly relieved. I continued its use until I had used ten bottles in all, and it has been to me a wonderful blessing, and I have deemed it a duty and privilege to recommend it to those troubled in a similar manner; and you may publish this for the benefit of our railroad men and the public in general, as it has completely cured me.

GEO. W. BRADLEY,
Engineer Maine Central Railroad,
PORTLAND, ME., May 12, 1883.

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

ALICE E. CURTIS, of Brunswick, Me., writes us on May 15, 1883: "That she has suffered very much at frequent intervals with kidney disease, and the attacks were increasing in severity so steadily as to cause alarm. Her aunt, Mrs. N. M. Small, persuaded her to use Hunt's Remedy, and after using several bottles Miss Curtis has been freed from the severe aches and pains to which she had long been accustomed; and further says that Hunt's Remedy never fails to relieve the severe pains in the side and intense backache, and Miss C. pronounces it a real blessing to woman for all kidney diseases, and she cordially recommends it for the many ills and pains peculiar to women."

Indulgence and Excesses.

Whether over-eating or drinking are made harmless by using Hop Bitters freely, giving elegant appetite and enjoyment by using them before and removing all dullness, pains and distress afterwards, leaving the head clear, nerves steady, and all the feelings buoyant, elastic and more happy than before. The pleasing effects of a Christian or sumptuous dinner continuing days afterwards.

Eminent Testimony.

[N. Y. Witness, Aug. 15, 1880.]

"I find that in addition to the *pure* spirits contained in their composition, they contain the extracts of hops and other well-known and highly approved medicinal roots, leaves and tinctures in quantities sufficient to render the article what the makers claim it to be, to wit, a medicinal preparation and not a beverage—unfit and unsafe to be used except as a medicine.

"From a careful analysis of their formula—which was attested under oath—I find that in every wine-glassful of Hop Bitters, the active medicinal properties aside from the distilled spirits are equal to a full dose for an adult, which fact, in my opinion, subjects it to an internal revenue tax as a medicinal bitter."

GREEN B. RAUM, U. S. Com. In. Rev.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism. Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water. All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has worked a miracle in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave.

J. W. MOREY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, '81.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost; I know it."

A WORKINGMAN.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
Smith's Tonic Syrup
FOR THE CURE OF
FEVER and AGUE
Or CHILLS and FEVER,
AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER.
The Popular Remedies of the Day.
Principal Office, 831 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM

when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will positively cure.* Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Ely Brothers, Owego, N. Y.
HAY-FEVER

$25 Every Day
Can be easily made with our
Well Augers & Drills
One man and one horse required. We are the only makers of the Tiffin Well-Boring and Rock-Drilling Machine.
Warranted the Best on Earth!
Many of our customers make from $50 to $40 a day. Book and Circulars FREE. Address,
LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass TARE BEAM. JONES, HE PAYS THE FREIGHT. Sold on trial. Warrants 5 years. All sizes as low. For free book, address
JONES OF BINGHAMTON,
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

WILKINSON RUBBER TARGET GUN.

Graves' Patent. The genuine and best. Shoots arrows, bullets and shot. Sends bullets 1,000 feet. Don't kick. Shoots straight. Gun, with 3 steel pointed arrows, shot and bullet attachment, delivered free on receipt of one dollar. Send for price list of Scroll Saws, Bicycles, Fishing Tackle, Hammocks, &c. THE JOHN WILKINSON CO., 78, 80 and 82 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

PILES "Anakesis" gives instant relief, and is an infallible cure for Piles. Price $1 from druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples free. Ad. "ANAKESIS," Makers, Box 2416, New York.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

The Bolivar Bulletin.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

BOLIVAR. - - TENNESSEE.

IN A GARDEN.

There's a garden of my childhood that I only
  see in dreams,
Ever sunshine lies upon it, shadows only
  passing flit;
Thro' the vista of my memory very fair that
  garden seems,
And I sometimes yearn with longing once
  again to enter it!

I can smell the lawn's first mowing, and the
  rich earth freshly turned,
When the spring's warm-fingered touches
  woke to life the garden beds,
Where the double row of crocus like a golden
  pathway burned,
And the tulips in the border waved their
  stately crimson heads.

Where the south wall lured the swallows
  wheeling up against the blue;
Summer beauty gained upon us ere we
  knew the spring begun:
There the pale wisteria clusters tender arms
  of fragrance threw
Till the white magnolia lifted cups of silver
  to the sun.

Year by year the blooming orchard lay like
  snow beneath the moon,
Year by year the chaffinch nested where the
  moss-grown boughs divide,
And her brood upon the branches twittered
  through the dawns of June,
Till the growing apples reddened under
  August's smile of pride.

Spring and ever-radiant summer and full
  autumn hold it fast,
My enchanted garden, whither fancy leads
  me back to-day;
Never winter falls upon it, for the pictures of
  the past,
God be thanked, are happy pictures, and
  their skies for ever gay.

Only when across life's highway comes the
  scent of country brier,
Or of wafted honeysuckle, westward borne,
  and cold with dew;
Then the longing for my garden fills me with
  such strong desire
That my soul is faint within me for the sunshine that I knew!

G. B. Stuart, in Argosy.

"DIED GAME."

It is morning on the prairie.

To the east is the rosy sunrise and the dim, far-away outline of a mountain range; to the north a shadowy line which may mean hills or timber; to the west and south a broad, level ocean of green grass which has no limit. It seems as level as a floor to the eye, but it is cut up with dry ravines and ditches, and there are sharp ridges and dips and sunken spots.

The sun is warm, the air still, and every blade of grass is loaded with diamond dewdrops. There is no bird to chirp, and no crickets to call, out but there is no feeling of loneliness. One who faces that morning sun and feels the vastness of the prairie is lost in quiet amazement. There is an awe upon him akin to that which man feels when he sees the ocean lashed to mighty fury. The one is an exhibition of Divine anger—the other of Divine peace.

See! A rough-clad, full-bearded man, of iron muscle and fearless courage, suddenly rises from a hollow, tosses aside his blanket, and slowly turns his head in every direction to scan the green grass sea. At the same moment his horse emerges from a dip which has heretofore sheltered him, and, with a whinny of recognition and pleasure, advances straight upon his master.

Alone! Man and horse are the only living creatures in sight. They are as much lost to the world as two grains of sand washing to and fro in the Atlantic. The master's hand steals up until it rests upon the horse's neck, and the faithful animal crowds a bit nearer. Both are awed by the broad expanse. The mighty grandeur of Nature steals in upon the man's soul, and it seems to pass like an electric current to the horse. He raises his head. His nostrils expand. His eyes grow clearer and larger. Surely he must see the pictures spread out before him there, and something of its beauty must be felt.

See that! The man's hand goes up to shade his eyes. He is looking straight to the west. He stands like a rock, and his eyes are keen as an eagle's. The horse is looking in the same direction, ears pricked forward, lips quivering and every muscle in his legs tightened up as if for a race. What is it? A flutter on the surface of the prairie caught the man's eye for an instant and then disappeared. It was two miles away. It was only a trifle; but on that trifle depends his life. A shipwrecked sailor catches his breath at sight of every white cloud creeping above the water line. The hunter on the prairie feels his heart pound at the flutter of a bird's wing—the bark of a coyote—the hoot of an owl—at sight of a hoof-print or a broken bush. These may mean nothing, or they may mean an ambush—a race for life—capture and torture.

"Yi! yi! yi!"

The level-seeming prairie is broken two miles away by a dry ravine deeper than a man's height. This curves and bends and leads on for miles. Scrambling out of its depths, and each one sounding his war-whoop as he mounts his pony, are a score of Indians.

For two days the hunter had swept the horizon in vain. He was alone on the great ocean. Night had been tranquil and full of sound sleep. Here, now, rising like specters from the earth before him, is a band of bloodthirsty demons raving for his life. The sight stuns him for a few seconds. Then, with a growl of chagrin and defiance, he flings the saddle upon his horse, picks up his rifle, and while yet the Indians are a mile and a half away, he mounts and heads for the east.

A race for life has begun.

The hunter's horse strikes into a long, steady gallop, which would keep him alongside of a train of cars. There is a chorus of yells from the redskins as they make the first rush. Then the silence of the prairie is broken only by the thud! thud! of horses' feet. The very silence is ominous, and speaks of a grim determination to run the victim down.

Steady, now! The hunter's horse devours mile after mile of the green prairie, now at the crest of a swell—now almost hidden in a dip—now for an instant out of sight of those who follow. They gain a little. The hunter plans that they shall. Every yard they gain requires an extra speed that will take ten minutes off the race after high noon. At ten o'clock they have gained half a mile. Then the pace is even, and neither loses nor gains.

There is something terribly grim in following a man to his death. Not a shout—not a call—not a rifle-shot. Thud! thud! thud! over level and ridge and always to the east. The sun mounts higher and higher, and now and then the hunter glances back with a faint hope that the pursuit has been abandoned. No! He might as well expect a wolf to quit the pursuit of a wounded deer leaving its life-blood to stain the grass at every rod.

It is high noon.

The pursuit began over sixty miles away, but the breeze brings to the hunter's ears that same monotony of hoof-beats, and he glances back to see that same dark line strung out at his heels. It has become a question of endurance. If he can tire them out he will escape. He shuts his teeth anew, reaches forward to caress his horse——

He is down! A burrow caught a foot as the horse sped onward and man and animal roll to the ground. The race is finished. The poor beast whinnies an apology for his fall as he flounders about with a broken leg, and the exultant shouts of the redskins hardly reach the hunter's ears before he is down alongside the crippled horse and his rifle aimed at the approaching foe.

It is another bright, peaceful day. Here are the same pure air, the same blue sky, the same panorama of grass and flowers and dimly outlined mountains.

A band of hunters are crossing the prairie at a steady gallop, instead of a single man riding for his life. A vulture rises up with a hoarse scream—a second—a third—and the odor of decay reaches the nostrils of riders and horses. The band halts, rides to the left, and presently all look down upon a sight which tells its own story. The swollen carcass of a horse, the scalped and disfigured body of a hunter—trampled grass-spots of blood—broken arrows—the earth uptorn by hoofs.

One with stouter heart than the rest dismounts and picks up a dozen flattened bullets and a score of arrows. Then he circles round the spot and gathers up the empty shells thrown out by the hunter's Winchester. Bullets, arrows and shells are deposited in a heap by the corpse, and the man points out one—three—five—seven spots on the prairie where the trampled grass and stains of blood show the fall of horse or man. Then in a voice in which sorrow and pride were mingled he whispers:

"Poor Tom! But he died game!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

An "O" for an "E."

At an editorial convention the conversation turned on typographical errors. Of course every man present who had wielded a Faber for the purpose of lifting struggling humanity into the upper strata, where the dazzling rays of the bright sun of knowledge should illume the path, etc., had some reminiscence about certain typographical errors. Joe Peters, of the Blowtown *Bugle*, finally got the floor. "Gentlemen," said he, "see this scar across my cheek as big as a horse-shoe; see this crevasse in my nose whence a portion has been extracted; see the remaining half inch of my right ear; examine this hand and wonder what became of the thumb and fourth finger; look at this stiff leg. All this is the result of getting an 'o' where an 'e' ought to be. I had occasion to report a case in 'Squire Field's office, and the evidence of one of the witnesses did not tally very well with the others. This was a big, burly man, a livery-stable keeper, who might be able to get away with Sullivan. I incidentally remarked that the witness was a veracious man. Well, gentlemen, when the *Bugle* came out the intelligent compositor and the equally intelligent proof-reader had got it voracious. The livery-stable man saw it before I did, and walked straight into the office, and without speaking a word he seized me by the hand and broke those fingers so they had to be amputated; then he jabbed me against the wall with force enough to knock out my front teeth, stopping to inquire whether I still thought he was voracious. Before I could answer he bit off a piece of my ear and asked if I took him for the fool who undertook to eat eighteen goose eggs in eighteen hours. Then he slammed me against the imposing-stone and broke my leg, and mildly inquired if he looked like a man who would make a bet to assimilate a brace of quail every day for six weeks. Before I could recover from that assault he landed an iron inkstand against my jaw-bone, with the query whether anybody had told me that he was the party who could digest a peck of raw oysters at a sitting. As a parting salute he bit a piece out of my nose and left. After the doctor had gathered what there was left of me and set my broken bones, I asked for a copy of the *Bugle* and discovered what it was that had made him mad."

"Did you sue him for damages?" asked the crowd.

"Not at all," said Peters; "I had got more damages than I wanted already."—*Oil City Derrick.*

Brother Gardner on Minding One's Own Business.

"Who am my naybur?" asked the President of the Lime-Kiln Club as he opened the meeting and blew his nose with the report of an army musket, loaded to kill a mile and a half away. There was deep silence throughout the hall for a moment, and he then continued:

"It's none o' my bizness. If my naybur wants to borry an' lend an' be friendly, dat's all right, an' I shall meet him half way. If he wants to lib secluded, dat's his bizness. It's none o' my affair whar' he cum from, what he works at, how much he gits, what he eats or wears or where he puts in his time. If he am a good man, so much de better fur society. If he am a bad one, let de purleece take car' o' him."

"I has bin hangin' on to life ober seventy long y'ars, an' when I sit down of a night to reflect an' wonder an' recall, it pears to me dat one-half de trouble and worriments of life cum from mindin' odder peoples' bizness an' lettin' our own go at loose ends. I got frew wid it a good while ago. Dar' was a time in my life when, if a strange nigger passed my cabin ridin' a cream-cull'd mule an' followed by a yaller dog I'd quit hoein' co'n to wonder whar' he cum from, whar' he was goin', how old de mule was, what his wife looked like, how many children he had, an' a hundred odder things. Am it any bizness o' my naybur's wheder I prefer on'ons raw or cooked? Not a bit. Am it any bizeness o' mine wheder my naybur an' his wife agree or fight? Not a bit. I run my bizness to please myself. I let my naybur do de same. I don't ask wheder he am jist out o' State Prison or jist cum from Chicago. I don't ask an' I doan' car' how he got his pianer, or wheder he has paid fur his ca'pets. If he exhibits a nayburly speerit by axin' to borry my shovel, I shall respond by axin' de loan of his ax.

"Dar' am three or fo' members in dis club who am greatly troubled ober odder people's bizness. Dey can't see dis, an' dey wonder ober dat, an' dey suspect an' suspishun an' go to bed mad bekase it ain't all writ out on de ba'n doah fur 'em to read. I want sich members to disreckollect dat any one pusson who airns a libin', pays his debts an' keeps outer de hands of de doctahs an' purleece has all de bizness he kin 'tend to. If he imagines he hasn't I kin make mo' bizness fur him!"

There was quite a rustle of excitement as the President finished, and if Lonesome Sanders had not had his face in the water-dipper he would have observed fifty different individuals looking in his direction.—*Detroit Free Press.*

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Tomatoes not many generations ago were considered poisonous. Last fall there were 52,322,052 cans of tomatoes put up by the canning establishments of the United States.

—Tobacco-smoke prevents the attacks of all insects that infests plants, and does no injury to the plants unless they are confined in it for too long a time. While it often keeps off insects it does not always destroy them, though it is fatal to many.—*N. Y. Post.*

—An excellent pudding is made of tart apples stewed, and then put in layers with fine cracker or bread crumbs. While the apples are still hot stir sugar and a little butter in with them. This should be baked for half an hour. A little sweet cream is a great addition, but it is good without any sauce.—*Exchange.*

—Crystalized Popcorn: Put into an iron kettle one tablespoonful butter, three of water, one teacupful sugar, boil till it candies; then add three quarts of corn nicely popped, stir briskly until the candy is evenly distributed over the corn, remove the kettle from the fire and stir till the corn is cool; use a moderate fire.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Massachusetts proposes to encourage the cultivation of sorghum and sugar beets by the offer of one dollar per ton for all varieties of each raised and used within the commonwealth in the manufacture of sugar. The offer is to be open for three years, by which time it is to be hoped that the industry will no longer need special encouragement.

—A prominent New York farmer, whose crops are proverbial for their abundance, uses no other fertilizer than land plaster and clover. His plan is to sow clover, plaster it so as to secure a rank growth and turn under for his other crops, wheat included. He has kept up this plan for over fifty years, and claims that his farm is growing more valuable each year.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Husbandman: Foul foot in cattle is caused by pasturing on land so wet that the hoofs sink into the soil. When it once gets in a herd it is apt to become infectious, and great trouble is often found in getting rid of it. Powdered vitriol applied after thoroughly cleansing the foot is the common remedy. It is harsh, but effectual. As boggy land is usually reserved for pasturing it is worth while to know that even for this purpose thorough drainage works marked improvement. Again, after under draining such land is often the best for grain and root crops.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Breakfast cake, or coffee cake, as it is commonly called, should be made once in a while. When you are sponging bread, use nearly double the usual quantity of yeast, and then reserve two large cupfuls of this sponge for the cake. Add to it the well-beaten white of one egg, one cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, and English currants, if inclined. When baked, beat the yelk of the egg and wet the top of the cake with it, and sift powdered sugar and cinnamon over the top. Set it in the oven for two or three minutes. If you wish it to be especially rich, put little lumps of butter on the top also.—*Boston Transcript.*

Melon Losses.

No watermelon suicides thus far, though the price is low. In fact this is a year of melon misfortune. Its great lesson has been, beware of sudden success. Experienced hop growers have said that the extraordinary price obtained last year was a damage to the business. It will lead to such extended planting that a glut may be expected. This is the cause of the present melon misery. Last year the prices reached an extraordinary mark, and the result was that the South became melon crazy. Last year the price was twenty dollars a hundred, but this was so easily paid that growers lost sight of it. This year, however, melons will not bring enough to meet this debit, and commission dealers have declined receiving them unless freight is prepaid. One shipment of 10,000 was refused by the consignee, and on top of these came fifty car loads, which had first been sent to Cincinnati, and finding no market there sent to this city. Being refused by the commission merchants, they were sold by the railroad agents, who hardly got sufficient to pay freight. The market was thoroughly glutted by this forced sale, and then to make matters worse the very next day 63,000 melons arrived by steamer, making 230,000 in one week, and it became almost hard work to give them away. The health inspector, however, interfered and ordered an immense quantity destroyed to prevent disease. The melon mania is now over and the land will be devoted to other crops. Melons will probably be dear next season, since one extreme generally follows another. The money made last year has been lost by the glut, and experience thus proves that an average profit even of moderate amount is better than extraordinary prices and sudden wealth. The waste of melons which occurred during the last month has probably never been equaled in the memory of man.—*N. Y. Cor. Utica Herald.*

Profits of the Asparagus Crop.

There is perhaps no ordinary crop grown that yields as much profit as the asparagus. Everybody seems to like it, and the demand for it increases far beyond the growth of the population. But in this crop, as in almost every other, everything depends upon the proper cultivation of it. We have seen statements that as much as from one to two thousand dollars have been the profit of a single acre; but it is very difficult to get at the exact net gain of an acre, as there are so many expenses to be deducted which are not at all times counted. An experienced trucker does not grow only asparagus upon his land, but other crops, which would generally be sufficient to pay for all the expense of the asparagus crop, and thus leaving this clear.

In speaking of the asparagus crop, some people ask of us what variety is the best to plant to obtain the best return; but it is now known that there is no variety that will come true from the seeds; and as asparagus can not be raised in any other way, it is foolish to talk of variety. It is discovered that the plant has male and female flowers on separate plants; hence one plant is crossed by another were in flower. No doubt those who have endeavored to improve the plant, and supposed they had new varieties, were honest in their opinion and sold them in good faith; there is also no doubt but that they were entirely mistaken, and that the superiority of their asparagus was a mere matter of culture. It has not been many years that the separation of the sexes in these plants has been made known; and this being the case, of course a distinct variety of asparagus is out of the question.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

—In a California cemetery a large monument stood over the grave of a man whose relatives were dead. A woman boldly had it removed to her own lot, planed off its inscription, and had it lettered again to suit the mortuary requirements of her family.—*Chicago News.*

$500 REWARD will be paid for any case of chills that CHILLARINE will not cure. Try it.

A MAGAZINE only differs from a sword in this wise: With one you generally have to cut its leaves while the other generally leaves its cuts.—*N. Y. World.*

"Threw Away Her Supporter."

DR. PIERCE:—A neighbor of ours was suffering from "female weakness" which the doctors told her could not be cured without a supporter. After considerable persuasion my wife induced her to try your "Favorite Prescription." After using one bottle she threw away the supporter and did a large washing, which she had not done in two years before.

JAMES MILLER,
4246 Jacob Street, Wheeling, W. Va.

A HEALTH journal says that you ought to take three-quarters of an hour for dinner. It is well also to add a few vegetables and a piece of meat.

HAY-FEVER. Since boyhood I have been troubled with Catarrh and Hay-Fever, and was unable to obtain relief until I used Ely's Cream Balm. It has cured me. E. L. CLICKENER, New Brunswick, N. J.

A YOUNG man biting his mustache is a case of "down in the mouth."—*Rochester Post-Express.*

CHARLOTTEVILLE, VA.—Mr. C. H. Harman, President of the People's Bank, testifies to the value of Brown's Iron Bitters for relieving indigestion.

A YOUNG lady calls her beau "Honeysuckle," because he is always hanging over the front railings.

IF your lungs are almost wasted by consumption Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will not cure you, yet as a remedy for severe coughs, and all curable bronchial, throat and lung affections, it is unsurpassed. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's large pamphlet treatise on Consumption and Kindred Affections. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

WHEN Fogg saw a train on the dress of an old lady he remarked that it was behind time.

MARIANNA, FLA.—Dr. Theo. West says: "I consider Brown's Iron Bitters the best tonic that is sold."

THE delinquent tenant revels in owen'ental splendor.—*Cincinnati Merchant and Traveler.*

HAY-FEVER. Having been afflicted with Hay-Fever for years I gave Ely's Cream Balm a trial. I have had no attack since using it. E. R. RAUCH, Editor Carbon Co. *Democrat*, Mauch Chunk, Pa. Price 50c.

CORRECT Boston people call a burglar's "jimmie" Mr. James.—*N. Y. Journal.*

Woman and Her Diseases

is the title of a large illustrated treatise, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., sent to any address for three stamps. It teaches successful self-treatment.

HOW MAY every passenger make himself of use to the ship carpenter? By merely being aboard.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

THE work of the hardy miner is all in vein. Yet he is happy when 'tis ore.

ENRICH and revitalize the blood by using Brown's Iron Bitters. The best tonic.

A PARADOX—Nearly all our domestics are of foreign production.

ALL recommend Wise's Axle Grease.

Cuts from barbed wire fence, cured with Stewart's Healing Powder.
No scar or gray hair, 50 cts a box.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, August 31, 1883.

CATTLE—Exports	$5 50	@	$6 80
COTTON—Middling		@	10¾
FLOUR—Good to Choice	4 00	@	7 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1 15	@	1 15½
No. 3 Red		@	1 12½
CORN—No. 2	63½	@	63½
OATS—Western Mixed	34½	@	37
PORK—New Mess		@	14 00
ST. LOUIS.			
COTTON—Middling		@	9⅝
BEEVES—Exports	5 90	@	6 15
Fair to Good	4 00	@	5 10
Texas Steers	3 25	@	4 00
HOGS—Common to select	4 90	@	5 55
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	3 50	@	4 50
FLOUR—XXX to Choice	3 40	@	3 60
WHEAT—No. 2 Winter	1 04½	@	1 04½
No. 3 "	96	@	97¾
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	45	@	46¾
OATS—No. 2	26	@	27½
RYE—No. 2	52½	@	53
TOBACCO—Lugs	3 50	@	5 00
Medium Leaf	7 00	@	8 00
HAY—Choice Timothy	8 50	@	11 50
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	14	@	17
BROOM-CORN—Prime	3½	@	4
EGGS—Choice	13	@	14½
PORK—New Mess	12 60	@	13 25
BACON—Clear Rib	7¼	@	7⅞
LARD—Prime Steam		@	8
WOOL—Tub-washed, medium	31	@	33½
Unwashed	23	@	23½
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Exports	5 95	@	6 30
HOGS—Good to choice	4 55	@	5 75
SHEEP—Good to choice	4 25	@	4 40
FLOUR—Winter	5 50	@	6 25
Spring	4 40	@	5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring		@	1 03½
No. 2 Red	1 06	@	1 06¼
CORN—No. 2	50½	@	51
OATS—No. 2	28½	@	29
RYE		@	56
PORK—New Mess	11 92½	@	12 00
KANSAS CITY.			
CATTLE—Native Steers		@	5 46
Native Cows	2 50	@	4 20
HOGS—Sales at	4 62½	@	5 10
WHEAT—No. 2	88½	@	89
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@	38
OATS—No. 2	21½	@	23
NEW ORLEANS.			
FLOUR—High Grades	5 25	@	5 50
CORN—White	60	@	61
OATS—Western	39	@	4
HAY—Choice	13 50	@	15 00
PORK—Mess		@	15 0
BACON—Clear Rib	7½	@	8
COTTON—Middling		@	9¼

SKINNY Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

MERELY an outside matter—The handle of a jug.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

REDDING'S Russia Salve is unequaled for chilblains, chapped hands, frost bites, etc. Try it.

Stinging, irritation, all Kidney and Bladder Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

A MAN with water on the brain should wear a plug hat.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Rats." clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

A PRINTER can feel first-rate and still be out of sorts.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

STRAIGHTEN old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

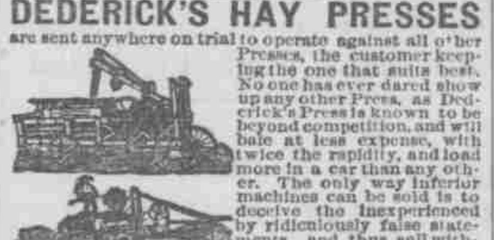
Presents all the advantages of sulphur baths at a cheap rate. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

WISE'S Axle Grease never gums.

The Preacher's Quiet Habits.

Sedentary and studious men sometimes become prostrated before they know it. Those who spend much time in close mental work and neglect to take enough exercise often find their stomachs unable to do the work of digestion. The liver becomes torpid. The bowels act irregularly. The brain refuses to serve as it once did. Their preaching becomes a failure, and there is a state of general misery. So many ministers have been restored to health by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters that the clergy generally are speaking to their friends of this medicine as the very best tonic and restorer they know of. It restores thin and watery blood to its proper condition by toning it up with the purest and most invigorating preparation of iron that science has ever made. It is pleasant to take, and acts immediately with the happiest results, not only on the parsons, but on other folks as well.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are sent anywhere on trial to operate against all other Presses, the customer keeping the one that suits best. No one has ever dared show up any other Press, as Dederick's Press is known to be beyond competition, and will bale at less expense, with twice the rapidity, and load more in a car than any other. The only way inferior machines can be sold is to deceive the inexperienced by ridiculously false statements, and thus sell without sight or seeing, and swindle the purchaser. Working any other Press alongside of Dederick's always sells the purchaser a Dederick Press, and all know it too well to show up. Address for circular and location of Western and Southern Storehouses and Agents.
P. K. DEDERICK & CO., Albany, N. Y.

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STOMACH BITTERS
Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, by increasing vital power, and rendering the physical functions regular and active, keeps the system in good working order, and protects it against disease. For constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaint, nervousness, kidney and rheumatic ailments, it is invaluable, and it affords a sure defense against malarial fevers, besides removing all traces of such disease from the system. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

Genuine Russian Mulberry & Apricot Trees FOR SALE CHEAP. Grown in Mennonite Settlement. Send for circular with full particulars. K. HEIDEBRECHT, Box 39, Fairbury, Neb.

Wanted Agents Male and female for new book, "Daughters of America." Low in price, 50c. will secure an outfit and agency. Address FORHEE & McMAKIN, CINCINNATI, O.

Sure Cure for Epilepsy or Fits in 24 hours. Free to poor Dr. KRUSE, 2844 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo

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$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me

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PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD
And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

A SURE
RECIPE
For Fine Complexions.
Positive relief and immunity from complexional blemishes may be found in Hagan's Magnolia Balm. A delicate and harmless article. Sold by druggists everywhere.
It imparts the most brilliant and life-like tints, and the closest scrutiny cannot detect its use. All unsightly discolorations, eruptions, ring marks under the eyes, sallowness, redness, roughness, and the flush of fatigue and excitement are at once dispelled by the Magnolia Balm.
It is the one incomparable Cosmetic.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
25 cents
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete in twenty minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

CHICAGO SCALE CO.
151 South Jefferson Street, Chicago, Ill.
2-Ton Wagon Scale, $40; 4-Ton $60; "Little Detective," $3. Send for Price List

AGENTS make money selling our Family Medicines; no capital required. STANDARD CURE CO., 197 Pearl St., New York.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me

Send $2 to A. W. Hamilton & Co., Ann Arbor, Mich., for Dr. Chase's Family Physician; sells fast. Agents Wanted. Watson's Interest Tables, $3.50.

OPIUM and WHISKY HABITS cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent free. B. M. WOOLLEY, M. D. Atlanta, Ga.

A. N. K., B. 941

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement in this paper. Advertisers like to know when and where their advertisements are paying best.

DR. SCHENCK'S
PULMONIC SYRUP,
SEAWEED TONIC,
and MANDRAKE PILLS.

As the proprietor of these medicines I conscientiously offer them to the public as safe, reliable and certain remedies for the *Cure* of Consumption, and with equal confidence as almost a specific for those morbid conditions of the body, which, if neglected, are apt to terminate in fatal diseases of the lungs. I claim that the use of my remedies will cure Consumption.

I *do not* claim that the disease can be cured after the lungs are destroyed, for no medicine can create new ones; but I maintain that the first stages of Consumption are curable, even when the lungs are partially decayed. When one lung is sound I am almost certain of making a cure, if the patient will take proper care of himself and follow my directions.

It may be asked: "How is it that you can know so much about this disease, and pretend to cure it, when so many educated physicians, who have made a study of it for years, pronounce it incurable?"

The question is a fair one, and shall be fairly answered: I do *not* claim to know more than other physicians about the causes, nature and history of Consumption. I suppose that my views on these points would be found to agree with those of most educated and intelligent physicians. We should agree that while the *final cause* is obscure—in other words, while it is not possible to say *why* Consumption selects this or that person as a victim—yet the *predisposing* causes are:

1st, *Inheritance.* Consumption is hereditary in a wonderful degree. *One* parent very often entails it upon the offspring, and *both* still more frequently, so that whole families are often swept away, and hand the predisposition down to their children.

2d, *Cold.* By this we do not mean those changes of weather which often produce inflammation; but long-continued and steady cold, so that a condition of debility is produced. Indeed, whatever tends to produce long-continued debility will, in some persons, generate Pulmonary Consumption. Prominent among these influences are insufficient diet, living in an unwholesome air, sedentary habits, grief, anxiety, disappointment, whether of the affections or in business, and all other depressing emotions; the abuse of mercury and the influence of weakening diseases. I also agree with the best doctors as to the *manner* in which the lungs become affected. Pulmonary Consumption is also called *Tuberculous* Consumption, by which we mean a disease of the lungs caused by tubercles. A tubercle is a small, roundish body, which is deposited in the substance of the lungs by the blood. This is the beginning and first act of the disease. Many of these are often deposited at once. Each one undergoes several changes. After producing inflammation of the parts of the lung next to it, it ends in ulceration, opens a passage into the bronchial tubes, and passes out at the mouth by spitting. The place where the tubercle grew and ripened now becomes a cavity, and where there are a great many tubercles, of course they make a great many of these little cavities, which gradually unite and leave great holes in the lungs. Unless a stop can be put to this process, it will go on until the substance of the lungs is consumed and death ensues.

Of course I agree with the faculty upon the symptoms and course of the disease; the short, dry, hacking cough, so slight at first, but gradually increasing; then shortness of breath, a quickening pulse, then feverish sensations, flushing of the cheeks and heat in the palm of the hands and soles of the feet; the slight but growing emaciation, with feeble appetite, hemorrhages, increasing cough, disturbed sleep, fevered tongue, then loss of appetite, taken to the bed, then expectoration of softened tubercle in the shape of small lumps of yellowish, cheesy, or curdy matter; hectic fever, brilliant eye, chills, night sweats, sharp pains in the side, increasing emaciation and debility, disordered stomach and bowels, diarrhea, nausea, swollen extremities, hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, weakness so great that expectoration is impossible; then death, bringing welcome relief from the tortures of this horrid monster.

Now, as I have said, I mainly agree with the medical faculty on these points. But when we come to the *treatment* of the disease I differ from it totally. The doctors believe Pulmonary Consumption *cannot be cured.* Therefore they do not try to do anything more than to smooth the patient's path to the grave, and seem quite reckless of the medicines they give, so that the patient is kept *comfortable* and *easy*, even if his life is shortened. As soon as tubercles begin to appear in the lungs of a patient, it is a common practice with many leading physicians to begin dosing with whisky in increasing quantities, until the ravages of excessive dram-drinking are added to the ravages of the disease; and I have yet to hear of a single case of Consumption which was cured by stimulants. I can say the same of Cod Liver Oil. Many physicians send their patients away from home on distant voyages, to Minnesota or Florida—anything or anywhere so that they may die easy. For they do not pretend to *cure*, and they have no remedies which will do so. Now I say not only that diseases of the lungs can be cured, but that my medicines do cure them. *The proof is, that by their use thousands of Consumptives have been and are now being cured by them.*

The whole science of medicine is based on experiments. We cannot by any process of reasoning decide that any particular medicine will help or cure any particular disease. How was it found that Quinine will cure Chills and Fevers? Why, by trying one thing after another, until experience demonstrated that it was a specific for that disease. In just that way the knowledge was gained of my remedies, which are almost a specific in diseases of the lungs.

Pulmonary Consumption is hereditary in my father's family. His father, mother, brothers and sisters died of it, and he had reached almost the last stages of the disease when he was providentially led to experiment with the articles which are incorporated in these medicines. He was cured by them, and lived a strong, healthy man for over forty years after his recovery. What cured him has cured thousands of others all over the country.

These results are not accidental. There is no such thing as accident in nature.

Whatever may be the cause, the origin of Pulmonary Consumption is in the blood. Whenever, from any of the predisposing causes which I have just now mentioned, the blood becomes degenerated, it begins to make tuberculous deposits in the substance of the lungs. This must be stopped, or death will surely follow. It will not be enough to get rid of the tubercles already deposited, and heal up the sores already made, but something must be done to stop further deposits. What shall that be? The regular faculty say nothing can be done. I say purify, enrich, and tone up the blood, until it becomes so healthy as no longer to make tubercles. Can this be done? Yes. How? By the easiest and most natural way in the world. Take a man who shows to the experienced eye, by many infallible signs, that Consumption has set in. He is feeble and without appetite. Now, see what I intend to do:

First, I propose to cleanse his stomach and bowels of their dead, slimy, clogging matter. This I shall do with my Mandrake Pills, which are the best cathartic pills in the world. They contain no calomel or other minerals, only vegetable matter. They evacuate the stomach and bowels gently but thoroughly, and do not weaken or gripe. They act like magic on the liver, rousing it out of its dull, torpid state, and promoting a full, free flow of healthy bile, without which there can be no perfect digestion. Now that the stomach and bowels are cleansed and ready—what next? *Create an appetite:* This I do by my Sea Weed Tonic. The effect of this medicine is wonderful. Unlike a temporary stimulant, which by reaction lets the organs affected sink lower than before, this not only tones up the stomach, but keeps it toned up. The natural craving for food returns in all its force, so that we have now a stomach hungry for food, and a digestive apparatus ready to make way with it. What next? Any one can answer that question. *Put into that hungry stomach an abundant supply of nutritious food to be converted by the strange chemistry of digestion into rich red blood.* This will stimulate the heart into stronger action, and it will pump a fuller current out through the arteries; healthy blood will take the place of the thin, blue, flattened fluid in the veins, and soon a circulation will be established which will flow through the lungs without making any unhealthy deposits; strength and flesh will increase, and the bad symptoms steadily diminish. At the same time use my Pulmonic Syrup; it is the best expectorant known. It blends with the food, and through the blood goes directly to the lungs, attacks and loosens up the yellow, foul stuff left there by the ripened tubercles, and strengthens and stimulates the bronchial tubes and coatings of the air-passages until they get strong enough to lift it out and expel it by expectoration. Then the lungs get over their soreness and have a chance to rest and heal.

So you see that I have not only shown that my medicines do actually cure consumption by experiment, but it also seems plain that they, or something like them, *would*, from the nature of the case, do so.

For a full description of Consumption in all its various forms, and also Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, those great forerunners of Consumption, see my book on "Consumption and its Cure." This book also contains the history of hundreds of cases that have been cured in all parts of the country. I send it free, post-paid, to all applicants. Address

DR. J. H. SCHENCK & SON,
Philadelphia, Pa.

DR. SCHENCK'S MEDICINES:
MANDRAKE PILLS,
SEAWEED TONIC,
AND PULMONIC SYRUP
Are sold by all druggists, and full directions for their use are printed on the wrappers of every package.