

LULLABY.

The moon burns soft behind the hill / Sleep, little rosebud, sleep / I hear the plaintive whippoorwill / Sleep, little rosebud, sleep / Its throat is mellow with a lay / I never heard before today / I wonder what grieves its heart away / The night winds rustle on the hill / Sleep, little rosebud, sleep / The stars are shining for the morn / Sleep, little rosebud, sleep / The night another morn is born / Sleep, little rosebud, sleep / The stars gleam on another grave / Sleep, little rosebud, sleep / Where larkspur bloomed but yesterday / The night hangs pressing on the morn / Sleep, little rosebud, sleep / The winds have sobbed the stars to rest / Sleep, little rosebud, sleep / The whippoorwill sleeps within its nest / Sleep, little rosebud, sleep / Two little teeth begin to show / Two little eyes give back the glow / That beamed on me one year ago / Baby's sobs would break her rest / Sleep, little rosebud, sleep / Sleep, little rosebud, sleep. —Alfred Bryant.

IN THE RANKS.

A stretch of dreary and desolate land—the plains. Just as far as the eye could reach not a break on that ocean of earth could be seen, not a sign of human habitation, not a particle of life and not a trace of vegetation except tufts of bunch grass and sagebrush, and away on all sides the sky and earth seemed to meet. It was like the dawn of creation, or rather after the end of the world, when every living thing has been swept from the earth. On that vast treeless, trackless desert two objects could be seen—one a man riding slowly forward, and the other a bird that floated lazily along through the warm air as if looking for a tree, and not seeing one it flew to the ground just in front of the horseman and burst into a flood of sweetest melody. It was in the early morning, and the sun was just rising in the east and sending his glorious light streaming over the desolate waste, and though it was still the dull darkness of dawn when the horseman and the skies were leaden he could look away in the east and see the day coming and see the brilliant crimson sky. He was a soldier and a private. You could tell that from the broad brimmed white hat he wore, the coarse woolen shirt and the blue coat, upon which there were no stripes to show that he had yet passed the ranks. His face was covered with a luxuriant beard, and when he took off his hat and raised himself in the stirrups you could see that his forehead and his big, heavy hands were bronzed from contact with all kinds of weather. Officers and men in forts who have never been located on the frontier, or worse, a thousand miles from nowhere, to use a popular army phrase, know but little of the trials of those hardy men away out in the mountains or on the plains. There is nothing there to break the monotony. The same faces are seen every day, and the routine of life becomes drearier with each setting of the sun. Occasionally a friend of one of the officers or of their wives comes out, and the guest is welcomed as a benediction from heaven, but the men in the ranks have no visitors, and their lives become as monotonous and tiresome as the life of a hermit. The fort from which the private came was located back of him 20 miles and stood alone on the plain, stretched away from it for apparently countless miles, without even a pocket or a buffalo wallow to break its levelness. But the fort was excited now. A band of Indians, led by Young Horse, had broken away from the agency and had started across country with no special place for its destination, a wandering collection of murderers and plunderers, seeking, like a vulture, something to rob, kill, destroy, and the commanding officer had sent out his scouts to locate them, return and lead the cavalry to where they were located. The private occasionally got off his horse to walk a bit and listen, or he stood up in the saddle, and with his fieldglass swept the plain for a sign of the red desperadoes. "If those red devils go east, they will surely strike the main trail for the fort," he said, speaking aloud—a habit so many frontiersmen have—"and if I am not mistaken a sister of Mrs. Colonel is coming out to the fort for a visit. But I don't suppose she will be along for a week yet. It'll be tough luck if she gets to the station over on the railroad now while every available man is out after those cursed Indians." It was a thought which troubled him, for he spoke of it to himself several times. As the sun rose higher up in the heavens, the semidarkness lifted, and the bright sunlight streamed over the bleak plain, and in the clear air objects were visible many miles away. Standing up in his saddle, the private took his glass and looked a long way, and there saw three objects moving rapidly along. Notwithstanding the great risk he was incurring, he rode forward slowly, the object being not to tire his horse, for the animal might have a long and hard run ahead of him. Soon he was enabled to study the three objects closer through his glass. "There are two men and a woman," he said. "I'll bet Mrs. Colonel's sister has arrived and is making for the fort, and one of the men is the postman and the other a guard. By Jove, that's pluck for her to start." He spurred his horse forward, but the others had seen him coming and were resting, awaiting for him to come up. The woman was young and pretty, and as the private came up she laughed gayly. "I suppose you have been sent out to meet me," she said. "I am Mrs. Colonel's sister, and I wrote her that I would arrive at the station yesterday, but no one met me. These gentlemen, I learned, were going to the fort, and so I decided to join them." "It is a very long and tiresome ride, miss," said the soldier, "and you are yet

nearly 20 miles from the fort." "I don't mind the ride," replied the young lady, "for I am very fond of this sort of exercise." The four started on a brisk trot, and in a few minutes the postman dropped back with the private. "Do you think there is any danger from the Indians?" he asked. "There's always danger from the red devils when they get started," answered the soldier. "You know we last heard of the Indians 40 miles north. That was day before yesterday. By this time they may be making for the settlement, and if so we will probably get a distant sight of 'em." "I shouldn't think they'd come near us if they did," remarked the postman, "for we are riding straight for the fort, and I don't think they want to come near there." "They'd be safe enough," laughed the private, "for in this cursed country they could see a long way and could see the cavalry was not near. They might be even so bold as to come up almost to the fort gates." After awhile the girl joined the soldier, and they talked of the life on the plains. She told him she had never before been west of Omaha, and that she thought she would enjoy the trip, and she told him, too, how she had not seen her sister for eight years, that she had been in school when her sister married and went west with her husband; that their parents had died, and that she intended making her home with her only relative for awhile at least. The soldier enjoyed her conversation, for the private in the ranks see so little of women that one is like an angel fresh from heaven. In return he told her of army life and the plains, and the guard and the postman also related anecdotes of their life on the plains. For two hours they rode and then the private reined in his horse and raised his fieldglass toward what appeared to be a cloud that was skimming along on the ground a couple of miles away. "Great God, it's the Indians!" he gasped. Without a moment's hesitancy they spurred their horses forward. As if the wind had blown to them danger the four horses sprang forward. The magnificent animal the soldier rode could scarcely be held in. There was no question but the keen eyes of that band of murderers and national paupers had seen the four, for they were bearing straight across country, and a dozen had separated from the main band and were riding furiously north to head off the little party. The trained eye of the private saw the proposed play on the part of the Indians. The girl was white, and her lips were pressed close together. She realized the danger, though since the exclamation of the private not a word had passed the lips of the four. All but she realized why the Indians gained that head start, and she saw that the horses were young and swift. The horse the private rode galloped hard on the reins, took the right in his teeth, and every one seemed to start and strain, showing the great speed yet remaining in him. The horse the girl rode was becoming fagged. It was only a poor beast, such as you find in a frontier livery stable. It was old and weak. The postman and guard, crazed with fear, were urging their horses forward, and already were fully half a mile ahead. Suddenly the horse the girl rode began to stagger, and then the private, riding close by her, lifted her from the saddle and in front of him. His horse felt the increased weight, but struggled forward. The Indians gained steadily and were now only about three-quarters of a mile away. A glance over his shoulder showed puffs of smoke from the foremost. Already they had begun shooting, and the distance which lay between them and the pursued. The private saw this, and he understood. His eyes were starting, but his lips were pressed close together, and then he brought his horse to a standstill and jumped off. An agonized cry burst from the girl, but he did not notice it. A larlet, by a fortunate chance, hung from the postman of the saddle, and before she fully realized what he was doing he had taken the coil of rope off and was tying her to the saddle and twisting the rope about the body of the horse. The animal seemed to know that something unusual was transpiring, for his master had to speak to him several times in a low, calm voice to quiet him. When he had fastened the girl securely, she seemed to realize what he was doing. "My God, you will give up your life for mine!" she cried. "I have no one who cares for me. You have your sister," he said simply. She attempted to say a few words, but he took his hat and gave the animal a sharp rap on his haunches, and from the stroke, a lighter burden and fear he sprang forward as if from a catapult. The private saw the noble animal speeding with the wind toward the fort, for there the horse knew was home, and for there he ran; and then the private saw the Indians coming on, and with a smile, half grim, he turned to the Indians and then taking his revolver he placed it to his head and fired.

The private's horse soon overtook the postman and the guard, but he flew by them like an arrow, and a detachment of cavalry out on a brief scouting about the fort saw the animal, and then the guard, and the postman. And a cavalryman headed off the horse. They recognized it as the private's, and then they lifted the senseless girl from the animal. "Indians back of us and coming," the postman gasped, and then the cavalrymen saw the Indians. The trumpet sounded charge, and away at a mad gallop the horses went, and the cavalrymen realized that one of their number had died, and that those red marauders now fleeing away were to blame. Like a tidal wave the cavalry swept across the prairie, and soon they came across the private lying dead. He had not been scalped. He was lying upon the ground, with the smile of death upon his lips. Tenderly they raised him, and tears were in many eyes as they bore him through the brilliant sunlight to the fort. For days the girl lay almost at death's door, with Mrs. Colonel by her side crying with joy for the safe arrival of her sister, and the girl raved and told over again and again in her delirium all the private had done. When she finally recovered and walked, they showed her a new mound in the little cemetery over in one corner of the fort. She fell upon her knees, and her tears moistened the clay, and she cried: "Oh, brave hero, though in life they called you only a private in the ranks!" —R. A. Eaton in Omaha World-Herald.

"Few persons realize how easy it is to lose one's way in the woods," remarked J. L. Parkinson of Albany. "The most curious thing about the experience is that when the bewildered man becomes aware of his predicament, he usually shows that he has gone on losing his way over and over again. Several years ago I lost my way in this manner in a forest in Canada. I was on a hunting trip and late in the afternoon started to go back to camp. After several hours' fruitless search for the place where my tent was pitched I came to the conclusion that I was lost, and that my

only chance was in firing my gun in the hope that of attracting some person's attention. This I did, but no answering sound greeted my ear. I wandered around in these woods for two whole days and nights, frequently finding myself, after several hours' tramping, at the same spot I had started from. On the morning of the third day I came across a little path, which I made up my mind to follow. No words can express the joy I felt at finding after going a short distance that I had not into a locality that I was perfectly familiar with, and from which I had no difficulty in finding my way to camp. Had I gone about 100 yards in the proper direction when I first became aware I was lost, I would have struck this path." —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

OLD TIME CARVING.

Our Ancestors Had a Vocabulary We Have Quite Forgotten. What do we know about carving except for the domestic use? What do we know of the terms used of the different ways of carving every kind of bird? I declare that I carve a pheasant, when one appears, just like a fowl, and that I carve a partridge by dividing the bird into two equal or unequal portions. It is, I believe, about a year ago that I quoted from an old book on carving some of the terms of the art. May one repeat them from the same book? Remember that there were carving masters in those days—professors of the art. They were itinerants. They did not keep school. They went from house to house and taught the ladies. As for their social position, I have not ascertained it. Probably they were classed with the itinerant portrait painter. Certainly they did not sit at table with the genteel folk. I fear that their place was the kitchen, and that Lady Mary took her lessons in that room surrounded by the admiring maids. But the only thing she "carved" was mutton or beef. You had to "break a deer, rear a goose, lift a swine, sauce a capon, spoil a hen, frysh a chicken, embrace a mallard, unlance a cony, dismount a heron, display a crane, disgrace a peacock, unjoin a bittern, unteak a curlew, slay a pheasant, wing a partridge or a quail, mince a plover, thigh a pigeon or any other small bird and border a game pie."

The acquisition of these terms was only the beginning of knowledge. And they tell me—the men who can remember a dinner party when James II or William III was king—that there has never been any carving since to compare with the carving of her ladyship.—London Queen.

Setting a Rooster.

A citizen of Rumford had canvassed the town in vain from end to end in search of "a hen to set" when he heard that an old dork on the Boston, Providence and Newport road had a great deal of "setting stock." As this was just what he wanted, he lost no time in hunting him up. He found the old man building a hencoop in the rear of his residence. Approaching, he asked by way of bronching the subject how many hens he had sitting. "Three hens and a rooster, boss." "And a which?" inquired the poultry man, thinking he had not heard straight. "A rooster," replied the dorky. Seeing the look of distrust on his visitor's face, he took him into a low building, and sure enough there sat a large Brahma rooster calmly covering 90 eggs. On one side of him sat two hens, and on the other a third hen. The visitor, seeing how state-ly the rooster sat, secretly resolved to get some of the dorky's eggs and hatch out a special lot of roosters. On being asked what he did when the rooster wouldn't sit any longer, the dorky replied that "dat ar' rooster done bound to set," pointing underneath the box. Looking under the box the visitor was surprised to find both the rooster's legs sticking through holes in the box. The black rascal had actually bored holes through the box and tied the rooster's legs underneath so, as he said, the rooster was "done bound to set."

Inquiring into the matter, the Rumford man found that the dorky had four hens and one rooster. Three of the hens were sitting, and the other hen was laying. The dorky, finding the eggs of the hen accu- mulating quite fast, decided to let up feeding the rooster corn and make him hatch a look of chickens.—Providence Journal.

Earned a Fat Tip.

The absentminded man is unucky about getting into predicaments; but, like most of our fine lives, he gets out of them with rare good fortune. A man who can't help forgetting some things had an experience the other evening which is not common. He had taken some friends to the theater, and afterward they went to a hotel in Fifth avenue for supper. When the waiter brought the bill, the host discovered an error of 50 cents in the addition and handed it back to the waiter. The waiter apologized, took away the bill and shortly returned with it. While the host was scanning the items a second time he ran his hand in his pocket for his money. A blank look came over his face, and he said to the waiter: "I have forgotten my money, keys and everything. Will you explain to the cashier and tell him that I will send a check tomorrow? My name is —"

GIVE YOUR STOMACH A REST.

Simple Advice to Dyspeptics. Indigestion is caused by a tired stomach just as a sore back after working is caused by tired muscles. The remedy in either case is rest. Rest is the rational cure for every ache and disorder that is caused by overwork. There is but one way to rest your stomach and other digestive organs without starving, and that is by resort to the use of artificially digested foods. Processes have been discovered whereby meat and vegetables are digested outside of the body and thus fitted for immediate absorption without further change. Paskola is such a food. It not only strengthens and nourishes the body, but it aids the digestion of other foods. By its use the dyspeptic will find himself able to eat and enjoy those things which have hitherto caused the most frightful distress. The wonderful secret of health and disease is hidden almost entirely in the food we eat. If we take care of our digestion, if we eat proper food, the chances are we shall always be well. If we fall sick, we should take all the more care for what we eat. Sickness can be cured by food more easily than by medicines. Paskola is one of the most important discoveries of our age. Here is the evidence of what it can do for you: BAINSWORTH, N. Y., April 11, 1894. Gentlemen—After being under the care of my physician for a long time and trying almost every remedy known to science, I was induced by my friends to try Paskola as a last resort to my troubles. I felt a great improvement and benefit before I had consumed the first 50c bottle, and had no trouble to retain it on my stomach, as all other preparations suggested me. I now have a ravenous appetite and can eat the most hearty food and know I am gaining in flesh daily. MRS. EMMA CLAREK. Paskola may be obtained of any reputable druggist. A pamphlet on food and digestion will be mailed free, on application to: The Free-Digested Food Co., 30 Read St., N. Y. Sold by J. T. Shurtieff, Bennington, Vt.

"Oh," answered the waiter, "never mind about that. I'll pay the bill, sir." This having a waiter offer to pay one's bill rather stunned the host, but as he was not known in the hotel he thought the wisest thing to do was to accept the proposition, so he took the waiter's name, saying, "All right, Ernest, I'll come in on my way down town in the morning and hand you the money." "You needn't trouble to do that, sir," said Ernest. "You could hand it to me the next time you come in." The next morning, when the forgetful man went to the hotel to reimburse the waiter, he gave him a "fat tip," of course. That was what Ernest was counting on.—New York Tribune.

A Surprise In Seidlitz.

On the first consignment of seidlitz powders in the capital of Delhi the monarch became deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing draft. A box was brought to the king in full court, and the interpreter explained to his majesty how it should be used. Into a goblet he put the 12 blue papers, and having added water the king drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance expressed no signs of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders lay the luxury, and the 12 white powders were quickly dissolved and as eagerly swallowed by his majesty. With a wild shriek that will be remembered while Delhi is numbered among the kingdoms, the monarch rose, staggered, exploded, and in his full agonies screamed, "Hold me down!" then, rushing from the throne, fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long continued effervescence of the compound, spiriting like 10,000 pennyworth of imperial pop and believing himself in the agonies of death. —London Tit-Bits.

Muskrats as Household Pets.

Mrs. Sarah Howard of Houlton has two queer pets—a couple of muskrats that came up the drain into her cellar and thence even into the kitchen. They have now got so tame that they eat out of the girl's saucer and show no fear of that individual, who on her part does not deign to notice them, though her kittens sometimes cuff the rats. One day they got straw and pieces of the broom and made a nest under the cupboard. They will come close to one's chair and smell one's hand when reached down to them. When eating milk, they sit beside the saucer, thrust both paws into the milk and then lap it from their paws, sometimes taking a half hour to consume a small saucer of milk.—Leviston Journal.

HOW BEES WERE KEPT OFF.

An Agriculturist Tells His Neighbors' Woes and His Own Remedy.

More than once my neighbors had been annoyed by my bees attacking them as they were passing along the road a short distance off, and more than twice I had been appealed to to abate the nuisance. The matter was becoming serious, especially as I could see no better location for my hives. Whichever way I turned them, a road or neighbor's yard was right in range, and besides, after the bees left the hive, they would go in whichever direction they preferred anyway. I found, however, that where they issued from the opposite side of the hive from their pasture field they usually rose somewhat higher before they reached the road. Still this was only a partial remedy, and I determined to observe further. I was not long in discovering that few, if any, of my bees went to their highway attacks "with malice aforethought." Instead they were making the traditional (though not the traditionally straight) bee line for their forage ground, when, just as they would attempt to cross the road, along would come some useless thing bigger than themselves and block the passage. I have noticed that it doesn't matter particularly whether a person runs against a club or the club falls against the person, if the velocity is the same. That is probably the way a bee looks at it, and bees don't like to be insulted. They sit down hard on that at once and sting. There are two safe ways for railroads to meet road crossings—to wait or to be waited for at the crossing, or to switch off on some other line and not cross at all. I saw no way to make the bees wait, so I decided to switch them off. As a first step I built a trellis just inside the garden fence and covered it as soon as possible with some rapid growing vine. The trellis was perhaps eight feet high and consisted of a few posts, to which common fence boards were nailed. This part of the work was done as early in the spring as possible and the seeds sown as soon as the condition of the soil and climate warranted. Just back of this I commenced work on a more permanent sort of trellis and set out a row of grapevines. It was late for them, but most of them are thriving, though I don't expect them to take a very active part in my plan for some years. But the vines along the outer trellis grew rapidly and soon covered the framework with a mass of foliage and bloom. This contrivance, I have no doubt, interfered with the bees to some extent at first and possibly submitted to a few severe stings, but it made no complaint, as the neighbors had, and gradually these animated bullets learned to rise somewhat before they shot and cleared the trellis. It was about the most peculiar method I ever heard of for raising bees, but the results were most gratifying. After they are once up in the air, they seldom drop much till they approach their stopping place—certainly not in the short interval between the trellis and the road.

A Window Pastel.

The man sat at the window. It was easy to see that the world had dealt kindly with the man. The room was sumptuously furnished, and the man was well groomed. The red rays through the boughs of a budding tree, outlining on the tapestried wall the maidenlike contours of the young leaves in a group of dancing elfland sprites. Using their wand with nature's impartiality, the magic rays tipped with gold the scattered gray hairs commingled in the locks that graced the temples of the man. Tenderly and with the reverential touch of one who is permitted to take in his hand a fragment of some sweet saint's robe, the man held in his soft and tapering fingers a lock of hair. "Only a woman's hair," blond and silky soft. For a long time the man sat in silence, gazing at the little silken lock. Once he sighed and passed his hand over the tress.

Important Point For Johnny.

Johnny—Don't they use bark to tan hides with, pa? Father—Yes, my son, but if you ask any more questions this evening you'll find that a slipper does just as well.—Boston Home Journal.

Bishop Polk, afterward General Polk,

was one of those men who wear the seal of authority upon their brows. On one of his episcopal visitations he stopped for the night at a country inn, when his host at once addressed him as general. "No, my friend," said Polk, "you are mistaken. I am not a soldier." "Judge, then?" hazarded the innkeeper. "That is not the title given me by those who know me," replied Polk, beginning to be amused. "Bishop, then?" "Right," said Polk, laughing. "Well, I knew you were at the head of your profession, whatever it was," said the innkeeper.—Youth's Companion.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A MAN OF BROAD ACRES.

What Thomas Harrison of North Dakota Owes to Paine's Celery Compound.



The world has had in all just 15 decisive battles. But every man has in his lifetime more decisive battles than this. The important epochs in man's life that settle for him wealth, position, and often life itself, come without warning. Weakness, induration and lack of nerve force at these turning points is fatal. In long and doubtful sickness, when life itself trembles in the balance, a little more strength and power of resistance to disease makes the difference between life and death. Thin people with depleted, diseased blood run big risks. Careful men and women all over the country are building up their systems and storing the nerve centers with energy now it is spring. They are taking that remarkable blood purifier and nerve food, Paine's celery compound. It cannot be repeated too often that the blood is the fountain which supplies every part of the body. If this life-giving medium lacks vigor and richness, nerves, brain, heart, kidneys, and lungs immediately suffer. The weakest spot will give way first. If you find yourself growing thin, nervous, without appetite—look out. You

are starving some important organ through inappropriate nutrition. Thomas Harrison is the proprietor of the famous Harrison farms of North Dakota. He holds the office of notary public, and is coroner of Trail county. He writes from Blanchard, North Dakota: "Two years ago, when the grip was prevalent in this country, I suffered very much from this trouble. The disease lingered with me until it developed into catarrh of the head. For this loathsome trouble I tried many remedies advertised for catarrh without any permanent relief, and while spending the winter of '92-'93 in Los Angeles I was treated by a specialist without any better results. Seeing Paine's celery compound advertised, I tried it, not expecting much relief, as I thought that I could not be cured. I used one bottle as directed, and was entirely and permanently cured. This was over six months ago, and I have not experienced a return of any of the symptoms, though I have been exposed to the inclement weather in North Dakota and have not caught the least cold this winter, when had I been troubled with the catarrh I would have had cold after cold all winter. I will cheerfully answer any inquiries as to the correctness of my statements. Many around here are using the compound on the strength of my recommendation. It makes people well."

Amusement Versus Learning.

Not long ago the head of a large corset factory, where hundreds and hundreds of girls are employed, was visited by a committee of educational people to urge night school work for the operators throughout the business year. The society volunteered to arrange a suitable course of study, provide the necessary fund books and recommend able instructors. "No," said the senior staymaker; "we don't care to go into this scheme. Our people work all day, and if they start in studying all night they won't be able to do us justice. Learning is all very well for the rich, but the poor have a living to get, and they need all the time after working hours for rest and amusement. Now, if you want to start a baseball or tennis tournament, or fit up a pavilion with a gymnasium and natatorium, we will be glad to talk it over with you." —New York World.

How to Butter Thin Bread.

"I like my sandwiches with the bread cut thin," said Mr. Googley, "but I seldom try to make them in that way myself, for they always make me angry; the bread crumbles and curls up when I try to spread it. Mrs. Googley has no such trouble, however, and this morning I discovered why. She butters the cut end of the loaf before cutting off the slice. Simple, ain't it, and Mrs. Googley tells me it's as old as the hills." —New York Sun.

A Strong Symptom.

"I'm glad Tompkins has struck a streak of luck at last." "Smith—So am I. What is it?" "I don't know just what. I only know that he talked to me for 30 minutes without asking to borrow \$5." —Chicago Inter Ocean.

When Baby was Sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Writing to Ann.

Young Wife—The minister wants every woman in the congregation to earn something for the church by her own labor, and I don't know what in the world to do. Husband—You spoke about needing a new dress and— Wife—Oh, yes, I never thought of that. I'll get the dressmaker to pay me so much an hour while I'm being fitted, and then she can charge it in the bill.—New York Weekly.

A correspondent submits this question:

"Do you not think it is better to live for a few friends than to die for the masses?" It is safe to reply that there is little danger of crowding the cemeteries in the manner here suggested.—Minneapolis House-keeper.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

AN OLD AND WELL-TRIED REMEDY.—Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It is pleasant to the taste. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other.

PIERCE'S GUARANTEE CURE. I was taken sick with congestion of the liver and the doctors could give me no relief, but after using five bottles of Pierce's Guarantee I gained my health and I am now a well man. I weighed 185 pounds before taken sick, and I was reduced to 130 pounds in sixty days time. For any one suffering with liver troubles I can advise them to use the Pierce's Medical Discovery at once, before it is too late. MR. J. BENTLEY. THOMAS J. BENTLEY, Randolph, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.