

THE SENSE OF LOSS.

The following lines are from "Kensal Green Cemetery," in memory of "Ann," of whom only the dates, her birth, marriage and death at Kensal Green, are recorded.

It is not at the hour of death,
While mourning on the parting breath;
It is not while we look on the past;
The present all forgot the past;
It is not while we watch the eye
Closing with death's last uttering sigh—
We feel our loss.

It is not when we gently lay
The loved remains in death's array;
It is not while with noiseful tread
We gather round the pile of dead;
And for a few sad moments gaze
On what was precious, sadly gaze—
We feel our loss.

It is not when, here, labor done,
The coffin closed, we one by one,
As on the hill a farrowed field,
From life that cannot speak a prayer,
So deep the struggling feeling there—
We feel our loss.

FARM AND HOME.

Dividing Bees.

The following is a good method of dividing bees, and one that is both practical and easily performed by the experienced: After providing an hive with empty frames; or better, frames filled with comb, proceed to open the hive to be divided, after subdividing the bees with smoke or otherwise, lift out the brood combs with a little care, until two-thirds of all the brood is removed placing the same in the new hive and being careful not to remove the queen. Fill all unoccupied space in both hives with comb frames. Locate the new hives some distance from the old. All the old bees will return to the parent hive, but enough young bees will remain to care for the brood. A fertile queen may be given the new colony after forty-eight hours, or about sunset on the second day, by quietly setting her on one of the brood combs. The bees, being all young, will accept her and the work is done. We introduced many queens to new colonies, last season, as here given, without the loss of a single queen. The new colony will not work much for a time, but is generally equal if not superior to the parent stock, in a few days.

The Hog Cholera.

One of the items in the general appropriation bill passed by Congress is \$15,000 for investigating diseases of swine and infectious and contagious diseases to which all other domesticated animals are subject. The chief object is to find out what are the causes of and what is the remedy for hog cholera, the Texas cattle fever and the pleuro-pneumonia—these being the diseases whose ravages are a subject of the greatest concern to farmers. The murrain, known as pleuro-pneumonia, has been confined almost exclusively to the Atlantic States, while the hog cholera and the Texas fever have been chiefly in the West. Very little has been done to discover the causes of the last-named diseases, although one of them, the hog cholera, as it is generally and improperly called—causes an estimated loss of \$2,000,000 a year to the farmers of Missouri and Illinois alone. The legislature of Missouri offered a reward of \$10,000 for the discovery of a specific remedy for the hog cholera, but such a remedy has not been discovered, and probably never will be. The true policy is to ascertain the nature and causes of the disease and how to prevent it, and that is what the act of Congress proposes by careful examination and experiments made by scientific men. If they teach farmers how to protect their herds by feeding and pasturing, the \$15,000 will have been well expended.

Boys on the Farm.

S. Q. Lent writes as follows to the Detroit Free Press:

"Why do you take your son from school and put him on the farm to work this year? Why not let him finish his course of study first, then go to farming if he likes?" I asked of a well-to-do farmer to-day.

"I have two reasons," he replied. "First and least in importance, I want to develop his physical self alone with his mind—the former was getting a good way behind, and no matter what he will do he will want a good body. Secondly and primarily in importance, I wanted him to learn the worth of a dollar."

"But he will learn that soon enough when he has to earn the dollar to support himself. Why not give him all the schooling he is to have, then let him use his wits to earn his living, he will know the worth of a dollar?"

"No, no," was the reply, "it is not safe to do that, the knowledge must come gradually, and the best way to get it is to expend muscle for it. I want my boy to understand that workmen in this world earn their dollar slowly and at a severe cost. I want him to have such a fellow feeling for those workers that he will be very careful how he spends his hard-earned dollars. There are so many failures now in which poor hard working people are cheated out of their earnings all because the men who fail never knew the real cost of a dollar, that I am determined this year of experience that my boy will get, now that he is budding into manhood, shall be in his favor, and I calculate the money he earns by the sweat of his brow will convey an everlasting lesson to his mind. He will know what it is to earn money by a slow, honest process, and whatever he may do hereafter the lesson will go with him, and I am satisfied that there is no school in which he can acquire this

knowledge so thoroughly as the school of the farm."

I have been pondering over this conversation a good deal, and can see that there is a goodly amount of sound sense in the old gentleman's views, only I should want to make the labor as pleasant as possible for the boy for the sake of keeping in him a love for the farm and its operations. The lesson will be lost if the boy conceives a hatred for farm work, because he will speedily seek an occasion where he thinks the money will come easier, not calculating the chances his experience may become a very bitter one. We cannot be too thoughtful of our methods in teaching life lessons.

Useful Information.

FOR THE SICK CANARY BIRD.—Change of diet; bread moistened with cream, cured my bird.

JELLY CAKE.—One cup sugar, three eggs, three tablespoons of sweet cream, two teaspoons of cream-tar, one teaspoon of soda, one cup of tea.

WHITE CURRANT WINE.—Take white currants, squeeze out the juice, put as much water on the currants as there is juice; mix the two; add to each a gallon three and one-half pounds of sugar; let it work two or three months; then bottle.

CORN CAKE.—One cupful of Indian meal, one cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of cream-tar, one of teaspoonful of saleratus, a piece of butter the size of an egg, two eggs, one cup of milk, and less than a cupful of sugar.

COFFEE BREAD.—Set a sponge of milk, butter and flour, a little salt with a little yeast to raise it; let it rise, then work it a little, putting in currants or raisins and a little sugar. Let it rise again very light, then mold it into a loaf. Again let it rise and bake. It will not be kept warm from the start or it will not be good.

CORN BREAD.—Two heaping cups of corn meal, one cup of flour, three eggs, two and a half cups of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of lard, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, two teaspoons of cream tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt; beat the eggs thoroughly, yolk and whites separately; melt the lard; sift soda and cream tartar into the flour and meal while dry, and stir in last; then beat all very thoroughly; less than one-half hour will usually suffice.—Jennie Bryant.

CANNING FRUIT CO.—A lady in Springfield, Mass., according to the Union, has been making some interesting experiments in putting up canned goods without cooking. Heating the fruit tends more or less to the injury of the flavor, and the lady referred to has found that by filling the cans with fruit and then with pure cold water, and allowing them to stand until all the confined air has escaped, the fruit will, if then sealed perfectly, keep indefinitely without change or loss of original flavor.

CHOCOLATE CUSTARD.—Put one and one-half pints of milk, with a cup of sugar in it, into a tin pail and set into a kettle of boiling water; then put one-half pint of milk into a saucepan and add a heaping tablespoonful of Baker's chocolate, shaved fine; boil this slowly a few minutes; wet a tablespoonful of Maizena or corn-starch in two of cold milk, and when smooth stir into the boiling milk in the pail; add also the chocolate after straining it, and lastly the beaten yolks of three eggs; stir till smooth, flavor with vanilla. Use [more chocolate and sugar if you want it richer; pour into a dish or glass cups. Before serving beat three whites stiff with a spoonful of sugar and lay on the top.

HOW TO MAKE COFFEE.—In the first place, take care to get the best coffee, equal parts of Mocha and Java, already roasted. This kept in a tightly covered jar, and grind it fresh every morning. For three grown people take six tablespoonfuls of coffee, put it in a bowl, and break a fresh egg into it, shell and all. Mix till the coffee is wet throughout, then put into a hot tin coffee-pot, turn on two quarts of boiling water, set it on the stove, and let it boil briskly for ten minutes; then pour in one-half cupful of cold water, set it on the table a minute or two to settle, and then pour through a little wire strainer into the coffee-pot intended for the table. By boiling a jug of milk, to use with the coffee, it can always be good. There is no possible excuse for bad coffee, and yet how seldom do we see it good.

CURRENT JELLY.—Put the currants in a stone jar and set in a kettle of hot water over the fire till the currants are thoroughly heated; squeeze the currants through a cloth or one of the machines for squeezing fruit; measure the juice, and to every pint allow a pound of sugar; put the juice into the preserving kettle, and spread the sugar on pans and set it in the oven; it must be stirred occasionally to prevent it from burning; let the sugar get very hot, and when the juice has boiled five minutes, stir in the sugar, and as soon as it comes to a boil again, take it off the fire and put it in the jars; lay thin paper dipped in brandy over the jelly when it is cold and paste thick paper over the jars. Jelly made in this way is clear, firm and keeps very well. Any kind of jelly may be made in the same way.

TO KILL BED-BUGS.—The only certain cure for bed-bugs is a solution of corrosive sublimate, which may be obtained at the druggists. The bedsteads should be taken apart and well washed with cold water and hard soap; then, with a small, flat brush, the poison should be applied to every crack and crevice where a bug may harbor. The poison should be used once or twice a week, as may be necessary. It is a work of time and patience, but if persevered in, this remedy will

effectually destroy the bugs. Corrosive sublimate is a deadly poison, and should be kept out of the way of children and servants.

CEMENT FOR IRON AND LEATHER.—The metal is warmed and then washed with a hot solution of gelatine or glue, and the leather previously steeped in a hot solution of gall nuts; pressed upon the surface and allowed to cool. Perhaps, where Russia or other fancy leather are used, it would be better to apply the infusion of gall nuts to the flesh or rough side of the leather, by means of a sponge, until thoroughly wetted. It is important that all the articles be warmed and kept about as hot as the hand will bear, but no hotter, during the operation, the work done in a warm place, the metal and leather firmly pressed together, and the pressure sustained for several hours, cooling gradually.

2. Another method, and one which may be used where the articles are exposed to the weather; gum shellac and India rubber, in equal proportions by weight, dissolve in rectified naphtha or coal tar benzole. Dissolve by placing the vessel containing the above articles in another vessel containing hot or boiling water, and as the water cools, replace with more hot water. It must be kept away from the fire or light, as the gases arising from either benzole or naphtha are explosive. Keep everything warm and proceed to unite in the first method.—Reciprocator.

3. Equal parts of gutta percha and gum shellac melted together will cement iron and leather or iron and wood.

The Miller of the Good Old Times.

Ex-Governor Hendricks, who made the opening address at the recent millers' convention at Indianapolis, dwelt affectionately upon the miller of olden times, as he recalled him. Said he: "As a boy I was acquainted with the miller, and I thought him a great man. When he raised the gate with such confidence and composure, and the tumbling waters drove the machinery ahead, I admired his power. And then he talked strongly upon all questions. He was very positive upon politics, religion, law and mechanics. And any one bold enough to dispute a point was very likely to have a personal argument thrown in his face, for he knew all the gossip among his customers. He was cheerful. I thought it was because he was always in the music of the running water and the whirling wheels. He was kind and clever—indeed, so much so that he would promise the grists before they could be ready, and so the boys had to go two or three times. He was chancellor, and prescribed the law. Every one in his turn. The miller, standing in the door of his mill, all white with the dust, is a picture ever upon the memory of even this generation. It is a picture of a manly figure. I wonder if you, gentlemen, the lords of many runs and bolts, are ashamed to own him as your predecessor? It was a small mill, sometimes upon 'a willow brook,' and sometimes upon the larger river, but it stood on the advanced line of the settlement, with its one wheel to grind the Indian corn and one for wheat and in the fall and winter season one day in the week set apart for grinding buckwheat. It did the work of the neighborhood. Plain and unpretentious, as compared with your stately structures, I would not say it contributed less toward the development of the country and the permanent establishment of society. So great a favor it was, and so important to the public welfare, that the authorities that day invoked in its favor the highest power of the state—eminent domain. The mill and miller had to go before you and yours, and I am happy to revive the memory of the miller at the custom mill, who with equal care adjusted the sack upon the horse for the boy to ride upon, and his logic in support of his theory in politics or his dogmas in religion."

Undue Familiarity.

The late Dr. Sprague, of Albany, was a gentleman of the old school type, of remarkable courteousness of manner and of corresponding reverence of feeling. He never trifled with the names of prominent men, and it is hardly probable that he could suppose anyone would use his name with undue familiarity. The following anecdote illustrative of this characteristic of the grand old man was related to us by one of his sons, and subsequently acknowledged with a hearty laugh, by the older son of whom it was told:

One day, at the tea-table, this son, then in business in Albany, but living at his father's house, spoke of "Charley Bridgman." The name arrested his father's attention, and he said:

"My son, of whom are you speaking?"

"Of Mr. Bridgman, father," was the reply.

"Not of Rev. Dr. Bridgman, surely, William?"

"Why yes, father; why not?"

"Why not? My son, because such familiarity in connection with a prominent preacher is unbecoming. I am quite surprised and shocked at your freedom; and I hope he has no knowledge of it."

"Why yes, he has, father. I have called him 'Charley' to his face; and does he call you William?"

"Well, no, father, no; I can't say that he does."

"Well, what does he call you then?"

"Generally he calls me 'Bill.'"

This was too much for the good Doctor, and with ill-suppressed sympathy with the mirth that rang round the tea-table, he made good his retreat.—[Chicago Standard.

RELIGIOUS READING.

The Summons.

For bounteous feast the board is spread,
With costly plate, with furniture rare;
A hand suppers the poor, the hungry,
To gladden the color-laden air.

From distant lands the music steals,
And voices, with soft tones at first,
Such golden melody as outpours
In one long, sweet, melodious burst.

The haughty master sees with pride
How royally his chamber awaits
To where its imaged grandeur lies
In either mirror's crystal depths.

But ponder as the smile he wears,
Think what a noble, fine and grim,
Shall mount his unadorned white stairs
And gravely sit and sip with him.

Now, ere the smile has left his lips,
All unannounced, a shape of gloom
Fleet through the massive portal slips
And stands within the lordly room.

Black-robed, sombre-browed it stands,
Narrow the splendor like a blot,
With soiled face, with folded hands,
A guest that was expected not.

Full well the master knows that guest,
And covers before him, grave eyes;
Then putting, while he sits his breast,
Where bright the unadorned plate lies.

He wildly moans, with gasping breath,
"Oh, here the door of a single day!"
The stranger answers: "I am Death,
I summon, and you must obey."

Ah, better when this guest appears,
That life, with unrepining tread,
Should never drag us forth in tears,
But find us willing to be led.

Yea, let us on unceasing tread,
If we, with resignation wait,
Are led in lowliest love to lay
Our bodies at the Savior's feet.

—[Editor Lawrence in the Congregationalist.

A Voice from the sea.

"Yea, it shall be at an instant suddenly,"
—[Isaiah xlix.]
The Lord sent out a great wind into the sea."
—[Jonah i. 4.]

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon of Lord's day, March 24, the inhabitants of London were startled by a sudden hurricane which all at once brought with it darkened clouds of dust, and for a short season raged furiously.

In our study in quiet meditation we were aroused and alarmed by the noise of doors and windows, and the terrible howling of the blast as it swept upon its heading course. Unhappy were travelers across heath and moor who were overtaken by such an overwhelming gust, for it gave no warning, and allowed no time to seek shelter. It was soon over, but it was followed by cold and dreary weather, and it would seem to have been a token that winter meant to make another struggle to assume his ancient throne. His Parian arrow was driven forward with intense force and left its mark in ruin and death.

Just at this moment when landmen were terrified by the threatening storm, her majesty's training ship "Eurydice," which had returned from a cruise to the West Indies, was rounding Dunoon headland, off the Isle of Wight, with all plain sails and also her studding sail set. Those on board were all naturally anxious to reach their homes, and having only to round the coast and anchor off Spithead, they were making the best of the wind. The noble frigate was plainly seen from the lovely village of Shanklin; but one who was watching the fine vessel suddenly missed it and wondered why. She was hastening along with all sails set except her royals, and her ports open, when in a moment the fierce wind pounced upon her. It was in vain that the captain ordered sail to be shortened; the ship lurched till her keel was visible, and in less time than it takes us to write it the ship capsize, and more than 300 brave seamen perished. Well might her majesty's telegram speak of "the terrible calamity of the 'Eurydice.'" What mourning and lamentation had that one cruel blast scattered over the land! How swift is the swoop of death! How stealthy its step! How terrible its leap!

In the midst of life we are on the verge of the sepulchre. This lesson is preached to us by those three hundred men who lie enshrined in the all-devouring sea, with a gallant ship as their mausoleum.

Tell for the brave!
Two brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave!
Fast by their native shore!

Great is the peril of the ocean, but there are also dangers on the land, and at any moment we also may be summoned to appear before our God. Since this cannot be questioned, let each prudent man foresee the evil and prepare himself for it.

Another lesson which lies upon the surface of this sad event is this—never feel perfectly safe till you are in port. Many awakened souls are almost within the haven of peace and are at this time rounding the headland of thoughtfulness, with the sails of earnest inquiry all displayed to the breeze. Their condition is very hopeful, but it is not satisfactory to those who are anxious about their eternal welfare, nor should it be satisfactory to themselves. They are steering for the harbor, they enjoy favoring winds, they have all sails set, but still they have not quite believed in Jesus, nor surrendered themselves to His grace. We who watch them can see that their ports are open, and we dread lest they should be overtaken by a sudden temptation and should suddenly be overturned at the very moment when our hopes are at their best.

Is the reader in such case? Then let us beseech him not to be content till he has found Christ and so by faith has anchored in the harbor of "eternal salvation." Do not be happy, dear friend, till you are moored on the Rock of Ages, under the lee of the everlasting hills of divine mercy, through the atoning blood. It seems very wonderful that a ship which had been to sea so many times and had just completed a long winter's cruise in safety should at last go down just off the coast in a place where danger seemed out of the question. It is doubly sad that so many men should be within sight of a shore upon which they must never set their foot.

To perish in mid ocean seems not so hard a lot as to die with the white cliffs of Albion so near; to die with the gospel ringing in our ears is still more sad. Never reckon the ship safe till it floats in the haven; never reckon a soul safe till it is actually "in Christ." The "al-

most persuaded" are often the last to be fully persuaded. Aroused, impressed, and moved to good resolutions, to tears, and even to prayers, yet men postpone decision, and by the force of Satan's arts are lost—lost when we all hoped to see them saved. O that seekers were wise enough to be distressed until they are thoroughly renewed. Any position short of regeneration is perilous in the extreme. The man slayer would have been cut down by the avenger had he lingered outside the walls of the refuge-city; it would have been all in vain for him to have touched its stones or sheltered near its towers; he must be within the gates or die. Seekers after salvation, you are not safe till you actually close in with Jesus, place all your confidence in Him and become forever His. Shall it be so now, or will you abide in death? Rest not an hour. Trifle not for another moment; for death may seize you, or a spiritual lethargy may come over your soul from which you may never again be aroused. Give no sleep to your eyes nor slumber to your eyelids till your anchor has entered in that within the veil and you are saved in Christ Jesus.

An Accomplished American Abroad.

I crossed the British channel with a party of about twenty who had crossed the Atlantic together, being from New York and England. Among them was a New England soap boiler, an exhibitor at the Paris exposition, I believe, who was much looked up to by his companions, owing to a singular talent he possessed—that of snoring. He carried about with him in his pocket book a clipping from an Iowa newspaper, descriptive of the exploits of an inveterate snorer in a sleeping car, and this extract he was made to produce and read in all companies with full stentorian accompaniment, and very amusing it was. He had developed snoring into a fine art, and, indeed, there is no wonder that he had attained considerable perfection, since, as he confided to me, he had been made to go through the performance at least six times a day on the voyage across. At Dieppe I lost sight of this accomplished artist, but not for long. About thirty minutes to eleven the same evening I had just gone to bed in my hotel. My room, along with about a dozen others, opened upon a covered balcony. I had just dropped off to sleep when a stentorian snore awoke the stillness of the night and me with it. Then came a burst of laughter, then another snore and more laughter. I at once recognized the mellifluous notes of my snoreless friend. Getting out of bed, I slipped out on to the balcony, and, guided by the snoring gamut, went along to a lighted window, through which were visible the nasal artist, his admiring and untiring audience, and sundry bottles which contained or had lately contained something stronger than *vin ordinaire*. After listening for a few moments, I returned to my room, and as I passed along the gallery I noticed that almost every door was opened to admit of the protrusion of a more or less deheveled head, from which proceeded torrents of oburgation, either in the guttural tones of the Gaul or the softer but not less expressive accents of the Anglo-Saxon.—[Paris letter.

Little Danny and His Dead Mother.

I've just been down in the parlor to see mamma. She's in a long box, with flowers on her. I wish she'd come and bathe my head—it aches so. Nobody ever makes it feel good but mamma. She knew how it hurt me, and she used to read to me out of a little book how my head would get well and not ache any more some day. I wish it was "some day" now. Nobody likes me but mamma. That's cause I've got a sick head. Mamma used to take me in her arms and cry. When I asked her what's the matter she would say, "I'm only tired, darling." I guess Aunt Agnes made her tired, for when she came to stay all day mamma would take me up in the evening on her lap and cry awful hard. I ain't had any dinner to-day. Mamma always gave me my dinner and a little twenty pudding with "D." for "Danny," on the top. I have little puddings with D's on top. I like to sit in my little chair by the fire and eat 'em. I wish mamma wouldn't stay in the long box. I guess Aunt Agnes put her there, cause she put all the flower trimmings on and shows her to every body. There ain't no fire in the grate, but I guess I'll sit by it and make believe there is. I'll get my little dish and spoon and play I've got a pudding with D for Danny on it. But any way I want mamma so bad.—[New Orleans Picayune.

HONOR TO AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS.

His Majesty, Oscar II., King of Norway and Sweden, has sent to the Ma & Hamlin Organ Co., the Grand Swedish Gold Medal in recognition of the superiority of their cabinet organs. The medal is surmounted by a crown and bears on one side the inscription "Litteris et Artibus," and on the other around the bust of the king, "Oscar II., Svec. Norw. Goth. Vand. Rex." This honor will be the more valued by the company from the fact that His Majesty Oscar II. is known to be a musical connoisseur of highest attainments.

"Bill, how did you and Tom end that dispute Sunday?" "Why, I called him a liar and dropped the subject." "Called him a liar? Did he take it?" "Take it? Of course he took it! But I dropped simultaneously with the subject."—[Breakfast Table.

"The Missing Link."

I hear (says a London correspondent), that Prof. Huxley, and Mr. Stanley, the African explorer, have been settling for themselves the much-vexed question of the "missing link." The details will no doubt be furnished in Mr. Stanley's book, which is expected to appear early next month. Meanwhile the following installment may interest your readers: "On one occasion the travelers observed that the street of a village through which his route lay was ornamented with rows of peculiar looking skulls. He was told that the quondam owners of the skulls had been used for miamia (food) and that the race lived in the forests of the country. The villagers also called the wood dwellers 'Soko.' Mr. Stanley, it seems, had not the opportunity to procure a live specimen, but procured a 'Soko' skull and skin. The skull he lately forwarded to Prof. Huxley, who appears to have decided on ranking it with the human skull. The skin, however, is declared to be that of a monkey. The 'Soko' may turn out to be only a monkey, but it seems clear that there is more of the man about him than there was in the famous 'Joe,' the chimpanzee, whom the late Mr. Manteiro introduced into England, and who died not long ago at the 'Zoo.'"

It must make a letter carrier awful mad to have his physician tell him he needs more outdoor exercise.—[Hawkeye.

The West and East Economical Housekeepers are giving the cheap adulterated baking powder a "wide berth," and why? Because experience has taught them that an absolutely pure, full strength, full weight article, such as Dooley's Yeast Powder, which never fails to produce light, wholesome and nutritious biscuits, rolls, muffins, waffles and griddle cakes of all kinds, is by far the cheapest and most economical.

WILHOFF'S TONIC is not a panacea—is not a cure for everything, but is a catholicon for malarious diseases, and day by day adds fresh laurels to its crown of glorious success. Engorged Livers and Spleens, along the shady banks of our lakes and rivers, are restored to their healthy and normal secretions. Huxlin and vigor follow its use, and Chills have taken their departure from every household where Wilhoff's Anti-Periodic is kept and taken. Don't fail to try it. Wholesale, Finley & Co., Proprietors, New Orleans. For sale by all Druggists.

The horrors of war are nothing to the horrors of Neuralgia. Immediate relief may be had by bathing the head with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment and snuffing it up the nostrils.

Parsons' Purgative Pills are a priceless boon to the people of the South and Southwest. They effectually prevent biliousness and all malarious diseases, and cost only 25 cents a box.

HANDY TO HAVE IN THE HOUSE.—There is nothing like GRACE'S SALVE for the immediate relief and speedy cure of Burns, Scalds, Flesh Wounds, Cuts, Felons, Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Erysipelas, old Sores &c. 25 cents a box. Sold by druggists generally.

WM. T. MASON, ESQ. of St. Louis, writes: "The relief Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy afforded me was perfect; I have not had a night since taking it. This complaint has troubled me for a long time, and I have tried many things, but in no case found any relief until the Remedy came to hand."

For upwards of thirty years Mr. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It cures acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures dysentery and diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. 25c a bottle.

The greatest discovery of the age is Dr. Tobias' celebrated Venetian Liniment! 25 years before the public, and warranted to cure Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Stiffness, Sprains, Bruises, Old Sores and Pains in the Limbs, Back, Chest, externally. It has never failed. No family will ever be without it after one trial. Price 10c. Dr. Tobias' VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT, in Pint Bottles, at One Dollar, is warranted superior to any other. For the cure of Colic, Cuts, Bruises, Old Sores, etc. Sold by all Druggists, Depot—10 Park Place, New York.

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At this season of the year the human system is liable to become disordered from the insufficient efforts of the liver to discharge the excess of bile. If nature is not assisted in her efforts, severe biliousness, headache, constipation, indigestion, and even death. A little timely remedy, such as the Great Liver Regulator, will prevent all this, and may be found in that favorite household remedy.

Simmons' Liver Regulator.

Simmons' Liver Regulator has been in use for half a century, and there is not one single instance on record where it has failed to effect a cure when taken in time according to the directions. It is without doubt, the greatest Liver Medicine in the world; it is perfectly harmless, being carefully compounded from rare roots and herbs, containing no mercury or any injurious mineral substance. It takes the place of quinine and calomel and has superseded these medicines in places where they have heretofore been extensively used. Procure a bottle at once from your druggist, and do not delay; give it a fair trial, and you will be more than satisfied with the result obtained.

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