By Authority of Congress.

U. S. Gov't Baking Powder Tests.

The report of the analyses of Baking Powders, made by the U. S. Government (Chemical Division, Ag'l Dep't), shows the Royal superior to all other powders, and gives its leavening strength and the strength of each of the other cream of tartar powders tested as follows:

	LEAVENING GAS.	
	Per cent.	Cubic in. per oz.
ROYAL, Absolutely Pure,	13.06	160.6
The OTHER POWDERS TESTED are reported to contain both lime and sulphuric acid, and to be of the following strengths respectively,	12.58	151.1
	11.13	133.6
	10.26	123.2
	9.53	114.
	9.29	111.6
	8.03	96.5
	7.28	87.4

These tests, made in the Gov't Laboratory, by impartial and unprejudiced official chemists, furnish the highest evidence that the "Royal" is the best baking powder.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

AN EARL AS AN INDIAN.

Lord Dunmore's Plan to Travel Like a Savage From Montreal to Paris.

Mr. Charles Murray was born a lord, but prefers to be a tramp. He is not a tramp of the Coxey variety, but a traveler, an explorer and a student of nature. These things cost money, but Lord Dunmore's rich estates in Scotland furnish him with all the cash he needs, and he wanders over the wild sections of the world at will. The earl comes of one of the oldest families in Great Britain. He is about 50 years of age and a giant in stature. His height is 6 feet 2 inches tall, and he pulls down the scales at about 250 pounds.

LORD DUNMORE.

He is an old and experienced traveler and seems to despise civilization and the iron horse as heartily as did the mythical Leatherstocking. He has just finished a book called "The Pamirs," describing his latest journey, which was from India to the Caspian sea, a distance of 4,500 miles. This remarkable journey was made on horseback, afoot and by sledge, and the plucky earl was one year and three days in traversing India, Baluchistan, Afghanistan and Persia.

The next great trip Lord Dunmore will take is a decidedly novel one as he has planned it. He proposes starting at Montreal and traversing the entire length and breadth of British North America until he reaches Alaska. During the whole journey he will refuse the aid of all civilized means of travel. He will make the trip on horseback, afoot, by canoe and by sledge exactly as he might have done had he been born a noble red man instead of a noble lord. The object of his trip, aside from the pleasurable notoriety it may bring him, is to cross the continent by a route never before attempted by civilized man and to learn the secrets of the comparatively unexplored interior. There is a general impression that musk oxen and Eskimos roam over the country, and Lord Dunmore desires to increase the world's store of knowledge on these and other points.

The earl expects to travel in boats for part of the way on the Mackenzie river. Other parts of the journey will be covered on foot, by sledge and by snowshoe. He expects to live on jerked reindeer meat, fish, musk ox flesh and whatever provender the natives utilize in keeping soul and body together. He is an ardent Nimrod and expects to bag some big game before reaching Alaska. From Alaska he intends to cross Bering sea on the ice and tramp through Siberia and other countries until he reaches Paris.

The Inequality of Development.

Few peoples have equaled the Hindoos in architecture. In philosophy their speculations go to a depth to which European thought has only recently arrived. In literature they produced admirable works, even though they fell short of those of the Greeks and Latins. But they were mediocre and far below the Greeks in statuary, and were nullities in the domain of scientific and historical knowledge, while they betray an absence of precision which we meet in equal degree among no other people.—Gustave Le Bon in Popular Science Monthly.

Professional Reciprocity.

I saw a letter some time ago written by the secretary of the national board of underwriters, who were about to hold a convention at Buffalo, asking Chauncey Depew for reduced rates in consideration of their large numbers. It was written on paper headed with the title of their weekly publication, The Shroud, and concluded in these words: "If you should see fit to grant our request we shall be happy to exercise toward you professional reciprocity."—New York World.

Releasing Him.

"Wasn't it sad about old Million's failure?"

"What! Has he failed?"

"Yes; gone clean to smash."

"That's too bad; he promised me something yesterday, but now in his trouble I will not hold him to it."

"That's generous of you. What was it?"

"His daughter's hand in marriage."—Exchange.

Oatmeal as a Food.

Oatmeal is supposed to be hygienically impeccable, but it demands a tolerably vigorous and rapid digestion to dispose of it. Dr. Benjamin Richardson gives numerous examples of heartburn caused by an oatmeal diet which nothing could relieve until that article was banished, and which returned immediately if the use of it was resumed.—Sanitary Era.

A Noted Suicide.

Sir Samuel Romilly, a man of brilliant genius, by whose efforts the criminal laws of England were remodeled—a man loved for his sweet nature and upright manliness—while overcome by grief at the death of his wife, with his own hand sought rest beyond.—Popular Science Monthly.

SOMETHING NEW FOR WOMAN TO DO.

How a Bright Young Woman Succeeded Where Men Had Failed.

She was bright and pretty, and she dropped into a lawyer's office the other day and asked for work.

"What can you do?"

"Anything a woman of ability can do, and more than most men."

"Great opinion of yourself, young woman," said the elderly lawyer present. "Perhaps you think you could serve this summons!"

"I might," said she. "May I look at it? Yes, I will."

"If you do that you'll be doing something we've all been trying to do for a week. He's a slippery fellow, and his people are all posted. However, you may try it. You can afford to lose a little conceit," and the lawyer smiled grimly.

At 10 the next morning the office door was opened, and the bright young woman walked in again.

"Thought you'd give it up, eh? Found him too slippery for you? Thought so."

"The paper is served," said she. It was her turn to smile now, and she did it. The lawyer swung round in his chair.

"Served the ——. How'd you do it?"

"Oh, it was simple enough. I called at his place of business, looked around, priced some materials, and then asked if he was in.

"'No,' said the salesman, 'but I can do as well.'

"'I think not,' I said quietly. He has always served me before, and he understands just what I want.'

"'Oh, in that case you might call at his house. He will be in to dinner.'

"I did call at his house, dressed in my best, cardcase in hand. I sent in my card and he appeared promptly.

"'Mr. ——?' said I, rising.

"'Yes. You wished to see me on business?'

"'I hear you are interested in property in —— street?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, I have a paper which will interest you concerning it,' offering him the summons, which he took with a smile. He looked at it and blushed crimson. So did I. Nothing was said. He controlled his temper and accompanied me to the door."

"Another field open to women!" was the lawyer's only comment.—Kansas City Times.

Intellectual Work and Long Life.

Now that so many women are adopting various forms of intellectual labor as a means of livelihood it may not be without interest to consider the result of severe brain work on the duration of life.

Very satisfactory references with regard to this matter may be drawn from the address delivered by Lord Kelvin at the anniversary meeting of the Royal society. His lordship gave a list of the number of fellows who had died since the last annual meeting. These were thirty-two in number, including five foreign members, and the deaths were unusually numerous, or, as Lord Kelvin said, a sadly great number. Of course it is hardly necessary to say there were no women among them, as ladies are not yet admitted to the dignity of the fellowship of the Royal society. Of these thirty-two deceased fellows, the ages of thirty were given by his lordship; two only were under sixty. Both of these were foreign members. On the other hand, two had reached the age of ninety—namely, Sir George B. Airy and Sir Francis C. Knowles.

The average length of life of the thirty, who were all presumed to be highly distinguished in science or literature, was upward of seventy-four years—a very satisfactory proof that even the highest intellectual labors are not incompatible with extreme longevity. All of these gentlemen had, on the average, passed the threescore and ten years usually regarded as the length of man's life. As the average life of woman is longer than that of man, there is no knowing to what age they will survive when they more generally adopt science and literary occupations.—London Queen.

An American Shop in London.

Americans who used to go to Paris, where they had to feed on candied violets, rose leaves and fruits, used to get homesick for Broadway candy stores, and wander like mourners about the streets after peripatetic soda fountains. The stories they would pour into French ears about home products, and the eloquence they expended in showing how the French nation would open its eyes if a New York candy shop were to open on a boulevard, would be received with polite credulity like that given to descriptions of sound steamboats apropos of channel boats. The indifference of Paris is now of less consideration. An American candy shop has been opened on Picadilly, and it has made the London people open their eyes, as it was predicted the Parisians would open theirs.

It is described as a fairylike abode, wherein dwells in piles of dainty sweetness long drawn out narrow white parcels tied with pink ribbons and sealed with a golden seal. These names are new, but they learn them quickly. Wintergreen, with a touch of savory piquancy mixed with sweetness; marshmallow imbedded in chocolate, food for the gods indeed. These phrases are English, but do not equal the enthusiasm for the soda fountain, a temple of marble and silver, wherein is dispensed the ice cream soda and the hot sodas that young New York has found so attractive.—New York Evening Sun.

A Diligent Pupil.

Teacher—I am glad to see you working so diligently at your writing lesson.

Little Boy—Yes'm; I want to get so I can write my own excuses.—Good News.

MURFREE'S HEROISM.

"There is not a particle of heroism about you, Ulysses," said Mrs. Murfree as she brushed out her back hair in front of the dresser glass preparatory to retiring for the night. "Not a particle," she emphatically repeated. "What on earth your mother was thinking about when she named you I can't imagine. I am sure that I never saw a man more unlike his namesake. I have known you to be positively cowardly at times."

Mr. Murfree looked up in a weary way from the corner where he sat. "I'm sure, my dear," he began.

"No, you're not," snapped his better half, giving the pincushion a whack with the hairbrush to emphasize her words; "you are not sure; you are never sure of anything—you only think. Bah! I hate a man who 'only thinks.'" And she jerked the tangles out of a refractory auburn lock with additional force. "When Mrs. Jenks was telling tonight about that paragon of a husband of hers I was simply consumed with envy. It shows how much to believe in names. Look at you two men; look, I say!"

"Yes, my dear," responded Mr. Murfree, pulling off his boots in a resigned way, "I'm looking."

"Bah!" retorted his wife, "I mean your names—Ulysses Murfree, Peter Jenks—just think of the difference, and yet Peter Jenks knocked a burglar down stairs this week with one fist; one, I assure you, and you—you are afraid to go calling on the Simsongibbers after dark because they keep a dog."

"Well, my dear," feebly expostulated Mr. Murfree, "it is a very large dog and I"——

Here Mrs. Murfree suddenly turned around, and through lips containing sundry hairpins, combs and such trifling articles hissed, "Don't talk to me!" in such an impressive and disgusted manner that Mr. Murfree subsided at once and proceeded to finish pulling off his socks.

He was not disturbed again until the moment came for retiring, when, contrary to their usual custom, Mrs. Murfree turned the gas entirely out, leaving the room in darkness, save where a streak of moonlight fell through the window, open for ventilation.

Now, if there was anything that Mr. Murfree hated it was to have the bedroom gas turned off at night, but knowing the defiant state of mind which prompted his wife to extinguish it, and fearing to provoke another outburst he climbed sadly into bed, and lay cogitating a plan whereby he should be able to shoot a burglar in the dark should one chance to visit his abode that night.

"I don't see how I could do it," he sighed, turning uneasily.

"Are you ever going to lie still and let a person sleep?" snapped the partner of his joys and sorrows as she flounced over, dragging half of the comfortable with her, and thereby causing small chills to chase one another down her husband's vertebræ.

Mr. Murfree laid still.

He held his breath, figuratively, until the deep, not to say sonorous, breathing of his amiable companion told that peace and quietude had folded their downy wings upon the bosom of Mrs. Murfree.

Then he sighed again.

"I do hope no one will come tonight," he murmured sleepily. "Dear me—if—I"— And here his thoughts floated vaguely off and he realized no more.

Quiet fell on the room for a time, broken only by the musical sounds from the alcove, where slept the pair, and an occasional snap as the willow rocker, objecting to the strain of the day, tried to contract to its former shape.

Just as the city clock was striking 1 Mr. Murfree awoke with a start and looked in a dazed way up into the darkness.

"What's the matter with me?" he muttered, a sensation of uneasiness creeping over him. "I think—ha! What's that?" And, broad awake now, with the cold perspiration starting from every pore, he became conscious of a faint rustle in the room, the cause of which the heavy portieres draping the alcove prevented him ascertaining.

Cautiously he reached under the mattress for his revolver, and to his horror found that, after cleaning it on the previous day, he had carelessly forgotten to replace it in its wonted spot.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" he chattered to himself, trying to keep cool. "No revolver, no nothing, and a burglar, sure as fate. Samantha was right; I am a coward. What on earth shall I do? If I wake Samantha I will never hear the last of it; she will nag worse than ever; besides, she is sure to yell, and then we will all be murdered." And the poor man shook so that the springs creaked and sent him into a fresh fit of trembling.

Rustle, rustle, it came again, and then a soft thump and a clink.

"He's got my pants," ejaculated Mr. Murfree to himself as he cautiously sat up in bed and tried to calm himself.

Thump.

"I can't stand this any longer," said Mr. Murfree in a whisper, beginning to get huffy. "I'm a fool. No wonder Samantha said so. I will certainly find out what is outside of those curtains, and this time Samantha shan't have a chance to brag over me. Perhaps I shall be able to do something for once."

Keeping well away from the separation between the portieres he carefully let one foot out of bed.

As it touched the floor the rustle sounded again, and so near that Mr. Murfree nearly lost his balance with fright, and found himself on his feet the next moment shaking with alarm lest he had provoked the marauder's attention to the alcove or awakened the sleeping Samantha.

But, no; all was quiet, and as soon as he plucked up a sufficient amount of courage he peered cautiously through the curtains.

With difficulty he repressed an exclamation of horror.

The moon's rays fell across the dresser, bringing out each article on it with a weird distinctness, and just in the shadow before the cheval glass was the stooping figure of a man.

He was evidently searching the upper drawer, and Mr. Murfree gasped for joy as he distinguished on the top of the cabinet to the right of the glass the missing revolver.

"If I can only reach him," said Mr Murfree to himself, "jump on him as he is bending over, and secure the revolver before he recovers himself—it's a good plan and the only one. I'm getting kind of riled; I don't believe I'm such a coward after all."

With a mighty effort he braced himself and advanced cautiously, keeping his eyes on the bent figure.

In the uncertain light the man looked unnaturally large and heavy, and seemed each second to be on the point of rising. Indeed, as Mr. Murfree reached the center table he thought all was over, and shrank down behind it despairingly.

But fortune was kind; the burglar still searched busily, and Mr. Murfree, gathering himself for a grand effort and nerved to the point of desperation, made a flying leap, and landing with terrific force upon the burglar's shoulders grabbed the revolver, yelling, "Police! thieves! oh"——

Over he went, bumpety bump, and as he found himself prostrate on the floor with a chair and something soft and thick over him, he finished his exclamation with "—— it!"

"Oh, Ulysses! Ulysses!" screamed Mrs. Murfree, tangling herself up in the bedclothes in her efforts to rise. "Help! Where are you?"

Mr. Murfree was on his feet in a flash, holding in his arms the harmless cause of his fright and disturbance, Mrs. Murfree's fur cape, which she had hung over the chair back, in front of the dresser, and which, with its high shoulders and collar, had looked in the dim light like a stooping figure.

Men think quickly sometimes, and Mr. Murfree realized the situation with remarkable speed, and being on his mettle determined not to be made a fool of.

Knocking Mrs. Murfree's jewel case from the dresser as he fled he rushed out of the room pellmell, stopping on the cat, the author of the mysterious noises that had first awakened him.

With a savage kick he sent her ahead of him, as he flew down the front stairs, and banged the front door open and shut.

Then he panted breathlessly up again, sinking on the top stair, sore, bruised and mad, just as his wife succeeded in lighting the gas.

"Burglar," he gasped.

"Where, oh, where?" she screamed excitedly, half helping, half dragging him into the room.

"Gone," he managed to say; "knocked him over—got away—front door—see there?" pointing to the jewelry strewn around the floor.

Mrs. Murfree gave one look, and then, with that faithful sense of obligation to the tradition of her sex which the average woman seems to possess in an emergency, she proceeded to faint away.

Mr. Murfree dumped her into a chair. He was too weak to hold her, and besides he felt a fiendish exultation in glorying in his superior strength of mind, so when she recovered he was picking up the cleverly scattered trinkets with as bored an air as he could assume.

"What are you scared off?" he said scornfully. "Man's gone; I'm here; I rather think I have protected you even if I am a coward. Perhaps you will kindly leave the light burning after this so that I shall not be obliged to struggle for my life in the dark," and he wiped from his forehead a few drops of blood trickling from a scratch he received in his encounter with the large pin on his cape burglar, making his face as gory as possible with the small amount of material.

Veritably the tables were turned.

Mrs. Murfree looked at him a moment in a hysterical way, and then falling on his neck alternately implored forgiveness and wept over her former severity, calling him her hero and all the delightful names which Mr. Murfree's soul was thirsting for.

"I'll never say such mean things again," she sobbed, "never, never."

"There, there," said her spouse, straightening up and putting on a patronizing air to conceal the nervous shaking of his muscles—scarce over their recent shock. "You sit down and I will search the house, so that we can feel easy during the remainder of the night."

So that while Mrs. Murfree hid behind the bed curtains for fear of another visitor, her Ulysses went out into the hall and stayed five minutes in a dark corner, returning with a serious air and the assurance that all was well.

Locking their door, the couple once more sought repose, but both were too excited for sleep.

"Won't I just gloat over Mrs. Jenks," exclaimed Mrs. Murfree as she convulsively patted the pillow into a more accommodating shape. "Oh, Ulysses, I'll tell every woman in the block."

Just then the ludicrous side of the thing struck Mr. Murfree, and he stuffed the corner of the sheet in his mouth and shook convulsively.

"What's the matter, dear?" cried his wife. "What's the matter, Uly?"

As soon as he could speak he muttered, "Only a chill—don't bother about it—guess I took cold."

"Shan't I get you something hot?" asked his spouse anxiously.

"Nonsense," he replied, controlling himself with difficulty; "just go to sleep. I'm tired."

"All right, dear," responded she; "I do hope you won't be sick. It's very funny, Ulysses, that the policeman on our beat didn't hear anything or come running up to the house when that dreadful man made such a noise at the door. Dear me, if I didn't know you had a chill I should think you were laughing."

And Mr. Murfree was.—Carolyn Wade in Buffalo News.

"Jabberwock," a Result of Discussion.

The Jabberwock is the organ of the Boston Girls' Latin school. The meaning of "Jabberwock" was as much a mystery to its founders as to the curious friends who asked questions about it. But from a letter from Mr. Carroll himself, granting permission to the girls to use the name, they learned that "Jabberwock" was very suitable and appropriate. The letter was as follows:

LONDON, Feb. 6, 1866.

Mr. Lewis Carroll has much pleasure in giving to the editress of the proposed magazine permission to use the title they wish for. He finds that the Anglo-Saxon word "wocer," or "wocor," signifies "offspring," or "fruit." Taking "jabber" in its ordinary acceptation of "excited and voluble discussion," this would give the meaning of "the result of much excited discussion." Whether this phrase will have any application to the projected periodical it will be for the future historian of American literature to determine. Mr. Carroll wishes all success to the forthcoming magazine.

—Boston Transcript.

Be Contented.

Some people are always grumbling. There is nothing like contentment. A young lady resorted to tears the other day because her father thought $25 was too much to pay for a hat. If that young lady had only considered that there are thousands of young girls who don't spend that much money in a year for hats, she would have received consolation. Another case in point is of a youth who grumbled because his father could not just at the time pay for the boy's shoes being mended. That boy little thought that at the same time he should have been contented and put up with what he had, for his next door neighbor had recently met with an accident, and he had no feet to put shoes on.

AN OLD LOVE LETTER.

The flying years, the silent years,
Swept o'er this safely hidden page,
Till time, that deep sunk mystery clears,
Gives me the dateless heritage.

Where beat the heart, where burned the brain
That all this pain and passion felt?
On leaves defaced by mold and stain
The secret of a life is spelt.

Why rashly lift, why rudely rend
The softening veil that death and time,
Conspiring life with art to blend,
Have hung between her soul and mine?

Enough to know, enough to feel
That one immortal bliss endures;
The love these ardent words reveal
May haply mirror mine—or yours.

—Margaret Crosby in Scribner's.

An American Abroad.

There was an American in the railway carriage to Liverpool. This gentleman interested me greatly. He was dark and dressed with elaborate care, and kept on producing instruments of a remarkable character from his pockets. He was a man who was thoroughly equipped for all the contingencies of everyday life. A blue bottle got into the carriage and he produced a fly paper, on which it promptly settled and died. He wanted to smoke, and he took out a pipe with seventeen distinct and separate patents in it. He filled it from a pouch which was absolutely remarkable for its ingenuity.

He put the tobacco in with a patent spoon, he rammed it down with a metal stopper, then he put a skewer, which he wore attached to a silver chain, up the stem, then he stabbed the tobacco with a stiletto to make the pipe draw more easily, and then he kindled a light by means of an elaborate arrangement in six compartments, which took about fifteen minutes to fit together.

After that he hung his hat up by a patent hat suspender, put on his gloves with a button hook, squirted himself all over with a scent spray, cut his newspaper with a paper cutter that was also a railway key and a bootjack, and wrapped himself in a patent rug, which by pulling various strings could be made into an overcoat, a macintosh, a bed quilt, a life belt, a tablecloth and a shroud. Finally he went to sleep, after setting a pocket alarm to wake him up in an hour and putting a patent catch on his watch chain in case either of us should be taken suddenly with kleptomania.—George R. Sims in Referee.

They Draw the Line.

Female infanticide is not uncommon in China, but owners of water rights know where to draw the line, as is evidenced by the following notice over a pool at Fuchau: "Girls may not be drowned here."

Cowper's house at Weston Underwood, England, is much as it was during his residence there. The touching lines in his own handwriting upon the shutters of his bedroom, written on the morning of the day he left it to spend the remainder of his life in Norfolk, are still legible.

The late Sir W. Gull was wont to declare that the sarcasm of "Who shall decide where doctors disagree?" was aimed at D. D.'s and not at doctors of medicine, who, he maintained with unmoved countenance, were always agreed.

Under the leaves, amid the grass, lazily the day shall pass, yet not be wasted. From my drowsy ease I borrow health and strength to bear my boat through the great life ocean.—Mackay.

In the great warehouses of Manaos and Para you may see enormous masses of dried caoutchouc sap, resembling cheeses, awaiting shipment.

Richard Payne Knight, the poet, Greek scholar, and antiquary, was a victim of melancholia, and finally destroyed himself with poison.

BRACE THE NERVES.

Sedatives and opiates won't do it. These nervines do not make the nerves strong, and failing to do this, fall short of producing the essential of their quietude—vigor. And while in extreme cases—and these only—of nervous irritation such drugs may be advisable, their frequent use is highly prejudicial to the delicate organism upon which they act, and in order to renew their quieting effect increased and dangerous doses eventually become necessary. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an efficient substitute for such pernicious drugs. It quiets the nerves by bracing, toning, strengthening them. The connection between weakness of the nervous system and that of the organs of digestion is a strong and sympathetic link. The Bitters by imparting a healthful impulse to the digestive and assimilating functions promotes throughout the whole system a vigor in which the nerves come in for a large share. Use the Bitters in malaria, constipation, bilious and kidney trouble.

Little—Have you any distant relatives? Mutch—No; mine are all near enough to visit me at a moment's notice.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

by Columbus brought enlightenment to the world. New fields of enlightenment in this century are in the lines of science. The triumph of **Conservative Surgery** is well illustrated by the fact that **RUPTURE** or Breach, is now radically cured without the knife and without pain. Clumsy, chafing trusses never cure but often induce inflammation, strangulation and death. **TUMORS**, Ovarian, Fibroid (Uterine) and many others, are now removed without the perils of cutting operations. **PILE TUMORS**, however large, Fistula and other diseases of the lower bowel, are permanently cured without pain or resort to the knife. **STONE** in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, washed out and perfectly removed without cutting. **STRICTURE** of Urinary Passage is also removed without cutting in hundreds of cases. For pamphlet, references and particulars, send 10 cents (in stamps) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Agreeable Laxative and NERVE TONIC. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per package. Samples free.

KO NO The Favorite TOOTH POWDER for the Teeth and Breath, 25c.

EXPENSIVE ECONOMY.

Some people begrudge the little money that an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER costs, and then when they are racked with pain from a lame back, or from the soreness arising from a cold, they will spend any amount of money to relieve the pain. If they only had one of these world-renowned plasters on hand, they would be saved a vast amount of suffering and be considerably richer. At the first sign of stiffness of the joints apply one of these plasters without any delay. The soreness will be greatly relieved at once and soon disappear entirely. It will be money saved to have them on hand, to say nothing of the comfort they bring.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS contain no irritating matter.

The hotel porter who fails to arouse a guest when instructed to do so has reason to be ashamed of his calling.

$100 REWARD, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, and make your blood healthy, skin pure and system strong. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

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Apply a particle of the Balm well up into the nostrils. After a moment draw strong breath through the nose. Use three times a day, after meals preferred, and before retiring.

ELY'S CREAM BALM Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from Colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once. Price 50 cents at Druggists' or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

CATARRH

COLD IN HEAD

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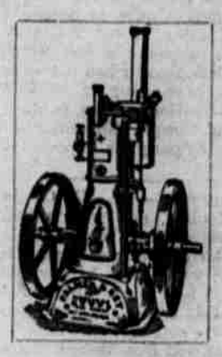

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