Judge not; the workings of his brain And of his heart thou canst not see; What looks to thy dim eyes a stain, What flows to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yiel i.

—[Adelaide A. Proctor.

Nor sky, nor wave, nor tree, nor flower, Nor green earth's virgin sod So moved the singer's heart of old As these small ones of God.

And still to childhood's sweet appeal

And still to childhood's sweet and The heart of genius turns, And more than all the sages teach From lisping voices learns.

—[Whittier.

I think we are too ready with complaint In' this fair world of God's, Had we no

hope . Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope Of you gray bank of sky, we might be faint To muse upon eternity's constraint Round our aspirant souls. But since the

scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop
For a few days comsumed in loss and taint?
O pusillanimous heart, be comforted—
And, like a cheerful traveler, take the road, Singing beside the hedge. What if the

bread

Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod

To meet the flints?—At least it may be said,

"Because the way is short, I thank thee, God!"

RIFLES FOR PARLORS.

-[Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Those of American Manufacture Superior-- Useful as Cat Annihilators.

[New York Times.] *Parlor rifles are sought for nowadays," said the manager of a sportsman's goods store, "and there are many patterns to choose from."

"How many find ready sale?" "May be a dozen. The most popular parlor rifle is a light piece with an octagonal barrel, having a bore measuring twenty-two one-hundreths of an inch in diameter. The ball-cap consists of a little copper-shell one-quarter of an inch long, which has in it a little fulminate of mercury, and driven in at the open end is a B shot. The discharge of the ball-caps is noiseless, which makes the rifle particularly good for house practice, and there is no smoke. The rifles have extractors for throwing out the exploded shells. They were first made in France, but the de mand for them has so increased that several American firms have started in to make them. Strange as it may seem, not one parlor rifle in fifty has the maker's name on it."

"Do the fulminate or noiseless cartridges carry with any effect?"

"Yes, indeed. I have killed a cat at 100 feet distance with one shot. These rifles are famous for killing cats. Many persons buy them for that purpose only. All you have to do is to poke out the barrel through the crack of a window-shutter, get your aim, and pull the trigger. If you take good enough aim you kill your cat quietly, and if the cat chances to be in a neighbor's vard, you are also saved the trouble and expense of a burial."

What do these rifles cost?" "Anywhere from \$5 up. For \$6 or \$7 you can buy as good a rifle as anybody ought to care for. They have varnished walnut stocks and blued barrels. The sights are excellent. The ball caps, or fulminate cartridges, as they are sometimes called, cost 60 cents for a box of 250. The ball caps, I think, were first made in Germany, but those of American manufacture are now the best in the world."

What are the other kinds of parlor

"One lately invented shoots a small shot, which is introduced in the bar-rel, near the stock end. A common percussion cap fits on a nipple opening into the barrel, and the explosion of the cap drives the shot. The force is not very great. There are any number of air-guns, some of which shoot little hard to give the missile force enough to prevent it dropping if the target is at a distance. Some of them are very

Ill-Bred Visitors at the Vanderbilt Gallery.

[New York Cor. Chicago Tribune.] As one occasionally hears Mr. Vanderbilt's generosity called into question -any patronage seeming meager in comparison with the wealth of his resources—his liberality in opening the gallery to the public should be fully recognized. It seems doubly great when one considers the poor return it has met at the hands of those receiving it. The injuries and annoyances resulting from the behavior of a few ill-bred visitors during the two years that the gallery has been opened to the public almost determined Mr. Vanderbilt not to repeat the experiment this year. Single invitations were used to usher in whole families, in one instance fourteen persons coming under a single Pictures were fingered and poked with umbrellas and magnifying classes, chairs were pushed back against the frames, and the gilding cracked off in several cases. Two valuable books of engraving were so injured by being dogs-eared and thumbed, and a statuette of Meissonier so battered, that it became necessary to remove them. Children were allowed to play tog around the rooms, while their parents evidently considered themselves at liberty to wander through the private apartments of the family, conspicuously among these being a country clergyman, who, accompanied by several women, was only restrained by force after repeated attempts to open the folding-doors and enter the house. It is not strange, then, that Mr. Vanderbilt should have hesitated before again submitting his household and pictures to such treatment. The number of persons visiting the gallery is increasing with every week, and this, the most at-tractive sec ion of Fifth avenue, in the neighborhood of the cathedral, is unusually gay Thursday afternoons.

The Diagrams,

[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.]
It may be all right for The New York Graphic and other papers to publish diagrams of the rise and fall of stocks, grain and metal for the year. But the woman who takes one of these things for a paper pattern and acts accordingly furnishes a sight to make a wooden Indian weep.

MY KINGLING.

[Detroit Free Press.] "Round whom the enshadowing purple lies Of babyhood's royal dignities,
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand!
I am thine—Esther—to command.
Philip, my king!

We never called him Philip, although that was his name. We just called him "Pet" and "Rose-bud" and "Precious" and "Baby," or any other sweet diminutive that our fond and foolish love for him prompted, and he answered to them with a sweet trembling of his baby lips, and a questioning look on his beautiful, serious face.

He was still a baby, with heaven's blue in his limpid eyes, and heaven's sunshine on his golden hair, when one day a rap came to my door, and there stood a woman without who was swarthy with the sun of Egyptian centuries, tall, strong, sinewy, with coarse black hair and tawny skin, a woman shunned and feared as a sorceress-a Gypsy fortune-teller and vagrant.

I was about to shut the door in haste. and exclude her unwelcome face and form, when the baby gave a little cry as of recognition and held out his tiny, dimpled hands with a caressing motion to the strange, weird woman.

And she-her whole face was transfigured with that look of mother-love, which comes from a heart bereft of its young. Tears were in the fierce black eyes. She devoured my child with her burning glance, and I—well I pitied her and bade her come in.

Then the baby laughed and cooed and patted her with his precious hands, and patted her with his precious hands,

and laid his golden head on her hard breast, while I watched her narrowly, jealously, as I trod the hospitable round of kitchen and sitting-room, he fell asleep in her lean, dark arms, with a

sweet smile on his contented face. Oh, strange democracy of a child's nature! As she laid him down his arms sought her neck; he would have nestled again on her alien breast. She held one little hand in hers, and he smiled in his sleep.

I fed the woman and clothed her for baby's sake, but then I bade her begone. She wanted to stay to work for me: assured me she was wise in woman's ways; could minister to the sick, read the stars, knew the secret value of the your grandmother in '77.' herbs of the fields-but no, I felt that I could not breathe the same air with

her dark, withered palm, where it lay like a white rose leaf. Then the weird

woman looked at me. "You leetel bebe, I tal you leetel bebe fahchune, propah good?"
"No! no!" I cried, hastily. "I will not have my baby's fortune told, at

least not by-you." The woman was smiling to herself; the baby smiled, too, and nestled his hand in hers. I hated her and longed

to thrust her away. "So leetel," she murmured vaguely, "so leetel lines in leetel bebe's han'! leetel short line, but so good. Missee, I tal you leetel bebe's past?"
"You tell his past?" I answered scorn-

fully; "his past is in heaven."
"Ya, ya; eet is true, Missee—heaven

-my bebe there too!" I wanted to cry "It is not!" and snatch my baby away from her, but there was something in her weird face

that checked me. "I tal this leetel bebe's fuchah?" she I looked at him, my beautiful boy;

his future! I had trodden that path for him over and over again. "A wreath, not of gold but of palm one day Pailip, my king."

I said briefly: "Yes, yes; tell me." have ner plained." bullets and some shoot darts. Air- low and solemn tones-tricks of her rifles are not very accurate, as it is trade, I believed then. "He ess a leetel kingling; here ess a life-line in pitty han', an' on both ends life-line, eet ess -heaven. He leetel kingling, an' have crown in fuchah."

She went away reluctantly, and keeping her eyes upon him until the door closed, and when he awakened when he awakened looked around with a little grieved cry, and fretted and was impatient for some-

thing that was gone. I have only a few words more to say, and that is to mothers. Never let any weird woman tell your child's fortune. There is such a thing as an evil eye, and it envies all happiness and prosperity, and casts its baleful glances on those whom it would injure, and they fade, wither unto death. My baby pined from the hour that woman left and when the wood violets were abloom in the spring-time and the robins plucked their breasts, we laid him away from our sight forever! Don't tell me it was malaria, or teething, or some natural thing! It was that woman's longing for him, that drew him away. And she came with crocodile tears, and tried to see me, but they kept her from me. I should have strangled

her, weak as I am. Oh, my little lost kingling!

Society" in Georgia. [Lincolnton News.] On the 13th inst., at the residence of Mr. E. H. Spratlin, near Clarksville, a gay and happy crowd of young people gathered in to partake of the hospitality of our friend, Mr. Spratlin, in the shape of an oyster stew, in honor of the charming and most fascinating young ladies, Misses Hennie Spratlin and Sallie Matthews, two of old Lincoln's fairest daughters. The crowd gathered in about half past 9 o'clock. Every one seemed to be looking forward for a good meal of oysters, which they enjoyed at 9 o'clock p. m. At 12 the crowd began to break up, after thank-ing Mr. and Mrs. Spratlin for their hospitality and Misses Spratlin and Matthews for causing them so much enjoyment. May the flowers' sweetest hue bloom around their destiny, and the God that looks over the noblest and the best be their everlasting protection.

When Hamlet said, "But I have that within which passeth show," it is be-lieved that he had in his pocket a complin entary ticket for a circus.

Shakespeare: Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending.

THE NEW IDEA.

THE PATENT CALUMNIATOR-A HANDY THING IN A POLITICAL CANVASS.

san Francisco Post. Old Major Snodgrass was nominated for state senator up in Oregon the other day, and the same evening a dusty looking stranger, chiefly attired in an old plug hat and an ingratiating smile, dropped in to see the nominee on particular business.

"I have come, major," said the visitor, putting his feet on the piano stool and lighting a Sullivan cigarette, "I have come to congratulate you on your prospects, and to offer you my services as a first-class calumniator.'

"A what?" asked the major, much surprised.

"Why, a calumniator. Never run for office before? Well, I'll explain: You see, as soon as a nominee starts in on his canvass, of course the opposition parties get right in and traduce him for all that's out; you've noticed the fact, I dare say?"

"Yes, I think I have," said old Snodgrass with a sigh. "Exactly; they invent all sorts of queer stories about the man, and try to

blacken his record the worst way." "And they succeed pretty often, too," groaned the major. "They used to, my dear sir, they used

to," said the expert, "but not since the introduction of my new idea, the pat-ent calumtrator scheme. It works like a charm.

"Does, eh?" said the amateur politi-"You bet it does. Now, how do we

work the business and defeat the plans of the opposition—now, how?"
"Can't imagine," said the major. "Why, by getting ahead of them every time, bless your heart. Do your

own slandering, don't you see? Put 'em on the wrong track, eh? You grapple with the idea, don't you!" "Can't say I do," said Snodgrass, re-

flectively.
"Why, it's as simple as daylight. You see, you stake me on the quiet, and I get in and start a paper apparently devoted to the opposition. The very first issue I come out and allude to the long suspected fact that you poisoned "But I didn't!" roared the major,

looking round for a club. that Egyptian sorceress, and I sent her away.

But before she went she leaned over the baby, took his little hand, soft and the same. Of course, all the same. Of course, all the relaxed in sleep, and spread it open in other opposition papers take it up and make a fearful row. Then an investi-gation is had, and both your grandmothers are found to be living. Catch the point, don't you?"
"But how does that help me?" asked

the nominee. "Why, don't you see, it keeps the other fellows' attention excited, and they don't go into your real record at all?

"But my record is all right," said the major, indignantly.
"Well, perhaps it is—perhaps it is,"

said the expert, dryly. "Perhaps it is, but it's a cold day when these newspaper hyenas can't dig up a bone or two. Better keep 'em off the track. Well, the next thing I drop the grandmother scandal, and say that we have four affidavits that you beat your first wife with a rolling pin, and that you have served two terms in the penitentiary for forging checks in your early youth. That'll start 'em off again."
"Then I'm vindicated again, am I?"

"Precisely. In fact I come out and editorially withdraw the charges, but at the same time I claim that the wellfounded circumstances of your having set fire to a blind asylum in Louisiana and being wanted for smuggling in Cuba have never been satisfactorily ex-

"Well, and then?" said the nominee thoughtfully.

"After we have let up on these charges and admitted that you were never in either place in your life, we go for you worse than ever—saw something perfectly terrible, you understand-accuse you of taking lessons on the cornet, or something like that, you see, and keep the slander mill booming right up to election day."

"And you think that will help me?"

mused the senatorial aspirant.
Why, to be sure, my dear sir. It's the only way. And beside all this, groundless persecutions make the publie indignant, and the first thing you know everybody is voting for you out of pure sympathy. It's the only way."

And as the inventor of the patent calumniator is now in town buying type,

it is fair to suppose that Major Snod-grass will be elected ahead of his ticket.

IN A NEW YORK SALOON.

Cor. Cleveland Leader.

There is nothing cheap here, and few kings have taken their toddies in better quarters. You walk up brown stone steps under blazing lights into a room as bright and beautiful as any in New York. If at night, the blaze of light dazzles you, and you might think you had stumbled into a palace. A knight in plated armor stands before you, bronzes and statues look at you from different parts of the room. The most elegant of paintings hang surrounded by rich velvet upon the walls, and great mirrors of heavy plate glass re-flect the many-colored lights of the cutglass chandeliers. Everything is elegant here. There is no shoddy and no veneering. The room is paneled with carved mahogany, and the tables scattered here and there over the Mosaic floor are of the same polished wood. If you take a chair, it is of the bent wood of Austria, and if you call for a drink, you will be served in a cut-glass goblet, and your change will be handed you by a gentlemanly waiter on a silver platter. A silver cuspidore, shining as Vanderbilt's spoons, stand beside you, and if you ask for a pretzel to eat with your beer it will be brought to you on a piece of porcelain decorated as beautifully as that on the president's

A CURIOUS ANÆSTHETIC.

Texas Siftings.

Dr. Brown-Sequard has discovered new anæsthetic which destroys sensibility, but not consciousness or physical activity, for an entire day or more.

A MODERN RESURRECTION.

A Miracle that Took Place in Our Midst Unknown to the Public-The Details in Full.

(Detroit Free Press.) One of the most remarkable occurrences ever given to the public, which took place here in our midst, has just come to our knowledge and will undoubtedly awaken as much surprise and attract as great at-tention as it has already in newspaper cir-cles. The facts are, briefly, as follows: Mr. William A. Crombie, a young man formerly residing at Birmingham, a sub-urb of Detroit, and now living at 287 Michigan Avenue in this city, can truthfully say that he has looked into the future world and yet returned to this. A repre-sentative of this paper has interviewed him upon this important subject and his experiences are given to the public for the first time. He said: "I had been having most peculiar sensa-

tions for a long while. My head felt dull and heavy; my eyesight did not seem so clear as formerly; my appetite was uncer-tain and I was unaccountably tired. It tain and I was unaccountably tired. It was an effort to rise in the morning and yet I could not sleep at night. My mouth tasted badly; I had a faint all-gone sensation in the pit of my stomach that food did not satisfy, while my hands and feet felt cold and clammy. I was nervous and irritable, and lost all enthusiasm. At times my head would seem to whirl and my heart palpitated terribly. I had no energy, no ambition, and I seemed indifferent of the present and thoughtless for the future. I tried to shake the feeling off and persuade myself it was simply a cold or a little malaria. But it would not go. I was determined not to give up, and so time passed along and all the while I was getting worse. It was about this time that I notified I had begun to bloat fearfully. My limbs were swollen so that by pressing my fingers upon them deep impressions would be made. My face also began to enlarge, and continued to writ! I could eservely see be made. My face also began to enlarge, and continued to until I could scarcely see out of my eyes. One of my friends, describing my appearance at that time, said:
'It is an animated something, but I should like to know what.' In this condition I passed several weeks of the greatest

agony.
"Finally, one Saturday night, the misery culminated. Nature could endure no more. I became irrational and apparently insensible. Cold sweat gathered on my forest page of the cold and my head; my eyes became glazed and my threat rattled. I seemed to be in another sphere and with other surroundings. I knew nothing of what occurred around me, although I have since learned it was me, although I have since learned it was considered as death by those who stood by. It was to me a quiet state, yet one of great agony. I was helpless, hopeless and pain was my only companion. I remember trying to see what was bevond me, but the mist before my eyes was too great. I tried to reason, but I had lost all power. I felt that it was death, and realized how terrible, it was. At last the strain upon my mind gave way and all was a blank. How long this continued I do not know, but at last I realized the presence of friends and recognized my mother. I then thought it was earth, but was not certain. I gradually regained consciousness, however, and was earth, but was not certain. I gradually regained consciousness, however, and the pain lessened. I found that my friends had, during my unconsciousness, been giving me a preparation I had never taken before, and the next day, under the influence of this treatment, the bloating began to disappear and from that time on I steadily improved until today I am as well as

disappear and from that time on I steadily improved, until to-day I am as well as ever before in my life; have no traces of the terrible acute Bright's disease, which so nearly killed me, and all through the wonderful instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy that brought me to life after I was virtually in another world."

"You have had an unusual experience, Mr. Crombie," said the writer Tho had been breathlessly listening to the recital.

"Yes, I think I have," was the reply, "and it has been a valuable lesson to me. I am certain, though, there are thousands of men and women at this very moment who have the same ailment which came so of men and women at this very moment who have the same ailment which came so near killing me, and they do not know it. To neve kidney disease is the most deceptive trouble in the world. It comes like a thief in the night. It has no certain symptoms, but seems to attack each one difference. toms, but seems to attack each one differently. It is quiet, treacherous, and all the more dangerous. It is killing more people, to-day, than any other complaint. If I had the power I would warn the entire world against it and urge them to remove it from the system before it is too late."

the system before it is too late."

One of the members of the firm of Whitehead & Mitchell, proprietors of the Birmingham Eccentric, paid a fraternal visit to this office yesterday, and in the course of conversation, Mr. Crombie's name was mentioned.

mentioned. "I knew about his sickness," said the "I knew about his sickness, said the editor, "and his remarkable recovery. I had his obituary all in type and announced in the *Eccentric* that he could not live until its next issue. It was certainly a most wonderful case." nderful case

wonderful case."
Rev. A. R. Bartlett, formerly pastor of the M. E. Church, at Birmingham, and now of Schoolcraft, Mich., in response to a telegram, replied:
"Mr. W. A. Crombie, was a member of my congregation at the time of his sickness. The prayers of the church were requested for him on two different occasions. I was with him the day he was reported by his physicians as dying, and consider his recovery almost a miracle."

his recovery almost a miracle."

No one person in a million ever comes so near death as did Mr. Crombie and then recover, but the men and women who are drifting toward the same end, are legion. To note the slightest symptoms, to realize their significance and to meet them in time by the remedy which has been shown to be the most efficient, is a duty from which there can be no escape. They are fortunate who do this; they are on the sure road to death who neglect it. to death who neglect it.



The kidneys act as purifiers of the blood and when their func-tions are interfered with through weaktions are interfered with through weak-ness, they need ton-ing. They become healthfully active by the use of Hostet-ter's Stomach Bitters, when falling short of relief from other sources. This super b stimulating tonic also

H. WILSEY, Of the firm of Fairbanks & Wilsey, has just ar-rived from France with their third importation of

Norman Stallions 255 The only direct importers from France to the Pacific Coast. Selected by him with great care from the best stock in France. Our motto: "Quick sales and small profits." These in want of these celebrated horses can purchase on one or two years time, with reasonable interest, and approved security. Send for Catalogue.

Fairbanks & Wilsey.

CALIFORNIA PETALUMA, - - -GREAT SOAP WONDER

Manufactured by ALLISON BROS. MIDDLETOWN, CONN. No boiling required, and but little rubbing uses the clothes thoroughly ive this Sosp a trial. For sale by all Grocers. Pacific Coast Agency, J. Y. Ross, 123 California Street

Little silver buckets are among new ideas" in watch chains.

Public speakers and singers use Piso's Cure for Hoarseness and weak lungs.

The Prince of Wales talks as though he ad a hot potato in his mouth.

CATARRH-A New Treatment whereby a permanent cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and trea-tise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King street west, Toronto, Can.

AN UNDOUBTED BLESSING.

About thirty years ago a prominent physician by the name of Dr. William Hall discovered, or produced after long experimental research, a remedy for diseases of the throat, chest and ungs, which was of such wonderful efficacy that it soon gained a wide reputation in thi country. The name of the medicine is DR WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and may be safely relied on as a speedy and positive cure for coughs, colds, sore throat et

Nothing equals Allen's Bilious Physic in quickly relieving Costiveness, Headaches Heartburn and all other Bilions Troubles 25 cts. large bottle. At druggists. Red ington, Woodard & Co., Agents.

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying kidney and urinary diseases. \$1.

AN EXTENDED POPULARITY.—Brown's Bronchial Troches have been before the public many years. For relieving Coughs and Throat Troubles they are superior to all other articles. Sold only in boxes.

"Rough on Coughs," 15c, 25c, 50c, at Druggists. Complete cure Coughs, Hearse-ness, Sore Throat.

Dr. Smith's Caloric Vita Oil is sure to take the first place among healing reme

"ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it. Complete cure, hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

THOMAS PRICE. Analytic Chemist, pronounces the GIANT BAKING POWDER nearly one-third stronger than any sold on the Pacific Coast.

BAN FRANCISCO, September 24, 1833.

H. E. BOTHIN, Prasident Bothin MT g Co.:

DEAR SIR:—After careful and complete chemical analysis of a can of Giant Baking Powder, purchased by us in open market, we find that it does not contain alum, acid rhosphate, terms alba, or any injurious substances, but is a pure, healthful Cream Tartar Baking Pawder, and as such can recommend it to consumers.

WM. T. WENZELL & CO.,

Wa consumers. WM. T. WENZELL & CO.,

The Strongest and Best!

We concur:

R REVERLY COLE, M. D.,

J. L. MEARS, M. D., Health Officer.

ALFRED W. PERRY. M.D., Members,

W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D.,

AUG. ALERS, M. D.,

Of Hoalth

Manufactured by the POTHIN M'F'G COMPANY,



The Emperor Louis Napoleon smoked only the finest class: the world could produce. Prof. Horsford says the Emperor's cigars were made specially for him in Havana from leaf tobacco grown in the Golden Belt of North Carolina, this being the finest leaf grown. Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco is made from the same leaf used in the Emperor's cigars, is absolutely pure and is unquestionably the best tobacco ever offered.

Thackeray's gifted daughter, Anne, in her sketch of Alfred Tennyson, in Harper's Month's, tells of her visit to the great poet.

Monthly, tells of her visit to the great poet. She found him smoking Blackwell's Bull Durham Tobacco, sent him by Hon. James Russell Lowell, American Minister to the Court of St. James. In these days of adulteration, it is a com-

for to smokers to know that the Bull Dur-ham brand is absolutely pure, and made from the best tobscoot the world produces. Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking To-bacco is the best and purest made. All dealers have it. None genuine without the trade-mark of the Bull.



HUMOR.

My baby, six months old, broke out with some and we in humor, and after being treated five months by my mily physicion was given up to die. The druggist sommended Swift's Specific, and the effect was as tiffying as it was miraculous. My child soon got well, traces of the disease is gone, and he is as fat as a pig. J. J. KIRKLAND, Minden, Rusk County, Texas.

I have been afflicted with Scrofula for twelve years, and have had sores on me as large as a man's hand for that length of time. Last summer I was so bad off that I could not wear clothing. I had spent hundreds of dollars in the effort to be cured, but all to no purpose, and had injured myself with Mercury and Potash. Your Swift's Specific cured me promptly and permanently, and I hope every like sufferer with take it.

R. H. Hight, Lakonf, Ark.

Our Treaties on Blood and Six Diseases mailed free. Our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free

to applicants.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

New York Office, 159 West 23d St., between Sixth and
Seventh Avenues,

Perfectly Reliable. man, Montana. Cents. I. BOYER, Box 695, Boxe-Full account by mail, Price, Fifty

Cour d'Alene Mines!



TUTT'S

TORPID BOWELS,
DISORDERED LIVER,
and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Howels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty; Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have me equal. Their action on the Ridneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N. Y GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1.

Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.
TUTI'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

PIANOS.

STEINWAY KRANICH & BACH Organs, band instruments. Largest stock of Shee Music and Books. Bands supplied at Effstern prices M. GRAY, 206 Post Street, San Francisco.

PIANOS — Decker Bros., Behr Bros., Emerson, and J and C. Fisher. Musical Merchandise. Organs— Mason, Hamlin & Chase, Kohler & Chase, 137 Post St., S. F N. P. N. U. No. 19.-S. F. N. U. No. 96. BIRCHS KEY AND NO WILLWIND ANYWATCH CUT. SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail 25c. Circulars free. J. S. BIRCH & CO., \$8 DET ST., N. Y

PISOS REMEDY FOR CATARRH

nonths treasured in the Head, Headache, Dizzness, and mail.

Fifty cents. By all Druggists, or by mail.

E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa

Their cause and cure. Knight's new book sent free. Address, L. A. KNIGHT, 15 East Third St., CINCINNATI, O. Mention particularly this paper.



266th EDITION. PRICE ONLY \$1 "3Y MAIL POST-PAID.



Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, remature Decline in man, Errors of Youth, and the un-ald miseries resulting from indiscretions or excesses. A told miseries resulting from indiscretions or book for every man, young middle-aged and tains 125 prescriptions for all soute and enve each one of which is invaluable. So found by whose experience for 23 years is such as pre-before fell to the lot of any physician. 300; in beautiful French muslin, embossed covguaranteed to be a finer work in every sens. It is a successful for the sense of th

the author by the National Medical Association, to the efficers of which he refers.

The book should be read by the young for instruction, and by the afflicted for relief. It will benefit all. London Lancet.

There is no member of society to whom this book will not be usoful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor or slergyman.—Tribune.

Address the Pesbody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bullfinch street, Boston, Mass., who may be sousuited on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronis and obstinate diseases HEAL class a specialty. Such treated success—HEAL class a specialty. Such treated success—THYSELF.

N. B.—Send money by Registered Letter or P. O. Orfect. Books can be sent to any address on the Pacific Coast as safely as at home. Concealed in substantial wrappers bearing only the applicant's address.

ACENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE TO SELL AUENIS WANTEU the best Family Kritting Machine over invented. Will kuit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Kuitting Machine Co., 163 Tre-





