

FINNISH WEDDINGS.

How the Ceremony was Celebrated in Olden Times.

On the Sunday morning the invited guests assembled at the sexton's house (which was generally near the church), and when the morning psalm was being sung the procession set out. First of all walked the fiddlers, playing a festive march; then a swarm of children, young relatives of the bridal pair; next the two bridesmaids, then the bride and groom, and immediately after them the bride-dresser. Then followed the two groomsmen and the rest of the crowd—men first, women next, arranged by the groomsmen in a certain order. The procession was so timed that they reached the church just as the psalm ended, and if they came a little early they all waited in the porch until the proper time. So soon as the singing ceased the wedding party entered the church, and walked up the centre aisle, the fiddler meantime playing right joyfully, till they came to the altar, when they turned aside, and stood playing whilst the whole party was arrayed in order before the clergyman, who stood waiting for them. The wedding ceremony was then celebrated according to the old Swedish rites.

The wedding breakfast was generally laid on three tables set in the form of a horseshoe. The bride couple sat in the place of honor—that is, in the middle of the centre table. Next to the bride sat the "bride dresser," then the bridesmaids and the rest of the women. Next the bridegroom sat the clergyman, and then the groomsmen and the men guests. The groomsmen acted as master of the ceremonies, and saw that each one sat in his or her appointed place.

Each guest brought knife, fork and spoon to the feast. The meal over, dancing began, when polka, waltz, minuet and country dances of all kinds followed in rapid succession. Toward the end of the feast the bride was obliged to dance with each one of the girls, who stood in a ring around her. During this the lads stood all around with lighted candles. Next the bridegroom danced with all the men, the girls in their turn holding the lighted candles. Then the bride danced with married women, and the married men held the lights, and then the bridegroom danced with the married men, the married women holding the candles.

After the dancing was over the guests who lived near went home, while those who lived at a distance stayed the night. Next day by twelve o'clock all assembled once more to breakfast. The bride was then dressed as a married woman, in a cap bound with black. After breakfast the old folks chatted over things old and new, whilst the young folks amused themselves with ring-dances, etc., which, if the weather was fine, were held in the open air. This went on till supper time. After supper much of the time was spent in singing.

HUMOR IN THE FAMILY.

One of the Most Valuable Aids to a Happy Home Life.

Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to happy home life. An equally good and useful faculty is a sense of humor, or the capacity to have a little fun along with the humdrum cares and work of life. We all know how it brightens up things generally to have a lively, witty companion, who sees the ridiculous points of things, and who can turn an annoyance into an occasion for laughter. It is a great deal better to laugh over some domestic mishaps than to cry or scold over them. Many homes and lives are dull because they are allowed to become too deeply impressed with a sense of the cares and responsibilities of life to recognize its bright and especially its mirthful side. Into such a household, good but dull, the advent of a witty, humorous friend is like sunshine on a cloudy day. While it is always oppressive to hear persons constantly striving to say witty or funny things, it is comfortable to see what a brightener a little fun is—to make an effort to have some at home. It is well to turn off an impatient question sometimes, and to regard it from a humorous point of view instead of becoming irritated about it. "Wife, what is the reason I can never find a clean shirt?" exclaimed a good but rather impatient husband, after rummaging all through the wrong drawers. His wife looked at him steadily for a moment, half inclined to be provoked, then with a comical look, she said: "I never could guess conundrums; I give it up." Then he laughed, and they both laughed, and she went and got his shirt, and he felt ashamed of himself and kissed her, and she felt happy; so, what might have been an occasion for hard words and unkind feelings, became just the contrary, all through the little vein of humor that cropped out to the surface. Some children have a peculiar faculty for giving a humorous turn to things when they are reproved. It does just as well oftentimes to laugh things off as to scold them off. Laughing is better than tears. Let us have a little more of it at home.—Christian at Work.

A Boy's Autobiography.

Following is the biography of a ten-year-old youngster of this city's public school, written by himself: First—When and where were you born? Of what descent? Second—Where have you lived? Third—How have you spent your life? Fourth—What remarkable things have happened to you? Fifth—What should you like to become? "I was born in Kansas City, Jackson County, Mo., West Central States, U. S. A.; Western Hemisphere; Tuesday, January 13, 1875. "I am English descent. I have lived in Kansas City all my life. "Once I tumbled down a well, and was fished out with a clothes-line. I fell down steps two or three times, and made my fingers once when I was a little kid. I got in some jam that had Cayenne pepper in it, and it made me dance like a wet hen on a hot brick. "I want to become an angel."—Kansas City Journal.

SOME MOSQUITOES.

A Florid Description of One of the Pests of New Orleans.

Parson Heckman, a Dallas clergyman, who enjoys the reputation of being somewhat florid in his language, has returned from a brief trip to New Orleans.

"How did you enjoy yourself at the New Orleans Exposition?" asked George Steckete.

"The Exposition is grand. Everybody ought to go and see it. I liked it very much. The saloons are superb, and the eating is the best I ever had. I just lived on gumbo soup while I was there, but there is one drawback."

"What is that?"

"The mosquitoes? They are the worst I ever saw. You get into all kinds of trouble until you get used to them. They even stop the street cars."

"What is that?"

"Now look here. That is coming it just a little too strong. I've heard of grasshoppers being so numerous as to stop railroad trains, but I draw the line at grasshoppers. Nobody, not even if he is a clergyman, can make me believe that mosquitoes can stop the street cars."

"They do it all the same. You see the mosquitoes attack people on the streets. The pedestrians, of course, are compelled to defend themselves. They strike at the mosquitoes with their hands or try to shoo them away with handkerchiefs, or they would be eaten up. The people on the sidewalks are kept so busy with their handkerchiefs and making motions with their hands, that the drivers are deceived, and stop the cars every few yards, thinking that the people on the sidewalks are hailing the cars to get on board. A conductor is bounced if he doesn't stop a car as soon as he is signalled. It took a car I was in half an hour to make one block. Most of the passengers got out and walked. That's the way the mosquitoes stop the cars. Of course, I didn't mean that the mosquitoes lifted the cars off the track."

"Well, that's something new to me."

"That's nothing. You know Henry Tours. He was in New Orleans when I was there. He got himself into a peck of trouble on account of the mosquitoes. He was in the hands of a doctor for three days, and he walks on crutches yet. You know what a lady's man he is, and how polite he is to the fair sex? Well, the very day he got there a lady on the street waved her handkerchief across the street. Henry immediately went up and began to converse. She hit him a lively whack on the bridge of his nose with her parasol and screamed. Her husband came out of a cigar store where he had been getting a cigar and falling upon Henry, nearly telescoped him with his fist and boot. The lady was only shaking her handkerchief to keep off the mosquitoes. Tours was not thinking about the mosquitoes at the time. Almost every day some prominent visitor from the North is taken to the morgue on a stretcher, all owing to the mosquitoes. There are several of them. I tell you they are so quick that a man with seventeen hands could not keep them off."

"Parson, don't you exaggerate a little?"

"No, sir, not a bit. I should say there were billions of them to the cubic inch. When I first got to New Orleans, I imagined that some very exciting news had just been received. I saw groups of men who appeared to be laboring under most terrible excitement. They were gesticulating in a most extravagant manner as if they were on opposite sides in politics. I never saw such eloquence either on the stage or in the pulpit. They were really all on the most friendly terms in the world, and were merely frightening off the mosquitoes."

"Do they bite severely?"

"They are very ravenous, indeed. In fact they bleed a stranger more than the hotel and boarding-house keepers do."

"Can nothing be done to abate the nuisance?"

"Every remedy has been tried, but in vain. I heard before I left New Orleans that the city authorities were training pelicans to catch them, but I don't know how that will work. I saw some of the pelicans myself," said Parson Heckman.

"Parson, if you make one more trip to New Orleans, people will believe you are connected with the press."

CASTOR OIL.

An Invaluable Article for the Preservation of Leather.

For waterproof boots a writer says nothing is equal to "coal-drawn castor oil, pure and simple," and this is how he uses it. "It is best applied before a moderate fire. The boots to be dressed should be clean and dry, and especial care should be given to the welt and the tongues and their stitching to the upper leathers. I generally begin by pouring the oil from the bottle all round the welt, so that the angle between the sole and the upper leather is quite filled with oil, and then proceed all over the boots including the edges of the soles, rubbing it with the hand. When one is done, have a turn at the other, and so on alternately till you have got in about a table-spoonful and a half on each boot. The tongues being thinner leather, should be quite saturated. Subsequent dressings will not require so much oil. I have never found anything to touch this as a waterproof dressing; the gelatinous oil seems to effectually stop every pore in the leather. There is another advantage for those who are natty in such matters, the boots will soon take a good (common blacking) polish; so much so that a man may, if he likes, waterproof his ordinary walking boots for bad weather without spoiling their appearance. With a common walking boot of ordinary thickness, apply the oil all over the sole. I wear boots so treated—shooting—over thick woolen socks, for from eight to twelve hours per day or more, without feeling the slightest inconvenience in any way; but they have the chilly feel inseparable from all boots that are oiled in that way."—Colman's World.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Result of Experiments on Various Members by Prof. Zollinger Shorrack.

As soon as the meeting opened Brother Gardner announced that Prof. Zollinger Shorrack, of Meridian, Miss., was in the ante-room. The Professor came this way to give the various local members of the club the benefit of his experience in compounding cures for chilblains, boils, ringworms, etc., and for the past three days had been experimenting on a number of individuals. He had been asked to address the meeting on the subject of "Diseases, Ailments and Their Preventives and Cures," and when the hall was ready for his reception he entered with the air of a man perfectly at home in the highest society. He would doubtless have handled his subject in a thorough and able manner had not something occurred to prevent it. Samuel Shin came limping in as the Professor took the platform, and demanded a chance to be heard. The stranger had sold him a box of salve for two dollars and warranted it to knock his chilblains sky-high in six hours. Instead of the chilblains it was Samuel who had been elevated about seventy-five feet, and he felt that he was still rising. His feet had been made so sore that locomotion was hardly possible, and the pedals which formerly slipped into No. 12 boots without any effort could not now be induced to enter a six-inch stove-pipe. The Hon. Oliver Cromwell Asbestos followed Brother Shin. He had for years been troubled with a wart on his nose. The Professor had taxed him one dollar for a small phial of liquid, and warranted it to run that wart into the back counties inside of a day, and that without pain to anybody. He wanted the club to gaze on his nose! Indeed his face was all nose, and the nose was all wart. Three different reputable physicians had plainly told him that he would never be pretty again. The innocent-looking Pickles Smith came third. For the last five years he had had a scar on his scalp, being the result of a blow from a stick of wood in the hands of his devoted wife. The Professor offered to remove the scar and cause a new growth of wool over the spot for the small sum of seventy-five cents. Pickles handed out the solid cash and bowed his head to the yoke. He wanted the club to gaze on that head, and pulled off his cap to give the members a fair chance. Two-thirds of his wool had vanished, and the other third was just dying to pull up stakes, while the scalp resembled a dude's crushed strawberry evening vest. The Professor had been dreadful uneasy from the outset, and as Brother Smith exhibited his head the man of cures made a bolt for the door. Before reaching it he was seized and flung down, and by the orders of Brother Gardner he was searched. An inspection of his pockets brought to light thirty cents in cash, a remedy for bad breath, and various receipts for salves and liquids. The money was divided among the three sufferers, and the Professor was then escorted to the alley door and given a start in the world. As Giveadman Jones was the starter, and as he had on a new pair of cowhides and plenty of room to swing his leg, the send-off was probably all that could be desired. "Which goes to prove," said Brother Gardner, as the hall recovered its usual order, "dat, while we mus' put mo' or less confidence in human nature as we pass free life, de man who buys a jack-knife without tryin' de blades on a shingle may fin' whittlin' harder work than hoein' co'n."—Detroit Free Press.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

A Species of the Feathered Tribe Which Exists Only in America.

Entirely peculiar to America are the humming birds. Their only rivals in the metallic brilliancy of color, the sun birds, belong to East India. Thus far about 450 species of humming birds have been described, of which only fifteen species belong to the United States, and only one single specie to Wisconsin. Not knowing the difference between the sexes, people frequently say: "I have seen them on my morning-glories and honeysuckles, and I know I have seen two species, one with a fiery-red throat and the other without that ornament." It is generally believed that the humming birds live entirely on the nectar of flowers. This is a popular mistake. Their principal food is small insects, as testified by numerous examinations of stomachs of these birds; yet many times bird-hunters have squeezed out of the throats and bills of humming birds that were shot while feeding several drops of the sweetest fluid. The time when the humming birds arrive in the spring is generally when the garden currants are in flower, sometimes a little earlier. The males arrive first. It is surprising how abundant they sometimes are around the currant bushes. The nest, an exceedingly neat little structure is seldom over an inch and a half in diameter, and is built on the upper side of a horizontal branch of a tree—carefully lined on the outside with pieces of lichen so as to appear like a natural lichen-covered knot of the tree. We have observed several nests built close to one, and sometimes between two very young branchlets, whose leaves would, when fully expanded, form a natural umbrella over the nest. There are always two eggs in the nest and they are of a white color. The usual observer will frequently take the sun birds to be humming birds, while the ornithologist can point out marked differences between these two beautiful families of passeres.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

"Animals that are troubled with worms may be safely and speedily relieved by giving them a small dose of turpentine two or three times in their feed."—N. Y. Herald.

"A Fresno man shipped to San Francisco the other day two sweet potatoes, one weighing eight and the other twelve pounds."

"The State of North Carolina claims that it contains a greater variety of minerals than any country in the world."

"In everyday life it is much more important to be an accurate observer than a mere book learner."—York (Pa.) Daily.

GENERAL GRANT.

Is the Old Hero Dying Because of Medical Intolerance?

The American Homeopathist has an article on the treatment of General Grant by the Allopaths, in which it says:

"General Washington was murdered by his medical attendants; but at least they were heroically—too heroically—endeavoring to extinguish the disease. Their brutality was of the active sort, and in purpose commendable, though disastrous in result. General Garfield was maltreated for months under an error of diagnosis, and at last escaped beyond the reach of his eminent-torturers. Here, also, there was much medical heroism and activity displayed, albeit misdirected. Other illustrious patients have suffered from eminence in the profession; but General Grant seems reserved as a shining example of the cold-blooded expectancy. To him the little group of eminence have nothing to offer but a diagnosis. For him they propose no relief but in the grave. Ignoring the only source of therapeutic salvation, they gather round his bedside to observe his unaided struggle. The fiat has gone forth that nothing can be done; and nothing will be permitted to be done. Those who question such a decision are quacks and cranks; but who ought not to be proud of such a designation from such a source? Scholarly, refined, cultured, earnest gentlemen as they are, of what avail are all these good qualities in presence of such therapeutic bankruptcy? On the contrary, while so-called scientific medicine is to the fore, well may the daily papers announce in startling headlines, 'A Bad Day for General Grant—Seven Doctors in Consultation!'"

Yes, the hero of Appomattox is dying! He who knew no fear in war, knows no fear in suffering. His quiet fortitude wins universal admiration. President Lincoln, in visiting a hospital during the late war, noticed a poor Confederate boy, mortally wounded. With his native tenderness he put his arms around his neck in sympathy. The sight melted the hospital to tears. The heart of the American people in like manner bleeds for Grant, the silent sufferer. It would have him get well, by any effective means.

His physicians say he cannot recover. They fill him with anodynes, but despite their favorable bulletins he is daily growing worse. A specialist who has won reputation in the treatment of cancer visits his bedside. The opposition he encounters from the attending physicians brings painfully to mind the story of the dog in the manger. And General Grant perhaps must die because of this intolerance! Is it possible that there is no hope of cure outside of the medical profession? Preposterous!

For years medical men insisted that certain fevers were incurable, but Cincona proved the contrary. For centuries they have protested that certain renal disorders were incurable and yet a special preparation has cured and permanently cured the very worst cases. Why may it not be possible in like manner to cure a case of cancer? B. F. Larabee of Boston, was doomed to death by many eminent Boston physicians. J. B. Henion, M. D., of Rochester, N. Y., was given up by the best doctors of all schools. Elder J. S. Prescott of Cleveland, Ohio, was gravely informed by them that he could not live, and yet these men and thousands like them have been cured and cured permanently of serious kidney disorders by a remedy not officially known to the code.

What has been done may be done again. General Anson Stager died of Bright's disease in Chicago last week. "Joe" Goss, the Boston pugilist, died of it. Hundreds of thousands of people perish of it every year while in their doctors' hands. The cause of death may be called blood poisoning, paralysis, heart-disease, convulsions, apoplexy, pneumonia, or some other common ailment, but the real difficulty is in the kidneys. Physicians know it, but they conceal the fact from their patients, realizing their inability to cure by any "authorized" means. The remedy that cured Larabee and Henion and Prescott (i. e., Warner's safe cure) is a special independent discovery. Its record entitles it to recognition, and it gets it from intelligent people. Its manufacturers have an unsullied reputation and are entitled to as great consideration as any school of physicians.

Professor R. A. Gunn, M. D., Dean of the United States Medical College of New York City, rises above professional prejudice, and on its personally proved merits alone gives it several pages of the warmest commendation in his published works—the only instance on record of a high professional indorsement of such a preparation. The unprejudiced people do not want General Grant to die. If there is in all nature or anywhere in the world a remedy or a man able to cure his cancer give them a chance. Will they do it? No. Why? It is not too often the case that many excellent physicians who are greatly devoted to the code, would prefer that their patients should die rather than that they should recover health by the use of any remedy not recognized under their code?

There are 13,000 organized wage-workers in California.

The "old reliable"—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Cholera is prevailing in Calcutta to an alarming extent.

The Continuation of a Cough for any length of time causes irritation of the Lungs, or some chronic Throat Disease. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are an effective Cough Remedy. Price 25 cents. Sold only in boxes.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Lieutenant Greely has promised his wife that he will never go to the Arctic regions again.

Barney Gallagher, who was clerk in the last Nevada State Senate, and has held several county offices in Elko, Nev., has gone crazy from cigarette smoking.

It will perhaps surprise many to learn that Blondin, the rope walker, is still active, and that, despite his years and occasional twinges of lumbago, he hates a netting.—The Century.

Martin Farquhar Tupper is living in extreme poverty in London. Old in years, declining in health, the author of "Proverbial Philosophy" lives deprived of the luxuries and not a few of the necessities of life.

The will of the late Carrie J. Weston, of Waterbury, Conn., (who left the bulk of her fortune to Mr. Bergh's society), gives seven thousand dollars for a horse and cattle drinking fountain to be built on the green in that town.—Hartford Post.

Dr. G. Johnson lately told the British Medical Association of a patient of his, fifty-five years old, who had lived upon milk diet for five years. He took a gallon of milk a day, but not a particle of any other food. This treatment cured him of Bright's disease.

There lives near Dahlonga a family of people who have eyes scarcely larger than a pea, and so small is the opening between the lids that a person a few feet off can't detect whether they are open or closed. It is stated that they can't see at all at night. They are known far and near as the little-eyed Howards.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Mehdi is a radical total abstinence man, even to coffee and tobacco, which he won't even allow in his camp. In fact, he lately gave a refugee one hundred and fifty lashes for smoking a cigarette. But he makes up for this by having thirty-nine wives, and keeps within the letter of the Mahometan law, which allows only four wives at a time, by an ingenious system of temporary divorce, by which he always has thirty-five spare wives in waiting.

Miss Nancy Collett, who died in Louisville, Ky., the other day, aged ninety years, had for twenty-five years been the sole occupant of a well-known mansion in that city. So quiet was she in her movements that for years the house in which she lived was thought to be uninhabited, and has long been called the "haunted house." She was a woman of peculiar character, and spent her time in religious exercises and knitting and quilting.—Chicago Times.

Every one knows the story of a gentleman's asking Lord North who that "frightful woman was," and his Lordship's answering, "That is my wife." The other, to repair his blunder, said: "I did not mean her, but that monster next to her." "O," said Lord North, "that monster is my daughter." With this story Frederick Robinson, in his usual absent, enthusiastic way, was one day entertaining a lady whom he sat next to at dinner, and lo! the lady was Lady Charlotte Lindsay—the monster in question.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Mother to three-year-old, out for a walk, after tea: "See the full moon, Mabel!" Mabel—(Suffering from saturation): "Has the moon had supper, too?"—Current.

"I thought you told me you didn't use tobacco." "I don't." "But you are puffing a cigar now." "Yes, but that's only a five-center. No tobacco in it."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Curious, isn't it?" remarked Mrs. Bascom. "Here I've been reading these 'Notes on Husbandry,' regularly ever since we subscribed to the Farmer, and they haven't said one word, so far as I can see, about husbands' or matrimony either."—Burlington Free Press.

"...and, this is a very old dog," said a spinster to a man who took an active part in the canine harvest, "and we should hate very much to have him caught on the street and locked up. I am very much attached to him, for I used to carry him in my arms when he was a little puppy." "Do you say, miss, that he is a very old dog and that you carried—?" "O!" she broke in, recollecting that she had compromised herself. "I mean that he—he used to be old when I was a little—I mean that mother used—go on away from here or I'll set the dog on you!"—Arkansas Traveler.

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Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels inactive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part. Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

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