ome Circle.

Mrs Harriot T. Clarke.

Y WAY UNTO THE LORD.

inner in the sun. d my days; all the threads will run nted ways: day will bring its task, blind, no more to ask.

the use or name I spin, that s me one came id within thread, and said, "Since you one thing you can do.

threads so rough, and fast, angled fly, storms are sweeping past, ar that I t dare not try to find place, since I am blind,

rhy, but I am sure int and place t fabric to endure ame and race rill have. So from the first, d, I never felt accursed.

on: short word when I was young ung I heard not that God's name signed

this be seal or sign in, without, not; the bond Divine er doubt, ver doubt, set me here, and still, and blind, I wait His will.

listen, day by day, ear their tread he finishad web away, out the thread, Cod's message in the sun,

MAKES A NOBLEMAN?

se man a n bleman ots a noble part, we alike by word and deed, h a true man's a true man's heart. I not for himself alone, lins the selfish few; sa more than all things else, od that he can do.

ie man a nobleman tands up for the right, he work of charity, pleasure and delight; the stamp of manliness his open brew, er yet known to do

man a nobleman trives to aid the weak; er than revenge a wrong, kind forgiveness speak; a a brother in all men, le not crush the meanest worm, m the weakest thing.

be man a nobleman, poblest of his kind, moblest of his kind,
we by moral excellence,
arity of mind;
res alike through good and ill
res antinching man
res the cause of brotherhood,
aids it all he can.

ONTAGIOUS DISEASES.

if there was no disease more an diphtheria, and those who ald be just as careful as with small it is to be more dreaded than that We know of a fata, case arising ening of a value of clothing that house where diphtheria had been children. We heard of a case it was brought by friends visitwhose children had had it, carrything. The same family visiting nily, who contracted the diseasediguant as to cause the death of ren in each family. Those who are ate as to have it must be extremely cleanse, fumigate and disinfect and furniture, burning everything t be cleansed. We have helped sy out a number of children, and that it is a most painful and dreadfor which there seems to be no aring in a mulignant form, and no s it in the family should feel hurt who have chidlren, keep aloof. ard to battle alone, but it is so cont it is to be dreaded. The small ursing, but it seems as if nothing this fearful diphtheria.

The Nails.

egard to cutting the nails, there is a ded down from old time like the fol-

on Monday, you cut them for health, on Tuesday, you cut them for wealth. on Wednesday, you cut them for

on Thursday, a new pair of shoes, on Friday, you cut them for sorrow, on Saturday, see your true love to-

also a well-known proverb, which

ter a child had ne'er been born, cut his nails on a Sunday morn. many it is said if this proverb be disthe child will be liable to stammer. tition exists in certain countries that t parings of a child's nails be buried

ash tree it will grow up to be a first-

sorptive powers of charcoal are so it will absorb about eighty times han its own measurement. It is to that it owes its efficiency when that it owes its efficiency when sted animals, and nothing equal given or has ever been discovered. Few of our readers doubt-bare how magnificently it acts in complaints, and to such it is recoming diseases of domestic animals, and wine, with just as much confiwine, with just as much confi-

ing typographical error shows tauce of a comma. At a ban-was given: "Woman-with-a brute."

CHOICE RECIPES.

Potsto Puffs.-Boil the potatoes in salted water, then drain and dry them a few minutes and mash them perfectly smooth. To a pint of mashed potatoes put two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and beat with a fork until the whole is light and creamy. Add the yolk of two eggs, a cupful of rich milk and lastly the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth. Beat each ingredient in before adding the next. Put in a little salt if needed and pour the whole mixture into a buttered bakingdish. Bake in a quick oven until the surface is nicely browned. The success of this dish depends on the faithfulness with which it is

Apple Meringue. - To a quart of sifted apple sauce add the yolks of three eggs, butter the size of a small egg, a little nutmeg, a pinch of salt and sugar to taste. Put the mixture into a neat taking dish and cook until a light brown on top. Cover with a meringue made brown on top. Cover with a meringue made The other, a pauper, looks out at the door with the three whites of the eggs beaten with Of the alms-house, and idles his days as of three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and a little lemon juice until stiff. Soft powdered sugar over the top, return to the oven long enough to color delicately and serve cold with the busiest hive has ever a drone. sweetened and flavored cream.

A Very Nice and Palatable Salad. -A small head of cabbage, cut fine; half a cupful of sugar, half a cupful of vinegar, half a cupful of flour, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt, and one egg, raw. Mix the flour and mustard together with just enough vinegar to wet them. Then mix the above, except the cabbage togetner quickly; put into a porcelain-lined pan, and stir over a fire until they boil; then throw the hot mixture over the cabbage, stir it through, and cover the cabbage tight until cold. Serve cold. Celery tops may be cut with the cabbage, and will be found excellent, or the entire celery may be used; in that case the mixture should be allowed to cool before throwing it over the cut cellery.

Coal Oil for Medical Use .-- About one year ago I frosted my feet very badly, and I tried coal oil with great success. It not only cured the frost, but I had about a half dozen corns, some of them for ten or fifteen years, and one of them for thirty-five years. I bathed them and cleaned them all off my feet. I also had the "ground itch," as we call it here; I had been troubled with it very much for many years, and the coal oil cured it entirely. My feet are sounder and smoother to day than they have been for forty years. A READER.

A Recipe for Omelet .- " Aunt Mary," Carlinsville, Ill., sends her method of making an omelet, which she thinks is better than any she has seen in print. To six eggs, take a cup of milk; put a slice of bread in the milk and mash fine. Cut fine some cold ham, and place it ir the frying pan. Beat the eggs thoroughly, mix them with the milk and bread and turn upon the ham when that is hot. When brown on the underside, set for a while upon the upper slide of the oven, and when done turn out on the plate and serve It will not fall but be light when cold, while omelets made with flour will fall, unless eaten very hot.

A Rich Light Omelet .- I have discovered what may be a new way to make a rich and very light omelet. For a family of three we heat the yelks of five eggs. adding a good teaspoonful of chopped parsely and five even tablespoonfuls of thick sour cream, with a very little sods in it. If the least too much soda the omelot will not be good. I put about the sixth of an even tea-poonful of sods, and perhaps even less might do. When that is all stirrred together, add the whites of the eggs, beaten to a froth and pour into the pan, which I put on the stove in advance with a lump of butter in it; put it back so that the butter will only become a very light brown. it. It will be very light, and I think very good. I forgot to mention the small pinch of salt to the mixture. -Corr. Germantown Tele graph.

The Use of Lemons .- I do not think there is an hundredths part of lemon juice used generally as its valuable qualities would seem to commend. I know of nothing better as stomachie corrective as well as a strengthener of the nervous system. We all know that it is used for rheumatism, and I have no doubt is also good for gout, if taken three times often yield with good treatment day and at least half a gill at a time. It can be taken in much or little water or no water at all. It is not unpleasant, one soon becomng accustomed to it, and would rather drink it than pure water. For headaches it is the best cure I have ever used. It will relieve it in from ten to fifteen minutes oy a single dose. I would not advise less than half a gill at a time. I know of people who take it three times a day as a preventive of disease, and as a refreshener in hot weather. It quenches thirst also better than anything else. No

> Household Perils, -There are two or three liquids used in families which are particularly dangerous, and must be employed, if at all, with special care.

Benzine, either and strong ammonia constitute this class of agents. The two first-named other wearing apparel, and in removing liquids are highly volatile, and flash into vapor as soon as the cork of the vial containing them is removed. Their vapors are very combustible, and will inflame at long distances from ignited candles or gas flames, and consequently they should never be used in the

evening, when the house is lighted. Explosions of a very dangerous nature will occur if the vapor of these liquids is permitted to escape into the room in any considerable quantity. In view of the great hazard in handling these liquids, cautious housekeepers will not allow them to be brought into their dwellings, and this course is quite commendable.

mendable.

As regards ammonia, or water of ammonia, it is a very powerful agent, especially the stronger kinds sold by druggists. An accident in its use has lately come under our notice, in which a young lady lost her life by taking a few drops through mistake.

For The Children.

THE SQUIRREL'S LESSON.

Two little squirrels, out in the sun, One gathered nuts, and the other had none. "Time enough yet," his constant refrain; "Summer is still just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate; He roused him at last, but he roused him too late.

Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud,
And gave little squirrel a spotless w

Two little boys in a school-room were placed, One always perfect, the other disgraced; "Time enough yet for my learning," he said, "I will climb, by and by, from the foot to the

Listen, my darling; their locks are turned

gray; One as a governor sitteth to-day;

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have taught The lesson I longed to implant in your thought!

Answer me this, and my story is done—
Which of the two would you be, little one?

BOYS WANTED.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to cope with anything—
These are wanted every hour.

Not these weak and whining drones, That all trouble magnify—
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do With a true and earnest zeal: Bend your sinews to the task, Put your shoulders to the wheel.

Though your duty may be hard, Look not at it as an ill, f it be an honest task, Do it with an honest will.

At the anvil, or the farm, Wheresoever you may be, From your future efforts, boys, rom your future enough,
Comes a nation's destiny.
—Exchange.

OUR LETTER BOX

Is full to overflowing, there being over twen ty-five now on hand, so if any of our little friends fail to see their letters in print soon, they must not be disappointed, but must have patience to wait their turn.

E. B. is the only one left of December date. We are glad to hear from him again, and this letter shows improvement, which is just what we like to notice.

Fanny tells of the Christmas times. We are pleased to observe that nearly all our little folks have something to say about Christmas and its pleasant attraction; it shows that there are many happy chi'dren on this coast.

Newton and Lydia write together; the brother writes of his new gun. It is well for every one to know how to handle fire arms, but great care must be used or there is danger of premature discharge. There is scarce a paper that comes to us that does not tell of some sad accident in the careless use of guas and pistols. Then if every animal was instantly killed it would not be so sad, but too often the bird or animal gets away wounded and suffering, to die a slow painful death, which is a wicked, cruel thing. Then most boys are so proud of their ability to shoot that they will fire away at anything that comes in sight, which is a needless waste of animal life. We are sure none of our boys will do this they stop to think. Newton writes well. Lydia helps her mother, which is the very best thing a little girl can do.

William seems to be a new correspondent, or we do not remember to have had a letter before from him. Telephone is a funny name for a dog, but it is quite a significant one. If the dog is so good at rat killing, see how long you can keep him. It takes kindness and good feeding to keep a dog very long.

Olie writes nicely for so little a girl, and she must keep on trying each time to do a little

M. M. tells of her success in stock raising, which soon enabled her to own an organ, which she will enjoy as much as the posses sion of cows and calves, though she has "kil'ed the goose that laid the golden egg;"

perhaps mamma will explain what that means. Lizzie would be glad to get some pieces for a quilt that she is making. We presume that she would exchange with some of the girls of the Home Circle, and it would cost only a three cent stamp to send a little bundle of

Thomas writes a real boy's letter, telling of things that interest all boys. He writes very well indeed.

Nettie writes again, and tells of her pets. and we should like to hear more about them Bird writes a long letter, which shows excellent penmanship, and every word is spelled right but one, which is a great credit in so long a letter. Every boy should be allowed to liquids are employed in cleansing gloves and have a dog of his own, that is if he is a kind and thoughtful boy, and no boy has stains from carpets; curtains, etc. The his rights that is not allowed to have one; see what fun Bird has with his dog keeping the geese off the wheat field.

Proxy writes a letter that will be read with interest. We hope Proxy's little friend will try, try; again, and send a letter of his own, Yours truly, and, if he "don't at first succeed, try, try, again," and he will gain confidence.

Meta says her sweetest pet is a baby brother, the most of a pet after all; and it is such a help to mother to know that baby is in careful hands, that will keep baby from barm.

with the washing. We do not like as a gen-eral thing to see men and boys doing what to succeed they must study practical business there is one thing about him that I don't

belongs to the women of the house to do, for men have enough of their own affairs to see to, but if there are no sisters to help, or sickness in the family, it is in nowise derogatory to the it is their duty to do all they can to help mother along.

We have given more than the usual number of letters this week, as they are accumulating so fast. We think the young folks wont care how many come out, as every one enjoys reading them.

EUGENE CITY, Dec. 28, 1881. Editor Home Circle :

As I have not written for so long a time, I thought I would write again. It has been raining for the last two or three days and has brought the river up considerably. Christmas is just past. I had a splendid time. We had a Christmas tree in our house. I got two pairs of cuff buttons off the tree. My cousins are here spending the holidays with us. My sister is going to take music lessons in a short time. I have the cows to feed every evening. Pa killed nine hogs yesterday, and cut them up to-day and rendered part of the lard. The verse that Jessie Waldron wants found is in Ezra, fourth chapter, eighth verse. But Jessie did not write all the verse well. I can't think of any more at present. Yours E. B.

WAITSBURG, W. T., Jan. 1, 1882. Editor Home Circle :

On the beginning of the new year I thought I would write to Aunt Hetty and tell her what a merry Christmas we all spent. We had a Christmas tree, and I got lots of nice presents. I am a little girl 14 years old. I live in Spring Valley, W. T. This is my first letter to Aunt Hetty. My pa takes the FARMER, and I have seen so many nice letters I thought I would write, too. Yours truly,

WAITSBURG, W. T., Jan. 1, 1882. Editor Home Circle:

I am a little girl 11 years old. I have a little colt which is not one year old yet; its name is Blaze. I have no other pets. I have two sisters; one of them is 2 years old, and the other is 13 years old. My little brother died last Fall with the scarlet and typhoid fevers, and two or three little girls and boys, neighbors, died, too. I guess I will close. This is my first letter. Good-bye.

OLIE ARTHERS.

FANNIE ARTHERS.

FRANKLIN, Or., Jan. 1, 1882. Editor Home Circle :

As I have never written to your paper, I thought I would write. I am 13 years old. I live on a farm nine miles southwest of Junetion. My father keeps the post-office. It is raining here now. I do not go to school. I will tell you what I do to help ma. I wash, iron, scrub, cook and wash dishes, milk the cows, make the beds, sweep the floor, sew, spin and knit. I will close, hoping to see this in print soon. Yours truly,

LYDIA J. BRYANT.

FRANKLIN, Or., Jan. 1, 1882. Editor Home Circle:

As I have never written to your paper, I thought I would write. I am a little boy 12 years old. I do not go to school now, as our school was closed on account of bad weather; my teacher's name was Louisa Wilcox; she was a good teacher. I will tell you what I do to help my father. I plow, harrow, feed the horses, hogs and chickens and cut the wood. Father bought me a shot gun. I have killed nearly every thing I shot at. I will stop for this time, and if this is printed I will write again and tell you more about my home and friends. Yours truly,

NEWTON J. BRYANT.

YONCALLA, Or., Jan. 1, 1882. Editor Home Circle :

I thought I would write to the Circle. I from me. I am piccing a friendsnip quilt, and am a little boy 11 years old. I will tell you have it half done. I would thank Aunt Hetty what I do to help pa. I milk five cows, help or any of the little girls if they would send ma clean out the barn. My brother and I killed a snake four feet and a few inches long. I help do all the housework. My pet is a have a calf; my ma gave it to me for going sweet little brother; he is seven weeks old, after the turkeys. I have been grubbing most of this Winter. I have a dog, and his name is Telephone. I and my brother have good times with our dog killing rats and mice. As this is my first attempt, I will close, wishing the FARMER success. Your little friend, WILLIAM LAMB.

CALIPOOYA, Or., Jan. 1, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: As it has been some time since I wrote to you, and seeing so many letters from the young folks, I thought I would write again. As the little girls and boys are telling about their pets, I will tell about mine. I have a little brother seventeen months old. I have several other pets, but he is the nicest of them all. I have another brother 7 years old; he has never been to school, but reads quite well. He says he is going to learn to write, so that he can write to the FARMER and tell about his pets. As Ida Clark told you about her cows, I will tell you about mine. I had seven dollars given me when I was very small. Papa wanted it, and I let him have it, so he gave me a calf, and I kept her until I had seven head. It cost so much for feed that papa sold them and bought me a nice organ. Now I am learning to play on it. I can play several pieces. I think I am doing splendid, as I have not had any teacher to instruct me in music. I will close for this time, wishing the FARMER long life and great success. M. M. Rose.

Roseburg, Or., Jan. 2, 1882. Editor Home Circle:

ergy and ambition. He can be a manly boy and is ambitious to do his work well. I like The people are killing them. There has not and enjoy manly sports, and yet thinks it is to see boys, and men too, work at semething been very much sickness around here yet. 1 not beneath his dignity to help his mother that will pay. It is a pitiful thing to see will tell you about my pets. I have a nice

night. You can tell good milk by the way men and boys to attend to the housework; but the rich cream foam rises in the milking pail. Some boys like to milk. If the cow is afraid of you or excited the flow of milk will be scant and poor in quality. I read a piece in a paper about a goat being taken on a ship to furnish milk for the table, and the writer said that it took two men to hold her, and then they got but two or three spoonfuls of milk. A cow under such treatment would not give much more milk than the goat did. But I should think that a goat would feel quite at home on a ship; it would see so many things to arouse and satisfy its curiosity; it would climb into the rigging if possible, and when the ship neared the land it would be the first one to jump ashore. I knew a goat that took a rope up a tree and hung itself. Strange, but quite true. Some goats will jump. One of my neighbors owned a goat that would jump fences. Well, the man tied a rope from the goat's fore foot to its hind foot, leaving the rope long enough for it to get about very well, but it could not jump. One

up already. We aim to put in 150 acres in the Spring. My brother and I are going to start to school in about ten days. I went out up already. We aim to put in 150 acres in the Spring. My brother and I are going to start to school in about ten days. I went out one morning after the horses, and hearing the dog bark, went to see what she was barking at; she had treed a coon; she and I killed it. My brother and the dog killed a polecation of the completely covered by water. Page. takes the FARMER, and we like to read it.

CLAUDE MANSFIELD.

WELLS STATION, Or., Jan. 2, 1882. Editor Home Circle:

I am a little girl 13 years old. I have five brothers and two sisters. My oldest sister is staying in Albany going to school. I have to help mamma do all the work this Winter, and next Winter I will go to school. Cur pets are a cat and two turkeys, but the prettiest of all is a sweet little baby brother. Papa takes the FARMER, and I like to read the letters from the little boys and girls. This is my first letter, and I hope it is not too long. I will close, wishing the FARMER success. I MEDA THOMPSON. will write again.

BENTON COUNTY, Or., Jan. 2, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: It is a long time since I wrote to you. It is a nice day to day. I study reading, spelling, writing and arithmetic. Uncle Jack was down last week. I have a pet hen; her name is Win, and a pet bird; his name is Dot. If Aunt Hetty will print this, she will hear from me again. So good-bye. Your little friend, NETTIE M. GROUNDS.

GOLDENDALE, W. T., Jan. 2, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: As I enjoy reading the little folks' letters, I thought perhaps some one would like to hea some pieces of their dresses and aprons. I and we call him Pearlie. I would like to hear

from all the little writers again. Goldendale is a very nice quiet town, but I prefer the country, and I prefer Oregon to Washington Territory. We will move to our farm in the Spring. I shall be very glad when Spring comes again. I will close, with best wishes to LIZZIE ROBERTSON.

GOLDENDALE, W. T., Jan. 2, 1882.

Editor Home Circle:

This is my first letter to a paper. I am s boy 15 years old. I live in Goldendale. I have six brothers and four sisters. We don't intend to live here after Spring; we are then going across the Columbiariver to the Spanish Hollow country. My papa and brother Robert have been over there to break prairie. There is one case of small-pox in town. My papa bought a span of mares, and paid \$300 for them. They weigh 2,500 pounds. We have eight head of horses and two cows. milk the cows and help tend to the horses. I will now close. Success to the FARMÉR. Your THOMAS J. ROBERTSON. little friend.

TANGEST, Or., Jan 2, 1882. Editor Home Circle: I am a boy 13 years of age. I have started

to write to the FARMER several times, but

failed. I live on a farm near Tangent. I have been going to school, but it was out a week before Christmas. I had nice weather to go to school in .. We had a nice Christmas tree out here, and the house was crowded full of people; there were over seven hundred presents on the tree. Our folks were all out. The I write this little letter for a boy over 12 men around here had a glass ball shooting years of age. He wrote one himself, and then match at Tangent on Saturday. It has been was afraid it was not good enough to print, raining for the last few days; it freezes Claude sends an excellent letter, one that but perhaps will send it yet. This is his first awhile and then rains. The geese and ducks anyone could see was written by a boy of en- Winter at the plow. He drives three horses, are having a nice time on the wheat fields.

as well as books. We milk three cows. and like, he runs away whenever he gets s they are all pets. They have a good pasture chance. He is a splendid dog in all other to feed in, and plenty of hay morning and respects. If any geese light on the wheat, he will go and scare them off, and he will keep after them till they leave the field. I have also a pet kitten; his name is Ted. I have a colt; her name is Polly; she is not broke to work yet. I saw in the FARMER something about a Bible verse some of the little folks want found. It is in the fourth chapter of Ezra and the tenth verse. I will write s Bible word for them to find: In what part of the Bible does it say anything about senators? Well, I can't think of anything else, so I will BIRD LUPER.

What Causes Malaria. The researches of Prof. Klebs and Prof.

Tommassi-Crudeli, now generally accepted by the medical profession, established that malaria is due to a specific microscopic plant which exists in the soil of certain districts and floats in the atmosphere above it. This plant, when inhaled and absorbed, finds in the human body conditions favorable for its growth and reproduction, and it prospers and foot, leaving the rope long enough for it to get about very well, but it could not jump. One day the goat concluded to walk up a leaning ash tree. The tree leaned so much that the goat could walk up it easily, and when up four or five feet from the ground the rope caught on a little snag, and the goat fell off, and there he was awung up by the feet. It had a bell on, too, and rang its own funeral knell. How long the poor creature hung there before it died no one knew. It was in sight from a road, and several people saw it, but it was too far off to tell what it was, and nobody could have guessed. Your little friend's friend.

Wells Station, Or., Jan. 2, 1882.
Editor Home Circle:

I am a little boy 13 years old, and seeing so many letters from little boys and girls, I thought I would write one. My little brother and I have plowed about fifty acres ready for Spring sowing. We have 100 acres of weat up already. We aim to put in 150 acres in the Spring. My brother and I are going to multiplies at the expense of the organism is We did a large washing to-day for manners, as she was sick. Our pets are two shepherd dogs and a little baby brother. I will close, hoping to see this, my first letter, in print. Papa takes the Farmers, and we like to read it. remain the same, the soil secovers its noxious properties.—London Saturday Review.

THERE is an old song which sings how a certain venerable man delighted to pass the evening of his days in initiating his grandchild in the exhilarating game of draughts, and so well did the lad profit by his instruction, that at last the old man was beaten by the boy. In looking over the two parts of Ste Nicholas, this old song has come back to us. Certainly the producers of such literature for our own boys and girls must look to their laurels. Both in the letterpress and the engravings these two volumes seem to us (though the admission touches our vanity of (though the admission touches our vamey (though the admission touches our patriotism, call it by which name we will, something closely) above anything we produce in the same line. The letterpress, while containing quite as large a power of attraction for young fancies, is so much more idea'd, so young fancies, is so much more idea'd, so much less commonplace, altogether of higher litery style than the average production of our annuals of the same class the pictures are often works of real art, not only as engravings, but as compositions of original design.—London Times.

THE BEST OF ALL FOR MAN AND BEAST.

For more than a third of a century the Mexican Mustang Limiment has been known to millions all over the world as the only safe reliance for the relief of accidents and pain. It is a medicine above price and praire—the best of its kind. For every form of external pain the

which speedily circs such aliments of the HUMAN FLESH as

Rheumatism, Swellings, Stiff Johnts, Contracted Huseles, Burns, and Scalds, Cuts, Bruless and Sprains, Poisonous Bites and Sprains, Poisonous Bites and Sprains, Protection, Childhams, Sore Nipples, Caked Breast, and indeed every form of external disease. It has swithout soars.

For the BRUTE CREATION it cures. Sprains, Swinny, Stiff Johnts, Founder, Harness Sores, Bood Bisseases, Foot Bot, Server Worm, Scales, Hollew Horn, Stratches, Windegalls, Spavin, Thrunh, Ringhows, Hollew Horn, Stratches, Windegalls, Spavin, Thrunh, Ringhows, Old Sores, Foil Evil, Film upon the Sight and every other aliment to which the occupants of the Statis and Stock Fard are Hable.

The Raylean Hustang Liniment always cures and never disappoints; and it is, positively.

THE BEST OF ALL FOR MAN OR BEAST.