Edited by Mrs Harriot T. Clarke

SONG OF THE PIONEERS. Mr. John Minto celebrated the National Anniversary by writing the Home Circle the interesting letter we give below:

SALEM, Or., July 4, 1882. MRS. HARRIOT T. CLARKE-Dear Madame: At the late Pioneer Reunion I was drawn by Mr. Joseph Watt, of Amity, into making an exhibition as a "singist" at the evening Camp Fire. Joe sang an old comic piece which I first heard from him the evening of the day we first saw the buffalo in the valley of the Platte, July 1844. We were returning to camp with the first supply of buffalo beef, the result of a shot from Capt. Morrison's rifle. Mr. Watt's mule had broke from him rather than carry his proportion of fresh mea, and he, perforce, had to walk to camp, after being thoroughly soaked by a Platte Valley with song and story, and among others Mr. Watt sang the one alluded to. At the late Pioneers' camp fire he resang it under the arrangement that "if he would do so I should sing a song also,"

I kept my agreement by singing your song. cause, I know the composition is your husband's, (and I deem it one of the best things he has ever written) I am confident the soul of it is yours. That it was born in you of

I sang this song several times last winter in Eastern Oregon; once in the Prineville church, where it was so well appreciated that I yielded to the request for copies, made by several ladies, and wrote them out in pencil. I have done that many times before. My performance at the camp fire led to a similar request for copies. Now would you not have the kindness to republish it from the original, in your department of the FARMER? I ask this under a suspicion that I may not have it exactly correct, as for several years I did not think of it, and when I did, it was to contribute my share to a camp fire sociable in the heart of the Cascade Mountains.

People who live in such localities may be "loud" in their taste where sentiment, sound, or color are concerned, but they always know the taste of good poetry. This is a quiet Fourth of July-good for reflection. Hoping this may revive pleasant memories of your crossing the plans,

I remain, yours respectfully, JOHN MINTO.

Whatever literary gift this family has, i like the tamily purse, common property to all its members, so friend Minto can charge the poem referred to to either "half." The simple ballad, or rather legend, that we republish by request, was thrown off without effort, almost, composed in a few minutes, as fast as a pencil could dash it on to paper, and if it has any merit 'twas because the writer was inspired by the memory of pioneer days and expressed the admiration he has always felt for that heroic period of Oregon history. For the pioneers were indeed heroes. "There were giants in those days."

Oh! so many years have flown, Since the news of Oregon Reached our home beyond the mountains far

Since we harnessed up our teams.
When the Spring-time's sunny gleams,
Showed the path across the plains and mou tains gray.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the trains came march ing, Westward, still westward, see them come! Sometimes savage tribes they fought, But the starry flag they brought, home.

Up the Rocky Mountains' height. Op the ROCKY Mountains' height,
Now their camp fires blaze by night,
Or upon the savage plains they thickly gleam
Now the weary legions pass,
Where the frowning canyons mass,
Or they awim and ford the swiftly running
stream. CHORUS.

11.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the trains came march ing: Westward, still westward, day by day. Standing guard the live-long night; Ever ready for the fight; Here to plant our flag three thousand mile

away. Through the land of savage.

See, the long procession goes,
Till it camps upon the Columbia of the West;
Where the mountains block the stream,
And the Cascades flash and gleam,
And the data ocean rest. Through the land of savage foes,

CHORUS. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the trains came march

At length the deadly plains are passed;
But there's still the river trail,
Or the Cascade Range to scale,
Then the fair Willamette homes are reached
at last.

And 'tis well that Pioneers Should thus meet with passing years, While the locks that once were dark are turn

ing sno ", To recall the olden story That shall be their children's glory, How we crossed the plains and mountain long ago.

T:amp, tramp, tramp, the trains came march

singing and marching to the West;
Till all dangers were Schind,
And the homes we came to find,
Smiled upon us from Willamette's Vale
Rest.

THEODORE PARKER in speaking of home home life says: I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter a human head. These elements about us, the gorgeous sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools of house-keeping a

little more than they are worth, and some times mortgage home for the mohogany we would bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or set on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I get bome, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house and furniture is a very tawdry ornament compared with domestic love. All the ele gance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of hearty love than for a whole ship load of furniture, and all the upholsterers of the world could together.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Cabbage Salad .- Shave a hard white cabbage into small strips; take the yolks of three well beaten eggs, a cup and a half of good cider vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of white sugar, two teaspoonfuls of thick cream, one teaspoonful of mustard mixed in a little boiling water; thunder-storm. We whiled the way to camp salt and pepper to suit the taste; mix all but the eggs together and let it boil; then stir in the eggs rapidly; stir the cabbage into the mixture, and stir well.

Cream Puffs.-Take three-quarters of pound of flour, a half pound of butter, ten eggs, one pint of cold water. Boil water and of the Oregon Pioneers. I say your song, be butter together, and stir the flour in while hot; let it cool, and then stir the eggs in, one at a time, without beating first. Drop a spoonful at a time on a baking-pan, keeping each one separate, and bake in a hot oven. the pioneer spirit and transmitted to him by To make cream take one quart of milk, one coffee-cupful of flour, two cups of sugar, four eggs. Boil the milk and stir the other ingredients, and beat all well together; flavor with lemon or vanilla.

Mending Lace Curtains .- Old lace curtains that have little holes in the netting can be made to appear whole when they are laundered. Take a piece of lace, or very thin muslin, and when the cartain is starched starch this piece also and put it over the spot tle if at all, and the starch will keep it in that what they may do or say is of no

Black Lace, when rusty and limp, may be restored by the following method: With a and one of alcohol; squeeze the lace several times through this; then rinse in a cup of hot water in which a black kid glove has been boiled; put the lace out carefully till nearly dry; then press two or three days between leaves of paper under heavy weight.

Scrambled Eggs. - Heat one cup of milk in a spider with a piece of butter, a little salt and white pepper; beat five eggs, pour in, set over a very slow fire, and keep scraping from bottom with a spoon until very little remains thin; then scrape into a dish without delay, as allowing it to harden with whey spoils it.

Fried Potatoes. - Cut a quart of cold boiled potatoes into cubes, prepare three tablespoonfuls chopped onion and of chopped parsley. Fry the onions till done in three tablespoon fuls of butter, then add the potatoes, season with salt and pepper. Stir gently with a fork so as not to break them. When heated through, add the parsley and cook two minutes longer. Serve on a hot dish.

Hints on Ironing .- If starch sticks to the flat-irons it can be removed in a much better way than to scrape it off with a knife, as the particles are almost sure to fall upon the garment you are ironing, and so make trouble; tie a lump of beeswax in a clean bit of cloth, and rub the hot iron on this; it will remove the starch at once. Always wash flat-irons before using them, even when they look clean.

Scalloped Tomatoes.-Fill a pudding-dish with alternate layers of tomatoes and cracker crumbs. Season the tomatees with sugar, pepper and salt, and put a good deal of butter and bake in covered dish until almost done. then brown slightly.

enough to sit at the table and work. You or fields. If there is no time to write, our can iron, wash dishes, mix bread, roll out pie crust, and many other things with far less about when busy times are over. There is so fatigue than standing. Women cannot keep on their feet very long at a time without injury to their health. All women who have children, whether boys or girls, should teach them early to aid in the kitchen.

Oil cloth requires careful treatment, and should never be scrubbed with a hard bru-h and soap, but after first being swept with the long-handled hair brushes that are made for the purpose, it should be carefully washed the bees at work, to see them come loaded with a large, soft cloth, dipped in milk and water, half and half.

THE opinion has generally prevailed that a little bran mixed with meal would produce more pork than clear meal, but in some experiments lately tried it was found that clear meal made more pork than a mixture of bran and meal.

STRAWBERRIES are much more prolific whe four or five different varieties are planted together, although each variety may be a perfect one, than if but one perfect variety were planted alone.

Go To Headquarters.

We often hear the remark-and justly, too that the McCammon Pianos and Whitney & Holmes Organs are the best, but are high in price. Being the best, they are the cheapest. A poor musical instrument is dear at any price. McCammon makes every part of any price. McCammon makes every part of his pianos in his own factory and under his own supervision. There is only one other factory in the United States that does this. A full line of these celebrated pianos and organs can be seen at the large music store of J. H. Robbins & Son, together with the largest and best stock of small musical instruments in the city. Also, a large stock of pictures, frames and mouldings of every description. We buy all goods from the factory. Give us your orders. It will pay you to go to headquarters.

J. H. Robbins & Son,
No. 229, First street, Portland, Or. 1m

For The Children.

THE DISOREDIENT MICE.

Three young n ice in a farm-house brown Lived, sighing for the great, big town. The mother warned of traps and snares, And pussy cats with bland, false airs, And said: "My dears, seek not to roam; The safest, sweetest place is home."

They thought: "These are but foolish lear Our mother childish grows with years;" And, stealing from the farm house brown, night they scampered off to town.

Ah, what a rare sight met their eyes, A shop all stored with cakes and pies! "Here we will live," they cried; "how fine On such nice things to sup and dine!"

They slept all day, but woke at night They slept all day, but woke at night To feasting, frolic and delight. Next night a trap was set. "Ah, see!" Cried the young mice, in giddy glee, "That dear, good baker loves us so, These tables are for us, we know."

With ne'er a voice to say "Beware!"
They rushed into the baker's snare;
To call for help was a'l in vain,
Their poer, we necks were rent in twain.

At home the old mouse sits forlorn, Weeping and wailing night and morn; "Come back my truant- three!" she cries; With salt tears streaming from her eyes; "From the world's danger and unrest Flee to the sheltered, safe home-nest!"

Ah, little ones, who tease and fret, Think of their fate, and ne'er forget Think of their late, and or tear,
To yield without frown or tear,
When mamma says: "No. no, my dear!"
Chicago Advance.

OUR LETTER BOX.

The first letter that comes to hand this week is from a little girl in the East, who wants her name on the temperance roll with the rest of the Oregon boys and girls; so our children can see what may be done by the force of good example. Every one of you have it in your power to do good if you wish, or you may do a great deal of harm. Any one of which needs mending. It will show very lit- our circle of young folks may think, perhaps, account, but every one, however humble they may be, bas an influence for good or evil; there is always some one to be influenced by gill of rainwater mix a teaspoonful of borax your ways and example. The little sister or brother always looks up to the older ones, and tries to do and act as they see the rest. So there is quite a responsibility on the older sister or brother, who must be very careful how they act or talk. You may think you are too small to be of influence, but if you pout and say "I shan't," "I don't care," won't" to mother, see how quick little brother and sister will do the same; while if the older ones are kind and polite in their manners, the little ones follow the example.

Mary D. writes her first letter, and it is good one. To begin with, she helps her mother, which is the best thing to do. If a girl really wishes to be useful, there are always plenty of ways to show her disposition to be a helper. Don't wait for mother to tell you what to do, but keep your eyes open and do without being told. It is a great deal more help to mother if she does not have to think of every little chore and tell her little girl what to do.

Nellie, a Kansas girl, gets the FARMER, and is so much interested in the letters that she sends one. Just think how many other boys and girls enjoy the letters who live thousands of miles away. This should make every one try and see how well they can do when sending communications to the FARMER.

Katie S. sends a good letter again. Every one seems to like to have her write. Aunt Hetty is glad to see how much Katie improves in her letter writing, both in composition and penmanship.

Now we have only one letter left in the box, for, according to our rule, we never use the very last of anything, but keep a letter for an emergency. But no doubt there will be plenty more by next week. Harvest time is at hand, and most of our boys and PLACE a light box in a chair to make it high girls will be busy helping, either in the house friends can be thinking of something to write much that would be interesting to tell about if every one would only observe things around The ways and habits of birds and animal- are always pleasant to hear about, and there is no boy or girl who lives in the country who has not observed at some time or other the peculiar ways and instructs of wild or domestic animals: they sometimes show almost human sense. It is one of the pleasantest pastimes to watch the ways of birds and insects, to watch with honey to the hive, or watch them kill and carry off the drones that will not work. We shall expect some good letters after

> HARRISBURG, July 4, 1882. Editor Home Circle:

I am a little girl 12 years old. This is the first letter that I have ever written to the FARMER. I will tell you of some of my pets they are one cow and calf, a cat and some chickens. I have three sisters and two brothers. I will tell you what I do to help ma: I wash the dishes, make the beds and sweep the floors. I was disappointed because it rained here on the 4 h, as I wanted to go to the celebration and could not go. Next week our school will be out. I will close for this time, wishing the FARMER success. You truly, MARY DEFFENEACHER.

Оsнкозн, Wis., June 6, 1882.

Editor Home Circle : As my first letter was published I will write again. Will Aunt Hetty please put my name on the temperance roll? I did not think there were any little boys and girls so far from Oregon as I am who wrote to the FARMER, but I saw two letters from Milwaukie last week. Our school will soon be out, and then we will have two months' vacation. I will ask some

MANHATTAN, Kan., July 6, 1882. Editor Home Circle :

This is the first time I have written to the FARMER, but I road the little folks' letters. I am piecing a quilt called the nine patch. I will tell you what I do to help ma: I wash and iron, wash the dishes, sweep the floor, make the beds and help to cook. I am 11 years old. I don't like this country very much. I think I would like Oregon much better. I have a brother in Oregon, and he sends us the FARMER, and we like it very much. Our school has closed now. I send love to Aunt Hetty. Yours truly,

NELLIE BRAMHALL.

COTTAGE GROVE, July 9, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: It has been some time since I wrote to the Home Circle. Well, Aunt Hetty, I guess you thought I never intended to write any more. I received my book in good order, and was glad to get a present from you. I am ever so much obliged to you for it, and will remember you always. The reason that I have not written before is that I have been going to school. School is out now; it was out the last day of June. We had an Angell to teach. One girl wrote and said that a lady by the name of Saten was teaching their school. If the Saten and Angell had got together, they would have had a fine time I reckon. Crops and gardens look well up in this part of the country. The hay harvest has commenced, and the farmers are busy. Blackberries are those hornets flying. We could see a few of getting ripe very fast; young apples are large them crawling in and out, and hanging round enough to use. The weather is warm, but it looks like rain. On the 4th of this month we had a regular thunder storm; it speiled the celebration for those up here; you could see their rips drop when they saw the rain. Well, I must close, for fear of tiring your patience. Hoping to hear from Emma Powell and the boy who signs himself a "Farmer's Boy" from Shoe String, I remain sincerely KATIE S. your friend,

FUN WITH A HORNETS' NEST.

Boys never have such splendid times anywhere as they do at their grandfathers'. How ome fellows get along the way they have to without any grandfathers or grandmothers I never could make out. Just fancy having no grandfather to go and see Christmas and Thanksging and summer vacations! The fact is, a boy without a grandfather can't begin to have half a good time,

Fathers and mothers are all very well, but, you see, as mother explained the last time father had to whip us, they feel a responsibility. Now, grandfathers and grandmothers haven't any such responsibility. They can just give themselves up to being good na tured, and let a fellow have a good time. If he turns out bad, you see, it ain't their fault, and they don't have to worry about not having done their duty by him.

My grandfather lived just out of Black ridge, on a large farm. There was an academy at Blackridge, and so mother sent me to live there for a while and go to school; and Uncle Jerry's two boys, Ham and Mow (right names Hamilton and Mowbray), lived there all the time, and Uncle Jerry and Aunt Anna, too, and we had just the best fun that ever any boys did have; I don't mean Uncle Jerry and Aunt Anna; they didn't go in for fun, you know. Uncle Jerry kept a store in the village, and Aunt Anna staid in the kitchen with grandma.

We always had to behave ourselves, and never thought of doing things without leave, for grandpa was not one of the kind to be disobeyed; besides, we loved him too well for that. But he was always ready to let us have a good time, and said that he liked to see boys enjoy themselves when they did it in the

Besides Ham and Mow, there were the Davis boys, about five miles off, who went to magic lantern that day. - Harper's Young spent the day with them, or they came to spend it with us. Real good fellows, both of them, and I think we liked the visit to them best, there were such lots of things to do there. Mr. Davis, you see, was what grandpa called "a progressive man"-I used to wonder what that meant, and say it over to myself whenever I saw him-and he wanted Frank and George to understand everything that was going on; and he used to get them all the improving boys' books that came out, and they had a tool-chest and a printingpress, and all kinds of drawing things, and the greatest lot of scrap-books; and they collected stamps and coins, and taught us how: and we used to make things when we went there, and Mr. Davis always gave a prize for Mr. Davis' right name was "Hon, Charles

M. Davis." I saw it on his letters when the boys brought them from the post-office, and they were very proud of their father's name. He had been to Congress, people said, and I used to wonder if this was as far off as the Cape of Good Hope.

Mrs. Davis used to train round (I don't nean that she acted bad) in a real handsome dress mornings, and she smiled at us pleasantly, and said that she liked boys, and hoped we wouldn't make her head quite split (Ham guessed there must be a big crack in it somewhere); and then she went off, and we didn't see her again until dinner-time.

I used to get 'most sick then, because Mrs. Davis said she thought boys could never have too much to eat; and she kept piling things on our plates, and it wouldn't be polite to leave them; and I was the littlest, and it really seemed as if I couldn't hold them all. Aunt Anna always said that "visiting didn't agree with Phil;" but I went all the same.

This was the way we got there: grandpa would let us have a horse when it wasn't too busy a day on the farm, and we all took turns in riding him. It was prime fun, and gave each of us just about enough walking, There was the one-mile mill, Heckle' pasture questions: What took place January 19, and the brook, and old Mrs. Junkett's little husbandmen a greater quuntity of produce than? I will now close, with best wishes to the FARMER.

ALICE M. MARTIN.

ALICE M. MARTIN.

turn; and we never quarreled about it, and and always came back feeling just about as

good as when we started. One morning in July we set off, expecting to have just the grandest kind of a time. Mr. Davis had got the boys something new from the city, and they wouldn't tell us what it was until we came. It was Saturday, of course, and most amazingly hot. Kitty (that was the horse) did not care about going very fast, and she crawled along with us, turn and turn, till we got about a mile from Mr. Davis'.

"A hornets' nest !" shouted Mow, who ha walked on shead of Kitty, "Come on, boys?" "Stop," said Ham; "let's tie Kitty safely first."

So we led her to the shade of some trees on the edge of a piece of woods, where she would be safe from the hornets, and tied her fast; then off we went, full tilt, after Mow. He was starting up in a hollow tree, where we could just see the hornet's nest, looking like a brown-paper parcel full of holes, and a big fat one it was.

"There's millions in it," said he as we came up; but he didn't mean money, only

This pleased us very much; not that we were exactly fond of hornets, but it made it more exciting. No matter what a boy is doing, he always has to go for a hornets' nest when he sees it; and we never thought about being warm or anything else, but just to send their paper-house, and we meant to give them a hint that they had been living in that hollow tree about long enough.

The tree was quite low, and we got long sticks and went at them. We had a lively time of it. The hornets came swarming out at us like ten thousand red-hot locomotives burning us everywhere at once, for the stung us like fun; and we ran for dear lite and then came back and hacked away at them, our faces blazing with heat, and perspiration oozing from every pore. We took off our jackets at the beginning of the fray, or there would not have been much of them left, for the hornets were as mad as they could be, and so were we.

We kept it up for hours, never thinking how hot we were, or that it was time to be hungry, and we got that nest pretty well demolished. When the hornets were nearly gone, and there wasn't much of the nest to be seen, three tired boys limped off rather amely to Kitty's cool bower, and throwing them selves down on the ground, fell fast asleep.

When they awoke, each looked at the other in great amazement. Ham's upper lip was puffed 'way out and one eye closed; Mow's nose looked like a large pink potato; while as for me, the hornets seemed to have attacked every feature I had. The lengthening shadows warned us that it was supper time, and with a puzzled feeling about our visit at the Davises, we turned our highly ornamented faces homeward.

"What has happened," cried grandma, we came within sight of the family gathered on the porch. "Lo look at these boys!" Of course every one looked at us; and a oon as they had settled the matter they made us look ten times worse than ever by daubing our faces with mud.

We were rather afraid of punishment, at east by being sent supperless to bed; and I think we never loved grandma so much as when, calling us into the kitchen, she gave us one of the best suppers we ever had in our

All that was ever said to us was said by grandpa the next morning, with a comica twist of his eye, "Boys, when you want another hornets' nest you needn't go quite so far after it; there's a splendid one over the northeast end of the barn.

The Davises had a man with a wonderful

Albany, in Oregon

The Albany Democrat speaks of the prospects of that city as follows, and indicate only what may be reliably anticipated as the future of that beautiful city. The growth and prosperity of the Willamette Valley will nsure it :

Without any exception Albany has as good rospects before it as any city in the State of oregon. Its location indicates growth, its urroundings speak of its possibilities and tell of what it may become. As a mere agricul-tural city it cannot look for a very large population; but its water power is evidence that enterprise, something that the people of this city are lacking in a marked degree, would eventually place it as a manufacturing city in leading position in this State. In a short time railroads will come in from the northwest from at least three different points. Our climate, and the fertility of our soil and our great advantages generally, are certain to fill this beautiful section of country with a live, active people. What will it benefit our cities? It will depend on their manufacturing tacili-

ties. The number of farms in the valley will not increase so very much, so that as far as we are concerned those coming here will go where there are the greatest manufacturing advantages, and if Albany will only put herself forward she can become one of the largest cities in Oregon, just through this channel, It is growing steadily and surely, but like all agricultural cities it will be limited by the number of people in the county; but make it as well, a live, manufacturing, commercial city, and there is no end to its possibilities.

In Whatcom county there are about 2,000, 000 acres of land, of which, at a very low estimate, 500,000 are available for the purposes of agriculture. And yet the improved lands, as found by the assessor in 1882, aggregate only 10,236. When that number is multiplied by fifty, as it will be a generation hence, Whatcom county will yield the thrifty

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JOHN A. MACDONALD,

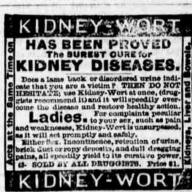
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