THE MODERN PICNIC.

"You must wake and call me early; call me early, mother dear,
For our association starts its picnic from the pier.
We've a couple of lads to dance, mother, and a dozen or so to spar,
And I am to run the bar, mother, I am to run the bar!

"The boys are perfect gents, mother, though they're fond of getting high.
So, just wrap up the cartridges and pistols with the pie.
If any Sunday schools, mother, should picnic thereabout,
We're able to knock 'em out, mother, we're able to knock 'em out.

"Of course, there will be rows, mother; if there wasn't it would be queer.
When I serve them all with mugs of froth, where they've called aloud for beer;
But what can you expect, mother, when a couple of hundred meet,
Who would rather fight than eat, mother, who would rather fight than eat!

"If I shouldn't come home at all, mother, through being a bit too game,
Just work the hospital list, mother, until you find my name;
Or else at the station house, mother, though the cops would hardly dare,
Yet you'll possibly find me there, mother, you'll possibly find me there!"

A PLEA FOR RAILROAD MEN.

The Ticket-Agent's, the Conductor's and the Brakeman's Side of the Question.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

It is a popular belief among people who travel but little that everybody connected with the operation of a railroad train is cross and impolite—never giving a civil answer to a civil question, and never caring whether "school keeps or not." This is a mistake. Because the ticket agent answers your question: "Will you please tell me what time the train starts for Blankville, and which car must I take?" with a plain "9:45; first car;" it is not a sign of ill-breeding, or surliness. He will be asked that same question perhaps 100 times before the Blankville accommodation starts, besides any number of others that have no connection whatever with him or the train—and he knows it. His time is valuable, and he puts his answer in the fewest words possible in order to economize time and save breath.

And then the brakeman is not a fiend in human shape, whose main object in life is to mystify and render miserable the unsuspecting uncommercial traveler. The brakeman generally receives the smallest pay and does the hardest work on the train. When the locomotive "slips an eccentric," or the sleeping car gets a hot box, it is his duty to run back a mile or two through the snow to flag the freight, which is following at a comparatively short distance. At the station he helps juggle your baggage, and on the car he must "on brakes" at the down grade, "on brakes" at the crossing, and "on brakes" at the stop. He answers your question as to "where we are" hurriedly, because he is always in a hurry; and for the same reason he suddenly sticks his head in the door and calls, "Humboldtlandinchangekyarfur Memphis," then bobs out again. His is a hard lot, and he seldom remains with the company long enough to accumulate a fortune and end his days in luxury and ease.

When the conductor asks you two or three times during a short journey for your ticket it is not for pure cussedness or because he thinks you are stealing a ride. On him alone rests the responsibility for the safety of the entire train. He knows that his train must meet No. 3 at a given point; that he is behind, and that No. 10 freight is less than an hour behind him. All this weighs heavily upon him, and it keeps his mind fully occupied.

But of course there are men in the business who have not the breeding of an English sparrow, and who would sooner offer an insult than give a civil answer. These are not the rule, but simply the necessary exceptions which go to make the rule good.

A Portable Body-Heater.

[New Haven News.]

A Bridgeport, Conn., professor has invented a neat thing in the way of a steam heater to carry about on the person. It is called the "portable body steam heater." The apparatus is a small affair, consisting of a copper boiler, under which is a diminutive lamp, all incased in a nickel box, and balanced something like a compass, so that, no matter what position the outside box is in, the boiler and lamp will always remain in the required vertical position. The entire apparatus is so small that it can be carried in the pocket. After the lamp is lighted, the water in the boiler is heated and circulated through rubber tubes, which run down the legs around the ankles, up around the back, and back to the boiler. The circulation of the warm water keeps the body warm on the coldest day. A safety valve and escape for a higher pressure of steam than the affair is allowed to carry flows off at the back of the wearer's neck. Elaborate heaters are being constructed for ladies' wear. They can be worn inside the bustle and entirely obscured. Before going out of the house the lady's maid can light the lamp, which, by the way, is guaged to run six, eight, or ten hours, and "my lady" walks out under a free pressure of steam, and warranted to be kept warm during the promenade

Terrible Slaughter of Dudes.

[Louisville Commercial.]

A practical test of Joe Mulhattan's dude annihilator was made at Macauley's theatre last night. As usual, the dudes posted themselves along the walls of the vestibule to stare the audience out of countenance as they emerged from the theatre. About that time Eugene Elrod, the well-known fire plug, placed a small quantity of dynamite in the annihilator and touched a secret spring. There was a flash, a loud report, and the air was filled with a mangled mass of dudes, who were completely pulverized and floated off into space beyond the earth's attraction, probably to form the tail of a comet, or something of that sort. The test was entirely satisfactory. Not a dude escaped. All stood with their backs to the wall of the vestibule and were annihilated. A balloon will be sent out at once to discover if possible their remains, even in a pulverized state, and bring them back here for burial, but it is feared the effort will be a fruitless one. Another test of the annihilator will be made at Macauley's theatre this evening, and all dudes in good and regular standing are invited to be present.

No Middle Names Wanted.

[New York Sun.]

Two Christian names are one more than any man, even one weighed with the greatest responsibilities, need have. One Christian name is shorter, more vigorous, takes less time to write, has fewer initials to mark on handkerchiefs, and, in our judgment, makes an altogether more sensible sort of a title than William P. Jones or Thomas Q. J. Smith. Moreover, of the seventeen men who have been elected to the office of president, twelve, beginning with George Washington and ending with Abraham Lincoln, have had only two initials.

AN OYSTER PATTY MAN.

Brilliant Triumph of a Culinary Artist in a New York Restaurant.

[New York Times.]

I have watched that handsome young Irishman who dispenses these oyster patties for a very long time, and I believe I am a martyr to the cause of human knowledge. How many times have I not partaken of these patties, when I really loathed them? It is the fascinating manner of making them up which leads me irresistibly to his counter. Often and often my appetite would have inclined me toward the 10-cent sandwich but I have passed by this economic food and gone to that particular part of the restaurant sacred to the patty. Usually it is thronged. Long successions of oyster-patty eaters wait patiently here for their delectable morsels. To the extreme left of the counter stands the oyster-patty man, and to the right his rival, the chicken-patty man. But for one chicken-patty eaten there are fifty oyster-patties eaten.

Far be it from me to ignore the merit of the chicken artist. He is quite perfect in his way. Still there are wide differences between the two, and these arise from divergence of material. Chicken has not the plastic qualities of the oyster. Chicken refuses to yield to the dab of a spoon because of its inherent resistance. It is not homogeneous. No skill of a cook can make uniform fragments of chicken breast, whereas with oysters nature molds them one like another, and they have sliding qualities peculiar to themselves. If the chichen patty man had oysters to serve he might in time be the rival of the young Irishman. Fate, however, has decided it otherwise.

There are eight movements. (1.) The artist seizes a hot plate with his right hand (2) and with his left whisks off the dish cover. In the dish warmer are two compartments; in one are the oysters, in the other the shells of lightest crust. (3.) With a fork he dexterously spears a shell and slides it on a plate. I think after a few years of determined practice a man of fair ability might accomplish this much. This is only the first part, however, the rough outline, as it were, but the art now comes in the filling up. (4.) The spoon is seized. (5 and 6.) Two dips are taken of the oysters, which are ladled into the crust. (7.) The spoon is replaced. (8.) The cover is put on. This is the bare, brief analysis of the manipulations.

But how delicate and complex are the shadings, and, to mix the metaphor, how perfect the rhythm! The cover is taken off noiselessly, though it weighs ten pounds fully. When it is put on a little clang is heard. I have often wondered why this finale is audible. I know that in the studied cadence of true poetry the conclusion of the sonnet must be accentuated. This young Irishman, as a true artist, feels unconsciously the necessity of a sonorous ending. But what chiefly delights me is the slinging back of the spoon into the dish. Now how can a powerfully-built young man throw a big, clumsy-looking spoon into a slab mixture of oysters and sauce and make no splash? Look at his clean, white apron. Examine the counter around him, and never, never does an atom of anything fly from that dish. He absolutely hurls that spoon back, and there is no bespattering of his surroundings. There never is any hesitation in his play, and still it should be remembered that acute mental action follows every physical movement. He is obliged to count the oysters. Think of a thousand oyster patties to be distributed every day, and heedlessness on his part in the giving of only one single oyster too much in each portion! Then would come ruin and bankruptcy to the restaurant proprietors.

Art Among the Incas.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Prof. F. W. Putnam, in his lecture on "Ancient Peruvian Art," said that the traces left by the Incas have shown that they were a tribe possessed of the greatest skill in a number of fine arts, such as weaving, ceramics, delicately formed designs of pottery, and other artistic pursuits. In the portions of Peru inhabited by the Incas one can scarcely penetrate the ground to any depth without unearthing the remains of a member of the tribe. All were buried in a manner peculiar to the creed. The knees were drawn up to the chin, the body surrounded by a casement of cloth and cotton; and the remains of one of the tribe recently found was wrapped in the same manner, the case containing a rag with the stamp of the Lowell cotton-mills, demonstrating that the mode of burial was carried down from their ancestors.

Prof. Putnam exhibited a number of designs of the specimens of the intricate weaving and tapestry work performed by the Inca tribe. The Peruvians were great cotton raisers, and the specimens of cotton work found have been pronounced by good judges as superior to the sea island cotton of the present day. The garments were as soft and delicate as could be made from wool, and the colors were all fast, particularly the blue and green. The fast colors are secured from different dyes, and are in such a perfect state of preservation to-day that chemists have been puzzled when endeavoring to ascertain how these ancient tribes performed the work so effectually and lasting.

Harriet Martineau's Home.

Miss Susan B. Anthony recently visited in England the former home of Harriet Martineau, which now is occupied by a Quaker family. "I chatted with these Friends," she says, "in the drawing-room where Emerson, Garrison, Charlotte Bronte, and many of the other great sons of earth had come to honor Harriet Martineau in the days gone by. I sat at the table in her library where she had penned so many noble thoughts, looked into the chamber where she had slept, suffered, and died, and out at the beautiful landscape she enjoyed in those last sad days. In the kitchen the same range, dresser, table, and chairs stand there as she left them, and her favorite black and yellow spotted cat, now 16 years old, still keeps faithful watch on the threshold."

Kung's Tongue.

[Inter Ocean.]

The Japanese premier, Prince Kung, addressed Gen. Grant, when he was in Japan, in English, so-called. Endeavoring to compliment him by assuring him that he was born to command, he said: "Sire, brave generale, you vas made to order."

Chicago Weekly Magazine: With the person who manifests any curiosity about our private business affairs we always need to be on our guard.

In Siberia the price of a first class wife is eight sledge dogs.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT WHISTLE.

Kansas City Star.

The story of the first steam whistle on the Missouri river is amusing. Its introduction dates back to 1844. At that time the settlers on the Missouri river were in the habit of making regular yearly visits to St. Louis to do their trading for themselves and their friends. They were not provided with daily intercourse with the outside world, and many who lived back from the river seldom, if ever, saw a steamboat more than once a year. It happened that during the fall of 1844 the new steamboat Lexington started up the Missouri river, loaded down to the guards with freight.

The steamer was provided with a steam whistle—the first used on the Missouri river—and as it happened no one knew about it except Warner, who was a wag and a lover of a joke. The night after leaving St. Louis the passengers were collected together playing cards (for fun) in the cabin, when the talk turned upon steamboat explosions, then very common.

"I feel perfectly safe on this boat," said Warner as he dealt the cards.

"Why?" inquired Yocum the planter.

"Why?" echoed the rest of the company.

"I will tell you why," said the wag, carefully studying his cards. "This boat is provided with a new patent safety valve, which notifies passengers on board when it is about to blow up. It is a concern which makes a most unearthly noise, and when you hear it, it is time to get back aft or jump overboard.

Notwithstanding the fact that Warner told his story with the most solemn and earnest countenance, some were skeptical. Not so, however, with the planter. Next morning, when the Lexington was steaming up the long, straight stretch of river just below Washington, Mo., the passengers were at breakfast. The meal had been called, and all were busily engaged in doing justice to the kind of meals they were accustomed to serve on steamboats in those days. Suddenly the whistle commenced to blow, the first time on the trip. The passengers looked at each other a moment, and horror and dismay spread over their faces. The first man to realize the situation and act was Yocum, the planter, who, with hair erect and blanched face, jumped up, crying as he pulled over one after another of the passengers:

"Run, run for your lives; the d—d thing is going to bust. Come with me, and let's save ourselves."

Of course there was a stampede for the rear of the boat, and it was only by the exertions of some of the crew that the more excited were restrained from jumping into the river.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN THE DESERT.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Domestic life is not without its drawbacks even in the desert. I was on one occasion invited to the tent of a minor chief, who was my guide and most humble servant. He concocted for my benefit and that of several guests from neighboring tents a brew of very thin coffee with an immense quantity of sugar—a sort of syrup which had hardly any taste save of sugar; and having a small piece of the sugar-loaf left he gave it to me on our parting as the only present he had to offer.

We sat in this tent for more than an hour admiring the "masterly inactivity" of the Arabs, who can apparently sit silent and quite unemployed for whole days, and who thus appear to wait with endless patience the day when civilized races shall have worn themselves out by their struggles for existence and the Arab survivors be left master of the field. This inactivity is, however, delusive, for let it be thought that the guest is dosing in the evening, and he may perhaps see these grave, listless men creeping like cats, or hopping nimbly around his person like birds, feeling his pockets with a delicate touch, or endeavoring to abstract his saddle bags from beneath his head.

The Arab is, indeed, a continual actor. His haughty, frowning air, his gravity and laziness, his courage and courtesy, are all assumed as a mask, hiding a soul which is often mean, grasping, cowardly and treacherous. His appearance in the eyes of the European is nothing better than a sham, and it is only his brother Arab who knows how to estimate it at its proper value. As I sat reflecting on these matters a noise as of women quarreling arose on the covered side of the tent. My host assumed an injured air and went to pacify the contending parties. His brother, sitting by him, manifested on his countenance a disgust and irritation such as I have rarely seen an Arab betray. The sheikh returned, the quarreling continued, and I endeavored to console him by the reflection that women always quarreled in all countries in the same way; but at length the brother's patience was worn out, and he arose with a large stone in his hand and looked over the partition dividing the harem from the open part of the tent in which we sat. Without a word he hurled the stone into the unseen, and a sound of wailing took the place of the angry chatter which preceded this assertion of the rights of a guest to peace and quiet during his visit.

HOW A MORMON FOUND HIS MULE.

Chicago Herald.

In Beaver, Utah, lives Brother Gentry, a latter day saint, who tells the following mule story: "While hunting a stray mule in the hills east of Beaver, I became lost, and after wandering around aimlessly for a couple of days, I rested on the evening of the second, completely exhausted, and almost famished from hunger and thirst. While in this state I saw a bright light illuminate a distant peak, and directly after I heard a voice say, 'Oh, Brother Gentry, come hither and you will find your mule.' Recognizing the voice as a divine command, I did so, and lo and behold, there stood the mule, quietly grazing in a deep ravine, while a bubbling brook made music over its pebbly bed."

May be He Misses Her Most.

[Exchange.]

"I hev allus noticed," observes Aunt Tabitha, "that the boy who lets his mother bring in all the kindlin' wood and build the kitchen fire is the mourner that bellers loudest at her funeral." And then she added thoughtfully: "Mebbe as not it is because he misses her the most."

NO MARKS.

Mr. T. M. Casad, editor of the Corydon, Iowa, *Times*, writes that his little girl burned her foot severely on a stove. One application of St. Jacob's Oil, the great pain-reliever, cured it completely, leaving no marks. By two applications of St. Jacob's Oil he cured himself of a torturing pain in the side.

ALL OVER THE WORLD.

An Astonished Editor—What He Saw and What He Says.

"From Greenland's Icy Mountains to Africa's Sunny Strand,"

BALTIMORE, MD.—The Daily Evening News publishes the following editorially:

At the time the New York Herald, with characteristic generosity, gave the princely sum of $100,000 to a relief fund, for the sufferers from famine in Ireland, one of the most distinguished literary men of America contributed to to the Art Autograph, published for the benefit of that fund, the following note:

"When a distressed nation appeals for this or that or the other grace or help, she hears an answering voice of sympathy from this or that or the other creed or group or faction, scattered here and there and yonder in the space of the earth; it is only when she asks for bread that creed and party are forgotten, and the whole world rises to respond."

While recognizing the force of this sentiment, the experience which a member of our editorial staff had yesterday, furnishes unmistakable evidence of the fact that the want of bread—that famine—is not the only thing which causes the "whole world to rise," and by united action to record enthusiastic endorsement of a laudable measure or object. The conviction was occasioned by a visit to a commercial enterprise, of which, although much has been said and written, the writer confesses he knew nothing from personal experience, prior to his investigations. The following facts are presented cheerfully, in the belief that they are not only of real public interest, but are of so extraordinary a nature, so encouraging to our local pride, as to demonstrate beyond all doubt, that the agency in question is the most remarkable of its kind known in the history of scientific discovery.

Doubtless every inventor and every manufacturer of even an indifferent article can, without serious difficulty, enlist a certain amount of local and general influence in support of his products—on the same principle, perhaps, that every political aspirant has *some* followers—but the proofs here under consideration are so positive, and considering the high sources supplying the following statements, they are so extraordinary and conclusive, that no sane man can doubt that the expressions were called forth by a really marvelous degree of excellence and power.

Here a Congress of Nations, composed of distinguished leaders in public, mercantile, and social circles of all sections of the world, and in part of eminent professional men, whose conversation in matters of this kind is well known, basing their expressions upon actual experiments and observations, voluntarily join in public praise so high and unqualified as to set at rest all doubts and prejudices, to silence skeptics, and to carry conviction to every fair-minded man.

When our representative examined the originals of the following forcible documents, he was, as above indicated, so struck with their extraordinary character, that he concluded to present them to our readers, as a matter of public interest. This, as before stated, is done cheerfully and of our own accord.

GERMANY.

Dr. Richard Oberlaender, Leipzig, Germany, Secretary Ethnological Museum, F. S. U. G. A., M. G. S., author of Fremde Vœlker (Foreign Nations), and a distinguished *literateur*, writes: "It gives me great pleasure to inform you that, having been troubled with my old chronic neuralgic pains, a traveling companion advised me to use St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain reliever. I tried it, and was entirely cured. I am now supplied with a bottle, and will never be without one."

ENGLAND.

Messrs. Francis Newberry & Son, London, England, established for 125 years, write: As a testimonial from one of the oldest drug-houses in Great Britain, respecting your household remedy, will no doubt be of interest to you, we are pleased to make the statement that we have sold, with satisfaction to the public, St. Jacobs Oil for several years, and that, owing to the extraordinary merits of the article, the demand is constinually increasing, and that we have heard of many favorable rereports regarding its great virtue as a pain-curing remedy."

AUSTRALIA.

UNITED STATES CONSULATE, Sydney, N. S. Wales, August 14, 1883.

I, Charles Kahlo, Consul of the United States of America at Sydney and its dependencies, do hereby certify that C. C. Cohen appeared before me this day and acknowledged that he had signed the following instrument as his free and voluntary act. Given under my hand and seal of this Consulate, the day and year above written. CHARLES KAHLO, U. S. Consul.

Some three years ago I injured my left leg and knee to the extent that I thought I had become a permanent cripple. My knee-cap was twice its natural size, and my leg was so contracted and shortened that I could not walk without considerable pain and inconvenience. During that time I had tried remedies innumerable, but without receiving the slightest benefit until I gave St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-cure, a trial, and much to my delight and astonishment I began to get better; both my leg and knee assumed their normal condition, and to-day I am free from pain and can walk as well as ever I did in my life. I feel it incumbent on my part to inform the public of the great benefit I have received, and heartily recommend St. Jacobs Oil to any one suffering from pain, and feel satisfied it has no equal as a cure.
C. C. COHEN.

NOTE.—The Sydney, New South Wales "News," in reference to cures like the above, says editorially: It is being made plain to all, that never in the history of Australia, has a medical discovered been accepted by the public with such general approbation as St. Jacobs Oil. Its cures are simply marvelous.

NEW ZEALAND.

At the New Zealand International Exhibition, the magnificent *First Prize Medal* and *Highest Diploma* were awarded to St. Jacobs Oil as the best *pain-curing and healing* remedy known to mankind, and among the valuable testimonials given in support of them, Mr. Wm. Moor, coachbuilder, Christ Church, N. Z., certifies that one application of St. Jacobs Oil cured him of Sciatica, which statement was attested by Mr. W. Gee, of the Post-office Department, and Mr. John Blackmere, Sergeant of the Armed Constabulary.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Hon. Godfrey Sichel, member of the Parliament of the Colony, Cape of Good Hope, South Africa, according to the official report of the proceedings, published in *The Journal*, Grahamstown, Cape of Good Hope, arose and said: He could speak from experience: he had spent a small fortune, and could obtain no relief from the medical profession. He had tried calomel, quinine, strychnine, and finally St. Jacobs Oil, and it cured him. If members afflicted with Neuralgia would only take his advice they would get a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and it would cure them.

CANADA.

The Hon. Billa Flint, Life Senator of the Dominion Parliament, Belleville, Ontario, Canada, writes: "I tried St. Jacobs Oil for ague in my face and toothache. It acted like a charm. A few times rubbing with it took away all soreness and pain; better than having them drawn at the age of seventy-seven."

EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND.

Hon. George Colton, the distinguished oriental traveler, whose interesting letters from abroad are familiar to the public, writes, as a result of his close observation in Egypt and the Holy Land, that St. Jacobs Oil, by its general use there, is shown to be a blessing to suffering humanity, and that wherever he has traveled, whether in England, France, Germany, or elsewhere, the same unqualified praise is given to the Great German Remedy as a conqueror of pain.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

Senor Mariano, Maradiaga, Ocotal, Nicaragua, says that he had suffered with rheumatism and that he was instantly cured by the use of St. Jacob's Oil, the great pain cure.

CUBA.

Dr. D. Antonio Jose Romay, the distinguished physician, Assistant and Honorary Member, Board of Health and Faculty of the Port Garrison, Havana, certifies that rheumatism and neuralgia have, by the use of the great pain cure, St. Jacob's Oil, been cured in a few days.

MEXICO.

Dr. Manuel S. Izaguirre, Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico, writes: "Being a professor in medicine and surgery, I have already obtained the best effects of St. Jacob's Oil in cases of rheumatism, acute and chronic. I had treated the cases with different preparations without any result, but in a short time, by the use of St. Jacob's Oil, I obtained a complete cure. I congratulate you on the triumph."

PERU.

Doctors D. Jose Felix Sudy, founder of the San Mateo Hospital, and D. Moises Allende, surgeons and physicians of the Chilian Army of Occupation during the war with Peru, were commissioned to make a report on the curative properties of St. Jacob's Oil, and in the execution of their commission used it upon fully 500 invalids suffering with rheumatism and neuralgic pains in all parts of the body, and upon all kinds of ailments incident to camp life. After exhaustive experiments and complete success in every case, they certified to the wonderful pain-curing and healing qualities of St. Jacob's Oil, which they used. The identity of Doctors Sudy and Allende has been established before the American Consul, and Superintendent of the Sanitary service of Chili in Peru.

NOTE—El Dia (The Day) Callao, Peru, March 16, 1882, says of Dr. Jose Felix Sudy, above referred to, that he is one of the most distinguished surgeons now in the field, and that he has received from Commander Diego A. Donosa, Lima, Peru, that the important assistance which he gave these troops at the San Mateo Hospital, deserves the high esteem of all, which is the sentiment of the officers and soldiers of the battalion.

CHILI.

Senor Ricardo Stuven, a leading commission merchant of Valparaiso, after having exhausted all other remedies has been completely cured of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacob's Oil, the great pain banisher. He makes this public.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Hon. S. Crosby, Hawaiian Consul, Sandwich Islands, says he suffered with rheumatism, and tried the conqueror of pain, St. Jacob's Oil. By three applications he was entirely cured.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Hon. John C. New, Assistant Secretary U. S. Treasury, writes, that it is a source of satisfaction and pleasure to give, from his personal experience, to St. Jacob's Oil, the conqueror of pain, his cordial recommendation.

General Rufus Ingalls, Quartermaster-General U. S. Army, considers St. Jacob's Oil the best pain cure for sprains and bruises ever used.

Dr. William A. Soula, D. V. S., the popular veterinary surgeon, New York, for nine years in charge of the Third Avenue Railroad stables, N. Y., certifies to the curative qualities of St. Jacob's Oil, the conqueror of pain, as superior to all other remedies for all ailments of horses, such as sprains, galls and rheumatism, that has ever come under his observation.

Boston, Mass., has 18,000 more men than women.

Piso's Cure for Consumption does not dry up a cough; it removes the cause.

Milwaukee is going to have a weekly illustrated paper.

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.

On the appearance of the first symptoms, as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scrofulous or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on Consumption send two stamps. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mississippi has seventy-nine deaf mutes in her State asylum.

Allen's Bilious Physic is a purely vegetable liquid remedy for Headaches, Biliousness and Constipation. Easily taken, acting promptly, relieving quickly. 25 cts. At all druggists. Redington, Woodford & Co., Agents.

Ammen's Cough Syrup is not a patent medicine. No patent has been asked for or obtained upon it. To protect the public from counterfeits and imitations, the manufacturer has had the label registered in Washington. The syrup is made from pure and costly drugs, and cannot be sold as cheap to the dealer as the common patent medicines that are simply made to sell, which explains why dishonorable druggists or dealers try to sell you something else when asked for Ammen's Cough Syrup. It is upon the market upon its own merits. You can buy a sample bottle for 15 cents, upon which, at the wholesale price, the manufacturer makes nothing. Ask to see a large bottle, and read the label.

There is a constant effort on the part of that grim monster "Disease" to become master of mortal man. Only a careful observance of natural laws can render his efforts unavailing. Yet too often injudicious excesses, sudden changes, too great exposure, improper food, or other abuses of nature, open the gateway and Disease gains a victory. Sometimes its mastery is so complete that Nature of herself can never effect a dislodgment. In such instances reinforce nature with a judicious use of Brown's Iron Bitters and we guarantee, in a short time, all diseases will be vanished.

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

Jay Gould's Atlanta took on 150 tons of coal at Charleston.

"SIGH NO MORE, LADIES!"

For Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a prompt and certain remedy for the painful disorders peculiar to your sex. By all druggists.

New York's new negro paper is *The Negro-American.*

A QUICK RECOVERY.

It gives us great pleasure to state that the merchant who was reported to be at the point of death from an attack of Pneumonia, has entirely recovered by the use of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. Naturally he feels grateful for the benefits derived from using this remedy for the lungs and throat; and in giving publicity to this statement we are actuated by motives of public benefaction, trusting that others may be benefited in a similar manner.

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

Brown's Bronchial Troches will relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases. They are used always with good success.

No remedy combines so many powerful agents for the relief of pain and cure of disease as Caloric Vita Oil. Once in the family it is never excluded.

CATARRH—A New Treatment whereby a permanent cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street west, Toronto, Can.

Mr. Edwin M. Trafton, North Georgetown, Mass., says: "My blood received great benefit from the use of Brown's Iron Bitters."

Chicago's new manual school started with 350 pupils.

WOMAN AND HER DISEASES

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"THE INTER-OCEAN, Chicago, Jan. 16, 1883.

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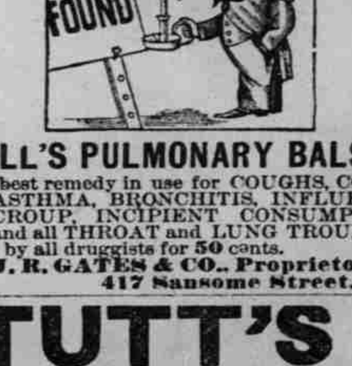

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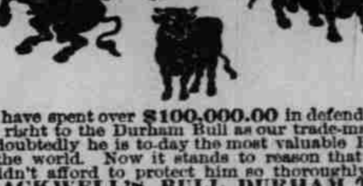

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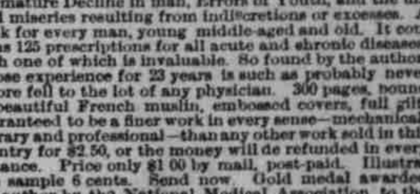

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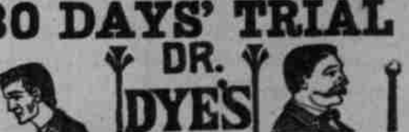

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