A GLOVE.

[James Berry Bensel.]

Ah, yesterday I found a glove
Grown shabby, full of tiny rips,
But dear to me because my love
Once thrust through it her finger-tips.

A glove one would not care to see
Upon his arm in public street;
Yet here I own there is for me
No relic in the world more sweet.

A faint, far scent of lavender
Steals from it, as the clover smelt
When through the fields I walked with her
And plucked the blossoms for her belt.

Faith! but I loved the little hand
That used to wear this time-stained thing!
Its slightest gesture of command
Would set my glad heart fluttering.

Or if it touched my finger, so,
Or smoothed my hair—why should I speak
Of those old days! It makes, you know,
The tears brim over on my cheek.

Poor stained, worn-out, long-wristed glove!
I think it almost understands
That reverently and with love
I hold it in my trembling hands.

And that it is so dear to me,
With its old fragrance, far and faint,
Because my mother wore it, she—
On earth my love, in heaven my saint.

THE ARMIES OF THE FUTURE.

What a Prussian Major and a French Colonel Have to Say.

[Chicago News.]

Two noteworthy books have just appeared in continental Europe. One is the "Nation Armies," by M. de Goltz, a Prussian major. On the heels of it comes a book called "l'Europe Sous les Armee," by Col. Hennebert, the former professor of the military school at St. Cyr, France.

Both these works, from directly opposite political standpoints, agree in one thing, which is that the first European nation which relaxes its vigilance will infallibly lose its military position and prestige and be the victim of every collision which might ensue. The Prussian major says that if war is to be avoided a nation can only escape it by being so prepared that no other nation will dare to be its aggressor; in other words, nations unwilling to perish by the sword must become bankrupt in peace; they have simply a choice between two evils—national subjugation or national insolvency.

While the French colonel is not so brutally frank as the Prussian major, in his Gallican courtesy of speech, his postiion amounts to about the same thing, while both agree with Von Moltke—that "the empire of the world is obtained only by war and by war alone can be maintained."

Further than this the Prussian major contends with his late chief—now on the retired list — in effect that the scientific war method now adopted by Germany is inseparable from an offensive brutality; that German tactics are to strike crushing blows on the field of battle; but, above all, that the foe must be paralyzed by the employment of gigantic masses, while the conqueror says, with Mark Antony: "Happen what may! misfortune is unchained, let it go whither it will."

On his side, the French colonel, with the idea of waking up and warning France, which country he asserts is wholly unprepared, shows that not mere armies but armed nations are hereafter to meet on the battle-field. Deducting everything, the real number of troops available in the field in Europe now is: Germany, 3,860,000; Russia, 2,500,000; Austria, 1,265,000; Italy, 2,570,000. This would give the triple 7,500,000, and the quadruple alliance 10,000,000 combatants, with 1,600 batteries of field guns.

The same destructive emulation is apparent in naval matters. When Italy constructed 100-ton guns, England immediately produced a monster cannon of 200 tons, throwing a projectile of 6,000 pounds, piercing armor three feet thick. For the last twelve years Woolwich arsenal has turned out a field battery daily, while England, Belgium, Italy, Germany, Russia, France and Austria are expending millions yearly in defensive and other fortifications.

But Col. Hennebert points out that it is chiefly in Germany that offensive armaments are being created and offensive works constructed; that these point in two directions, toward France on the west and Russia on the east; while, even at the moment of writing, in the intrenched camp at Strassburg, railroad trains stand filled with supplies of all kinds prepared to start in any direction on receipt of a telegram from Berlin.

The conclusion of both writers is that the next war must be of a destructive violence which has been unknown up to the present day; that on both sides will be displayed, in this struggle to the death, all moral and material forces possible for the work of mutual annihilation.

The Atmosphere of the Interior.

[Clara Belle's Letter.]

Permit me to instruct you in the matter of furnishing your summer homes, in case you are going to have any hand in it. Carpets should be chosen with a view to their being a background to the furniture of a room, while the wall-papers must be selected with an eye to their forming what may be termed the atmosphere of the picture made by the interior. This is the foundation of the new art ideas in furnishing houses, either in the country or city. Walls, therefore, should be papered or painted in a manner that will not make them more conspicuous than the furniture of the room, and this dogma must rule with regard to the decorations on the walls.

Therefore, whether paint, paper or calcimine be put upon the walls, it should be in neutral tints and tertiary colors. Choose, therefore, for your country houses what are called quiet colors for paper, paint and calcimine; but for the friezes and dados let a more decided taste rule, giving freedom and boldness in the figures or flowers for these decorative parts of your apartments. If you decide to paper your walls, let the grounds be of an agreeable, soft color, and the figures as small as the size of the apartment will permit, and put on in vanishing effects, rather than staring or striking; in a manner, so to speak, as to give one a blow in the eye.

In Spain.

[Foreign Letter.]

Here, if you ask a man for a light, the chances are ten to one that he will pull out a handful of brimstone matches and offer you one, but that is never done anywhere else. In Spain they make quite a formal matter of asking for a light. The gentleman who wishes that accommodation approaches the smoker, removes his hat, and says: "Will you favor me with a light from your cigar?" or words to that effect. The gentleman addressed also removes his hat, then carefully brushes the ashes from his cigar and presents it with a bow. The other man accepts it with an equally elaborate abeisance, lights, returns the weed, then both bow again, wish each other good day and depart.

A PUZZLE IN BOSTON.

The "Japanese Crystal," a Mirror of Second Sight.

[Lilian Whiting in Inter Ocean.]

We have been having a little private sensation of our own here at Hotel Vendome. I believe the mid-summer days are the accepted season for these legends, and this will give you a variation from the annual sea-serpent. This little sensation of ours is a Japanese crystal. He who has not looked into its depths has yet one sensation of life, at least, in reserve, and if he be curious in the tricks and trances of demonology, he has yet something to live for. The Japanese crystal is not common. It is cut in the round, oval and egg shape, and varies in its size. The egg shape is held to be the best for experiment, and it must be wrapped, or rather held, in a piece of black cloth so that only the side upper-most shall be presented to the eye. Black silk cannot be used as it is a non-conductor, but black woolen of any kind will serve the purpose. The Japanese crystal is said to serve as a mirror of the spiritual light in the hands of one who has the mediumistic temperament. Faces of those long since passed beyond the shadowy portals of the silent land, scenes that are recorded in the book of fate to be sometime enacted; the faces of people still unmet who will have to do with our lives. All these, and more, are said to be revealed in this stone, to him who has the temperament through which its revelations may come.

A party of people was grouped last evening in a parlor on the fifth floor of Hotel Vendome, so high that no reflections from the street were possible, and it was suggested that the Japanese crystal be examined. In the hands of one of the party curious visions appeared in it. The lady holding it had chanced never to have seen the stone before, and she looked incredulously as a face appeared to her in it. The first picture was her own face (a natural reflection, she thought, as she was looking into it), but beside her own appeared the face of a stranger whom she had never seen, and, as has been said, the height of the room from the street utterly precluded the possibility of a reflection from without, and as she sat with her back to the window there was the same impossibility for any one or any picture in the room to be reflected there. These two pictures were succeeded by those of strangers to the gazer, but when described were recognized by others in the room and verified by photographs to the lady who saw first these unknown faces in the stone.

Then came a series of pictures. There was a suspension bridge over a great river, and apparently an accident to a train; this vanished, and there again appeared the bridge with numbers of people seeming to climb the trestle work, as if to escape from drowning in the water below; and with this a profound impression that the scene was some months distant in the future. Space would fail to relate the various tableaux that appeared in that stone, and many of the most singular circumstances and coincidences and related associations can not be narrated. Among other faces appeared that of Emerson by the side of a beautiful young woman, whom no one in the room could recognize. The properties of the Japanese crystal are very singular, and in the hands of some persons even extraordinary.

A NOTED DUELIST.

The Methods of Fighting Adopted by a Sicilian Baron.

[Paris Figaro.]

Baron de Sen Malata, a Sicilian and a noted duelist, has recently come to Paris to find a test of his skill as a combatant. He has fought forty duels, but in none of them has he been the challenger. It is told of him that during a heated political canvass, in the course of a discussion in a public square with a first cousin, the latter called him by some opprobrious epithet. The baron replied:

"You are a coward!"

The cousin answered:

"Will you repeat that in five minutes?"

"Assuredly."

The cousin went home and returned with a revolver in his hand. The baron went up to him and said:

"Guiseppe, see here! That revolver don't suit your hand; the stock never was made for you; for the life of you you could not use the pistol."

As he ceased to speak he spit in his cousin's face. The suddenness and strangeness of this speech and attack so bewildered the cousin that he neither said nor did anything. The baron spit in his face again. Friends interfered. The cousin challenged the baron. The eve of the duel, the baron's aunt, who knew what an expert swordsman he was, begged him to spare her son's life. He replied:

"Guiseppe shall return from the field even without a scratch."

The duel took place. The cousin attacked furiously. The baron only parried. At last he turned his head and looked at his seconds, until his adversary became so weak that he could no longer hold his sword, when the seconds interfered and ended the duel. At another time he was challenged by the best broad-swordsman in Sicily, while he himself was not skillful with his weapon. The broad-sword was selected by the seconds. On the field the baron took his sword in both hands and rushed upon his adversary, using the weapon as if it were a club. His adversary retreated. They were put in position again. The baron disarmed his adversary. A third time they were put in position; at the first pass the baron's sword broke within eight inches of the hilt; his adversary kept on; the seconds did not interfere. The baron became furious, rushed on his adversary, wounded him; then turned on the seconds and wounded every one of them beginning with his own.

An Englishman's Views.

[George Alfred Townsend.]

A British gentleman said to me during the week: "I wish we had force of character and public opinion enough in London to have such railroads as these elevated ones of yours." Said I: "Is it possible that I see an Englishman who concedes anything?" "Why," said he, "almost every Englishman who goes home exclaims against our underground railroads. They are dingy, damp, subterranean, and here you ride to business with not a shadow falling on your newspaper, reading as you go, and every handsome woman's face receives all the benefit of the sunlight, and you can look from one end of the car to the other and recognize your friends." Said I: "We gave up noble streets for such a benefit." "Yes," said he, "and that is where you are really a young, strong nation; you recognize the greater necessities in spite of the little decencies. You give your streets up for the benefit of the many instead of hesitating at the discomfiture of the few who may not like the noise."

The Forests of the Gulf Stream.

[Philadelphia Times.]

"Human knowledge lies on the surface," said Prof. Rothrock, in his new lecture on the "Forests of the Sea." "We know next to nothing with certainty concerning the interior of the earth we inhabit. What wonder, then, that the sea, ever changing in its surface, should withhold her secrets from us?" Still, in the belief of the lecturer, much had been revealed of the wonders of the deep; scientific research had opened ways and means unknown to the searcher after knowledge of a quarter of a century ago and the present and future opened to the eye of the naturalist hitherto inaccessible fields of investigation. Not least were those most wonderful creations, the forests of the sea. Other ages had woven about these forest growths a web of mystery. Modern science had torn the veil and revealed structural existences in the deep waters of the ocean more marvelous than earth could produce. There were latitudes in which the ocean forest flourished with special luxuriance. Between the twentieth and forty-fifth degrees of north latitude and west of the fortieth degree of west longitude they occupy areas that have been estimated at 260,000 square miles. Though storms at times detach fragments from the whole, yet for centuries these forests have held essentially the same position.

The most curious form is the sargassum, or gulf weed. It is olive green in color, with round stems and large leaves. It is found on the surface of the deepest water in mid-ocean. It has no soil and no roots. It lives and grows upon the water alone. At times its growth is sparse and irregular, but often it grows so thickly as to impede the progress of vessels. In such places the sea has the appearance of a vast inundated meadow. It was the wonderful form of vegetation which the vessels of Columbus encountered on their memorable voyage to the new world. The gulf weed is capable of infinite reproductions and a single floating bulb will in an incredibly short time cover the surface of the water with its curious vegetation.

There are other forests of the sea, more prolific of life than the forests of the land, formed by the macrocystis pyrifera, the mammoth of all known plants. Differing from the gulf weed, it is attached to rocks on the bottom of the sea and marks with infallible certainty the shallow portions of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The otter-kohl, or cabbage, has also its peculiar work in the formation of the forest. Not so large as the macrocystis, it yet has an important bearing on the formation of the whole. There are others. They each have their peculiar functions and uses in the economy of nature, but those functions and uses are as yet but dimly understood. To the future belongs the understanding of the marvels that fire our zeal for research while they fill us with wonder at their magnitude.

Chinese Magic.

[Chicago Times.]

A gentleman who has lived among the Chinese tells, as an illustration of their abilities as magicians, an incident that took place under his own eyes, and in his own room, where, apparently, there was no room for deception. The magician was naked from the waist upward, and his magical instrument seemed to be a strip of white cloth twisted about his loins. Taking a dish of uncooked rice, the juggler covered it with his mysterious girdle, squatted before it and began his incantations, which continued half an hour. During this process his bare arms were passing to and fro beneath the cloth, and this was all the gentleman could see him do. At last the linen was removed, and lo! there were six plates filled with cooked edibles of various kinds, while a dish of boiled rice had replaced the one containing raw rice.

Another gentleman, describing how he was deluded, says: "A juggler in the open street seized a boy 5 or 6 years of age, dragged him struggling into the circle, threw him on his back, and, in spite of the boy's agonized cries and the remonstrances of the people, apparently nearly decapitated him. The victim gradually became motionless, while the blood streamed from the wound. Finally the magician removed the knife, muttered a few words, called aloud to the child, who soon showed signs of life, and at last raised him to his feet, when the boy appeared unharmed. Both actors in this strange scene were liberally rewarded by the crowd, and the boy ran off to play with his wondering companions."

A Homesick Actress.

[Cor. Boston Herald.]

Mary Anderson's cordial reception in London was a foregone conclusion; she may not command the unreserved admiration of the critics, but she will certainly have the allegiance of the English public. For some weeks before her debut Miss Anderson was in a state of great nervous tension, not to say despondency. She felt that the crucial test was at hand, having an exaggerated idea of the temper of the London public, who, on the contrary, are never insensible to youth, beauty, and her many advantages, and are quite willing to concede something to an actress of several years' experience. She was so "homesick" in the good old-fashioned way that she cried herself to sleep every night; but matters improved with the arrival of other members of her family to join her brother "Joe" and the young lady who had accompanied her abroad as a companion.

A Swedish Drinking Custom.

[Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

You take wine with your neighbor in this country in a peculiar fashion. It is not enough that you should bow and place your glass to your lips. You must also, after having sipped the wine, bow again, or rather you must retain the glass in your hand and slightly bending over it, look for a moment straight in the eyes of him or her with whom you are drinking. That is the custom, and a very pretty one it is, particularly when the eyes into which it is your duty to gaze have that depth of liquid blueness which nature has bestowed upon so many maids and matrons in this northern land.

Whitehall Times: The place man occupies in this world takes the hue of his character.

SEVEN WISE MEN BAFFLED.

The N. Y. *Morning Journal* says that Mrs. F. G. Kellogg, 50 E. 86th St., was partially paralyzed, and lay for seven days in convulsions. Physicians were engaged and discharged until seven had failed to help or cure her. She was unable to leave her bed, and was as helpless as a child. After using all sorts of salves, ointments, lotions and plasters, her case was given up as hopeless. She was induced to try St. Jacobs Oil as a last chance. She began to improve from the time the first application was made, and by its continued use, she has completely recovered.

NEURALGIA.

A lady in Virginia, after using the Treatment for two weeks, writes:

"I am a great deal stronger than when I commenced its use. * * * One thing I must tell you. *It stopped the neuralgia.* I took cold and feared that I would have it for two or three weeks, as I generally stood the pain for that long before I would take chloral, the only thing that ever stopped it before, and I disliked to take it so much that I would put it off until I *thought I could not live for the agony.* But this time *it only lasted two days.* When I began the Compound Oxygen I *could scarcely sit up an hour;* now I can sit up most of the time."

Our "*Treatise on Compound Oxygen,*" containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be *sent free.* Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia.

All orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment directed to H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery street, San Francisco, will be filled on the same terms as if sent directly to us in Philadelphia.

Biggest in the World.

[New York Sun.]

"What was the largest codfish you ever caught?" asked the listener.

"Hundred and four pounds," was the reply, "and it was over five foot long. But Capt. George Martin, of Gloucester, caught the biggest that I ever heard on. It weighed dressed 111 pounds. I've caught a lobster that weighed twenty pounds, and a horse mackerel weighing 600 pounds. I once tackled onto the biggest fish in the world," continued the skipper.

"A whale?" asked the other.

"A whale ain't a fish," retorted the man of the sea. "This one I reckon, was a devil fish—one o' these ere broadtide fellows thirty foot across, all beam, and drawin' about six inches. We was lyin' in harbor, when I see a big ripple movin' araound, and thinkin' it a big horse mackerel I jumps into the boat and gits the lads to pull near it, and when alongside I tosses the iron into it, and, Lord bless ye! I thought the hull reef was a-risin'. A fish riz that looked like the vessel herself, and in a minute we was a-rushin' daown the channel in a way that was caution to sinners. The channel went raound an island, and as we came raound the second time the fish went right for the brig. I see we was a-goin' to hit, and sings out, 'Cut the rope!' but the man didn't have any knife. 'Cast it off!' 'It's spliced to the painter,' says he, 'and under water.' That minute we struck. The fish dove under the brig, and we not bein' able to dive, kind o' telescoped. The dingey just smashed all to pieces. We fell into the water, and was hauled aboard by the hands, and the pieces kept comin' up all day.

"The fish? Wall, I reckon he's a-goin' yet. Some of 'em are thirty feet across, and have kind o' horns at the head, and often git foul o' anchor and chains, and hauls vessels along just as if they was boats."

Philadelphia Call: A dimple is a bewitching depression in a lady's cheek which makes an impression hard of suppression and ends in oppression.

New York Journal: Strawberries are nature's sweet blushes materialized.

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

THOSE COMPLAINING

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A CURE OF PNEUMONIA.

Mr. D. H. Barnaby, of Owego, N. Y., says that his daughter was taken with a violent cold which terminated with pneumonia, and all the best physicians gave the case up and said she could live but a few hours at most. She was in this condition when a friend recommended DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and advised her to try it. She accepted it as a last resort, and was surprised to find that it produced a marked change for the better, and by persevering in its use a cure was effected.

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Strange Voices.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

All the frogs have words of their own; the negroes say the little ones on the bank cry, with deafening rapidity: "Come in, come in;" the larger ones say, warningly: "Knee deep, knee deep, "and the bull-frogs cry, in deep and booming chorus: "Dead and drowned, dead and drowned." It was Celia Thaxter, we think, who told in a charming child's poem that the cicada was a little maid "frying fritters 'neath the trees," who was changed by enchantment to her present shape, but still continues to fry vigorously. Every one has heard the original dispute about what Katy did, and knows what are the causes of the plaintive insistence to "whip-poor-will," and why their cousin-german cries triumphantly: "Twixt hell and white oak."

Knights of the Soil.

[Chicago Tribune.]

A new order of knighthood in France, known as the "Order of Agricultural Merit," is to be specially reserved for agriculturists. It is intended to encourage farmers in self-sacrifice and stimulate them to fresh exertions in their calling. A five-pointed star of green enamel, surmounted by a wreath of olive leaves and supported by a green ribbon with a pink edge, is the badge which this chivalrous order confers on the knights of the soil.

Fishing for Probabilities.

The Indianapolis Times thought it would be a stroke of enterprise to place ballot boxes at all the city precincts on the day of the charter election, in order to get an expression of the people on the presidency. The total vote reached 100,000, of which John L. Sullivan had a majority. Mary Walker received over 1,000 votes, and Blaine and McDonald were both beaten by Frank James. The presidential question is now worse mixed than ever.

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There is no member of society to whom the Science of Life will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor or clergyman.—Tribune.

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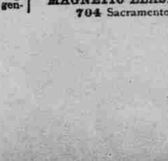

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MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY.

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The experience in the treatment of Cancer with Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) would seem to warrant us in saying that it cures this much dreaded scourge. Persons so afflicted are invited to correspond with us.

I believe Swift's Specific has saved my life. I had virtually lost use of the upper part of my body and my arms from the poisonous effects of a large cancer on my neck, and from which I had suffered for twenty years. S. S. S. has relieved me of all soreness, and the poison is being forced out of my system. I will soon be well. W. R. ROBINSON, Davisboro, Ga.

Two months ago my attention was called to the case of a woman afflicted with a cancer on her shoulder at least five inches in circumference, angry, painful, and giving the patient no rest day or night for six months. I obtained a supply of Swift's Specific for her. She has taken 5 bottles and the ulcer is entirely healed up, only a very small scab remaining, and her health is better than for 5 years past; seems to be perfectly cured. REV. JESSE H. CAMPBELL, Columbus, Ga.

I have seen remarkable results from use of Swift's Specific on a cancer. A young man here has been afflicted five years with the most angry-looking eating cancer I ever saw, and was nearly dead. The first bottle made a wonderful change, and after five bottles were taken, he is nearly or quite well. It is truly wonderful. M. F. CRUMLEY, M. D., Oglethorpe, Ga.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

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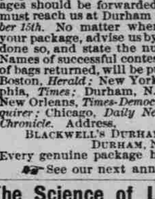
or WORMY VEINS of the Scrotum. *Often the unsuspected cause of* LOST MANHOOD, DEBILITY, &c., radically and *permanently cured* by the ELASTIC CRADLE AND COMPRESSOR. $6 AND $15. Sure cure without cutting. Circulars and testimonials free. CIVIALE REMEDIAL AGENCY, 160 Fulton St., New York.



This BELT or Regenerator is made expressly for the cure of derangements of the generative organs. There is no mistake about this instrument, the continuous stream of ELECTRICITY permeating through the parts must restore them to healthy action. Do not confound this with Electric Belts advertised to cure all ills from head to toe. It is for the ONE specific purpose. For circulars giving full information, address Cheever Electric Belt Co., 103 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

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OF THE HUMAN BODY ENLARGED, DEVELOPED, STRENGTHENED, Etc., is an interesting advertisement long run is our paper. In reply to inquiries, we will say that there is no evidence of humbug about this. On the contrary, the advertisers are very highly indorsed. Interested persons may get sealed circulars giving all particulars, by addressing ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.—Toledo Evening Bee.

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style,

"Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them *one trial,* which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"THE REMEDY so favorably noticed in all the papers,

Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines,

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability * * *

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years,"

"The doctors doing her no good."

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say;

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable,"

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

PAPILLON

PAPILLON COUGH CURE.

TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. W. K. Sidley, No. 3848 Ellis avenue, Chicago, Ill., says: "We have used Papillon Cough Cure for all kinds of coughs in our families. We have never known a case of whooping cough that the syrup failed to cure. We recommend it to every one and wish every family had a bottle of it on hand."

Mrs. Mary E. Richards, No. 3827 Ellis avenue, writes June 30, 1882: "I owe you many thanks for the courtesy last Saturday evening in sending me the medicine I so much wished for. I was first enabled to try your whooping cough remedy (Papillon Cough Cure), through the kindness of my neighbor, Mrs. W. K. Sidley, and it gave such great relief to my little girl that when the second child was attacked, it covered the same relief for her. I know of no other medicine which so much mitigated a malady, generally so distressing, and feel very appreciative of my good fortune in obtaining it."

Mrs. M. D. Davis, No. 3836 Ellis avenue, and Mrs. Jas. M. Buchanan, No. 3831 Ellis avenue, also recommend Papillon Cough Cure for whooping cough; it cured their children, one an infant only a few weeks old whom another paroxysm would have choked to death, as its life had been for some hours despaired of.

It is a harmless vegetable syrup, very delicious, and is for sale by all druggists.

Redington & Co., General Agents, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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DEBILITY of the Generative Organs quickly cured by the CIVIALE METHOD. Adopted in all the HOSPITALS OF FRANCE. Prompt return of VIGOR. Simple cases, $5 to $8. Severe cases, $5 to $15. Pamphlet free. Civiale Remedial Agency, 160 Fulton St., New York.

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CELERY The Greatest Nervine known.

BEEF (Liebig's Extract), the Wonderful Nutritive and Invigorator.

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IRON (Pyrophosphate), Tonic for the Blood, and Food for the Brain.

This Valuable Discovery, lately prepared and sold in Portland, Oregon, has been extensively used in that locality, and performed many astonishing cures. As a Nervine and Tonic it is unsurpassed. The combination of Celery, Beef and Iron, has shown to possess wonderful power to build up broken-down constitutions, and restore vigor to both mind and body. It is an efficient remedy in cases of General Debility, Nervous Exhaustion, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Loss of Physical and Mental Power, Urinary Difficulties, and in all Derangements of Health, where an efficient and agreeable Tonic and Nervine is required.

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