EYES VERSUS LIPS.

My lady's lips, so curved, so soft,
Have dealt to me a cruel "No;"
How, shall I, thus denied and scoffed,
From out her beauteous presence go?
Not so—proud lips, your lovely scorn
Within my breast shall plant no thorn,
Till deep I've gazed 'neath lashes black
Which hide her wonderous eyes from me.
And in response there flashes back
A glance, which shall my answer be.
Curved bows are lips whence arrows fly
To wound, to rend, mayhap to slay;
Deep wells are eyes where truth doth lie—
They will to me her heart betray.
Dark, tender eyes, your light denies
The proud lips' curve. Ah, rapture lies
Within those pure, clear depths for me.
Nor snowy lid, nor jetty lash
Can longer hide the flow and flash
Of love's tide welling full and free.
Red lips, to haughty mocking lent,
Kisses shall be your punishment.

WESTWARD WITH AN EMIGRANT TRAIN.

We did not see any ill usage of the emigrants. The discomfort mainly sprung from their own uncleanliness, and the officials treated them with little less politeness than is usually shown to first-class passengers by that despot in buttons, the American conductor.

An effort was made to keep the people of each nationality apart from the others. A gang of Italian laborers, the filthiest of all, were put in a car by themselves, and another car was reserved for persons who were cleaner and better dressed than the rest. Many of these were English and some of them Irish, who had been living in New York and its neighborhood, and were now moving further West.

Among the former was a woman of a class which formerly availed itself of the economy of the steerage much more than it does now, when the cabin fare by some line is little more than half of what it used to be. She was the wife of a foreman printer, who had preceded her to Chicago, whither she was now going with her two children and the furniture of a home, which had been a very pleasant one in England. She was nearly broken down with the care and discomfort of her journey, and was apprehensive of the briefest delay, as she had barely enough money to provide herself and little ones with food for the rest of the way. We learned this incidentally from her anxious questions as to the cost of various articles, and from her lengthening countenance as she received the information.

No discrimination is made in favor of the emigrant by the keepers of eating-houses along the line. A wafer of beef or ham placed between the halves of a leathery roll and called a sandwich costs ten cents, and the same price is charged for a glass of milk in a country where the purest and richest quality costs to others than emigrants six or seven cents a quart.

As we gave the price, the poor lady looked startled, and converted them into their equivalents in English money. She stared sadly out at the darkening landscape.

"I shouldn't think you'd like it as well as England," she said, measuring our opinion by her own.

There was also in the car a neat little English girl, who played all the antics of a Tilly Slowboy with the lady's children; pitching them high and low, and talking to them in an enduring jargon, which a Frenchman sitting opposite listened to her with a comical look of bewilderment. She was aided in her gratuitous office of nurse by an amiable old Irish woman, dressed in the scrupulously clean white-frilled cap and the long, black, all-enveloping cloak of her native sod.

A little wrinkled old woman with her beloved parrot was in the same car, and sat watching her neighbors with a keen, observant eye. There was something unusual and mysterious about her. The materials of her dress were fine; she wore two heavy rings in her ears; her face was like brown parchment. By-and-by the interpreter went and sat next to her, and made friendly overtures to her through the sleepy and petulent bird. When he rejoined us he had found out that she was a professional clairvoyant, and was going to Cleveland, where she had a daughter.

Most of the passengers to whom we spoke had friends or acquaintances in the place to which they were bound, and the answer to our question, "What are you going to do?" was usually, "Anything at all."

There was a suspicion that we were detectives, and oftener than not any inquires we made evoked no other reply than a boorish shrug of the shoulders.

Among the group in one of the rear cars were two handsome Piedmontese, with fine features and intelligent faces, who were picturesquely dressed in their native costumes, with broad sashes of red, green and yellow fastened around there waist. The artist who was with us attempted to make a sketch of them, but they insisted that he should not do it.

"It cannot do you any harm," the interpreter explained.

"No matter," they said, in Italian, "it might harm us at some time," and they had an immovable idea that if the law should ever require them, the existence of this portrait would lead to their discovery.

They covered their faces with their arms, and bent their heads down behind the seats.

But later in the evening, when we again passed through the car, they were asleep, and their faces, turned up to the roof, were fully exposed. More for mischief than because he wanted the sketch, the artist drew them in his book, and as he was finishing, one of them awoke. His expression of mortification was ludicrous.

"*Ah, Ostia!*" he cried, savagely, and protesting against the liberty the artist was taking, he aroused his companion and again concealed his face between his folded arms.

"Do you see that couple there?" the interpreter said, pointing to a young man and woman who were too absorbed in themselves to be conscious of spectators. The young man was about twenty-four years old, a good-looking, respectable Italian; she was no more than sixteen, a slender and pretty damsel from France

They came over from Havre in the same steamer," the interpreter continued, "and made love to one another by signs. They could not speak the same language; he knew a little English, but she knew neither English nor Italian. When they got to the garden and were about to separate, he came and begged me to ask her if she would marry him. She was not at all loath, so I took them before a magistrate and they were united. She had no friends in this county, and he had no plans, though he had a little money. He asked me what would be a good place to go to, and I advised him to choose Chicago. They are bound there now."

It was now quite dark, and the weary passengers were putting themselves into position for the night. The new land upon which they had been looking while the light lasted was shut out of view, and the train was trailing at a good speed among the hills of Orange county.

Their first consideration was for the children, who were pillowed and bolstered up with the bundles and given the larger share of the scant space. We saw one poor German woman turn two seats so that they faced each other and then put her babies to bed on them while they lay on the floor between them—a picture of maternal love which was not the less touching because she was a poor, bedraggled creature of the most humble class. Then another mother cast about her for something on which she could lay her baby's head, and the most convenient thing she could fine was a big loaf of rye-bread, which with her apron she transformed into a pillow. More than one went to sleep with her child fondly hugged to her breast.

At first the adults contented themselves by simply stretching themselves out at greater length, and inclining themselves further out of the horizontal, while retaining a sitting posture. A few of the men continued to smoke, which they were allowed to do in all the cars; some Norwegians sang songs of home and fellow-countrymen in a corner by themselves. But the crowd was tired and spiritless.

We looked through the cars, and it was like looking through the section of a tunnel. The air was heavy and impure. The lamps burned feebly, and were nothing but two points of yellow floating in a fog. Nearly everybody was asleep. We went out of the sickening atmosphere to sit on the platform in the rushing current made by the train, and watch the black panorama of rocks and foliage.

It was close on midnight when we entered the cars again. The lights were still dimmer, and at the first glance few things were distinguishable, but as our eyes became used to the gloom, a strange sight was revealed.

Looking less like human beings than heterogeneous bundles, the passengers had slipped out of their seats, and were lying, kneeling, crouching in postures to which it seemed scarcely credible that they could accommodate themselves without a torture. They seemed to have increased in number, and were spread out everywhere, down the isle of the car, under the seats, up against the door, behind the stove! Some were kneeling with their heads resting on the seats; some where lying flat on their backs, and others on their sides; some were bent up nearly double, and all were so cramped and so locked together, with heads and limbs misplaced, that they seemed not separate individnals, but the massive body of a monster with human resemblances.

Despite the rocking and jolting of the train and the trip-hammer sound of the wheels, they were in a profound sleep, and murmured incoherent words in their dreams. We could scarcely pick our way through the car without treading on them, and once or twice when we accidentally stepped on a naked foot, the possessor thereof was too deep in slumber to remonstrate.

Our car was like another, and thus, through the night, the train rolled on with its recruits for the new nation that is building up the West.

DISCOMFORTS OF AFRICAN TRAVEL.

Not the least among the trials incident to traveling in Africa is the sultry, humid atmosphere which makes it an effort to breathe. Guns, knives and every instrument of iron are covered with rust, and the traveler himself becomes the victim of dysentery. Often the explorer is obliged to hew his way through the thick undergrowth, with hatchet and sickle. Hours will be passed in cutting out a mile of road. Tempests catch him unawares. The rain falls in sheets, and the clouds are so dense as to bring darkness at midday. The native chiefs levy toll on him for the privilege of passing through their country. His guides strike for higher wages, and, if refused, leave him in an unknown land. If he appeals for protection to some powerful chief, the rascal may give it, but he will demand a large present. Two Portuguese explorers tell how they were dealt with by an avaricious chief, to whom they had appealed for deliverance from a mob of savages.

The savages had demanded a large amount of cotton cloth, the principal currency of Africa, and, being refused, they followed the travelers for days, threatening an attack. One day the explorers camped near a hamlet and their foes surrounded them. Suddenly an old noble issued from one of the huts, saying:

"I am chief. Who are you? Whence do you come? Who are these people surrounding you?"

The travelers explained and told him that these negroes had followed them for three days, demanding twenty pieces of cloth.

"Fear nothing," said the chief. "I will decide everything."

He called upon the mob to come up, berating them as "thieves, rogues and villains." He listened to their demands and the travelers' explanations. At last he forced them to modify their demand to ten pieces.

"Ten be it," said the explorers, thanking the chief in their hearts for his valuable service. A bale was opened, and the ten pieces counted out to the mob, who at once marched off.

"Now hand over the other ten pieces to me," said the impartial judge, holding out his hand—and they had to do it.

The editor of the London *Sportsman*, who recently visited this country, seems to have accommodated himself to the ways of the Republic with remarkable sweetness and content, as the following extract from an interview with him on his return to London sufficiently demonstrates:

"Did you make any speeches when you were in America?" they asked him.

"Yes," was the reply. "I was frequently called on to respond."

"And what did you say for the most part?"

"Thank you. I don't mind if I do."

At a banquet in Philadelphia sixty-five tailors were present. How many men were there?

The latest invention is a burglar-proof tomb. There are persons, no doubt, who would like to have a tomb which, in the expressive language of the day, it would puzzle Old Nick to open.

THE ROMANOFFS.

A Bloody Record from the Days of Michael Feodorovitch to those of Alexander II.--Diversions of Peter the Great.

On the throne of the Czar there are spots of red. Chamberlains, marshals, grand sticks in-waiting, have been trying for weeks to wash them away. They cannot be erased, scrub the courtiers as they will. All who attend the Moscow pageant can see them. The light in the Cathedral of the Assumption is dim; the fumes of the incense fill the air with a soft mist; but the spots on the throne of the Czar shine red through the haze. They are spots of blood.

What record can history show more sanguinary than that of the family of Alexander III., of whose coronation the whole world is talking? Its founder, the young Michael Feodorovitch, was called to power in an hour of unparalleled terror. Ivan the Terrible was dead, having killed his oldest son by beating him with a stick. Feodor and Dmitri, his other sons, had been poisoned by Boris Godounov, the ambitious Tartar, who assumed the reins of government at a moment when Moscow was desolated by so terrible a famine that parents ate their children and children their parents. A swarm of pretenders arose, claiming to be the murdered Prince Dmitri. One of them, a Jesuit monk, more successful than the rest, made a triumphant entry into Moscow, and forced Boris to take poison. In turn he was attacked by the populace; an assault was made on the palace and he was slain. Amid this anarchy the Boyars called the first of the Romanoffs to the throne.

PETER THE GREAT.

The crimes of Peter the Great form a black page in history. In suppressing the movement headed by his half-sister, Sophia, he first knouted the conspirators to death or sent them to Siberia with their tongues cut out. Then, when the outbreaks were renewed, he himself took part in beheading the rebels and strung up two hundred of them before Sophia's windows, and so drove her into a nunnery and ere long to death. "What a sea of blood," writes Sir William Ker Porter, "seems to encompass her grave. I shuddered when I looked at the end of all this guilt—a stone bed of six feet square. Forty-six years terminated this career of ambition and murder, and all for what?—a throne."

Catherine, the wife of Peter the Great, began her reign under favorable auspices. She was benign and gentle. But the curse of the family was on her. Her latter years were given up to flagrant excesses, and she was poisoned. Her son, Peter II., having banished Prince Menzikoff, his tutor and counselor, was done to death by the ministers whom he set in the exile's place. Her daughter, Elizabeth, was proclaimed Empress on the death of Anne, Duchess of Courland, and Ivan, the rightful heir to Anne's throne, was imprisoned in the Castle of Schlussenberg and there barbarously murdered.

The favorite sport of Elizabeth, who then came to the throne, was torture. Two ladies of extraordinary beauty, the praises of which had excited her jealousy, were exposed naked on a scaffold, had their tongues cut out and were knouted to death. She was as cowardly as she was vindictive. She got drunk every night on Tokay, and finally died of a cancer. The daughter of Peter the Great was worthy of a father whose domestic vices were such that history can only hint at them.

PETER THIRD, AND CATHERINE.

Peter III., who succeeded Elizabeth, met with a tragic death. His devotion to a woman of the people alienated the affections of his wife, Catherine, Countess Vorontzoff, who formed a friendship with the two Counts Orloff and persuaded them to murder her husband. They offered him a glass, but, detecting the poison, he refused to drink. Then, aided by the Princess Baratinski and a hired murderer, they threw him to the ground. Gasping for breath, he cried, "It was not enough, then, to prevent me from reigning in Sweden, and deprive me from the crown of Russia, but I must also be put to death." With which they put a napkin around his neck and strangled him. A manifesto was issued announcing that Peter had died of colic. The face of the dead was black, the neck was excoriated. Nevertheless the body was left for three days exposed to the people, with only the the insignia of a Holsten officer.

Catherine II., "whom," as Byron says, "the world adores as greatest of all Empresses," etc., in quite another character, began her reign by assassinating the dethroned Czar Ivan. She declared in a proclamation that "he was put to death by the officers of the guard, alleging an intented escape." In the war with Turkey the fortress of Anapuas was captured, and, by the express order of the Empress, the garrison of 25,000 men were all put to death. The atrocities of her troops in Poland were appalling. Her memory was execrated when she died.

Her successor, Paul I., had strange caprices. Having broken the heart of Suwaroff, he raised a statue to him after death. Having humiliated the captive King of Poland, he selected his coffin when dead. At last he went plainly mad. Count Pahlen, Governor of St. Petersburg, determined, with other men of rank, that he should be murdered. They gained entrance to his apartments, overpowering his guards. He fought from behind a row of chairs, and knocked down one of the conspirators. The Empress tried to enter the room, but was held back. The murderers then rushed upon the Emperor, threw him down, twisted a knot around his neck and so killed him.

THE ALEXANDERS AND NICHOLAS.

Alexander I. escaped assassination, but he died a horrible death. Disappointed in policy, weighed down by religious gloom, fearing that the entire royal family would be exterminated, he wandered from place to place to avoid the dagger, the bullet and the poisoned cup, and died at Taganrog, on the Sea of Azov.

Nicholas I. came to an equally sad end. His reign had opened with the military revolt. Its leaders he hung at St. Petersburg; the rank and file of the rebellion were sent off to Siberia. They were avenged by the results of the Crimean war. Beaten at Balaklava and Inkerman, seeing Sebastopol fall, the Emperor knew that his reign was done. He turned his face to the wall, and Alexander II., his son, reigned in his stead.

But the spirit of popular disfection was already abroad. The bomb was already cast which was to lay Alexander II. low. He was killed beside the Catherine canal, and his body lies with his ancestors in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul.

Is not this an almost incredible history of bloodshed? The dynasty of the Romanoffs has not reigned for three hundred years, and yet their annals are the foulest ever known. What hope is there for the Prince who is now assuming the crown? The best which he can expect is that he shall be allowed to live until he has developed the reforms which his father began.

A DOG WHIPS A BEAR.

When Dr. W. M. Clark lived with his family in the Sixth District of Davidson county, he owned a small rat dog, an English terrier, named Jack. Jack was a remarkable dog. On one occasion he killed 100 rats, and when he came out of the rat pit was hardly recognized by his friends. His ears were gone and his legs and throat were as raw as a piece of uncooked beef liver. But he killed the rats and won a wager.

On another occasion Jack had a fight with a coon and came out victorious, killing the coon in the third round. He had numerous fights with fighting dogs much larger and older than himself, but he came out victorious. His manner of fighting a dog was to watch his chance and seize him by one of his ears. Once his teeth were fastened here, there was no getting him loose until his antagonist squeeled enough and started on a dead run for home with his tail stored safely away between his legs. Whenever this would happen, Jack would let up on his enemy and whine for other enemies to conquer

But Jack's chief triumph was when he whipped a bear. A neighbor of Dr. Clark owned a pet bear of ordinary size. One day while visiting this neighbor, Jack and the bear fell out, and each squared himself for a fight. Jack was a great jumper. In this instance he made his greatest leap and landed on the back of his enemy. Quickly seizing him by the ear, the dog kept his body out of reach of the bear, and inserted his sharp teeth for all they were worth. The bear fought with a spirit, and made vigorous efforts to send Jack to grass, but all in vain. That dog would not let go. Finally the bear, almost exhausted, gave up in despair, and as plain as bear can speak, acknowledged his defeat. It required every man on the place to pull Jack off, and it is believed he would have killed the bear if left alone.

BETTER THAN A GOLD MINE.

Gold and silver mines are good things to have around, but in the long run iron mines and coal mines are better. Ten years from now the history of the Pacific Slope will furnish a striking illustration of this fact. For a decade, at least, it has been apparent in the Far West that the mining of the precious metals does not bring general or permanent prosperity; another decade will probably show the people of the coast what immense benefits are to be derived from those branches of industry which have made New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio centres of activity and of thrift, and which are now doing wonders for the South. Oregon and Washington Territory possess inexhaustible deposits of coal and iron. The supply of both is along the west shores, where it can be conveniently utilized. As yet the business of production is in its infancy. Coal is mined extensively only in two places—on Puget Sound and at Coos Bay, in Southern Oregon. Iron works are in operation near Fort Townsend, on the Sound. A company has just been organized, with $3,000,000 capital, to mine and smelt iron ore at Oswego, eight miles above Portland. Rolling mills and other works will be built as soon as possible. From this beginning, it is predicted, the industry will grow rapidly, and with the development of these resources of the coast, population will increase and genuine prosperity abound.

MAKING THOSE THINGS WE STRIKE AT AND DON'T HIT.

The iron is received from the rolling mills in sheets from three inches to twelve inches wide, and from three feet to nine feet in length, the thickness varying, according to the kind of work into which it is to be made, from one eighth to one-thirty-second of an inch. These sheets are all cut in about thirty inch pieces, and by immersion in acid cleaned of the hard outside flinty scale. They are then chopped into strips of a width corresponding to the length of the nail or tack required. Supposing the tack to be cut is an eight-ounce carpet tack, the strip of iron, as chopped and ready for the machine, would be almost eleven-sixteenths of an inch wide and thirty inches long. This piece is placed firmly in the feeding apparatus, and by this arrangement carried between the knives of the machine.

At each revolution of the balance wheel the knives cut off a small piece from the end of this plate. The piece cut off is pointed at one end, and square for forming the head at the other. It is then carried between two dies by the action of the knives, and these dies, coiling together, form the body of the tack under the head. Enough of the iron projects beyond the face of the dies to form the head, and while held firmly by them, a lever strikes this projecting piece into a round head. This, as we have said before, is all done during one revolution of the wheel, and the knives, as soon as the tack drops from the machine, are ready to cut off another piece.

These machines are run at the rate of about 250 revolutions per minute. The shoe nail machines, for cutting headless shoe nails, are run at about 500 revolutions per minute, and cut from three to five nails at each revolution.—[Mechanical Engineer.

Did you ever notice the warning, "Paint," posted on a door that you didn't feel the matter with your fingers just to find out if it wasn't dry enough to take down the sign? You probably never did. It would be contrary to human nature.

Weak in geography: An application was made at a railroad ticket office in Newport not long since for a ticket to New Hampshire. "To what part of the State?" was the question asked by the agent. "Well," was the reply, "I don't exactly know, but it's next to that place called Vermont."

A sailor need have no trouble in ascertaining the time. He can always refer to the larboard watch.

TEETH INJURED BY TOBACCO.

I was taught that the use of tobacco in any form was not injurious to the teeth, and in all the literature of the profession I have found nothing alluding to what I desire to present to the profession—namely, the evil effects upon tha teeth caused by constant use of tobacco. My attention was first drawn to this evil one year ago this month, when I was filling the teeth of a patient who has for years been in the habit of smoking and chewing a great deal of tobacco.

The injurious effects are not very noticeable until a person has been using the weed for about fifteen years, but the use of the pipe to excess will show its injurious effects in less time. Tobacco chewing is the most injurious, as the tobacco acts as an irritant in two ways, mechanically and by its properties—mechanically by particles of the tobacco being forced between the gums and the teeth. We have proofs of the irritable effects of tobacco in snuff. The direct effect of using tobacco is the recession of the gums of the teeth, but more especially those on the side of the mouth used most in chewing the tobacco. The sequel to this recession may cause the loss of one or more teeth by a diseased condition of the pulp, resulting from its being irritated by having the neck of the tooth and the root exposed to thermal changes in food and in the air we breathe. Exostosis and calcification may result.

Tobacco chewers' teeth wear away on the grinding surface rapidly, caused by the gritty substances naturally entering into the tobacco. The gums recede and are red and congested, and underneath the gum a narrow line of dark tartar is nearly always present, and particles may be found still further toward the apex of the mouth.—[Southern Dental Journal.

One of the latest methods for raising coin for church, or other purposes, is to give a public "weight supper," at which each lady in attendance writes her name and weight on a slip of paper, the slips being folded and put in a box. These slips are then drawn by the gentlemen, each of whom takes to supper the lady whose name he draws. The supper for the couple costs the gentleman at the rate of one cent for each pound the lady weighs.

A SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

A New and Most Important Theory on One of the Most Vital Questions of the Day.

If any one had informed Queen Elizabeth in her palmiest days that she could have been seated in her palace in London and conversed with Sir Walter Raleigh in his North Carolina home, receiving a reply from him within an hour's time, she would have declared it to be a miracle. And yet, had they lived in the present day, this apparent miracle would most readily have been witnessed and not seem at all strange or unnatural. The truth is, new principles are coming into existence, and the operation of many laws unknown in the past is being fully understood in the present. In no way does this fact come more forcibly to the mind than in the care and treatment of the human body. Millions of people have died in past ages from some insignificant or easily controlled cause which is thoroughly understood now and readily handled. Consumption during the entire past has been considered an incurable disease. And yet it is demonstrated that it has been and can be cured, even after it has had a long run. Dr. Felix Oswald has just contributed a notable article on this subject to the *Popular Science Monthly*. He regards consumption as pulmonary scrofula. The impurities of the blood produce a constant irritation in the lungs, thus destroying their delicate tissues and causing death. His theory shows conclusively that consumption is a blood disease. It has its origin primarily in a deranged condition of the kidneys or liver, the only two organs of the body, aside from the lungs, that purify the blood. When the kidneys or liver are diseased they are in a sore or lacerated state, which communicates poison to every ounce of blood that passes through them. This poisonous blood circulates through the system and comes to the lungs, where the poison is deposited, causing decomposition in the finely formed cells of the lungs. Any diseased part of the body has contaminating power, and yet the blood, which is the life of the system, is brought into direct contact with these poisoned organs, thus carrying contagion to all parts of the body. Bishop Jesse T. Peck, D. D., L.L. D., whose death has been so recently regretted, is reported to have died of pneumonia, which medical authorities affirm indicates a diseased condition of the kidneys. It is well known, moreover, that for several years he has been the victim of severe kidney trouble, and the pneumonia which finally terminated his life was only the last result of the previous blood poisoning. The deadly matter which is left in the lungs by the impure blood clogs up and finally chokes the patient. When this is accomplished rapidly it is called pneumonia or quick consumption; when slowly, consumption, but in any event it is the result of impure blood, caused by diseased kidneys and liver.

These are facts of science, and vouched for by all the leading physicians of the day. They show the desirability, nay, the necessity, of keeping these most important organs in perfect condition, not only to insure health, but also to escape death. It has been fully shown, to the satisfaction of nearly every unprejudiced mind, that Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is the only known remedy that can cure and keep in health the great blood purifying organs of the body. It acts directly upon these members, healing all ulcers which may have formed in them, and placing them in a condition to purify and not poison the blood. This is no idle statement nor false theory. Mr. W. C. Beach, foreman of the Buffalo, N. Y., Rubber Type Foundry, was given up to die by both physicians and friends. For four years he had a terrible cough, accompanied by night sweats, chills, and all the well-known symptoms. He spent a season South and found no relief. He says: "I finally concluded to try Warner's Safe Cure, and in three months I gained twenty pounds, recovered my lost energy, and my health was fully restored." The list could be prolonged indefinitely, but enough has been said to prove to every sufferer from pulmonic troubles that there is no reason to be discouraged in the least, and that health can be restored.

Insurance hath charm to move the salvage breast.

High chairs at low prices at H. Shellhaas', 11th St., Oakland.

HE HAS NO OBJECTION.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—The Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees, United States Senator from this State, remarks: "My opinion, sir, I have no objection to giving. I suffered from rheumatism of the back, used some St. Jacobs Oil, which gave me instantaneous relief, and finally cured me completely. I think it a remarkable remedy, indeed." His candid and courteous expression carries weight.

Vaulting ambition—The design of the bank burglar.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" for all those weaknesses peculiar to women, is an unequaled remedy. Distressing backache and "bearing down" sensations yield to its strength-giving properties. By druggists.

Many patients at our best hospitals receive gruel treatment.

*** "Example is better than precept." It is well known that dyspepsia, bilious attacks, headache and many other ills can only be cured by removing their cause. Kidney-Wort has been proved to be the most effectual remedy for these, and for habitual costiveness, which so afflicts millions of the American people.

The best tonic medicine—one that is not composed mostly of alcohol or whisky—is Brown's Iron Bitters. It is guaranteed to be non-intoxicating and will absolutely kill all desire for whisky and other intoxicants. It has been thoroughly tested and proven itself in every instance a never-failing cure for dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, debility, overwork, rheumatism, neuralgia, consumptive disease, liver complaints, kidney troubles, etc.

There is nothing better for Poison Oak, Cuts, Burns and Sores than MOTHER CARY'S SALVE. Price 25 cts. Try it.

The dregs of the w(h)ine—The last of the dog show.

GET THE ORIGINAL.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach and bilious attacks. By druggists.

Lose not thy own for want of asking for it; it will get thee no thanks.

No lady of refinement likes to resort to superficial devices to supply a becoming semblance of her former beauty. *It is health alone that kindles the fire that lights the countenance and brings back the fresh tints of the apple blossoms to the faded cheek.* If anything on earth will do this it is Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which has already brought health to multitudes with whom all other means had failed.

Dr. J. P. Newman, TOCCOA CITY, GA., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters are very popular and their use always results satisfactorily."

Carpets and furniture 20 per cent. cheaper at H. Shellhaas', 11th St., Oakland.

Pimples, pustules, and all skin disorders are cured by using *Samaritan Nervine.*

Might not the Keeley motor be termed a stationary engine.

THE AGE OF MIRACLES

Is past, and Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will not raise the dead, will not cure you if your lungs are almost wasted by consumption. It is, however, unsurpassed both as a pectoral and alterative, and will cure obstinate and severe diseases of the throat and lungs, coughs and bronchial affections. By virtue of its wonderful alterative properties it cleanses and enriches the blood, cures pimples, blotches and eruptions, and causes even great eating ulcers to heal.

Breaches of promise—Those your tailor didn't bring home.

For five cents, Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., will send colored samples of Diamond Dyes with directions.

The musician, like the cook, makes his bread out of his do.

Mr. Saml. J. Cassels, druggist at THOMASVILLE, GA., says: "The intelligent class use Brown's Iron Bitters and it gives good satisfaction."

A question of voracity—How much can you eat?

Ernest Reese, of Hannibal, Mo., says "*Samaritan Nervine* cured me of sick headache."

REMEMBER THIS.

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

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[From the Boston *Globe.*]

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