ON THE PORCH.

"No, not 'good night,'" the maiden said,
"For I am weary walking;
The lights are out and all in bed;
We'll not disturb them talking.
Let's on the door-stone sit and rest,
The night so cool is growing,
The moonlight dies along the west,
The river breeze is blowing."

June roses o'er the foot-path bend
That leads up to the portal,
The drowsy odors mix and blend
With dream-life more than mortal,
A dew drop from the lilac drops
And falls with silver tinkle,
Or was it gently meeting lips,
And eyes, not dews, that twinkle?

A rythmic cadence fills the air,
Of merry crickets singing,
The flash and sparkle show us where
The fire-flies swift are winging
The night, in sympathy with love,
Dull mortals sleep is giving,
But lights for us the stars above,
For love alone is living.

Such love is ever void of speech
The scent of dewy tresses,
Or languid hands that others reach
A message bring that blesses.
So silent was the hours of night
Until, with laggard warning,
The east is tinged with steely light
That brings the breeze of morning.

"No, not 'good night,' love, but 'good morn,'"
Cold lips, but warmer kisses,
What life plans of the night were born,
What joys the dead world misses!
The fortunes joined that summer night,
Beneath the damp June roses,
And hands then joined in troth and plight,
Shall cling until life closes.

Yes, on the porch of life we stood,
With all the world before us;
Around us dreams of coming good,
And hope's bright blossoms o'er us.
But, love, we will not say "good night,"
Though Time his signs be giving,
We'll kiss again at morning light,
For love alone is living.

[Exchange.

A BIT OF MAGIC SILVER.

"I want to ask you a certain question, Gomez." "Well, my dear fellow, what can that be?" "Where did you get your money?"

The question was an abrupt one, it was almost impertinent. But Gomez de Bonilla was an intimate friend of mine, a good fellow and—we had dined. To say truth, we had not only dined but wined, and it was over some post-prandials in the shape of further wine and fragrant cigars, that I had asked the question. But I had long wished to do so, and I will tell you why.

Some two years before, Gomez was as poor as a church mouse. He was always a good fellow, but then, you know, there is a difference between good fellows rich and good fellows poor. And, to my shame be it spoken, I think I liked him better rich than poor. Well, as I said, he was almost destitute. He had a profession, it is true—he was a journalist; but in Spain the gains of the fraternity of the pen were not large. What little he did earn went to the bad, for he was an inveterate gambler.

But from a poverty-striken journalist he suddenly blossomed out into a man of wealth. He had the finest horses, he belonged to the most fashionable club, he had purchased the country seat of a decayed grandee, he had the best cook in Madrid, and he moved in the best society—for alas! even in Spain the golden key is beginning to open all portals. But do not think from what I say that Gomez was not a gentlman, for he came of an excellent family.

Well, as I sajd, we had just finished an excellent dinner, and over the walnuts and the wine I put my question,—

"Gomez, where did you get your money?"

He looked at me thoughtfully and knocked the ashes from his cigar.

"Where did I get my money?" he repeated slowly. "And what says Dame Rumor concerning it, Pedro?"

"There are all sorts of stories," I replied; "some good-humored, more ill-natured. You pardon my frankness, if I tell you that I have heard some people call your wealth 'ill-gotten gains,' whisper of retired highwaymen, and the like. There are others who hint darkly at counterfeiting. Among the lower classes there is a wide-spread belief that you have sold yourself to the devil. And I have even met intelligent people who hinted at supernatural means."

"Perhaps they were right," was his loconic reply.

I stared at him.

"Listen, and you may perhaps tell me whether the means were supernatural or not. I have never been able to decide. The reason that the source of my fortune has never been discovered was because the only man who knew of it had left the city the day after—"

He paused.

"The day after what?" I querried.

"Well, I will begin at the beginning. The story is a curious one, and should be told in sequence."

He lit a fresh cigar and then began:—

"You knew me two years ago, when I was poor. You also knew, as did all my friends, that I had a passion for gaming. You would all of you chorus, when speaking of me, 'Poor Bonilla! He has the worst of vices—he is a desperate gambler.' You were all wrong. I did not play simply for love of it. I played because I was poor. I was not a gambler. I was a speculator. I fixed upon a certain sum which I considered a competence. I saw no way of acquiring it by my profession, so I devoted myself to the green cloth—how assiduously you know."

He smiled at the expression of assent which involuntarily flitted over my countenance, watched the smoke-wreaths curling over his head for a moment, and continued:—

"One evening I was feeling un usually blue. I never drank, as you know—that is, never to excess—and certainly never to do what is called 'drowning sorrow.' My resource was the gaming table. Unfortunately I had in my possession a considerable sum of money which had been entrusted to me by a friend for the purpose of paying some debts; he had been suddenly called away from the city. I entered the gambling hell, and seated myself at the roulette table. Fortune was against me; the few *duros* that belonged to me were soon gone. Something seemed to possess me that night; I was not myself. I did what I never should have dreamed myself capable of doing—I staked my friend's money. I staked it, and I lost it all."

I was about to speak.

"Do not condem," he interrupted, "you could say nothing severer than were my self-reproaches. Long I sat there, glaring at the other players. As I watched the ivory ball spin round, my brain seemed to be leaving me. I felt as if life were no longer dear to me. Penniless and dishonored, what was there left to live for?

"As these thoughts passed through my working brain, the night wore on. The slayers dropped off, one by one. The tables was gradually deserted. Soon there was but one left lighted—the roulette table before which I sat, and at which one persevering gamester was trying his luck. Finally he, too, wearied, and I was left alone with the banker, who was the proprietor of the gambling hell."

"Oh, I remember," I interrupted, "Jose Herrara, who disappeared so suddenly a couple of years ago."

"The same," replied Bonilla, fixing his eyes keenly upon me.

I do not know why, but I began to feel uncomfortable. However, he continued—

"The banker looked at me inquiringly. I half rose to retire. I had fully determined to blow out my brains in the street, and that I did not do so is owing to one of the strangest of circumstances—so strange that you will not blame me for wondering whether it was supernatural. I half rose, I say, and as I did so, I saw upon the floor a round, bright object which had a silver shimmer as the gaslight fell upon it. It was a coin, a—"

"A *peseta*," I interrupted breathlessly.

"Yes," he went on, "a little bit of silver coin—only a *peseta*. But it saved my life. I placed my foot upon it, and motioning to the banker said,—

"'A *peseta* on the seventeen!'

"The banker knew me well—he had cause to—and without making any inquiries he repeated my wager after me, and set the ball a whirling. It stopped in seventeen.

"Seventeen wins," said he, and on the seventeen clanged seven silver *duros*

"'Do you leave it there?' said he.

"I nodded. Again the ivory ball spun round, and again it stopped at seventeen.

"'Seventeen wins,' said the banker.

"Again I left the glittering pile upon the seventeen, and again it won. Seven several times did the goddess Fortune smile upon me. And when I stopped, it was not because I feared to venture further, but because I had broken the bank. The poverty-stricken wretch who a few moments before had contemplated suicide was now wealthy."

"And the *peseta*," said I, "you have that still, of course?"

"No," he replied with a strange smile.

"Why," exclaimed I with surprise, "had I been you I would have kept it all my life."

"No," he replied, with the same peculiar smile, "you would not have kept it."

"And why not?"

"When I stooped to pick up the coin I found—nothing."

"Nothing!" I echoed. "Why—what—where—"

"That which I had taken for a *peseta* was not a coin. The round, silvery object on which the light had fallen and deceived me was—"

"What?"

"A drop of water."

THE MODERN YOUTH'S PRIMER.

See the tramp! Never despise a man because he is a tramp. Little boy, you are more liable to become a tramp than to become president of the United States, and there are ten million tramps. You will have to take big chances of becoming a tramp. What is a tramp? A tramp is a victim of misfortune, banished from home. Sometimes he wants something to eat, but he always wants something to drink. If he does not get anything else he will take coffee. Every once in a while he steals something. Is it not wrong for the tramp to steal? O! yes, it is wrong and he finds out it is wrong when he is chucked into a calaboose. If I had my choice, little boy, I would rather be a bank president than a tramp. If you must steal it is more pleasant to go traveling to Europe than to go to the calaboose.

This is a rocking chair. It was made by a man who smelled like varnish and who wore a paper cap. Your papa bought it so he could fall over it when he came home full. It is the boss thing to fall over except a wheelbarrow. When you get to be old it is nice to sit in a rocking chair and realize that you are no good. Perhaps, sometimes, when you have no bread in the house your papa will sell the rocking chair to a good, kind Mosaic-Arabian gentleman, who will pay him seventy-five cents for it.

Children, did you ever see a camel? Why does the camel go through the eye of a needle? It is easier for you to draw a prize in a lottery than for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. The camel has two humps on his back, both daily. That is the reason he humps himself over the desert. The camel travels more in two days than it does in one. One time a learned man said: "The camels are coming." He was a Scotch liar. Sometimes you see a camel in a circus, if you have a quarter, and try to crawl under the canvas, a bad man will hit you with a club. It is not so nice to be hit with a club as it is to see a camel. This is all I know about the camel, and if you don't know any more about the camel you will get through the world just as well.—[Gilhooley's Etchings.

The habit of smoking cigars and cigarettes is said to be growing among the young women of New York. There is a store on Fourteenth street where tobacco, cigars and cigarettes are sold to women only, and sent to the house in wrappers similar to those which are put around dry goods. In fashionable boarding schools which are resorted to by the wealthy girls of New York smoking is said to be quite common, in spite of rules against it. One girl at Vassar had a lot of Maillard's candies, three boxes of cigarettes, a box of cakes and three bottles of champagne—all of which are "tabooed"—sent to her by her younger sister, who had them packed in the interior of a cabinet organ that was sent to ornament the young lady's room at the college. The back of the organ was unscrewed and the forbidden articles were packed therein. Another girl went to Fort Plain Seminary, up the Hudson. When one of her confidential friends sent her an embroidered easy chair she ripped the lining loose at the back and found the cigarettes she had sent for—forty packages—for herself and friends.

A man's wants begins with his clothes. Let him be without clothes and it makes no difference whether he has a dollar in his pocket or not.

Emmerson says: "All healthy things are sweet tempered." Slugger Sullivan smiles and says he is feeling particularly healthy.

The New York Commercial Advertiser man has discovered that too much gas will spoil the best retort.

A TAIL OF THE HOG.

Bismarck, the German Premier, is probably the best posted man in the universe on the hog. At any rate he claims to be. What is the hog? It consists of two hams, two shoulders with plenty of pork in between, with a head at one end and a tail at the other. And such a tail it is! The hog can't brush flies off with it, it never is wiggled as a signal of recognition or distress, and the only thing that can be said of it is that it denotes the end of the hog. It's a sort of ornamental Spencerian flourish put on as a sort of an apology for making such poor use of the balance of the pork. There is however, some use for this curlique. In Kansas they tie a knot in it to keep the hog from getting through fences. Again it has been surmised that the hog's tail is to the hog what bangs and frizzes are to a woman. It has to be done up on a paper every night to give it that graceful and bewitching curl. It is seldom it has more than one curl, but you sometimes see one with two curls in it, that is if the hog is well up in the style. In fact it is the only beauty spot on the hog. The expression of the hog's face cannot be said to indicate any extraordinary degree of intelligence, but to a casual observer it is evident the hog knows considerable. Anyway his nose is his leading feature, and the rest of the pork follows it around the country. The American hog has the characteristic of working itself into the good graces of the people of every nationality, and fearing it might probably supersede royalty, Bismarck says it shall not land in Germany. The American hog, true to his country, gets there just the same. He lands in France and goes the rest of the way overland, after taking in the French airs by adopting a coat of arms with a French motto.

We have two-legged hogs in America. The peculiarity of the two legged hog is his tendency to corner everything. He will make a corner on tacks just as quick as on provisions, if he gets the chance. He also has a happy faculty for watering other stock—telegraph stock for instance. It concerns him little as to the result of his transactions on others, so long as he can scoop the sheckles out of his corner. It's "git there Eli" with him and Eli "gits." There are also two-legged little pigs—young hogs. They generally want everything they see and refuse to divide with their companions. These little pigs grow to hogs unless the old man with the sickle cuts 'em down in their pig years. The disposition these little pigs are permitted to cultivate is to organize monopolies when they grow to the years of hoghood, and it is the bearing down of this disposition that causes strikes. When these two-legged hogs corner all the swill they politely inform the others to "root hog or die." The others sometimes root in a direction that makes the foundation of the "corner" rather shaky and then a squeal goes up that wakes the sleeping echoes down in the deep dark valley. There will be a combination one of these days that will down this swill monopoly business.

Of the two kind of hogs the four-legged hog is preferable. In him we have meat to eat, grease for the pan cake griddle and grease to make our saw run easy. He furnishes exercise for our dog when he gets into the garden. Who ever saw a hog that wouldn't get into a garden if he got half a chance? Why, he has no idea of capacity. He will try to go through a nail hole in a board fence to get in among your cabbages and yet that same hog has an idea the big gate isn't large enough for him to go through and you can only convince him of his miscalculation after you and the dog have chased him all over the garden three or four times, worn out three or four barrel staves, and knocked over the hen coop, that he can get through that gate. This affords you exercise, but it agitates your temper and proves to you that scientists are right in their conclusions that the hog's head is on the wrong end of the beast. Of all the beasts that roam the field who of you would be a hog?

JOSH BILLINGS AT LONG BRANCH.

Josh Billings wrote from Long Branch N. J., to the Troy *News* as follows:

"Arrived here just in time tew see the Atlantik Osean, which is now on exhibishun, and dewing a good buziness tew full houses. Took a bath tew onst, and was astonished tew find the water so saltous; enquired the kause of an intelligent natiff, and he informed me he didn't care; I think he lied. There iz about one hundred and sixty thousand human beings, and other folks, here now, as near as I can get at it; I counted till I got tired, and then estimated. It is perfekly hart-renting tew see the females in search ov natural protektors. I counted sixteen yesterday in a pile; they aul sighed az I passed bi them, with downcast eyes. I felt sorry for them, but couldn't help them, for I am thoroughly married, and intend tew remain so. There is two breezes here, a sea breeze and a Jersee breeze, and I advise aul persons tew use the sea breeze, for the other is so used up before it reaches here, that it soon uses up everybody after it gets here. Yesterday I went out krabbing and ketched a peck of them; they bite sideways, and hang on like a dead hoss shoe; they make good vittles enuff, but they ain't profitable tew eat if you count your time wuth enny thing. The bathing iz luxurious, and the bathers resemble mermades, half men and half wimmen; they aul dress in the Choctaw kostum, and when they emerge from the water, yu can't tell which iz whc, unless yu ask them. There is twenty-one hotels, and they are prinsipally bilt out doors tew give the guests as much brinaqueous air as possible. The lodging rooms are small but handy, each one haz a door tew them, and a looking-glass on the wall, and two washboles and a towel. Dinner is served at two o'clock, and open with soup, and shuts up with huckelebery. The servants are generally blak, but many ov them have lived so long among the whites that they begin to adopt our kuller. The beech, by moonlight, iz worthy ov a philosopher. Lovers meet here from all parts ov the kuntry tew vow and sware, and many a hart that comes here tuff and hearty goes home smashed, and bleeding luv at every pour."

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's new story in Wide Awake will be called "Buttered Crusts." In lieu of a sentiment it might be offered as a toast.

The derangements of the money order service of the telegraph company prevents the strikers from receiving money from the Brotherhood by telegraph.

JUST OUT.

Strange How it got Out--The Village Secret that No One Knew and No One Told.

"Oh! by the way," exclaimed Mrs. Limbertung, suddenly changing the conversation, "you know that Flossing girl? Well, her brother, he that was sent to State Prison four or five years ago, is out. I saw them together just now. I do hope that nobody'll know that he's been in prison for his sister's a real good girl, and she's dreadfully anxious that Tom 'll do well; and of course if it gets out you know, that he's just out of prison, it'll be almost impossible for him to get anything to do. But, mercy! look at that clock! I declare I didn't know I'd been here so long. Good-by, Mrs. Smith; now do call, won't you?"

Mrs. Limbertung is next found at Mrs. Brown's.

"Oh! that reminds me!" she says, interrupting Mrs. Brown. "You know that Flossing fellow who got into trouble and was sent to State Prison? Well, he's out. He looks as though he wanted to do right now, and I hope for his sister's sake, if not for his own, that nobody will mention anything about his past life. It ought to be kept secret. Both of 'em have suffered enough, the land knows."

Mrs. Brown promises not to say anything about it, and Mrs. Limbertung goes out. On the street a block or two away she meets Mrs. Jones.

"Why, how do you do, Mrs. Jones? What a stranger you are! I have got some news for you. Fanny Flossing's brother's got home—what! you never heard of the Flossings. That's funny. I thought everybody knew them. Well, you see, Fanny's brother Tom stole a lot of money, four or five years ago—yes, and he got taken up and had to go to prison—strange that you never heard of it! and Fanny's worried herself almost to death about him—Fanny is that pale looking girl in a chip hat you saw me talking with this morning—and she says if she can only keep it from getting out—it would be awful, you know, if folks should find out that there's a State Prison bird in the village—she hopes Tom 'll get something to do. I pity her awfully, and I would not lisp it to a soul, would you?"

Mrs. Limbertung, in the course of the afternoon, meets or visits perhaps a score of her acquaintances, and to every one she relates the story of the Flossings, and repeats the hope that it won't get out. The story and the hope are carried into the grocer's and the butcher's, and the hope and the story are left with the baker and dry goods dealer, and when Mrs. Limbertung lies down to sleep that night her last thoughts are upon the Flossings and her last hope ere slumber overpowers her is that it won't get out."

A day or two later she meets Miss Flossing.

"Why, what's the matter, Fanny?" she exclaims "How pale you look! And, I declare! if you haven't been crying!"

"I can't help it!" says Fanny, breaking out anew. "Poor Tom!"

"Why, what's happened?"

"Nothing, only I've tried and tried, and Tom's tried, too; but it's no use. Nobody will hire him. Somebody has been around and told everybody about him, and it's no use, it's no use!" And Fanny's tears fall thick and fast.

"It's positively shameful!" exclaims Mrs. Limbertung, mingling her tears with Fanny's; "that's what I call it, positively shameful! I wonder who could have the heart to do such a thing? I was in hopes that nobody would hear anything about it; and I did hope that Tom would do well—and I know he will if he's given half a chance!"

And Mrs. Limbestung kisses Fanny, and again tells her to cheer up, before saying good bye.

Mrs. Limbertung goes down the street wondering who could have told it, at the same time hoping—and sincerely hoping—that poor Tom will get a place and Fanny and he will live "real happy" together.

But for the life of her she can't think "how it got out.—[Boston Transcript.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

Curtis B. Wells, of Springfield, Mass., has received a letter from Henry M. Burt, detailing the editor's experience with lightning on Mt. Washington. He writes: "I was in my office and had just given directions about making up a form, when all at once I felt a tremendous blow in the back. I could not imagine at first what caused it, but instantly thereafter I saw a ball of fire as large as a man's head directly in front of me, not three feet off. It exploded with a tremendous noise, seemingly as loud as a cannon, and then I knew what must have happened. My left leg seemed to be completely paralyzed, and I fell to the floor. At first I felt as though a ball had gone through my body and that all below had been shot away. I was startled and confounded, but did not lose consciousness. Help came immediately and I was removed to my room in the hotel and undressed. In the course of two or three hours I could begin to move my leg a very little. You have probably heard of the impression of a tree being found upon the bodies of those killed by lightning. The same thing was noticed upon my back, and as there are no trees on Mt. Washington, it seems to me that the peculiar appearance must be the result of the blood setting in the smaller veins."—[Springfield Republican.

An absent-minded editor wrote a love-letter and an editorial at the same time. The love-letter he sent out to be set up in type by the printers, and a long editorial on tariff to his girl. There was fun at both ends.

A London credit bootmaker has a book in which he keeps the names of all customers who pay up promptly. He labels it outside "The Legion of Honor." He has been in business twenty years, and it is not half full yet.

Before the city directory man takes a census of St. Louis, watermelons are always sent there from Chicago to double up the population. After that an official count is made, showing how unreliable St. Louis figures are.

The hospital at Lausanne has been entirely lighted with electricity.

"I meant to have told you of that hole," said a gentleman to his friend, who, walking in his garden, stumbled into a pit of water. "No matter," said the friend, "I have found it."

Some workmen while putting up a sign at a Newport store dropped two of the big letters, both H's, on the pavement. A dozen Newporters immediately exclaimed, "How delightfully English!"

Before the Police Commissioner: "Isidore Ferblantine, this is the thirteenth time that you have been arrested for theft." "Ah, monsieur, it is so humiliating to beg!"

ONE OF THE ELECT.

CLEVELAND, OHIO,—The *Plain Dealer* reports that Hon. Martin A. Foran, congressman elect from the Cleveland, Ohio, district, has used St. Jacob's Oil in his family and has always found it safe and reliable, and it afforded him great relief to a lame knee.

"N. G." means National Game. It's base ball.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is everywhere acknowledged to be the standard remedy for female complaints and weaknesses. It is sold by druggists.

The city of Vera Cruz should not exist.

Every color of the Diamond Dyes is perfect. See the samples of the colored cloth at the druggists. Unequaled for brilliancy.

Some one says the muley cows are apt to kick.

At the dawn of womanhood, or in the change of life, *Samaritan Nervine* is the ladies friend.

Independent circumstances alter burial cases. They make them more rich and costly.

DECLINE OF MAN.

Impotency of mind, limb, or vital functions, nervous weakness, sexual debility, etc., cured by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y. Address, with two stamps, for pamphlet.

The man bound to go forward is not the one who talks back.

"Lydia E. Pinkham, whose benevolent face is shadowed in almost every paper we pick up, appears to have discovered what Addison calls "The grand elixir, to support the spirits of human nature." It is quite evident that she has the patent and has secured the contract for making over and improving the invalid corps of American womanhood.—*Globe.*

Ammen's Cough Syrup cures colds, coughs, bronchitis and consumption.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

A sure cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles, has been discovered by Dr. William (an Indian remedy), called DR. WILLIAM'S INDIAN OINTMENT. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of twenty-five years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions and instruments do more harm than good. William's Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching (particular at night after getting warm in bed), acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts and for nothing else.

For sale by all druggists and mailed on receipt of price, $1.00, by addressing FRAZIER MEDICINE Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

"What is bred in the bone, will never out of the flesh." But rheumatism, piles, malaria, constipation and all other confluents from derangements of the functions of the liver, kidneys and bowels will "out of the flesh" without fail after the thorough use of Kidney-Wort, the cure for all such diseases.

"Buchu-Paiba." Quick, complete cure, all annoying kidney and urinary diseases. $1.

Many persons who seemingly have consumption have perfectly sound lungs, and their distress originates altogether from disordered kidneys and liver. Now there are thousands of remedies that will relieve kidney and liver diseases, but there is only one that can be depended upon for effecting a permanent cure, and that is Brown's Iron Bitters. Its efficacy has been satisfactorily proven in thousands of instances after all other remedies failed.

Wells' Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

The cut wire covers a multitude of dispatches delayed.

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 for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs—therefore use the great anti-scrofula, 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 the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption, send two stamps to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

The swell who cannot drop his "h's" has no business trying to be a dude.

From North Hampton, N. H., Mrs. L. B. Tarlton, writes: "*Samaritan Nervine* cured my son."

St Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

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A SPECIFIC FOR Epilepsy, *Spasms*, Convulsions, *Falling Sickness*, St. Vitus Dance, *Alcoholism*, Opium Eating, Scrofula, *Kings Evil*, Ugly Blood Diseases, *Dyspepsia*, Nervousness, *Sick Headache*, Rheumatism, *Nervous Weakness*, Brain Worry, *Blood Sores*, Biliousness, *Costiveness*, Nervous Prostration, *Kidney Troubles and Irregularities*. $1.50.

Sample Testimonials.

"Samaritan Nervine is doing wonders." Dr. J. O. McLemoin, Alexander City, Ala

"I feel it my duty to recommend it." Dr. D. F. Laughlin, Clyde, Kansas

"It cured where physicians failed." Rev. J. A. Edie, Beaver, Pa

Correspondence freely answered. Sold by all Druggists. (27)

S. A. RICHMOND MED. CO., ST. JOSEPH, MO

For testimonials and circulars send stamp.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, by increasing vital power, and rendering the physical functions regular and active, keeps the system in good working order, and protects it against disease. For constipation, dyspepsia, and liver complaint, nervousness, kidney and rheumatic ailments, it is invaluable, and it affords a sure defence against malarial fevers, besides removing all traces of such disease from the system. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally

SURE CURE For Epilepsy or Fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. Dr. Kruse, 2044 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo.

A traveler has recently accomplished the task of walking across the entire continent of Australia, a distance of 2,000 miles, and some of the newspapers are talking about him as having performed a "useless feat." This shows how narrow-minded even editors are at times. No doubt the man's shoemaker saw something heroic in the business, and is prepared to applaud anybody who shall attempt to do the same thing.

Coal men are familiar with the weighs that are dark.

In the name of suffering humanity, we request all physicians to try Ammen's Cough Syrup, then they will prescribe it for their patients who are troubled with coughs, colds and diseases for which it is recommended. Many doctors who are opposed to patent medicines prescribe this remedy; the druggist simply changes the contents into another bottle, and the patient is none the wiser, while the physician gets credit for the cure, which always follows where a cure is possible. Ask your druggist to show you a large bottle.

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

Dr. J. N. Armstrong, OTTUMWA, IA., says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my family and recommend its use to others."

Rev. E. A. Spring, CORYDON, IOWA, says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for general ill-health and found it to be of great help to me."

Many times you want to keep meat or fish for several days. Lay it in a solution of Rex Magnus over night and you can keep it for weeks. You can also keep milk a week or more by stirring in a little of the "Snow Flake" brand.

The dog has little chance when he must pay tax or eat poisoned sausage.

VITAL QUESTIONS.

Ask the most eminent physician

Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly

"Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to women"—

And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically Buchu.

Ask the same physicians:

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases: or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malarial fever, ague, etc.," and they will tell you:

Mandrake! or Dandelion!

Hence, when these remedies are combined with other equally valuable.

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a

(Concluded in our next.)

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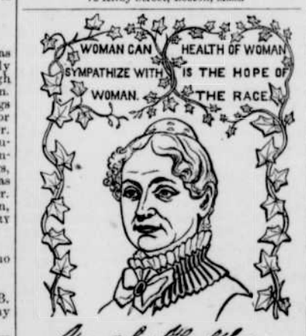
In the Living Expenses of the Family

By the use of REX MAGNUS, the Humiston Food Preservative. It preserves Meat, Fish, Milk, Cream, Eggs, and all kinds of Animal Food fresh and sweet for weeks, even in the hottest weather. This can be proved by the testimonials of hundreds who have tried it. You can prove it for yourself for 50 cents. You will find that this is an article which will save you a great deal of money.

NO SOURED MILK, NO SPOILED MEAT, NO STALE EGGS.

It will keep them fresh and sweet for many days and does not impart the slightest foreign taste to the articles treated. It is so simple in operation that a child can follow the directions, IS AS HARMLESS AS SALT and costs only a fraction of a cent to a pound of meat, fish, butter or cheese or to a quart of milk. This is no humbug; it is endorsed by such men as Prof. Sam'l W. Johnson of Yale College. Sold by druggists and grocers. Sample pounds sent prepaid by mail or express (as we prefer) on receipt of price. Name your express office. Vlandine brand for meat; Ocean Wave for fish and sea food; Snow Flake for milk, butter and cheese; Anti-Ferment, Anti-Fly and Anti-Mold, 50c. per lb. each. Pearl for cream; Queen for Eggs, and Aqua-Vitae for flued extracts, $1 per lb. each.

THE HUMISTON FOOD PRESERVING CO., 72 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.



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Pleasant to the taste, efficacious and immediate in its effect. It is a great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor and at regular periods.

PHYSICIANS USE IT AND PRESCRIBE IT FREELY.

FOR ALL WEAKNESSES of the generative organs of either sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been before the public; and for all diseases of the KIDNEYS it is the *Greatest Remedy in the World.*

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, at the same time will give tone and strength to the system. As marvellous in results as the Compound.

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Sold by all Druggists. (3)

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SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the Shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N. Y.

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GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this Dye. Imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

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HAS BEEN PROVED The SUREST CURE for KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or a disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use KIDNEY-WORT at once. (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

It is a SURE CURE for all DISEASES of the LIVER.

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.

In the Spring, to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

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It Acts at the same time on the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS. For Constipation, Piles, or Rheumatism it is a permanent cure.

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