

SAVED ON THE GALLOWS.

A GOOD MINISTER'S LONG PRAYER AGAINST TIME.

Two Men's Narrow Escape in the Days when There was a Capital Crime in Canada.

Dr. J. M. Clark, of Erie, Penn., told a Philadelphia Times correspondent an interesting and remarkable story, brought out by the death of Richard Carr, a Canadian octogenarian: "I had no idea that Carr was living on this side of the lake, or that he was living at all," said Dr. Clark. "Not having heard anything of him for thirty years I supposed him long since dead. His arrest, conviction, sentence and escape are events closely connected with my family and my childhood, my uncle, Rev. John Ryerson, being the clergymen who attended Carr to the scaffold and who prayed against time for the purpose of cheating the hangman. He succeeded, and this is how it all happened: I was a child at Vittoria, a Canadian village just across the lake, about fifty-five years ago. Who did Carr kill? No one. He was a quiet and inoffensive young man, and so was Smith, condemned to die with him. The affair formed the theme for many atrocious ballads by villainous village poets, just as the execution of the three Thayers in Buffalo did. I see by the papers that nowadays a cold-blooded murderer frequently escapes the attention of her most excellent majesty's hangman through some fine point of law; but in the good old days no poor wretch, whose suffering family prompted him to steal sheep or oxen, escaped. They were swung off promptly if not artistically.

"One day, I remember well, the village was thrown into great excitement by the discovery of a crime for which the penalty was death. The whole village of Vittoria was in an uproar. Some one had stolen an ox. A diligent search resulted in the discovery of the hide, and suspicion fell on Carr, who was known to be poor, and in whose house the odor of cooked meat still hung. The village dogberry and shallow dignitaries, that were next to deities in my eyes then, succeeded in extorting a confession of guilt from Carr and another poor fellow named Smith. The culprits were brought to trial, and a jury of twelve fellow-men found no difficulty in consigning both to the scaffold, after the learned judge had expatiated for hours upon the enormity of the crime against God and man.

"Sentence of death was passed upon Carr and Smith and they would probably have been executed the next day, but I suppose the sheriff thought it would be regarded as ungentlemanly and unfriendly if he did not arrange the time so that his distant constituency could get in to witness the sight. Travel was slow in those days of no railroads. Among those who were horrified and shocked at the approaching execution were my uncle, the spiritual adviser of the poor fellows, and Dr. John Rolf, whose memory still clings to the village. The Rev. John Ryerson was brother to Dr. Egerton Byerson, D. D., superintendent of education in Ontario, who died two years ago, the houses of parliament adjourning to attend the funeral.

"Dr. Rolf was more excited than any other of Smith and Carr's sympathizers, and he determined to ride to Toronto and intercede with the governor, who, I think, was Sir John Colborne. Before departing on his hazardous errand of mercy, Dr. Rolf was closeted with my uncle, Rev. John Ryerson. The latter subsequently told me that he had agreed to delay the hanging all he could by making the closing prayer as long as his strength and power of utterance would permit, provided that Rolf had not returned. Good Dr. Rolf calculated upon getting back a few hours before the time set for the execution. He set out on the swiftest horse to be had in the village, but the people had little faith in his ability to make the journey in time and less faith in the governor's inclination to interfere. The days flew on and the people flocked in from the surrounding country. Uncle John did all he could to comfort the doomed men and led them to a realization of a greater mercy than man's, but they refused to be comforted. The fatal morn came, but without any tidings of Dr. Rolf. The hour arrived and the men were led out to die. Private hanging had not come into fashion then. It was considered good and wholesome for the common people to witness the awful and just punishment of the horse, sheep or cattle stealer. The gallows was erected out in the open and in full view of all. It was none of your patent, latest style instrument of death. No sand-bag or scientific tests were made to assure the quickest death possible. It was a rude structure, upon which the village carpenter may not have expended more than two hours' labor.

"Smith and Carr were placed in position, and when the hangman's little preliminaries were over the sheriff was informed that all was ready for the parson's final blessing or prayer. Then Rev. Ryerson got down on his knees and began the longest and most remarkable prayer on record. His voice was low purposefully, for he wished to husband his vocal strength. He prayed for about twenty minutes without creating remark, for long prayers were not so distasteful then as now. But when he entered upon the second half hour great restlessness was manifested. The sun poured down upon the uncovered heads and many did not hesitate to say aloud that they were getting too much of a good thing. The sheriff was impatient and the hangman looked weary. The proceedings made him tired. Even the poor wretches waiting death showed signs of annoyance, for uncle had not told them of his compact with Dr. Rolf. The murmurs rose higher and higher, but uncle prayed on without ceasing. An hour passed and he was still on his knees. There was now no relevancy in his appeal. He

merely uttered words and disconnected phrases to consume time. The muscles of his throat contracted, his tongue was dry and clove to his mouth and his voice was husky, but he prayed on, the words falling without meaning upon his hearers. "He told me later that he did not know what he was saying, and that the only real prayer uttered in all that time was a silent one and composed of four words: 'God hasten Rolf's footsteps.' Whenever I see the play of 'Damon and Pythias,' I am reminded of that fearful scene," continued Dr. Clark. "At the end of an hour there was quite an uproar, and the discontent had almost become a riot, when a voice cried: 'Here comes Dr. Rolf!' My uncle did not hear or heed the new tumult that now arose, but prayed on, becoming weaker each minute. Soon the horseman approached near enough to be recognized, and the doctor dashed up to the very foot of the scaffold, scattering people right and left. He was too weak to speak or move, but a man in the crowd snatched a document from his hand and mounting on the back of the horse, shouted: 'Refrain! Refrain!' It was so, and that is how Carr and Smith were saved."

The Kurile Islanders.

The Kurile islands, forming an almost unknown archipelago, drop like a chain of small links from Kamtschatka down to the Japanese island of Yesse, so closing in the Okhotsk sea from the Northern Pacific. They have recently been ceded by the czar to the mikado in exchange for the large island of Saghalin. The islanders are a small race, hardy, honest and peaceable. By the Aleuts they are called the "hair men," but whether this is because they dress entirely in skins or because they are sparingly provided with that arctic rarity, a beard, is not known. Anything more cheerless and unlovely than the lives of the Kurileans can scarcely be imagined. Living on what is not much more than a succession of huge steppingstones from Kamtschatka to Japan, they are exposed to the full fury and rigor of the winters of the far North. The spring is comparatively pleasant, but with the summer comes on such fogs that an impenetrable wall seems to be raised between the islands and the rest of the world. The fogs clear off, there is a brief glimpse of a low sun, and then the bleak winter comes down blackly again. Not a thing grows on the island except moss, the whole group being destitute of tree, or shrub, or blade of grass. For food the natives depend upon whatever they may catch in their fishing and hunting expeditions, with the rare addition of a little bear's meat whenever bruin is adventurous enough to swim off from the mainland. Just as the islands are destitute of foliage, so they are of animals, the only creature on them, beside the natives, being a breed of small, swift foxes.

The habits of the Kurileans are in keeping with the surroundings. Hardy and adventurous, having no such word as home in their meagre language and no appreciation of such an institution, they roam in their canoes from island to island, killing whatever breathes, putting up rude huts when they are forced into winter quarters, but generally despising anything like shelter and living in their boats. So little are they used to the art of construction that, unlike their fellow-natives, they do not build skin canoes, but make up what are called baidara, a class of craft that is as primitive as the rest of their habits. Wrecks are not infrequent, and the islanders' wandering along the shore pick up whatever driftwood may be scattered about, the women being generally engaged in this harvest of flotsam and jetsam. The pieces are rudely tied together with thongs in the shape of a long box and calked with moss. The roughness of the elements and the roughness of the work are not particularly conducive to seaworthiness, and they generally spring a heavy leak an hour after they are launched. To keep them afloat the Kurileans always put a load of moss and a couple of women on board, the moss being to stop up whatever cracks may open, and the women being employed in this work with a bunch of moss and a piece of stick, daubing any particular obstinate crevice with a lump of seal fat. Nomadic as they are, the Kurileans have still some sort of a capital, and make infrequent and erratic visits to the village of Shumshu, which, after all, is little more than a collection of huts, now rapidly falling into decay and nearly deserted.

Chimneys.

In the year 1200, chimneys were scarcely known in England. One only was allowed in a religious house, one in a manor house, and one in the great hall of a castle or lord's house; but, in other houses, the smoke found its way out as it could. The writers of the fourteenth century seem to have considered them as the newest invention of luxury. In Henry VIII's reign, the university of Oxford had no fire allowed; for it is mentioned that, after the students had supped, having no fire in winter, they were obliged to take a good run for half an hour to get heat in their feet before they retired for the night. Holinshed, in the reign of Elizabeth, describes the rudeness of the preceding generation in the arts of life. "There were," says he, "very few chimneys; even in the capital towns, the fire was laid to the wall, and the smoke issued out at the door, roof or window. The houses were watted and plastered over with clay, and all the furniture and utensils were wood." In 1689, a tax of two shillings was laid on chimneys.

The liability of the people of the United States for the public debt is \$28.40 per capita; at the end of the war it was \$78.25; the interest liability is ninety-five cents as against \$1.29 in 1865.

THE HOME OF THE SOUL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

[The correspondent sending the following poem to the New York Observer, remarks: "I have never seen it in print, but obtained it through a manuscript copy of a friend of the author, Mr. Francis S. Key, and feel sure I can vouch for its authenticity."]

Oh, where can the soul find relief from its woes,
A refuge of safety, a home of repose?
Can earth's highest summit or deepest hid vale
Give a refuge no sorrow or sin can assail?
No, no, there's no home!
There's no home on earth, the soul has no home.

Can it leave the low earth, and soar to the sky,
And seek for a home in the mansions on high
In the bright realms of bliss a home shall be given,
And the soul find a rest in its Home of the Heaven.

Yes, yes, there's a home!
There's a home in high heaven, the soul has a home.

Oh, holy and happy its home shall be there,
Free forever from sorrow, from sin and from care,
And the loud hallelujahs of angels shall rise
To welcome the soul to its home of the skies.
Home, home, home of the soul!
The bosom of God is the home of the soul!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Under a cloud—An umbrella.
The man who "found his level" was a carpenter, of course.—*Boston Bulletin.*
The best hand to hold in the game of life is that of your best girl.—*Waterloo Observer.*

One good thing may be said of the pawnbroker—he sticks to his pledges.—*Somerville Journal.*

A Vermont man has been married six times, and he's the citizen they always get to go first in a bear hunt.—*Boston Post.*

It doesn't speak much of the size of a man's mind when it takes him only a minute to make it up.—*New York Graphic.*

An English paper says that American are good listeners. Our invention of the telephone proves it.—*New York Journal.*

It seems strange that a man should hurt himself when he drops on a sidewalk. "Down is so soft, you know."—*Siftings.*

Every affliction has its blessing. The man with a wooden leg never knows what it is to have rheumatism in that ankle.—*Chicago Sun.*

A linen shirt was first worn in England about the year 1250. There was a man in our office yesterday who had on that identical shirt.—*Rockland Courier.*

A fashion item declares that the long train is going out of fashion. Let 'em go. This is the kind of departing train that no one will care if they do miss.—*Statesman.*

"There is a species of lizard that can throw off its tail at pleasure." In this it resembles the writers of serials for the story papers, albeit the latter throw off much the longer tails.—*Norristown Herald.*

When a young man lays siege to a young lady, and insists upon her consenting to become his wife, she cannot but confess that he is "a man after her own heart," however heartless she may appear.—*Chicago Sun.*

An iceberg 110 miles long was seen by the steamer Norseman on her way from Liverpool to New York, and perhaps the Arctic regions and the north pole, in order to avoid giving us any further trouble, are coming down here.—*Chicago Times.*

"My dear," said Mr. Muckleham to his wife, "those hams I bought the other day are so badly spoiled they cannot be eaten." "What a pity," his wife replied. "Guess we'd better send them out to the charity hospital."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

As somewhat of an inducement to amateurs we take this method of announcing that everyone sending us a poem on "Spring" this year will receive a pound of dynamite done up in a beautiful sheet of colored tissue paper. Now is the time to get up clubs.—*Chicago News.*

A loving father at Clayton, N. Y., in his anxiety to marry off his daughters (fifteen in number) as quick as possible, has killed his dog, taken the locks off his doors, and hung rope ladders over his dooryard by the dozen, and still his provision bill is as large as ever.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

The pleasurable part: An Austin man, who has just got out a book of poems, met Gilhooly, and the following proceedings were had: "Did you read my new book?" "Oh, yes, I read it." "How did you like it?" "My dear sir, I assure you that I laid it aside with a great deal of pleasure."—*Texas Siftings.*

"If you don't marry me," he exclaimed, "I'll take myself out of this hated world and I'll haunt you as long as you live!" Said she: "It will be more respectable than your present haunts. Please stand a little further off. I never could bear the smell of alcohol so soon after tea."—*Boston Transcript.*

"All this hard wood you export," the English tourist asked the Indiana lumberman, "all this maple and beech, you know, where does it go?" And the man told him that most of it went direct to Scotland, where it was worked up into boxes and churns and paper folders from the rafters of Burns' cottage and the home of Sir Walter Scott." And the tourist said "Haw," and wrote something in his note-book.—*Hawkeye.*

Over 500,000 rose trees are annually imported into this country from England, France and Holland.

Care for the Children

Children feel the debility of the spring season even more than adults, and they become cross, peevish and uncontrollable. Humors in the blood are liable to manifest themselves in various ways, weakening the system so as to render it unable to stand the attacks of serious diseases. The blood should be cleansed and the system invigorated by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands of parents can testify to the great benefit their children have derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"My little girl was afflicted with scrofula. So violent was the disease that her neck had been lanced ten times. At the time she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla there was a very large bunch on her face. This was expected to open with a lancet; but to our surprise the bunch began to shrink, and now it has entirely disappeared. Baby is in good flesh, sores all gone; her appetite is good, and she seems as well as any child." WILLIAM H. COHART, Lyme Centre, N. H.

Let every parent read this well-written letter: "Unsolicited I send you such recommendations as Hood's Sarsaparilla deserves. Spring and fall we use Hood's Sarsaparilla in our family of four, with most satisfactory results. My little girl of two and one-half years, a strong, healthy child, but very full-blooded, and a hearty eater, was troubled with sores on her nose. We tried various remedies, but with no lasting effect. At last I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla and from the first day, when I used it first for that purpose, she has not had the least vestige of a sore. By keeping the blood in pure condition, the whole system is purified. So, both for economy and comfort, we use Hood's Sarsaparilla."—Mrs. CHARLES BREWSTER, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Maria Allen, of Willimantic, Conn., writes that her little daughter was troubled with scrofulous sores on her face and head. She gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla,

Purify the Blood

Mr. M. J. Quinn, of Albany, N. Y., says his little daughter, six years old, was a terrible sufferer with scrofula from birth. Was blind for months; in fact, never saw a well day till she took Hood's Sarsaparilla. She is now well and healthy. Neighbors corroborate Mr. Quinn's statement, and say the case of his child is the most wonderful thing that has come to their knowledge.

MR. HENRY T. CURTIS, of Frankfort, Me., says his boy had twelve sores below his knee, and pieces of bone came out of all of them. The boy went on crutches three years. On taking Hood's Sarsaparilla the sores began to heal, and a year from the time he began taking it he threw away his crutches and walked a mile to school. The neighbors thought he never would walk again. This is all strictly true.

MR. W. A. FROSTHOOT, of Chicago, says his little boy had a discharge from his ears, after scarlet fever. Hood's Sarsaparilla greatly benefited him.

and applied Hood's Olive Ointment, and in a short time the sores almost entirely disappeared. Mrs. Allen herself was also greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. She says: "I never was so well in my life."

Mr. J. N. Ketchum, of Barre, Vt., says that his boy had several very ugly scrofulous sores on his leg. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him. And Mr. Ketchum says: "I can heartily recommend its use to others."

"Last spring my two children were vaccinated. Some after, they broke all out with running sores, so dreadful I thought I should lose them. Some one spoke to me about Hood's Sarsaparilla as a purifier of the blood. I bought a bottle and gave it to the children. So soon as they began to take it they began to get better, till I cured them completely, and they have remained healthy ever since. I do feel that Hood's Sarsaparilla saved my children to me." Mrs. C. L. THOMPSON, West Warren, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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"Kidney-Wort cured me from my grave, as it were, after I had been given up by 15 best doctors in Detroit." M. W. Doversaux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.

Are your nerves weak?
"Kidney-Wort cured me from nervous weakness &c. after I was not expected to live." Mrs. M. K. R. Goodwin, Ed. Christian Frontier, Cleveland, O.

Have you Bright's Disease?
"Kidney-Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood." Frank Wilson, Penbody, Mass.

Suffering from Diabetes?
"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief." Dr. Phillip C. Bailou, Monkton, Vt.

Have you Liver Complaint?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Disease after I prayed to die." Henry Ward, late Col. 6th Nat. Guard, N. Y.

Is your Back lame and aching?
"Kidney-Wort (I bottle) cured me when I was so lame I had to rub my feet." C. M. Tallmage, Milwaukee, Wis.

Have you Kidney Disease?
"Kidney-Wort made me sound in liver and kidneys after years of unsuccessful doctoring. Its worth \$10 a box." Sam'l Hodges, Williamstown, West Va.

Are you Constipated?
"Kidney-Wort causes easy evacuations and cured me after 15 years' use of other medicines." Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.

Have you Malaria?
"Kidney-Wort has done better than any other remedy I have ever used in my practice." Dr. R. C. Clark, South Hero, Vt.

Are you Bilious?
"Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken." Mrs. J. T. Galloway, Elk Flat, Oregon.

Are you tormented with Piles?
"Kidney-Wort permanently cured me of bleeding piles. Dr. W. C. Kline recommended it to me." Geo. H. Houghton, N. Bank, Myerstown, Pa.

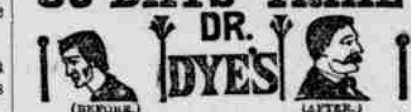
Are you Rheumatism racked?
"Kidney-Wort cured me after I was given up to die by physicians and suffered thirty years." Elvridge Malcolm, West Bath, Maine.

Ladies, are you suffering?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of peculiar troubles of several years standing. Many friends use and praise it." Mrs. A. Lamoreaux, Lake La Motte, Vt.

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A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN (From the Boston Globe)



WOMAN. The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Women," as some of her correspondents love to call her. Her life is so devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this. On account of the proven merit, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhoea, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the change of life." It purifies every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, dizziness, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. The feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system. It costs only \$1. per bottle or six for \$5., and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

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"Samaritan Nervine is doing wonders." Dr. J. O. McLeomin, Alexandria City, Ala. "I feel it my duty to recommend it." Dr. D. P. Laughlin, Clyde, Kansas. "It cured where physicians failed." Rev. J. A. Edie, Denver, Pa.

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