...RMS.

...the Dear-... ...ort Hamilton, ... inquiry to the ...ew York, 'Is it ...a coat-of-arms ...ancestor, there ...t line?' and ...or the reply: ...coat-of-arms of ...ou do not bear.' Is t... are surprised that "Inqu... write to a New York paper fo... ...ation upon any subject except its circulation. No, the answer is not correct. You can use any coat-of-arms that your royal star-spangled American pride has set its Fourth of July heart upon. If you fancy the Queen's, you can and may use that, just as freely and independently as though you sold soap for a living. If you prefer that of the Imperial family of Germany, have it engraved on your stationery, painted on your panels and embroidered on your horse blankets, and if any editor in New York tells you that you can't do it, pin his scalp to the seam of your leggings. If you can find no ready-made coat-of-arms to suit your fancy, any good stationer will have one designed for you. Can't wear any coat-of-arms you want to, indeed! That's a sweet idea to introduce in this free land! Why, lots of our society people wear clothes that belong to other people, eat food they haven't paid for, live in houses belonging to other men, and in some instances subsist entirely on a "female ancestor whose name they do not bear," and yet we are told that we can not wear her coat-of-arms? Come off. We can (and will) wear any thing we can get on. And, indeed, every American citizen should maintain a good three-ply coat-of-arms. It costs nothing, and is within the legitimate reach of the humblest. In a democratic nation it is a choice boon. It will keep a man warm, when his other coat *in hoc signo tribalis*. It will lend him dignity when his trousers are fringed at the hem. It will keep last year's collar from chafing his neck. To the man who wants a coat-of-arms it will be sweet to the soul and health to the bones, and would be great medicine to his brains, if he had any. Any man in this country who can afford to borrow a Sunday paper and study the illustrated patent medicine advertisements, and then goes hungry for a coat-of-arms, wishing one, would perish of thirst if he fell into Lake Michigan. Still, that's the kind of a man, usually, who pines for a coat-of-arms and hasn't the originality or courage to invent or steal one. Bless you, simple ones, there's no copyright on a coat-of-arms, unless it's a soap trade mark or something of that sort. In that case, hands off. But if it only belongs to some Queen or Emperior, or that sort of person, why take it and use it; it's yours.

"Who steals my coat-of-arms, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing.
'Twas mine as much as it is his'n.
But he who lays his thievish claws upon
The trade mark of my Prime Leaf Lard,
Which cost me twenty dollars to design,
And two to copyright,
Will smart for it if there be any law in all this land."
—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

INSECT-EATING BIRDS.

How They Have Been Swept Away by the Destroying Hand of Man.

Fifty years ago every farm in the Eastern, Middle and Southern States had from five to twenty acres of woodland. These lands not only served many other good purposes, but were natural resting places for birds, and served them as safe shelter during the heat of the day. These primitive forests were the home of many species of birds. The writer well remembers the delight experienced in going to the ... in the spring of the year and ...ning to the songs of the native ...lers as they returned from their ...r quarters at the South. The ...whistle of the quail was as fa...r to the ears of the farmer as ...hold words. The scream of the ...ay rang through the forest clear ...ud. ...many species of woodpecker were watched with intense interest as they glided up and down the trunks of the trees, ever and anon rapping with irresistible force with their powerful beaks, and frequently drawing forth some huge grub that had been sapping the life of some monarch of the forest. While ... industrious ...tanager, like ... other bright ...Marc...y and beautiful. ...and le...s woodman's axe ...es and ...gun can tell the ...rds have gone—no ...place, no safety any... at this sad picture, ...to exclaim with the

...! Curse on thy barbarous art,
...e thy murder-aiming eye;
...ty soothe thee with a sigh,
...asure glad thy cruel heart.

...ls that were so common fifty ... were mostly insect-eating ... destroyed millions of nox...ts, and were of inestimable ... the farmer and tiller of the ...en the grain-eating birds con... large number of larvæ. The ... birds, supposed by many to ...sist wholly upon honey, consume ...ny small beetles and thrips, and ...ereby confer a benefit to the florist.
...Vick's Magazine.

—A lawsuit in New York has de...oped the fact that "after the owner ... a lot in Cypress Hills cemetery has ...ied a deceased member of his own ...ily in it he is absolutely forbidden, ... a law under which the cemetery is ...orat... to ever transfer or sell ...de of his family."

...ren's Pudding.—Fill a ...h apples cut up small; add ...rt pudding one cup of su... ...water, a pinch of salt, and ... ...onful of either cinnamon ... Make a crust as for bis... ...of the usual rule being ...l it to the size of the pud... which should be buttered ... bake half an hour, or more ... This pudding ... of baked, and ... of one cup of ...tter, a table... vinegar, all ...tes.—*Chris...*

...happing: ...horoughly, ...d dry on a ...w drops of ... pair of ... [illegible]

RESTAURANT HOGS.

How One of Them Spoiled a Fair Lady's and a Reporter's Appetite.

Speaking of restaurents, how they hold the mirror up to the nature of one's breeding! Let a man be lifted never so high by the most skillful and artistic of tailors, he will find his level at the table. The failure of our restaurant keepers to provide a number of small tables for two compels the doubling, and frequently the quadrupling up process, so that one has an excellent though ofttimes uncomfortable opportunity of studying his dining neighbor. I sat in such a position last night. Being in haste to reach the theater, my lady and I entered the first restaurant we came to—and it is called a good one—for supper. There were no vacant tables, so I selected a table at which was seated a very nice-appearing mortal, well dressed, and who gave the impression of being a gentleman of taste. His order was served as we took our seats, and as we waited for ours we were regaled by as wonderful an exhibition of gastronomic gymnastics as I had ever seen. This gentleman of taste began with soup. He evidently is fond of soup. With one hand clasping the plate, to tilt it as the compound grew less, and the other the spoon as Anson holds his bat when two men are out and three on bases, he got on the outside of that soup in five breaths, and with such a noise as comes from the waste-pipe of a nearly emptied bath-tub. He then gave his attention to his fish, and but for his opportune coughing would have certainly proved the worth of our fears that some of the bones would be the death of him. The fish dispatched, he devoted his energies to a nice-looking sirloin, some potatoes and turnips. I am sure he likes hash, especially when prepared by himself; for, after carefully cutting the meat from the bone, he cut it in small pieces, dumped the potatoes and turnip on top, and, by deft manipulation, had in the twinkling of an eye the three ingredients mixed with a thoroughness worthy of a better cause. He has little use for a fork when he eats hash. He prefers, as he showed last evening, to get his knife nicely heaped, using a crust of bread for a pusher. How he got through the dessert I don't know. My companion complained of a sudden faintness, and I took her out in the air and we went to the theater without supper.—*Chicago Journal.*

THE LADY REMEMBERED.

Instructive Session of the Pumpkin Hollow Ladies' Literary Club.

In a town not far from Detroit the ladies have organized a "Literary Club." There are eight members in the society, and by way of diversity they give a "high tea" to eight favorite gentlemen once a fortnight.

The other night "Robert Elsmere" was brought up for discussion. No one had read the book, but each individual had seen fragmentary reviews and all felt armed for the discussion.

"Let me see," ventured Miss Wise, "who is the author of 'Robert Elsmere?' I never can think."

"Nor I."

"I have forgotten—"

"So have I—"

"I never can remember a new author's name two minutes."

"Nor I."

"Here comes Mrs. Almons; she will know."

Mrs. Almons was the president—one of those self-sufficient people who know how to poise the head and look wise.

"Yes, Mrs. Almons is a walking cyclopædia," offered young Mr. Billings. "Pray, tell us, madame president, do, who wrote 'Robert Elsmere?'"

"Why, Margaret Deland, of course," said the walking cyclopædia, with prompt decision.

"O yes."

"O yes."

"O yes."

"Of course," echoes a fourth voice. "There have been three of these religious novels within a year, 'John Ward, Preacher,' written by——"

"Mrs. Humphrey Ward."

"They say she named John after her father," prompted Mr. Billings.

"O, how romantic."

"So English."

"Decidedly," continued Miss Wise, "and 'Love and Theology.' Who wrote that, Mrs. Almons? I never can remember."

"Mrs. Cardinal Woolsey," answered the president.

Then all fanned themselves and took a sip of tea, while Mr. Billings assured Miss Wise that he never knew a woman equal to Mrs. Almons to remember names.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Marriage Not a Failure.

"Marriage a failure! I should say *not!*" remarked an Oregon farmer, whose opinion was desired on one of the great questions of the day.

"Why, there's Lucindy gits up in the mornin', milks six cows, gits breakfas', starts four children to skewl, looks arter the other three, feeds the hens, likewise the hogs, likewise some motherless sheep, skims twenty pans o' milk, washes the clothes, gits dinner, et cetery, et cetery.

"Think I could *hire* anybody to do it fur what she gits? Not much! Marriage, sir, is a success, sir; a gret success!" —*Youth's Companion.*

—The electric lights in Willows, Cal., can be seen by the naked eye from the town of Orland eighteen miles distant.

—First dame—"I had four teeth extracted yesterday." Second dame—"Indeed, I did not know you had so many left."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Gum chewers should take warning from the fate of a Newton, Conn., girl, aged sixteen. A piece of gum slipped down her throat, and, lodging at the entrance to the stomach, caused a fatal ulceration.

—Two citizens of Washington, Ga., started out in the early morn toward the outskirts of the town, where they were to fight a bloody duel. The way was long, and when they arrived at their destination one proposed a rest before they commenced hostilities. While they rested their rage cooled off, and at last accounts they were still resting.

—Cream Beets.—Cut three or four boiled beets into pieces the size of a grain of corn. Place in stew pan; to one pint cut beets add one teacupful rich, sweet milk, piece of butter size of a butternut, or small egg. Salt and pepper to season. Stew ten minutes and serve hot.

—To whiten and preserve the teeth take one ounce of borax, and put it in three pints of boiling water; before it is quite cold add to a teaspoonful of spirits of camphor. When cold put in a bottle, and cork tightly. A table... [illegible]

THE NEWSPAPER LIAR.

Humorous Peck Tells How He Got In His Work at His Expense.

Almost every daily paper of any pretensions to greatness or enterprise maintains a "humorist" on its staff, a funny fellow whose business it is to make the readers laugh "ha! ha!" The following item was written by one of those alleged humorists:

"Peck, of *Peck's Sun*, won $4,000 on the election, but his consc ence will not permit him to keep it. He proposes to dispense it to needy widows in sums of $20 each. Every widow in need of cash should put in her claim at once."

The laughable item was started the Lord only knows where, but it is going the rounds, and I am beginning to get the benefit. Of course if I knew who the fellow was that wrote the item I could kill him, and that would break him of sucking eggs, but he is "incog." He is like the fellow who writes an anonymous letter. One would think such an item could not do any harm. It does no harm to me, except to make my heart bleed about twice a day. The fellow who wrote it probably thought I would receive lots of letters from pretty widows, and that I would have a picnic answering them. The facts are that I never bet a cent on election, and never won a dollar, and while I may occasionally give a little money to the deserving poor, I have no thousands of dollars laid away for the purpose of aiding widows or any other deserving class. I wish the fellow who wrote that item to be cunning could read some of the letters I receive. If he could sit here beside me, I could make him so ashamed of himself that he would answer these letters I am receiving, and acknowledge that he was not only a star liar but a foolish ass. These letters are not from beautiful and "fly" widows, with pearly teeth, red lips, beautiful complexion, soulful eyes, and fat little hands, but they come from old ladies seventy and eighty years of age, who have been left alone, and who are *so* poor and needy. They never knew any thing about newspaper liars, and take it for granted that the above item is God's truth, and they picture to me their sufferings and poverty and despair in such terms that it makes me feel as though, if I was able, I would support them all in luxury as long as the precious old souls live. They tell me how to send the money, and how much good it will do them this winter. One poor, loving old creature, ignorant of the ways of the wicked world, shivering from insufficient clothing, has bought some underclothes of warm wool from a kind merchant, to be paid for when she gets her twenty dollars from me, and she writes such a glad letter of thanks, and tells me that she believes I must be a perfect image of her dear boy who was so kind to her, but who was killed at Antietam, or at least she supposes he was, for she never heard from him after that battle, and she says I am so good she knows I will go to Heaven, and she will pray for me every day. What opinion will the innocent old lady have of me when I tell her the story is all a lie, and what opinion will she have of the liar who wrote it to be funny. I think I will pay for those underclothes for luck, any way. Another letter comes from a woman eighty-four years old, who has been a widow for forty years, and supported herself for thirty years knitting socks, until she became paralyzed, and for ten years she has been in a poor-house, bed-ridden. She tells me what she is going to do with her twenty dollars. With ten dollars of it she is going to buy a blanket shawl and some warm underclothing, and some crab apple jelly, and a chicken to make some soup, and a little china concern which is used to pour liquid nourishment into the mouths of those who can not raise their heads. Five dollars of it she is going to use to pay a debt, money she borrowed nine years ago to buy medicine, and with the rest she is going to buy a crutch for a poor girl whose limb is shriveled, and the rest she is going to put under her pillow to be used when she is dead, to paint the poor-house coffin in which she will be buried, and buy a shroud and bouquet of flowers for that occasion. Well, I can see that poor old woman cry when I write her that the item is not true. I can see the tears run down her wasted, wrinkled cheek, and I wish the fellow that wrote that item, and thought he was smart, could see her as I do. But I guess I will send her the blanket shawl, and the china affair, and have the poor-house folks inform her that her coffin shall be painted all right, and that she shall have a good send-off, with flowers. But, O, *wouldn't* I like to catch the fellow who wrote that smart Aleck lie about me. If he had a heart I could show him some of the results of his work, and make him cry at a mark. How much trouble can be caused innocent people by such a fellow, who draws a salary for being "funny."—*Peck's Sun.*

Mr. Rambo's Mistake.

The door of Mr. Rambo's office opened and a lady stood irresolutely on the threshold.

"Thunder and lightning, Nancy! Shut the door!" exclaimed Mr. Rambo, glancing hastily up from his account book. "Were you raised in a barn? Do you suppose I want to freeze to death on account of your confounded—I beg your pardon, madam. I thought it was my wife. I was expecting her at the office about this time. Certainly, certainly, madam. I'll subscribe for the magazine with pleasure. Put me down for two copies."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A party of prospectors headed by McDonald, the half-breed, who induced the Flathead Indians to divulge a long kept secret as to the location of some remarkably rich mines in the Blackfoot country, while clambering aver the deep mountain sides were horrified to find the skeletons of two white men. One had a bullet hole through his forehead, and both had evidently been killed by hostile Indians. Beside the skeletons lay a small pile of quartz. It is supposed they were the first prospectors and pioneers of the Blackfoot Hills, and for years had lain on the hills.

—Fissure of the lip, or chapped lips, is an annoying trouble, and unless it is properly treated is generally somewhat obstinate. *Journal of Health* advises, as the quickest way to cure it, to draw a stick of lunar caustic over the wound, slightly burning the same. The operation is painful only for a moment, and improvement commences at once. After cauterizing, "camphor-ice" should be frequently applied, and, as a rule, the wound will heal in three or four [illegible]

THE FIRST ROTHSCHILDS.

Unfavorable Circumstances Under Which He Started in Life.

Few boys ever started in life under more unfavorable circumstances, and with less prospect of fame and fortune, than Meyer Anslem, the founder of the great banking-house of Rothschild, and the man of whom Wilhelm, Landgrave of Hesse, exclaimed in his enthusiasm, "Such honesty never has been known in this world!" Not only was Meyer Anslem poor, but he belonged to the then despised and persecuted race, the Jews. Living in this later day, when much of the hatred and prejudice felt against the Jews has given way to more just and liberal sentiments, we can hardly understand with what extreme contempt and loathing they were treated in young Anselm's day. As a specimen of it, however, we read that in Frankfort-on-the-Main, the city where he was born, the Jews were so detested by the other inhabitants that they were compelled to live in a certain quarter which was shut in by gates. During the day they might go about, but at night they must all retire to their own quarter, and there the gates were locked, so that they should not venture out again until morning. If by any chance a Jew was found outside the "Judengasse" after a certain hour he was put to death. Think what chance a poor little lad like this had of becoming one of the wealthiest and most distinguished personages of his age! Yet he did it, and that too by no other means than behaving with the utmost uprightness and honesty.

To add to his other misfortunes, young Anselm found himself at the age of eleven an orphan. Now his prospect was darker than ever, for the Jews are nearly always kind to their children, and do all that they can to give them a start in the world. In some way or other, however, he secured some little education, and as a young man we find him employed in a banking-house in the town of Hanover. He was in no hurry to go into business for himself, as so many young men are, as it is not until he is in his thirtieth year that we find him back in Hanover, established as a broker and a money-lender, with a red shield (Rothschild) as a sign hung over his shop. Here he did an excellent business, establishing the reputation for honesty that led to his good fortune.

So enormous is the amount of business done and the influence exerted by the Rothschilds that it is currently said of them that on two or three occasions they have successfully exerted themselves to preserve the peace of Europe. Their house now has its establishments in London, Paris, Vienna and Frankfort, and its agencies in New York and other great cities in both hemispheres. Their name is a synonym for wealth as in earlier days it stood and still stands for fair dealing.
—*Harper's Young People.*

UNNECESSARY WORK.

It Can be Avoided by Systematizing House and Kitchen Duties.

The amount of unnecessary exertion given in this country to the accomplishment of any task has long been a subject of comment among wise men. Individuals so seldom choose the quiet, systematic way, allowing each detail of their task to follow the other in regular order till every thing is done. In no place is want of system so sorely felt as in the household. The erratic housekeeper is responsible for more than half the ills usually attributed to untrained servants. The fact that servants in this country are sadly untrained is a reflection against their mistresses. It requires a large amount of patience to take a green girl and train her to the work of a refined household. The reason so many girls give up their work in anger as a hopeless task is that they are taught without system to go from one thing to another, and can never feel that the tasks of the day have been rounded each to completeness. The worker who does not feel some pleasure in a successful accomplishment of well-done work must have a low, brutish nature. It is the unnecessary steps the girl takes usually that weary her, and these the careful housekeeper always seeks to save her from. Uneducated people are often very obstinate, but if they are once shown or made to comprehend a system by which all their work can be done in order and time saved for themselves, they will usually prefer it. It is certain that in methodical households the servants usually remain longer and there is less complaint than in easy-going homes where rules and hours are scorned. In one house the servant knows every hour of the day what is expected of her. There is but slight variation in the work from week to week. The servant's time to herself may be limited, but she is always sure of that time. It is not taken from her on trivial pretexts, while she in her turn knows too well that any appeal to set aside the allotted tasks will be of no avail. There are few housekeepers who can not remember kitchens where no large amount of work was done, yet every one was forever in a hurry, rushing "thither and yon," and the tasks of the day seemed to be forever undone; and others where an immense amount of work was accomplished by the same number of hands, yet the kitchen was cleanly, and the quiet manners of the workers hardly gave sign of what was being done. If there was extra work, it was carefully planned out and ordered by the kitchen clock. Is there any reason that a girl trained to the easy way of a systematic household should not prefer it to the disorder and drudgery of "go-easy" homes.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—In Kentucky—"First Citizen—"No, sir; we can not account for the sudden death of Colonel Gore." Second Citizen—"Had he been drinking any thing?" First Citizen—"Nothing to hurt. Let's see! I believe he did take a glass of milk yesterday." Second Citizen—"That explains it! The water in it killed him."—*Drake's Magazine.*

—"Well, William," said Mr. Hardhead to his new confidential clerk, "you are in a first-class position now at a good salary. I shall expect you to be faithful and diligent; in fact, to make all my interests your own. It won't be necessary, however, for you to make love to the type-writer. I'll attend to her myself."

—A much traveled goat is aboard the United States sloop of war Galena. It is a pet of the sailors, and as such has journeyed up and down the Atlantic coast and among the West Indies. It eats with the men, and goes around among the mess chests and mess tables as independently as would any officer. It understands the boatswain's pipe as well as the sailors, and whether swaying or squaring the yards, making sail or at drill, "Billy" is at the head.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—If any plants have been nipped by frost, water very sparingly until fresh leaves have unfolded.

—Hoarseness may be relieved by eating freely of fresh raw egg beaten thick with fine white sugar.

—Grained woods should be washed with cold tea, and then, after being wiped dry, rubbed with linseed oil.

—An egg for an invalid, to be palatable and digestible, should be beaten very light, and then steamed two minutes.

—Whether a lamp explodes or is overturned, the only rational attempt to extinguish the fire is by smothering. Water only spreads the oil and thus increases the evil.

—Dried Preserves—Any fruit which has been preserved in sirup may be drained from the sirup, dried slowly, sprinkled with powdered sugar, and packed neatly in boxes.

—For colic, a cold, a fever, convulsions—indeed, at the outset of an attack of most any infantile derangement, a bath is invaluable, and not infrequently the only remedy required.

—Cheap Dinner Dish.—To each pound of beef minced fine add one-half pound of grated bread, season to taste, and mix with two beaten eggs. Put in a greased mold and steam two hours; serve turned out with mashed potatoes.

—Do not take either very hot or very cold foods or drinks, they crack the enamel of the teeth, and thus destroy them; they also weaken the salivary glands, enfeeble the stomach, and impair digestion.

—Five cents worth of vaseline, which is tasteless and odorless, will cure all the chapped hands, sunburned faces and cracked lips, heal all the sores, burns and abrasions with which a family would ordinarily be afflicted.

—When the cork is taken from a full bottle of ink, if you don't know where to put it, just stick a pin in the lower end and bend it into a hook, then hang the cork on the bottle. Bend the hook so as not to interfere with using ink, and then you have it always handy.

The Chill Blast

That sets the naked branches a-quivering, is not felt by the wealthy valetudinarian indoors, but not all the covering that can be piled on his warm bed, nor all the furnace heat that anthracite can furnish, will warm his marrow when chills and fever runs its icy fingers along his spinal column. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the thing to infuse new warmth into his chilled and anguish frame, to remedy the fierce fever and exhausting sweats which alternate with the chill. Dumb ague, ague cake, billious remittent—in short, every known form of malarial disease is subjugated by this potent, and at the same time, wholesome and genial medicine. Billiousness, constipation, dyspepsia, sick headaches, loss of appetite and sleep, kidney trouble, rheumatism and debility are also remedied by it. Use it with persistence to effect a thorough cure.

He that saveth his dinner will have the more supper.

White Elephant of Siam, Lion of England, Dragon of China, Cross of Switzer, land, Banner of Persia, Crescent of Egypt, Double Eagle of Russia, Star of Chili, The Circle of Japan, Harp of Erin.

To get these buy a box of the genuine Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills, price 25 cents, and mail us the outside wrapper with your address, plainly written, and 4 cents in stamps. We will then mail you the above list with an elegant package of oleographic and chromatic cards.
Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa.

Never haggle about the basket if you get the fruit.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

There is winter enough for the snipe and the woodcock too

Get Rid of That Bad Taste.

When you wake up in the morning with a bad taste in your mouth, with your throat and tongue dry and a yellow coating on your teeth and gums, don't imagine it was all caused by what you ate the night before. Of course everybody does that and everybody "swears off" from again eating such food. The trouble is that your liver is clogged, your kidneys are overworked and your bowels are not doing their duty. Take from three to ten of Brandreth's Pills and note the sudden and wonderful change in your system.

Squeeze not the orange too hard, lest you have a bitter juice.

Why Laura Lost Her Beau.

Laura once had an affluent beau
Who called twice a fortnight, or so,
Now she sits, Sunday eve,
All lonely to grieve,
Oh, where is her recreant beau,
And why did he leave Laura so?

Why he saw that Laura was a languishing, delicate girl, subject to sick headaches, sensitive nerves and uncertain tempers; and knowing what a life-long trial is a fretful, sickly wife, he transferred his affections to her cheerful healthy cousin, Ellen. The secret is that Laura's health and strength are sapped by chronic weaknesses, peculiar to her sex, which Ellen averts and avoids by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is the only remedy, for women's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case or money will be refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

They who have little butter must be content to spread thin their bread.

Children Starving to Death

On account of their inability to digest food, will find a most marvelous food and remedy in **Scott's Emulsion** of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. Very palatable and easily digested. Dr. S. W. Cohen, of Waco, Texas, says: "I have used your Emulsion in infantile wasting with good results. It not only restores wasted tissues, but gives strength and increases the appetite. I am glad to use such a reliable article."

Many a good dish is spoiled by an ill sauce.

For the Cure of a Cough or Sore Throat, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are a simple remedy.

When the stomach chimes the dinner hour wait not for the clock.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Try Germea for breakfast.

FULL WEIGHT PURE

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Sold only in cans.
PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS

ST. JACOBS OIL
For Neuralgia.
NEW, PERMANENT CURES.

For Years. Palestine, Ohio, June 27, 1888. Suffered constantly for several years with neuralgia; all remedies failed; tried St. Jacobs Oil; was cured. No return in 6 months. S. S. FETHEROLF, P. M.

Never Again. St. Elbery, Ill., May 18, 1888. My wife was troubled with neuralgia and after using one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil was never troubled again. HENRY BECKEMEYER.

After All. Rutland, Ill., May 21, 1888. Have known cases of neuralgia given up by doctors to be cured by St. Jacobs Oil. J. M. SHAW, Druggist.

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THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Diamond Vera-Cura
FOR DYSPEPSIA.
AND ALL STOMACH TROUBLES SUCH AS: Indigestion, Sour-Stomach, Heartburn, Nausea, Giddiness, Constipation, Fullness after eating, Food Rising in the Mouth and disagreeable taste after eating. Nervousness and Low-Spirits.
At Druggists and Dealers or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 boxes $1.00) in stamps. Sample sent on receipt of 2-cent Stamp.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

VASELINE PREPARATIONS.
On receipt of postage stamps we will send free by mail the following splendid articles:
One Box of Pure Vaseline, - - 10 cts.
One Box of Vaseline Camphor Ice, 15 cts.
One Box of Vaseline Cold Cream, 15 cts.
No Vaseline is genuine unless our name is on the label. Chesebrough Manuf'g Co., 24 State st., New York.

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