Birmingham Eccentric.

WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL, Pubs.

BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN.

A Possible Country.

Portland Standard.

Alaska has been set down as nearly a worthless country, yet it has already returned nearly a quarter of the original cost in rents of the seal fishery. Recently samples of an extraordinary yield of potatoes have been furnished, proving that the country is not worthless. The extraordinary yield of potatoes in southern Alaska is evidence that the country will produce other crops, especially oats, rye, flax, and probably barley. In short, it will produce about as great a variety as in the northern part of Maine. Not only will Alaska produce potatoes, oats, peas, cabbages and a great variety of vegetables, but we have found out that it is the cranberry field of the northwest coast. The best cranberries of the world grow there now, and there can hardly be a limit to the business. Already shipments have been made. The Alaska cranberry is coming to the front. Chicago beef may be pressed out of Atlantic cities; but the Alaska cranberry will be first used to supply California, then it will be pushed into the interior, and it will finally reach the Atlantic States. The climate, soil and all other conditions are suitable to the growth of this fruit. It is already growing there in a wild state.

Now, a country where the sea and rivers abound in the choicest fish, and where game is so abundant that a considerable population can be supported on these articles, is not a poor country by any means. We refer now to southern Alaska, to a country which is larger than California, and which ought, at least, to have the advantage of a territorial government. Probably no country has been more misrepresented as to resources than Alaska. Little by little we are finding out the extent of natural resources. No account has yet been taken of the immense wealth of Alaska in and very little of the minerals which are known to exist. It is a country that will keep. It ought, however, to be treated decently. Men who go there ought to have some protection for life and property. It might as well be an accepted fact now, as in spite of all misrepresentations, that Alaska is rich in natural resources—that it ought to have a territorial organization, or at least courts which can administer justice in a decent way. Potatoes and cranberries the best in the world, and salmon so abundant that they can be pitchforked out of the streams, and yet a considerable number of newspaper men and politicians are continually asserting that the country is good for nothing!

Wicked Jakie Reads a Recipe Upside Down.

Old Mrs. Jones borrowed Mrs. Brown's recipe for making watermelon pickle the other day, and being hard of hearing, she couldn't see to read very well, so she got her grandson, Jakie, to read it to her. Jakie took the paper like a dutiful child, and holding it upside down, commenced:

"Take a green watermelon

"Why, Jakie, ain't you mistaken? I thought the melon must be ripe."

"Oh, what's the matter wid yew? Gea ever see a watermelon that wasn't green?"

"Cut the watermelon in four halves

"But there ain't only two halves to anything. I don't believe you are reading that, Jake."

"Well, I don't have to; anyhow that's what the receipt says. Then soak it in a pint cup

"Oh, dear me! How in the world can you put a watermelon in a pint cup?

"Well, I ain't here to tell the whereases and the howfores. I'm just reading the facts, and you can put in the filosofee to suit your taste. 'After soakin' the melon put in a skillful and fry it for five days.'

"I wonder if Mrs. Brown sent such a receet as that?' said the old lady. But Jakie kept on:

"Then put the watermelon in a quart bowl and pour over it a gallon of vinegar, taking care not to spill the vinegar

"Jakie, I'm just like to know how you can pour a gallon into a quart bowl without spilling any of it. But Jakie continued:

"Then sift a peck of red pepper through a milk-sieve over the melon, and add one cup of butter add the white and yelk and shells of three eggs, and throw in the old hen that laid them, and four sticks of cinnamon and two tablespoonfuls of quinine, and run it through a coffee-mill and let it stand until it ferments and then put in a tin can and tie the can to a dog's tail—this will add pep up to the right consistency—and then you can turn it offin cracks and have it ready for use. Serve it cold; and garnish it with mince pie and it makes a capital desert,' and Jakie slipped out of doors and left the old lady looking like a wrinkle on a monument.

Railroad Construction.

During 1882 about 12,000 miles of new railway have been constructed in the United States, which is said to be nearly 2,000 miles more than in 1881.

It is now estimated that the Northern Pacific railway will be completed about September 1, 1883.

The railroads of the world have grown from 4,990 miles of road in 1840 to 249,500 miles on December 31, 1881. The railways which in 1840 was confined to the United States and a few countries of Europe, is now spread to all quarters of the globe. Between 1840 and 1850 there were 19,230 miles of railroad built in Europe and America. In the decade following Asia, Africa and Australia witnessed the advent of the iron horse, and the total increase in railroad mileage in the whole world in that decade was 46,200 miles. Between 1860 and 1870 there were added 63,200 miles more, and in the last decade the increase was 102,000, making the world's total mileage at the close of 1880 amount to 232,601 miles. To this 16,898 miles were added in 1881, of which the United States alone contributed 11,141 miles. Of the 249,500 miles of railroad at the close of 1881, North and South America are credited with 122,186 miles; Europe 108,002; Asia 10,774; Australia and adjacent islands 5,481 miles; Africa, 3,147 miles. The United States leads all other countries many fold, it having at that time 101,831 miles of completed road. The second country in extent of railroad is Germany, which had 21,446 miles. Great Britain comes next, 18,281 miles; France next, 16,960; 17,131 miles. Russia has 14,760 miles. The United States at the close of 1881 had within 4,000 miles as much railway as all of Europe. The total for the year will not be less than 12,000 miles.

A Good Cat Story.

Good dog stories are plenty, but good cat stories are rare, and for that reason this one is all the more enjoyable. A few days ago, while the fly-wheel of the Winchester Arms manufactory in New Haven was moving so rapidly that the spokes were indistinguishable, the engineer noticed a white blotch revolving with it, but supposing that it was merely a sunlight falling on the wheel, he at first made no investigation. Half an hour and a half later he observed that the white streak was still there, and having stopped the engine, he discovered to his amazement the apparition was a substantial white cat which had been clinging to one of the spokes since the wheel started. She was very much exhausted, and the numberless revolutions had made her cross-eyed, but she has since recovered her strength and visual perfection, and become the pet of the establishment.

THE SILVER LINING.

There's never a day so sunny,
But a little cloud appears,
There's never a life so happy
But has its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out brighter
Whenever the tempest clears

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot,
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot,
We have only to prune the border
To find the for-get-me-not.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'will set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright,
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light

There's never a dresser so happy
But the waking makes us sad,
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

How He Won His Wife.

August is nearing its close and going out in tears. Such mists and watery looking clouds! Such drippings and drippings and miserable forlorn little showers! It requires a cherry spirit to keep up under such gloomy gloom, but rain never depresses Dr. John Miles; it rather exhilarates him, like fine wine.

To-day, as he rides along through the black mud, he whistles the old hymn tune fashion some endless tune that falls in musically with the slush, slush of his carriage wheels. Even when it is temporarily stopped by an intrusive drop of rain, or violently interrupted by a great dab of native soil; but even these seal his lips only for a time, for with a laugh he wipes them off, and resumes his merry note again.

His is a joyous nature. Just as he brushes away that last drop of rain, does he throw off all the lighter worries of life. Some who knew him think his heart is a stagnant pool, without depth, no depth. We sometimes find that the deepest and most dangerous pools lie just below the lightest, swiftest current.

But what is all this about Dr. Miles? just ahead of him? He has been in Texas only five years, but he knows what it means. Well, it means a fight. The continued rains gathering slowly day by day, in the many springs that feed its head, have suddenly rushed together in one mad, bounding torrent, and pouring through the river bed have widened and deepened it all along its course, tearing up trees and rocks in its way, until what in the morning had been a harmless, fordable little stream is now a dangerous, roaring river.

Dr. Miles is a brave man; lightheart-ed men generally are—but looking across the swift, foaming waters, where swimming is well nigh impossible, he knows that his prospect for reaching the further shore are very, very uncertain. He looks down at his horse. Brown Bess is a good swimmer, and the doctor always trusts good blood in man or beast. He pats him on the neck. 'Old fellow, can you do it?' The horse whinnies low, and his ear never takes courage. He and Dick have been through many dangers together, and they always come out safe on the other side, so why not this time?

To retrace his steps and find shelter in some friendly farm-house is to be some more or less than a coward. Duty and imperative duties call him home. Patients are waiting for him; an appointment with another physician has been made for the 10th of September, and then and then, too, when Jeannie Cameron looked up at him last evening, and asked him to come to her little cottage to-morrow night, he had promised that he would, and he had never yet failed to keep his word.

He remembered just how soft and luminous her brown eyes were when, with that little touch of imperiousness in her voice, she had added 'Now, do not fail to come, Sir.' He had could always plead even when her voice commanded, and how he had answered back in his pleading way 'Fool or fair, I will be there.'

He wonders why he did not tell her then how dear those brown eyes were to him; why he did not take hour to speak out what was in him, clear and strong. He has loved her faithfully all these years, and yet in his humility he never dared to tell her so. But then, he thinks, she must have guessed it over and overagain must have felt the tender and passionate love that lay always just back of his light words.

We tell he will tell her to-night. This decision made, he will try the river. He promised her to be there, and he once told her that to be false to your word was to be cowardly. He remembers, too, that bitter thought, that his rival, handsome Joe Dudley, will be there, and with the thought there springs into his eyes such a fiery gleam of passionate resentment that the laughing gray orbs become in their fierce displeasure almost unrecognizable.

It is a glimpse of the still life of the soul.

'Fool or fair, he must be there'—in terrible earnest now. Commending himself to a Higher Power he chooses his anxious steed and boldly plunges in. The strong current beats them back like huge powerful arms; the uprooted trees and broken branches rush past them in mad haste; the 'other side' seems to recede as they near it.

Oh, it is a fierce struggle, but at last they are almost there! But a yard's length and they will reach it! Just here, obeying a boyish impulse, he stoops and kisses Brown Dick on the neck. Brave horse and brave rider! They well deserve to triumph over wind and rain. But that moment of instruction is for the rider a fatal one. As he raises his head he receives a severe blow, which sends him entirely off his horse, dashing him almost senseless into the back. A loosened stump just above him had been wrenched suddenly away and whirled against him.

With desperate clutch of expiring vitality he grasps the roots of an old tree against which he has been thrown, and drags himself around to the bank side. There he fights manfully with terrible faintness that is rapidly overpowering him. In his forehead is a deep gash. Half dragging himself to shore, sees his master's unconscious face, and whinnies long and pitifully.

* * * * * *

Cameron Hill looks strangely beautiful in the pale, placid moonlight. The rain has stopped, but the air is heavy with the perfume of more. Just outside the parlor door, in the moonlight gallery, Jeannie is listening in a happy absorbed way, to Joe Dudley.

This man, with his handsome face and smooth tongue has ever attracted her. There is about him a certain half-developed tendency to deception, from which she, in her fine nature, with its insincerity, instinctively withdraws. A woman weakly accessable to the least touch of the real, the earnest, the true, flattery puts her on the defensive, and hardens her into a statue of contempt. In these two souls, while often meeting, there never touched. Jeannie might be, for the moment, carried out of himself by the force of real passion, and is woo by with all the tender simplicity of humblest, true love.

She is following him surely, surely, across the borders of that misty, dream embroidered land of unreality and delusion, led on by the magic of his voice.

Across the borders into the heart of the beautiful, mystical country, when she is called back by the sound of a commonplace, commonplace name, uttered in tones of careless inquiry, but it startles her spell-bound soul from its enchantment, and wakes her heart into a very rapture of life. Joe Dudley can win her mind; he can almost absorb her intellectual nature, but he can never make syllables of love Jeannie Cameron's homely, old-fashioned name sets every pulse a throbbing. She starts up and goes into the parlor.

"What did you call saying?" Is the Blanche? Why! Jeannie is Dr. Miles? Why don't you tell me what you are all saying?

Some one answers her that it is probable that the doctor has attempted to cross—he is so reckless of danger—and as he has not returned yet, anxiety is felt for his safety

With the unreserve of a great fear and a great love, she excitedly demands:

"Why did you not tell me of it before? Why don't some of you go and see? Do you intend to let him die? He may be drowning now. Oh, won't some of you go and help him?

The pretty voice grows so pitiful here, and the dark eyes becomes so full of entreaty that a man feels ready to serve her, even to the death of his own hopes

'I will go and find him and save his life too, if you will give me my reward.' Joe Dudley whispers in her ear, and she, thinking only of the kindly face that may be already cold in the rigid outlines of death, impulsively answers:

'Yes, yes, I will give you anything—everything, if you will only go and help him.'

'Promise me, then, that you will never leave Dr. Miles. Promise that you will be my wife.'

My poor, pretty Jeannie! You do not know what you have so unthinkingly bound yourself by a fatal promise which only a generous woer will let you take back again'

Lying against the rough side of the old tree, protected from the water by its spreading roots, they find Dr. Miles. The horse is pathetically licking his master's face.

They carry him home, and through the long fever that follows, Joe Dudley nurses him with all the faithful devotion of a friend. With returning consciousness Dr. Miles notices this and marks over it. One day, when he is almost well, he gratefully acknowledges the kindness.

'Joe Dudley laughs.

'You need not thank me; I am only paying off a debt. I promised to save your life, if it could be done, and I have been successful; that is all. Only that in six months Jeannie Cameron will be my wife.'

The sick man starts up, flushing painfully.

'Who says so? Does Jeannie Cameron say so?'

'I say so!' the other answers, triumphantly; 'and that is sufficient for all purposes. In six months that lady will be my wife or prove false to her word, and you know, as well as I, that she will never do that.

John Miles rises to his feet now.

'Dudley, I tell you that you are false. I will see Jeannie Cameron tonight and ask her to be my wife. If she loves me, as I have reason to believe she does, no power on earth shall keep her from my arms. You are deceiled to the heart's core, and my pure, proud girl never promised to be your wife unless you maddened her into it. Leave me! I am weak, but if you were to tell me my more falsehoods I might be tempted to strike you.'

Dudley is physically no coward, but his puny moral nature falters before the grand, noble soul shining out of the sick man's eyes. He laughs uneasily and goes out of the room. He has so falsified everything to Jeannie and so blended truth and falsehood together in a sense of honor that the careless, heedless spoken words—'Yes, yes, I will give you anything, everything' have been construed into a solemn, pledged troth, from which there is no withdrawal.

Although wickedly false himself he estimates at its full value the fine sensitive nature of the girl, and feels secure accordingly.

That night Jeannie, in a gay chair by the window, is startled out of a troubled reverie by what she thinks is a ghostly visitant.

Don't be frightened; it is only a familiar, well-loved voice calls out, and she goes forward gladly to meet and welcome Dr. Miles.

He notes that these few weeks have changed her, too. She is thinner and paler, and has a restless, uneasy manner, as of she were always mentally warding off a blow. She looks at him with anxiety, and feels that she is troubled and unhappy. In a little while he tells her what he has come to say. She listens to him nervously, and the troubled look deepens. When he finishes, she, struggles feebly with herself, and then, looking at him through tears and tender-eyes, opens her poor, depressed, heavy-laden heart and tells him all.

How he pities her, and how dear to him before, but never so madly loved, so fondly worshipped as now, when he sees for the first time into the very depths of her pure soul! So spotless it is, and so free from guile, that he almost hesitates to take it into his unworthy self.

But when he rises to prove to her that her promise to Joe Dudley is no promise to Joe Dudley is no promise at all, but only the mean advantage of a base, ungenerous man, he finds her immovable. She loves him, but she cannot marry him. His own words: 'To be false to your word is to be cowardly,' have haunted her of late, and now rise up to keep them apart. She knows he loves her dearly, but will he respect her as highly if she breaks her word, even though it be for him?

He is still vainly pleading, when Dudley's dark face appears at the door. With a malignant scowl, as he looks at John Miles, he says, in a threatening voice:

'Jennie Cameron, you belong to me. You can't marry that man.'

She rises at sight of him, and stands looking helplessly from one to the other. Never, never a woman so terribly tried! Love, happiness, rest on one side; on the other, her sacred, plighted word, and misery—dull, hopeless misery.

'Jeannie,' Dr. Miles' voice is husky from emotion, 'will you be my wife?' He holds out his hand to her.

She turns despairingly to Joe Dudley. 'Won't you give me back my promise? I cannot love you. You would not have an unwilling bride!'

The obstinate gleam only deepens in Dudley's eyes as he crosses over and takes her rudely by the hand. 'I would be just now if I had to drag you to the altar. You have promised to marry me, and by all the powers above you shall!'

There flashes into John Miles' face a look that comes into gray eyes only when there is something desperate to be done.

Going toward the trembling girl, who is mutely accepting him with her beautiful, soft eyes, he says, firmly but tenderly, too:

'Jeannie, darling, you are mine whether you will or no, so there is nothing else for me to do but to steal you from yourself. I don't like to do it, but I see I will have to run away with my wife and get her consent afterward.'

Before either can guess what he is going to do he takes her lovingly in his arms and carries her, with all, out of the carriage that is in waiting, and which he has brought in anticipation of this very scene. A few minutes drive brings them to the clergyman's, where she is absolved from the promises and responsibilities of Jeannie Cameron by becoming Mrs. John Miles.

Joe Dudley, helpless with rage, remains standing where they left him. As he realizes the whole truth he mutters a curse and rushes from the house.

* * * * * * *

It is hard to tell which gets the most petting—Brown Dick or his master—but it remains an unanswerable fact that they are both terribly spoiled.

THE FARM.

Preparing Poultry for Market.

Most or all farmers have occasion to sell some poultry, either alive or dressed, in market or to individuals, and how to dispose of it to the best advantage is often a question. Unboubtedly where one can gain a set of customers who will, with other products, take a certain quantity of poultry on stated intervals till the stock is exhausted, this is the most profitable way; this course may be adopted where the market is near and plenty of feed for the market is far away, other modes must be resorted to. All who desire to receive the highest price for their dressed poultry must observe a great care in fattening their fowls and preparing them for market. It will hardly do to offer old hens for spring chickens; nor to send dressed fowls to market carelessly dressed—or undressed, more properly. Where care is used in having them neatly dressed, and giving them a clean appearance, they will-sell readily at the highest rates, often at double the price of an inferior lot, although the latter may be equally well fattened.

Preparatory to killing, the fowls should have a fast of twelve to eighteen hours. No more fowls should be killed at a time than can be picked and drawn before they have commenced to stiff. Picking is much easier done while the fowls are warm. The best way of killing a hen, and bleeding at the same time, is to sever the jugular and wings, hanging it up head down, and there with a sharp-pointed pen knife pierce through the roof of the fowl's mouth, penetrating the brain, and causing almost instant death, while the fowl bleeds thoroughly without in any way besmearing the feathers or making them otherwise objectionable in handling. Great care should be taken not to break or tear the skin, giving them a ragged look when despoiled of feathers.

If it is impracticable to pluck before the fowl is cold, I think the holes are improved by just dipping the fowl into scalding water and at once removing the feathers before the skin becomes discolored from leaving the hot and wet feathers to partially cook the skin. Scalding also reduces it is often found necessary to singe, in order to remove the fine, downy feathers. I find it best often to singe he sides to remove the long hairs, which sometimes give the fowl a hirsute appearance; this is best accomplished by taking a handful of shavings, or a newspaper, lighting, and passing the plucked fowl rapidly through the blaze, held by the legs or head, one in either hand, using great care not to hold in the blaze long enough to smoke the skin or give a scorched appearance. By partially cooking the fowl, after passing through the blaze, this appearance is mostly avoided.

After being picked, the fowl should be "drawn"—insides removed, together with crop and pipes from the neck. Then the body is to be rinsed inside, and the liver, heart and gizzard (the last having been previously prepared by being cut open and cleaned) should be returned to the place to be performed, with great care. It is only necessary to make a very small opening in one of the wrinds, but no instruction will take the place of experience.

The dressed fowl should now be prepared for market. The crop around each bird a part of a newspaper, rolling to keep the wings in place, and then hang up by the heels to drain. I should have said, while being drawn, the head should be cut off, leaving the skin of neck back, in order not to leave a much neckbone. Neatness "tells" in all the various manipulations essential in preparing the fowls for market. If the paper wrappings do not get soiled or "mussel," the fowls can be sent in the original wrappings but where soiled, renew with clean wrappings. The legs are supposed to be well tied together. Placing eyes, when the look for a fowl in market, quickly notice a well dressed, neat-looking fowl, while they turn up their noses at slaudy or careless looking fowls. This is only necessary to make a very small impression, but it is the little things that count in the world of words, but no instruction will take the place of experience.

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Plant Small Trees.

New England Homestead.

The average American is in a great hurry to realize on his investments. It he orders a few garden seeds in January he wants to have them sent immediately; and if he forwards six cents for a copy of some paper which contains some story of which he has read the first half, he does not forget to request the publisher to send it by return mail. "Patience, which takes the form of quiet waiting, is a virtue of which he seems to be wholly ignorant. He cannot wait for anything, and he must constantly hurry and fret in order to make nature move a little faster than her wonted pace.

The tendency crops out very plainly when he buys fruit trees. He finds them described in the catalogue as "second class," "medium," "first-class," and "extra." The difference in these classes is price only, not wholly, in the size and height of the trees. The larger the tree the higher the price—but the farmer "don't care anything about that." He wants "good trees or none" and gives his order for those of extra size and which are four or five years old. In doing this he thinks he is acting wisely, but the nurseryman knows, and the farmer will find out ere long that, with equal care, the small tree will grow faster and (if a fruit tree) come into bearing condition sooner than the larger one.

In half a dozen years the tree that was small when planted will be larger and finer than the other. The reason for this is obvious. The larger the tree the larger the roots must be, and the larger the roots the less fibres there will be upon them. A tree that has plenty of fibrous roots will grow rapidly if proper care is used in transplanting but an amount of care equal to that which is required to make a little faster than her wonted pace.

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Removing Trees from Tiled Farms.

Cor. Country Gentleman.

During the past year I have had some experience in removing, root and branch, some trees that ever since my boyhood had been an eyesore to certain fields. I have found the expense less than expected. It requires in my experience one or two years with heavy manuring to bring the soil around old but remains an unanswerable fact that they are both terribly spoiled.

Trees on Tiled Farms.

Cor. Country Gentleman.

Mrs. Labourchere tells a correspondent of the Chicago Tribune that Mrs. Langtry is thirty-two years old. There is no doubt now that these two women are completely estranged. — Rochester Chronicle.

A High Opinion.

Capt. John J. Dawson, late of the British Army, residing on Isle of Wight, between Manderville and Spain, says he used St. Jacobs Oil with the greatest possible advantage when affected with rheumatism.—*New Orleans Times Democrat.*

In success there is contentment, and in contentment happiness.

A Startling Fact.

Thousands of children have died of diphtheria this winter who might have been saved by a single bottle of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.* It is a sure preventive of diphtheria and will cure any case of croup. No family should be without it a day.

If one life not according to his knowledge, life is of no avail.

Dr. J. S. Johnson & Co., of Boston, Mass., will send by mail, postage paid, a quarter of a pound sample of Dr. Sheridan's horse and cattle powders on receipt of 25 cents. These powders are very valuable for worms in horses and hens lay, and will prove all manner of diseases common to hens, hogs and horses, including hog cholera.

Avoid extravagant promises. State facts, and act up to them.

IMPORTANT.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Thought is valuable property to him who understands the use.

Could I but see Carboline made,
And view the process over
No laldhead pate would make afraid,
Nor gray hairs fright me more
As we have proved perfected,
Nooll was ever so sure,
All skin disease, of limb or head,
It never fails to cure.

Been your guard against rushing from one fault to another.

Weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumption, and kindred affections cured without physician. Sent free. Address, Wm. Ira Clark, Secretary Woman's Dispensary Medical Association, Detroit, Mich.

Roast not your wisdom; satan knows more than you.

"A DROP OF JOY IN EVERY WORD.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. three months ago I was bedridden with large tumors and sores on the body, limbs and face. I produced a bottle of your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Purgative Pellets" and have taken six bottles, and now I am in good health, and all those ugly ulcers having healed and left our skin in a natural, healthy condition. I thought at one time I could not live. Now, although I can but poorly express my gratitude to you, there is a drop of joy in every word I write.

Gratefully yours, JAMES O. BLELIS,
Farmington, N. J.

"Discovery" sold by druggists.

Duties fulfilled are always pleasures to the memory.

A Patriarch

Writes: "With a firm steady hand (not a trembling one, though my age is nearly 80) I give my testimony to the value of Brandreth's Pills. Nothing in my long life has given me fortunes indescribable through the medium of my fellow-creatures, like Brandreth's Pills. Innumerable other remedies, but all was money thrown away until I tried your pills. I give Burdock Blood Bitters and Lung Balsam the strong and hearty." Price $1.00

He confers a double kindness on a poor man who gives quickly.

Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cures every kind of humor, from the common pimple or eruption to the worst scrofula.

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