DREAMING.

I dreamed we two were friends again
As in the days of yore,
And all life held of bliss of pain
Came back to us once more;
Your laughter ringing clear and sweet,
Your dark eyes' tender beam,
The echo of your footfalls fleet,
Were in that happy dream.

There was a summer in love's land,
The skies were shades of the sea,
While roses blushed on either hand,
Beneath a golden moon;
And all the sadness of the year,
The trouble no smiles could blot,
The bitter doubts, the cruel fears,
Were in that dream forgot.

I dreamed we two were friends again,
And on my dream to song,
So you may listen to the strain
That sought you 'mid the throng.
Lest you might list, perchance might sigh,
Whilst idle tears would start,
To feel it with the last good-bye
Of one poor faithful heart.

I dreamed we two were friends again—
Alas! 'twas but a dream,
That fled when o'er my window-pane
Awoke the first rec beam.
Oh! as it brightened on my sight,
And trembled o'er the floor
I whispered—"Vanish, happy light,
For I would dream once more."

F. R. Miller in the Courier-Journal.

Chased by Wild Horses.

BY APACHE GEORGE.

"You may talk about des' but adventures," said "Mustang Joe," filling his pipe and throwing a handful of buffalo chips on the fire, "but once in the lower country I had to ride for my life from a drove of brooch mustangs, an' I'm jest conceited enough to think that no mortal man ever had a wilder ride or a closer shave with death."

"Tell us the story, Joe!" we cried in chorus, and drew closer around the fire.

We were out on a scout after Apaches, and had been two days and nights on the Great Staked Plain.

To-night, we had made a "dry camp," but hoped to reach World's Wells the next morning, and therefore bore our deprivation good-naturedly.

Supper was over, and the men off duty were gathered around the campfire spinning yarns. Several had been told, when Mustang Joe, one of the oldest rangers in the service, and a well-known frontiersman, whetted our appetite for a fresh story by the observation above quoted.

"Joe had been a "mustanger," or hunter of wild ponies, years before, and it was while thus engaged in this occupation that he met with the following adventure:

He was somewhere near the junction of the Rio Frio with the Nueces river, in camp with his partners.

They had had a very successful hunt, and the men were hard at work roughbreaking the captured ponies, pr parting for the drive to the San Antonio market.

On this particular morning, Joe left camp on a short hunting trip, for the fresh meat supply had nearly run out.

There were Indians in that country then—Comanches, Lipans and Tonkaw-was—and Joe was well armed with a rifle and a pair of then rare and costly Colt six-shot revolving pistols.

His mount was a young American filly, strong of limb, deet of foot, and with splendid staying qualities.

It was a beautiful morning, and as the Mustanger rode across the rolling prairie, dotted with bright hued flowers, which sent forth their delicate perfume on every zephyr that swept over them, his whole physical system being tingling with that wild exhilaration which only a plainsman can feel.

Hundreds of Antelope were feeding around him, but Joe was looking for nobler game, and passed by the timid little animals without firing a shot.

As he ascended a heavy roll in the prairie, another horseman rode slowly up the opposite side, add the two men met on the summit.

The newcomer was a fellow mustanger, and they exchanged greetings.

"Where bound, Nueces Nick?" was Joe's query.

"Looking around for a shot at a deer," answered Nick. "We're out of fresh meet at my camp, and I left to get a supply this morning. Haven't seen anything but antelope however."

"Jest my arrant an' I'm on my hick," said Joe. "If you hev no objections, we'll hunt in partnership."

"I've none, Joe," was the answer, "injun signs is tolerable thick up on the Rio Frio, and a man feels safer when he has a good partner."

Accordingly the two rode along the back of the ridge together, scanning the country through which they passed for suspicious and suspicious sign.

They rode in silence, but a sudden exclamation from Nueces Nick caused Joe to cast his eyes across that portion of the plain which Nick was scanning.

"That's a fine herd of bronchos, Joe!" said the former, pointing to a large drove of wild ponies which were feeding on the plain about a mile distant.

"It's the same bunch we run down last week," answered Joe, surveying the feeding herd with a critical eye. "They're beauties and no mistake, led by a big bay stallion, that hez more or less Arabian blood in his veins. I've got away from us arter we'd tied him down. Strong? He's as strong as a grizzly, and if I hed him in the Santonio he would bring me fifty dollars easy."

The mustangers halted and gazed at the unshaggy ponies for several minutes in silence.

The animals they bestrode picked up their ears and sniffed the air.

Suddenly the filly ridden by Joe threw up her head and uttered a greeting neigh.

Instantly the bronchos ceased feeding and clustered around their leader the big bay stallion.

He pawed the ground proudly, arched his neck, and answered Joe's horse.

The filly neighed a second time, and pulled sharply on the bit, as though anxious to join her wild friends.

The herd seemed greatly excited and moved toward the two men, uttering short neighs of welcome, which were responded to by Joe's animal, who quivered with excitement.

There were fully five hundred of the mustangs, and the herd presented a splendid appearance as it swung forward in the form of a crescent led by the bay.

"Bless me Joe!" cried Nueces Nick, lifting his rifle from its scabbard, "they're coming this way. If that bay gets within gunshot, I'll crease the critter."

"Don't!" cried Joe, and he clutched his companions arm, while his bronzed face paled. "Kin that pony of yours travel?"

"Yes," began Nick, and then noticing his companion's agitation, cried: "But what's the matter with you Mustang Joe?"

"Nick," was the mustanger's answer, and he laid his hand upon the horse's neck, "we must run! The bug bay an' his screamin' mates are comin' this way, an' they're arter us."

"Carajo!" was Nick's ejaculation

"You're right, Joe; we must run for it!"

The two men wheeled their horses and dashed down the opposite slope of the divide.

"Don't spare the spurs, Nick," cried Joe, "and on the quarte!"

And he brought the lash of his heavy riding whip down on the filly's quarters with a stinging slash, which caused her to bound forward like an arrow.

The two men turned it their saddles and looked back toward the on-coming bronchos.

They were just sweeping over the brow of the roll, screaming and snorting like demons.

On speed the two mustangers, and close behind them came their pursuers the clatter of their hoofs ringing out sharply on the clear air.

Mile after mile was thus traversed, and the wild horses were nearly but surely gaining on the mustangers.

Nick's pony was beginning to show signs of weakness also, several times would have fallen but for the rider's presence of mind.

"My pony is giving out, Joe," he cried, finally. "Ride on and leave me."

"Never," was Joe's answer. "Ellen will carry double. Dismount an' git up behind.

Checking his pony, Nick hastily dismounted and seizing his rifle scrambled up behind his companion.

"You do the spurrin', Nick, an' I'll do the whippin'!" said Joe.

And he brought down the lash on the filly's shoulders.

The noble little animal dashed on, and Nick's pony, unencumbered was able to keep up.

They had lost time in making the transfer, however, and the bronchos were now within a hundred yards of them.

"We can't keep ahead, partner?" was Nick's desparing cry. "I'll drop off!"

"No, no!" answered Joe. "Cling fast! That's salvation ahead!"

And he pointed, with his whip, to a black line on the prairie ahead.

"A crevasse?"

"Yes an' that alone will make the leap."

"The bronchos will follow"

"No," was Joe's assuring rejoiner. "I'll stop 'em."

He drew one of his Colt six-shooters from its holster, and examined it carefully.

"I'll crease the big bay, Nick, I can."

"If you miss—"

"We'll die together"

They were within fifty yards of the crevasse, which split the prairie in twain, and could be traced along its winding course for miles above and below them.

Nueces Nick leaned forward and measured the chasm's width with his eye.

"We can't make it, Joe," he said.

"No horse livin' can leap that black gulf with a rider behind."

"Ellen can!" was Joe's decided answer. "Cling fast!" and he rose in the stirrups.

The filly saw the chasm, and prepared for the fearful leap.

Just on its brink she gathered herself together and rose in the air.

For a second she seemed to hover over the yawning crevasse, and then with a bound that left her hoofs close to the other edge that the rotten crumbled beneath her hinder hoofs, and great pieces fell back into the hideous gulf with a dull resounding roar.

Joe's grip tightened on the reins, and the filly came to a standstill so suddenly that she fell back on her haunches.

Instantly he slipped from the saddle, and wheeled, pistol in hand, to face the pursuing bronchos.

The big bay led the herd by a score of yards, his head aloft and neck proudly arched.

The mustanger raised his weapon, and ran his eye along the bright barrel.

Now, when the wild horse passed for a second before taking the leap, his finger pressed the trigger, and with a scream of pain, the leader reared and tossed madly in his saddle.

The bronchos in the rear, seeing their leader in such madness, ran to his aid.

The advance line wavered for a moment on the chasm's brink, several ventured the leap, and missed, those in the rear pressed forward, and the entire herd was precipitated into the crevasse, dragging their stunned leader and Nick's pony with them.

"Thank God, Nueces Nick, we're saved!" cried Joe, and the two men clasped hands.

The American of the Future.

In an important paper in the September Century, entitled The Foreign Element in Our Population, Professor Fiske the tendency of emigrants of the same race to mass in particular states, giving to those sections a real foreign character. But in conclusion he says: "Supposing the entire mass is fused, the Celtic and Teutonic blood, the Latin and the Norman, will still be judged in much the same proportions as they were in the veins of the original English settlers. The American of the future, supposing present forces to continue, would be almost as much an Anglo-Saxon as the American of 1820. We have seen however, that the forces are not distributed evenly, and that certain types are likely to be locally predominant. In the Wisconsin man of the near future, for instance, we seem to be almost a German, while the New Englander (still supposing all elements to combine) will be almost as much Irishman. But in the meantime all come to speak a single dialect; all wear the same costume; all become under the assimilating influence of the public school, active internal commerce; and all continue to accustom themselves to diversity of views and conclusions in religion without strife growing out of social separation and distrust. We may not assume that such a state of affairs will come to make the people a single and homogeneous nation, spite of local diversity or opinion?

I believe that no one now accuses any large or influential portion of the foreign element of a set purpose to spread ideas subversive of our political institutions. It can hardly be denied that such tendencies and ideas as are most deprecated in the Old World, the United States relate to manners, to mere habits of life and social practices. In those things we all undergone great changes, and would have to have gone them in a degree, independent of foreign influence.

"So large as all elements blend, and the people remain free to seek their own happiness in their own way, it would seem that the difference with coming generations whether those family tree shall have its roots in Plymouth or in Boston or in New Amsterdam, or in Charleston, So long as this freedom to seek a common happiness remains, it is of little consequence whether the ancestral ties are lost in the old or the old in the new. The greatest danger would seem to be that the mingling of all elements, with a resultant fusion of a single nationality, will not proceed without interruption. No greater danger can threaten than that the population will split into two or more castes, with caste hatreds and conflicts. Whenever in any place a tendency to such a condition seems to be arising, all the prompt influence of the state and of society should be brought to bear against it.

A western paper recently made excuses for the shortcomings of a particular issue by claiming that a part of its "editorial corpse" was necessarily absent. The mistake was pointed out by a friend and the next week the following appeared: "The error was simply a typographical one. Of course anyone with a spoonful of brains would know that we meant "editorial sick."

The early German settlers on the Schuylkill were mainly members of the Society of Friends. It is claimed for them by Mr. Buck in his address at Norristown during the recent centennial exercises, that the earliest protest against negro slavery in the English colonies, was prepared by these German settlers, at Germantown, February 18, 1688.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

A LITTLE QUESTIONER.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

What do the birdies dream about?
Who paints the roses red?
Why do the pretty stars peep out?
Who lets the moon be so red?
The moon looks like a silver ball
Who used it up the day?
Why don't the clouds upon us fall?
When it rains do they cry?

Why do the brooks run fast away?
Do fishes ever talk?
Can little frogs their lessons say?
Why do the grasshoppers walk?
Do baby crickets sit up late?
Where bees do they live?
Why do the flowers for Summer wait?
Where does snow hide in Spring?

What do the cows say when they "moo"?
Where do the sheep get wool?
What will the bees in Winter do?
Why is the sea so dull?
Some parrots are—talk so, I mean;
Mamma says it's absurd:
That little children should be seen
And very seldom heard.

"Tending Baby."

By L. S. Merrill.

"Fine face, I s'pose," said Teddy Nichols, "we haven't got near enough money."

"How much have you got?" asked Lucilla, as she pinned her work down to her knee.

"The two little Nicholses," as the neighbors called them, opened, each, a grimy little paw, and displayed a few coppers, hot and moist from their warm hands. Lucilla turned them over and counted them.

"Teddy had ten and Liddy eighteen cents in all. And how much have you got to have?"

Liddy looked mournfully at the little pile of pennies in Lucilla's hand and answered:

"The tickets to the 'scursion's twenty-five cents apiece, and I must go to Flora Wright's Sabbath-school. Then they are only ten."

"And the fifteen and the merjishun's twenty-five cents for two," put in Teddy.

"Ten you want seventy-five cents?" Teddy nodded; but Liddy, swinging her blue check sunbonnet and looking anxiously at Teddy, said: "We could take our dinner."

"Yes-es." And Teddy bit off the white end of a piece of grass. "But then, Liddy, there's the merjishun; and he swallows fire, Lucilla. He really, truly does!"

Lucilla smiled at the boy's eager face, and said, slowly: "Let me get eighteen, and you want seventy-five. Then you must earn fifty-seven in those next two weeks."

"The two little Nicholses" looked at each other in some dismay, for it sounded like a very large sum, and Teddy said, a little crossly:

"Then we just can't go. That's all."

Liddy's eyes filled with tears, and she looked anxiously into Lucilly's face. The latter leaned over and kissed her.

"Well, try, Liddy, and we may think of something yet." Poor Teddy scowled and tried to uproot an unoffending dandelion with his bare foot, saying

"Fruit ain't in, an' cross is out. There ain't nothin' to peddle, anyway."

Just at that moment a voice from the house called: "Teddy, Liddy, baby's awake." The boy shook himself angrily.

"We could not get anything, anyway, for tendin' baby, leastways not o' the time. I only wished we got paid for that." But he followed Liddy into the house and helped her bring the baby out.

Lucilla sat still in her seat under the tree, and made her thin fingers fly fast as she worked at her sewing, while she thought over Teddy's puzzle.

It was the first time the children had ever heard of a Sunday-school excursion, and they were in a terrible state of mind if she could arrange it for them, she meant that they should and she watched them, sitting on the grass, with the sturdy, chubby baby between them.

When the long seam was done she folded her work, and reaching around the end of the maple seat, took down which leaned against the tree and limped slowly into the house. In the kitchen she found her mother working at the week's ironing.

"Mother, the child en want to go to the Baptist Sunday-school excursion."

"I know they do, Lucilly; but I cannot afford to send 'em. The interest on the mortgage is due the first of next month, and if your father is makin' and scrapin' every cent he can get, They're the best children in the world." And the tired mother wiped her heated face.

"And I'd be glad enough to give them a little treat if I could, I'm sure."

"I then, mother, you won't mind if I have a plan to have every one happy?"

"Why, no, Lucilly, of course not; but I must have baby tended."

"Yes, of course." And Lucilla went to her own room, put away her work, got her hat, and started slowly down the road. Seven or eight farmers' boys were sitting in a knot together, and Lucilla went in at the gate of the side door. It was opened by a tall, bony woman, with a little girl in her arms. When she saw Lucilla the tired face of the woman lighted up, and she squeezed Teddy's hand. "Oh! Teddy, you are so good."

"Pooh! Much you know about it. Let drive, father."

And the mother watched them drive away, waving their hands to her. When they came back at night, tired and happy, she asked eagerly if Lucilla's eyes were brighter and more happy than she had ever seen them, and if she told her she must have had a nice time.

"Oh! yes. Everybody was so nice, and they got me a seat way up under the awning, on the hottest day, a nice lady sat down and talked to me, and I told her how the children had earned the money, and how they had brought me instead of going in to see magicians, and she took us all in to see him. And the river is so lovely, mother, and the lady had such a nice place to eat, and she let me hold it a little while, and if you'll believe me Teddy would not even touch it."

Mr. Nickols laughed. "Had enough of tending baby, Master Fred?"

"Yes; tendin' one baby's too hard work; tendin' two is impossible." And he yawned frightfully." Anyway it was worth the work to see the man swallow fire and pick silver dollars out of the boys' ears!"

A Chicago Drummer.

Center Democrat.

"May I have this seat?" she asked of the genteel-looking drummer whose baggage was occupying it.

"I don't know," he answered politely. "It belongs to the railroad, you know, but I'll see the conductor and maybe he can give it to you."

She grew purple and said:

"You don't understand me. I mean may I have this seat."

"Well I don't know that either. You see it's fastened very firmly to the car floor, and it would be a trouble to pry it loose. I'll tell you what I propose to come on board at the next station and ask his advice."

"I don't want to take the old thing," she howled. "Is this your traps on it?"

"No'm," blandly answered the drummer. "They belong to the firm I travel for."

"Well, can I sit down here?" she finally screamed, after shifting from one foot to another.

"I don't know, madam. You are the best judge of your muscular powers."

"Where do you travel from?" she screamed.

"Chicago," he replied.

"That settles it," she said meekly.

"Will you please take your valise and permit me to occupy a small portion of this seat?"

"Certainly," he replied. "Why didn't you ask me at first?"

The train speed on, while he sat counting up his expenses, and she wondering if Chicago cheek had any equal under the sun.

"That, sir, is a very fine quality of sugar," said the grocerman. "It is used mostly for making desserts." "Why is it used mostly for making desserts?" asked the customer. "On account of the superior quality, sir." "Oh, that's it. I thought it might be used for making deserts on account of the large quantity of sand in it."

Silk Manufacture in America.

Silk manufacturing has grown wonderfully in the United States in the last thirty-five years, the most remarkable increase being from 1870 to 1880, when it was 250 per cent. This country stands second now in this branch of industry, France ranking first, and promises to lead before long. The value of the silk manufacture of 1883 was $41,033,045. New Jersey leading with $17,122,230, while New York had $10,171,140, Connecticut $5,881,100, Massachusetts $3,764,260, and Pennsylvania $3,491,840. A great impetus to the industry received a special impetus from the Centennial Exhibition, notably gros grain dress silks and handkerchiefs, while silk taffetas and silk sewing silk made products of the last six years. With the growth of local manufacture the importation of foreign silks has decreased, and of late years fallen off, the decline from 1882 to 1883 being $6,314,069, while the decrease will be still greater this year. Meanwhile the importation of raw silk has increased, and this country is now considered the best market in the world for raw silk, the perfectly adapted to the growth of the multiplying silk industrial silk manufactures have several strong advantages over foreign competitors. Our silk goods are lighter and can readily adapt themselves to sudden changes in fashions, and, while using more material, produce the best and most uniform fabrics.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

A colored man dressed very sparingly, with a girl on his arm, walked into the office of Judge Cooksey, of Warrenton, Mo., and asked to be married. Before the ceremony began he said to the Judge: "Be a hard-workin' nigger, an I don't you think I'd been foolin' a fine young gal like dis in dis rag of clothes just to git married in, Judge?" "Of course you would," said Cooksey, "to be in fine clothes." And the couple hitched in the couple. The groom gave him $2, and, turning to his bride, said: "Now you go home, for Ise got to do a day's work before I can git dat."—*Louisville Times.*

An old British coin, dated 1792, was found by a boy, or rather a bird, a few days ago at Crawford, Ga. The boy noticed that the bird, as it flew from stump to stump, made something in a hollow which it would drop and pick up again. He frightened the bird away and made the discovery of the coin.

A BARGAIN IN CORNER LOTS

Is what most men desire, but to keep from filling a grave in a cemetery lot ere half your days are numbered, all that you need to keep is supply of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" by you. When the first symptoms of consumption appear lose no time in putting yourself under the treatment of this invaluable medicine. It cures when nothing else will. Possessing, as it does, in the highest degree the virtue of the best cod liver oil, it is not only the cheapest, but far the pleasanest to take. It purifies and enriches the blood, strengthens the system, clears the blood, pimples, eruptions, and other humors. By druggists.

Chicago street railway stables were burned to the ground on the 15th. The loss to the company is variously estimated at between $200,000 and $300,000.

Young and middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send postage stamp for large illustrated treatise suggesting sure means of cure. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

If your earthen pipe-laters are discolored, rub them well with whiting or sand-soap.

"WORK, WORK, WORK"

How many women there are working to-day in various branches of industry—to say nothing of the thousands of patient housekeepers whose lives are an unceasing round of toil—who are a prey to those complaints to which the weaker sex is liable. Their tasks are rendered doubly hard by pain and their lives shortened, but hard necessity compels them to keep on. To such Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" offers a sure means of relief. For female weaknesses it is a certain cure. All druggists.

The Pittsburg material gas works at Pittsburg pay $30,000 a month profit after they expect to make it pay $150,000 by another year.

TO THE UNMARRIED:

An Association for Their Benefit and What It is Doing for Them

There has long been a class of unmarried persons in Michigan who are aware that an institution intended to create its members upon entering the matrimonial state, has been in existence the past year and a half.

The association is known as the Mutual Marriage Benevolent Association of Marine City, and, having been incorporated under the laws of Michigan in 1883, it is the only institution of its kind in the state. The association has paid in benefits since August 2, $6,000, and is paying several thousand a month to its members.

The following letters of acknowledgement are a few of the many testimonials we are receiving.

MARINE CITY, Mich., Aug. 2, 1884.
M. M. E. Association:

Gentlemen—Please accept my thanks for the prompt payment in which you have paid my benefit, amounting to one thousand dollars ($1000). Tell your friends to come and make the Mutual Marriage Benevolent Association receiving of condolence and patronage of every unmarried person in the state. I have derived a larger benefit by being a member of the association than I ever anticipated. As an investment I know of no equal, and I would advise everyone who is eligible to join the association, and hoping that success may attend the efforts of the Mutual Marriage Association, and that it may be the means of making happy the hearts and homes of thousands of young and old people, I am

Yours, thankfully,
GEO. McHANEY.

MARINE CITY, Sept. 8, 1883.
To the officers of the M. M. E. Association:

Gentlemen—I take this opportunity of thanking you for the promptness in which you have paid my benefit, amounting to one thousand dollars ($1000). I feel very much pleased with the manner in which my claim has been settled, and wishing the association every success, I remain

Very truly yours,
MRS. ROSE McDONALD.

MARINE CITY, Mich., Sept. 10, 1884.
R. McNEIL, Sec'y M. M. B. Association:

I have received the benefit on my certificate, and am much pleased with my investment. This benefit will be the means of paying off a mortgage on my home, leaving me out of debt and a balance to put in the bank for a rainy day. Thanking the association for what it has done for me, I remain

Very truly yours,
ORVILLE W. McDONALD.

All unmarried persons, of either sex should join. Write for circulars explaining the plan.

Address the Secretary, R. McNEIL,
Marine City, Mich.

OH! THE MISERY

Of the poor dyspeptic. The disturbed condition of the stomach, the nausea, headache heartburn and offensive belchings, the lack of appetite, the irritable temper, the worn-out feeling, the hatred of the world others feel, these symptoms can better be imagined than described. And yet, if you suffer from all, Hood's Sarsaparilla will give you speedy, sure and permanent relief. Take it now and end your sufferings.

We have been troubled with dyspepsia the past year or two. After trying many medicines I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and am now almost entirely well. MRS. ELLEN M. DAY, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Mary C. Smith, Chamberlain's, Mass., was a sufferer from dyspepsia and sick headaches since she was nine years old. She recommends Dr. Hood's Sarsaparilla, and writes, in delight, that she found its cure in the first bottle she ever used, and recommends its use to others.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sarsaparilla

100 Doses One Dollar

HAY FEVER CATARRH

I was afflicted for twenty years during the months of August and September, and tried various remedies without relief. A friend advised me to use Ely's Cream Balm; have used it two years with remarkable results, and can recommend it to all. ROBT. W. TOWLEY, 1 A Mayer, Ridge Street, N. Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH HAY FEVER COLD IN HEAD PRICE 50 CTS. ELY BROS. OWEGO, N.Y. U.S.A.

HAY-FEVER

Cream Balm is a remedy founded on a correct diagnosis of this disease and can be relied upon to cure the worst cases. Sample, sample bottle by mail, 10 cts. ELY BROS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

Catarrhal Snuffers. No such practicals exist. Sent by mail, 25 cts. Ely's Liquid Catarrh Remedy, 50 cts. Ely's Liquid Catarrh Powder, 75 cents.

CARBOLINE.

On every banner blazon bright,
The motto "Health" we fight.
Of all the oils that ever were seen
There's none that beats our Carboline.

A clergyman of one of the midland counties of Ireland recently pardoned out a sentence of penal servitude, and on his liberation at once obtained clerical employment.

Farmers and Stockmen.

The only remedy that removes Gall, Cuts and Bruises from horse and cattle, and always brings the hair in the place of the gall, is Dr. Veterinary Arnica and Ointment. Warranted by all druggists or by mail. J. W. COLE & CO., Prop., Black Rock, Conn.

A man in Brooklyn recently committed suicide by locking himself up in an outhouse and throwing there until he was frozen to death.

When you visit or leave New York City, via Central depot, save Baggage Expressage and $3 Carriage fare, by stopping at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite said depot. Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars; $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the choicest of the market. 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.

A piece of soft sponge tied upon a smooth stick is very convenient to use in greasing tins or the griddle.

If you are tired taking the large old fashioned griping pills, and are satisfied that purging yourself with them is worse than sick headache, a good common sense, then try Carter's Little Liver Pills, and learn how easy it is to be free from Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Costiveness and all liver troubles. These little pills are small, easy to take, and no more than one is a dose, and yet they are as sure in their effect as any pills in use. Forty in a vial. One a dose. Price 25 cents.

Where other remedies have failed Athlophoros has been found to work like a charm. Jones & Bryan of Lancaster, Wis., sold a bottle to an old lady, who walked two miles into town, who having vainly tried all other remedies, was cured of rheumatism and went home to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. Relief is incurred as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

BEFORE YOU WANTED, Dyspepsia, Sexual Debility cured by Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt. Illustrated pamphlet free. 1402 Broadway, N. Y.

A CARD—To all who are suffering from error of youth, nervous debility, premature decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you free of charge. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Address, enclosing stamp, JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York.

RUPTURE—Positively cured in 60 days. Circulars free. Address DR. HOUGH ON RUPTURE, Buffalo, N. Y.

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