A Western Maid's Dream.

If I could ketch onto the wings of a bird,
I would light in the loftiest tree,
And twitter a twit that could plainly be heard
From Jimtown clear out to the sea.
I would warble a note of such terrible force
That the elements wildly would crack,
And the Indian chieftain would fall from his horse
And split his shirt clear up the back!

If I were outfitted with elephant's feet,
My terrible tread would resound
Till all animal life would in terror retreat
Ten thousand leagues under the ground.
And if I had the voice of a lion I'd roar
Till the wide universe lost its wits,
And the birds would fold up their fleet wings and keel o'er,
And die in hysterical fits.

If I were a dweller beneath the deep sea,
With the figure and power of a whale,
Every creature around me in terror would flee
At the fantastic flirt of my tail.
I would swamp a great vessel or two every day,
And down in the ocean so blue,
O'er the feast I'd say grace in the usual way,
And make a square meal of the crew.

But since I am only a modest young maid—
A wild, tender flower of the West—
These longing desires I am really afraid
Must be downed, as it were, and suppressed.
Since I cannot raise Hades by such a rank play,
My flag of desire I must furl,
And dream the delectable hours away
As a sweet, timid, gentle young girl.
—Louisville Courier Journal.

THE GIPSY'S CURSE.

"Don't hurt her, father," she heard Zeph say, as she was being borne rapidly towards the weir; but its roar grew louder and louder, so that Job's muttered reply was lost in the thunder of the angry waters. Were they going to throw her over? She almost wished they were. But no; she was carried on—still on, over the lock bridge. They were taking her to the Mill—the Mill that would be washed away that night! Where was Zeph now? Gone? Ah, Heaven, there was some sense of protection while in her presence! She was a woman, evil though Ilma knew her to be.

Ilma did not faint, not once did her keen wits desert her. Every faculty was sharpened. She quickly revolved the feasibility of any appeal to her captor, and dismissed it as worse than futile. In the first place, Heston was firmly convinced that Dark Darrell would perish in that night's floods, and therefore he would only laugh at her if she promised him a reward from her lover if he would save her; in the second place, she felt certain that, though the roar of the weir prevented her from hearing anything else, Roland Sabine was close at hand, and possibly—nay, probably—armed; so that treachery on Job's part would be instantly frustrated.

Her cousin's object was, she thought, to imprison her in the Mill, and to try to force her into a promise to fly with him, leaving her, if she refused, to perish in the floods; and, horribly as this fate was, it was Elysium compared to that which she had first conceived, and which even now was not beyond possibility.

Her hurried reasoning was cut short by Job pausing; then he commenced to ascend steps. He was going into the Mill! Then for the first time she heard steps following. On they went, still on; they had passed the first floor. Next a somewhat steep ladder was climbed, something was set down by the man who followed Job—the man was Roland, Ilma knew—and the next moment she was put down gently, the shawl removed, and she found herself in the disused corn-loft from the narrow window of which she had gazed a few days before, and Roland Sabine stood before her, the dim rays of a lantern shining upon his ghastly face.

Not less ghastly was the face on which he dared not look, while the large brown eyes sought his in a very agony of appeal. Even Job Heston, villain though he was, turned away, and seemed unwilling to gaze on the beautiful fragile creature he had brought to a dreadful death.

Roland first broke the terrible silence. He advanced a step towards his victim.

"Ilma," he said—and his voice sounded hard and changed, as changed as his aspect—"you have nothing worse than death to fear. There is but one way to escape open to you."

The girl did not answer him; but he saw the look of terror pass from her eyes, and a deep long breath of ineffable relief made her breast heave for a second. The horror of the situation was too new to be yet fully comprehended, and the thought of death as something to shrink from had yet to come; it was as an angel of light that it came just now.

Before Roland could speak again, Job strode towards the large trap-door that gave admittance to the loft.

"I'm off, sir," he said. "Tain't safe to stay here long; and, if you'll take my advice, you won't stay long. The floods may be up any hour, with the rain falling in the mountains as it is. Good-by, missy. You dreed your own weird when you let Dark Darrell catch your fancy with his handsome face and glozing tongue."

He uttered a harsh laugh, perhaps to hide some gleam of better feeling in his hardened nature, as he left the hapless girl to her fate; and the next moment he had disappeared through the trap door and descended the ladder, whistling loudly.

Roland sprang to the window—for Ilma did not stir a step or move her ashen lips—and looked out. Was it the gleam of water that he saw immediately below? Was the river, in the few minutes that had elapsed, up to the door of the Mill? It had almost washed their feet as they entered, but now—— He turned, and suddenly grasped Ilma's wrist, with a grip so strong that at any other time she must have cried out; now she seemed beyond feeling physical pain.

"Ilma," he cried hoarsely, "there are not many moments to lose; the floods may be on us directly! Do you understand? Come with me—fly with me—be my wife; refuse, and I leave you here to perish. There is no escape; and there is no relenting in me. I would kill you with my own hand"—he said those words through his teeth, his face close to hers, his hot breath on her cheek—"sooner than see you in Philip Darrell's arms—his bride. Now choose; there is no mercy. I brought you here to-night to choose between life with me and death with him."

Steadily, calmly, with the awful roar of the swelling waters in her ears, the young girl looked into the face that seemed scarcely human. Low and firmly she spoke, the first words she had uttered in her fatal prison-house.

"I will die. I am not afraid to die. If my time is so short, leave me alone to pray; for I am not sinless, though I have done you no wrong."

Roland relaxed his grip and fell back.

"Are you mad?" he said in a hoarse whisper. "Did you comprehend me when I said 'die with him'? You shall not die alone—no, no—that were cruel!"

He laughed till the rafters rang, and the girl recoiled with a new and fearful terror in her heart. Roland's wild words when he parted from her that morning came back to her. Was he mad?

"No, no," he said again more calmly, but with a concentrated ferocity in tone and look almost more terrible than his frantic outbreak; "you shall see your handsome lover once more. He shall clasp you to his heart again and give you a parting kiss. Do you understand me?"—stopping before her, and folding his arms. "If you choose death, I shall send to Philip Darrell and tell him where you are; and I know him and his race well enough to know what he will do. He will come!"

With a cry of agony the girl flung herself at her captor's feet.

"Roland, you cannot—you will not do this! Kill me with your own hand—drag me from here and fling me into that torrent—but, oh, spare him! Spare your own soul that added guilt, Roland!" She tried to clasp his hand in the passion of her pleading, as she saw that the very proof of her deep love for his rival hardened still more the heart she strove to soften. "Think what his grief will be when I am lost to him, and by so awful a fate! Is not that worse punishment than death? Is it not enough to have my guiltless blood on your head?"

"He must fulfill the curse," answered Roland, evading her clasp; and, with a wild gleam in his eyes, he stamped violently on the floor. "What does it say?

"'Till the waters, rising, rising,
Bring the bounden sacrificing—
Life for life for traitor's deed;
When the floods are out, take heed!'

Spare him, when every word and look of yours show how you love him! No prayer for your own life—but for his you go on your knees and pray in agony! You can save him if you choose. You have one minute to make that choice."

Ilma rose from her knees. As she stood erect before her would-be murderer facing the narrow casement, the moon broke out suddenly from behind a bank of clouds and shot a broad shaft of light into the dreary loft, shedding a pale glory upon the marble features and the gleaming golden hair.

"I will die with him!" said the girl.

There was silence. The two—murderer and victim—seemed scarcely to breathe. Roland's face was shrouded now in gloom, the girl's uplifted to the light, which seemed to come as an omen from Heaven; and she breathed a prayer for the man she loved—a prayer for time—only time—that destruction might come to her so swiftly as to shatter even the hope of his dying with her, and so save him.

Hush, above the roar of the weir, and the rushing river, what was that other sound distant and faint, but recognized by the girl's quick ear? She had heard it on the great St. Lawrence when the ice broke up. Too late! Philip was saved! The floods were upon them!

But Roland heard nothing. He knew not why that greater radiance flashed into the lifted face, why the small hands were clasped over the throbbing heart. He turned—his cheeks were bloodless and his eyes wild and glassy.

"Then die," he said, his voice scarcely above a whisper—"die with your doubly-accursed lover!"

He snatched up the lantern and was gone. She heard him reach the floor beneath; she heard him drag the ladder away and run it through the window, thus cutting off all chance of her escape. She heard him pass lower, and then a mighty sound rose above even the fierce roar of the weir; but it did not drown the piercing shriek of despair that rang upwards through the trembling wooden walls. Booming like thunder, tearing up trees like twigs, sweeping all before it, on came the flood!

It spread far over the meadows to left and right, carrying sheep and cattle onward in its mad career.

The stout wooden piers of the bridge over which Dark Darrell had ridden on that sunny morning when Ilma had stood and dreamed above the glittering tide, were broken into splinters, and the whole structure whirled away into fragments.

One of the villagers fancied he could see at the window of the Mill, some one waving an arm with despairing gestures; but others said he must be mistaken, as Job and Zeph Heston had left the Mill long since. But presently some one saw the face and recognized Ilma Costello.

Alone in that awful prison, death rising to her foot by foot—Ilma knelt and tried to pray; but her heart would cling to him whose face she would see no more. Death had lost all terror; she saw herself whirled away in the boiling flood, and she did not shudder at the picture. Roland was forgotten. But Philip, who would die for her—oh, if he should yet hear of her fate and strive to reach her? She cried aloud in the anguish of that fear, and before the echo of that cry had died away she had sprung to her feet, and her heart seemed to stand still within her—for the moon shone forth upon a single horseman struggling with the angry waters.

CHAPTER XII.

Zeph Heston was passionate and vindictive; but, like many undisciplined characters, she was better than her impulses. Scarcely had she reached the cottage in which she and her father had sought temporary shelter, than the full horror of the deed to which she had been a party rushed upon her. She did not know that Roland intended to inform Sir Philip Darrell of the fate of his betrothed, in order to involve him in the same destruction; but, what wrong had Ilma done her, Zeph was now compelled to ask herself, that she should be the girl's murderess? What wrong had Sir Philip done that, in order to remove some one she hated, she should rob him of the woman he loved? Heston's daughter had not actually blamed Ilma because Roland Sabine loved her; but she had hated her with the unreasoning vindictiveness of a half-savage nature because Ilma was an obstacle, as the poor creature imagined, to her own possible happiness. Remorse, when it came, was bitter and overwhelming.

Perhaps too, though this came later, there was another feeling in Zeph's heart—a vague feeling that Roland might have intended to play her false, and spare Ilma if she would consent to marry him. Zeph did not believe that Ilma would consent to this alternative; but it lent zest to the determination which took possession of the girl to go to Sir Philip Darrell and tell him of Ilma's danger. He might yet be in time to save her; and for herself, Zeph cared little. Nor would she now shrink from sacrificing Roland—for the idea, having once entered her mind, gained strength with every passing moment—if he intended to break his word to her. Even her father's part in the deed did not deter the girl now; nor did she seem to remember at that moment that the hope of saving Ilma must needs be frustrated if the curse was to be fulfilled.

Standing at the door of the cottage, she saw her father at the lock-bridge. Not a second was to be lost. The girl hastened out of the house and up the slope, and was running swiftly towards the open country by the time Job Heston had crossed the threshold of his relative's dwelling and roughly demanded where Zeph was.

Zeph knew every rood of ground within ten miles; and, dark though it now was—for the moon had not yet appeared—she made her way unerringly towards the Court. The girl had not yet run a mile, and was on a piece of open moorland, when suddenly the moon broke through the clouds, and by its light she saw a horseman coming straight towards her at a swift gallop. She recognized Sir Philip and his horse Hassan, and, pausing, pulled the red kerchief from her head and waved it wildly. The signal had the desired effect.—Darrell reined up within a yard of the girl and descended from his horse.

"Zeph Heston, what do you want of me?" He spoke sternly; he must have read the evil tidings in her face.

"Kill me if you like"—and the girl grasped the sleeve of his coat in her intense eagerness—"but believe every word I say. Look here, Sir Philip; I came after you, and you can hang me for this night's work."

"Go on," he said almost fiercely, with a horrible fear in his heart; "and if you lie, woman, though you are, you shall suffer."

"I speak the truth, so help me Heaven!" went on Zeph rapidly. "The Squire came to father and me this afternoon, and said we were to get Miss Ilma into the Mill.—The Squire said he'd put her there, and she should be drowned to-night, for the Mill would be washed away; and I ran up to the Grange garden and told Miss Ilma that the Squire was drowned; and she ran down to the river, and father seized her and took her to the Mill. But, oh," cried the wretched girl, cowering down, "I'd give everything to save Miss Ilma now!—That's why I came after you."

Not a word did Philip Darrell speak.—With livid brow and bloodless lips, he sprang upon his horse and was out of sight of Zeph in a few seconds; and, as he flew onwards, there burst upon his ears the awful sound of rushing waters—not of the weir, but of the flood.

"Life for life for traitor's deed;
When the floods are out, take heed!"

No heed took he—no thought had he but for the one dear life. He was riding a mad race with Death. If too late to save his love, he might yet be in time to die with her.

In another moment the river was in full view in the moonlight. The lock was gone, and far over the opposite bank spread the lake formed by the torrent.

"On, Hassan—on!" said Darrell, his lips deathly white, and his eyes fixed upon the one building standing amid the flood.—"Ha!"

The flying steed had dashed into the midst of a crowd of villagers. Darrell drew bridle now, and, absolutely heedless of the confusion around him fixed his piercing eyes upon the Mill scanning every aperture. Suddenly the blood rushed to his face, and a flash of hope—almost of rapture—sprang into his eyes.

"'Tis she! Ilma, my own, I will save thee, or die with thee!"

"Sir Philip," shouted an old farmer, laying no weak hand on Hassan's bridle, "you shall not attempt to cross! It is madness—certain death!"

"Who will stop me?" said Darrell, setting his teeth and snatching a pistol from his breast. "Hands off, man, or say your last prayer!"

The old man fell back; and Sir Philip dashed off along the bank, the water, which was above the horse's fetlocks, flying in showers of spray from the brave steed's feet.

"The curse, the curse!" rose from the terror-stricken crowd. "He is rushing upon his death; it has come—life for life!"

"The slope of the ground on this side of the river had rendered the overflow comparatively slight, the flood spending itself over the flat meadows on the opposite bank. Sir Philip Darrell's object was to reach a point where a crossing might possibly be effected. To attempt to cross immediately below the weir would be simply suicide.

The crowd followed breathlessly on the top of the bank, watching the daring rider below. Not one man or woman there had the faintest hope that he would reach the centre of the river alive. True, the river had spent its greatest fury now that it was released from its narrow bounds; but the current was still swift and strong, and branches of trees and wreckage were being swept along. No man, the villagers thought, unless aided by supernatural power, could live in that stream.

Sir Philip had paused now. He bent over his horse and patted his neck, and then lifted his right hand toward the heavens. The next moment the noble steed plunged into the river, and a great cry went up from those who saw the gallant deed; and the women fell upon their knees and prayed aloud for the doomed lord of Darrell.

It did indeed seem as if Philip Darrell had merely rushed upon death—the strong current swept horse and rider downwards for some distance, and it was only with difficulty the noble animal could hold his own.

"Bear up, my Hassan!" cried Darrell encouragingly, caressing the arching neck.

The Arab obeyed the guiding hand, and turned athwart stream; they were halfway to the center now, and Hassan was panting, but struggling valiantly. Darrell called to the noble horse to strive yet a little while. When they had reached midstream, Hassan's powers were failing, and his breathing was labored and distressed.

"My brave steed my hope, my life, do not fail me now!" cried Darrell, in agony. "A little longer, Hassan! There—another effort! We shall reach the bank—we shall save her, my Hassan!"

Clouds had veiled the moon, and the people on the Scarth Abbot shore could no longer see the two battling with the waters. The dark eyes that saw them from the Mill for a moment after the first plunge, lost sight of them when the tide carried them down, and Ilma prayed fervently that her lover might be saved from the terrors of the flood.

The moon came out again. Where were they? The villagers asked themselves.—Had horse and rider been engulfed in the rushing river? Was the curse fulfilled thus, and had the life of the last Darrell paid the exacted tribute? No, they could see that horse and rider had reached what had been the bank that morning. The horse was swimming still; but the water was just over the saddle-girths. In another moment the horse stopped with drooping head. They could see Dark Darrell bending over him. He seemed to clasp his arms about the horse's neck and a cry of joy and thanksgiving went up. It reached the brave rider's ears, and he sent up an answering shout of triumph. The horse's feet had touched ground. He had won the mighty battle; and trembling and exhausted, he had stopped to rest and gather fresh strength.

But the peril was not yet past. The Mill had to be reached. It was still standing. For only a moment did Sir Philip suffer the horse to halt; then turning him back towards the Mill he rode onwards, the water still washing up to the saddle-girths. It was impossible to exceed a walking-pace; and in every second Darrell lived an hour of agony. At any moment the Mill might collapse before his eyes, carrying with it its hapless prisoner.

As he drew nearer Sir Philip perceived it would be necessary to swim again to reach the Mill. The current too, grew stronger every minute, augmented here by the weir. Was he to lose all when it was nearly within his grasp? Hassan's great power of endurance had been taxed to their utmost. The brave animal could do little more. He could scarcely keep his feet against the wash of the flood; but he struggled on, still on, urged by his master's voice and cheered by his loving touch.

"One moment more my Hassan—one moment! Oh, heaven, have mercy yet, and spare her till I come! Hassan, my brave, my faithful, you cannot fail me! Strive still, my noblest, my best! So, once more! Ah, Heaven, give us aid!"

The horse was off his feet, swimming for dear life. He had no breath for the answering whinny to the voice he heard but faintly, for his powers were fast failing. Horse and rider were close now; the Mill was above them. Darrell rose in the stirrups, and, putting up his hand, he found that he could almost touch the lintel of the first-story window. He shouted aloud. Was that an answering cry from within—her voice? The brave steed appeared to know his errand, and made one more effort. Now Darrell grasped the lintel, raised himself, and stood on the sill. Yet even in that anxious moment his noble companion was not forgotten.—A bitter sob burst from the man's heart as the pathetic eyes of the gallant steed looked up at him, and then the flood carried the noble Hassan downwards. He could strive against it no longer; but still, with the instinct of self-preservation, he struggled to keep afloat; and Darrell raised his locked hands to Heaven and uttered a passionate prayer for the brave and faithful life that had been almost spent for him.

Then Sir Philip—it was scarcely a second that he paused—sprang down into the Mill, and called Ilma's name; and the answer came back—

"Philip, Philip, I am here!"

He dashed up the narrow stairway to the floor above. What was that, that flashed across the broad shaft of moonlight pouring through the unguarded window? A man's figure, crouching, hiding, and ready to spring!

(To be continued.)

An Anecdote.

Perhaps because they see so much kindness around them, invalid children have generally sweet tempers, and Prince Leopold was no exception to this rule. When he was confined to his room he liked to hear music and poetry, to have dogs and birds round him, and to watch games in which he could not join. When he was able to move about his gayety was often exuberant and found vent in schoolboy pranks. The story goes that at the time of the prince of Wales' wedding he got into sad disgrace for shearing off the tails of the military coatee worn by his little nephew, the crown prince of Prussia's son. The small royal highness took the joke in bad part, for it was his first uniform which he was going to sport at the wedding, but when the damage had been repaired with a needle and thread, his contrite uncle apologized with such good grace for the mischief that forgiveness was graciously extended. It was about this time that Prince Leopold, being out walking near Windsor, was accosted by a beggar woman. He had no money with him, and so gave her the valuable brooch which fastened his plaid. His attendants objected and wanted to ransom the brooch for half a crown, but this the prince would not allow. "The queen shall buy it back," he said; "she will know what ought to be given, and she will say I done rightly."
—*London Times.*

The quantity and value of the antimony exported from New South Wales in 1881 was 1,103 tons, of a value of nearly $150,000. Ores are now found in several parts of the country, a common form being oxide and sulphide of antimony, which occurs in bunches.

No More Frontier.

The system of building railroads into the wilderness and then allowing the wilderness to develop afterwards, has knocked the essential joy out of the life of the pioneer. At one time the hardy hewer of wood and drawer of water gave his lifetime willingly that his son might ride in the "varnished cars." Now the Pullman car takes the New Yorker to the threshold of the sea or the boundary line between the United States and the British possessions.

It has driven out the long handled frying pan and the flapjack of twenty years ago, and introduced the condensed milk and canned fruit of commerce. Along the highways where once the hopeful hundreds marched with long handled shovel and pick and pan, cooking by the way thin salt pork and flapjacks and slumgullion, now the road is lined with empty beer bottles and peach cans that have outlived their usefulness. No landscape can be picturesque with an empty peach can in the foreground any more than a lion would look grand in a red monogram horseblanket and false teeth.

The modern camp is not the camp of the wilderness. It wears the half civilized and shabby genteel garments of a sawed-off town. You know that if you ride a day you will be where you can get the daily papers and read them under the electric light. That robs the old canons of their solemn isolation and peoples each gulch with the odor of codfish balls and civilization. Civilization is not to blame for all this, and yet it seems sad.

Civilization could not have done this all alone. It had to call to its aid the infernal fruit can that now desolates the most obscure trail in the mountains. You walk over chaos where the "hydraulic" has plowed up the valley like a convulsion, or you tread the yielding path across the deserted dump, and on all sides the rusty, neglected and humiliated empty tin can stares at you with its monotonous, dude-like stare.

An old timer once said to me: "I've about decided, Bill, that the west is a matter of history. When we cooked our grub over a sage brush fire we could get fat and fight Indians, but now we fill our digesters with cold pizen and pewter of the canned peach; we go to a big tavern and tuck a big towel under our chins and eat pie with a fork and heat up our carcasses with anti-christ coal, and what do we amount to? Nuthin! I used to chase Indians all day and eat raw pork at night bekase I dassent build a fire, and still I felt better than I do now with a wad of tin can sodder in my stummick and a homesick feeling in my weather-beaten breast.

"No we don't have the fun we used to. We have more swarrys and sciatica and one bloomin' thing and another of that kind, but we don't get one breath of fresh air in a year. They are bringin' in their blamed telephones now and malaria and aigue and old sledge, and fun might as well skip out. There ain't no frontier any more. All we've got lef is the old fashioned t'rantler joos and rhumatiz of '49."

Behind the red squaw's cayuse plug,
The hand car roads and raves,
And pie-plant pies are now produced
Above the Indian graves.
I hear the oaths of pioneer,
The caucus yet to be,
The first low hum where soon will come
The fuzzy bumble bee.
—*Bill Nye in N. Y. Mercury.*

Who Made the First Cellar?

George Augustus Sala, the well-known correspondent, editor and author, says in the *Illustrated London News*:

"A correspondent of the *Detroit Free Press* being on a railway journey availed himself of a stoppage of 'thirty minutes for refreshments' at Chester to take a ramble through the streets of that rare old city. In the course of his article he writes:

'After all there is no new thing under the sun. The elevated railroads of New York that were thought to be something entirely original are nothing more or less than the ancient upper walks of Chester modernized. In the old city the people walk past the second story windows, or first floor as it is called in England. In the new city the people walk past the second story windows in carriages.'

"And then the gentleman starts off at a tangent and wants to know why my countrymen call the second floor the first floor. But we don't, good sir. We are even more absurd. The kitchen is really the first floor, the parlor is the second, and the drawing room floor (which we call the first floor) is structurally the third. In the Regents Quadrant the first floor is structurally the fourth because between the ground floor and the drawing floor there is the entresol or mezzanine floor. The French are equally guilty with ourselves of this solecism. They say '*au premier*,' but when the house has a mezzanine floor they have at least the grace to add to '*premier*,' '*au dessus de l'entresol*.'

"But, on the other hand, I should be very much obliged to anybody who would tell me who was the first reprehensible English architect who first built houses with 'areas' and subterranean kitchens for servants to pass the major part of their life in among the crickets and cockroaches. There were assuredly no houses with underground offices prior to the great fire of 1666. I can scarcely believe that Sir Christopher Wren would ever have planned such an inhuman method of economizing space, and I fancy that it was in the early Georgian era than the practice first crept in. But whence? Scarcely from the continent."

Over a Coffin-Lid.

"She—was—a—good—wife—to—me! A good wife, God bless her!"

The words were spoken in trembling accents over a coffin-lid. The woman asleep there had borne the heat and burden of life's long day, and no one had ever heard her murmur; her hand was quick to reach out in a helping grasp to those who fell by the wayside and her feet were swift on errands of mercy; the heart of her husband had trusted in her; he had left her to long hours of solitude, while he amused himself amid scenes in which she had no part. When boon companions deserted him, when fickle affection selfishly deserted him, he went home and found her waiting for him.

"Come from your long, long roving,
On life's sea so bleak and rough,
Come to me tender and loving,
And I shall be blest enough."

That had been her love-song—always on her lips or in her heart. Children had been born to them. She had reared them almost alone—they were gone. Her hand had led them to the uttermost edge of the morning that has no noon. And then she had comforted him, and sent him forth strong and whole-hearted, while she stayed at home and—cried. What can a woman do but cry?—and trust?

Well, she is at rest now. But she could not die until he had promised to "bear up," not to fret, but to remember how happy they had been. They? Yes, it is even so. For she was blest in giving, and he in receiving. It was an equal partnership after all.

"She—was—a—good—wife—to—me."

Oh, man! man! Why not have told her so, when her ears were not dulled by death? Why wait to say these words over a coffin wherein lays a weary, wasted, gray-haired woman, whose eyes have so long held that pathetic story of loss and suffering and patient yearning, which so many women's eyes reveal—to those who read. Why not have made the wilderness of her soul blossom as the rose with the prodigality of your love? Now you would give worlds—were they yours to give—to see the tears of joy your words once would have caused, bejeweling the closed windows of her soul. It was too late.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometimes guest—
But oft for own
The bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

Carlyle Talking With Mudie.

One evening Lady Ashburnham gave a brilliant reception. Among her guests was Mr. Mudie, whose name was then—1850—just becoming known. During the evening he found himself standing near Carlyle, who at once singled him out, and looking him full in the face, said in his brusquest manner, with his broad Doric accent: "So, you're the man that dividest the sheep from the goats! A-!" he went on, giving strong emphasis to his words, "it's an awfu' thing to judge a man. It's a mote awfu' thing to judge a book. For a book has a life beyond a life. But it is with books as it is with men. Broad is the road that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat; and narrow is the way that leadeth to life, and few there be that find it." A most admirable saying, well worthy to be written on brazen tablets. Mr. Mudie held his ground boldly enough when thus attacked as the man who had set himself up as a censor librorum. "In my business I profess to judge books only from a commercial standpoint, though it is ever my object to circulate good books and not bad ones." This is the story which Mr. Mudie told me a few days ago when he was good enough to allow me to pay him a visit and ask a few questions about the working of his famous library.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Excusable in That Case.

A gentleman in Richmond, Va., had a servant named Joe. One morning he lay in bed till 9 o'clock, but no Joe and no fire. The impossibility of shaving with water 30 degrees below freezing point brought imprecations on the tardy domestic's head, when the door opened and Aunt Polly leisurely began to light the fire.

"Where in thunder" (the historian is nothing if he is not accurate) "is that son of yours? I've been waiting on him two blessed hours."

"Now, Marse Tray, you must 'cuse Joe," said his mother in her most conciliating tones, "you really must 'cuse Joe dis mornin'—Joe dead."—*Harper's for May.*

Col. Bently has been Sheriff of Union Co., S. C., since 1835.

Alice Stone Blackwell, who writes in the Boston *Herald* that the services commonly rendered by wives are considered worth much more than board and lodging, when they have to be performed by a hired servant, further remarks: "In 1880 there were in the United States, according to the census, 9,945,916 families, and only 1,075,655 domestic servants. Thus only about one family in nine keep a servant, even if no family kept more than one. The great majority of wives do their own work."

PENSIONS.

Thousands are yet entitled to pensions who are ignorant of the laws. Send to us for blanks and instructions. Stoddart & Co., 413 G street, Washington, D. C.

Special from Waltham, Mass.

Fifteen hundred watches are now made daily at Waltham, and they are better in quality, and lower in price than ever before.

Made a Reduction.

A life insurance agent who had been working up a considerable business in Fort Scott, Kan., was one day approached by a tough looking customer, who wanted to take out a $5,000 policy. He inquired about the cost and other particulars, and finally remarked:

"Well, stranger when you kin put the figgers down about one-half you kin send fur me."

"Oh, I couldn't do that."

"Mebbe not, but them's my terms."

When the man had departed the agent went out to inquire who he was, and a citizen replied:

"Why, that's Bill Callahan. What did he want?"

"Wanted some insurance at half-rates."

"Give it to him."

"I'll see him hanged first! Why should I make a reduction to him?"

"Because you've got insurance on at least twenty of us here, and if you don't come to Bill's figures he'll kill a full dozen of us before the year is out! Better consult the interest of the company and make a reduction."

The next day William had a policy on which a shake purse paid the premium.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Consumption of Gunpowder.

In the matter of powder-making Pennsylvania leads all the other states in the union, with New York and Ohio competing for second place. Curiously enough, much more powder is burned in times of peace than in time of war. The average daily consumption of powder in the United States is 100 tons. In a battle in which 50,000 men fire forty rounds each, less one-quarter of an ordinary day's quota of powder would be used. In the construction of the Hoosac tunnel more powder was exploded than in the war of the rebellion, and a single large coal mine will use almost as much. The coal trade consumes more powder than any other single interest. A quantity is exported and the rest is used for civil engineering, in the manufacture of pyrotechnics, for sporting and military purposes, and by the government in firing signals and salutes.

"The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll reach the conscience of a king."

And equally true is it that Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" the original Little Liver Pills) are the most effectual means that can be used to reach the seat of disease, cleansing the bowels and system, and assisting nature in her recuperative work. By druggists.

The organ of the bachelors is worried to find out why a woman will spend six weeks putting scallops on her dress that nobody but herself will ever get a glimpse of, and then run about the neighborhood in an old dirty wrapper without any belt and every other button burst off.

Any Small Boy, With a Stick,

can kill a tiger,—if the tiger happens to be found when only a little cub. So consumption, that deadliest and most feared of diseases, in this country, can assuredly be conquered and destroyed if Dr Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" be employed early.

Solomon was a nice man, Samson was phenomenally strong, and the late Uncle Dan'l Drew was very good and exceedingly pious; but neither of the trio could pay his honest debts or purchase fuel to make the pot boil without an adequate supply of money.—Chicago sun.

Dyspepsia, liver complaint, and kindred affections. For treatise giving successful self-treatment address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

LITERARY LORE.

Mr. Howells has not yet completed the comic opera for which Mr. Henschel is preparing the music. It is uncertain when the work will be brought out.

The book trade is dull and has been dull for several months. The majority of books now being issued are novels for summer reading.

A thousand dollars is offered by The Continent to that clever reader who shall guess correctly all the names of the writers of the series of short stories now appearing anonymously in that publication. The money will probably not change hands; but long and painful will be the efforts made to secure it.

Ex-Gov. Stanford of California is about to found a college for working people in that state at a cost of several millions of dollars. His only son died a few weeks ago.

Those competent to judge pronounce Robert Grant's story "The Average Man," to be not even up to the average.

Whittier informs a newspaper correspondent that his poem of "Barbara Fritchie" was founded on fact.

The Count of Paris is writing a history of his grandfather, Louis Phillippe, as an interlude to his "Civil War in America."

The revised version of the Old Testament will be published early in the autumn. It is nearly completed.

George Alfred Townsend has written a play in which Oliver Cromwell figures as the hero.

Empress Eugenie's memoirs up to the time of the prince imperial's death will be ready by autumn, and will appear in French and English.

Many of the letters written by George Eliot and included in Mr. Cross's forthcoming biography, refer to the American Civil War.

A condensation from two different works written by Sir Samuel Baker has been issued, under the title of "In the Heart of Africa." The picturesque and the novel have been considered in making this condensation, the scientific element being omitted as far as may be.

Walter Scott's betrothed wrote to him two months before their marriage, "I don't like so many 'musts' in your letters. You are beginning altogether too soon."

Young Men, Middle Aged Men and All Men who suffer from early indiscretions will find Allen's Brain Food the most powerful invigorant ever introduced; once restored by it there is no relapse. Try it; it never fails. $1; 6 for $5.—At druggists or by mail from J. H. Allen, 315 First ave., N. Y. City.

Avoid Farm Mortgages.

Money at seven per cent. will double in ten years if the interest is kept invested. If the farmer carries a mortgage of say $5,000 for thirty years, it will cost him about $35,000 for the use of the $5,000. This enormous figure obtained by computing interest at seven per cent. on the amounts paid, is no more than a fair estimate of the cost of such a mortgage, for the farmer can always invest his money in something that will doubtless yield him seven per cent.

Therefore:—1. Do not mortgage the farm unless it seems absolutely necessary. But, as a general rule, it is less valuable than a particular one, it may be well to specify by adding: 2. Do not mortgage to build a fine house. By so doing you will have to pay money for an investment that does not bring money. 3. Do not mortgage the farm to buy more land. Where there is absolute certainty that more can be made out of the land than the cost of the mortgage, this rule might not apply. But absolute certainty is rare, mistaken calculation common. 4. Do not mortgage the farm unless you are sure of the continued fertility of its soil. Many persons borrow with an expectation of repayment based on an experience of the land's virginity only, which on failing, may leave the land less productive, and the means of repayment thus be removed. In this way trouble begins which may result in the loss of the farm. Keep very clear of mortgages.

Nine hundred and eighty-four men enlisted in the navy last year.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gordon of Canterbury, Vt., who was never sick in her whole life, has positive proof of being born on April 6, 1782. She has been a persistent pipe-smoker all her life.

No remedy equals Papillon Skin Cure for Eczema or Scrofula, curing the most obstinate cases.

"Why live and be miserable when you can be comfortably buried for three pounds ten," is the touching advertisement of an English undertaker.

Papillon Skin Cure is a specific cure for all skin diseases—Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Rash, Inflammation, Insect Bites, Inordinate Itching, Ulcers, Cuts, Wounds, Burns or Scalds, and all Scrofulous Eruptions.

Parson (to boy at Sunday-school)—"Well, my boy, you say your prayers, regularly, I hope?" Boy—"Oh, yes, sir; reg'lar, every night." Parson—"But don't you say them in the morning also?" Boy—"No, sir." Parson "And why not, my boy?" Boy—"Please, sir, any one can take care of hisself in the day time." And do not many Christians practically act pretty much in the same way.

"Please accept a lock of my hair," said an old bachelor to a widow, handing her a large curl. "Sir, you had better give the whole wig." "Madam, you are very bitting indeed, considering that your teeth are porcelain," was the cutting rejoinder.

To cure an ordinary cough or cold take one dose of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry before going to bed at night. It will cause a suspension of nervous excitability, allow you sweet repose, and by morning the cough will be gone. It is the best and therefore cheapest cure for coughs, colds and consumption; is sold by druggists generally, and ought to be found in every intelligent household.

Shakespeare has been dead just two hundred and sixty-eight years. Had it not been for the sweet singer of Michigan, how sadly the world would have missed him!

Rev. Phœbe Hanaford, the Universalist woman preacher, has accepted a call to New Haven, Conn.

Louise Michel the French "fire brand," has spent the time of her imprisonment in preparing a juvenile school book.

Henry Ward Beecher wants a library for Heaven and suggests that some angelic repertorial band should write a mother's fancies about her child.

Remember a complete cure for aches, pains, sores, pimples, urinary sediments, disturbing dreams, nervousness, despondency, indigestion and general weakness of mind and body, brought on by improper habits or otherwise, is found in two or three bottles of Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, as has been proven by the experience of many who long suffered, but now feel well and strong in all parts of the body.

It is a shame for a rich Christian man to be like a Christmas-box that receives all, and nothing can be got out till it is broken in pieces; or like unto a drowning man's hand that holds whatsoever it gets.—Dr. John Hall

A sacred burden is this life ye bear:
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.
—FRANCES KEMBLE.

It may seem possible now, by avoiding all extremes and all thoroughness in religion or worldliness, to conform to both; but in the day of separation it will be found to have been a failure for eternity—a failure as complete as it is disastrous and remedyless.—Bonar.

Quack doctors, electric belt and other swindlers who live by frightening our young men and young women by nasty circulars, will find their occupation gone when it becomes generally known that Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla in a certain cure for all weakness of the urinary organs, nervousness, etc. Obey the laws of health, take a few bottles of this simple remedy, and you will soon be restored to perfect manhood and womanhood, and free from all worriment of mind and distress of body.

The sovereignty of God does not override the want, the will, the tears, the cry of His children; but does, in the first instance, express itself through that very want—those tears and those strong desires. It is not that man changes God's purpose, but that man verily and indeed discovers that purpose through his own earnest prayer.—H. R. Reynolds.

When a woman secures all her rights, the right of serving on the jury will of course be included. It will be a blessed thing for the men folk in case of breach of promise. The sex won't get any sympathy from the dear creatures, unless they change mightily from what they are now.—Boston Transcript.

Public speakers and singers use Piso's Cure for hoarseness and weak lungs.

Gray, Toynton & Fox, the well-known candy manufacturers of Detroit, have an advertisement of Fireworks in this issue. Our readers will do well to patronize this firm.

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney and Urinary Diseases. $1.

I HAVE USED Ely's Cream Balm for dry Catarrh (to which every eastern person is subject who comes to live in a high altitude.) It has proved a cure in my case.—B. F. M. Weeks, Denver, Col. (Easy to use. Price 50 cents.)

"ROUGH ON ITCH" Cures humors, eruptions, ring worm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet chilblains.

Mr. G. D. Scranton, of New London, Conn., who was laid up all winter with sciatic rheumatism, was so bad that he could not walk and he suffered the most excruciating pain. He heard of Athlophoros and persuaded himself to try it. He took it according to directions and in 24 hours was free from pain. Price $1 per bottle. If your druggist hasn't it, send to Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall street, N. Y.

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

The new combination of Smart Weed and Belladonna, as used in Carter's Backache Plasters, has proved to be one of the best that could be made. Try one of these popular plasters in any case of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, neuralgia, soreness of the chest or lungs, etc., and you will be surprised and pleased by the prompt relief. In bad cases of chronic dyspepsia a plaster over the pit of the stomach stops the pain at once. Ask for Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents.

"ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it. Complete cure, hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

During the war, Dr. Lloyd of Ohio from exposure contracted consumption. He says: "I have no hesitation in saying that it was by the use of Allen's Lung Balsam that I am now alive and enjoying perfect health." Don't experiment with new and untried medicines. If you have a cough or cold try it at once. Allen's Lung Balsam.

I HAVE SUFFERED from Catarrh to such an extent that I had to bandage my head to quiet the pain. I was advised by Mr. Brown of Ithaca to try Ely's Cream Balm. When suffering with Catarrh or cold in the head I have never found its equal. C. A. Cooper, Danby, N. Y. Apply with the finger. Price 50 cents.

St. Cloud, Minn., Nov. 5, 1883.

Dr. Pengelly:

Dear Sir—I have recently moved here from Mason, Mich. I had been taking your Zoa Phora, or "Woman's Friend," and when I got here, much to my disappointment, I was unable to find it here.

I have for four years been a sufferer from female diseases, brought on by ten years of hard work on a farm. Much of the time I have not been able to be on my feet, but I am satisfied that with a few more bottles of your medicine I shall be a well woman.

I enclose pay for two bottles. Please send as soon as possible. Mrs. E. P. Rowe.

A CARD—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early 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. Send self-addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, N. Y.

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., Proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

PAPILLON
Papillon Skin Cure.

An external means of curing skin diseases. There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to Papillon Skin Cure. Ordinary pimples, redness, blotches, scurf, roughness, vanish as if by magic; while enduring skin diseases, that have plagued the sufferers for years, however deeply rooted, Papillon Skin Cure will successfully cure. It destroys the animalculæ which cause these unsightly, irritable, painful affections, and produces a clear healthy skin.

It is a specific cure for Salt Rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Scaldhead, Tetter, Hives, Rash, Dandruff, Barbers' Itch, Pimples, Stings, Itch, Plant Poisoning, and poisoned Wounds, Ring-worm, Sunburn and Eruption of the Skin. For Piles, Internal Itching, or Bleeding, and for all diseases of the skin, this remedy is a positive cure.

Price, $1.00 per bottle six for $5.00. Directions in ten languages accompany every bottle.
For sale by all druggists.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Fortify the system. All who have witnessed and experienced the effect of Hostetters Stomach Bitters upon the weak, broken down, desponding victims of dyspepsia, liver complaint, fever and ague, rheumatism, nervous debility, or premature decay, know that in this supreme tonic and alterative there exists a principle which reaches the very source of the trouble and effects an absolute and permanent cure. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

THE NEW ELASTIC TRUSS
Has a Pad differing from all others, is cup shape, with Self-Adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the Ball in the cup presses back the Intestines just as a person would with the Finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free.
EGGLESTON TRUSS CO., Chicago, Ill.

Examine our Steam Rig Self Propelling Well Sinking Machine. It takes itself to its work, drills the Well, removes the drillings at the same time it is drilling the well, 196 feet has been sunk without removing the Drill. We own the Chapman Hydraulic Jetting and Tubular Well Inventions. We will make Wells anywhere. Send 10 cents for mailing Catalogue.
AMERICAN WELL WORKS Aurora, Ill.

BOAT ENGINES
For small steam launches; also small launches complete. Send for circular prices to CHAS. P. WILLARD & CO., 280 Michigan St., Chicago.

ICE CREAM!

We are prepared to furnish Ice Cream, made of Pure Cream, to the trade in any part of the state at 90 cents (90) per gallon, delivered to the Express company at Detroit.

FLINN & DURFEE,
136 Michigan ave., Detroit, Mich.
Ice Cream and Candy Manufacturers.
country orders for Ice Cream promptly filled.

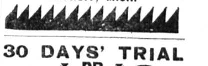
Established 1855.
Bloom & Co.,
11 and 13, Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.
Cotton, Duck, Cords & Wire Rope, Oil Clothing, etc
And Manufacturers of

Tents, Awnings, Sails, Flags,
STACK,
And Wagon Covering.
Prompt attention paid to Country orders and Window Awnings for Hotels and Private residences. We make a specialty of Boiler and Steam Pipe Covering with Felting, etc. All work warranted.

Fireworks Headquarters.
NEW & BRILLIANT WORKS
HAVE been added this year to our usual large and complete stock of all the best goods to be found. Cities and towns intending to celebrate cannot do better than to
Send for Our Catalogue & Prices.
New and appropriate designs for EXHIBITION WORKS made on short notice on our own premises. Flags Torpedoes, Firecrackers, Pistols, etc. Send in orders for all these goods with CONFECTIONERY and FRUIT ORDERS.
GRAY, TOYNTON & FOX,
20-24 WOODBRIDGE ST., EAST.
DETROIT, - MICHIGAN.

ASK FOR THE
"BY GEORGE!"
CIGAR.
A genuine Havana for 5 cents. Manufactured by V. ZIMMEL, 167 Michigan ave., Detroit. Dealers correspond with us.

ARE YOU BILIOUS?
If you feel dull, drowsy, have frequent headache, mouth tastes bad, poor appetite, tongue coated, you are troubled with torpid liver or "biliousness." Why will you suffer, when a few bottles of Hops and Malt Bitters will cure you? Do not be persuaded to try something else said to be just as good. For sale by all dealers.
HOPS & MALT BITTERS CO.,
DETROIT, MICH.

30 DAYS' TRIAL
DR. DYE'S

(BEFORE) (AFTER)
ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other Electric Appliances are sent on 30 Day's Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from Nervous Exhaustion, Lost Vitality, Wasting Weaknesses, and all diseases of a Kindred Nature, resulting from whatever causes. Speedy relief and complete restoration to Health, Vigor and Manhood Guaranteed. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address,
Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

Ladies of Michigan
Remember 3 FACTS.

1st It is positively proven that Zoa-Phora ("Dr. Pengelly's Women's Friend"), is the best known remedy for all complaints peculiar to Women, young or old.

2nd Any Lady needing such a remedy and postponing the use of Zoa-Phora, makes a dangerous (perhaps fatal) mistake.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

3rd—Every Woman, sickly or healtny should read our book on "Diseases of Women and Children." *Free to any lady reader of this paper.* Postage 4 cents. Address,
R. PENGELLEY & Co.,
KALAMAZOO, MICH.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE COMPLETE in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST."
ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers
(Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

Lady Agents can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

ASTHMA Relieved immediately and cured by using CONE ASTHMA CONQUEROR Price $3 per bottle or 3 bottles for $8 delivered. Address DR. C. MARKT, Manager, Hamilton, Ohio.

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PATENTS! Thos. P. Simpson, Washington, D. C. No pay asked for patent until obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

AGENTS make $25 to $75 per week. Send postal for catalogue and terms. Address R. A. GEARY, 70 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

Cancer A new treatment.—A positive cure.—Dr W. C. Payne Marshalltown Ia

W. N. U. D—2—24

FARMS IN MICHIGAN FOR SALE AND EXCHANGE!

NEW DESCRIPTIVE AND PRICE LIST READY JUNE 1, 1884, CONTAINING DESCRIPTIONS OF SOME VERY CHOICE FARMS NEVER BEFORE OFFERED FOR SALE. I HAVE SOLD OVER 1,200 ACRES AT AN AVERAGE OF $50 PER ACRE SINCE MAY 1st, HENCE THE NECESSITY OF A NEW LIST AT THIS TIME.

GEO. W. SNOVER,
103 GRISWOLD STREET,
Detroit, Michigan.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD.
Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla." "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.