BATTLE FLAG AT SHENANDOAH.

[Joaquin Miller in Celtic Magazine.]

The tented field wore a wrinkled frown,
And the emptied church from the hill looked down
On the emptied road and the emptied town,
That summer Sunday morning.
And here was the blue, and there was the gray;
And a wide green valley rolled away
Between where the battling armies lay,
That sacred Sunday morning.

Young Custer sat, with impatient will,
His restless steed, 'mid his troopers still,
As he watched with glass from the oak-set hill
That silent Sunday morning.
Then fast he began to chafe and fret;
"There's a battle flag on a bayonet
Too close to my own true soldiers set
For peace this Sunday morning!

"Ride over, some one," he haughtily said,
"And bring it to me! Why, in bars blood red
And in stars I will stain it, and overhead
Will flaunt it this Sunday morning!"

Then a west-born lad, pale-faced and slim,
Rode out, and touching his cap to him,
Swept down, as swift as the swallows swim,
That anxious Sunday morning.

Oh! never rode man in the world so well
From hill of Heaven to valley of hell;
And foemen and friends, as in a spell,
Stood still that Sunday morning.
On, on through the valley! up, up, anywhere!
That pale-faced lad like a bird through the air
Kept on till he climbed to the banner there
That bravest Sunday morning!

And he caught up the flag, and around his waist
He wound it tight, and he fled in haste,
And swift his perilous route retraced
That daring Sunday morning.
All honor and praise to the trusty steed!
Ah, boy, and banner, and all God speed!
God's pity for you in your hour of need
This deadly Sunday morning.
Oh, deadly shot! and oh, shower of lead!
Oh, iron rain on the brave, bare head!
Why, even the leaves from the trees fall dead
This dreadful Sunday morning!

An Old Woman's Story.

It is an old tale, the experience of age striving in vain to temper the enthusiasm of youth. I am a mother now, and a sedate matron may well sigh to remember how she loved to think her old friends splenetic through infirmity, dearly as she loved them, rather than abate one atom of the fairy visions which danced around her.

And when the arch enchanter Love, waved his hand and bathed earth and sea and sky in hues of purple and gold, how cruel seemed the hand, though stretched in tenderest watchfulness, that would fain have brought her back to the sober hues of reality.

In the arrogance of youth, of beauty, we forget that our kind mother has felt as we feel the same fond trust, the same ecstatic hope, and can say, "I too, shepherd, in Arcadia dwelt."

I have never known the blessed care of a mother, but her venerable parent was permitted to watch over our orphaned childhood. I can now understand her earnest and prayerful anxiety, as we grew up to womanhood, and the time for our settling in life drew near.

I can feel with her now, though in my inexperience I could not then, for I, too, have fair girls to guard, whose happiness here and hereafter is entwined with my very heartstrings.

I remember the day on which my father told your grandmother of my engagement to your father. I was then, my Margaret, young and light-hearted as yourself, and dear grandmother laid her withered hand on the curls which clustered in golden luxuriance, and a tear dropped slowly down her venerable cheek.

"Do not grieve, dear grandma; I shall not leave you for a long time yet, and," I added, pressing her hand in both of mine, "I shall see you very often."

Here my own tears began to flow, for in the engrossment of my new feelings, I had scarcely dwelt on the severing of old ties, which my new engagement would involve.

"It is not selfish grief that thus affects me," said my beloved monitor. "I would not cloud your young spirits, nor dim the hopes which are said to bless the morning of life and fit us for the burden and heat of the day, but you, my Grace, remind me of my cherished daugher Agnes, whose early death you have often heard me lament. I will now tell you something of her life, and if it makes you rejoice with trembling amid your present happiness, that happiness will be more likely to endure. From her infancy I had watched over Agnes with a more tearful tenderness than any other of my children. Here was character strangely made up of quick and joyous impulse and deep, unsuspected feeling. She seemed altogether without that cowardice so often attributed to woman as a reproach, but which, in a world of dangers, often serves her as well as the cautiousness of wisdom. Meanness and cunning she scorned, and the petty article, so common in both sexes, was never found in her. Her spirits were high and untamable—sometimes to wildness, but if unkindly or harshly rebuked, none so utterly subdued. Can you wonder, then, that I watched over her as if she were some precious vessel sent out on a sea full of rocks, quicksands, and whirlpools? I used often to pray that, be her lot in life what it may be, she might ever feel the balm of loving looks and kind words."

"And what was her lot in life, dear grandmamma, and was she happy? Do tell me all about her. Was she pretty?"

"She was not so fair as her sister Grace," continued grandmamma, "but there was a variety in the play of her features and a playfulness of manner which made her generally admired. At the age of 18 her hand was asked in marriage by a young merchant, Arthur Walford, and before I was aware of her danger her heart was his. I say danger because she was too young to encounter the cares of married life, and the uncertainties of trade press heavily on the wife of a merchant. She suffers from the variations of a husband's spirits, and she is a highly favored woman if his temper, too, do not suffer; and my Agnes' tender yet high spirit, was I knew, ill-fitted for such trials. Arthur was an intelligent young man of high character and most honorable in all his dealings. It was, however, his misfortune to have for a mother a weak and irritable woman, whom prosperity had not improved. She was surrounded with blessings, but was constantly complaining; and as her education had not strengthened her mind, nor a watchful self-denial improved her heart, she was likely to impress on her son's mind a very low opinion of all women. I, my dear Grace, was honored by my husband with his entire confidence, and I tried to return his trust by being indeed a helpmate for him. If a woman does not know the state of her husband's affairs, she is defrauded of what is justly her due—the privilege of advising with him and uniting with him in his efforts to do justly to all men. About a year after Agnes' marriage the crisis occurred in the commercial world which laid many lofty houses low. I often surprised Agnes in tears, but she said nothing to me; and I have always made it a principle not to enquire into family secrets. I have seen so much evil from the well-meaning, but ill-judged reluctance which many a mother feels to give up her daughter's husband, in good faith and sincerity, the secrets of that daughter's heart. But one day my Agnes came to my house and rushed up stairs to my bedroom. I followed her and secured the door, and I was then grieved to hear her sobbing bitterly and in an agony of sorrow."

"Can I give you any comfort or advice, my darling? Confide in your mother, and perhaps I may be able to console you."

"'Oh! my husband, my husband! He has used me cruelly; he has not been open with me; he might have told me the state of his affairs. I am not a child. I could bear poverty! I could live any where and labor for him, as many are obliged to do, but this cruel reserve—oh, it will kill me!'"

"'Agnes, my child,' I answered, 'now's your time of trial. You know where to look for strength; and, oh, beware of a rebellious spirit! Strive to be patient and tell me all you fear.'

"'Our head clerk has just been to our house, mamma, and he tells me that his master has gone to London, and his return is uncertain; and he has left a request to me that I will come and stay with you until his affairs are arranged one way or the other. I am more hurt by his allowing me to learn all this from a stranger than shocked at his ruin; for we are both young, and may hope for better times. But oh, mother, there are many things which I might have done without, and now the people will suspect me of having known our circumstances all along, and I shall have the disgrace of being suspected of dishonesty.'

"'Alas! Agnes,' I said, 'yours is a common case. To a woman of integrity it is indeed a sore trial to be thought capable of wronging any tradesman; but do not injure your health by this violent grief. You are, whatever happens, our dearly beloved daughter; and now, for Grace's sake and for your father's and mine, try to compose yourself.'

"I knew that this appeal to her family affections would have a strong effect on her generous nature; for Agnes, in becoming a wife had not ceased to be a dutiful daughter, and her love for her sister, your dear mother, my Grace, was beautiful to behold.

"She was delicate even then, and required the tenderest care—too gentle and unselfish for this world. She was even then more like a heavenly than an earthly being.

"When she saw Agnes come down with the marks of tears on her cheeks, she strove by every tender attention to soothe and cheer her; and I sighed to see her gentle offices lavished in vain.

"Our dear Agnes was wounded to the quick by her husband's want of confidence and we could not cheer her.

"In a short time, however, Arthur's affairs were wound up—all claims were satisfied, and he resumed his business with a good prospect of success; but he had lost one possession more valuable than gold—the confidence of his wife was forever gone.

"There was a restlessness and anxiety about Agnes which never left her. She refused ever again to take the most trifling thing on credit, and once, when he jestingly alluded to her prudence, as he termed it, she replied: 'I have been treated like a child, Arthur, and you must remember a burnt child dreads the fire. If I am not to be trusted, I will avoid being duped.'

"She died at the age of six-and-twenty, after a short illness, but I shall always think her indignation and anguish of mind had paved the way for her early death."

My grandmother ceased, and seemed lost in thought; then she added, "You, too, Grace, are about to marry a merchant, and I have told you this sad story in order to impress upon your mind that romantic feeling of first love is not sufficient to happiness in the married life. There must be mutual confidence, or the yoke will press heavily indeed on the helpless woman. Before you marry, make it a condition that no deception of any kind or degree is to be permitted between you. Unless a man confides in his wife he does both her and himself irreparable wrong."

I took my dear grandmother's advice, and as far as this varied scene admits of happiness, happiness has been mine.

Changing Instincts.

Turning to higher animals, Andrew Knight tells us of a bird, which, having built her nest upon a forcing-house, ceased to visit it during the day when the heat of the house was sufficient to incubate the eggs, but always returned to sit upon the eggs at night when the temperature of the house fell. Again, thread and worsted are now habitually used by sundry species of birds in building their nests, instead of wool and horse-hair, which in turn were no doubt originally substitutes for vegetable fibres and grasses. This is especially noticeable in the case of the tailor-bird, which finds thread the best material wherewith to sew. The common house-sparrow furnishes another instance of intelligent adaptation of nest-building to circumstances, for in trees it builds a domed nest (presumably, therefore, the ancestral type), but in towns avails itself of sheltered holes in buildings, where it can afford to save time and trouble by constructing a loosely-formed nest. Moreover, the chimney and house-swallows have similarly changed their instincts of nidification, and in America this change has taken place within the last two or three hundred years. Indeed, according to Captain Elliott Coues, all the species of swallows on that continent (with one possible exception) have thus modified the sites and structures of their nests in accordance with the novel facilities afforded by the settlement of the country.

Another instructive case of an intelligent change of instinct in connection with nest-building is given from a letter by Mr. Haust, dated New Zealand, 1862, which I find among Mr. Darwin's manuscripts. Mr. Haust says that the Paradise duck, which naturally or usually builds its nest along the rivers on the ground, has been observed by him on the east of the island, when disturbed in their nests upon the ground, to build "new ones on the tops of high trees, afterward bringing their young ones down on their backs to the water"; and exactly the same thing has been recorded by another observer of the wild ducks of Guiana. Now, if an intelligent adjustment to peculiar circumstances is thus adequate, not only to make a whole brood or species of bird transport their young upon their backs—or, as in the case of the woodcock, between their legs—but even to make web-footed water-fowl build their nests in high trees, I think we can have no doubt that if the need of such adjustment were of sufficiently long continuance, the intelligence which leads to it would eventually produce a new and remarkable modification of their ancestral instinct of nest-building.—*George J. Romanes, in Popular Science Monthly for March.*

Glycerine From Distillery Dregs.

"We are getting an excellent article of glycerine out of distillery dregs now," said a manufacturing chemist, "and as soon as the fact gets to be generally known the refuse of the worm of the still will be worth more than it ever was before. Glycerine is a constant product of the alcoholic fermentation of saccharine matter, and all fermentated drinks contain quantities of it.

"In the distillation of liquids containing alcohol the glycerine does not free itself from the 'mother,' or dregs, not being volatile like the alcohol. The glycerine is taken from the mother liquor by the ordinary chemical methods, and superheated steam is then brought to act in the residuum, which improves the impurities and leaves a choice quality of glycerine. These dregs are used very extensively in the manufacture of glycerine in France, but they have not come into much use in this country as yet."—*New York Sun.*

To My Boy.

Peck's Sun.

Yes, my boy, marriage is a good thing. And it is well for men and women to marry and be given in marriage, provided they are actuated by that highest and noblest of sentiments—love. It is a beautiful thing for two young, loving and trusting souls to unite their hopes and fears, their hearts and lives, and sail boldly out on the rough sea of the unknown, arm in arm, facing poverty and all things else for each other's sake, determined to build up for themselves a home gilded with the bright rays of connubial bliss.

But, my boy, be careful. Be sure that you know what you are doing before you go ahead. Be sure of your moorings before you tie your craft. Know your girl before you prepare to take her into the family firm. Keep a sharp lookout and don't get stuck. Go slow and feel your way till all is well, then dive in.

As you are young and inexperienced, perhaps a few gentle hints from one who is older and has observed a few things in life, may not be out of place.

In the first place you are poor, therefore don't be in a hurry to get a wife. With a wife comes family, and with a family comes a other cares, such as sickness, poverty, and high rents. There are too many soft-headed youths in the land now who want a wife before they get anything else, and who, when they marry, have to stand the minister off for his fee. No young man can afford to marry when his sole possessions of worldly goods consists of only a change of socks and a five-cent collar button. If he does, the day will come when he will see the folly of his way, and they will come pretty soon and pretty often.

Again, never marry and take your wife home to live with your folks, and never marry and go to live with your wife's people. If you can live long enough you will experience enough sorrow without this. Relatives are a good thing, but the less they see you the more they will like you. They will think more of you at a distance. This is one of the instances wherein distance lends enchantment to the view. Never live with your relatives unless you want a foretase of hell on earth. Better live on bread and water—yea, better even put up at a Chicago boarding-house and wrestle with the inevitable hash and the inevitable bedbugs.

But when you have raked together enough of wealth to start a family on, and have made up your mind to marry, then make your arrangements with care and select your future wife the same way. Don't allow your heart to run out after a beautiful face when there is no soul behind it. Don't marry for wealth and don't marry for beauty, but marry for love every time. Don't marry a human doll who sits in the front parlor and bangs the piano while her mother bangs the stove, the pots and the cats in the kitchen. Such a girl would no doubt be a nice, dainty, pretty little parlor ornament, but not what you need. While you are not able to own more than a one-room house, size, 12x14, with a 4x6 dry goods box attachment, you will find that parlor ornaments are not the things you will most suffer for. What you will need is a wife who knows how to help you along, and who can make a five cent soup-bone lengthen itself out into a week's provisions. You want a real sensible, loving, careful little woman, who will see that your buttons are all sewed on and that the holes in your socks are properly darned.

You don't need a wife who is bent on keeping up all the fashions, and who will want you to mortgage a house for a piano, while you go about with one suspender fastened on with a nail, and the rear end of your pants resembling the ragged edge of despair.

You don't need a wife who cares only to gain the notice and applause of other men, while her husband has no stronger proof of her affection than a dinner composed chiefly of cold biscuits which are dynamite proof.

You don't need a wife who will spend half her time working up a fund for the benefit of the heathen, while her husband is left to lead a heathenish life and wear his shirts without buttons, and the few moments he has to spend at home must be spent alone with the house cat for want of more congenial company.

By all means, my boy, marry. But don't be in a great rush about it. It is something that don't have to be done at once. Keep your weather eye open for breakers. Remember that beauty fades and that a complexion can be bought at any drug store, and that an accomplished piano player is not near as much of a luxury to a poor man as a good bread maker, and that a fair face pales before that of the homely little woman who will see that nails do not take the place of buttons on your clothing, and who will give you a change of socks before the coroner sits on your feet.

Crown Jewels.

The British crown is not the property of Queen Victoria, but of the nation. All the crown jewels are kept in the Tower of London. The room in which they are kept is a ground-floor apartment, with sombre stone walls eight feet in thickness. It is small, and in the center stands a huge, iron-barred cage, oblong in shape and rising nearly to the ceiling. Within this cage is a stand, terrace-topped, and covered with velvet, which was at one time white. At the extreme top is the crown made for Victoria. Below it, on one side, is the crown of the Prince of Wales, and on the other, that of the last of the Stuarts, the four Georges and William IV. One crown had served very well for all these men, but when, in 1837, the royal headgear had to be put upon a woman's head, it was, of course, much too large, and a new one had to be made. Besides the crowns, there are in the collection the royal wand, a solid gold stick, three feet, seven inches in length, the royal communion service, three large fonts, all of solid gold, out of which the royal children are baptized, besides numerous other valuable presents that have, in times past, been presented to the state by friendly sovereigns. The entire collection is valued at $15,000,000, much of which sum is represented in the rare stones that grace the crowns and scepter, the famous Kohinoor, the second largest diamond in the world, being one of them.

The "Limitations" of Sex.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

The possibility of any limitations of power in the opposite (male) sex never seems to occur to any one. The sphere of that half of the race is supposed to be boundless, and its capacity illimitable. Those who declaim on the inequalities of sex show themselves as ignorant of the first principles of life as would that philospher who should undertake to show the comparative power of the positive as against the negative electricity, of the centrifugal as against the centripetal force, of the north as against the south end of the magnet. These great natural forces must be exactly balanced, or the material world would relapse into chaos. Just so the masculine and feminine elements must be exactly balanced, to redeem the moral and social world from the chaos that surrounds us. One might as well talk of separate spheres for the two ends of the magnet as for man and woman; their true place is together everywhere. Having different duties in the same sphere, neither can succeed without the presence and influence of the other. To restore the equilibrim of sex is the first step in social, religious, and political progress.

FARM AND GARDEN.

THE OUTLOOK.

Each year the faithful farmer
Shakes his head with a sigh,
And tells of ruined prospects,
Of blessings passing by.

The bean crop's deemed a failure,
Cranberries cannot set,
Fleas devastate tobacco plants,
The Spring's too dry or wet.

Peaches the frost has ruined
And the grapes are also gone,
While cats won't head out fairly,
And crows pull up the corn.

Rye must be mowed for fodder,
The potato bugs survive,
Green worms get in the cabbage,
And army worms arrive.

Grass roots are killed by winter,
Green apples fall to the ground,
High winds lay low the growing grains,
And others ills abound.

Thus year by year the cry is raised,
Yet when the harvest's o'er,
The farmer finds his barns are full
With nature's richest store.

The grain is rich and heavy,
And fruit is heaped up high;
The year is rich as the year before,
And it must be so for aye.

New England Homestead.

Care of Sheep.

American Agriculturist.

Shepards, like poets, are born, not made. You may find a dozen men who can be trusted to take care of horses, cows, or pigs, to one who is fit to be entrusted with the management of sheep. Why, we do not know. All the great sheep-herders of the world have given much of their own time and labor to the care and supervision of their flocks. We have not space here to go into details and in fact it is not necessary, as these vary greatly, according to circumstance. Much must be left to the common sense and experience of the shepherd. If any of our readers are going to keep sheep, and have had little experience, we would advise them to consult some good farmer in the neighborhood, and in addition to this, the following hints may be useful: Sheep must have dry quarters. Nothing is so injuries as damp, ill-ventilated cellars, barns, or sheds. Do not think you can make such places warm and dry and comfortable by the liberal use of straw for bedding. This only makes the matter worse. There is nothing a sheep dislikes more than a fermenting manure pile. To compel a flock of breeding ewes to lie on a mass of damp straw-manure several inches deep, is almost certain to be followed by a weak, puny, sickly crop of lambs. We once knew a valuable flock of South-downs that has entirely disappeared. Goitre destroyed the lambs. We knew another large flock of Long wool sheep that suffered severely in the same way. In the former case, the sheep were shut up in a small shed yard. The rain from the roof of the shed ran into the yard. Straw was thrown in from time to time, and the poor sheep were compelled either to stay in the shed or stand on this mass of wet straw. In the other case the sheep had damp sheds and cellars to sleep in, but as they had the run of a large yard, the results were not so disastrous. Many lambs died of goitre and infantile pneumonia, but as soon as dry quarters were provided, the animals gradually improved in health.

Hints on Celery Culture.

There is more celery raised around Kalamazoo than any other locality in Michigan, probably and the following communication to the Telegraph of that city may be of interest to those who may be raising it (or attempting to) hereabouts. The writer says:

A great deal has been said and written about the culture of celery in and about Kalamazoo, so that there does not seem to be much room left to say anything more. Yet, as the time draws near for another season's campaign a few remarks from one of the first growers may not come amiss, and an experience of eight years may be of some good to some one.

In the first place it has been a question ever since we have been in the business, how is the best way to apply manure. The most prevalent way has been to dig a trench, spread the manure and cover with a thin layer of earth, which is a very narrow-minded view if we consider the nature of the plant we wish to feed; the roots of a good healthy plant will reach out three feet each way. This being the case, the best way is to spread the manure all over the ground and plow or spade under.

Another great mistake we have been guilty of is too close planting. The rows should be five or six feet apart and the plants five or six inches in the row; this gives plenty of room for the plants to forage around for the manure that has been spread out and well mixed up with the earth. And another thing. At this distance the sun can do his perfect work, which is an important factor in the production of this beautiful and healthful plant. I would say to those bound to stick by the plan of manuring in the row, spread the manure a foot or eighteen inches and fork or spade under so that it may be well mixed with the earth.

It is the height of folly to undertake, as a general thing, to raise three crops from one piece of ground the same season. Two is as much as should be tried where everything is favorable.

An important, and I should say the most important item, is drainage. I mean thorough drainage. This coupled with deep culture, will bring about pleasing results and remunerate us for our labor.

In looking over the management of the celery crop in and about Kalamazoo, I find that through mistaken notions, coupled with an unfavorable season, many failed to see any profit in their efforts. Now if we wish to get back the laurels we have won in the past and maintain a reputation as the best of celery growers, we must give close attention to all those things which tend to make celery desirable for the market and table.

The books tell us to get down and press the soil around the plant by hand to avoid getting dirt into the heart of the plant. In our soil this advice is unnecessary. We can stand up and draw out the soft, spongy and accommodating soil with a hoe.

Farm Notes.

Lime is a good purifier for the poultry house. Whitewash spring and fall.

It is not a hard matter to keep a hen house free from lice, but it is rarely that it is so kept.

When you haul newly sawed lumber from the mill, pile it up at once in good shape under a shed where there is a free circulation of air.

Most people judge fruit by the eye more than by palate. This is why the most productive and showy sorts are profitable to the growers.

A Southern exchange says that the market for Kentucky mules is exceedingly dull. Mules are cheaper than they have been for many years.

It is estimated that there is only one Jersey to 300 farmers the country over. These are not fixed figures, as Jersey cattle are rapidly increasing.

Fish culture is becoming so important that it almost makes a connection with farming operations, the same as poultry keeping and bee culture.

Never grease a hen that is setting, for if grease gets on the eggs it closes the pores through which the confined chick gets its air, and the consequence is death.

Those keeping large flocks of poultry will find an advantage in separating the cocks from the hens and keeping each by themselves until midwinter.

To insure success in the management of bees, always prepare and make all your hives during the winter months ready for the coming season.

Repeated experiments have proven that fowls do best on meal mixed with boiling water. Care should be taken not to use so much water as to make the food too wet, as an excess of water is injurious to the fowls.

Luminious harness is the latest device used in England to make the horses visible at night. A phosphoric paint applied to the blinkers, collar and other prominent parts of the trappings is used to bring about the result.

John Hunsberger, of Harvey county Kansas, reports a great yield of wheat from a small quantity of seed. From one and one-half bushels of seed sowed on three acres he reaped 135 bushels, a yield of 90 bushels to each bushel of seed sown.

In choosing hens for breeders, says the American Poultry Journal, look first for good layers, fair size, vigorous constitution, color even and pure, symmetrical in form, and the most perfect in general characteristics, and you are pretty sure, as a rule, to obtain by this combination a superior progeny.

Disease among fowls is almost always the result of mismanagement, no matter how much science may be mixed in as preventive or cures. Cleanliness is of the first importance; next, an abundance of good food always accessible and in variety; also fresh, clear water, summer and winter, where the fowls can get it when desired.

It is not advisable to feed uncooked sour apples to pigs that are fattening on corn. The acid in the fruit injuries their teeth, makes the pig's mouth sore and prevents regular feeding. The unripe corn, if fed in excess, often has the same effect, as it sours on the stomach and thus injuries digestion. Apples may be fed in small quantities with meat, and if they are cooked together, no better fattening could be desired.

It is more than probable that the wool clip of 1885 will be the world over, considerably below that of 1884. This will especially be the case in the United States, where thousands of sheep are being slaughtered on account of the low price of wool, and in Australia, where 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 are said to have died from the effects of the drought. It is a good time to improve your flock, not to sacrifice it.

Hold on to the sheep, remarks the American Agriculturist. The depressing tendency of the wool market is apt to influence many sheep-raisers to get rid of their flocks at any price and go out of the business. We believe those who do this will miss it. Every business has its low tide, but it will surely rise again, and they who hold on to their sheep will be gainers in the end. The farmer or stock-raisers should not be fickle.

DO YOU KNOW A MAN

Whose wife is troubled with debility, nervousness, liver complaint or rheumatism? Just tell him it is a pity to let the lady suffer that way, when Brown's Iron Bitters will relieve her. Mrs. L. B. Edgerly, Dexter, Me., says "Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of debility and palpitation of the heart." Mrs. H. S. McLaughlin of Scarborough, Me., says the bitters cured her of debility. Mrs. Harding of Windham Centre, in the same state, says it cured her of dizziness in the head. So it has cured thousands of other ladies.

The best toboggans are made of birch and velvet-cushioned and cost from $30 to $50 a pair.

Animal Barometers.

Philadelphia Ledger.

There are two live barometers in Sacramento, Cal., that have proved trustworthy, even where artificial instruments have failed. One of them is a catfish, which is kept in a water-trough. No matter how clear the weather may be, this fish always, before a storm, makes it a point to swim about with his head below the water and his tail above. When the rain begins to fall he goes out of sight until the weather changes. The other is a couple of frogs under the floor of the police office, which have never yet been seen by any one of the police officers, but who presage a storm several hours in advance of the barometrical indications by a series of peculiarly discordant croaks. No matter how clear and bright the night, the police officers then make it a point to prepare for a storm, and the warning has never proved in vain.

Bernard Murphy, Champion Youth Walker of Australia, says in the Melbourne *Sportsman*: "On Monday previous to the match with Ormes of Sidney, I was attacked with the 'stich.' I could not walk another yard, and gave up all hope of winning. I was advised to try St. Jacobs Oil. I did so, rubbing a little on my side. I have not been troubled since and won my match."

Soak old potatoes in cold water before cooking.

What a blessing is the sunshine after a long period of storm and shadow, but what a double blessing was Athlophoros in the household of Morrie O. Williams of West Exeter, N. Y. Their pastor, Rev. A. R. Williams, writes: "Mrs. Williams had suffered terribly from rheumatism a long time, had not been able to get out of bed without help for months until she took Athlophoros, and now she feels like a new woman. Price, $1 per bottle. If your druggist hasn't it, send to Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall Street, N. Y.

There is not a chimney nor a cooking-stove in Havana; not a carpeted room nor a feather pillow.

A New Idea embraced in Ely's Cream Balm. Catarrh is cured by cleansing and healing, not by drying up. It is not a liquid or snuff, but is easily applied with the finger. Its effect is magical and a thorough treatment will cure the worst cases. Price 50 cents at druggists. Sixty cents by mail. Ely Bros., Owego, N. Y.

Dip tough beef steak in vinegar two hours before it is cooked.

A SAD CASE OF POISONING.

is that of any man or woman afflicted with disease or derangement of the liver, resulting in poisonous accumulations in the blood, scrofulous affections, sick-headaches and diseases of the kidneys, lungs or heart. These troubles can be cured only by going to the primary cause, and putting the liver in a healthy condition. To accomplish this result speedily and effectually nothing has proved itself so efficacious as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which has never failed to do the work claimed for it, and never will.

No brass band can play as many airs as a drum-major can put on.—Tid Bits.

What can be more disagreeable, more disgusting than to sit in a room with a person who is troubled with catarrh, and has to keep coughing and clearing his or her throat of the mucous which drops into it? Such persons are always to be pitied if they *try* to cure themselves and fail. But if they get Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy there need be no failure.

Wilkie Collins, the novelest, is 61 years old.

* * * * Rupture radically cured, also pile tumors and fistulas. Pamphlet of particulars two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The greatest brick manufacturing center in America is Haverstraw, N. Y.

Henry Schoenhals, foreman Henry Krug Packing Co. St. Joseph, Mo., uses Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil with his men for sprains, cuts, bruises, chapped hands, etc. It is the best.

To warm soup set the vessel in hot water and heat slowly.

The Secret Art of Beauty lies not in cosmetics, but is only in pure blood, and a healthy performance of the vital functions, to be obtained by using Burdock Blood Bitters.

Thin muslin tied over jars keeps out insects and admits air.

For Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Cramp and Colic there is no remedy superior to the genuine Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil.

Unslacked lime nearmeat preserves it by keeping the air dry.

Erysipelas and Salt Rheum was driven entirely away from Mrs. J. C. Anderson, Peshtigo, Wis., by Burdock Blood Bitters. No equal as a Blood purifier.

The people of Idaho refer to that territory as being the best poor man's country out of doors.

I have been afflicted with catarrh for twenty years. It had become chronic, and there was a constant dropping of mucous matter from the roof of my mouth. It extended to my throat, causing hoarseness and great difficulty in speaking, indeed for years I was not able to speak more than thirty minutes, and often this with great difficulty. I also, to a great extent, lost the sense of hearing in the left ear, and of taste. By the use of Ely's Cream Balm I have received more relief than from all other remedies beside. All dropping of mucous has ceased and my voice and hearing have greatly improved.—Jas. W. Davidson, Attorney at Law, Monmouth, Warren Co., Ill.

Nearly one-third of all the banking done in the world is done in England.

General Cance of Rhode Island, says: "I always keep Hunt's Remedy in my house, it prevents headache and Kidney troubles.

Mrs. Blaine is said to be an excellent letter writter. Letter writting appears to run in the family.

Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs and Coles: "I think them the best and most convenient relief extant."—*Rev. C. M. Humphrey, Gratz, Ky.*

Maine has sent 40,000 barrels of apples across the water this season.

When you visit or leave New York City, via Central depot, save Baggage Expressage and $3 Carriage Hire, and stop 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 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.

Ostrich farming is a success in southern California.

We depart from our usual practice and recommend Hunt's Remedy as a sure cure for all kidney diseases.—*Medical Gazette.*

"Rough on Pain" Porosed Plaster, 15c. Liquid c.

"Wells' Health Renewer" for Dyspepsia, Debility

Young ladies who will not marry when they have a chance, Miss it.

"Rough on Corns" hard or soft corns, bunions, 15c

"Buchu paiba" Great Kidney and Urinary Cure.

There are about 3,000,000,000 cigar used in this country every year.

"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats and Mice. 15c.

"Wells' Health Renewer for week men.

Boston has 168 school houses worth $7,800,000.

"Rough on Coughs" Troches, 15c. Liquid, 52c.

"Wells Health Renewer" for Delicate Women.

The Kansas legislature has four girls among its pages.

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COUGH CURE

Absolutely
Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.

A PROMPT, SAFE, SURE CURE

For Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Quinsy, Pains in Chest, and other affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. *Parties unable to induce their dealer to promptly get it for them will receive two bottles, Express charges paid, by sending one dollar to*

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY,
Sole Owners and Manufacturers,
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MARCH APRIL MAY

Are the months to purify the blood, as the body is now most susceptible to benefit from medicine. Impurities which have accumulated during the cold weather, when you have been too much within doors, must be expelled or serious results may follow. The testimony of thousands, as to the great benefit derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla, should convince everybody that it is the very best blood purifier and spring medicine. Take it now.

Charles O. Roberts, East Wilson, N. Y., had 13 scrofulous sores on his face and neck. Nothing helped him till he took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which effected a complete cure. His druggist says it is "A Great Victory" for Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Purify the Blood

"I have been troubled with scrofulous humor and sores breaking out all over my body for the last fifteen years. I have taken four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has entirely cured me. I recommend it very highly to any one troubled with scrofula, or any blood disease." Henry Biggs, 1819 Campbell Street Kansas City, Mo.

"I have prescribed Hood's Sarsaparilla as an alterative and blood purifier, and for indigestion, with the best results." D. S. Dyson, M. D. Bloomington, Ill

Your blood may be laden with impurities, but Hood's Sarsaparilla will thoroughly cleanse, enrich, and vitalize it. The most severe cases of scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples,—in fact all affections arising from impure blood, yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. It also cures dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, kidney and liver complaints, sharpens the appetite, and builds up the whole system.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has been used with perfect success in our family for canker in the stomach and impure blood. My little one is entirely cured, and we shall continue to use it as a family medicine." Mrs. F. E. Burton, Somerville, Mass.

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"I had no appetite, and felt tired all the time. When I had taken half a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla my appetite was restored, and my stomach felt better. I have now taken nearly three bottles and never was so well in my life." Mrs. Jessie F. Dolbeare, Pascoag, R. I.

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100 Doses One Dollar.

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Cures Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver and Kidneys, Pimples and Face Grubs, Blotches, Boils, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scrofula & Erysipelas.

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Men Think

they know all about Mustang Liniment. Few do. Not to know is not to have.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Trade Mark QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

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PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

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It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

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For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

This remedy contains no injurious drugs.

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CATARRH

when applied into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane from fresh colds, completely heals the sores and restores the senses of taste, smell and hearing. It is

Not a Liquid or Snuff.

A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will cure.* Agreeable to use. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Send for circular

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The fittest subjects for fever and ague, and remittents, are the debilitated, bilious and nervous. To such persons Hostetter's stomach Bitters affords adequate protection by increasing vital stamina and the resistant power of the constitution, and by checking irregularities of the liver, stomach and bowels. Moreover, it eradicates malarial complaints of an obstinate type, and stands alone unequaled among our national remedies.

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HALL'S Catarrh Cure

Is Recommended by Physicians!

$100 REWARD FOR A CASE IT FAILS TO CURE

We manufacture and sell it with a positive guarantee that it will cure any case, and we will forfeit the above amount if it fails in a single instance.

It is unlike any other Catarrh remedy, as it is taken internally, acting upon the blood. If you are troubled with this distressing disease, ask your Druggist for it, and accept no imitation or substitute. If he has not got it, send to us and we will forward immediately. Price, 75 cents per bottle.

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WILL CURE Dyspepsia, Liver and KIDNEY Complaint.

IT IS THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER And Health Restorer,

A perfect renovator and invigorator of the system, carrying away all poisonous matter, and restoring the blood to a healthy condition, enriching it, refreshing and invigorating both mind and body. As a cure for RHEUMATICS it has no equal.

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In all cases of Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Piles, Neuralgia, Nervous disorders and all FEMALE COMPLAINTS, Hops and MALT Bitters never fails to perfect a cure when properly taken.

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* * * Rochester, June 1, 1882. "Ten Years ago I was attacked with the most Intense and deathly pains in my back and —*Kidneys.*

"Extending to the end of my toes and to my brain!

"Which made me delirious!

"From agony!

"It took three men to hold me on my bed at times!

"The doctors tried in vain to relieve me, but to no purpose.

Morphine and other opiates!

"Had no effect!

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"When my wife heard a neighbor tell what Hop Bitters had done for her, she at once got and gave me some. The first dose eased my brain and seemed to go hunting through my system for the pain.

The second dose eased me so much that I slept two hours, something I had not done for two months. Before I had taken five bottles, I was well and at work as hard as any man could, for over three weeks; but I worked too hard for my strength, and taking a hard cold, I was taken with the most acute and painful rheumatism all through my system, that was ever known.

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In less than four weeks I threw away my crutches and went to work lightly and kept on using the bitters for five weeks, until I became as well as any man living and have been so for six years since.

It has also cured my wife, who had been sick for years; and has kept her and my children well and healthy with from two to three bottles per year. There is no need to be sick at all if these bitters are used. J. J. Berk, Ex-Supervisor.

"That poor invalid wife.
"Sister!
"Mother!
"Or daughter!
"Can be made the picture of health!
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Will you let them suffer!"

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

"Rough on Toothache. Instant relief. 15c.

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Jay Eye See's Driver, Edwin D. Bither, uses Cole's Veterinary Carbolisalve, and says a thorough trial enables him to endorse it as the best remedy that he ever used for general stable use. Sold by all druggists at 50 cents and $1.

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Health Gained, Long Life Secured, BY USING

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It Purifies the Blood,
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It Strengthens the Kidneys,
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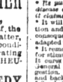

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This article is a carefully prepared physician's prescription, and has been in constant use for nearly a century, and notwithstanding the many other preparations that have been introduced into the market, the sale of this article is constantly increasing. If the directions are followed it will never fail. We particularly invite the attention of physicians to its merits.

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