THE AMERICAN BEAUTY.

Miss Chamberlain and Her Alleged Social Triumph in England.

London Letter to the San Francisco Argonaut.

Whatever I may have at any time written to the Argonaut of or about Miss Chamberlain in England has, I claim, not only been borne out by the facts, but has been not nearly as severe as what has been thought or said of her. She has not been the belle and the success in England that the general run of American papers would have one believe. What the Chamberlains are at home or what Miss Chamberlain is thought of in Cleveland I don't know and don't care. I have only spoken of her as she appeared in England—not to society newspaper reporters or correspondents of American journals, but to English people of the best society who happened to see or hear her. Now I am, I dare say, stating what will surprise a good many of you readers, but it is nevertheless true that the existence of Miss Chamberlain has been, and is, in fact, unknown to many of the English people of the upper classes. The name of Chamberlain is rather a common one in England, and outside of the prince of Wales' "set" (in which it appears the young lady was the "bright particular star") and those who keep au fait of what appears in the society weeklies, I doubt if even to-day, should you mention Miss Chamberlain's name, people would not know whom you were talking about. By those, however, who did and do know the young lady, either personally or by reputation, the way her name has been associated with that of the prince of Wales has been universally condemned, and her parents, in permitting it have been greatly blamed.

You see, this is how it is in England: No young (unmarried lady) can accept the prince of Wales' notice or favor in the faintest degree, and retain her reputation. In fact no English young lady has ever had her name coupled with that of the Prince in any way whatsoever. All the professional beauties whom he has admired, and with whom he has flirted and amused himself till they became "famous," have been married women. Take them all from Lady Mary Craven down to Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Cornwallis West, and they all have husbands. there isn't one "miss" among them. Of course I am talking of ladies, to which class I have always supposed Miss Chamberlian to belong; and I beg to assert that it would be utterly impossible for any English girl who holds in England the rank and position which Miss Chamberlian claims to hold in America, to know the Prince of Wales except in the most dignified and distant fashion. Anything like the public notice which he is said to have favored Miss Chamberlian with, no English young lady would be allowed to receive. Nor would he offer it to one. Therefore it is that I have said, and I reiterate it, that in the favorable notice which Miss Chamberlian received from the Prince of Wales she did not gain any credit to herself in the eyes of right-thinking English people. To have her come over to England and imagine that she had achieved a grand triumph because she accepted attentions from a man who would willingly indeed, far sooner have bestowed them upon dozens of English girls had he dared, seems a trifle absurd. Indeed, it is grotesque.

RUINED BY A BLUNDER.

The Unfortunate Dr. Burchard of "Rum Romanism and Rebellion" Notoriety.

New York Sun.

The utterer of the "rum, Romanism and rebellion" phrase, who is calculated to have influenced votes enough to turn the scale in the pivotal state of New York, is the loser of a pastorate as the consequence of his blunder. I met the Rev. Dr. Burchard recently. He is a very tall and benign old man. It is likely that his parental sort of urbanity has been acquired as President of the [illegible] Institute, a once fashionable [illegible] now disregarded school for girls; but he is a decidedly venerable figure, as he dignifiedly walks down Fifth avenue, and there really ought to be a full stop put to the ridicule to which he has been subjected. He has had an awful punishment for his folly. Republicans hate him and Democrats despise him. His acquaintances dropped away from him, and even some of his intimate friends grew cool. His congregation in the Murray Hill Presbyterian Church was already small at the time of his famous speech to Mr. Blaine, but after that it dwindled slowly and steadily until, a few days ago, the Trustees informed him that either the doors would have to be closed or a new paster hired. This was the final, crushing blow to the poor old man. The presbytery has discussed the question, and their decision that he must retire has already been telegraphed to you. He is to get a sort of pension of $500 a year as long as he lives, but this will come from the presbytery, not from his disloyal congregation. I felt like asking Dr. Burchard what he thought of his sad position, but the breach of politeness would have yielded no information for publication, for he uniformly refuses to speak on the subject. It is said that he wrote to Blaine, after the election, deploring the damage which his speech had done, and begging quite pitifully for forgiveness; but the reply, though granting the request, tacitly admitted the affirmation of the offense, and beside, was brief, formal and almost curt in its terms.

"And has the idea been entertained of going to the new President for aid in the form of a congenial office?" I inquired.

"O, no," was the positive reply. "The doctor may be open to the occusation of extreme foolishness, but he still has a keen sense of the proprieties and wouldn't take anything from the present administration—even in the unlikely event of an offer. All he desires is, I think, to drop into obscurity. In only one instance have I known of his making the slightest protest to adverse criticism as to the bad political judgment shown in his fatal address, and that was when, the other day, he read of Bob Ingersoll saying, in an interview, that he was an idiotic blunderer. 'I am not much of a lion, perhaps,' the doctor then remarked, 'but I feel like one when this infidel ass kicks me.'"

An enterprising reporter of a Hartford (Conn.) journal stretched his conscience a few days ago in order to obtain a little of the inner facts of the "secret praise service" of the Salvation Army holding forth in that city. The requisite to gain admission into the sanctum-sanctorium was proof of penitence and conversion which the reporter admitted to be his experience. The closing part of the service in which the reporter entered with zest, was the embracing and kissing of the women Salvationists by those of the sterner sex. The reporter has since been a regular attendant and vows that he will never become a blackslider from the faith.

Lawrence Brainard, the absconding president of the St. Albans, Vt., Trust company has twenty-three indictments against him, and has successfully dodged all of them for a year and a half past. Mr. Brainard is a good dodger.

A fire screen containing 35,000 beads is on exhibition at the crazy quilt show in Boston.

Miss Rose Chester.

It was on the [illegible] day after the arrival of the new lodger that Mr. Wylie, having dined, took a walk in the direction of the shops. On his return, Mrs. Dunning greeted him with an expression of surprise:

"Law, Mr. Wylie, you look quite haltered; you've been and done something to yourself!"

"Do you observe an improvement, Mrs. Dunning?" the sub-editor asked, in a complacent tone.

"Well, sir, you certainly do look a bit spryer."

Mr. Wylie showed no offense at this criticism: on the contrary, it seemed to afford him satisfaction.

Mr. Greeley, when his friend visited him in the evening, noticed the change in his appearance.

"What have you done to yourself?" he asked. "Why, good heavens, William!" he exclaimed in a voice of alarm, "you've had your hat ironed!"

For answer, Mr. Wylie tilted his hat an inch or two forward in the direction of his left eyebrow, struck an attitude as nearly gallant as possible, and winked slowly with one eye.

"William," said Mr. Greeley, with much concern—"William, what is the matter? You are not well."

"Oh, yes, Sam," answered Mr. Wylie in a jocular tone. "I'm better than I have been for years. You notice the change, eh?"

But Mr. Greeley was neither pleased nor satisfied. He said very gravely:

"What does this mean, William? A man at your time of life does not have his hat ironed for nothing."

"I had mine ironed for sixpence," murmured Mr. Wylie.

"You are flippant, William," replied his friend. "I speak not of pence, but of sinister motives."

"Why Sam, come, now, it wanted ironing you know," urged the sub-editor in a conciliatory tone.

"William," replied Mr. Greeley very earnestly; "it has wanted ironing for years! Why choose this particular time? Would you trifle with the affections of a young and guileless heart?"

"Nonsense, Sam!" exclaimed Mr. Wylie testily; "what on earth has the ironing of a hat to do with a young and guileless heart?"

"I speak in this way, William," replied the chief cashier, "because I observe a change in you. William, let me beg that you will suffer yourself to be guided by me."

"Now, Sam, this is not reasonable. It is you who are changed, and not I. You're not yourself to-night. Keep quiet and recover. I mean to have my hat ironed as often as I choose. Good-night, Sam."

"Would William Wylie behave traitorously?" mused Mr. Greeley, when left to himself. "I trust not. But why, then, has he had his hat ironed? I must observe him narrowly. But why should I? Surely the girl has eyes. Surely a hat that has been restored for the sum of sixpence, which carries the evidence of restoration on its front, could not blind her to manifold personal defects."

Nevertheless, Mr. Greeley was ill at ease. He revolved the situation in his mind; he slept on it; and next morning, for the first time in seven years, went out without visiting his friend.

In the middle of the day, Mr. Greeley took to himself an hour for luncheon, spending it generally in an ancient chop and coffee house near Cornhill, where he partook of a small steak and a half-pint of Barton, with the newspaper propped against the pepper-bottle, in front of him, and the head waiter at his elbow expounding the virtues of the steak, or explaining many knotty problems in politics and political economy.

But on the day following the affair of Mr. Wylie's hat, Mr. Greeley, having swallowed hastily threepennyworth of bread and cheese—a species of passover, which he ate, like a child of Israel, with his loins girded, his shoes on his feet, and his staff (or umbrella) in his hand—took a twopenny 'bus to Oxford street, and was down at the establishment of a well-known tailoring firm, where, in the window, was a display of ready-made garments; which offered the combined advantages of a large patten and a small price.

His eyes was particularly taken by a set of garments ticketed to the effect that "This kind of thing is in great request for honeymoons." He stood irresolute before it for a few minutes; then his brow clouded, and muttering, "He's had his hat ironed, has he?" Mr. Greeley made a dive into the shop.

Returning home in the evening, he spied his friend making a purchase of flowers at the florist's. It was a corner shop, with doors opening into two streets; and Mr. Greeley went into the door opposite to that by which Mr. Wylie had entered, and bought a basket of strawberries. Their eyes met across the counter, but they would not recognize each other.

It chanced that Miss Chester came up the street immediately behind them, and the three proceeded in indian file toward Mrs. Dunning's—Mr. Wylie in the van, with an immense and brilliant bouquet of flowers, the declining sun imparting a new glory to his hat; Mr. Greeley coming next, with his strawberries, and Miss Chester, all unconscious of the rent her prettiness had made in an ancient friendship, bringing up the rear.

Mr. Wylie, being the first in the house, proceeded up-stairs with his bouquet. Mr. Greeley, following him, stood politely holding the door until the arrival of Miss Chester, to whom he tendered his offering, with the speech which was the nearest approach to gallantry that he ever made: "The person in the shop assured me they were gathered this morning, I—I hope that you will eat them all." The contents of the basket would have weighed about a pound and three-quarters.

Miss Chester declared the strawberries were the finest she had ever seen.

"But I could never eat them all myself. Won't you take one?" she said; and, with her own fingers, selected a strawberry which, in point of size, left the traditional giant gooseberry nowhere.

Mr. Greeley bolted the fruit at one mouthful, and immediately afterward became so strangely agitated that Miss Chester, with the deepest tenderness, asked him whether it had disagreed with him.

"No, Miss Chester," he replied, speaking with difficulty; for his emotion overpowered him. "No, it is not the strawberries."

Miss Chester expressed herself much relieved.

"I say, Miss Chester," repeated Mr. Greeley, with increased earnestness, "it is not the strawberry."

Miss Chester again said that she was very glad, and asked if he would take another.

Mr. Greeley threw more tenderness than might have been expected into the assurance that he had eaten sufficient, and Miss Chester, reiterating her thanks, swallowed two strawberries at once, and slipped away.

On the landing, blushing and eager, was Mr. Wylie with his bouquet. "Flowers, Miss Chester; a few flowers," he said tremblingly. "They have a language; perhaps you know it. They speak from the heart—to the heart—of the heart."

He had learned a verse of poetry for the occasion; but often when the heart is fullest the memory is most treacherous; and so it was with Mr. Wylie.

Miss Chester, partially laden with Mr. Greeley's strawberries, took Mr. Wylie's flowers with a modest, smiling "Thank you! Oh, how pretty! Will you not take one for yourself, and—and wear it?" And she plucked a moss-rose from the bouquet, and gave it to him.

Mr. Wylie carried it to his nose, tasted its color, and was seized with a violent fit of trembling.

With the quick, tender instinct of a woman, Miss Chester imagined a thorn or a surreptitious bee, and ventured on a timid inquiry.

"No, Miss Chester," answered Mr. Wylie; "but there is another kind of thorn, and there are bees in the——"

"Bonnet?" suggested Miss Chester, with a sweet smile.

"Ha, ha! very good indeed, Miss Chester! In the bonnet, eh? Yes, some of us, I fear, are afflicted with a bee in the bonnet." And Mr. Wylie threw a significant glance in the direction of Mr. Greeley's apartment.

"Will you take a strawberry?" said Miss Chester; but was sorry the next moment, for the expression on Mr. Wylie's countenance was at though she had invited him to take a dose of arsenic.

"But won't you go and put your rose in water? or it will fade," she said, anxious to cover the mistake which she perceived that she had made.

"Ah! will it ever fade?" replied Mr. Wylie, feeling that his poetry was returning to him.

"Oh, yes, indeed it will, ever so quickly!" said Miss Chester; "and so will mine, if I don't see to them at once." And she ran away up-stairs to her room.

An hour or so later, when Mrs. Dunning was occupied with Mr. Greeley's tea-table, she made a singular disclosure.

[To be Continued.]

FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE.

For the Cook.

ENTIRE WHEAT BREAD.—After various experiments with this bread we have found the best way of making to be this: Mix the bread soft—about the consistency of pound cake; when it is light, pour it into the baking tins, and when it has risen sufficiently, bake. No moulding is required or permissible. To a quart of the flour allow a tablespoonful of sugar and mix the dough with milk and water in equal parts, adding salt to taste. This bread is very much improved by being toasted over a quick fire just before it is eaten.

MINNIE'S WEDDING CAKE.—GOLD AND SILVER CAKE.—One-and-one-half cup sifted flour, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweetmilk, one-and-one-half teaspoonful of baking-powder, whites of four eggs, vanilla for flavoring. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, then add flour and milk, then flavoring, and, lastly, the whites of eggs. For Gold Cake, substitute the yelks for whites, and lemon for vanilla flavoring.

TIN-WARE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.—Wash boiler, dish pan, half a dozen milk-pans (even if there is no milk), basins of various sizes; tin pails, with and without covers; tin cups and dippers, two of each; pint molds, for rice and blanc-mange; long-handled skimmer, measures, broad and low to be easily cleaned; bread pans, round cake tins, long pie tins, coffee-pot and tea steeper, steamer, large and small graters for horse-radish and nutmeg; egg beater, cake turner and cutter; apple corer, flour dredge, canisters for tea and coffee, crumb tray and dust pan.

FRIENDLY LOAVES.—Beat half a dozen mealy potatoes with a quarter pound of grated ham, two eggs, a little butter and a little cream taking care not to make it too moist; form it into balls of small loaves, and fry them a nice light brown; they should be fried in butter. Pile them on a napkin and serve with a garnish of fried parsley.

MINCED PORK.—Put cold lean pork in chopping bowl and chop till fine; then put in a pan and cover with water; add pepper, salt and a mite of sage, to taste. While cooking, toast some thin slices of bread, lay upon a platter, butter, and cut into two inch squares. Put some boiling water on the toast and let it stand about two minutes, then spread the meat on the toast and serve hot.

Farm Notes.

Mrs. J. G. Kingsbury potted from the garden last fall a plant of morning glory and took it to the sitting-room. The result is noted by the Indiana Farmer: "It soon put out a vine, but instead of being allowed to climb this was pinched off. Soon after buds began to form around the stem, and these have been unfolding into pretty blossoms all the winter thus far, and bid fair to continue until spring. The flowers are smaller than when grown out doors in summer, but are equally bright colored and continue open all day."

The following recipe for salting beef for summer has been [illegible] many years by the editor of [illegible] Telegraph: "For 100 lb. take [illegible] Liverpool fine salt, four ounces [illegible] pounds brown sugar, [illegible] the meat is [illegible], sprinkle the [illegible]. Keep the [illegible] by weight. The [illegible] the meat, [illegible] necessary."

The friend whose horses are troubled with worms is advised to give them common salt—all he can get them to eat. It is one of the best vermifuges known. Sulphur is also an excellent and harmless antidote for all parasitic insects, and an ounce per day to each horse will prove [illegible] the worms disappear. Excessive feeding, especially of corn, induces conditions which promote the development of worms. A moderate diet of oats and straw would be best.—Professor L. B. Arnold.

A petition has been circulated throughout Illinois calling the attention of the legislature to the fact that while over $30,000,000 are invested in the dairy interests of the state, this industry is being paralyzed and destroyed by the manufacture and sale of spurious compounds made principally of lard, one Chicago firm alone making from five to eight tons of such bogus butter. The petitions ask the passage of a law prohibiting the making and sale of oleomargarine, butterine and all such likeness.

Cotton may be king; or, Corn may be king; but the Cow is Queen, supplying essential wants, necessities and luxuries of life to the mass of civilized humanity. To show what one young Holstein cow can do, we give the record of Princess of Wayne (daughter of Queen of Wayne), during [illegible]. She commenced her record when five years and nine months old, and made 29,469 lb. 9 oz. milk in one year; 22 lb. 9 oz. butter in seven days; 91 lb. 1½ oz. thoroughly worked unsalted butter in thirty consecutive days, by actual test, and making 1 lb. 1 oz. for from 21 25 lb. milk.—T. G. Yeomans & Sons.

Farmers' wives, as a class, do not have all the help they should. They cannot get it, because help they would be satisfied with is too expensive and help that is not, is not good for much, and when procured is as much bother as help, taking little interest except in the pay which must come, of course. If the farmer spends his time in the house to help his wife the crops will suffer, and when winter comes neither will have much for the comforts of life, and loss of the luxuries which we all crave.

A stockman in the Rural New Yorker complains that "native" cattle are "sat down upon" by the managers of our fairs.

This is a great injury to the native stock, of which by far the larger part of our cattle is made up. What would be thought if we were to close all our common schools, and encourage only colleges and universities? It would be about the same thing in principal as ignoring the claims of the owners of breeding stock not pure bred."

Colonel F. D. Curtis, having been banteringly characterized by a hurrah Kansas correspondent of The L. S. Indicator as one of the "agricultural dudes" of the depleted East, makes a retort courtoous from which we copy a suggestive paragraph, that might have been stronger and still true:

"A farmer in the older states must study closer methods and economies or he cannot succeed. A little must go a great way, while with the average Western a great deal goes a little way. Which takes the most brains? It takes a smarter man to make a living and a comfortable home from a few acres of wornout land than to raise corn and feed hogs and cattle on a virgin soil. Don't brag too much, because the Lord does your work, and so bountifully that you waste more than we can raise."

Mignonette.

Mignonette, a modest but delightful flower, is not grown with ease at all seasons in the window. Now, with the lengthening days and increasing sunshine, is a good time to start a batch of plants to flower in the spring in a window-box, for with simple treatment they will be quite certain to do well, and repay largely in pleasure for the trouble. Sow good seed in good soil, in some small flower pots. Small ones are recommended in order to get around disturbing the roots when transplanting the young plants, an operation which this plant illy bears. After the seedlings are up they should be thinned down to about three in each pot. These may then be grown on until the pot seems small for the roots, when the plants can be tapped out of the pots, setting them into the window-box, all without harm.

Roosters.

Fannie Field says in the Prairie Farmer as to roosters: "Do not overdo the rooster business. Too many roosters in one flock are as bad as not enough; in fact, too much rooster is worse than not enough, for in the latter case more of the eggs will be fertile, but in the former, the hens are so worried by the everlasting attention of the males of the flock that they become disgusted and dodge them altogether. For the non-sitting breeds and the Dominiques, Wyandots and Plymouth Rocks, allow one each to every fifteen or twenty hens when on free range; when confined to yards allow one each to every dozen hens. For the Asiatic breeds, allow one each to every twelve or fifteen hens when on free range; one to every ten or twelve hens when confined in small yards. When one has only a pair or two of thoroughbred fowls, put a few common hens that lay eggs of a different color in the yard with them. Whenever practicable it is better to keep the male birds away from the hens, out of sight and hearing, until about two weeks before the eggs are wanted for sitting."

The Dance of Death.

Pixey Winter in New York Graphic.

And now let us take the results of two or three years of this confused and exacting struggle. "The Dance of Death," which we had given us a few weeks ago in Life, tells a long story and a sad one.

Late hours—"How it is that our girls lose their freshness." In the first little picture the men seem to be bidding her good night—as she stays on till 4 o'clock in the morning they say good night at 2 o'clock—they are men with business and professions. The men or boys who can dance it out with her till five are probably social tramps, who carry no responsibilities, not even the support of themselves. In The Graphic Miranda gave us a drawing of the bebutante and her prospects—a poor lookout, judging from the physiogomy of her adorers. Papa and mamma look very thoughtful as they introduce her to leave her to their mercy.

From a point of choice in a girl's heart history what is it all?

A blank.

Are there marriages? Yes. Many of them.

Are there divorces? Yes. Many of them.

Now I must close with the "dancing class," to which some mothers think it a good act to let their daughters belong the year before they enter the world. To these dances, of course, they go alone. Almost school girls, they associate with the grown men that they are going to meet the following winter. I do not hesitate to say that they do not know how to behave themselves, and there is no one to tell them. The young men laugh and find it fun. These things, one and all, come from the neglect of those who are responsible. The girls have so recently been children that much which they do and say is hoydenish girlhood. But before friends alone should this be allowed to manifest itself. It is surely misunderstood anywhere else. These little creatures have so recently worn girls' dresses that they forget the present privilege of wearing them long, so that with this neglected privilege and the prevailing "busselle" (as I heard a foreigner call it) black stockings are best to wear either in dancing or sitting.

In speaking of these girls, whether they are "out," or "in," they are not put in the right light in regard to themselves. If women are to represent ideals to men the opportunity must not be given to disenchant. They must not be ignorant of the ways to be femininely attractive. Young womanhood is too important, their uplifting power is too essential to men for them to be allowed to spoil it before they know themselves about it. It is not through vanity and indelicate pushing that they are to know how valuable and precious to the well being of the world they are—not as butterflies, to please, but often through tears to hold up men who would utterly go under but for their belief in them. However, taking that view of it, perhaps we had better let them have as good a time as they can now!

Elephants Tending Babies.

Weakness appeals powerfully to the friendly protection of the strong, and even among brutes—at least the nobler kinds—the appeal is often not in vain. In the curious relations between monster and midget we not unfrequently see the fable of the lion and the mouse repeated without words. There is nothing by any means uncommon or incredible in the stories which have been reported, says Buckland, about the children of a mahout being cared for by the mahout's elephant.

The whole family of the mahout become, as it were, parasites to the elephant by whom they earned their living. I have seen a baby placed by its mother systematically under the elephant's care, and within reach of his trunk, while the mother went to fetch water, or to get wood or materials to cook the family dinner.

No jackal or wolf would be likely to pick up and carry off a baby who was thus confided to the care of an elephant; but most people who have lived a life in the jungles know how very possible it is for a jackal or a wolf to carry off a baby when lying in a hut, when the mother's back is turned.

The children thus brought up in the companionship of an elephant become ridiculously familiar with him, and take all kinds of liberties with him, which the elephant seems to endure on the principle that it does not hurt him while it amuses the child. You see a little naked black child, about two feet high, standing on the elephant's bare back, and taking it down to the water to bathe, vociferating all the time in the most unbecoming terms of native abusive language. On arriving at the water, the elephant, ostensibly in obedience to the child's command, lies down and enjoys himself, just leaving a part of his body, like a small island, above water, on which the small child stands and shouts, and shouts all the more if he has several companions of his own age, also in charge of their elephants, all wallowing in the water around him. If the child slips off his island, the elephant's trunk promptly replaces him in safety.

These little urchins as they grow up, become first mates to mahouts, and eventually arrive at the dignity of being mahouts.

A Genuine Snow Storm.

Portland Oregonian.

Never since the first settlement of Wasco County, writes the oldest inhabitant, has so much snow been seen on the ground at one time as lay over nearly every portion of the county on the 1st day of January. Commencing Saturday, December 13, snow fell almost constantly for twenty days, and when the storm cleared away 105 inches had fallen, which had settled until the actual depth was not far from sixty inches. A week after the storm began every town and settlement in the county was as completely isolated as if it were distant a thousand miles from any other place. Traveling for many days the Dalles was the hub of the universe for all who chanced to be caught within its limits, business was almost completely suspended, and people devoted themselves to shoveling snow from their abodes and walks. For several days snow shovelers were paid $1 an hour, and were hard to find at that price. The streets in the business portion of the town were barricaded with the accumulation of snow from the roofs and sidewalks, the heaps in many places towering nearly to the awnings. At some business places tunnels were dug from the sidewalks to the middle of the street, where there was a less depth. Breaking roads within the city limits became a difficult task, and to open the roads into the country was not attempted until the snow had settled. The absence of wind, as well as the low temperature, was remarkable. The snow lay where it fell, and no hill-top was left bare to furnish feed for stock which was at a distance from hay stacks. On Tuesday morning, December 30, the mercury reached twenty-two degrees below zero at the Umatilla House, and only once or twice during the storm did it reach twenty degrees above.

A land slide is the most significant movement in real estate.—New Orleans Picayune

THE CASHIER'S DAUGHTER.

The Merchants National Bank, of Toledo, Ohio, is recognized as one of the prosperous financial concerns of that busy city; and M. C. Warn, Esq., is well known as its Assistant Cashier. Mr. Warn has a daughter who suffered severely from rheumatism. "Although only thirteen years old, this obstinate disease took a firm hold of her, and for months tortured her. Hearing that Mr. Warn had used Athlophoros to restore the young lady to health and anxious to know the effect of the medicine on one so young, a gentleman called upon Mr. Warn, to ask for information about it, which Mr. Warn very courteously gave in this wise:

"My daughter was indeed a sufferer. For several months she was laid up with rheumatism, and unable to go to school or to attend to her studies at home. We were quite perplexed to know what to do about it, for the disease did not yield to the ordinary remedies of the physicians. After she had endured much pain, I heard of Athlophoros, and tried a bottle. I was astonished, both at the completeness of the cure and the promptness with which it was brought about. I had supposed that a medicine so powerful as this might have left some unpleasant effects, but it is now many months since she was cured, and there has been nothing of the kind, nor has there been any return of the disease. My daughter is as well as ever, attends her school regularly, and is taking her usual interest in her studies. I have good reason to hold Athlophoros in very high esteem, and freely to recommend it to all who are afflicted with rheumatism."

From the Bank the gentleman went to the drug store of Messrs. Van Stone & Crosby. On asking Mr. Crosby what he knew about Athlophoros, that gentleman replied: "We have sold a good deal of it, and I have heard of its doing much good in many cases.

"Their names? Well, there is one just around the corner from here. He is a barber, working at Flower's barber shop on Jefferson avenue.

On asking Mr. Flower about rheumatism, he replied, "no, I haven't the rheumatism, but my man Thomas had it, and that—that What-dye-call-it, with the long name—that knocked it out of him. Better wait and see him; he'll be here in a few minutes." Presently in came Mr. G. W. Thomas, a bright and cheery looking young man of about thirty, who looked as if he had never suffered an ache. "Surely you are not the man who was laid up with rheumatism."

"Yes, I am the man, was his reply, and I was all crippled up with it, so that I couldn't work. Yes, that Athlophoros is the stuff. I would give twenty-five dollars for a bottle rather than go without it. The rheumatism came on me when I was at work in Chicago. I was sick a long while. My first attack was in the fall of 1883. I tried liniments and everything else I could get. You know in a barber shop every body who comes in recommends something or other. Well, I took them all. I had to quit work. One Saturday night I was helped home from the shop, for I could not walk. On the way I got a bottle of Athlophoros. I liked the idea of it, because it didn't offer to cure everything—only rheumatism and neuralgia. I was undressed and put to bed, for I could not help myself. I took two tea-spoonfuls of the medicine, in milk. When I had had it down about two hours I began to feel numb. Now, I was not in pain. In about an hour and a half after that I felt prickly all over, as if with a lot of needles. Then I sweated. Oh! what a sweat! By Wednesday morning I was able to be at work again. Since that I have never lost a day. I took in all about three bottles.

"Well, you ought to see my old landlady, old Mrs. Smith. She is 73 years old. She had taken pretty much everything for her rheumatism; but no good. I had about enough of this medicine left for two doses, and I gave it to her. She took it, and it relieved her at once. Then she got another bottle. That was two months ago. She has had no return of the rheumatism; nor have I either."

If you cannot get Athlophoros of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us as directed. Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall Street, New York.

Mexico as a Winter Resort.

By Sylvester Baxter in Atlantic for March.

Arriving at Cuautla, we found an excellent hotel, the San Diego, directly across the plaza from the railway station. The landlord was a German, and had been in the country about thirty years. The hotel was a one story structure, built around a large court, the rooms opening upon a tile-roofed veranda. In the court was a tall date-palm, with sprays of rich, orange-hued blossoms rising among its graceful plumes of dark green.

I hardly expected to meet in an obscure Mexican town a party of American tourists passing the time in placid ease just as they might be encountered at a nice Swiss inn at some Alpine valley. Yet we encountered at the San Diego a most delightful company of our compatriots. One, an eminent artist, who was something of an invalid, was enthusiastic over the delicious air and glorious scenery of the place. "These winter days in Cuautla were all like our ideal June weather at home," he said. "There was no intense heat, while cold and chilliness were absolute strangers. Mexico he regarded as superior to Florida as a winter retreat. In these warm lands, besides the endless scenic variety, there was a [illegible] climate all through the winter, at least on the Pacific side of the mountains. On the Gulf slope, as at Orizaba, there were occasional fogs, rain and raw northers.

"And then there are no mosquitoes here," said another friend. "I have never seen a land so free from them. The few insects one meets here are really contemptible. I feel inclined to pity them for their feebleness."

It is, indeed, a great mistake for people to come to Mexico from the North in the winter, and confine themselves to the capital. They experience the chilly weather which now and then visits the high regions of the central tableland at that season, and with the abrupt transitions of cold and heat from morning to noon and night they at times feel more discomfort than in their wintry Northern homes, where genial hearth fires glow, until at last they perhaps leave for home in disgust, and "hematize" the whole country.

All this is a mistake, when on every hand are pleasant places like Cuautla, within easy reach of the capital by rail, journeying to which might fill many weeks with a round of pleasure, novel scenes greeting the eye everywhere. There is much of the great interest to tourists to be seen in and around the capital, but there are pleasanter winter abiding places near by. It is, however, a good central point from which to make agreeable tours all over the country. Now that railway communication with the United States is completed, there will be many pleasure travelers to Mexico. When they come they should remember that there are rich, warm valleys down below, close at hand, where simple existence seems a luxury, amid the delicious airs of genuine tropical surroundings.

The Sunflower in the Arctic Circle.

From the Interview with Lieutenant Greely.

"In the most tropical part of the Arctic circle," said the Lieutenant, "grows a creeping willow. When it is very large and luxuriant it is two feet long and the stem is as big round as my thumb. Oscar Wilde would find his dear and esthetic blossom, the sunflower, there, but in a snubbed condition, only a few inches high and shorn of much of its glory, the raying disk dwindled and the number of petals diminished, until he would hardly recognize it. The dandelion and the buttercup are also to be found."

PROFESSIONAL ETIQUETTE prevents some doctors from advertising their skill, but we are bound by no such conventional rules, and think that if we make a discovery that is of benefit to our fellows, we ought to spread the fact to the whole land. Therefore we cause to be published throughout the land the fact that Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the best known remedy for consumption (scrofula of the lungs) and kindred diseases. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption, with unsurpassed means of self-treatment. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Princess Beatrice's favorite color for wearing apparel is pale heliotrope.

Composed of Smart-Weed, Jamaica Ginger, Camphor Water and best French Brandy, Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed is the best remedy for diarrhœa, cholera morbus, dysentery or bloody-flux, colic or cramps, and to break up colds.

A novelty in Long Island farming the present year will be the extensive cultivation of peanuts as an experiment.

* * * * Secret, involuntary drains upon the system cured in thirty days. Pamphlet giving particulars, three letter stamps. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Young ladies who will not marry when they have a chance Miss it.—Lowell Courier.

Moody, the revivalist, who asked in the recent convention in Milwaukee whether he had grace enough to die at the stake. He replied: "No, I don't need it; all I want is grace enough to hold this convention for three days in Milwaukee.

Luminous trees are reported to be growing in a valley near Tuscarora, Nevada. At certain seasons the foliage gives out sufficient light to enable any one near at hand to read small print, while the luminous general effect may be perceived some miles distant. The phenomenon is attributed to parasites.

Certain druggists begin to complain that the only cough remedy they can now sell is Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. This goes to prove that intelligent people are determined to get the best coure for coughs, cold and consumption, and will not take a substitute.

Drunkenness is greatly on the increase in Mexico, according to a statement in the Two Republics of that city.

A female dentist in Oregon is said to have resorted to a novel device to obtain a husband. She had as patient a handsome man, and one day gave him a dose of ether that confused but did not make him insensible. Then she sent for a clergyman, and while the subject was under the influence of the drug, the two were declared man and wife. When the man recovered his senses he expressed surprise and some disgust at what had occurred, owing to the fact, not before known to the fair dentist, that he already possessed a wife.

A former invalid writes: "I was greatly reduced in health and strength, caused by bad blood. I had a dozen boils in different parts of my body, and suffered many aches and pains, while the least exertion gave me great fatigue. I took three bottles of Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla and am completely cured. At night I enjoy refreshing, dreamless slumber, and all day I feel energetic and strong.

According to the Medical Record, five per cent. of all cancers are situated upon the tongue. The average duration of life in cancer of the tongue is, without operation, stated to be ten and a half months; with operation, sixteen months. In some cases after operations—patients have lived from two to five, and even ten years.

A Chicago man at Plainfield, Ind., desired to leave his traveling bag and overcoat while he walked to a place twenty miles distant. He put them in a field unprotected from thieves except by the sign "Small pox beware!" and when he returned they were still in the field, but twenty feet under ground, buried by health officers.

Do you wish freedom from aches, pains, sores, etc.? Then purify the blood, strengthen the urinary and digestive organs, build up your broken down constitution by using Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. It is gratifying to know that among intelligent communities this standard, harmless, yet effective remedy sells faster than the many humbug bitters, iron medicines and pretended kidney cures, all of which so rapidly weaken and ruin the stomach, liver, bowels and kidneys by exciting these delicate organs to unnatural activity.

Josephine County, Oregon, possesses a natural curiosity in the shape of a subterranean cavern. It is situated in the mountains south of Grant's Pass, and has never been thoroughly explored.

A groceryman at Keokuk, Ia., who has a keen eye to business, in subscribing $1 to a church entertainment, added after his signature "the only place in Keokuk where you can get sixteen pounds of sugar for $1."

Stock gamblers may well be scared by the passage in the New York Senate of the bill to prevent all transactions in stocks, certificates, receipts, etc., which are not accompanied by the actual possession or transfer of the goods dealt in.

It was Napoleon Bonaparte who said when the conquest of the Chinese was proposed to him: "No; there are too many of them. Once teach them the art of modern warfare, and they will overrun Europe and crush out our civilization."

WORSE THAN FIREARMS.

The editor of an Omaha paper, in commenting on several cases in that city where children died from the effects of taking cough syrup containing morphia, remarks that opiates, poisons and narcotics are more dangerous than firearms. Mothers should note this and furthermore that different Boards of Health, after making careful analyses have certified that the only purely vegetable preparation of this kind, and one that is in every way harmless, prompt and effective, is Red Star Cough Cure. Mayor Latrobe of Baltimore and the Commissioner of Health, have publicly endorsed this valuable discovery.

Cardinal Newman, who has just celebrated his 84th birthday, still shows wonderful amount of vitality.

Hunt's [Kidney and Liver] Remedy has been used over twenty years, and saved thousands from distressing disease and death.

A huge sandbank now occupies the place where the gunboats lay when they bombarded Vicksburg.

FOR COUGHS AND THROAT DISORDERS use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. "Have never changed my mind respecting them, except I think better of that which I began thinking well of."—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.* Sold only in boxes.

OFFICE HOLDERS.

The office held by the Kidneys is one of importance. They act as nature's sluice way to carry off the extra fluids from the system and with them the impurities, both those that are taken into the stomach and those that are formed in the blood. Any clogging or inaction of these organs is therefore important. Kidney-Wort is nature's efficient assistant in keeping the kidneys in good working order, strengthening them and inducing healthy action. If you would get well and keep well, take Kidney-wort.

Decorative Art. Explicit directions for every use are given with the Diamond Dyes. For dyeing Mosses, Grasses, Eggs, Ivory, Hair, &c. 10c. Druggists keep them. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Ho Words of Ours

Can tell you the benefit you will derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, if you are in need of a good spring medicine. It will strain all impurities from the blood, rouse the torpid liver, invigorate the digestive organs, and impart new life to every function of the body. We only ask you to try a single bottle to prove the positive merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla, as an honest and reliable medicine.

"My daughter received much benefit from the use of Hood's sarsaparilla as an excellent tonic after a protracted attack of bronchial pneumonia." F. H. ADAMS, New Hartford, Conn.

"I cannot find words strong enough to express my feeling in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has done everything for me, curing me of dyspepsia with which I had suffered many years." MRS. S. M. BERDS, Marblehead, Mass.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for a blood purifier in my family several years, and cannot speak too highly of it." J. E. COLLINS, Piqua, O.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 Doses One Dollar

A tannery at Grass Valley, Cal., is making leather from the leaves and bark of the manzanita tree.

Beware of imitations, pretended cures and specifics, and spurious preparations. Take only Hunt's [Kidney and Liver] Remedy.

Can't is hypocrisy as well as bad grammar.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

THE use of Ely's Cream Balm, a cure for Catarrh, Hay fever and Cold in Head, is attended with no pain, annoyance or dread, which can be said of no other remedy. It is not a liquid or a snuff but is easily applied with the finger. It affords instant relief and cures where doctors have failed. All druggists have it. Price 50 cts.

Raisins are sometimes like prophets—for instance, when they are stoned.—Lowell Courier

MY HEARING which has been very defective for years, has greatly improved since I have been using Ely's Cream Balm, and I feel quite confident that a permanent cure will be effected.—Rev. B. E. Mayo, Table Rock, Pawnee Co., Nebraska.

Secretary Endicott's father is eighty-two years old and in capital health, which he maintains by walking five miles every day.

RED STAR

TRADE RED STAR MARK.

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, Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

Many a Lady

is beautiful, all but her skin; and nobody has ever told her how easy it is to put beauty on the skin. Beauty on the skin is Magnolia Balm.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

In order to enrich the blood, and thus impart fresh vigor to an enfeebled system, stimulate flagging digestion with the most [illegible], Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which by its [illegible] promotes thorough digestion and assimilation and consequent nutrition. A lack of appetite, vigor and flesh, is invariably found to follow a course of this deservedly popular tonic, which is, moreover, a reliable preventive of malarial fevers. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

HALL'S Catarrh Cure

Is Recommended by Physicians!

$100 REWARD FOR A CASE IT FAILS TO CURE!

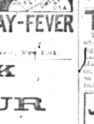
We manufacture and sell it with a positive guarantee that it will cure any case, and we will forfeit the above amount if it fails in a single instance.

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.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

This remedy contains no injurious drugs:

ELY'S Cream Balm



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.

ELY BROTHERS, Owego, New York.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR HOPS AND MALT BITTERS.

TAKE NO OTHER if you wish a CERTAIN CURE for BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE and SLEEP. Nothing was ever invented that will TONE UP THE SYSTEM in the Spring of the year equal to HOPS and MALT BITTERS. The only GENUINE are manufactured by the HOPS AND MALT BITTERS CO. of Detroit, Mich.

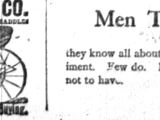
ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS M'F'G CO.

Makers of all styles of CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SPRING WAGONS, SINGLE & DOUBLE HARNESS & SADDLES

No. 1. Team Harness $25

We employ no agents, and if what you order is not satisfactory, we pay all expenses. No. 42 Buggy (see cut) is just the same as others sell at $125. Top Buggies at $90, fine as usually sold for $125 to $150. Our Harness are all No. 1 Oak Leather. Single $8.50 to $20. Everything fully warranted. Before buying, send for our Illustrated Catalogue Free. Address W. B. PRATT, Sec'y, Elkhart, Indiana.

$85 No. 42. Two-seated Buggy



We Retail at Wholesale Prices. ☞ SHIP ANYWHERE WITH PRIVILEGE OF Examining Before Buying.

ANSWER THIS IF YOU CAN.

Is there a person living who ever saw a case of ague, biliousness nervousness or neuralgia, or any disease of the stomach liver or kidneys that Hop Bitters will not cure.

"My mother says Hop Bitters is the only thing that will keep her from severe attacks of paralysis and headache.—Ed. *Oswego Sun.*

"My little sickly, puny baby, has changed into a great bouncing boy, and I was raised from a sick bed by using Hop Bitters a short time. A YOUNG MOTHER.

☞ "No use to worry about any Liver, Kidney or urinary trouble; especially" Bright's Disease or Diabetes, as Hop Bitters never fails of a cure where a cure is possible! ! !

"I had severe attacks of gravel and Kidney trouble; was unable to get any medicine or doctor to cure me until I used Hop Bitters. They cured me in a short time. T. R. ATTY.

☞ Unhealthy or inactive kidneys cause "gravel Bright's disease rheumatism, and "a horde of other serious and fatal diseases, which can be prevented with Hop Bitters if taken in time.

"Ludington, Mich., Feb. 2, 1879. I have sold Hop Bitters for four years, and there is no medicine that surpasses them for bilious attacks, kidney complaints, and all diseases incident to this malarial climate. H. T. ALEXANDER.

"Monroe, Mich., Sept. 25th, 1875. SIRS: I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of kidneys and bladder. It has "done for me what four physicians failed "to do—cured me. The effect of the Bitters seemed like magic to me." W. L. CARTER.

GENTS—Your Hop Bitters have been of great value to me. I was laid up with typhoid fever for over two months, and could get no relief until I tried your Hop Bitters. To those suffering from debility, or any one in feeble health, I cordially recommend them. J. C. STOETZEL, 638 Fulton St., Chicago, Ills.

—"Paralytic, nervous, tremulous old ladies are made perfectly quiet and sprightly by using Hop Bitters.

☞ 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.

It is pretty hard for a man to be better than God made him, but very easy to be worse.—Peck's Sun.

MORE INDIAN LANDS OPEN FOR SETTLEMENT.

By proclamation of the president the Santee Sioux Indian reservation in Knox county, Northern Nebraska, will be restored to the public domain on the 15th day of April, and will be subject to settlement and entry on and after May 15th, 1885.

There are 120,000 acres, of these lands, and may, when opened to settlement, be taken as homesteads, timber claims, or pre-emption. For farming purposes these lands are far preferable to any out west and have all the advantages of being in close proximity to railroads and the ready markets of Sioux City and Omaha.

Settlers or others desiring to visit these lands should secure railroad tickets to Hartington, in Cedar county, this being the point where passengers leave the railroad for the reservation.

ELY BROS., I have used two bottles of your Cream Balm for Catarrh since December. A sore in my nostril, the cause of much suffering—has entirely healed, have used no other medicine. This spring I feel better, can walk and work with more ease than I have in any spring since 1881.—Mary E. Ware, Hopeful, Virginia.

A fire screen containing 35,000 beads is on exhibition at the crazy quilt show in Boston.

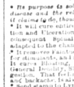
A great eruption has caused the overthrow of the [illegible] which will cure all kinds of eruptions, itching and irritating diseases of the skin and scalp. Price 25 and 50 cents. At Druggists.

"Eureka! I have found it!" Happy the man who suddenly finds a long-lost treasure, and this is how W. C. Field, of 1232 Cedar Avenue, Cleveland, felt when, after suffering thirty years with rheumatism, he found Athlophoros, the sovereign cure. It is what he had been looking for, and now his joints are free from pain. Price, $1 per bottle. If your druggist hasn't it, send to Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall Street, N. Y.

The purest, sweetest and best Cod Liver Oil in the world manufactured from fresh healthy livers upon the sea shore. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market. Made by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from errors of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a receipe 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, New York.

Halford Sauce. The most delicious relish in the world. Palatable and healthy.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify. It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the change of life. It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. *For sale at druggists.*

NO TAR FAY'S MANILLA ROOFING WATER-PROOF ESTABLISHED 1866

Is CHEAP, STRONG, easy to apply, does not rust or rattle. Is also A SUBSTITUTE FOR PLASTER, at Half the Cost; outlasts the building. CARPETS AND RUGS of same, double the wear of oil cloths. Catalogue and samples free. W. H. FAY & CO., Camden, N. J.

The Oldest Medicine in the World is probably Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S Celebrated Eye Water

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. John L. Thompson, Sons, & Co., Troy, N. Y.

TEN to ONE!

THE WEST OFFERS TEN CHANCES FOR SUCCESS where the East offers one. Maps, pamphlets, etc., giving full information about these opportunities; about Lands, Farming, Stock-raising, Mining, Fruit-growing, Manufacturing, etc., in Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, California and Old Mexico, SENT FREE on application to C. B. SCHMIDT, Commissioner of Immigration, A. T. & S. F. R. R., Topeka, Kansas.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

You can make $5 to $15 per day selling PARSON'S HAND-BOOK OF BOOK-KEEPING, PENMANSHIP and BUSINESS FORMS. Address, PARSONS' BUSINESS COLLEGE, Kalamazoo, Mich.

LADY AGENTS can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters. Sample outfit free. Address Cincinnati Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

"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.

FUN Bro. Jonathan's Jokes 80 pages, Illustrated, Sent, Postpaid, for Twelve Cents. Excelsior Publishing House, 29 & 31 Beekman St., New York.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

Men Think

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