FANCIES OF THE POETS.

Wit, Humor, and Sentiment in Rhyme.

RECONCILIATION.

As one who, wandering in a weary land
Alone, where thorns and briars beset the way,
And clouds and darkness have o'ercome the day,
Suddenly feels from out the dark a hand
In his, and hears a voice of mild command
At which the clouds disperse, the sunshine gay
Returns, and all within his heart is May
As forth he goes unto some happy strand.—
So I, in darkness groping, hear your voice
Again, and feel your hand in mine,
(For what is distance to true hearts that love?)
And all my darkness ends, for at the sign
Of your forgiveness I once more rejoice
And feel sweet Peace descending like a dove.

TO MOJESKA AS ROSALIND.

When from the poet's brain fair Arden's glades
Were peopled with the lightsome folk we know,
A shade of discontent was seen to grow
Upon his brow, as he through long decades
In vision saw this loveliest of his maids
By beardless boys enacted, and her show
Of maiden grace obscured and hidden so
In guise of youths half won from boyish trades.
Soon changed the vision and through centuries far
A group of women fair he then did see,
Whose hearts, one after another were beguiled
By some Orlando's youth and bravery,
And in the throng, and radiant as a star,
On *thee*, the mighty master looking, smiled!
—*Oscar Fay Adams.*

The marble-smith, at his morning task,
Merrily glasses the blue-veined stone,
With stout hands circling smooth. You ask,
"What will it be, when it is done?"

"A shaft for a young girl's grave." Both hands
Go back with a will to their sinewy play;
And he sings like a bird, as he swaying stands,
A rollicking stave of Love and May.

She came and went, as comes and goes
The dewdrop on the morning rose,
Or as the tender lights that die
At shut of day along the sky.
Her coming made the dawn more bright,
Her going brought the sombre night;
Her coming made the blossoms shine,
Her going made them droop and pine.
Where'er her twinkling feet did pass,
Beneath them greener grew the grass;
The song-birds ruffled their small throats
To swell for her their blithest notes.
But when she went, the blushing day
Sank into silence chill and gray,
The dark its sable vans unfurled,
And sudden night possessed the world.
O fond desires that wake in vain!
She ne'er will come to us again;
And now, like vanished perfume sweet,
Her memory grows more vague and fleet,
Yet we rejoice that morn by morn
The sad old world seems less forlorn,
Since once so bright a vision came
To touch our eyes with heavenly flame,
And show to our bewildered eyes
What beauty dwells in paradise.

COUSIN MARY.

"Is her room ready, Fanny?"

"Yes; quite ready—everything's ready."

"She ought to be here now, if the train is punctual"; and as I spoke I put my head on one side in a listening attitude to catch the first sound of coming wheels.

"I wonder what she'll be like," says Ada for the fiftieth time; "I wonder if she is pretty." And my sister glances at her own pretty face as reflected in the mirror over the mantlepiece, with, perhaps a pardonable feeling of satisfaction.

Mother scans the tea-table with a critical eye to see that nothing is wanting. Jack, our young hopeful of 12 years, joins the group at the window, and still the the expected arrival comes not.

Our early dinner has been over some hours. It is our usual tea hour now, but in honor of Cousin Mary we at first resolved to dine later, and have finally compromised matters by having high tea, which set out on a snowy cloth, with the fire's rays dancing over it, looks even in our tiny parlor, to my prejudiced eyes, very inviting. "Mother," I question presently, "will you say anything about Uncle Edgar to her?" "Not to-night, I think dear. She can't have got over his death yet, and, at any rate, I should find it awkward to do so. You know we have not been on speaking terms for years now. I was as vexed about our differences as if he had been my own brother instead of my stepbrother." And mother heaves a sigh as she speaks, and I wonder how anyone can entertain resentment against anything gentle.

"Where does she travel from to-day?" asks Ada presently.

"From a place called Yarley, I think," responds mother, "but I really know as little about her as you do. I think she has been visiting some people called Whitelaw."

Jack goes and pulls back the curtains (we have drawn them and lighted the gas, as the twilight is falling rapidly) for the sixth time, as we hear a sound of wheels.

This time they do stop before our house, and before there has been time to open the front door Ada and mother are already in the passage.

"I say, Fanny," exclaims Jack, who still retains his viewpoint, "here's a go! Look here." I step forward and look over his shoulder.

The cab has drawn up, and before the cabman has had time to alight some one opens the door unaided and springs on to the pavement in a very independent fashion. With a sweeping glance at our house she seems to take in all its dimensions, coolly including its inmates—Mother and Ada on the doorstep, Jack and me at the window. Then, without changing her expression of face, she says a few words to the cabman, and presently, to our amazement, before either Jack or Jibby, our maid of all work, can rush to the rescue, this capable young female has slung a bandbox in one hand and with the other has seized one end of a heavy wooden trunk which occupied the box of the cab, and in a few hasty strides deposited it within the door.

By this time, mindful of my duty, I reached the door, where the others are already receiving Cousin Mary.

"How are you, Mary?" says mother kindly. "How d'ye do?" responded our Cousin, in a loud, deep voice, shaking hands with us in turn, as each goes forward.

"Where's my trunk to go?" continues she, having haridly glanced at Ada and me.

Jibby, the remiss, has now appeared on the scene. Upon our guest deigns to bestow a prolonged stare.

"Jack," I call, "come and help upstairs with the trunk," the while regarding with some consternation the unwieldy article before me, and thinking with some dismay how it will fill up our tiny spare room.

"Out of the way, please," says our Cousin, putting me rather summarily on one side. "You lend a hand here," addressing Jibby, who is standing looking on open-mouthed from the background.

Before anyone can remonstrate, the trunk is half way up the staircase and all I can do is to follow.

As I predicted, after it has found a resting place there is not much surplus room in Cousin Mary's apartment.

Jibby retires after depositing it, and I enter half hesitating.

"Not much room to turn here," remarks our guest, coolly surveying our much-thought-of spare room.

"At least, you have it to yourself," I say, coldly. "You could have had part of a larger room, but we fancied you would prefer this to such an arrangement. [I am inwardly thankful there is no question of my sharing a room with my companion.] She had got rid of her ulster and hat, and is brushing her hair before the mirror. She then turns and looks at me sharply, as I speak, then resumes her occupation in silence. Her appearance is far from prepossessing. Tall and large boned, she impresses one as almost coarse in feature. She has a mass of thick, brown hair, which she wears in a fringe cut low on her forehead, and falling down behind in a large chignon quite out of date. Her complexion is brilliant; she has thick lips and rather a heavy jaw, and a large dimple on her chin. In short, she might have been comely, but that, perhaps from a rough mode of life, she had become coarsened. She has large red hands, too, and wears a quantity of flashy cheap looking jewelry.

Before I have finished my mental summing-up process, my companion breaks in on me.

"Am I to go down stairs now?" she inquires, with a strong American accent, which rather surprises me, although I have heard that Cousin Mary spent part of her childhood in America.

"I beg your pardon," I respond. "Yes, we'll go down to tea if you are ready."

"This is cosey, and no mistake," exclaims my companion when we reach the parlor, with its dainty tea table and bright lights.

"So we all tea together," she goes on, taking no notice of Jack, who regards her as a sort of phenomenon from the background.

"I'm free to confess you're not so stuck up as English folk in America." (The last word she pronounces "Ameriky.")

No one responds to her remark. I privately wonder if she expected to take tea in the kitchen and at the same time decide that the surroundings there would be more in keeping than her present ones.

"Won't you sit near the fire?" says mother, who, I can see, is making an effort to be hospitable. "You must be cold after your journey."

Mary plants herself down with her back to to the fire, and scans the tea table with a look of supreme satisfaction.

Then we are silent. First there are so few subjects we may broach. We must not speak of Uncle Edgar, our Cousin's father, in case of awakening too painful memories, as he is but lately dead. We know nothing about her. She knows nothing of us. We have absolutely nothing in common.

"Have you been long in America?" asks mother, presently; this evidently presenting a safe opening.

"Long," laughs our guest. "Bless you. I've lived there half my days."

A slight flush passes over mother's face, but she makes another brave effort. "Indeed! I did not know you had been there so long. You must find England a great change."

"That I do, and it's with no will of my own I ever set foot on it. I've been shamefully cheated;" and Cousin Mary purses up her lips, and her face, already flushed with the warm room, becomes scarlet with indignation against some unknown one who has decoyed her from the New England World under false pretexts.

We feel that indirectly she has cast a slight on us by her last remark, unexplained as it is; so we keep silence. In the meantime she fills her saucer with half the contents of her cup, and drinks them off, poising the saucer dexterously between her thumb and fingers. Jack here gives vent to a suppressed titter, and kicks me under the table, but I am in no mirthful mood. It is all too serious.

"So you keep two servants!" blurts out our guest, abruptly breaking the silence.

The question takes us by surprise. I see Ada's expression of face meant to warn our visitor she is going two far. Jack nudges me and taps his forehead significantly, with a covert glance at Cousin Mary.

"No," I say; what makes you think so? We have only one."

"Oh, I thought you meant to keep two now," she remarked composedly, proceeding with her tea.

Everybody s relieved when the meal comes to an end. At its close our guest has become tired of scrutinizing her surroundings, and leans back in her chair yawning unabashedly.

"Would you like to go to your room now?" says mother, kindly, perceiving the signs of weariness she makes no attempt to conceal.

"I don't mind if I do; I'm pretty well dead beat as it is," says our cousin, pushing back some of the thick fringe which covers her forehead.

"You can tell me what's expected of me in the morning," she continues, addressing me with airy condescension.

"There's nothing expected of you except to amuse yourself as well as you can," says mother, gently, apparently touched by what she considers as a kindly meant, rather blunt offer of our cousin to make herself useful in a house where no doubt she has already perceived there is plenty to do, and not too much of the assistance and comfort money can procure.

"Good night, dear," says mother, with more warmth than she has yet shown our guest. "I hope you will be comfortable. Fanny will go up stairs with you and see you have all you need."

Then mother actually schools herself (I know it is an effort, but a sense of duty is strong in her) to kiss cousin Mary, a trial of moral strength I am not equal to, and a proceeding which seems to strike our visitor with profound surprise. Ada proves herself as great a coward as I am, for she merely shakes hands, and then I conduct our guest upstairs. When we reach her room she suddenly turns round to me. "I want to know rightly what's expected of me," she says. "It's all very fine her talking like that"—and she points towards the door with her thumb to signify she is referring to mother—but I want to know the rights of the matter. It ain't just likely she'll saddle herself with a young woman she's to make nothing out of."

For a moment I feel indignant that mother's unselfishness should be suspected; then I really began to fancy that perhaps, after all, Jack was right, and our cousin's brain is a little unhinged; so I say soothingly, as the best way of getting out of the difficulty—

"Well, well, we'll see about it to-morrow. I daresay you're tired to-night and must want to be done talking. Good night. Breakfast at 8:30; you'll be called at eight" and I leave her looking only half satisfied.

I rush down stairs when I have quitted her. Mother, Ada and Jack have drawn ronud the fire, and are holding a family council. Their tones are so grave, their faces express so much chagrin, that were the whole affair not so cruelly mortifying, it would be too absurd.

"Fanny," begins Ada, in a tragic voice, "we can't take her to the St. Clare's. It would never do."

"I don't see how we can help it," I say, gloomily. "Did you ever see anything like her?"

"Never," returned my sister solemly; "and I really do not see how we are to take her about," looking reflectively into the fire. "I'm sure I should be ashamed to be seen with her."

"How long will she stay, mother?"

"About a month, I should think," says mother with a sigh, "not longer."

"Quite long enough," says Ada, savagely, while I can only reiterate, "A month!" desparingly. Then we are all silent, picturing I suppose, what the prospective month will bring forth. Apparently none of us find the reflection cheering.

"Didn't you know what like she was when you asked her?" asks Ada presently, with unreasoning impatience. "Is she like Uncle Edgar?"

"Why, you know, dear," says mother, answering the impetuous outburst with her usual unruffled gentleness, "I've never seen Mary until to-night, and she is as like your uncle as—as—well as she is unlike you, Ada," she ends smilingly.

Ada is the strong point of the family in personal attraction. Probably she is soothed by the allusion, for she kisses mother by way of apology, and we grow a little less doleful as we resolve to make the best of matters as they are. So we get our work, and the clock on the mantelpiece ticks steadily, and the fire burns brightly, but somehow, instead of the usual merry buzz of conversation, we seem suddenly to have developed a reflective turn of mind, for the work progresses but our voices are silent. Presently we are startled by a ring at the door bell—it must be quite two hours after Cousin Mary has retired—indeed, we are just putting our work together, as it is getting late—and Jibby brings in a red envelope, and handing it to mother, says, in a voice of awe, due to the occasion, "A telegram for you, ma'am." "A telegram!" exclaims mother with a nervous start born of a general horror of telegrams, and I know that her thoughts straightway fly to Tom in India. Jibby retires, and Mother tears open the envelope with trembling fingers and reads aloud:—

"From Mary Montgomery, Yarley, to Mrs. Vaughn, 5 Well Road, Tunburgh.

"Have been obliged to delay my arrival till to-morrow. Hope this will not inconvenience you. Will explain reason when we meet."

Mother reads it once through, then looks up bewildered. "It cant be for me," she says at last, picking up the envelope and examining the address.

"Of course it is," I say; "look here's your name and address inside as well."

"But Mary's up stairs," says mother in a puzzled tone. "What's it all about! I don't understand," and she proceeds to peruse the telegram once more.

None of us understood at first, but gradually a light dawns upon us.

"I have it," says Ada in an eager, excited tone. "It isn't Mary we've got up stairs at all." She announces her conviction just as we all come to the same conclusion.

"Then who is it?" asks mother slowly. Yes, who is it. There's the rub.

Apparently an immense weight has been lifted from Ada's mind by her discovery, for regardless of the dilemma we are in if she is right, her face beams with satisfaction.

Mother's, on the contrary wears a look of troubled anxiety, which I think the occasion hardly justifies—an anxiety which seems to deepen the more she ponders the matter. At last she speaks.

"Some one has known of this," she says gravely, laying her hand on the telegram. Some one has known of Mary's movements. The woman up stairs is an imposter. I feel sure of it. She's not a woman either, or I'm very much mistaken," she goes on excitedly, not heeding the paradox; "she's a man—a thief in disguise!"

Ada and I opened our eyes wide in amazement at such revelations. "What's to be done?" I gasp when I can find voice, never stopping for a moment to question the probability of mother's conclusions. I have read of such things. I grasp the situation, and feel there is no time to be lost. Already the thief we are harboring may be making the most of his time up stairs upon a pair of much valued Queen Anne candlesticks adorning the bedroom mantlepiece.

I glance at the clock. It is getting late. Something must be done. We are all so helpless. "We must have some help," I say energetically. "Jibby and I will go for a policeman."

"Oh, my dear," exclaims mother in an anxious tone, while Ada says nothing except to entreat me in a nervous voice to be as quick as possible.

There is a police station three minutes' walk from our house and Jibby and I make short work of the intervening distance. When we reach it there is a light within and a composed looking individual calmly surveys us over a pair of spectacles with an expression of surprise. I relate my story as coherently as I can for want of breath, of which the man makes a few jottings in a provoking deliberate manner, after which he calls some one from an inner room, retails to him the outline of my narrative and in perhaps ten minutes from the time we entered we start homewards escorted by two stalwart members of the force.

Almost before we have rung, Ada opens the door for us. Mother is still nervous and harassed, Jack excited at the propect of an adventure.

"What would you advise?" asks mother, addressing the taller of the policemen. "This person is in a bedroom upstairs."

"Some one had better wake her—just in case you're mistaken, ma'am," he adds, half apologetically for appearing to doubt mother.

"You had better knock and explain matters, and see what she has to say for herself," he goes on, turning to me. "You need not be in the least afraid, we won't be three yards off." Thus adjured, I mount the stairs with a beating heart, while the others group themselves at the bottom. Three times I knock before receiving an answer, and am just beginning to think that the robber has been disappointed in the lucrative prospects of the house, and made off without carrying out his evil intentions. The third time, however, some one stirs, and a deep voice calls out, sleepily: "Who's there? Sure it's never eight o'clock."

"No," I call back, "but I want to speak to you. Open the door for a minute, please."

I hear a movement inside as of some one stirring, and a voice grumbling discontentedly; and then, just as my knees begin to tremble, the door is opened, and our guest appears in the doorway wearing a rapidly improvised dressing gown in the shape of an ulster, her thick hair straying over her face, which does not wear its most salubrious expression. At once I am aware that mother has been wrong in her calculations, a conviction which naturally does not tend to the steadiness of either my voice or ideas.

"There has been some mistake," I stammered. "You are not our cousin, after all. You should have been ashamed to have treated us so badly," I go on severely, as I fancy I detect symptoms of guilt in the face before me.

"Law, sakes!" exclaims my companion, taken back at such a sudden attack, rubbing her eyes and starring aghast at me.

"And I'd like to know who set up to be *your* cousin," with a scornful emphasis on the possessive pronoun, while an indignant flush passes over her face. "Do tell!" she cries out wrathfully, her American accent coming out strongly. "And I'd like to know who's been treated badly if it's not an honest servant girl, brought here from Ameriky by them as made her fair promises, and then turned her adrift when she had served their purposes. Didn't your mother engage me? and I'd like to know what she found to complain of already."

"Engage you," I echo, while I hear a faint exclamation from the group gathered at the foot of the stairs.

"Yes, engage me," she reiterates angrily, "and if you don't believe me I'll show you the letter Mrs. Harvey got from her, and see if you won't believe your own eyes."

"You don't need to,' I respond, a light breaking in on my mind. "Who do you say engaged you?"

"Your mother," she repeats in an angry tone, thinking I am trifling with her, "Mrs. White, and I'll find her letter in a second, too."

"Then our name's not White," I say, "and you've come to the wrong house. We expecten our cousin to-day, and when you arrived of course we took you for her."

"Who may you be, then?" she inquires, somewhat staggered, but still defiant.

Mrs. White lives on the opposite side of the street," I say soothingly, not heeding the question, and feeling that, after all, from the poor woman's point of view she has been rather badly treated.

"You had better go back to bed, and everything can be set right in the morning," I continued cheerfully, as my companion bursts into an angry fit of tears. Then she closes the door unceremoniously in my face, and I descend the stairs to see the effect of the extraordinary revelations on the minds of the others. Jack and Ada are tittering. I see by the twitching of the men's lips that their gravity has been put to a severe test. Mother alone looks vexed and annoyed.

'Glad that it's nothing more serious than a mistake, ma'am," says the tall policeman at last. "I think, as we're not needed, we'll say good night," and then they go, leaving us feeling chagrined and small, but withal relieved. Our indignant guest takes leave of us in the early morning, and she and her belongings are safely housed with Mrs. White, over the way, who, it seems, had begun to despair of her new handmaid, and is unfeignedly glad when she makes her appearance. Poor Mary! Her democratic ideas which she found so satisfactorily carried out in our house and at our table will doubtless receive a shock in her new abode. Neither is it probable that her new mistress will relegate to her her best spare bedroom, so that it is to be feared her candidly expressed opinion of our country will undergo no change for the better.

The real Cousin Mary more than fulfills our greatest expectations. She is tall and fair and beautiful, in short, just what we can exhibit to the St. Clares and our various friends, with pardonable feelings of pride.

Many a time we indulge in a hearty laugh when we look across the street and see Mary washing down the doorsteps or polishing up the brasses, and recall the never-to-be-forgotten evening, when our foolish hearts sank at the prospect of a long month spent in close companionship with her.—*Glasgow Citizen.*

She Wanted a Change.

The girls of the wild West admire men of original thought. A Dakota miss who was attending Hamline University, near St. Paul, is said to have become very much agitated because the professor who conducted morning prayers invariably followed the same form of supplication. She endured this infliction until it became intolerable, and the other morning in the midst of the prayer paralyzed the professor and the whole school by yelling out "Chestnuts!" The young lady has since returned to the quiet precincts of her own home.—*St. Paul Pioneer.*

DOMESTIC HINTS.

SALAD OF SALMON.

Cut some cold salmon into slices or pieces about the size of a dollar, garnish with capers and strings of lettuce heart, pour a salad dressing over the whole.

CELERY SOUP.

Wash and cut into small pieces, celery in sufficient quantity; blanch it and then boil it with water, salt and nutmeg, pass it through a seive, and thin it with meat or chicken broth; cream can be added.

ROASTED QUAILS.

Pluck, draw and single them; wrap them in vine leaves and slices of bacon; wrap in buttered paper, if the paper burns put on more; roast them until well browned, and serve them on pieces of toasted bread.

WHITE SAUCE.

Put into a saucepan a quarter of a pound of butter, and mix it with a spoonful of flour; add a glass of water, set it on the fire, and keep stirring; when it boils take it off, set it aside and salt it. If your sauce be too thick, add a little water, if too thin, a piece of butter, and turn it afresh.

PIGEONS IN CURL PAPERS.

Stew them gently with nice bacon, sliced very thin, butter, pepper, nutmeg and a little meat broth; when half done add some parsley and mushrooms. When cold cut the pigeons in half, garnish them with their seasonings and wrap them in oiled paper. Then broil them a quarter of an hour over a gentle fire.

COMPOTE OF CHESTNUTS.

Roast some chestnuts, take off the peel, then put into a preserving pan with a quarter of a pound of white sugar, and half a glass of water, let them simmer over a gentle fire; when they have imbibed enough sugar take them out and dress them on a dish; squeeze the juice of a lemon over them and sprinkle them with fine sugar.

KIDNEYS SAUTE.

Cut three kidneys each into five pieces; put an ounce of butter into the saute pan (frying pan), when very hot put in the kidneys, stir round for a few minutes with a spoon till they are set. Add a teaspoonful of flour, a quarter of one of salt and the third part of that of pepper. Mix well; add half a gill of broth and a few mushrooms. Do not let them boil; a few minutes is enough to do them.

MERSEBURG BISCUITS.

Take four ounces of butter, six ounces of white sugar, seven ounces of flour, one tablespoonful of fresh cream and one egg. Make the above into dough, working well. Then roll it out very thin, cutting it into pieces two inches long and one broad. Sprinkle the tops of the biscuits with sugar and ground cinnamon. Bake in a quick oven, and when done they should be a light yellow—brown. If put away in a cannister or jar they will keep a long time soft.

CHICKEN POT PIE.

Cut up and parboil a pair of large fowls, seasoning them with pepper and salt. You may add some thin slices of good bacon. For the paste allow one-half pound of best butter to a pint and a half of flour. There should be enough for a great deal of paste. Line the sides of the pot, two-thirds up with paste. Put in the chickens with the liquor in which they were parboiled. Intersperse the pieces of chicken with layers of paste in thin square slices. Then cover the whole with a lid of paste, not fitting very closely. Make a cross slit in the top and boil the pie about an hour or more.

SAXONY CHEESE CAKES.

Warm in a stewpan a pint of good milk, and gradually stir into it, on the fire, three large handfuls of flour; when the paste is free from lumps, add a little salt, a piece of butter, the size of a walnut, a quarter of a pound of gruyese, parnesan (or any other good cheese). or you may mix your cheese; it must be cut into small slices and not grated; take care that the whole be well incorporated, so as to be easily turned out of the stewpan; then mix it with three well-beaten eggs and keep the paste warm till wanted for serving. Then butter a tin baking dish, put the paste into it, and set in the oven. In ten minutes the cake should rise like a souffle and be of a fine yellow color. It should be well set in every part.

PROSPEROUS REGINA.

A Bird's-Eye View of the Capital of the Northwest Territory.

Imagine a section cut out of the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, and set down a few scattered rows of wooden houses upon it, and you will have a pretty good idea of Regina as it looks upon this level prairie, stretching for miles in every direction without a tree in sight. There are probably three hundred buildings in the town, which contains one thousand people, and the most prominent object that looms up as it is approached over the prairie is the railway water tank. The city is laid out on a scale of magnificence rivaling even the usual spread made by frontier towns, and the consequence is that the public buildings, unable to get room in the town, are all from a half-mile to two miles away from the place. It has three hotels, named from famous American hostelries, the Palmer, the Grand Pacific and the Windsor, but the three put together would not cover a quarter of an acre. It has one newspaper in full operation with hopes of another. It is all located on one side of the railway, with nothing at all apparently on the other side, where the smooth prairie stretches away into indefinite space. Its railway service, too, is most curious, one passenger train each way passing every twenty-four hours, both of them in the middle of the night, the west-bound train passing at fifteen minutes before midnight, and the east-bound train at fifty minutes after midnight. This, to some extent, may restrict travel, but it can not curtail the importance of this Northwestern capital, which may some day become the metropolis of Assiniboia, as it is now the home of the Northwest Territory, the meeting place of his council, and the headquarters of his standing army—the mounted police. The few streets of Regina are broad, and bordered with wooden sidewalks, the ox-carts which slowly meander through them being varied by some highly-painted Indian, clad in a picturesque Hudson Bay Company's blanket, who proudly rides into town on his pony with his squaw trudging after through the sticky mud.—*Cor. London Times.*

THE WITCHE'S FATE.

The Cruel Prejudice of Old Times More Than Equalled Now.

Not many decades ago in this country, the people were excited over witchcraft. Persons suspected were thrown into the water; if not witches they would drown; if they were witches, they would swim ashore, and would be put to death! In any event, they were doomed!

Not many years ago if a person were taken sick with advanced disorder of the kidneys, the physician would pronounce the disease Bright's disease, and when so declared, he regarded his responsibility at an end, for medical authority admitted that the disease was incurable.

When the physician found a patient thus afflicted, he would say: "Oh, a slight attack of the kidneys; will be all right in a little while." He knew to the contrary. But if he could keep his patient on his hands for a few months, he knew he would derive a great revenue from his case, and then when the disease had progressed to a certain stage, he would state the facts and retire, exonerated from all blame.

But the error of supposing the disease incurable, has swayed the public mind, long after the fact has ceased to be. But public opinion has been educated to the true status of the case by those who have discounted the incurability theory, and the public recognizes and testifies to the fact that Warner's safe cure is a specific for this disease. This has been shown with thousands of testimonials.

Upon referring to them in our files we find that $5,000 reward will be given to any one who can prove that so far as the manufacturers know they are not genuine, and that hundreds of thousands similar in character could be published, if it were necessary.

This condition of things is very amusing to the journalist, who looks upon all sides of every question. Proof should be accepted by all, but prejudice fights proof for many years. It seems strange that when a proprietary medicine is doing the good Warner's safe cure is that the physicians do not publicly endorse it. Many of them, we are told, privately prescribe it.

A few years ago, as stated, when a man had Bright's disease, the doctor boldly announced it, because he thought it relieved him of responsibility.

To day when prominent people are dying (and hundreds of thousands of common people die of the same disease), we are told that doctors disguise the fact that it is Bright's disease of the kidneys and say they die of paralysis, of apoplexy, of pneumonia, of consumption, of general debility, of rheumatism, of heart disease, of blood poisoning, or some other of the names of the direct effects of kidney disease. They are not the real disease itself.

We sometimes wonder if they avoid stating the real cause of disease for fear they will drive the public into patronage of the only scientific proprietary specific for kidney diseases and the thousands and one diseases that originate in inactive kidneys.

We do not believe every advertisement we read. Some people perhaps may regard this article as an advertisement and will not believe it, but we are candid enough to say that we believe the parties above mentioned have stated their case and proved it, and under such circumstances the public is unwise if it is longer influenced by adverse prejudice.

Interesting Brain Injuries.

We clip the following from that incomparably valuable publication, Dr. Foot's Health Monthly:

Those individuals who place great stress on the importance of the brain may read the following authentic items with profit:

"Large tumors slowly formed, may exist within the skull without a symptom." Dr. Marshall Hall, on Diseases, in the Lancet, London, March 24th, 1838, p. 928.

"A large portion of bone may be driven down without any permanent disturbance of the functions of the brain." Practical Surgery, Fourth Edition, London, 1846, p. 43.

"Several ounces of the brain have been lost in consequence of wounds without death, or the loss of memory or intellect." Sir Charles Bell's Anatomy and Physiology of the Human Body, London, 1816, Vol I., p. 408.

Lebert mentions forty-five cases of tumors in the brain, and in most of these cases the mind was not effected, and the mental faculties were retained to the last. Archiv fur Pathologishe Anatomie, etc. Band III, p. 475.

Of 704 gun-shot wounds of the head 205 died and 199 recovered in the American army from the commencement of the war to October 1st, 1864. Of the thirty-two cases of liver wounds in the same army, twenty-eight died. The Medical Times and Gazette, London, July 28th, 1866, pp—100.

"Some parts of the brain may be injured, or even totally destroyed, without occasioning any perceptible interruption to the organic functions: the slightest lesion of other parts will instantly destroy life." Dr. Benjamin C. Brodie, F. R. S. in Medico-Chirurgical Transactions Vol. XIV.

"Indeed it frequently occurs that considerable portions of the brain are lost and yet the mental and bodily functions continue unimpared." * * * The veteran Medical Journal also relates a case of brain injury thus "There was a large transverse opening in the os frontis, through which a considerable quantity of brain had been lost. His mind was not at all affected, neither were the bodily powers in the least disturbed, no bad symptoms of any kind followed the injury." The Lancet, London, 1823, p. 292.

The most desirable hair dressing ever offered to the public is Hall's Hair Renewer

Physicians prescribe Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on account of its great curative powers.

Ex-Minister Washburne, interviewed in Chicago regarding the Paris story about his receiving bribes, says the article is false in every particular.

To be free from sick-headache, biliousness, constipation, etc., use Carter's Little Liver Pills. Strictly vegetable. They gently stimulate the liver and free the stomach from bile.

Persons Suffering from Piles Will Find Relief by using CARTER'S LITTLE PILLS.

Pale blue and rose pink cashmere, trimmed with moss green plush, make pretty party frocks for young girls.

You get more comfort for 25 cts. in Lyon's Heel Stiffeners than in any other article.

As many as 600 standard English works have been translated into Chinese.

MORE WORDS OF PRAISE.

Rheumatism a Blood Disease entirely Cured.

ROCHESTER, April 1, 1886.

To the Pardee Medicine Co.,

Gents:—Allow me to say a few words in praise of Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy; and if what I have to say will induce others who are afflicted with neuralgia or rheumatism to use it, I shall feel that I have been the means of doing some little good to my fellow men. December 27, 1885, while at work in the shop, I was taken suddenly with sharp, piercing pains, and was compelled to leave the shop. The next morning I was unable to rise, and I grew worse daily although I was under the best medical treatment. But I obtained no relief until I began using Dr. Pardee's Remedy, which I did March 17th, and after using it three days, I could walk about the house. I continued to use it and improved rapidly every day. I am now at work and entirely free from pain, and have gained five pounds in weight, but I shall continue the remedy until I feel sure the poison is out of my blood, for I am certain that rheumatism is a blood disease. You are at liberty to use my name or refer any one to me, for I shall only be too glad to recommend it to any one who is suffering as I was. I know it will cure any case of rheumatism, if used as directed.

I am, very truly yours,
GEORGE DOANE.

Foreman at Goodger & Nayloy's shoe factory, 65 South St. Paul street; residence, 6 Griffith St.

Forty Years a Sufferer.

Mr. E. W. Howell, of No. 2 College street writes that he has suffered with rheumatism in his hips, knees and arms, for forty years, and that he has not known what it was to be free from pain until he began the use of Dr. Pardee's Remedy. He has used ten bottles and has not felt any rheumatic pains or symptoms since.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Pardee's Remedy, and take no other. Price $1 per bottle; six bottles, $5.

Pardee Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y.

The newest fancies in gold and metal embroideries are "Indienne" and "Carnatic."

Which dress lasts a lady the longest? Her house dress, because she never wears it out.

Mr. Arthur Shurtleff, Parker, Dakota, writes that he suffered for two years with a lame knee, which was entirely cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. He considers it a most wonderful remedy. It conquors pain.

Mr. Stevens, who has made a tour of the world on his bicycle, is being feasted in every city where he stops on the way from San Francisco, eastward.

The gross mineral output of Montana last year, was $24,000,000, of which there was $3,500,000 in gold, $7,000,000 in copper, and $13,500,000 in silver.

A Chicago butcher admits that two-thirds of the canned meat sold in the markets there as chicken is in reality the meat of rabbits that have been long frozen.

Dr. Hostetter, a patent medicine man of New York, has just been directed by the arbitrators to pay $286,000 to the heir of his former partner, Dr. W. Smith.

Mr. L. D. Vinson, Cashier D. & I. R. R., has tried and endorses Red Star Cough Cure.

Silver threaded crape worn over satin and combined with plush for the bodice, is the favorite ball gown for the season.

If You Use Tobacco or Stimulants.

You certainly should use Carter's Little Nerve Pills.

Glossy beaver hats are worn by young ladies with dressy afternoon toilets as well as with tailor made suits in the morning.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, take Piso's Cure for Consumption and rest well.

During the past winter no less than one hundred children have burned to death.

Deep Sea Wonders

exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co. Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have earned over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

Entire dresses of English crape are made for widows.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, Depression of Spirits and General Debility, in their various forms also as a preventive against Fever and Ague, and other Intermittent Fevers, the "FERRO-PHOSPHORATED ELIXIR OF CALISAYA," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from Fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

MacMahon's daughter's wedding presents only filled eleven specially made tables.

S. S. CONOVER

Rejoicing Over His Late Great Success.

I have been afflicted with rheumatism twenty years. For the last ten years have been obliged to use crutches. Often my left hip and knee would entirely give out. Have expended a large amount of money for remedies recommended as a cure for that terrible disease, have used the most powerful liniments on my hip and knee to sooth the pain, that I might get a little sleep. My hip and knee had lost nearly all strength by the use of the liniments, and I could get no help. I saw an advertisement of your remedy in a paper and ordered half a dozen bottles of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, took them and received some relief, ordered another dozen. Have taken seven of the last dozen, and I am happy in saying that I know I am being cured. Have not used any liniments since I commenced taking your syrup. When I began taking your syrup I could not take a step without the use of a cane; neither could I turn myself in bed without aid; can now turn in bed without any trouble; can walk about my house and office without the use of my cane. After loosing track of it, for the reason when I take a long walk I take it along. My office is four block from my house; I have not walked to or from it in over a year until last Thursday a week. Since that time I have walked to and from it every day, except Sunday. I am truly rejoicing that I am fast being relieved from such a terrible affliction.

Wishing that I might herald to all who are afflicted with disease the merits of your wonderful medicine, I write you of the benefits which I have derived from its use. Send me one half dozen bottles syrup and one-third dozen plasters by express C. O. D. This I want for a friend in the northern part of this county. He is a great sufferer with rheumatism.

Very truly,
S. S. CONOVER.

Agt. of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co., Manistee, Mich.

Special Notice.

GREENVILLE, MICH., Oct. 22, 1886.

Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich.:

DEAR SIR—In reply to your letter, I am glad to grant your request. In nature my disease was a severe case of inflammatory rheumatism. It had been running five years and affected me in all parts of my body from my head to my feet. I was at times so crippled in my hands and limbs as to be unable to help myself. I have used your medicine about six weeks; in all about three bottles. I am now able to do my own work in better spirits, no pains, and continually improving. My age is 63, and my condition a year ago and now, speaks very highly of what your medicine has done for me.

Am happy indeed to recommend its true merits. It is the best remedy we have ever used.

Respectfully,
MRS. A. W. CALDWELL.

A movement is on foot to form a national assembly of blast furnacemen similar to the national organization of miners and glass workers.

FOR BRONCHIAL, ASTHMATIC AND PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have remarkably curative properties. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts.

The Russian bang, nearly straight, and only slightly curled under at the ends, is the accepted arrangement of the front hair of little people and young girls.

Little boys of three and four wear their hair in long loose curls, and love lock hanging over the ears and a straight bang across the forehead.

Large plaids in vanishing effects of blue and brown are combined with golden brown plush for young girls' and little children's frocks.

A QUESTION ABOUT
Brown's Iron Bitters
ANSWERED.

The question has probably been asked thousands of times, "How can Brown's Iron Bitters cure everything?" Well, it doesn't. But it does cure any disease for which a reputable physician would prescribe IRON. Physicians recognize Iron as the best restorative agent known to the profession, and inquiry of any leading chemical firm will substantiate the assertion that there are more preparations of iron than of any other substance used in medicine. This shows conclusively that iron is acknowledged to be the most important factor in successful medical practice. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that prior to the discovery of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS no perfectly satisfactory iron combination had ever been found.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—all other iron medicines do. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Weakness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, Tired Feeling, General Debility, Pain in the Side, Back or Limbs, Headache and Neuralgia—for all these ailments Iron is prescribed daily.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, however, does not cure in a minute. Like all other thorough medicines it acts slowly. When taken by men the first symptom of benefit is renewed energy. The muscles then become firmer, the digestion improves, the bowels are active. In women the effect is usually more rapid and marked. The eyes begin at once to brighten; the skin clears up; healthy color comes to the cheeks; nervousness disappears; functional derangements become regular, and if a nursing mother, abundant sustenance is supplied for the child. Remember Brown's Iron Bitters is the ONLY iron medicine that is not injurious. *Physicians and Druggists recommend it.*

The Genuine has Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. TAKE NO OTHER.

The wife of a railroad president was caught stealing dry goods in a Cleveland store the other day.

By its innumerable cures, made under all possible conditions, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has secured for itself a most enviable reputation for great usefulness. Price 25 cents.

A novelty in spring woolens is Valentia, having velvet and plush stripes on plain surfaces.

Round-shoulder capes of fur, Persian lamb, seal, seal plush and black plush are much worn.

When a girl gets in a husband a better man than she expected him to be he is a sir prize to her.

Costumes composed of combinations in plain and striped goods bid fair to be very popular.

When a small capote or Fanchon bonnet is unbecoming a woman should wear a larger bonnet.

New light woolens come in blocks of white, blue, scarlet, green, olive, primrose and heliotrope.

An intelligent person when hurt will at once procure a bottle of Salvation Oil. It is the best thing to cure swellings, burns, or wounds. All druggists sell it, at 25c.

There it is again going the rounds of the paper that Frank Hurd has made $25,000 as a fee in a case for MacKay, the millionaire, recently.

All Men are not Bad.

Neither are all prepared remedies unreliable. This is proven by the results following the use of Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic for dyspepsia, rheumatism, scrofula, jaundice, torpid liver, and general weakness.

Lew Wallace's third novel, nearly half finished, will probably be published in March. It will be a romance, with the scene laid in Constantinople.

Young Girls

are at a critical period when they are about maturing and developing into women. The lack of watchful care at this time may result in fixing irregularities upon the delicate organs and entailing a long list of "female weaknesses." All this may be avoided, and the young woman come through this period clothed in all the beauty and strength of a perfectly healthy organization by the aid of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," prepared especially for female troubles by one of the most successful physicians of the day.

The annual examination at West Point has just been completed. Thirty-nine cadets were found deficient, and have been dismissed.

Russell Sage

is a well-known operator in Wall street, who is generally considered as "up in snuff." Hence, it may have been quite natural that a countryman who reads the papers recently called at his office and asked for a package of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. He discovered his mistake, but he made no mistake in the article called for. This Remedy, when applied with Dr. Pierce's "Nasal Douche," will surely and rapidly eradicate the most aggravated case of catarrh, with all its unpleasant and dangerous accompaniments.

There are so many different ways of using fur as a dress accessory for warmth or ornament as there are different kinds of furs.

* * * * Male weakness and loss of power promptly cured. Book, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The wearing of wool materials on all occasions by children has greatly diminished the use of silken stuffs for their best frocks.

YOURS for HEALTH

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND,
Is a Positive Cure

For ALL of those Painful Delicate Complaints and Complicated troubles and Weaknesses so common among our Wives, Mothers, and Daughters.

It will cure entirely all ovarian or vaginal troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, & consequent spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the change of life.

Lydia E. Pinkham
The Woman's Sure Friend

IT IS A BLESSING TO OVERWORKED WOMEN. IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. CURES LEUCORRHŒA, MENSTRUAL PERIODS PASSED *without PAIN*.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1. per bottle.

OAKLAWN
The Great Nursery of
PERCHERON HORSES.
200 Imported Brood Mares
Of Choicest Families.
LARGE NUMBERS, All Ages, both Sexes, IN STOCK.

300 to 400 IMPORTED ANNUALLY from France, all recorded with extended pedigrees in the Percheron Stud Books. The Percheron is the only draft breed of France possessing a stud book that has the support and endorsement of the French Government. Send for 120-page Catalogue, illustrations by Rosa Bonheur.

M. W. DUNHAM,
Wayne, DuPage Co., Illinois.

THE GRAND RAPIDS HERD
Holstein-Friesians.

About 100 HEAD of both sexes and all ages. Several Head of
BULLS READY for SERVICE
Up to two years old. Choice Cows and Heifers bred to my prize service bulls
Prins Midlum and Jonge Carre,
Who have no superiors. A specialty of young pairs not akin for foundation stock. Every Head Registered and Guaranteed Pure-Bred. Write for Catalogue and prices, and state age and sex desired, or come and see the herd.
M. L. SWEET, Breeder and Importer,
[MENTION THIS PAPER.] Grand Rapids, Mich.

CATARRH, HEADACHE, ASTHMA, NEURALGIA,
Quickly relieved by using Cushman's Menthol Inhaler and by continued use effect a cure. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. It lasts from six months to one year. Price 50 cents, by mail or at druggist. Circulars mailed on application.
H. D. CUSHMAN, Three Rivers, Mich.

JONES HE PAYS the FREIGHT
5 Ton Wagon Scales, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box for
$60.
Every size Scale. For free price list mention this paper and address
JONES OF BINGHAMTON,
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Don't Buy SEEDS, ROSES, PLANTS, FRUIT OR ORNAMENTAL TREES, GRAPE VINES OR ANYTHING IN THE NURSERY LINE, without first writing for our valuable FREE Catalogue, the BEST we ever issued, containing the Rarest New and Choicest Old. | 21 LARGE GREENHOUSES 33d YEAR. 700 ACRES.
THE STORRS & HARRISON CO. PAINESVILLE, OHIO.

Why did the Women

of this country use over *thirteen million* cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886?

Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.

WIZARD OIL CONCERTS

Have been enjoyed by citizens of every town and city in the U. S. Marvelous Cures have been witnessed by thousands of people, who can testify to THE WONDERFUL HEALING POWER OF

Hamlin's Wizard Oil.

Neuralgia, Toothache, Headache, Earache, Catarrh, Croup, Sore Throat, Lame Back, Stiff Joints, Contracted Cords,

RHEUMATISM,

Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Fever Sores, Wounds, Old Sores, Chilblains, Frost Bites, Sore Nipples, Caked Breasts, and

All Aches and Pains,

are quickly relieved by this magical remedy. Try it once and you will never be without it. For sale by Druggists. Price, 50c. Our SONG BOOK free to all. Address WIZARD OIL COMPANY, CHICAGO.

HARTER'S THE ONLY TRUE IRON TONIC

Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS and RESTORE the HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured: Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power.

LADIES Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe and speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. Frequent attempts at counterfeiting only add to the popularity of the original. Do not experiment—get the ORIGINAL AND BEST.

Dr. HARTER'S LIVER PILLS Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Dose and Dream Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage.

Address DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER

Highest Awards of Medals in Europe and America

The neatest, quickest, safest and most powerful remedy known for Rheumatism, Pluersy, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, Weakness, colds in the chest and all aches and pains. Endorsed by 5,000 Physicians and Druggists of the highest repute. Benson's Plasters promptly relieve and cure where other plasters and greasy salves, liniments and lotions, are absolutely useless. Beware of imitations under similar sounding names, such as "Capsicum," "Capucin," "Capsicine," as they are utterly worthless and intended to deceive. ASK FOR BENSON'S AND TAKE NO OTHERS. All druggists. SEABURY & JOHNSON, Proprietors, New York.

One Agent (Merchant Only) wanted in every town for

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

Having sold your "Tansill's Punch" 5c cigar for years I find contrary to my usual experience with cigars that they improve rather than deteriorate in quality. My customers pronounce the last case the best I have ever had.

F. E. ROBINSON, Druggist, Colorado Springs Col.

Address R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago.

Pages Arnica Oil

The best salve in the world for Burns, Wounds and sores of all kinds. Boils, Felons, Chilblains, Frozen Feet, Piles, Barber's Itch, Sore Eyes, Chapped Hands, Sore Throat, Scald Head, Pimples on the Face, and all skin diseases.

For Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Constipation use Page's Mandrake Pills. Above remedies sold by Druggists or sent by mail for 25 cents by C. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

Marvellous Memory DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike Artificial Systems—Cure of Mind Wandering—Any book learned in one reading. Heavy reductions for postal classes. Prospectus, with opinions of Mr. PROCTOR, the Astronomer, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, Drs. MINOR, WOOD and others, sent post FREE, by

PROF. LOISETTE,
237 Fifth Avenue, New York

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 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.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS

RUPTURE

Positively cured in 60 days by Dr. Horne's Electro-Magnetic Belt-Truss, combined. Guaranteed the only one in the world generating a continuous Electric & Magnetic current. Scientific, Powerful, Durable, Comfortable and Effective. Avoid frauds. Over 9,000 cured. Send stamp for pamphlet. ALSO ELECTRIC BELTS FOR DISEASES. Dr. HORNE, INVENTOR, 191 WABASH AVE. CHICAGO.

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

SOLDIERS' MANUAL 16 PAGE PAMPHLET of important information. Send for it. MILO B. STEVENS & CO., PENSION ATTORNEYS, CHICAGO, ILL.

ASTHMA CURED!

German Asthma Cure never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases, insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50 cts. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. DR. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

FACE, HANDS, FEET,

and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting and their treatment. Send 10c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition. Dr. J. H. Woodbury, 37 N. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y., Est'b'd 1870.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

PATENTS 15 years' experience as Examiner in U. S. Patent Office. Send model or sketch for free opinion whether patent can be secured. New book on patents free. References: Commissioner of Patents or any other official of the U. S. Patent Office. E. B. STOCKING, Attorney, 611 F St., Washington, D. C.

WARREN'S FEATHERBONE **For Dressmaking!**

Ladies who wear *Featherbone* in *Dresses, Waists or Corsets* are delighted with it. Soft and pliable. *Absolutely unbreakable.* For sale everywhere. Try it.

HOME TREATMENT of our readers suffering from Organic Weakness, Nervous or Chronic Ailments, should write to DR. WILLIAMS, 189 Wis. St., Milwaukee, Wis., for a 64-page book, giving the proper treatment in full, and this should be everywhere.

WE WANT YOU! a live energetic man or woman needing profitable employment to represent us in every county. Salary $75 per month and expenses, or a large commission on sales if preferred. Goods staple. Every one buys. Outfit and particulars Free. STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

MORPHINE-OPIUM Habit Painlessly Cured at Home. Treatment sent on trial and NO PAY asked until you are benefited. Terms Low. Humane Remedy Co., LaFayette, Ind.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Business forms, Penmanship Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc., thoroughly taught by mail. Circulars free. BRYANT'S COLLEGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

SHORTHAND Writing thoroughly taught by mail or personally. Situations procured all pupils when competent. Send for circular. W. G. Chaffee, Oswego, N. Y.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES A sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 35cts. by mail. Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

PATENTS F. A. LEHMANN, Solicitor of Patents, WASHINGTON, D. C. Send for Circular.

OPIUM and Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. Refer to 1000 patients cured in all parts. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster's Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

TELEGRAPHY Learn here and earn good pay. Situations furnished. Write Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

W. N. U. D.--5--8

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