THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

How It Aided an Insurance Adjuster in Dakota.

Judge England, of this city, is not only well known here, but throughout the territory. Last fall while acting as adjuster for an insurance company he went to Pierre to settle a small loss on household goods sustained by a policyholder.

After the judge reached Pierre, but before he called on the man, he learned that he and his family were members of the Methodist church and very upright sort of people, so the judge looked forward to an easy settlement, as he doubted not that they would be willing to do what was fair, and he knew that he was himself ready to allow all that was really due. It might also be mentioned right here that the judge has not, so far in life, connected himself with any church organization.

He called at the man's house, and, after some preliminary conversation, said:

"Well, Mr. Wilcox, we might as well make out a list of the things burned or damaged. Just mention some of them, and I will note them down, and I think we can agree on this matter very readily."

"Well, there was a silk dress, for one thing," replied the man.

"Yes—how much was it worth?"

"Seventy-five dollars."

"Ah, um, Mr. Wilcox—expensive dress."

"It was," interposed Mrs. Wilcox, "it was my wedding dress and cost $125. I wouldn't have taken $500 for it."

"Er, yes, very likely; anything else?"

"There was a sewing-machine, worth $60."

"Sixty dollars, eh? Now you see sewing-machines have a more fixed value than silk dresses. I can get the best sewing-machines made for $35."

"Not one like ours. It cost $75 and was worth every cent of $60—I couldn't think of taking any less,' said Mr. Wilcox.

"Pass it for now—give me something else."

"Parlor organ injured fully $100 worth."

"I can get a pretty good new one for that amount."

"Not like ours, mister," said one of the large girls, "it cost $250."

"Can't allow you so much, I'm afraid. What else?"

"I lost a suit of clothes," said Mr. Wilcox, worth $70."

"Now, look here, my friend, I don't believe your clothes cost that much," returned the judge, beginning to get warmed up.

"I tell you they did; they cost $80, and I'm not going to let no insurance company beat me out of it, either. You just do this thing fair or get out and I'll sue your old company."

"That's right, Henry," said his wife, "we're not going to let any traveling insurance agent beat us out of what belongs to us."

The children appeared to look at it in the same way, and the judge didn't see much encouragement, when a plan suddenly struck him:

"Brother Wilcox," he said solemnly, "we must ask for help in this matter."

"What!" said Brother Wilcox, looking at him.

"I say we must make this business a matter of prayer. You and your excellent wife here belong to the Methodist church, I believe?"

"Yes, sir; do you?"

"I've been a member of that church for thirty years. Let us pray and see if our way does not become more clear in this matter."

So they all knelt down and the judge led in prayer. He could not remember having done such a thing since on a certain occasion when he tumbled down an old well while he was a boy, but he speedily got the hang of it. He struck in on the heathen in foreign lands, made a touching appeal for the sick and needy, remembered distant friends, touched on the church and church extension in the west, and wound up with an appeal for the little band who had gathered together to adjust a certain insurance loss. The judge grew very impressive, and asked for strength for himself and his good brother and devout sister and also their children, that they might adjust the loss even as it should be adjusted; that they might all know the true price of silk dresses and sewing-machines and store clothes. He ended in a particularly touching manner, his voice trembling, and when they arose tears stood in the eyes of the entire party. Wilcox grasped the judge's hand, pressed it fervently, and said:

"Brother England, let us begin again."

"Yes, let us begin again, brother," returned the judge.

"Now, the dress first. Maria was it the calico or the gingham?" asked Wilcox of his wife.

"It—it—it was the calico, Henry."

"One calico dress, Brother England."

"Worth about 40 cents, Brother Wilcox?"

"Not more than that, was it, Maria?"

Not more than 30, Henry. I had worn it all summer."

"Dress, 30 cents; go on, Brother Wilcox."

"The sewing-machine got the leaf broken off—we had it fixed for half a dollar."

"Sewing-machine, 50 cents; go on, brother."

"The organ was scorched on one end—what did the varnish cost, Susie?"

"Fifteen cents, pa."

"Organ, 15 cents—proceed, brother."

"Suit of clothes—well, it's these that I have on—the coat-sleeve got wet."

"It didn't damage it much, did it, Brother Wilcox?"

"It did it good, Brother England," said Mrs. Wilcox. "There was mud on the sleeve and the water washed it off; it improved the coat."

"I think it will be satisfactory to the company. Anything else?"

"No-o-o, I guess not; is there, Maria?"

"I can't think of anything more."

"All right; total 95 cents. I'll make you out a draft for that amount, brother," and the judge did so and went away with more faith in the efficacy of prayer than he ever had before.—*Dakota Bell.*

It is strange that the potters can not go into the base ball business. They can make such good pitchers.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

ABOUT THE WASP.

Some of His Distinguishing Characteristics.

A majority think unkindly of the wasp. They cannot forget its sting. The prejudice is not an admirable one, as some prejudices are; race prejudice, for instance, which is the making of nations. But not this one against wasps. For it is really only a protest against a vigorous personality, against the assertion of individual power. In the human species there are wasps—strong-flighted men, whom most fear, and many, out of our sheer weakness, hate, for their robustness of mind and their intellectual aggressiveness. Such do not work in wax, nor store honey. Yet the workmanship of bees, as compared with that of wasps, is the workmanship of blind mutes imitating a pattern by touch of fingers as compared with that of uncrippled and independent intellect. The life history of the wasp, too, is far more worthy of self than the hive folk. Sting? Of course they do, if necessity arises, and often, grateful to Providence for the weapon, they make the necessity for themselves. Ought they to keep their talents wrapped in napkins?

No one likes bees better than I do. I have kept hives. But, after all, they are not the cattle and poultry of the insects? They are the sheep, while the wasps are the wild deer. The one represents routine, the other one protests against routine. What poetry is there in the lives of bees as compared with that of wasps?—in the tame citizenship of the artificial hive, the machine-made honey comb, as compared with the romance of the woodland comb-maker? Both bee and wasp need honey; but the latter, when he has not the leisure (or the will) to gather it for itself, goes after the former. "What, ho, there!" it cries. "You bumbling fellow, in your jerkin of wooly brown, stand and deliver!"—and the bee does.

A pirate of the air? a highwayman of skyey roads and heaths? No, no; not at all. This is the way of courageous genius, that knows how to take the bricks which the diligent mechanical student has been piling up into regular heaps in his brick-yard, and to build beautiful houses with them. Left alone, they would have been piles of bricks, and nothing more, forever and a day. But a better man comes along and bravely possesses himself of them. "You can go and rummage for more," he says to the toiler among the clay; that is your life-work—to make bricks. Mine is to build with the bricks which you make." Of course, the bee buzzes and says: "You musn't; you really ought not. I want the honey myslef to fill a cell with." The wasp replies: "Deliver, or you are a dead bee." Or suppose they argue more calmly: "What are you doing?" demands the wasp. 'Going home with my honey-bag," replies the other. "What for?" "To fill a cell with." "Well, what then? When the cell is filled what shall you do?" "Shut it up and begin another," is the reply. "And then?" "Fill that up, too, and begin another." Imagine the generous fury of the wasp! "Oh, thou mutton-headed fl—! And is *that* the end of life—to fill cells with honey and eat none? To sweat all the summer through and have no harvest of your toil? O thou gross one! Thou honey-grubber! Thou miser of honey-bags! Perpetually filling for others to void—and without the wit to see that thou art the sport of spendthrifts. Out of this! Give up your honey, or, odd zooks! this rapier at the end of me shall rid the world of a numskull variet." But, like the sturdy good citizen that he is, the bee often refuses to surrender, and then woe to him, the poor honest fellow in his fustian coat. For my gentleman whips out his bodkin, and there is an end of the bee.

In short, there is a great deal to say about the wasp, and in its favor. Its soldierly ways, so "smart" and alert—the lancer in the field, a gladiator at need. When they go abroad it is with military motions—scouting, skirmishing, foraging, fighting. And the nest is a citadel. There is no "bumbling" variety of the wasp, no "bumble" wasp. They make very little fuss about what they do. Yet sometimes, when they go by, there is slung past your ear a sound like a rifle-bullet; not like the bees of "a full content," but an eager racing voice that has an objective point before it. Thus they keep life from getting stagnant. Many insects would go to sleep altogether if it were not for the wasps, who are forever reconnoitering other people's premises. Just as nature keeps a hawk hung up in the air to teach the groundlings that 'life is not all beer and skittles," so she always has a wasp on hand to repress the idea of perpetual gayety among insects. It is the falcon of the dipterous folk. So, too, when it is not at work, there is a delightful idleness about the wasp; a thorough complete vacancy which is enough to send a honey-bee mad to see. But for myself I hold perpetual labor in abominotion, and believe my hatred of it just.—*St. James's Gazette.*

A Singular Phenomenon.

"There are great many funny occurrences in this world," observed an Austin attorney.

"Been reading the Congressional Record, have you?" flippantly inquired a young physician.

"No, sir, I never read fiction. It is something entirely different."

"Well, what is it that bothers you?"

"It is this. I saw quite recently a chicken's head cut off, and the body of the bird flopped around for a few minutes afterward. I cannot understand it."

"O, that's simple enough," was the reply. "You see the bird's head was off, wasn't it?"

"Yes, short off."

"Well the seat of intelligence is in the head. The chicken's head being off—entirely disconnected with the body—it didn't know for some time whether it was dead or not."—*Texas Siftings.*

She Could Distinguish Them.

"Speaking of Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Jones," remarked Fangle "they resemble very much."

"Yes, they look a good deal alike," assented Mrs. Fangle.

"In fact, I can't tell them apart; but I suppose you can, my dear?"

"Well, I should just think I could! Why Mrs. Jones' bonnet cost four times as much as Mrs. Robinson's."—*Oil City Derrick.*

The Old Sleigh.

"'Lizabeth!"

"Coming."

"There, mother, old Speckle has returned thanks at last," holding up a plump, white egg that would do credit to any queen of the poultry yard:

"Well, I allers said that hen was thankful for past mercies, though your father would laugh every time I said so. Liddy Steven has jest been here; she wanted to see you, but you was gone so long I thought you must be down to Mis' Pennell's."

"Yes, I met her as she came through the yard."

"She didn't tell you the news, did she?"

"She told me Will Marston had returned from California."

"It does beat all 'bout that boy—seems jest like the piece o' poetry you read sometimes about the feller that went off and stayed so many years and then come back and took his mother out o' the the poor-house—only it's the father this time. 'The very worst of the deacon's six,' it called him, and that's jest what Will was then. I never believed he had anything to do with that scrape down to the village. Liddy says he's terribly rich, and is going to take care of his father; the deacon must be glad, for I guess he's stayed with Caleb most as long as he can comfortably. They say he's going to marry Sam Miller's darter Ruth. You see when Bob Miller went out there for his health Will found him out and done little kindnesses for him, and when he was too sick to write home Will wrote for him. Part o' the time Sam was sick hisself, so Ruth answered the letters, and he fell in love with her in that way. There didn't anybody but the deacon and the Millers know he was coming. Sam drove down to the depot and carried him up to Caleb's. Guess they was some surprised to see him."

There is no knowing how long Mrs. Allen would have gone on, her tongue keeping time to the busy click-clack of her needles, had not Mr. Allen's step, sounded on the walk.

'Lizabeth never talked much, and the mother did not mind her silence tonight. A slight quiver about the sensative mouth alone told how keenly the words were felt, and the sigh of relief which escabed at the welcome sound of her father's voice was lost in the noise made as he entered, stamping the snow from his boots.

"Why, father, does it snow? I ben so busy talking I haint thought to look out of the window for some time."

"Yes, it's begun to come down right smart; shouldn't wonder if it was good sleighing by to-morrow."

"You don't think it's going to be a long storm?"

Mrs. Allen's face had an anxious expression as she asked the question, for a long storm meant days of exile for her.

"No, I sh'll be surprised if it don't clear up by to-morrow noon—so's 'Lizbeth and I can take a ride to the village; that'll be a treat, won't it darter?" and the smile that lighted up his daughter's face pleased him better than any answer could have done.

Guess I'll get the old sleigh out. Ben Smart's ben down to the city, and he says he saw lots jest like it; it's five years since I sent Jim to the village for the new one, and it's never been out since. I'm glad it's coming into fashion again, for I never enjoyed myself complete in the new one—always felt a little above my station," and Farmer Allen's laugh rang through the sitting-room at the fitness of his remark.

"Well, 'Lizabeth, you get supper on the table, and I'll tell father the news while he warms his feet. He's ben down to the wood lot all the afternoon and hain't heard nothing of the strange things that has been happenning up here."

Having arranged things to her satisfaction, the stocking Mrs. Allen had dropped on the enterance of her husband continued to grow under her deft fingers, while the news lost none of its interest with repetition.

That night, after 'Lizabeth had taken her candle and said good night, Mr. Allen sat for some time looking at the fire, then suddenly broke out:

"Mother, don't you think 'Lizabeth looks kind o' peaked lately? Then she don't seem to eat as much as usual."

"There, father, you're always fretting 'bout that girl. I don't know what you'd a done if you'd had six like your brother Jonathan."

"I didn't know but the news about Will might affect her some. You know they used to think so much of each other."

"Massy, father! that was years and years ago, when they were children. 'Lizabeth's too sensible a girl to let a feller like Will Marston disturb her. When he stopped writing to her, she gave him up. She's worked hard today, and a good night's rest will bring her round."

There seemed nothing more to be said, so he took a light and proceeded to make everything safe for the night, but long after his good wife was asleep, he lay awake thinking of the pale face his daughter had lifted for the good-night kiss."

'Lizabeth was not likely to get the strength her mother thought from a night's rest. Until the first rays of morning lighted up the east she lay thinking of the old days, and living them over again. She could not remember the time when she and Will had not seemed to belong to each other. When they were children he had drawn her to and from school on his sled, saved her the largest half of his apple or orange, and fought all her battles with a vigor worthy of an old knight. When the years in their flight made them no longer children, it was always Will who, at the close of meeting or singing-school, drew her arm through his with an air of proprietorship and started for the Allen farm. After his mother's death he had not chosen his associates wisely, but in spite of scorn and opposition, without disobedience, she had clung to him and trusted.

Then came the affair at the village. One dark night a party of roughs had broken into 'Squire Peasley's barn, tied together the legs of all his hens, nailed up Whitefoot's stall, and then, climbing the roof of the ell, had placed a board soaked in salt and water over the chimney. The old gentleman, who lived alone, was obliged to travel on a slipery ground to the nearest neighbor for help. The villagers were justly indignant, and for punishing the miscreants, but no clue to them could be found.

Will was away from home that night, and suspicion rested on him as one of the party, until he could bear it no longer, and decided to go away.

It seemed but yesterday—their parting in the old trysting-place.

Will had slipped the tiny gold band she wore upon her finger—it seemed but a thread of gold now—asking her to wear it until he came back.

"For," said he, "I'll never come back till I can offer you a name and a home. Somehow, the devil has had possession of me lately, but bad as I am, I would scorn to do what they accuse me of—torture a feeble old man. While you believe and trust me, there are plenty who do not." And with a last "Good-bye, my Beth," he was gone. When the first letter came addressed to Miss Beth Allen in Will's round, boyish hand, Mr. Allen frowned and his wife scolded; but when she was for stopping the correspondence at once, he said:

"There, there, mother! let the girl write to him if she wants to; she won't do him any harm, and I can trust her for a true Allen not to go far out of the way."

So the matter had dropped, and for five years 'Lizabeth's letters were received without comment; then they ceased suddenly and unexpectedly. For months 'Lizabeth watched the mails with anxious face. Mrs. Allen shook her head with an "I told you he didn't amount to anything," whenever there was no one but her husband to hear, and Mr. Allen waited in silence.

Time does much toward healing such wounds, and five years had made it seem more like an unpleasant dream than a reality; when the news of Will's return came, awakening memories of other days.

For once Mr. Allen was weatherwise. The snow had fallen through the night, covering the earth as with a mantle; the feathery flakes continued to come lazily down until just before twelve o'clock, then there was a rift in the western sky, and when the old yellow sleigh stood at the door the sun shone as bright as ever.

"Be careful, father, and don't let 'Lizabeth get cold waiting for you," was Mrs. Allen's parting injunction as she came to the door to see them off.

There was just wind enough to lift the newly-fallen snow and send it in little whirls to lie sparkling and glistening a few yards from where it had fallen. Robin was in excellent spirits, and Mr. Allen declared as he drew up in front of the village post-office that the distance never seemed so short.

"Draw the robe close around you, darter, and don't get tired waiting. I've got to bargain with Sam Chase about that stove, but I'll be quick as I can; then we'll drive down to Burnham's and get the book you mentioned." With this and an extra pull to Robin's blanket, Mr. Allen was gone.

"Father was right, the old sleigh is more comfortable than the new one," 'Lizabeth thought, as she nestled down in one corner, drawing the robes more closely to keep out the puffs of wind that tried to find enterance at all corners. While tucking the robe between the cushion and the side of the sleigh her finger touched something smooth like paper.

"One of father's old receipts, he's so careless," she thought, with a fond smile, as she drew it forth for inspection. But a glance was needed to show her mistake.

It was a letter yellow with age, unopened and addressed to herself in the handwriting she knew so well. She could scarcely trust her eyes, but there was the familiar post-mark—San Francisco—and she was just leaning forward to read the date, when a gust of wind, taking it from her hands, deposited it at the feet of a gentleman who was passing.

She dared not look up, but in a moment he was handing it toward her, saying:

"Is this your property, Miss Allen?"

At the sound of the voice, so little changed that she would' know it anywhere, the hot blood rushed to her face, and she had scarcely courage to reply:

"I think so. I never saw it before."

She felt the keen eyes search her face, and there was a touch of scorn in the question that followed.

"It is an old letter addressed to you, and you never saw it before?"

She felt as if she must vindicate herself, and her answer came full and clear.

"I just found it in the old sleigh. I do not know how long it has lain there."

He glanced again at the letter; it must be the same one; he knew the date so well. The tone was almost eager now.

"You never saw it before, Beth? You did not receive it, my last letter, and leave it unanswered?"

"Could you doubt me, Will?" She was was looking him in the face now.

"I might have known better, but you were always so punctual, and when I received no answer to my last letter I was too proud to write and ask an explanation. I thought you had given me up, like every one else in B——. Can you forgive me for my want of confidence?" But he needed not words for answer.

When Mr. Allen came hurrying back the old sleigh had two occupants. It was some time before they could explain affairs to his bewildered mind, but when light began to dawn he exclaimed:

"It was that Jim; he's so careless! lost a letter for me once!"

Will was persuaded to accompany them home, and it was a very merry party that surprised Mrs. Allen by their early appearance.

As soon as possible Mr. Allen hurried his wife off to the kitchen to unravel the mystery, while Will and 'Lizabeth read and re-read the old letter by the light of the hickory fire.

What Ruth Miller would say was a source of much anxiety to Mrs. Allen, until one day Will remarked, much to her peace of mind, that Ruth had been engaged for some time to a friend of his in the West—a gentleman she met some years before while visiting in the city.

The house upon the hill Will and 'Lizabeth call home, and the old yellow sleigh—well, as Mr. Allen says, it's not every sleigh that can boast of a romance like that.—*Portland Transcript.*

Twenty different states now observe Arbor day.

Wine-dealers in San Francisco are making arrangements to ship wines to Japan, Norway, and Germany.

"Swan's eggs on toast" is one of the latest dish as that have found favor among the epicureans of Albany, N. Y.

A winery at Marysville, Cal., has made preparations to consume two thousand tons of grapes during the coming season.

One of the Albany, N. Y., storekeepers is a young girl 15 years old. She manages the store without assistance, and pursues a growing business.

The professor of physical education in the University of Pennsylvania, aided by the faculty, are stopping the smoking of cigarettes on the college grounds.

The Y. M. C. A., at Cornell university is making an effort to form a religious library for the use of its members. The association has three hundred members.

Not one in twelve New York city lads who presented themselves to undergo the physical examination as preliminary to competition for admission to a cadetship at the Naval academy passed.

Steam which collected around one hundred tin driving-cans in a dyeing, printing, and bleaching establishment at Bronxdale, N. Y., caused an explosion which shook the country for three miles.

In San Francisco, Cal., the other day, a school-teacher compelled her scholars to strip to skin to find who had stolen a little girl's dress pin. The next day the lost article was found in the school-yard.

A great school for brewers is about to be established in the old university town of Donal, France. It is calculated that in this way Donal will supply France with brewers, whose beer will drive the German beverage completely out of the field.

The Sans Souci hôtel at Ballston, N. Y., which at the time of its erection was the largest hostelry in the United States, has been sold to a New York library. It has numbered among its guests such men as Webster, Clay, Douglas, and Calhoun.

A little Indian boy, whose problem in arithmetic to work out was "Divide 1,000 by 9," worked away very patiently until the slate was nearly covered with 9's and 1 over, then, looking up to his teacher, in tones of great perplexity, said: "Miss Blank, I can not stop."

In Rondout, N. Y., there is a restaurant that displays printed cards which conveys to customers information of what may be obtained there. One of the signs reads as follows: "Lamb chopses;' another, "oyster stewes;" another, "all kindses of pises;" another, "oyster fryses," etc. A man walked into the place, and, after looking at the signs, blandly asked the clerk for a "pieceses of pieses."

Mr. John Gutmon, Sherman, Ky., writes: "I have used St. Jacobs Oil for ten years. It always cured the toothache in about ten minutes." Sold by Druggists and Dealers.

Lowell Courier: The Minister of War in the late French cabinet was saucy enough, but the new one is Saussier.

Philadelphia Herald: The policeman should watch that others may not prey.

Life: Why not offer John L. the presidency of the American pommelogical society.

Life: Editor: A man who accumulates an enormous fortune by minding other people's business.

Yonkers Statesman: "All signs fail in a dry time," but did you ever try winking at the drug clerk?

American Commercial Traveler: The memory of good deeds done in youth is the comfort of old age.

Boston Post: Base ball players should be careful of their diet. They must in particular abjure muffins.

Drake's Magazine: It requires less coal to heat a room when one is courting a widow than when courting a girl.

Texas Siftings: A receiving teller—a gossiping woman.

A Baltimore Police Officer, 30 years on the force, Mr. Henry H. Durkee says: "I suffered with poison oak for more than a year. I tried St. Jackobs Oil; after the second application all the sores dried up and I was cured. I think it invaluable."

A clam dug up at Clinton, Conn., held two pearls worth $20 each.

Judge Orr of Kankakee, Ill., has a goat which runs his lawn mower.

A red-headed negro was recently arraigned in an Albany (N. Y.) police court.

One hundred sparrows' nests were destroyed by the recent tearing down of an ivy vine on a Troy, N. Y., church.

For the past 160 years the mayors of the little town of Caloorden, Germany, have all belonged to the same family.

A turtle caught in New York river, Vermont, and taken to Baltimore, weighed 500 pounds. It measured nearly seven feet from the head to the tip of the tail.

Sadie Moyer of Lansford, Pa., is ten years old, weighs 195 pounds and is taking on fat at the rate of two pounds a week.

Gov. Ames of Massachusetts, lives in magnificent style. It costs him fully $50,000 a year to keep up his Boston establishment.

It is said that there are now 2,400 unmarried women in the various foreign mission fields, engaged in prosecuting mission work.

A New York sea captain has just sued his third wife to obtain possession of "his second wife's shawl, nightgown and $15 in cash."

Miss Elvira Delaney, who was bitten in the arm by a rat in Porto Rico six weeks ago, has died in New London, Conn., of blood poisoning.

C. A. Longfellow, son of the late poet Longfellow, has been on a yacht cruise through the Hawaiian Islands, and is now in San Francisco.

Mayor Hewitt of New York, dates his prosperity from the time he was made tutor to Peter Cooper's daughter, whom he afterwards married.

Jacob Welch of Ritchie county, West Virginia, cut down a hollow maple tree the other day, from which ran twenty seven full grown squirrels.

There is a rare case reported from Brooklyn, where death followed the swallowing of an orange seed. In the fruit season it is well to remember that seed are for the earth, not for the stomach.

The Germans are training dogs to do out-post duty in the army and to perform all sorts of military services. In addition to the canine contingent the Prussians are mobilizing a lot of hawks for the capture of the French carrier pigeons.

The oil portraits of secretaries of the United States treasury in the department building at Washington now extend from Hamilton to Folger, and the officers in charge are now planning to add Messrs. Gresham and Manning to the list.

In the case against the New England firm charged with importing velvet workers under contract, a witness, in describing the nature of the work, incidentally said that for every 100 yards of velveteen a woman cuts and finishes she walks, by actual measurement, 119 miles.

Attention Asked for by Dr. A. M. Spaulding.

Rheumatic Syrup Co:

Gentleman—I am prescribing Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup in my practice and unhesitatingly recommend it for the diseases which you claim it is good for. It is truly a remarkable medicine, compoed as it is of the best alteratives and tonics to be found in the Materia Medica. It operates upon the liver, kidneys and bowels destroying the poison in the blood and tissues. It is a grand tonic and appetizer, and truly a wonderful preparation. For a diseased stomach or a dyspeptic person it has no equal, and should have the approval of the medical faculty. Your Rheumatic plasters are the best I have ever used, and should be worn over the chest by all afflicted with weak lungs, or pains in their chest and stomach.

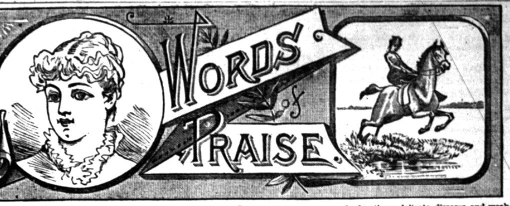
Very truly,
DR. A. M. SPAULDING
119 Canal Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Read the Statement of Rev. Jas. Berry.

Rheumatic Syrup Co:

Last winter and spring I was a terrible sufferer from rheumatism in my left shoulder and arm, suffering the most excruciating pain. I used several highly recommended remedies, but continued to suffer. Getting no relief I finally procured a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, took it according to directions, have used two bottles and it cured me. I can with confidence recommend it to all who are suffering with rheumatic difficulty.

Very truly yours,
REVEREND JAS. BERRY.
Morley, Mich., Dec. 8, 1885.



The following words, in praise of DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION as a remedy for those delicate diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such maladies. They are fair samples of the spontaneous expressions with which thousands give utterance to their sense of gratitude for the inestimable boon of health which has been restored to them by the use of this world-famed medicine.

$100 THROWN AWAY. JOHN E. SEGAR, of *Millenbeck, Va.*, writes: "My wife had been suffering for two or three years with female weakness, and had paid out one hundred dollars to physicians without relief. She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did her more good than all the medicine given to her by the physicians during the three years they had been practicing upon her."

THE GREATEST EARTHLY BOON. MRS. GEORGE HERGER, of *Westfield, N. Y.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from leucorrhea, bearing-down pains, and pain continually across my back. Three bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' restored me to perfect health. I treated with Dr. ——, for nine months, without receiving any benefit. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to us poor suffering women."

THREW AWAY HER SUPPORTER. MRS. SOPHIA F. BOSWELL, *White Cottage, O.*, writes: "I took eleven bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Pellets.' I am doing my work, and have been for some time. I have had to employ help for about sixteen years before I commenced taking your medicine. I have had to wear a supporter most of the time; this I have laid aside, and feel as well as I ever did."

IT WORKS WONDERS. MRS. MAY GLEASON, of *Nunica, Ottawa Co., Mich.*, writes: "Your 'Favorite Prescription' has worked wonders in my case. Again she writes: "Having taken several bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' I have regained my health wonderfully, to the astonishment of myself and friends. I can now be on my feet all day, attending to the duties of my household.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only *symptoms* caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, *directed to the cause* would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

3 PHYSICIANS FAILED. MRS. E. F. MORGAN, of *No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass.*, says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was *perfectly cured*, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, *and enclosing a stamped-envelope for reply.* I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the $1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

JEALOUS DOCTORS. **A Marvelous Cure.**—MRS. G. F. SPRAGUE, of *Crystal, Mich.*, writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, leucorrhea and falling of the womb for seven years, so I had to keep my bed for a good part of the time. I doctored with an army of different physicians, and spent large sums of money, but received no lasting benefit. At last my husband persuaded me to try your medicines, which I was loath to do, because I was prejudiced against them, and the doctors said they would do me no good. I finally told my husband that if he would get me some of your medicines, I would try them against the advice of my physician. He got me six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' also six bottles of the 'Discovery,' for ten dollars. I took three bottles of 'Discovery' and four of 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have been a sound woman for four years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who was troubled in the same way, and she cured herself in a short time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost four years."

THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus, or womb and its appendages, in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It promotes digestion and assimilation of food, cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating and eructations of gas.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

In pregnancy, "Favorite Prescription" is a "mother's cordial," relieving nausea, weakness of stomach and other distressing symptoms common to that condition. If its use is kept up in the latter months of gestation, it so prepares the system for delivery as to greatly lessen, and many times almost entirely do away with the sufferings of that trying ordeal.

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women sold, by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years. **Large bottles** (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large, illustrated Treatise (160 pages) on Diseases of Women.

Address, **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.**

PAINT YOUR BUGGY for ONE DOLLAR

By using COIT'S ONE-COAT BUGGY PAINT. Paint Friday, run it to Church Sunday. Six Fashionable Shades: Black, Maroon, Vermilion, Olive Lake, Brewster and Wagon Greens. No Varnishing necessary. Dries hard with a high Gloss. Tip top for Chairs, Furniture, Baby Carriages, Front Doors, Store Fronts, etc. Will send enough to paint your Buggy upon receipt of One Dollar, and warrant it to wear. Discount to the Trade. COIT & CO., 206 & 208 Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

Pomeroy's Democrat: God gave sunshine to man as he gives love of play to children.

Boston Post: Fearfully and wonderfully made—type-writer copy written by amateurs.

Washington Critic: Some one asks where flies spend the winter. On the stage of course.

Pomeroy's Democrat: Carry happiness to your home, no matter who or what is there.

Texas Siftings: "Conviction is the conscience of the mind," and an abstraction of a jury.

Texas Siftings: The reason figures won't lie is because they always stand for something.

Chicago Merchant Traveler: It is strange the hooping cough isn't prevalent among coopers.

Yonker's Statesman: A man's funnybone, we presume, enables him to "laugh in his sleeve."

For descriptive pamphlet and large map of Nebraska and Colorado, free send name and address to P. S. Eustis, Omaha, Nebraska.

Texas Siftings: A Popular military order—Break ranks.

The Acknowledged Cure for Sick Headache, Carter's Little Liver Pills. Dose, one pill.

Philadelphia Herald: A stop watch—a sleeping policeman.

Do Not Forget that Carter's Little Liver Pills cure sick headache often in two hours.

Washington Critic: Paris green—The American tourist in France.

Not one in twenty are free from some little ailment caused by inaction of the liver. Use Carter's Little Liver Pills. The result will be a pleasant surprise. They give positive relief.

Journal of Education: The merest schoolboy could dispute the saying that "history repeats itself."

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, weak stomach, night sweats, and the early stages of Consumption, "Golden Medical Discovery" is specific. By druggists.

Boston Courier: The stockholder's motto—Man wants but little here below par.

Prematurely Aged.

Many a woman is robbed of those charms which the gentler sex value so highly, and made old before her time by functional irregularities. To such the bloom of youth may be restored by the use of a remedy which has stood the test of time and which is to-day acknowledged to be without an equal as a cure for all female weaknesses—Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." By all druggists.

American Merchant Traveler: Successful treachery is worse than honest defeat.

"Gentle as the Breeze of Evening."

This line of an old hymn is quite appropriate when applied to "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." "I don't like to take pills if I can avoid it" we often hear persons say, "because they constipate me so." Now the "Pellets" never do this. They are so gentle and mild that their effect is almost precisely similar to a natural movement of the bowels, and no unpleasant effects are left behind.

Brick Pomeroy's Democrat: Flowers are nature's kind words.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

A Carlisle dog committed suicide by pushing his head under a gate and choking to death.

PURE COD LIVER OIL made from selected livers, on sea shore by Hazard, Hazard & Co., N. Y. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any other oils in market.

CHAPPED HANDS, FACE, PIMPLES and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap made by Hazard, Hazard & Co., New York.

Detroit Free Press: A bone felon—A person convicted of robbing a grave.

BARBED WIRE.

If you have barbed wire fences, keep **Veterinary Carbolisalve** in your stables. It cures without a scar and renews the hair its original color. 50 cents and $1.00 at Druggists or by mail. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

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Page's 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.

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20 Years Record.

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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.

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The Woman's Sure Friend

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Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

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DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to preform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicine according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

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Builds up the broken-down constitution, purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor. Sold by druggists, $1 a bottle.

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For the relief and cure of all pains, Congestions and Inflammations. 50 cts. a bottle.

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Cures Neuralgia, Toothache, Headache, Catarrh, Croup, Sore Throat,

RHEUMATISM,

Lame Back, Stiff Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Wounds, Old Sores and

All Aches and Pains.

The many testimonials received by us more than prove all we claim for this valuable remedy. It not only relieves the most severe pains, but

It Cures You. That's the Idea!

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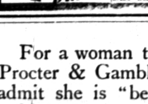

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