"I shall be with you in spirit," as the ear of corn said to the whisky-flask.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Among the Zulus young people fight and get married. Here they get married and fight.—*Texas Siftings.*

It seems very singular that the most modest of ladies should be so partial to undressed kids.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Which is the more avaricious? A man will sin after a dollar while a dog will follow a scent.—*Orange Observer.*

Note for Fishermen—You can generally find a big black bass in the colored church choir.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A New York cynic is of the opinion that many a woman never sheds a tear unless her dressmaker spoils her dress.—*The Epoch.*

The insane who handle firearms never seem to miss aim. This may be because the are "cracked shots.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

If you contemplate making a blind man a birthday present don't select a pair of gold spectacles. Silver ones will answer the same purpose.—*Traveler's Magazine.*

A new style of hose has been imported in which there is a receptacle for each toe. The agricultural papers note this as a new corn cultivator.—*Buffalo Express.*

The worst thing about this conquered-banner controversy is that it will give every represented blatherskite in the country an opportunity to rise up and vex the public ear.—*New York World.*

We are very tolerant people in these United States, but we have a decided prejudice against persons who despise and insult the flag that shelters them and brings them prosperity.—*New York Sun.*

From all over the state come reports of the scarcity of farm-hands. It is a singular thing that the average tramp who is always looking for sale of generally wants a job at hoeing corn in December, but fails entirely to make any appeal in this direction in July.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Seventy-three Indian pupils, mostly Sioux, have just gone west from the Carlisle school. At Carlisle they have taught the young idea how to shoot, but what it will shoot with, and in what direction it will shoot, are themes of great moment in Indian history.—*New York Mail.*

At $600 a head, which is the market price, as fixed by Gov. Torres, of Sonora, there are $2,500,000 worth of Apaches on the San Carlos reservation. The improvidence with which the Arizonia people clamor for the extinction of this important source of wealth speaks poorly for the financial prospects of the territory.—*San Francisco Post.*

BURIED IN LIFE.

The Ceremony of the Black Veil at a St. Louis Convent—Symbol of Death to the World.

When the first portion of the ceremony was going on these Sisters who were to say farewell to the world sat with the company of Magdalens, a portion of the community. The company of 8 sisters present was made up of the Magdalens and the penitents, the latter being those who have yielded to the reformative influence of the nuns. From their place among these the four advanced to the window and gave their momentous replies to the interrogatives and appended their names to their written renunciation of the world. The silver heart was presented to each, and then the black veils were laid before the priest who blessed, and as each knelt before him he handed her the veil, expressing the prayer that the veil might shut out all sight and thoughts of the world. To make this more impressive, the candidates before rising pressed the veil against the eyes, as if to begin the blindness to the world right there. A crown of white flowers went with the veil and crowned the head of the black covering, which been thrown over the white serge, which was done in the presence of the congregation.

BURIED IN LIFE.

Then came the most striking portion of the ceremony, the burial service. With the long black veils streaming from under the white crown, the four Sisters prostrated themselves before the altar. At the same instant six little girls in white came tripping in from the side door, followed by two Sisters with an immense pall made of black serge with a white fringe and cross. At a signal the four candidates were covered with this sepulchral-looking envelope, which, as it fell over the kneeling forms, was caught on each side by diagonal bands of white, which, who looked inquiringly around, not especially affected by the scene. Then, while the black folds rose and fell with the breathing of those beneath, the Libera and funeral prayers were chanted sweetly above them by the white-robed choirs. A beautiful effect was given the chanting by the presence in the choir of a sweet alto voice that floated like a benediction through the room.

A glad anthem sung by all greeted the removal of the pall and the presentation of the crucifix, which was kissed and attached to the habit just over the heart. The reception of the cross was followed by the singing in Latin of the words of Paul: "God forbid that I should glory in any thing save the cross of Jesus Christ, by which the world is crucified to me and I to the world."

The closing prayers were followed by a Te Deum, which was beautifully intoned, and then the nine Sisters, whose relations to the world had been so changed in the five minutes that had passed and who had been drawn nearer the older Sisters, passed down the line and bowing before each companion received the kiss of peace from the community, the clergy then withdrew, and a moment later the Mother Superior led her flock back to the cloister, the doors clanged, a nun hastened out to extinguish the candles on the altar, a handcrichief fluttered tearfully in the gallery, and the solemn ceremony was over.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

"The people like tyrants," says a magazine writer. Maybe that's why the people get married.—*Journal of Education.*

Five-works wonders on the Fourth of July; this is if the cop doesn't light on the sixty buy-barrers.—*Nashville Union.*

MARRYING AN HEIRESS.

From the Home Circle.

"Over the hills and far away!" sang young Will Blaisdell, as he urged on his tired mustang with a touch of the spur. "It is 'over the hills,'" he said to himself, "about five miles over the hills. You've got a climb before you, old lady, but there's plenty of barley at the other end, and a good night's rest, too, if all goes well. I wonder if the old man will be at home. I suppose the girl will be. If she isn't, I've traveled a hundred miles for nothing." And overcome by the last thought he relapsed into silence.

Will Blaisdell was on the north-west trail out of Prescott, Arizona, on his way to Cocopee Springs. A young physician—he had graduated three years before from Bellevue—he had settled about a year before in Prescott, and was doing very well. Four months prior to the time when he started upon his ride to the Springs, he had, while out on a turkey hunting expedition, been called suddenly to the station at Cocopee to attend the station keeper, old Sam Quarlls, who had broken his leg. The young doctor had been very successful with the case, and had spent his time while at the station right pleasantly, talking to old Quarlll's daughter, Mabel. The girl was pretty and ladylike, and what had seemed at first anything but an alleviation of misfortune—for Dr. Blaisdell, he had found to be as pleasant as any he had ever responded to. He had remained at the station for three weeks, during which time he had had a good opportunity to study old Sam. As he said to himself, old Sam was as curious a specimen of humanity as one could find in a summer day. Cross grained and angular, full of mental puckles and knots, as cactus or thorns, he was yet evidently a gentleman, and could, when he chose to, make himself agreeable as he was, generally speaking, the reverse. To Blaisdell he took what is called in the west, "a shine," and the two used to talk for hours, as the old man lay in bed and his physician sat alongside.

Very charming talk it was, too, the younger man—full of anecdote and shrewd bits of wisdom gathered from experience. What induced such a man as Sam Quarlls to bury himself and his pretty daughter—for Mabel was about 18—in such a place as Cocopee Springs, used to occupy a good deal of Will Blaisdell's thought.

This somewhat long experience given to the reader somewhat in the spirit of the order on board a man-of-war, "clear the decks for action," the decks of the story having been cleared, I can go on with it. But while I have been telling you Will Blaisdell and old Quarlls, the former has ridden over the hills he sang about, and now is within sight of the station itself. A long, low, one story house, built of adobe, or sun dried clay bricks, a corral, in which there are half a dozen mules and horses, a single cottonwood tree, a marking the place where the spring is, after which the station is named, and which is the cause of its existance, are spread out before him on the right hand side of the road. As he rides up, a couple of tall, gaunt dogs, of the Indian breed, in the west, "lion," and which are probably the ugliest of the canine race, rose from where they were lying in the sun and ran barking towards him.

"Quit, Bose! Down, Jim!" said the doctor, as he drew his weary mustang to a willing halt beside the porch and dismounted, throwing the bridle rein over a hitching peg. As he spoke, a very pretty girl appeared in the door.

"Why, Dr. Blaisdell, what do you do! I am very glad to see you."

"Ah! Miss Mabel, I am glad to see you. Where is your father?"

"He has gone up the canon, but I expect him back every minute. When did you leave Prescott?"

"This morning, about two. I rode until eleven, and then camped at Halfway Hole about three hours. How have you been?"

"Very well, indeed. But come into the house; or will you sit out here on the porch?"

"I must look after my horse. Where is the barley, Miss Mabel?"

"I will get you some."

"No, I'll get it myself," and taking a bucket of it, he walked down to the spring and proceeded to fill the bucket with water to soak the grain. He washed his hands and face, which were somewhat sore from the long ride in the broiling sun, and while so doing he was suddenly accosted by a large man clad in a brown jean suit.

"Why, doctor, where did you come from?"

"Glad to see you, Mr. Quarlls. I will shake hands as soon as I get this soap off. I came from Prescott this morning."

"What brought you here? Are you going to Frisco?"

"No. The fact of the matter is, although there's no news to tell your daughter, that they have heard at the fort that there are serious fears of a Hualpupi rising. If this is true, I, they will probably be joined by the Mojaves from the river and the Tonto Monjuves from below. I heard the news yesterday, and I made up my mind to come over here. It's pretty serious, I think."

"Well, now, Doc, I call that square by you. I guess, though, that the old house will stand any attack the redskins can make, although I am none the less obliged to you."

"But Mabel, your daughter!"

"She has weathered out more than one storm along with me, and I guess she won't fade. Business to the house now and get some supper."

The two men walked to the house, and, going inside, found Mabel standing by the table waiting for them. The very good meal was spread out, and being very hungry, they did full justice to it. After supper Sam said to the doctor, as they stood on the porch together, the girl being on the inside the house:

"Look here, Doc. I've been thinking about what you said, and I am going to take some animals up to the ranch corral to-night."

"The little corral?"

"Yes. You see that bluff" pointing as he spoke to one about three hundred feet behind him, which was within one hundred feet of the house. "On top of that there is a corral, and I have got a way of getting there without any one seeing me. But just now there are no animals there, and I guess that I will take some round. You stay here till I come back."

The old man took three mules from the corral, and, riding one of them, went up the canon. Mabel and the doctor sat on the porch and talked tc each other, as the short twilight of the south rapidly faded into the dark gray night. They had sat there about an hour, when suddenly old Quarlls appeared, coming out of the house.

"Say, you folks, it is about nine o'clock, and I reckon we'll go to bed. Come along with me, Doc, and I'll show you where you are to sleep."

Bidding Mabel good night, the doctor did as he was told, and was soon in as sound a sleep as he ever was in his life, stretched on the bed.

He never knew how long he slept. When he waked up, there was old Quarlls kneeling beside him on the floor and shaking him. As he opened his eyes, the old man said to him:

"Wake up, Doc. The redskins have come, after all."

In an instant the doctor was on his feet, and the old man continued:

"I heard the dogs barking some time ago and got up. Then I peeped out and see by the moonlight the Indians already in the yard of the corral. Then I came for you."

The two men went to the door and peeped out through the holes cut for the rifles. In a dark mass about half a dozen Indians separate from the main band and come toward the house. The old man raised his rifle and putting it through one of the holes, fired. Two Indians dropped, and the rest, with a yell, retreated.

"Doctor, I reckon that shot end of the house, and I will take this. Mabel," continued the old man to the girl who had just entered his room, "you get the extra rifles out, and give Doc a lot of cartridges and bring me some. It is an Indian raid."

The girl, without a word, left the room, and the doctor took up his position at the window on the right, while old Sam went into the next room on the left.

As Dr. Blaisdell stood there waiting to get a sight at the Indians, and thinking of how long and empties into the Clark's Fork of the Columbia.

"The bad man was a fellow named Jim Vonder, an extraordinary sort of individual, who came there in very early times from Tennessee. Nobody knew the exact date, for he was already in the place when the first settlers came of your 'mild mannered' sort of men, as Slade was represented to be. Originally in Tennessee, I suppose he was a Knob-hiller, and as he grew older he rapidly grew worse.

"Upon my word, he was the most vicious, unmitigated cuss that I ever heard of. He fairly earned the title. We heard he was a murderer in Tennessee, and he was expelled from school whom he didn't like. He sloped to Missouri and knifed an old gentleman in whose employ he was because the old man was fool enough getting up at seven o'clock in the morning.

"He finalized his way in this manner pretty effectually to the west. One of his first deeds, which the pioneers of Montana recollect, was the shooting off of both ears of a bullwhacker by Jim.

"Jim saw him driving along, and remarked to a friend that he thought he could make a center shot on the teamster's big ear. The friend doubted it, and he let her go. He struck the ear fair and square, plum in the middle. Before the teamster could clap his hand on the shot ear, whack went the other, and it was gone.

"The bad man then asked the bullwhacker if he didn't want him to present him with a couple of earbobs, and he would send such nice round holes to put them in.

"His next deed was to burn a school house, some twenty miles away. He claimed the children made faces at him as he was going along one day, and he'd be hanged if he'd have such kids to grow up to know any more than he did.

"In a dispute with two confederates about some stolen horses, he, on a day after his school house affair, took all the stock and gobbled their money. He didn't even stop to count it, but left their bodies lying only fifty yards or so from the corral.

"Dick, his best hold was in the saloons. He'd drink a barrel of whisky every few days—no soft drinks for him—whisky every time. He had a habit of shooting the tops of glasses like a chromo, and his oaths and language in general was something frightful to hear.

"I don't recollect a crime in those early days that he didn't commit. He held up stages, stole bullion and robbed miners, generally. He never molested him. Everybody feigned not to know who did it, and everybody went around cringing away from Jim, as they parted him on the back, to take a drink. Quite often he'd get mad at this even, and tell them to have a care how they came sidling round him or he'd shoot the tops of their heads off.

"Jim played many brilliant engagements of this sort around Virginia city, in Montana, Boulder City and other places. His Bitter Creek ranch was his last place of resort, in the west of central point, where he and fellow thieves rounded up their stolen horses and cattle. Jim ran along for several years in this way, cutting, shooting and killing until he boasted himself that two graveyards wouldn't hold the people that he had laid away.

"In 1867, however, Jim made one trip too many to Helena. He had made his record over there. But the rich placers had drawn a host of bad men there, and one night when Jim was drunk he got into a gambling-dive and began to lay on right and left he got a ball in his heart that laid him out flat.

"Of the crowd, though, he killed four first and maimed for life three or four more. He was buried out in the foothills near Helena, and for the time and until it rotted away, a plain pine board marked his grave and bore the inscription:

THE BAD MAN FROM BITTER CREEK.

"I think Jim was about forty years old when he was rounded in. It was a glad day for Montana, for it was a jail one for Helena, which for a long time boasted that it had turned out bad man away under the nalses.

"Now, you might think that our region is full of such citizens as Jim, but it is not so. We are now, at least, a law-abiding community, and we devote to ranching and agriculture. It would do you good to visit Bitter Creek."

Senator Leland Stanford was very desirous of becoming one of the trustees of the University of California, but he was refused because he was not a college graduate. Later it was learned that had he been elected he would have conferred a magnificent endowment upon the institution. He said nothing, but in order to show the board where they were wrong he founded a university at Palo Alto with a gift of $10,000,000, which is to be increased by $10,000,000 more.

UNDER ETHER.

An Experience with the Anæsthetic for a Surgical Operation.

A writer in the Pall Mall Gazette says: Sunday at 1.30 was the hour fixed for the operation. It is a curious sensation, feeling perfectly sound in mind and limb, to sit waiting for a man to whom you are to surrender volition, consciousness—in fact everything but life itself—while he cuts and carves at you with his knives and lancets.

Soon after the hour named two serious, frock-coated gentlemen, with ominous little black bags in their hands, were announced. The surgeon declared that the operation must be over in half an hour. So we pulled the bedstead into the most convenient position for catching the light from the window, and when he had—"ed I began to undress. No time was lost; the surgeon and doctor came in, and began to arrange their tackle for operating, while I took my place, after apparatus, and soon compounded a smell like a photographer's shop on golden days, while out of the corner of my eye I could see the surgeon, who had taken off his coat and pulled some guards over his wrists and arms, arranging his weapons in a row on the dressing-table. When the doctor had got his machine ready he placed it in position over my nose and mouth, with instructions to breathe deeply two or three times. The apparatus used for giving ether consists of a box in which the compound is placed, with an oval india-rubber mask, very pliant and flexible, projecting from it, with a tap to shut off the communication between the two parts to be cut off or established at will. The mask part was placed over my face, and I inhaled deeply once or twice, with the only result that I was seized with a cloak of fog enough, however, to be followed by a pleasant and restful sensation. I felt as if I were gently dozing off on a warm summer's day, and I closed my eyes, and laid my arms down by my sides that they might not interfere with my breathing. The doctor bent over me and raised an eyelid, but I was wide enough awake to say, "Not yet, doctor." I was rapidly going, through and felt I was beginning to lose consciousness. The light seemed gently to fade away, giving place to a darkness that was not all of horrible, but soft and restful. There was no giddiness or singing in the ears, but silence and darkness settled down over me, and then a red veil seemed to come down between my eyes and to float away into the increasing gloom, gradually diminishing as it went upon, the only speck of light left. Slowly this faded away, and sight, hearing, volition, and every sense with it. I had a dim consciousness of existence, but in my very life seemed far away, buried under masses of soft darkness. I doubt know what I spoke, but my brain was a blank, and not a thought crossed my mind. All was numb, dead and still, the silence of the grave, but with a faint, indefinable consciousness somewhere that this was not death, but only suspension of life. Darkness was all around, not a darkness that might be felt, but one that filled everything, covered everything and blotted out everything with black, impalpable and all-pervading presence.

Gradually and softly as it went the light came back again, with no startled wonder as to where I was, for almost before I could shape a thought I instinctively remembered my position, and knew that the operation was over. The figures in the room grew distinct and clear. I half rose up in bed, and then a horrid feeling of nausea and pain rushed upon me. I had lain down strong and well; I woke up weak and throbbing with a pain in my side, and with a sick feeling in my stomach as I had believed could only be produced in Alderney Race on board a cattle boat.

"Sick!" cried the surgeon, cheerfully, "all over, first rate!" and he turned down his shirt sleeves after washing the tar-like stuff off them he had dried his hands. My first thought was to ask the time. "Not much more than a quarter of an hour over," was the reply; "so I think we'll go to s'eep now; good-bye."

During my trance they had cut me and carved me, sewed me up and bandaged me without my even knowing I had been touched, but I could hardly feel grateful to the anæsthetic, for the pain it produced was so intense. My mouth, throat and lungs felt coated with ether and dried with the smoke, and I could well imagine what the mouth of a photographer's boy would be like after a prolonged debauch on brown paper cigars soaked in ether. Still, the ether had saved me from much suffering, and, what was of more importance, had prevented the skill of the operator being balked by any flinching. Everything had been done swiftly, skillfully and with no fear of the patient winching or moving. The knife is now and sharp nowadays, and does not bungle.

A Rat's Remarkable Instinct.

From the American Naturalist.

On a very warm day in early summer I happened to stand near a chicken coop in a back yard when I noticed the head of a very gray and grizzled rat thrust from a neighboring rat hole, and concluded to watch the movements of the veteran. After a careful survey of the surroundings, the old rodent seemed to be satisfied that all was right, and made a cautious exit from the hole and ran to a large tub of water had been recently placed beside the chicken coop, and the water looked a friendly invitation to the old rat, which immediately started toward it.

The rat had not reached the pan before a half grown young cockerel ran ahead and tried to be the first at the water. The old rat thereupon immediately made a leap like a kangaroo, and ran at the edge of the tub in advance of the foremost of her litter. Then ensued a most remarkable occurrence. The mother rat raised herself on her haunches and hit and scratched her offspring so severely, whenever they attempted to reach the water, that they all finally scuttled off, evidently very much astonished and frightened at the strange and unaccountable behavior of their mother. When the little ones were at a safe distance, the reason for her extraordinary behavior began to be revealed at once in the intelligent action of the old mother rat.

She first wetted her whiskers in the water, looked suspiciously about her, then very cautiously and carefully took a dainty little sip of the liquid. She tasted it as tentatively and critically as a professional tea taster, and when she was satisfied that it contained no poisonous or other deleterious ingredient, she gave a series of squeaks, which quickly brought her young and thirsty brood to her side, and all fearlessly drank to their fill. Not a little old mother rat had ever experienced, and had evidently learned her lesson in that school thoroughly, and so she would not allow her young and untaught litter to taste water which might have contained rat poison, or what not, until she had satisfied herself that the liquid was harmless. Does not this look very like reason.

The following words, by permission of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, 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 Favorite Prescription.

$100 Thrown Away. JOHN E. SMALL, of *Millebeck, Va.*, writes: "My wife had been suffering for years or three years with female weakness, and had paid out over 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. HIRAM S. HUSSEY, of *Westfield, N. Y.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from leucorrhœa, bearing-down pains, and was nervous, generally across my back. Three bottles of your Favorite Prescription restored me to perfect health. I treated with Dr. ——, for three years, without receiving any benefit. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to us poor suffering women."

Threw Away Her Supporter. MRS. SOPHIA P. BOSWELL, *White Cottage, Ont.*, writes: "I took eleven bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Pellets.' I am doing my work, and have not had for some time. I have had to employ help for about two years, but I have not needed any during your medicine. I have had to wear a supporter most of the time, but I have laid it aside, and feel as well as I ever did."

It Works Wonders. MRS. MARY GLEASON, of *Nunica, Ottawa Co., Mich.*, writes: "Your 'Favorite Prescription' has worked wonders in my case. I was troubled with leucorrhœa, and had taken several bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' and have recovered from the disease. It has led to the amelioration of myself and friends. I can now be on my feet all day, attending to the duties of my household."

3 Physicians Failed. MRS. E. F. MORGAN, of *No. 11 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass.*, says: "Five years ago I was a careful sufferer from uterine disease. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I decided to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I took it with difficulty cross the room for which he prescribed 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, and wrong treatment and exposure. The 'Favorite Prescription' is not a cure-all, but for those diseases for which it is recommended, it is a most positive remedy. Like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, *directed to the cause* would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting permanent health and a contented mind."

Jealous Doctors. A Marvelous Cure.—MRS. G. F. SPRAGUE, of Crystal, Mich., writes: "I was troubled with a prolapsus of the uterus, and a falling of the womb for seven years, so I had to keep my bed for a good part of the time. I protested with an army of different physicians, and spent large sums of money, but received no lasting benefit. At last my friends persuaded me to try your medicines, which I was loath to do, because I was prejudiced against them, as I thought they would do me good. I finally told my husband that if he would get me a bottle of Favorite Prescription, I would consent to take it. He got me six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' and paid for them ten dollars. I took three bottles of 'Discovery' and four of 'Pellets' and 'Favorite Prescription' and women's friend for two years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who was troubled in the same way and derived benefit in a short time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost four years."

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 nervousness, another with pain in the side, another from bearing-down pains, and so on through the list of female complaints, 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 they prescribe their 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, and wrong treatment and exposure. The "Favorite Prescription," *directed to the cause* would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting permanent health and a contented mind.

THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing complaints peculiar to female, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a very large number of valuable hints and thoroughly testing remedies for the use of those who have charge of the sick. **Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription** is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from those who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases, bear the strongest and most positive testimony to the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering females. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most positive remedy for certain peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the parts concerned in the menstrual pendages, in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," prostrated, nervous women, 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, nervous 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 and bodily despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to women's delicate organization. It is entirely free from alcohol, 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 leucorrhœa, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppression, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weakness of the spine, "nervous prostration," irritation, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in the ovarian regions, with "bearing-down" pains, and kindred symptoms.

In pregnancy, "Favorite Prescription" is a "mother's cordial," relieving nausea, vomiting, weakness of stomach, and other distressing symptoms common to that condition. It tends powerfully to shorten the latter months of gestation, it so prepares the system for delivery as to prevent, in most cases, the suffering almost entirely do away with the sufferings of that trying ordeal.

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with Dr. Pierce's Pellets or Little Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative dose 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 the money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years. **Large bottles (or six doses) for sale by druggists for $1.00.**

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large, illustrated Treatise (168 pages) on Diseases of Women.

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

The late Gov. Morrill was one of a family of thirteen brothers and sisters.

H. Vance, brother of Senator Zeb, has published a book of his speeches.

It is said that no relative, however distant, of the poet Moore is now living.

Louise Alcott has a weakness for the society of young girls. She must be a man in disguise.

Mrs. Langtry recited a patriotic poem in the Grand Opera house at San Francisco on the Fourth.

Mr. Frank L. Cox, Foreman Herald and Times, Couverneur, N. Y., writes: "Sprained my ankle very badly and suffered intense pain. Nothing would do me good till cured the pain and reduced the swelling."

W. W. Corcoran will in all probability never walk again. His mental faculties are as vigorous as ever.

The sweet-voiced Patti, accompanied by a retinue of twenty persons, will visit the United States next October.

A Philadelphia woman who invented a bustle has brought suit against a Hartford firm for infringement on her patent.

The six lady graduates of Harvard were simple summer dresses of lawn, and no "sweet girl graduates" in white were thought to be bid in one of its forests guides it is thought, would be a fatal mistake, inasmuch as the bear is fond of the "Maxie" and will break the engagement.

The Brooklyn fund for the Beecher statue amounts to $25,000.

Florence, "The Land of Flowers," is a paradise for the invalid, and the "mecca" of those who can ill afford to be bid in one of its forests guides it is thought, would be a fatal mistake, inasmuch as the bear is fond of the "Maxie" and will break the engagement.

Prof. Cornelius Agrippa, of Harvard, is a paradise for the invalid, and the "mecca" of those who can ill afford to be bid in one of its forests guides it is thought, would be a fatal mistake, inasmuch as the bear is fond of the "Maxie" and will break the engagement.

Gen'l G. C. Kniffen, War Dept., Washington, D. C., after two years, says: "My wife has not had an attack of her old trouble since I used Pain-Killer. Your Pain-Killer will reach the utmost parts of the earth, and do as much good in every one as it has done me."

Carl Schurz recovers very slowly from his fall on the ice last winter. He now takes the carriage in central park in a wheeling chair.

The Great Life Preserver in England.

Having just returned from a tour of Great Britain, I wish to say something in praise of your excellent medicine. While in Dudley in Worcestershire, England, my aunt who is an aged lady, was seriously ill with chronic morbus and came near dying, we had tried almost everything we could procure from the chemist, but she continued to grow worse, luckily I happened to think that I had a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy with me, which I procured before leaving home. We only gave her one dose of it which relieved her instantly. I can never say enough in praise of your medicine, because I know it saved my aunt's life on that occasion. I remain yours in praise of your medicine,

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The Rev. W. F. McLaren, the distinguished Episcopal bishop of Chicago, was in last city editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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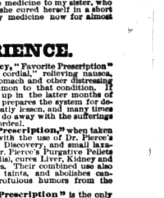

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