A PARODY.

Casabianca.

The boy stood by the stable-door,
And watched the pensive mule;
A thoughtful attitude it wore—
An air serenely cool.

The boy approached its hinder end—
Let fall the pitying tears!
"He's gone to meet his brother, and
His age was seven years!"

"PLAIN BECKIE."

The Story of a Poor Girl's Struggle for an Education.

EVERY one at Miss Morton's school knew plain Beckie. She was the washer-woman's daughter, and wore cheap prints and ginghams instead of soft merinos and bright plaids like the other girls. And a ruffle of the same material as the dress about the throat, did service as a collar, for Beckie never aspired to pretty lace and ribbons.

Then, too, she generally tied her flaxen hair with a faded ribbon, at the nape of her neck in an ungainly whisp, which the girls called "Beckie's Langtry flourish;" and even the most innocent little "bang" or "friz" never fringed the high, full forehead. So people called her "plain," and it really did seem befitting.

But I suspect the better reason for this sobriquet was that Rebecca Stanley was so very plain and commonplace in speech and manner, and not versed in the little social essentials which sensible people term flattery and affectation. She rarely went into ecstacies over a new dress or ornament, as school-girls usually seem it their duty to do. The girls said it was because she could not afford fine clothes herself, and that it "made her envious and sullen."

Be that as it may have been, Beckie's plain, calm countenance never revealed the least bit of such a disposition.

Miss Norton said as much one day, when the girls were discussing their schoolmate in her absence, and after that she fell considerably in the estimation of the well-dressed coterie of pupils addressed.

"She was real mean," they said to one another, "to take plain Beckie's part in that way, when every one knew she was a morose, selfish girl, who could never appear the least bit stylish to save her."

One thing, however, they never said of Beckie, and that was that she had imperfect lessons. In this they were obliged to confess, though most reluctantly, that she was bearing off the palm a little too often on examination day to suit all parties.

Miss Norton watched her pupil in this one point with interest, knowing that it could not be the result of studying "after hours." There was too much else claiming the girl's attention in her humble home. There were the dishes to wash, the room to tidy up and Bobbie to mind, while her mother finished an ironing or took a little rest. Mrs. Staley had been a widow for two years, and had supported her little family by laundry work. And it was necessary to toil incessantly in order to meet the demands for rent, fuel, food and clothes; even the plain ginghams cost considerably more than the thoughtless young critics at Miss Norton's school imagined.

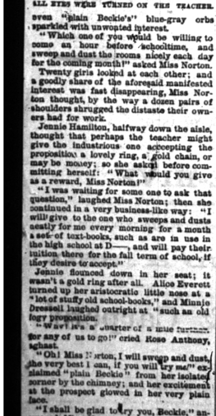
So, under these adverse circumstances, it was pretty certain that Beckie had no leisure hours to devote to study.

Miss Morton soon become aware, nevertheless, who it was that had perfect lessons, and who never disappointed her in recitations when the directors, or other visitors were present.

The girls, however, became jealous and envious; and some went so far as to say that "Bessie studied fit to kill herself, just to spite the others by standing at the post of honor most the time."

But Miss Morton had a plan—a test plan, she called it. So, one morning after the bell rang and the girls had taken their seats, instead of beginning the exercises as usual, she stood up by the organ and said: "I've been thinking of a plan, and I have a proposition to make to some one of you, which I believe would be of benefit to the one seeing fit to accept."

All eyes were turned attentively on the teacher, and grew bright with expectation;



ALL EYES WERE TURNED ON THE TEACHER.

even "plain Beckie's" blue-gray orbs sparkled with unwonted interest.

"Which one of you would be willing to come an hour before schooltime, and sweep and dust the rooms nicely each day for the coming month?" asked Miss Norton.

Twenty girls looked at each other; and a goodly share of the aforesaid manifested interest was fast disappearing, Miss Norton thought, by the way a dozen pairs of shoulders shrugged the distaste their owners had for work.

Jennie Hamilton, halfway down the aisle, thought that perhaps the teacher might give the industrious one accepting the proposition a lovely ring, a gold chain, or may be money; so she asked before committing herself: "What would you give as a reward, Miss Norton?"

"I was waiting for some one to ask that question," laughed Miss Norton; then she continued in a very business-like way: "I will give to the one who sweeps and dusts neatly for me every morning for a month a set of text-books, such as are in use in the high school at D——, and will pay their tuition there for the fall term of school, if they desire to accept."

Jennie flounced down in her seat; it wasn't a gold ring after all. Alice Everett turned up her aristocratic little nose at a "lot of stuffy old school-books," and Minnie Dressell laughed outright at "such an old fogy proposition."

"Why! it's a quarter of a mile further for any of us to go!" cried Rose Anthony, aghast.

"Oh! Miss Norton, I will sweep and dust, the very best I can, if you will try me!" exclaimed "plain Beckie" from her isolated corner by the chimney; and her excitement at the prospect glowed in her very plain face.

"I shall be glad to try you, Beckie," answered Miss Norton, pleasantly. "I was afraid I hadn't any industrious girls here, this morning; but I see I have one. You may begin to-morrow morning, Beckie."

About a score of scornful glances at Beckie followed this speech of Miss Norton's, and Jennie Hamilton said: "Humph! who cares!" with all the spiteful accent she could squeeze into the sentence.

But "plain Beckie's" feelings were clad in armor of proof; what need she care for little spiteful threats, when she was to earn a nice set of text-books, and go to school in D—— without it costing her mother a cent!

The next morning when Miss Norton came as usual, she found the school-room in perfect order; but Beckie standing at the window with a flushed, tear-stained face. She wondered considerably at the tears, but thought the wisest way would be to not to notice them; so, after the "good morning" had been said, and Beckie's efforts warmly praised, she went to her desk and took out a book.

In a few moments the girl was beside her. "Miss Norton," she said, "mother says I am to thank you ever so much for the chance of earning the books; but she doesn't see how she is to furnish clothes for a term of school at D——." The tears started afresh, and dropped unceremoniously on Miss Norton sleeve.

"Oh! the fine clothes!" exclaimed she brightly. "Well, I will see to that too! We are not to lose a term of school on account of a little extra apparel, Beckie."

"Oh! Miss Norton," sobbed the very plain scholar, throwing her arms around her

IN A FEW MOMENTS THE GIRL WAS BESIDE HER.

friend in an impulsive way. "How can I ever thank you enough?"

"Never mind that now," answered Miss Norton, with a suspicious moisture in her own fine eyes; "only improve your opportunities, and I shall be amply repaid."

"Won't she cut a pretty picture, though!" remarked Jennie Hamilton. "I can fancy her marching by the professor's desk with a faded string twisted around that flax of hers, and not a collar to her name."

"They will surely think it is 'plain Beckie,'" chimed Minnie Dressell, 'plain to the verge of distraction.'"

But the students seemed to not see anything so very plain and nothing disagreeable about Beckie; they only saw a poor girl working hard for an education, and listened with admiration to the new scholar's recitations. And Beckie herself almost lost sight of her own plain identity, so engrossed was she in succeeding.

At the close of the full term the professor's wife wanted a girl to help her about the house before and after school hours for her board and clothes; and Beckie accepted the situation, gladly.

Mrs. Staley, relieved of the care of one child, managed to be more comfortable and toiled less, although she missed the cheerful face of her daughter more than people thought.

"It's for Beckie's good," she would say, cheerfully, "and I am glad to have her get an education."

So it happened that Beckie still kept her place at the professor's and at school. During vacation she went home to cheer and help her mother. And during these visits Jennie Hamilton noticed that plain Beckie was really "aping city airs," which thing, of course, didn't become a washer-woman's daughter.

But Beckie was so very plain, in spite of the dreadful "city airs," that she did not mind Jennie's unkind remark when it came to her ears; that is, she didn't mind much, only a very little. She knew for herself that the "wisp of flax" which had worried Jennie formerly, had been metamorphosed into a beautiful silky coil, by care; and that she had improved in manners; but "city airs!" Yet, after she said "she didn't mind," she forgot the unkindness.

By and by Miss Beckie Staley graduated in the schools of D——, and subsequently accepted a position in the preparatory department, and every body but Jennie Hamilton forgot that Beckie was ever "so mortally plain."

Jennie referred to her, sometimes, as "the chore-girl," but Beckie was better-mannered than to retaliate in any way, and, after she shed a few tears over it, she didn't mind. MAUDA L. CROCKER.

THEIR PIN-MONEY.

The Allowances New York Millionaires Make Their Daughters.

"I have only an allowance of $10 a week for pocket money," said the daughter of a millionaire in a confidential moment the other day to a New York *Journal* man. "Papa has such an idea of money, you know, and he thinks I am widely extravagant to spend that small amount on candies, flowers, novels and theater tickets. Mamma orders all my clothing, you know, and so, of course, I do not have to buy any thing that I really need."

To many a young girl $10 a week would seem sufficient for pocket money, and, indeed, how many hundreds of pretty and clever girls are there who can not earn more than that amount even by working hard each day of the week! But the average fashionable society girl has so many demands on her purse that $10 does not go far.

It is said that Jay Gould very generously allows his pretty daughter $25, and with this she not only supplies her own little wants, but gives to most of her small charities.

Cornelius Vanderbilt and Elliott F. Shepard allow each of their six children a certain amount of pocket-money each month, and they are required to keep cash accounts and present them to their papas the first of the month. The amounts are not large, and are given more to make the little millionaires understand the value of money than aught else.

Willie K. Vanderbilt's three children are allowed plenty of pocket-money, but are fined heavily for all misdemeanors. They dine in a pretty little room adjacent to the great dining-saloon, and if a tiny drop of any coffee, milk or wine is spilled on the snowy cloth the offender is fined 25 cents for each offense. A glass of water knocked over or a dish let fall on the floor brings a fine of 50 cents to the culprit, and all the fines go to the foreign and home mission.

"What do I do with my $10 a week?" said an only daughter of a Fifth avenue millionaire, when asked the question. "Well, not always the same thing. Last week I spent every cent of it on a lovely new parasol, to carry at the coaching parade, and then after all my trouble it poured rain. I generally purchase my flowers—you know I must have a fresh corsage cluster of violets every day—and they cost $1 a cluster.

"The bonbons, soda, chocolate and those little trifles come to about $5 and a couple of matinee tickets, tea for my old women at the Home for the Aged, new music and papers use up the rest. I am fearfully short sometimes and I draw in advance and then forget to pay back, don't you know! Papa used to allow me so much each quarter for my wardrobe and maid, but I was always in deep water. Now I order what I want and have the bills sent to him."

"I do not think that the wealthies New Yorkers are more than liberal in allowing pocket money for their daughter," said the principal of a very fashionable up-town school. "My pupils are most of them daughters of millionaires and yet they have seldom enough for their many little wants. It is wisdom, not meanness, on the part of the parents, I think."

CLEARING THE WAY.

A Few Incidents Which Ought to Teach a Practical Lesson.

Children delight in doing things, and it is often very easy to guide their activity into useful channels, observes a writer in the Boston *Transcript*. That this is true and also that "the child is father to the man," is illustrated by the following incidents:

As I was starting out for a walk one day with my three little children, the eldest, not quite five years of age, stooped and picked up a stone that lay in the path, saying, as he threw it aside: "I'll get that stone out of the way so as to have the sidewalk all clear when Bessie Brigham's papa comes along on his bicycle." I said to myself: "You have caught that trick of thoughtfulness from your papa." Only a few days afterward my boy's father was, in company with other members of a commission, making a tour of inspection around a certain reservoir, when he saw one of his companions throw aside a stone that lay in the path. "There," said my husband, touching him on the shoulder, "that's what I am teaching my boys to do. On our long Sunday tramps, through country roads, they are learning to clear the path of sticks and stones." "Well," replied the other, "I'll tell you how I learned to do it. When I entered Harvard one of the conditions of my going to college was that I should board at home in Brookline, and walk the four miles to Cambridge and back each morning and night. The roads at first were very stony, but wishing to study as I walked, I began clearing away the stones, that I might step without looking off my book, and by the time that I had succeeded, the habit of removing obstructions had become so strong that it has clung to me ever since."

Why is such a man as this a "local improvement society" in himself, fit to rank with the public benefactor who "makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before?"

TALMAGE.

THE GREAT BROOKLYN DIVINE

Dilates to a Sweltering Throng in the Tabernacle.

Be Content With Such Things as Ye Have—Happiness Is Not Dependent Upon Outward Circumstances—The Heart Right Toward God and Man, We Are Happy—The Heart Wrong Toward God and Man, We Are Unhappy.

BROOKLYN, July 15.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., took for his subject to-day: "In Good Humor With Our Circumstances." His text was Hebrews, Ch. 13. v. 5: "Be content with such things as ye have." The great preacher's discourse was as follows:

If I should ask some one, "Where is Brooklyn, to-day?" he would say, "At Brighton Beach, or East Hampton, or Shelter Island." "Where is New York, to-day?" "At Long Branch." "Where is Philadelphia?" "Cape May." "Where is Boston?" "At Martha's Vineyard." "Where is Virginia?" "At the Sulphur Springs." "Where the great multitude from all parts of the land?" "At Saratoga," the modern Bethesda, where the angel of health is ever stirring the waters. But, my friends, the largest mulititude are at home, detained by business or circumstances. Among them all newspaper men, the hardest worked and the least compensated; city railroad employes, and ferry masters, and the police, and the tens of thousands of clerks and merchants waiting for their turn of absence, and households with an invalid who cannot be moved, and others hindered by stringent circumstances, and the great multitude of well-to-do people who stay at home because they like home better than any other place, refusing to go away simply because it is the fashion to go. When the express wagon, with its mountain of trunks directed to the Catskills or Niagara, goes through the streets, we stand at our window envious and impatient, and wonder why we cannot go as well as others. Fools that we are, as though one could not be as happy at home as anywhere else. Our grandfathers and grandmothers had as good a time as we have, long before the first spring was bored at Saratoga, or the first deer shot in the Adirondacks. They made their wedding-tour to the next farmhouse, or, living in New York, they celebrated the event by an extra walk on the "Battery."

Now, the genuine American is not happy until he is going somewhere, and the passion is so great that there are Christian people with their families detained in the city, who come not to the house of God, trying to give people the idea that they are out of town; leaving the door-plate unscoured for the same reason, and for two months keeping the front shutters closed while they sit in the back part of the house, the thermometer at ninety! My friends, if it is best for us to go, let us go and be happy. If it is best for us to stay at home, let us stay at home and be happy. There is a great deal of good common sense in Paul's advice to the Hebrews: "Be content with such things as ye have." To be content is to be in good humor with our circumstances, not picking a quarrel with our obscurity, or our poverty, or our social position. There are four or five grand reasons why we should be content with such things as we have.

The first reason that I mention as leading to this spirit advised in the text, is the consideration that the poorest of us have all that is indispensable in life. We make a great ado about our hardships, but how little we talk of our blessings. Health of body, which is given in largest quantity to those who have never been petted, and fondled, and spoiled by fortune, we take as a matter of course. Rather have this luxury, and have it alone, than, without it, look out of a palace window upon parks of deer stalking between fountains and statuary. These people sleep sounder on a straw mattress, than fashionable invalids on a couch of ivory and eagles' down. The dinner of herbs tastes better to the appetite sharpened on a woodman's ax or a reaper's scythe, than wealthy indigestion experiences seated at a table covered with partridge, and venison, and pineapple. The grandest luxury God ever gave a man is health. He who trades that off for all the palaces of the earth is infinitely cheated. We look back at the glory of the last Napoleon, but who would have taken his Versailles and his Tuileries if with them we had been obliged to take his gout? "Oh," says someone, "it isn't the grosser pleasures I covet, but it is the gratification of an artistic and intellectual taste." Why, my brother, you have the original from which these pictures are copied.

What is a sunset on a wall compared with a sunset hung in loops of fire on the heavens! What is a cascade silent on a canvas compared with a cascade that makes the mountain tremble, its spray ascending like the departed spirit of the water slain on the rocks! Oh, there is a great deal of hollow affection about a fondness for pictures on the part of those who never appreciate the original from which the pictures are taken. As though a parent should have no regard for his child, but go into ecstasies over its photograph. Bless the Lord to-day, O man! O woman! that though you may be shut out from the works of a Church, a Bierstadt, a Rubens, and a Raphael, you still have free access to a gallery grander than the Louvre, or the Luxemburg, or the Vatican—the royal gallery of the noonday heavens, the King's gallery of the midnight sky.

Another consideration leading us to a spirit of contentment is the fact that our happiness is not dependent upon outward circumstances. You see people happy and miserable amid all circumstances. In the family where the last loaf is on the table, and the last stick of wood on the fire, you sometimes find a cheerful confidence in God, while in a very fine place you will see and hear discord sounding her war whoop, and hospitality freezing to death in a cheerless parlor. I stopped one day on Broadway at the head of Wall Street, at the foot of Trinity Church, to see who seemed the happiest people passing. I judged from their looks the happiest people were not those who went down into Wall Street, for they had on their brow the anxiety of the dollar they expected to make; nor the people who came out of Wall Street, for they had on their brow the anxiety of the dollar they had lost; nor the people who swept by in splendid equipage, for they met a carriage that was finer than theirs. The happiest person in all that crowd, judging from the countenance, was the woman who sat at the apple stand knitting. I believe real happiness oftener looks out of the window of an humble home, than through the opera glass of the gilded box of a theatre. I find Nero growling on a throne. I find Paul singing in a dungeon. I find King Ahab going to bed at noon through melancholy, while near by is Naboth contented in the possession of a vineyard. Haman, prime minister of Persia, frets himself almost to death because a poor Jew will not tip his hat; and Ahithophel, one of the greatest lawyers of Bible times, through fear of dying, hangs himself. The wealthiest man, forty years ago, in New York, when congratulated over his large estate, replied: "Ah! you don't know how much trouble I have in taking care of it." Byron declared in his last hours that he never seen more than twelve happy days in all his life. I do not believe he had seen twelve minutes of thorough satisfaction. Napoleon I. said: "I turn with disgust from the cowardice and selfishness of man. I hold life a horror; death is repose. What I have suffered the last twenty days is beyond human comprehension." While, on the other hand, to show how one may be happy amid the most disadvantageous circumstances, just after the Ocean Monarch had been wrecked in the English Channel, a steamer was crusing along in the darkness, when the captain heard a song, a sweet song, coming over the water and he bore down towards that voice, and found it was a Christian woman on a plank of the wrecked steamer singing to the tune of St. Martin's—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll;
While the tempest still is high."

The heart right toward God and man, we are happy. The heart wrong toward God and man, we are unhappy.

Another reason why we should come to this spirit inculcated in the text is the fact that all the differences of earthly condition are transitory. The houses you build, the land you culture, the places in which you barter, are soon to go into other hands. However hard you may have it now, if you are a Christian the scene will soon end. Pain, trial, persecution never knock at the door of the grave. A coffin made out of pine boards is just as good a resting-place as one made out of silver-mounted mahogany or rosewood. Go down among the resting-places of the dead, and you will find that though people there had great difference of worldly circumstances, now they are all alike unconscious. The hand that greeted the senator, and the president, and the king is as still as the hand that hardened on the mechanic's hammer or the manufacturer's wheel. It does not make any difference now, whether there is a plain stone above them from which the stranger pulls aside the weeds to read the name, or a tall shaft springing into heaven as though to tell their virtues to the skies.

In that silent land there are no titles for great men, and there are no rumblings of chariot wheels, and there is never heard the foot of the dance. The Egyptian guano which is thrown on the fields in the East for the enrichment of the soil, is the dust raked out from the sepulchres of kings and lords and mighty men. O the chagrin of those men if they had ever known that in the after ages of the world they would have been called Egyptian guano.

Of how much worth now is the crown of Cæsar? Who bids for it? Who cares now anything about the Amphictyonic Council or the laws of Lycurgus? Who trembles now because Xerxes crossed the Hellespont on a bridge of boats? Who fears because Nebuchadnezzar thunders at the gates of Jerusalem! Who cares now whether or not Cleopatra marries Antony? Who crouches before Ferdinand, or Boniface, or Alaric? Can Cromwell dissolve the English Parliament now? Is William, prince of Orange, king of the Netherlands? No; no! However much Elizabeth may love the Russian crown, she must pass it to Peter, and Peter to Catherine, and Catherine to Paul, and Paul to Alexander, and Alexander to Nicholas. Leopold puts German sceptre into the hand of Joseph, and Philip comes down off the Spanish throne to let Ferdinand go on. House of Aragon, house of Hapsburg, house of Stuart, house of Bourbon, quarreling about everything else, but agreeing in this: "The fashion of this world passeth away." But have all these dignitaries gone? Can they not be called back? I have been in assemblages where I have heard the roll called, and many distinguished men have answered. If I should call the roll to-day of some of those mighty ones who have gone, I wonder if they would not answer. I will call the roll. I will call the roll of the kings first: Alfred the Great! William the Conqueror! Frederick II.! Louis XVI.! No answer. I will call the roll of the poets: Robert Southey! Thomas Campbell! John Keats! George Crabbe! Robert Burns! No answer. I call the roll of artists: Michael Angelo! Paul Veronese! William Turner! Christopher Wren! No answer. Eyes closed. Ears deaf. Lips silent. Hands palsied. Sceptre, pencil, pen, sword, put down forever. Why should we struggle for such baubles!

Another reason why we should culture this spirit of cheerfulness is the fact that God knows what is best for His creatures. You know what is best for your child. He thinks you are not as liberal with him as you ought to be. He criticises your discipline, but you look over the whole field, and you, loving that child, do what in your deliberate judgment is best for him. Now, God is the best of fathers. Sometimes His children think that he is hard on them, and that He is not as liberal with them as He might be. But children do not know as much as a father. I can tell you why you are not largely affluent, and why you have not been grandly successful. It is because you cannot stand the temptation. If your path had been smooth, you would have depended upon your sure-footedness; but God roughened that path, so you have to take hold of His hand. If the weather had been mild, you would have loitered along the water courses; but at the first howl of the storm you quickened your pace heavenward, and wrapped around you the warm robe of a Saviour's righteousness.

"What have I done?" says the weathersheaf to the farmer, what have I done, that you beat me so hard with your flail?" The farmer makes no answer, but the rake takes off the straw, and the mill blows the chaff to the wind, and the golden grain falls down at the foot of the windmill. After awhile, the straw looking down, from the mow upon the golden grain banked up on either side the floor understands who the farmer beat the wheatsheaf with the flail.

Who are those before the throne? The answer came: "These are they who, out of great tribulation, had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the lamb." Would God that we could understand that our trials are the very best thing for us. If we had an appreciation of that truth, then we should know why it was that John Noyra, the martyr, in the very midst of the flame reached down and picked up one of the faggots that was consuming him, and kissed it, and said: "Blessed be God for the time when I was born to this preferment." They who suffer with Him on earth shall be glorified with Him in heaven. Be content, then, with such things as you have.

Another consideration leading us to the spirit of the text is the assurance that the Lord will provide somehow. Will He who holds the water in the hollow of His hand, allow His children to die of thirst? Will He who owns the cattle on a thousand hills, and all the earth's luxuriance of grain and fruit, allow His children to starve? Go out to-morrow morning at five o'clock, into the woods and hear the birds chant. They have had no breakfast, they know not where they will dine, they have no idea where they will sup; but hear the birds chant at five o'clock in the morning. "Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are you not much better than they?" Seven thousand people, in Christ's time, went into the desert. They were the most improvident people I ever heard of. They deserved to starve. They might have taken food enough to last them until they got back. Nothing did they take. A lad, who had more wit than all of them put together, asked his mother that morning for some loaves of bread and some fishes. They were put into his satchel. He went out into the desert. From this provision, the seven thousand were fed, and the more they ate, the larger the loaves grew, until the provision that the boy brought in one satchel was multiplied so he could not have carried the fragments home in six satchels. "Oh" you say, "times have changed, and the day of miracles has gone." I reply that, what God did then by miracle, He does now in some other way, and by natural laws. "I have been young," said David, "but now am I old; yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." It is high time that you people who are fretting about worldly circumstances, and who are fearing you are coming to want, understand that the oath of the Eternal God is involved in the fact that you are to have enough to eat and to wear.

Again: I remark that the religion of Jesus Christ is the grandest influence to make a man contented. Indemnity against all financial and spiritual harm. It calms the spirit, dwindles the earth into insignificance, and swallows up the soul with the thought of heaven. O ye who have been going about from place to place expecting to find in change of circumstances something to give solace to the spirit, I commend you, this morning, to the warm-hearted, earnest, practical, common-sense religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. "There is no peace, saith my God, for the wicked," and as long as you continue in your sin you will be miserable. Come to Christ. Make Him your portion, and start for heaven and you will be a happy man—you will be a happy woman.

Yet, my friends, nothwithstanding all these inducements to a spirit of contentment, I have to tell you this morning the human race is divided into two classes—those who scold and those who get scolded. The carpenter wants to be anything but a carpenter, and the mason anything but a mason, and the banker anything but a banker, and the lawyer anything but a lawyer, and the minister anything but a minister, and everybody would be happy if he were only somebody else. The anemone wants to be a sunflower, and the apple orchards throw down their blossoms because they are not tall cedars, and the scow wants to be a schooner, and the sloop would like to be a seventy-four pounder, and parents have the worst children that ever were and every body has the greatest misfortune, and every thing is upside down, or going to be. Ah, my friends, you never make any advance through such a spirit as that. You cannot fret yourself up; you may fret yourself down. Amid all this grating of tones I strike this string of the gospel harp; Godliness with contentment is great gain. We brought nothing into this world, and it is very certain we can carry nothing out; having food and raiment let us therewith be content."

Let us all remember, if we are Christians, that we are going after awhile, whatever be our circumstances now, to have a glorious vacation. As in summer we put off our garments and go down into the cool sea to bathe, so we will put off these garments of flesh, and step into the cool Jordan. We will look around for some place to lay down our weariness; and the trees will say: "Come and rest under our shadow;" and the earth will say: "Come and sleep in my bosom;" and the winds will say: "Hush! while I sing thee a cradle hymn;" and while six strong men carry us out to our last resting-place, and ashes come to ashes and dust to dust, we will see two scarred feet standing amid the broken soil, and a lacerated brow bending over the open grave, while a voice, tender with all-affection and mighty with all-omnipotence, will declare: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Comfort one another with these words.

Chicago Ignorance.

About twenty miles out from Chicago, couple of nice old ladies with mittens and veils and bonnets of gray and elaborate sand colored dusters, got in to a terrific state of excitement over something they had seen from the car window. One of them called "Conductor" as loudly as she could. The official ruler of the car came at a run down the aisle.

"What happened ma'am?" he asked breathlessly.

"Look out of the window, here," and the old lady dragged down the conductor's head, and directing his gaze toward a large white house standing alone on the prairie, continued "Who lives in that house?"

"I really don't know," replied the conductor, politely.

"Well, I declare to gracious—and you air the conductor air you?" asked the old lady who had not spoken before; "you don't know who lives in that house—that big white house with a red barn, and the rail fence all around it? And you air the conductor, air you? My, my, but it's 'stonishin' how little some folks does know.

The old ladies thought they recognized in the white farmhouse the abode of a cousin of theirs "who lives in Indiana somewhere in a white house with a red barn and a rail fence around it."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

HERE AND THERE.

George Gould shaves himself.

New York is lionizing Mr. Oliphant.

John Bright's health is on the mend.

Lady Dudley sleeps in black silk sheets.

Mrs. J. H. Riddle, the novelist, is a native of Ireland.

Cardinal Gibbons resembles Henry Clay in appearance.

The income of Oxford University for 1887 was $326,000.

Fingerless kid gloves are the latest whim in feminine society.

The British Order of Odd Fellows shows a membership of 52,000.

Gen. Sheridan fought seventy-five battles and was never defeated.

A deep sea eel of twenty pounds is exhibited in a New York market.

Shoe soles of wire net, outlasting leather, are a new idea in Germany.

The Queen of Denmark is very deaf, but passionately fond of music.

Porto Rico pineapples, nine pounds each, are $1 apiece in Eastern markets.

Grave & Gay have made a failure in the retail grocery business in Chicago.

There are said to be several churches in Illinois without a single male member.

A Florida railroad prospectus has rediscovered Ponce de Leon's fountain of youth.

This year is the bi-centenary of Alexander Pope's birth. He was born on May 21, 1688.

A bust of the late Matthew Arnold is to be placed in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey.

The official report on Russia for 1885 shows that the population of the empire is 109,000,000.

It is estimated that the girl who dances eighteen waltzes travels about fourteen miles.

Gen. Lew. Wallace took his mother as the model for the noble mother of the hero of "Ben Hur."

Miss Bertha Von Hillern is at her studio, at Fisher's Hill, Va., where she will remain all summer.

Philadelphia will have twenty-seven theaters when the two now in process of erection are completed.

Epes Sargent wrote the song, "A Life on the Ocean Wave," but Henry Russell composed the music.

A new species of green bug is causing a steady and increasing decline of coffee production in Ceylon.

Gen. Lew. Wallace is an expert angler and took part in the recent fly-casting tournament of the fishermen of Indiana.

Robert Browning won't write for magazines. A Boston periodical offered him $1,000 for a short poem, but he declined.

Lewis G. Clark, the "George Harris" of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is to be on exhibition at a Minneapolis museum.

Dr. John Hall, of New York, has been appointed a member of the Board of Visitors to the Anopolis Naval Academy.

The price of diamonds has fallen. It was over 22 shillings per carat in October, 1887, and it is now less than 18 shillings.

Messrs. Munhall and Towner, after a month's work in St. Paul, Minn., saw 2,000 persons publicly confess conversion.

Laurence Oliphant has published a new book dealing with "scientific religion." It is pronounced very daring and original.

Louis Huller has bought $5,000,000 acres of Mexican land on which he proposes to settle German families fresh from Europe.

Society papers are coming to use the terms woman and women in lieu of lady and ladies—an improvement all the way round.

Dr. Richard Garnett, of the British Museum, is the author of a biography of Emerson, which is soon to appear in the "Great Writers Series."

Miss Julia Bryant, a daughter of William Cullen Bryant, who has been living in Paris since the death of her father, has returned to New York.

A monster frog swallowed a chicken at Oconee, Ga., the other day, and seemed to be relishing the bite immensely when the owner killed him.

Ruskin dislikes foreign translators and not long ago wrote a letter telling a man who asked permission to translate his works to let them alone.

The smallest baby in Chicago was born a few days ago to Mrs. Danske, the wife of a teamster. The diminutive infant weighs sixteen ounces.

Miss Leoline Daniel, of Athens, La., while preparing for her wedding, became suddenly ill, and died about the hour she was to have been married.

Russell Sage is the Director of three banks, and it is very seldom that he ever misses a meeting. For each meeting that he attends he receives $10.

Heroic treatment saved the Emporer of Brazil from death. Oxygen gas and hypodermic injections of caffeine were used to preserve the patient from syncope.

The other day a steamer made fast to a dock at Duluth, adjusted six receiving spouts, took on 52,000 bushels of wheat, and was off with her load in forty-nine minutes.

During the past twelve months 3,000,000 sheep and thirty per cent. of the whole of the horned cattle have perished from the cattle plague in the district of Kherson, south Russia.

Baby, two years old, has heard pearl spoken of as "mother-of-pearl." One day she ran in with a piece in her hand, crying: "Here's the mamma! Where's the baby?"

A queer flower, which grows in Yucatan, is the manito (little hand) of the guarumo. It is in the exact shape of the human hand, with fingers, thumb, nails and knuckles all complete.

The Chicago *Times* says that his sweetheart's skull serves as a paper weight for a doctor in that city. It was her dying request that he (then a student) be given the skul as a remembrance of her.

It is said that thousands of apple tree are being set out in Nova Scotia this season, the experience of the past two or three years having convinced farmers that the careful cultivation of the fruit is profitable.

Dr. Theodore Gay, who attended ex-Vice President Wheeler during his last illness, has presented a bill for about $14,800. Mr. Wheeler's executor has refused to pay the bill and the matter will go to the courts.

A lad of eleven years at Tamaqua, Pa., although apparently in good health, died very suddenly the other day, and a post-mortem examination showed that enlargement of the heart, produced by cigarette smoking, was the cause.

Dudley Buck has made the choir of Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, one of the best in the country. So anxious are singers to receive the guidance of the famous composer that Mr. Buck always has a list of thirty or forty applicants for position in the choir.

The "White Ribbon" army of which more than 250,000 women are members throughout the world, had a humble origin in Hillsboro, Ohio, some fifteen years ago, when a little band of women, led by Mrs. Judge Thompson, knelt in the snow before the saloons of the town and besought their owners to abandon them.

Mme. Victoria, who is known all over Europe as the "strongest woman in the world," and is sometimes spoken of as the "female Hercules," is of medium height, with a girlish, graceful figure, and nothing Herculean-looking about her. Yet she readily lifts a thousand pounds. Her strength is wholly the result of daily athletic training since youth.

Col. Nicholas Smith, the Kentucky professional beauty who married one of Horace Greeley's daughters, is an extremely modest man. Recently while in New York a lady sarcastically said to him, "O, Col. Smith, how much you look like George Washington!" And the elegant Colonel gravely responded "Madame, Washington was a great and good man and deserves the compliment."

A son of Browning is said to have replied some time ago to a New York artist, who asked him if he understood his father's poetry, "Some of it," and related that his father observed, after reading a passage in one of his poems, referred to him for explanation: "That passage certainly did have a meaning some years ago when I wrote it, but I have really forgotten now what it was."

Special Exposition Features.

Those desiring to visit Cincinnati and the Centennial exposition during the hundred days' festivities, beginning July 4, should bear in mind that a Department of Information has been established, to which all inquiries pertaining to rates of transportation, board, and such other matters, should be directed for a sure and speedy answer.

The Exposition will not only afford a practical review of the progress of the last century, but will also afford many features of acknowledged interest in addition. The Electric Display, the Gondolas, the Fountains, the Music Hall entertainments, dramatic, spectacular, musical, operatic, literary, and other attractions are, any one, worth the price of admission to the whole Exposition, including everything.

Customer (to barber)—"I s'pose that in your profession it is rather difficult to achieve great wealth?" Barber—Well, I dunno; it's like all head work; there's plenty of room at the top. Have your head sandpapered, sir?"

An ugly complexion made Nellie a fright,
Her face was all pimply and red,
Though her features were good, and her blue eyes were bright,
"What a plain girl is Nellie!" they said.
But now, as by magic, plain Nellie has grown
As fair as an artist's bright dream;
Her face is as sweet as a flower new-blown,
Her cheeks are like peaches and cream.
As Nellie walks out in the fair morning light,
Her beauty attracts every eye,
And as for the people who called her a fright,
"Why, Nellie is handsome!" they cry.

And the reason of the change is that Nellie took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which regulated her liver, cleared her complexion, made her blood pure, her breath sweet, her face fair and rosy, and removed the defects that had obscured her beauty. Sold by druggists.

Striped flannel tennis blazers with hats to match are worn by lady players in the country.

How to Select a Wife.

Good health, good morals, good sense and good temper, are the four essentials for a good wife. These are the indispensables. After them come the minor advantages of good looks, accomplishments, family position, etc. With the first four, married life will be comfortable and happy. Lacking either, it will be in more or less degree a failure. Upon good health depends largely good temper and good looks, and to some extent good sense also, as the best mind must be affected more or less by the weaknesses and whims attendant on frail health. Young man, if your wife is falling into a state of invalidism, first of all things try to restore her health. If she is troubled with debilitating female weaknesses, buy Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It will cure her.

Dark colored India silks and pongees are liked for hot weather traveling gowns.

Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets Possess Powerful Potency, Pass Painlessly, Promote Physical Prosperity.

For dressy white wool costumes Bedford repped wool is used with the cord running from selvedge to selvedge.

The Moxie Secret.

It is three years since Lieut. Moxie first sent the rich South American nerve food plant called Moxie to Dr. Thompson, in Lowell, Mass. Since, over 8,000,000 bottles have been sold, and to-day it is undoubtedly the most popular beverage and nerve support in the world. It has become the ordinary drink of hundreds of thousands of people all over the world. This business has grown like a mushroom. When it was discovered to be a rich nerve food, there was a struggle to possess it.

When a woman is trying to write a letter on a half-sheet of paper much may be said on both sides.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Pretty seaside toilets are a combination of the national colors, red, white and blue, artistically intermingled.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } LUCAS COUNTY, } ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. '86.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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

Sold by Druggists. 75 cents.

One Fact

is worth a column of rhetoric, said an American statesman. It is a fact, established by the testimony of thousands of people, that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula, salt rheum, and other diseases or affections arising from impure state or low condition of the blood. It also overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appetite, and gives strength to every part of the system. If you need a good blood purifier, tonic or appetizer, try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will do you good.

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

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 Doses One Dollar

Tan-colored shoes grow in favor.

English blouses are quite the rage.

Floral designs are revived for carpets.

Sweet peas are the favorite corsage flower.

Lengthwise tucks are used on the upper part of apron draperies.

Folds of canvas or bolting cloth are still worn in the necks of dresses.

Colored out-of-door jackets and wraps are undoubtedly superseding black ones.

Large white embroidered muslin collars, such as were worn thirty years ago, are shown on imported dresses.

A great many women buy umbrellas for their handles, and the more unique and conspicuous they are the better they like them.

Tailor-made parasols to match gown and bonnet are among the last suggestions of the enemy—of which good dressers will beware.

It is not necessary to jump up and leave a room because a young lady says she will sing "Some Day." She may not sing immediately.

Nainsook dressing jackets are short and jaunty. They are profusely trimmed with Valenciennes lace, or adorned with fine embroidery.

There is a rage at present for fancy jewelry in fine gold and solid silver, both plain and oxidized. The dainty patterns are wholly novel.

In Pennsylvania the other day a cat was instantly killed by lightning. Manufacturers of the bootjack should at once apply for an injunction.

"How can we keep the girls on the farm?" asks an agricultural exchange. About the only way we can think of is to hire a dude to hang around and look sweet.

A Baltimore man has patented a device for measuring ice cream. You can now know to a dot just how much ice cream your best girl is capable of holding.

A boy may groan, and from sickness moan, from church or the school to stay; but there's no pain so deep him from circus can keep, because he ain't built that way.

A little French Canadian boy in Oldtown is credited with one of the shortest and most comprehensive compositions on record. The teacher told him to write about anything he could see, and this was the result: "The stove. She is cracked."

Scientists are wrangling over the question of whether monkeys can throw stones. Whether monkeys can do anything of the sort is still an unsettled matter, but a walk of three minutes on any principal street will convince anybody that they can and do smoke cigarettes.

The Homeliest Man in Michigan

As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Large Bottles 50 cents and $1.

Colored net dresses increase in popularity.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

NERVES! NERVES!!

What terrible visions this little word brings before the eyes of the nervous.
Headache, Neuralgia,
Indigestion, Sleeplessness,
Nervous Prostration.
All stare them in the face. Yet all these nervous troubles can be cured by using

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged.

THIS GREAT NERVE TONIC

Also contains the best remedies for diseased conditions of the Kidneys, Liver, and Blood, which always accompany nerve troubles.

It is a Nerve Tonic, an Alterative, a Laxative, and a Diuretic. That is why it

CURES WHEN OTHERS FAIL.

$1.00 a Bottle. Send for full particulars.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors,
BURLINGTON, VT.

"You can't fool the voters!" shouts an esteemed contemporary. Well, no; it isn't necessary, anyhow. About the time the campaign begins to get red hot the average voter is liable to make a fool of himself without any assistance. You're going to join a marching club, of course. So be we.

DR. PH. D. PAUL,
Chronic Diseases of
the EYE a Specialty.
If afflicted with Sore Eyes, or BLINDNESS following granulated lids, call or address with stamp to 343 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill. Artificial Eyes furnished.

WHAT

WARNER'S SAFE CURE CURES

BACK ACHE,
BLADDER TROUBLES
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
HEAD ACHE,
NERVOUSNESS
INDIGESTION,

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no New Discovery, unkown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

DIZZINESS,
AGUE,
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FEMALE TROUBLES,
BAD EYES,
IMPOTENCY,
DROPSY,

CURED WITH WARNER'S SAFE CURE

Ask your friends and neighbors what WARNER'S SAFE CURE has done for them. Its record is beyond the range of doubt. It has cured millions and we have millions of testimonials to prove our assertion. WARNER'S SAFE CURE will cure you if you will give it a chance.

"Where are you going this summer, Mr. Cashbox?" "To Canada." "Why so far?" "It is cooler there than at Sing Sing."

Among serviceable petticoats nothing is better than those of biscult calico, with three flounces embroidered in self-color.

Blouse waists with yoke and short sleeves, which leave the arms free for swimming, are best liked for bathing suits.

SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES

quickly and permanently cured by using **B. B. B.** (Botanic Blood Balm) the wonderful Blood Purifier and Tonic. Large sized bottles $1.00 6 for $5.00. All Druggists or sent free on receipt of price. BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

$1.00 $1.00 $1.00

Secures you one large bottle of B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) the sure and speedy remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases. **Try it and be Convinced.**

DR WINCHELL'S TEETHING SYRUP

Is the best medicine for all diseases incident to children. It regulates the bowels; assists dentition; cures diarrhœa and dysentery in the worst forms; cures canker sore mouth; is a certain preventive of diphtheria; quiets all pain; invigorates the stomach and bowels; corrects all acidity, and gives energy and tone to the entire system; will cure griping in the bowels and wind colic. Do not fatigue yourself or child with sleepless nights, when it is within your reach to cure your child and save your own strength.

Prepared only by
Emmert Proprietary Co., Chicago, Ill.
Sold by all Druggists at 25 cts. per Bottle.

Prof. Zervas' Electric Cure!

For Headache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Asthma, Gout, &c.

All can successfully be treated by anybody. A handsome Electric Battery, and a book giving full particulars how to treat about 60 diseases, by the best curative known. The battery is constructed in the most scientific manner, in a polished wood box 5½ in. by 5 in. x 6 in. high. All metal parts nickel plated. Book 50 pages, cloth-bound, illustrated with many wood-cuts made expressly for this work. Book and battery will be sent on receipt of $5.00 by F. G. OTTO & SONS, 42 East 23d Street, New York.

Established 36 years. Satisfaction guaranteed. Electricity, passed through the human body, strengthens the nerves, causes the muscles to act freely, and greatly aids the heart in circulating the blood through the entire system. Immediate relief in all nervous troubles and beneficial to all troubled with a weak circulation.

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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,
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BIG G Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. Trade Mark.

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease.
G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.
D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

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 50c. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. DR. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

AGENTS WANTED to sell the PERSONAL
Memoirs of Gen. P. H. Sheridan
Outfits now ready. Agents are surpassing their record on Grant's Memoirs. Chance of a lifetime to make money. Address C. B. BEACH & CO., Chicago, Ill.

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DYNAMITE—STUMP BLASTING. In localities not kept by dealers will to introduce our Dynamite Cartridge sell and deliver at prices averaging 5 to 20 cents per stump removed. Ajax Torpedo & Dynamite Works, Bay City, Mich.

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AGENTS WANTED for authorized Editions of the Lives of Candidates of the Republican and Democratic parties. Circulars and Terms free. Complete outfits 50c each. NATIONAL PUB. CO., Chicago, Ill.

HOMES Nebraska Lands, $3 to $9 per acre. Good Homes for Farmers. Sure investment for capitalists. Long time, easy payments. Address for Pamphlets, Low Rates, Excursion Dates, etc., W. B. MILLER, 21 Fox St., Aurora, Ill.

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To introduce, will send a pair of splendid (16x20 inch) 2-Colored IDEAL CRAYON-LITHO. PORTRAITS Cleveland-Thurman or Harrison-Morton [illegible] Agents Wanted.

O'Hara's ASTHMA REMEDY—Prepared only by Dale & Sempill, Chemists, Clark & Madison St., Chicago, Ill. 25c and $1.00 sizes of your druggist or sent by mail on receipt of price.

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GOLD Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Address F. L. POND, M. D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

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

GOLD is worth $500 per lb. Pettit's Eye Salve is worth $1000, but is sold at 25 cents a box by dealers.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

W. N. U. D.--6--31.

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CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION OF THE OHIO VALLEY
GRAND JUBILEE celebrating the Settlement of the Northwestern Territory.
UNSURPASSED DISPLAY.
NEW BUILDINGS, FRESH EXHIBITS, NOVEL ENTERTAINMENTS, DAZZLING EFFECTS.
EXCURSION RATES FROM ALL POINTS.

TO MAKE
A DELICIOUS BISCUIT
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
DWIGHT'S COW-BRAND SALERATUS
AND TAKE NO OTHER.

COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF HERBS.
A General Blood Purifier.

Positively Cures Liver and Kidney Complaints, Constipation, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Dropsy, Biliousness, Malaria, Diabetes, and all Diseases Arising from Impure Blood.

FOR THE LADIES.

Ladies will find this a Perfect Remedy for Female Troubles, such as Painful and Suppressed Menstruation, Sick Headache, and also for beautifying the Complexion and Eradicating Pimples and Blotches and other Skin Diseases.

NOTICE OUR GUARANTEE.

We say to all try it and be convinced, the same as we have convinced others, and if it does not do just as represented, return the package and have your money refunded. For sale by all Druggists or authorized Canvassing Agents at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per package, or mailed on receipt of price, by the

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Every one should have a package in their home and never be without it. Agents Wanted in all Localities. Extra Inducements.