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THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Mother's Girl.

Sleeves to the dimpled elbow,
Fun in the sweet blue eyes,
To and fro upon errands
The little maiden flies.

Now she is washing dishes,
Now she is feeding the chicks,
Now she is playing with pussy,
Or teaching Rover tricks.

Wrapped in a big white apron,
Pinned in a checkered shawl,
Hanging clothes in the garden,
Oh, were she only tall!

Hushing the fretful baby,
Coaxing his hair to curl,
Stepping around so briskly,
Because she is mother's girl.

Hunting for eggs in the haymow,
Petting old Brindle's calf,
Riding Don to the pasture
With many a ringing laugh.

Coming whene'er you call her,
Running wherever sent,
Mother's girl is a blessing,
And mother is well content.

—*Pure Words.*

"The Art of Being a Grandpapa."

Just think of the above as the title of a book!—you who think that grandpapas are either too old and weary or too wise and full of important business to take more than passing notice of you little folk. You fancy, do you not, that grandpapa is a being very far off from yourselves, one whose time and thoughts are occupied with matters with which you cannot possibly have any acquaintance?

Wait until I tell you of a grandpapa who was not long ago the greatest man in France—a poet, a dramatist a patriot, one who exercised the greatest possible influence upon his countrymen and the times in which he lived—yet who was so fond of young people that he found his greatest recreation and pleasure in associating with them, and writing about them and for them.

Victor Hugo was born at Besancon, in France, in 1802, when this century, which has seen so many wonders, was just commencing. His father was a distinguished officer in the service of Joseph Bonaparte, and came from a brave family of the province of Lorraine. As a baby Victor was so weak that he could scarcely hold up his head. Such a poor little fellow was he, indeed, that years after, when describing himself in verse, he says:

"This century two years had rolled along;
When in Besancon, citadelled and strong,
A little babe was born, the heir of pain,
A scion both of Bretagne and Lorraine;
A little babe, so frazile and so weak,
It seemed to come to life its death to seek;
So delicate, its like twere rare to find,
A tiny seed blown helpless by the wind;
A mere chimera—yea, a thing of naught."

Though borne in France, Victor's youth was passed in Italy and Spain, where his father held positions under the Government. There were two boys older than Victor in the Hugo family. They had a good mother, and so well did she train them, and so dearly did they love her, that a word from her would always command their readiest obedience. When the family was living at Avellino, in Italy, they occupied a house which had a large and beautiful garden. Though there was a number of fruit tress in the garden, the boys were forbidden by Madame Hugo to touch any of the fruit.

"But what if it falls?" said Victor.

"Leave it on the ground," replied the mother.

"But what if it is getting rotten?"

"Let it get rotten."

This ended the matter. As far as the children were concerned, any amount of the fruit might lie on the ground and rot; they would not touch it.

The owner of Madame Hugo's house was Lalande, the astronomer. Fearing the children might annoy him he proposed to put up a substantial partition between the houses.

"You need not be afraid," said the mother. "My boys will not trespass on your property; I have forbidden it."

No barrier of any kind was erected, yet not one of the three brothers ever ventured to set foot upon the landlord's ground. When Victor was twelve years of age he and his brother Eugene entered the college Cordier and Decotte, in the Rue Sainte-Marguerite. Here the boys seem to have been very happy, and Victor began to exercise the talents that were to make him famous. Together with a number of his school fellows he wrote poetry, recited odes and ballads, and even got up great military dramas, which were performed after school hours in the large class-rooms. The tables were all pushed together to form a stage, and on this insecure foundation the actors played their parts. They supplied the want of dressing rooms by crouching under the tables in full costume until such time as it was necessary for them to appear on the stage. Some of their costumes were very wonderful. They were chiefly manufactured out of paper, and every hero's breast was adorned with gilt orders. Collars and chains were made out of strings of marbles; gorgeous sashes were wound about their waists, and contained the formidable array of weapons such great characters might be supposed to wear.

The Hugo boys were great favorites with their school-fellows. Before they had been at the college long they were made "kings," and each monarch had an array of followers, those under Eugene calling themselves "calves," and those under Victor "dogs."

Naturally the calves and dogs had frequent encounters at arms. One day while out walking the young commander of the "dogs" was met by a stray "calf," who, making a sling of his handkerchief, flung a stone at his adversary. The stone struck Victor on his knee, and injured him so severely that it was feared his leg must be cut off. During all his sufferings the young general refused to betray the name of his assailant, insisting that such conduct would not be soldier-like.

When Victor was only fourteen years of age he competed for a prize offered by the French Academy for the best poem on "The Advantages of Study in Every Situation in Life." It was admitted that his verses were better than others offered; but the judges would not accord him the prize, because, as they said, he could not possibly be so young as he stated. This enraged Victor, who was a truthful boy, and he prevailed upon his parents to bring forth the certificate of his birth. This showed the judges that they were wrong, and introduced young Hugo as the most wonderful boy poet France had ever produced. He kept on writing, and as he wrote his fame grew. Odes, ballads, dramas, romances flowed from his pen. At length came a very striking and original novel, which established his fame.

Of this work there is a curious story told. The young author went to work to prove one of his strange sayings as to "what there is in a bottle of ink." He bought a new bottle, and shut himself up, determined to live only among the characters he created in his mind. He used up his bottle of ink, but out of it he created his great work, which he called Notre Dame de Paris.

But it is not of Victor Hugo as a poet, a dramatist, or a lover of his country that I want to tell you. The story of what he wrote and did and suffered for the cause of justice, and how his great fame was won, would be too long to publish here. I want you to think of him as the lover of little folk, to whom, after his fame was won, he gave so much of his time, just as he had always given his affection.

Victor Hugo was the father of several children, but they all died long before he did, so in his old age he had none but grandchildren to love and comfort him. Of these, George and Jeanne, the children of his eldest son, were his favorites, and they lived with him for many years in his beautiful home at Passy. It was for them he wrote his beautiful fairy tales, and they are the hero and heroine of the book I spoke to you of in the beginning of this article, "The Art of Being a Grandpapa."

Some of Victor Hugo's stories for little folk are full of wonder, and as fascinating as any Hans Anderson ever wrote. Some of them are full of instruction, like that of the little dog that was transformed into a kind of a guardian angel because of its fidelity to a little girl; and some are full of fun, as, for instance, the story of the donkey with two long ears, one of which always heard "yes," and the other always heard "no," thus keeping the poor animal in a constant state of distraction.

The grandfather poet was never weary of laying plans for the amusement of his little folk and playing tricks for their entertainment. At the nursery dinners no one could be more expert than he in balancing a fork on the edge of a tumbler, or carving a pig out of a piece of bread, with matches for legs. Parties were constantly given at the mansion at Passy, with little folks as the principal guests. When they were quite young the two children were allowed to bring their cat into the salon before dinner. The dignified old gentleman whom they called their "papapa" would let them pull his white beard and take any liberties with his hair that they fancied. "Ah, I see!" he cried one day, "you know what a grandfather is for; he is made to sit upon." Victor Hugo's reply to the question what he expected paradise to be will survive as long as his memory endures. "It should be," he says, "a place where children are always little and parents are always young." Any naughtiness on the part of his pets was a sincere grief to "grandpapa." He has been known to leave his dessert quite untasted because Jeanne was undergoing punishment for some offense. One day his sympathy was so great that it overcame all his principles in regard to discipline; he actually carried off a pot of jam and conveyed it to the closet where she was confined in disgrace. Let us hope that no one found him out.

I could go on for pages telling you anecdotes of Victor Hugo and the children if I had space.

English Prefixes to Foreign Names.

Our language is nothing if not irregular and receptive. It takes words from all quarters and incorporates them into itself with a result which is in most cases most beneficial. I have recently joined in the protest uttered by Mr. F. Harrison against those who would stultify and degrade it by mixing with written and spoken English every form of foreign orthography, so far as regards proper names. I venture to append to this a second protest against the manner in which we speak of living foreigners. In this as in other matters the French are logical. If I visit Paris I am introduced by the Frenchman to his friends as "Monsieur Urban." A Swiss, a Spaniard, a Turk, a Russian, an Asiatic, a negro even, is similarly treated. Monsieur is the generic term of courteous address or description. With our assumed cosmopolitanism we try to be polygot, and we give a man when possible the prefix common in his nation. It is "Monsieur A.," "Herr B.," "Signor C.," "Senor D." This is all very well so far as it goes, but all languages, even in their alphabets, are unknown to us. In the case of a Dutchman a few may be able to say Mynheer. How about a Dane, however, a Pole, a Russ, a Turk? With a ridiculous assumption of geographical knowledge, the residents on the banks of the Danube are probably classified as Germans. With the Russ, or the Turk, or the Greek, however, we are absolutely at fault, and we probably fall back, not upon our own language, but upon the French. To us the foreigner who has no other handle is Monsieur. It would surely be more convenient, more expedient, easier, and less pedantic to call every stranger Mr., as we call ourselves. I am not very sanguine that this plan will be adopted, but I am at least content to point out the absurdity of which we are guilty, leaving to time and some better advocate the task of reform.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

It Wasn't Tooth Powder.

I was told yesterday a rather amusing story at the expense of Mark Twain—and the same story is already a standing joke in society. Not long ago the humorist was traveling in the country, and stopped one evening at a house presided over by an elderly woman. He was shown to a room somewhat bare of ornament and furniture, yet slept peacefully until morning. When morning came and he arose, he became mindful of the fact that, although he had provided himself with a toothbrush, he had forgotten his tooth powder. He consoled himself with the thought that there must be tooth powder lying somewhere about. After a brief search, he discovered something, in a small box on the mantel, which certainly resembled tooth powder. At any rate, he used it vigorously on his teeth and found it satisfactory. When he got down stairs he apologized to his hostess for using her tooth powder. She appeared surprised. "What tooth powder?" she inquired blandly. "It was on the mantel," Mark replied. "On the mantel?" she repeated. "Yes, in a small box. It was excellent," he declared. "Good gracious," she ejaculated. "That wasn't tooth powder." "What was it?" asked Mark, now slightly alarmed. "Why, that was auntie," said she. (It seems that "auntie" had been cremated.)—*Rochester Post's New York Letter.*

An Expensive Amusement.

Customer (to photographer)—"I don't like the expression. It's too sad."

Photographer—"Think so!"

Customer—"Oh, yes. My wife will think I've been playing draw poker again."—*New York Sun.*

Lesser things will drop out, as the hand closes upon the larger duty or the greater blessing. Just as the hand that reaches out to grasp the great strong oak, lets go its hold upon the blade of grass it had gathered.—*P. Brooks.*

REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

Daniel Webster first came to Washington in May, 1813, as an anti-war Representative from New Hampshire, and served until March 4, 1817. Removing from Portsmouth to Boston, he came to Washington in December, 1823, as a Representative from that city, and was for several years the only boarder at Mr. McIntyre's on Pennsylvania avenue, nearly opposite the National Hotel. When he was elected Senator, in 1827, he boarded for one session at Dr. Lindsey's, then at Brown's Hotel, and then at Gadsby's National Hotel, where his colleagues, Senator Silsbee and Representative Nathan Appleton, also boarded.

In December, 1833, Senators Webster and Silsbee took rooms at Mrs. Thompson's boarding house on Louisiana avenue, near Eighth street, but at the commencement of the next session Mr. Webster removed to the house of Mrs. Bayliss, opposite the Center Market. At the commencement of the Twenty-fourth Congress, in 1835, he was at Brown's Hotel, but removed to the boarding house of Mrs. Clements, and thence to the boarding house of Mrs. Hewitt on Pennsylvania avenue, near Second street, where he was when he resigned his Senatorship to accept the position of Secretary of State from President Harrison. Mr. Webster is remembered by those who were his fellow-boarders as having given very little trouble and as rarely complaining. He always secured the attention of servants by liberal fees, and he was generous in passing the wine which he used to bring with him from his room when he came to dinner. He was an early riser, and in the winter used to build his own wood fire and do a good deal of writing before breakfast. He was very particular about his personal appearance, and on one occasion intimated to a fellow-boarder that it was not proper for a gentleman to come to the breakfast-table wearing a dressing gown. Whenever he expected to address the Senate or the Supreme Court he always arrayed himself with great care, and in the later years of his life he wore the old Whig colors—blue coat, with buff vest and black trousers. He was not a tall or a large man, but his superb head, firmly set on a broad pair of shoulders, gave him a majestic appearance. Mr. Webster was very familiar with the British poets, from Spenser to Sheridan, inclusive, and often quoted from them in the Senate and in conversation. On one occasion, when Mr. Buchanan had made a speech in the Senate, imputing dishonorable conduct to England (as if the British Government was still oppressing us under a colonial bondage) he quoted a humorous epitaph, which had been proposed, he said, for the tombstone of a man named Wraxall, as follows:

Mistaking, misdating,
Misciting, miswriting,
Misspelling, misteling,
Ill-sorting, distorting,
Confusing, abusing,
Words, speeches, letters and facts all.
Here lies the bones of Nathaniel Wraxall.

Once Mr. Ewing, of Ohio, the father of Mrs. General Sherman, said, in a speech, that if the bill under discussion was enacted "our lakes would be barren wastes of water, and our canals solitudes." After that he was called at the Capitol "Solitude Ewing." One evening he gave a large party, and Mr. Webster arrived late. Forcing his way through the crowd, he exclaimed, as he reached his host:

Oh, solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?

It elicited a roar of laughter, in which Mr. Ewing joined. Mr. Webster also had a great fund of anecdote, and loved to describe the leading members of the New Hampshire and Massachusetts bars, when he first entered upon the practice of the law. Occasionally he would indulge in a reminiscence of his own life, and his narrative of his experience as the President of a lumber company, organized during the speculative days in Maine, was very amusing, especially his account of a visit which he received at Boston from a garrulous old dame of Milesian birth, who was the possessor of an engraved certificate of stock, and who had come to demand her "davy-dind." Mr. Webster had another unfortunate experience in speculating in Illinois lands at Rock Island City, a town on paper, but far distant from the present city of Rock Island. Mr. Webster liked to refer to his speech on the Goodrich trial, and he claimed that he was an Essex County man by descent and distantly connected with the poet Whittier. They were both descended from Christopher Hussey of Hampton, N. H., who married a daughter of the Rev. Stephen Batcheldder, a vivacious old non-conformist, who made a good deal of trouble in his day. Mr. Webster inherited from the Batchelders, who afterward settled in Salisbury, his swarthy complexion, which, as Gen. Stark said, when speaking of Col. Ebenezer Webster, "burnt powder would not change." He was familiarly alluded to as "Black Dan" in conversation, but I never heard of any one who dared to call him by that familiar appellation.

Dr. Thornton, a native of the West Indies, had charge of the Patent Bureau, then in the State Department, from the administration of Washington until that of John Quincy Adams. After his death it was discovered that his wife was the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Dodd, executed at London for forgery, in the reign of George the Third. Mrs. Dodd, calling herself Mrs. Badeau, came to Philadelphia, when Congress sat there, and opened a school for young ladies, which was patronized by the best families in the city. Dr. Thornton fell in love with her young daughter, and, after having been confidentially informed of her real name and parentage, married her. He removed here when the seat of Government was established here, and his wife and mother-in-law used to manage him somewhat despotically, although they could never conquer his love for horse-racing, to which he was passionately addicted, and at no small cost to his purse, which was not always able to bear it. On one occasion a suit was brought by him to recover the sum of $3,000, the price of a celebrated race-horse, Rattler, the defendant contending that the horse was broken down for want of food before he was sold, pleading "no consideration." A wag present at the trial, hearing Dr. Thornton's counsel complaining that they had not been paid, as per agreement, wrote:

With his horses unfed, he loses his races,
With his lawyers unpaid, he loses his cases.

Dr. Thornton claimed to have been the inventor of steam navigation, and to have made experiments on the Delaware before Fulton made his on the Hudson. This claim brought the two into collision, and when Fulton came to reside in Washington they carried on a bitter newspaper and pamphlet war. Fulton asserted that Thornton was an ignoramus, and to prove the assertion narrated the following conversation with him: "I have invented," says Fulton, "the conversion of sawdust into planks by hydraulic pressure." "Oh!" contemptuously replied Thornton, "there is nothing new in that; I have known of that for a long time." "But," rejoined Fulton, "you never knew of my invention how to make *oak* plank out of *pine* sawdust." Dr. Thornton saw that he had been quizzed, and changed the subject.

On Stilts.

"I remember," said the Doctor, "a fancy which raged among the boys of my time for walking on stilts. Whether we were sent to school or the harvest-field, or to the village store, we must mount up on these high, unsteady sticks and stagger along on them. It gave us a delicious feeling of superiority to look down on ordinary men and women, until suddenly we slipped and fell flat in the mud. I remember my father saw me tumble into the gutter one day, and said, sternly:

"'Keep to your own legs, boy. Too many people in this world walk on stilts! Keep to your own legs!'

"I have never forgotten his warning. So many of us are on stilts! There is Judge C——, who was a leading lawyer in a Pennsylvania town. He lived in a large house surrounded by beautiful gardens, his family were the center of a circle of cultivated and refined people, their life was busy, simple, and genuine, and therefore happy.

"Suddenly, C—— removed to New York, in order that his boys could have wider opportunities and his girls could make wealthy marriages: His large mansion in the village had cost two hundred dollars a year for rent; his cramped city flat cost three thousand. His wife and daughters had worn muslin; now they rustled in velvet and silk.

"Late balls took the place of the informal, friendly hospitality of their old home. The end of it was, the girls, having no dower, were laughed at and neglected by the rich fashionable men whom they courted; the boys plunged into all the vices of the city, and C——, in three years, was a ruined man. He had tried to walk on stilts!

"When I see plain men going to imitate the leaders in business or politics, women aping fashionable life, college-boys pluming themselves upon their acquisition of the alphabet of knowledge, or girls smiling and lisping with an affectation of sweetness and innocence which they do not possess, I feel like calling out, 'Come down from your stilts!'"

Imitation and sham in any character are but synonyms for weakness.

Carlyle on Sartor Resartus.

One day the talk fell upon his books. "Poor old Sartor!" he said. "It's a book in which I take little satisfaction; really a book worth very little as a work of art, a fragmentary, disjointed, vehement production. It was written when I was livin' at Craigenputtock, one o' the solitariest places on the face o' the earth; a wild moorland place where one might lead a wholesome, simple life, and might labor without interruption, and be not altogether without peace such as London cannot give. We were quite alone, and there is much that is beautiful and precious in them as I look back on those days." He went on to tell of the difficulties he had in getting the book published, of which an account has since been given in his "Life," and of the lack of favor with which it was at first received, and then he said: "But it's been so with all my books. I've had little satisfaction or encouragement in the doin' of them, and the most satisfaction I can get out of them now is the sense of havin' shouldered a heavy burden o' work, an' not flinched under it. I've had but one thing to say from beginnin' to end o' them, and that was, that there's no other reliance for this world or any other but just the truth, and that if men did not want to be damned to all eternity, they had best give up lyin', and all kinds o' falsehood; that the world was far gone already through lyin', and that there's no hope for it save just so far as men find out and believe the truth, and match their lives to it. But on the whole the world has gone on lyin' worse than ever. (A laugh.) It's not a very pleasant retrospect—those books o' mine—of a long life; a beggarly account of empty boxes.—*Princeton Review.*

THE citizens of Hungary will erect a monument to the memory of Abbe Liszt, at Raiding, his birthplace.

A Setter.

"Sergeant," said Mr. Dunder, as he slipped in on Sergt. Bendal yesterday, "vhas dere some confidence game in which you see a dog?"

"There's all sorts of confidence games, Mr. Dunder, and it's a poor one which wouldn't catch you. What is it now?"

"Vhell, if I vhas shwindled again I dunno. Fife days ago a man come to my place mit a dog. Vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. He like to leave dot dog mit me for two hours. Dot dog vhas a setter. He vhas valuable. He vhas going to sell him for ten dollar."

"Same old game."

"Vhas he some old game? I neafer see him before. He goes avhay, und another man comes. Whose dog vhas dot? I dunno. Dot was a waluable dog. He gifs me twenty dollar for him right off queek. He goes to der depot, and vhill shtop on his vhay back. Vhell, he doan' be gone long vhen der dog man comes in. Shake und me talk it oafer, and we see a chance to make ten dollar."

"Of course. And you gave him $10 for the dog?"

"Yes."

"And you are still waiting for the man to come and pay you twenty?"

"Yes."

"Well, you will wait a good while."

"Vhas I shwindled?"

"Yes, sir."

"Und he won't come?"

"Never."

"Hum! Dots der vhay I belief, too, Sergeant!"

"Yes."

"I vhas going home und kill dot dog! In a leedle while, maybe, some odder man comes along mit a setter. Vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. I like to leaf dis dog mit you. He vhas a waluable dog. Ho vhas—pish! thud! bang!—und I like der Coroner to come in byders de-door und keep der boys oudt! Good-bye, Sergeant! I pays taxes in two wards und I vhas all right to gif bail."—*Detroit Free Press.*

There are few more picturesque reminiscences of the House of Commons than that of the venerable Mr. Newdegate, hailing Mr. Gladstone during the "Vatican period" with "I knew you would come over to me at last!"

While the telegraph service of Great Britain is disarranged by storms, the city telegraph service of London is working as well as ever. In the city underground wires convey the messages.

INTERESTING READING.

Emin Bey has freed from the slave trade a province containing 10,000,000 inhabitants.

The Boone, Ia., temperance people are being assisted by the Knights of Labor, and are making things lively for the dealers in tangle-foot.

It is said that Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, is the best dressed man in the Senate, while General Bingham carries off like honors in the House.

The magical effects of St. Jacobs Oil in removing soreness and stiffness makes it invaluable at all times. Rheumatism and Neuralgia promptly yield to it.

When is a newspaper the sharpest?—When it is filed.

Dr. Gross, physician at St. Vincent's Hospital, Baltimore, Md., considers Red Star Cough Cure perfectly harmless, being purely vegetable and entirely free from opiates, poisons, and other narcotics. Other professionals also endorse it as prompt, safe and sure. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle.

President Grevy has given another proof of the sympathy of France toward Greece by sending the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor to the Duke of Sparta, heir apparent to the Grecian throne.

Another Life Saved.

About two years ago a prominent citizen of Chicago was told by his physician that he must die. They said his system was so debilitated that there was nothing left to build on. He made up his mind to try a "new departure." He got some of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and took it according to directions. He began to improve at once. He kept up the treatment for some months, and is to-day a well man. He says the "Discovery" saved his life.

The violinist is always up to his chin in business.

We ought not to be too anxious to encourage untried innovation, in cases of doubtful improvement. For a quarter of a century Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has been before the public and passed through the severest test, and is pronounced the most reliable remedy for that disagreeable malady. Thousands of testimonials of its virtues. 50 cents per bottle. By druggists.

If we were all of one opinion there won'd be no betting.

"Frailty, thy Name is Woman."

—*Hamlet.*

That she is frail, often in body,
"Tis true, 'tis true 't's a pity,
And pity 'tis, 'tis true."

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is the best restorative tonic for physical frailty in women, or female weaknesses or derangements. By druggists. Price reduced to one dollar.

A man does not need to own a railroad to lose a train.

A Deep Mystery.

Wherever you are located you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information as to work you can do and live at home, making thereby from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have made over $20 in a day. All is new. Hallett & Co. will start you; capital not needed. Either sex. All ages. No class of working people have ever made money so fast heretofore. Comfortable fortunes await every worker. All this seems a deep mystery to you, reader, but send along your address and it will be cleared up and proved. Better no delay; now is the time.

LADIES! Those dull, tired looks and feelings speak volumes! Dr. Kilmer's FEMALE REMEDY corrects all conditions, restores vigor and vitality and brings back youthful bloom and beauty. Price $1.00—6 bottles $5.00.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Trade Mark. QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

—THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidney and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It **enriches and purifies the blood,** stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For **Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy,** etc., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD. CATARRH ROSE COLD HAY FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE. PRICE 50 CENTS. ELY BRO'S, OWEGO, N.Y. U.S.A.

HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price 50 cts. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

We have never handled a catarrh remedy that has increased so rapidly in sales as Ely's Cream Balm or that has given such universal satisfaction.—C. N. Crittenton, 115 Fulton St., New York City.

Rheumatism and Catarrh Can be Cured.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., May 28, 1886.

Pardee Medicine Co.:

GENTLEMEN:—Nearly all winter I was confined to my room with inflammatory rheumatism. I commenced using Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy, but after taking it for a time the pain became more intense, and I was alarmed and feared the remedy was making me worse, but continued its use and soon the pain left me, and I gradually improved, the soreness leaving my arms and shoulders and seeming to pass out at my toes. It has completely cured me. At the time I commenced using the remedy, I had a throat difficulty and the catarrh, which I found to be better after taking it, and it occurred to me to use it as a gargle, which I did, and to my great satisfaction I improved rapidly, and to-day am free from both rheumatism and catarrh. I consider it indispensable as a family medicine. I take one teaspoonful after breakfast, and find it a splendid tonic. I would advise you to recommend it as a gargle for throat troubles and catarrh, for I know it will cure. I have seen some remarkable cures from the use of this remedy, and it is one I can recommend to all.

I am, very truly yours,
E. R. McCALL.

Less than One-half the Amount Cured Him.

John C. Heron, of 46 4th street, Rochester, has been troubled for years with rheumatism in the shoulders and about the heart. He gave a physician ten dollars for an examination, and he merely informed him that he had rheumatism of the heart. He was cured by Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy, and for less than one-half the money paid for the examination.

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

Pardee Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Every one is perfectly satisfied who uses Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

The bowels may be regulated, and the stomach strengthened, with Ayer's Pills.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or the many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. Some of these cures are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial. Send for book of cures.

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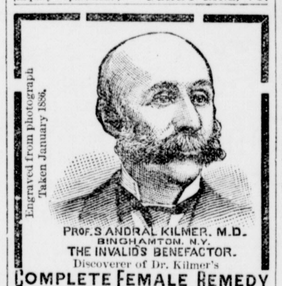

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