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THE LITTLE FOLKS.

The Sulky Oleander.

Little Oleander slip
Cut from mother tree
Was just as disagreeable
As little slip could be.
Didn't like her pot of earth;
Said she couldn't grow;
This was very naughty
And foolish, too, you know.

Little Oleander slip
A drink of water had;
Didn't do her any good;
Continued to be bad;
Sulky Oleander
Hung her little head,
And drooping over sideways,
I retended she was dead.

But it wasn't any good
Playing such a trick;
Tied up Oleander
To a little stick;
Shut her in a closet,
Very dark, you know;
Till she's made her mind up
To be good and grow.

Darkness had a good effect
On Oleander's head;
"What's the use of acting so?"
To herself she said;
Straightened up her wilting stalk
Really tried to smile;
'Guess we'll have to let her out
In a little while.

Morning bright and sunny,
Air so fresh and pure,
Oleander's had enough
Of closet, I am sure.
"Be good, Oleander,
"Yes," I heard her say,
And she kept her promise
From that very day.

Other little flowers
Sometimes act just so,
And in darkened closets
Often have to go:
There, in calm reflection,
It will not be strange
If a short confinement
Works a wondrous change.

—*The Nursery.*

The Reign of Plants.

own deep in the earth, hundreds of feet below the surface, may be found strange cities, roofed over, walled in, and pillared with what looks like jet black stone. No light reaches the narrow streets, except here and there where a flaring lamp stuck into a socket in the wall makes a circle of brightness around it, or a tiny flame, imprisoned in a wire cage, and worn in the front of his cap by each of the dwellers in this underground world, sends out a slender flame to light him on his way. This curious place is a coal-mine, which has been slowly dug out by men who toiled there day after day and year after year, away from the light of the sun and God's beautiful green earth.

I want you to go back with me, in imagination, to the times when the coal was making. We must go back more years than we can even think of to do this. It was after the reign of the fishes; the land then existing was only low mud banks and barren rocks, where a few plants and trees were growing. Most of the globe was covered with water, ceaselessly beating upon the desolate shores. A death-like silence hung over the dreary land and sullen waters. No insect's hum or bird's song broke the stillness of the air. The sounds that might have been heard, if there had been an ear that could listen, were sounds of destruction and death rather than sounds of life. The heavy muttering of the storm, the sudden claps of thunder echoing through the hollow air, the crash of earthquake and volcano, and then silence again, marked by the monotonous roll of the waves, as the silence of night is marked by the regular tick of a clock.

It almost seemed as if the earth, in spite of the heat, had not yet been released from the death-like spell of winter. But at last a new life was beginning to wake. Almost as spring comes to us each year this awakening came to the bare and desert land. Cannot you look back upon last winter and remember how long it seemed—how you waited and watched for the spring so eagerly and impatiently that it seemed as though it would never come? At last, when you had almost begun to despair, there came a few soft, warm days, and the miracle of nature was wrought. The whole air was full of the whispers of the coming leaves, murmuring their gladness as they burst from their dark prison houses in the rough boughs, and pushed their way out into the air and sunshine.

Now that the spring had come to the world, after millions of years of waiting, it brought a wonderful and brilliant life. The excessive heat and moisture together made of the whole land one great greenhouse. The plants grew to a gigantic size. The swampy ground brought forth huge reeds that reared themselves forty or fifty feet high, and were clothed with masses of feathery leaves. Ferns shot up tall trunks crowned with foliage like palms. Singular trees, unlike any living now upon earth, whose trunks looked like carved columns of wood, filled the forest, and must have given it a most peculiar look. The marking on the stems was found to be scars left by leaves which had fallen off; but the plants that were most common and grew most freely were ferns, both tree and creeping ferns. These plants were all found in the swamps; at the same time on the rocky lands a few evergreens had sprung up, which were sometimes carried down in the freshets and packed among the living plants of the swamps.

It seems a wonderful leap to make from such a dense living forest as this to a seam of solid coal lying between layers of stone hundreds of feet underground, and so it would be if we tried to take it in one jump. But we are able to trace the change step by step from wood to coal almost as perfectly as we can the wood that is stacked, and covered in from the air, and slowly heated till it turns into charcoal, in the charcoal burner's pits.

Do you remember anything about the peat bogs—how the leaves and stems of plants, and even stumps and legs of wood, sunk in the swampy waters, instead of turning to dust and blowing away, as they would have done in the air, were packed down and gradually changed into a black, pasty mass, and that this mass when dried would burn? Well, peat is the first step that wood takes in its change into coal. Coal is nothing but wood—leaves, stems, roots and trunks—which under water, and by means of heat and pressure, has slowly changed its form. A coal fire is, after all, made from wood, but wood that grew millions of years ago, and was packed away and kept all that time underground, while a wood fire comes from last year's forest that was cut and for a few months perhaps stored away to dry.

We can find in different parts of the world fuel in all its various stages of change from wood, through peat and brown coal and soft coal of various kinds, up to hard coal. Two other things that we do not think of as coal form links in this chain of change. Jet, out of which jewelry is made, is one form of soft coal and graphite, that makes the best lead for lead-pencils, is the hardest of the hard coals. A piece of common coal ground down into a thin slice shows under the magnifying-glass just the sort of cells that a piece of wood cut thin and even will show. Perfect leaves are often found in coal, with every vein distinct; and in some coal-mines great tree trunks of solid coal, imbedded in coal as solid, have been found.

You remember the sudden changes in this old world were something like what happen now, only more violent and more swift. The coal swamps lay usually near river mouths. Besides the leaves and fallen trunks from the forest where they grew, the river in its uprising would carry down masses of logs and uprooted trees, and pack them in among the living plants, and over all would settle loads of river mud and sand brought down by the freshet. Something like this is going on at the mouth of the Mississippi and other rivers now, and peat-bogs are forming there as the coal-beds began to form so long ago.

Coal seams are large flat layers of coal pressed between layers of various kinds of rock. Usually there are many layers of coal with layers of rock between, like a natural jelly-cake, the jelly being the coal, and the cake the thick rock between. Each layer of coal represents a buried forest, and the layer of stone just under it is crowded with the roots and stumps standing just as they grew millions of years ago. In Wales, in one place, there are one hundred layers of coal, with rocks between, one on top of the other, for over two miles deep.

Though plants reigned in the coal-measures, the waters were not empty of animal life; great fish swam about in the waters, beautiful corals clustered on the rocks near the sea surface, star-fish and stone-lilies, shell-fish and lobster-like creatures, dwelt in the sea. A few insects had begun to flit about over the surface of the water, and enormous lizards made their appearance. Clumsy footprints on the sandstones show where they have lived and swarmed, and singular skeletons leave a record in the rocks of their deaths. A new and higher life had begun in the animal world while the coal forests were growing and perishing and being packed away for future use.—*Harper's Young People.*

King Humbert as a Romancer.

One day, after listening patiently to a certain court wit, who had told a most extravagent yarn made out of whole cloth, the King remarked quietly: "I can easily believe that story, because I have had a more curious experience myself. On one occasion I had been hunting all day long and was returning home empty-handed when a thrush flew up within range of my gun and, thinking it better than nothing, I blazed away at it, and, to my great astonishment, brought down not only the thrush but a good-sized hawk. Just at the moment when I pulled the trigger this hawk, which was also out hunting, had swooped down upon the thrush, and, in consequence, the one shot had struck both birds. But that was not all. The report of my gun had scared up a rabbit, and, as luck would have it, the hawk fell directly on Connie's back, and, being only wounded, immediately attacked the poor beast so fiercely that he, suffering under the cruel claws, began to dig up the earth with his paws, and presently uncovered two small truffles. So, you see, with a single shot I bagged a fine hawk to stuff, a thrush to broil, a nice fat rabbit to stew, and two splendid truffles for the seasoning."

The King is fond of telling how, in the campaigns of 1866, he had three buttons shot from his coat by rifle balls, and how he once owned a horse who could jump across a ditch more than thirty feet wide, and again how, when a boy, his gymnastic teacher taught him to climb over a wall one hundred feet high without using a rope or anyth ng of the sort. Whenever the King sees fit to amuse himself in this way the courtiers are on pins and needles, for he requires each one of them to listen to whatever he may say with the utmost seriousness. Another habit which often causes annoyance and embarrassment is the King's way of taking a fancy to any little novelty which he may see in the hands of any of his courtiers. It may be a jewel set in some curious way, or a cane made of rare wood, or perhaps a fantastic watch. No matter what it is, or who is the owner, his Majesty will show such an intense desire to possess it that finally the object is offered to him, and, needless to add, it is always replaced by a present of double or triple its value. One day, when a warm conversation was going on in his presence as to the best form of monarchy, he expressed himself as follows: "Gentlemen, the best of all monarchies is the one where the king is felt everywhere without being observed." "And the best form of a republic?" asked a certain ambassador. "It is that one," was the reply, "where, as in America, the genius of the people has so deeply penetrated every fiber of the social fabric that no place remains for a king."—*Boston Advertiser.*

Cumior with Worzingmen.

Whatever we may have to say to the working classes, the spirit is likely to be as important as the matter. It is a thing, of course, that politicians, having respect to the recompense of reward, will flatter and fawn upon those who hold so large a mass of political power; but more sense and more self-respect might fairly have been expected of many of the persons, themselves altogether disinterested and sincere, who have of late contributed to the literature of the labor question. Some of these writers can not refer to the general issue between laborers and employers, or even to a specific demand for higher wages or fewer hours, without gushing over the virtues of the working classes; without talking as if there were something peculiarly noble and self-sacrificing in occupying that position; without assuming, in advance of investigation, that any body of laborers must be right in any claim they may choose to make, and casting reproachful glances at every employer who entertains notions of his own regarding his interests or rights, as if he were a persecutor of the saints.

Now, this sort of thing is foolish, and, so far as it has any effect at all, is mischievous. If the working classes are not spoiled by the unceasing adulation of which they are the subjects, it is because they have too much rugged sense of their own and too much native insight into character. But there is little reason to doubt that this kind of talk has its effect, in a degree—that many a laborer has been made restive by it, and that it has prepared the way for the seductions of the demagogue.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

EVEN reckoning makes lasting friends, and the way to make reckonings even is to make them often.

NOTHING is more common or more fatal than the grasping of an advantage at the cost of ten times its value.

WHEN you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.

GOD appreciates and rewards all we do for others, even if those we seek to benefit forget to thank us.

SOME of the best blood in the land runs through the mosquito's veins.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

GOPHER HOLLOW CORRESPONDENCE.

GOPHER HOLLER, Illinoy.

Mr. Edditter:

DEER SUR—Tuday, as yu wil purceeve by the tone of my Letter, my sperrits is in a Onyoosuel elatid and chearfull kondishun. Yes, as I am a settin by the kitchen Tabul a pennin them fu Lines tu yoo, Whilst the wumman is settin the spunge fer tu Ris biskitt, the thort cums hoam tu me; that Try merritt is ollwais shoor tu be Recognized suner or laiter. This has bin iN Elisfull eksperearance tu our skoole Pick Nick last weak. As yoo know, we have a Vacashun rite intu the Middle of summer; fer tu giv the boys a chance tu Help thare fokes git up the hay and grane. Our skule let out last weak and we sulebrated the event with a Pick Nick. It tuck place onto the pitcheresk banks uv mushrat laik, whitch as yu ken find on the Map, is sitivated intu the northeast korner uv Laik kounty. In our parts its a wellnown fact that laik kounty is the cap sheaf uv creashun; and mushrat laik lays like a glitterin due drop onto the top uv it. The ockashun was a sucsess, owin tu the wise forethort uv our teecher, a Lady uv rair Intelecktooel kultcher and delikit sens uv Fittness; as was shown by the way she konducktid the Pick Nick. She pickd onto me fer tu Deliver the Valetticktery, or cloasin Adres. After the cravins uv the inner natcher uv the asembeld komunity was silenced with vittels and Drink, after the bais baul Game hed took plaice, and the childrin hed got tyred swingin intu the hammuck, whitch the skulemom and my Esteemed feller Dereckter Samyooel Fritsch hed konstrucktid fur thare yuse out uv a old fether bed tick, I was cauld uppon fer tu rise and adress the Auieance. I was konsiddrabbly overcum and flustratid by this sudden onner, fer it was, indead, a moast uneckspectid surprise. Risin tu my fete, I adrest the Assembeld multitoode in the folleriin manner: "Gentelmenn," ses I, "feller skule Dereckters and risin Generashun uv boys and gurls; Its with oneckspresa but I moshun and a swellin hart, that I reespond tu the Distinckshun whitch has jest bin konferred Upon yoor humbel sarvent. Doant ockspect no grate speech frum me Tuday; cause I haint had no time fer tu Post myself. But them fue Remarks what my tong is a goin tu utter, cums frum the fulness uv my Hart and what cums frum the Hart is middlin sartin tu go tu the Hart. Its skule boys and gurls moastly, that I am addressin them fu Reasons tu. Let me impres onto thare yung And tender Minds the onkalcoolabel valoo uv a thurro Edgukashun. To theire parents and Gardiens, whitch forms the Older and more matoorer porshun uv my Heerers, my Advise cums tu lait. Its hard tu Larn a old dogs noo Tricks. Thair time fer intelecktooel kultcher is gawn by. But tu yoo I wood say: doant neglecktt an oppertoonaty fur too lay in a good solid stock uv yoosfull and ornimentle nollidge for futcher yoose; cans that A kind uv Persenel propperty whitch no sherriffs nail ken clap onto. After yoo taik upon yurselves the Responsibilitie uv Growed Up sittisens, yoo wil understand mi meenin moar Fulli. Peesides, A Edjucashun is an ornament tu a man, as yu ken konvise voorselves by goin Back tu histry A little! Wais, and did Modesty not forbid me, I might pruve the Trooth of this here Asershun by breefly Refurrin tu myself. But I forbare. Aul I wil say is: maik Ha while the sun shines, lay in a stock uv larnin while yoo air jung. The Effeckt uv this Orashun was a moast flatterin one. The Promenent sittisens crouded round me tu shaik Hands and the skollards shoutid: 3 chears for danyell Green, our skule Dereckter!" whilst the skulemom was affectid tu Teers, whitch stood onto her bloomin cheakes Like Ranedrops on a fulblown piny in Joon. Doant be surprised ef yu heer no moar til After harvest frum yures truly,

DANYELL GREEN,
Skule Dereckter, path Master and
Whitch was a runnin fer Yustis uv the Peees.

Great Men.

Dr. Adam Smith is recorded to have expressed his thankfulness for the information that the author of "Paradise Lost" wore latchets in his shoes instead of buckles. If a political economist found it useful to have such apparently trifling information, it is surely justifiable for other people to inquire what their favorite heroes were like, what they wore, how they wrote and a dozen other things throwing light upon their character.

Different men form, as a matter of course, different impressions of their fellows; but, on comparing notes, it is comparatively easy to arrive at a just conclusion in any dispute affecting character.

Take De Quincey's appearance for instance. Crabb Robinson met him in 1812, and said that "his person is small, his complexion fair and his air and manner are those of a sickly and enfeebled man." Mr. James Payne met him in Edinburgh at a dinner party, and describes him as a "very diminutive man, carelessly—very carelessly—dressed; a face lined, careworn, and so expressionless that it reminded one of 'that chill, changeless brow, where cold obstructions apathy appals the gazing mourner's heart'—a face like death in life. The instant he began to speak, however, it lit up as though by electric light; this came from his marvelous eyes, brighter and more intelligent (though by fits) than I have ever seen in any other mortal. They seem to me to glow with eloquence."

Many celebrated men were small in stature, and their appearance at first sight was disappointing. Dr. Watts was once in a coffee house, when he overheard a gentleman ask rather contemptuously:—"What, is that the great Dr. Watts?" in the hearing of the Doctor, who, turning round, repeated the following stanza from his lyric poems:—

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with a span,
I must be measured by my soul—
The mind's the standard of the man."

While it cannot be denied that a fine appearance is of great advantage to any man, it is remarkable that some of the most famous men in the world have been small in body. Renan, the French freethinker, describes St. Paul as an ugly little Jew. But the famous French philosopher is no great beauty himself being short, fat and ugly.—*All The Year Around.*

CAN IT BE AVERTED?

The Danger Which Menaces an Unsuspecting Public.

The Brompton Hospital for consumptives, in London, reports that over fifty people out of every hundred consumptives are victims of constipated or inactive kidneys.

Consumption is one of our national diseases, and the above report goes to prove, what has often been said in our columns during the last eight years, that kidney troubles are not only the cause of more than half of the cases of consumption, but of ninety out of every hundred other common diseases. They who have taken this position, made their claims after elaborate investigation, and their proof that they have discovered a specific for the terrible and stealthy kidney diseases, which have become so prevalent among us, is wise and convincing.

We have recently received from them a fresh supply of their wonderful advertising. They have challenged the medical profession and science to investigate. They have investigated, and those who are frank have admitted the truth of their statements. They claim that ninety per cent. of diseases come originally from inactive kidneys; that these inactive kidneys allow the blood to become filled with uric acid poison; that this uric acid poison in the blood carries disease through every organ.

There is enough uric acid developed in the system within twenty-four hours to kill half a dozen men.

This being a scientific fact, it requires only ordinary wisdom to see the effect inactive kidneys must have upon the system.

If this poison is not removed, it ruins every organ. If the bowels, stomach or liver becomes inactive, we know it at once, but other organs help them out. If the kidneys become constipated and dormant, the warning comes later on, and often when it is too late, because the effects are remote from the kidneys and those organs are not suspected to be out of order.

Organs that are weak and diseased are unable to resist the attacks of this poison, and the disease often takes the form of and is treated as a local affection, when in reality the real cause of the trouble was inactive kidneys.

Too many medical men of the present day hold what was a fact twenty years ago, that kidney disease is incurable, according to the medicines authorized by their code. Hence, they ignore the original cause of disease itself, and give their attention to useless treating of local effects.

They dose the patient with quinine, morphine, or with salts and other physics, hoping that thus nature may cure the disease, while the kidneys continue to waste away with inflammation, ulceration and decay, and the victim eventually perishes.

The same quantity of blood that passes through the heart passes through the kidneys. If the kidneys are diseased the blood soaks up the disease and takes it all through the system. Hence it is that the claim is made that Warner's safe cure, the only known specific for kidney disease, cures 90 per cent. of human ailments, because it, and it alone, is able to maintain the natural activity of the kidneys, and to neutralize and remove the uric acid, or kidney poison, as fast as it is formed.

If this acid is not removed, there is inactivity of the kidneys, and there will be produced in the system paralysis, apoplexy, dyspepsia, consumption, heart disease, headache, rheumatism, pneumonia, impotency, and all the nameless diseases of delicate women. If the poisonous matter is separated from the blood, as fast as it is formed, these diseases, in a majority of cases, would not exist.

It only requires a particle of smallpox virus to produce that vile disease, and the poisonous matter from the kidneys, passing all through the system and becoming lodged at different weak points, is equally destructive, although more disguised.

If it were possible for us to see into the kidneys, and how quickly the blood passing through them goes to the heart and lungs and other parts of the system, carrying this deadly virus with it, all would believe without hesitation what has so often been stated in advertisements in these columns, that the kidneys are the most important organs in the body.

They may regard this article as an advertisement and refuse to believe it, but that is a matter over which we have no control. Careful investigation and science itself are proving beyond a doubt that this organ is, in fact, more important than any other in the system as a health regulator, and as such should be closely watched, for the least sign of disordered action.

Horses on Slippery Roads.

The method of shoeing horses for slippery roads introduced by Dr. Fleming, the principal veterinarian to the British forces, is as follows: It consists merely of an ordinary shoe, in which four holes are punched, and in these holes pegs with a pyramidal head can be put in in a few seconds. In the machine-made shoes used by the army round holes are drilled in the process of manufacture, and the pegs are round ones made of cast steel. Square pegs are equally effective. The 4th Hussars reported the experiment as a great success. "The cogs (pegs) are easily put in and taken out; very few have been lost, and none need be if they are carefully put in. They are also easily sharpened when worn down, and they last well." The horses so shod traveled on the ice and snow-covered roads nearly every day without accident and with absolute safety; the men putting in the pegs on leaving the stables and taking them out on returning to the barracks, without the intervention of the farriers. The method is so inexpensive that for a few pence a horse can travel securely at any pace on ice for a month, and it is so simple and readily applied that the horses of a whole army can be prepared for marching on the most slippery roads in half an hour.

Early Bankers.

Up to a late period in the reign of Charles I. the London merchants deposited their surplus cash in the mint, the business of which was carried on in the Tower. But when Charles I. seized the £200,000 there deposited, calling it a loan, the London goldsmiths, who ever since 1386 had been always more or less bankers, now monopolized the whole banking business. Some merchants, distrustful of the goldsmiths in these stormy times, intrusted their money to their clerks and apprentices. About 1648 the citizens returned almost entirely to the goldsmiths, who now gave interest for money placed in their care, bought coins and sold plate. The parliament, out of plate and coin, had coined gold and seven millions of half crowns. The goldsmiths culled out the heavier pieces, melted them down. They began to receive rent and allow interest for it. They gave receipts for the sums received, and these receipts were to all intents and purposes marketable as banknotes.—*London Exchange.*

Too Particular.

"Didn't I order molasses?" she shouted to the grocer through the telephone yesterday.

"Yes'm."

"And you sent me vinegar?"

"Yes'm, so I did. We are out of molasses, and won't have any until Thursday. Try and make the vinegar answer for a few days."

And as he hung up the trumpet he growled to himself:

"The people of Detroit are getting so particular that nothing will suit 'em."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Severe Test.

"If I should tell you, dear," he said, "that my love for you had grown cold; that I had ceased to care for you, and that the happy time when I shall claim you as my owness own will never, never be, would it really be a trial to you, darling?"

"Yes, George, shyly admitted the girl, "it would be a breach of promise trial."—*New York Sun.*

Colonel Cecil Butler, a brother of the Sir William Butler who figured in the Colin Campbell case, and brother-in-law of the lady who painted 'The Roll Call,' has taken up his permanent residence in Philadelphia. He lately commanded an English foot regiment and was British military attache at Vienna under Lord Loftus.

While an excavation was being made in a Vicksburg, Miss. street, the body of a soldier dressed in a Federal uniform was disinterred. The uniform was that of an officer, but there was nothing to give a clue to the soldier's identity. The remains were remarkably well preserved.

Jay Gould dresses poorly now, but used to buy very expensive clothes, and once paid $75 for a pair of gold-buckle suspenders.

The Sweetest Girl in School.

"She's the sweetest girl in school!" enthusiastically exclaimed one young miss to another, as they passed down the street together. "Edith is so kind, and gentle, and unselfish, every one likes her. And she has lovely golden hair and pretty eyes. Isn't it a pity her complexion is so bad; it spoils her looks. And then she has such dreadful headaches!" The girls skipped along, but it happened Edith's mother had heard what they said. It set her thinking. What could be done for the headaches and the rough, muddy complexion, that was such a trial to her gentle daughter. She recalled what she had read of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and on the spur of the moment she slipped into a drug store and bought a supply. Edith took it faithfully, with the result that it cleared her disordered blood, relieved the headaches, made her skin soft, fair and rosy, and now she is not only the "sweetest girl in school," but the most beautiful.

The Chinese alone hold the secret of making India ink.

Oft obscure the road that leads to health,
Unmarked by board or sign;
Wisdom avails not, powerless is wealth
To sooth those aches of thine.
But do not despair, with life there's hope
The cloud conceals the sun;
With Pierce's Favorite Prescription at hand
Your life's full course may run.

More truth than poetry in these lines, as thousands of ladies all over the land, now blooming with health, testify to the great curative powers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, adapted by much research and careful study to the happy relief of all those weaknesses and ailments peculiar to females. All druggists.

The seventeen-months-old King of Spain gets $1,000,000 a year.

Ch-o-o! Ch-o-o!! Ch-o-o!!!

Don't sneeze, sneeze, hawk, hawk, spit, blow and disgust everybody with your offensive breath. If you have acrid, watery discharges from the nose and eyes, throat disease, causing choking sensations, cough, ringing noises in head, splitting headache and other symptoms of nasal catarrh, remember that the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents.

Florida markets are supplied with new tomatoes of native growth.

For Only 20 Cents

You can get a beautiful picture ("A Message of Love"), cannot be distinguished from a fine water color worth $25, a full size paper pattern, worth 25 cents, design and size of your own selection, besides the finest magazine published. Send for the February number that contains this wonderful pattern order. Price, 20 cents; or ask your newsdealer to get it for your inspection. Tell him he gets it for you to see, he will probably sell hundreds of them. Published by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th st., New York. Now! EPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Itching Piles.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, become very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. Equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia. Sent by mail for 50 cts. Also sold by druggists.

"Taylor's Hospital Cure for Catarrh" can now be had on ten day's trial without charge from the City Hall Pharmacy, 1 Broadway, New York. All who suffer from this disease should write there at once. Free pamphlet.

ROYAL GLUE mends anything! Broken China, Glass, Wood. Free vials at Drugs. and Gro.

Cold Waves

Are predicted with reliable accuracy, and people liable to the pains and aches of rheumatism dread every change to damp or stormy weather. Although we do not claim Hood's Sarsaparilla to be a positive specific for rheumatism, the remarkable cures it has effected show that it may be taken for rheumatism with reasonable certainty of benefit. Its action in neutralizing the acidity of the blood, which is the cause of rheumatism, constitutes the secret of the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla in curing this complaint. If you suffer from rheumatism, give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial; we believe it will do you good. Be sure to get

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

ELY'S CREAM BALM

CATARRH

I suffered from catarrh 12 years. The droppings into the throat were nauseating. My nose bled almost daily. Since the first day's use of Ely's Cream Balm have had no bleeding, the soreness is entirely gone. D. G. Davidson, with the Boston Budget.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROTHERS, 235 Greenwich St., New York.

HAY-FEVER

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

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