FOR THE FARM AND HOME.

Summer Management of Pigs.

Every farmer should make the best of his resources. Grass is a cheap food for pigs, and a most healthy and profitable diet. Much of the profit on pigs must come from a proper use of grass as a summer food. Some have expressed very grave doubts whether pigs can be fed at a profit in pen all their lives but we do not think there is any doubt about it. For, if the best feeding will not pay for the food given pigs, then they must be considered unprofitable animals—a position wholly untenable, as it has been abundantly proved that the pig is the best utilizer of food on the farm. We fully believe in the use of grass for pigs, and, if obliged to keep pigs constantly in pen, would carry the grass to them, purely as a matter of health, but better health will make better thrift. We know that pigs will pay a profit when every pound of food from the first to the last day of their lives is charged at the market price. But this requires full feeding, with due regard to every precaution for health.—*National Live-Stock Journal.*

How to Protect Fruit from Insects.

The advice given below is selected from the writings of experienced horticulturists:

Oils of all kinds are deadly to most insects. Kerosene can only be used by diluting with water. To mix oils with water, first combine them with milk, then dilute, as desired, with water. Sour beer and molasses attract moths, spread on boards placed in the orchards or on trunks of trees. Paris green is very effectual when it can be well applied; one pound mixed with twenty-five pounds of flour or plaster is sufficiently strong. Of London purple use only one part by weight to fifty parts of flour or plaster. The common ground beetles, the lace-winged flies and the well-known lady bugs, are old friends of the horticulturist, and should be protected. As regards the noxious insects, the codling moth ranks, for destructiveness, nearly at the top of the list. Paper or cloth bands are used, applied every ten days through spring and early summer, and in connection with the use of a proper wash. The apple tree borers, of which there are several kinds, are enemies of the apple, the quince, and some other trees. When observed, cut the larvæ out with a knife and place a shed of tarred roofing felt about the collar of the trees to prevent further ravages. Dustings of lime are effectual with the cherry and pear slugs, abundant in moist regions, such as about Puget Sound. The plum curculio, which is not here yet, but is perhaps on the way, is an enemy that at present are not be conquered. There is no remedy known except the jarring process, to commence as soon as the fruit sets, and jar the tree three times a week for a month. This shakes off the curculio bitten fruit, and it should be gathered up and destroyed. The steel blue beetle known as the grape flea beetle, nips the vine in the bud; the larvæ feed on the leaves in the summer. The beetles are jarred off the vines in the early morning, over an inverted umbrella, or lime is used; for the larvæ, alum water. One ounce of alum to a gallon of warm water destroys the strawberry worm, so does white hellebore. Hand picking is about the only remedy for the gooseberry fruit worm. The currant borer is troublesome. Cut out and burn all infected branches. Do the same with the raspberry twig girdler.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Charcoal is good for both hogs and poultry.

Don't neglect the cucumber and melon vines.

Hoopskirts hanging on poles are said to make effective scare crows.

Drive the mice from the shocks of wheat standing in the fields by scattering a few bread pills mixed with arsenic. The chickens must not have access to the field however.

None of the tuberous-rooted grasses, like timothy, are suitable to permanent pastures. They cannot stand close cropping nor constant tramping. Pasture grasses must be fibrous and deep-rooted varieties.

Timber should not be cut in early spring, as the wood is then full of sap. Whenever the foliage is greatest, during July or August, is the best time, and the hot weather being favorable for seasoning, timber keeps sound longer.

The *Farmer's Home Journal*, says an ex-judge in Ohio county, being short of work stock, hitched his milch cows and heifers to the plow. The ex-judge now says that as an evidence of his success he has left over in his cribs 600 bushels of as fine corn as he ever raised.

Receipts.

Fried Pork.—Fry some thin slices of salt pork; when done, pour all the fat out of the frying-pan, leaving the pork in it; then pour sweet cream over the pork and let it scald. Serve with baked potatoes.

Eggs on Toast.—Grease the pan or skillet you wish to cook the eggs in, and salt the water. When it simmers—not boils—carefully drop into it, so as not to break, one egg at a time. There should be water enough to cover them. Before they are hard, remove with a small, flat skimmer, and put each egg on a piece of hot, buttered toast.

Buttered Parsnips.—Boil them tender and scrape; slice lengthwise; put three table-spoonfuls of butter in a saucepan with pepper, salt, and a little chopped parsley. When heated, put in the parsnips. Shake and turn until the mixture boils; then lay the parsnips in order upon a dish, and pour the butter over them and serve.

Boiled Apple Dumplings.—Pare and take out the cores of the apples without dividing them; sweeten and roll each apple in a piece of crust made to taste, be particular that the paste is nicely joined. Put the dumplings into floured cloths, tie them securely and put them into boiling water. Keep them boiling from one-half to three-quarters of an hour, remove the cloths and send them hot and quickly to table.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Perfection is attained by slow degrees; she requires the hand of time.

One of the greatest blessings you can enjoy is a tender, honest and enlightened conscience.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist, but by ascending a little you may often overlook it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement. We wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which could have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher atmosphere.

The secret of a cheerful life is not planning to escape sorrow, which cannot be, but nerving the heart to meet sorrow, and smite victory out of its unwilling hands.

A slender acquaintance with the world must convince every man that actions, not words, are the true criterion of the attachment of friends, and that the most liberal professions of good-will are very far from being the surest marks of it.

Man is so constituted that even a smile or a word of friendly recognition can do much to lighten up under the most grievous burdens.

There is that which seems to exhalt a man when it is debasing him, and there is that which seems to debase him when it is exhalting him.

Our progress is a race—like that of a man who had lived through all generations profiting by his own experience and that of his fellows.

A Good Word for the Mule.

It seems a little strange that so few mules are used in this place and in New England, as we are met with other parts of the country. In fact people have little idea of the mule's capacity. A Market street businessman in Springfield attracting considerable attention by driving a fancy matched pair attached to his family carriage, a close duplicate of one in Southern cities. These came from Minnesota, and are rated there at $500, more than any except the very best horses. At the South $1,000 is not regarded as very high for a pair of the right kind. There are good ice floes ten miles an hour on the road, and they seem to have no idea of what it is to mis-behave. A Springfield man, who formerly had charge of the repairs on a long California telegraph line says that he drove a mule that could make his mile in three minutes without any trouble. The horse-railroad company have worked a pair of the little fellows for seven years, and during that time there have been only two days when both were not able to do full duty. The superintendent says that they can make two or three more trips a day than a pair of horses, and they eat only half as much. Their disposition is warranted as A No. 1, except that a green driver will ruffle their serenity now and then. The company owns one other mule, which proudly helps the Watersheps car up the Central street hill, and is rather a gorgeous spectacle with his white fly netting and his stalwart negro driver. Aside from these there is a plebeian pair of mules which are condemned to draw an ice cart about the city.—*Springfield Republican.*

Gold from Peruvian Rivers.

The whole of Chucamba, (Peru), says a correspondent in Iron, for a number of leagues above and below the temple of the sun is auriferous, and the inhabitants of the province of Huamelies, through which it passes, obtain by washing the sand, and by means of sheepskins, 200,000 or 300,000 dollars' worth of gold annually. The wool on the skin is cut out until it is about half an inch in length. The skins are then anchored down, with the wool side up, by means of loose stones placed on them, in and below the various rapids, in which position they are suffered to remain from six to twenty-four hours. They are then carefully raised out of the water, turned wool side downward in a batea (tub) of water, and thoroughly washed, the gold falling from the wool of the skin is finally collected from the bottom of the batea. Sheep were unknown to the Incas, and as they had obtained an immense amount of gold from this Pactolean stream, it is presumed that they used the skins of the llama and those of the vicuna. The above will not only be of interest to the general reader, but will also furnish a wrinkle to the gold miners slightly situated.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Schools Out.

Boys and girls
Come out to play,
Put book and slate
And study away.
Come with a shout,
Come with a call,
Come with a good will,
Come one and all.
There are
Cherries and berries,
And sweet-scented clover,
Roses and pinks,
The whole wide world over,
Out in the meadows
Beneath the warm sun,
Spring and waiting
For children to come;
Put book, and slate, and study away,
Vacation's here, it's time for play.

—*Christian at Work.*

Patty's Swarm.

One day Patty ran into the house with her yellow hair a tumble, and her blue eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Mother, O mother," she cried, her little brown hands fluttering like the wings of a bird, "the bees are swarming."

"Sure?" asked her mother, doubtfully. For, you see, Patty was the least bit in the world like the boy in the fable who cried "Wolf! wolf!" when there was no wolf. Not that she meant to be, but so many bees would fly about making such a buzzing in the warm spring sunshine, that Patty was often quite certain that they were swarming, when they hadn't any idea of it. And that is why Patty's mother asked in a doubtful way, "Sure?"

"Yes'm," said Patty meekly.

Her mother stepped to the door. True enough, there was a roar like that of a very small waterfall in the air, and over the bee-hives floated a little black cloud.

"I do believe they are," she said. "But they're not all out yet, I guess, and will not begin to fight for some little time. Run down to Mr. Jessup's, Patty, and tell your father so. I'll go," with a smile, remembering that Patty had gone for her father once before, when the bees were not swarming after all.

"May I go out and watch 'em, mother?" asked Patty, dancing feet and toes on the white kitchen floor.

"Yes, put on Aunt Nabby's shaker and don't go too near."

So Patty got into Aunt Nabby's big shaker bonnet which was so much too large that you could not see her little round face unless feeling quite sure it was there, you stooped and peeped in, and the brown calico cape almost reached the hem of her short skirts.

Then Patty went into the garden and sat down on a box by the cucumber bed.

She watched the dancing black swarm until her eyes grew heavy. The sun shone brightly, the west wind blew about her warm and soft and fragrant. The buzzing of many bees grew louder and louder, until it seemed to swallow up every other sound. Then the big shaker began to droop, and that was all Patty knew, until

"Patty! Patty, child! Don't stir for your life!"

This was what called Patty out of Dreamland, her father's voice, deep and hoarse.

At first she wondered where she was. There was a roar, like distant thunder, in her ears.

"Don't move, Patty dear. Don't lift your head!" That was her mother. The words sounded to Patty a great way off, and there was a trouble in them and a sobbing at the last. What could it mean?

Patty was frightened, but she was a brave little girl, and had always been taught to obey. So she sat very still with scarcely a quiver of an eyelid, and presently she felt the big shaker gently lifted from her head.

"All right!" said her father.

And Patty looked up with a little cry to see the shaker. Aunt Nabby's shaker, truly, but bigger than ever with that great cluster of moving, buzzing bees hanging to it—disappear within an empty hive.

Then Patty laughed. "Did they light on my head?" she cried, jumping up. "What fun."

But her mother took the little girl in her arms, and carried her into the house and cried over her. Mothers are such queer people.

"That shall be Patty's hive," said her father, coming in later; adding, with a twinkle in his eye, "I've heard of a bee in one's bonnet, but I never saw so many bees on one's bonnet before."

"Nor I," said Patty, laughing still. "They shall make me some honey to pay for that."—*Youth's Companion.*

The Minister's Wife.

The minister's wife must hold up his hands when they are weary; like Moses before the Amalekites, he ought to have a good brother; like Aaron on one side and Hur on the other. It is pleasant to see that the mothers in Israel are generally disposed to help a young minister to find a fitting companion to share his labors. Helpmeets of our ministering brethren, our meetings would be as dreary without your presence as a flower garden with nothing but stalks, as a midnight sky without a star, as a Sunday coat of one of your honored husbands without a button.

Wrestling With a Barrel of Flour.

Our schoolmates are few and far between now. Death has carried most of them away and those who are left are widely scattered. How the roads of life do fork—and some take one and some another. We are all like pickets skirmishing around, and one by one get picked off ourselves by the common foe. I had liked to have got picked off myself a day or two ago. The wagon had come from town with a few comforts, and one was a barrel of flour. Mrs. Arp and the children always come to the south porch when the wagon comes for they want to see it unloaded and feel good for a little while, and so when the hind gate was taken off and Mrs. Arp had wondered how we would get out the flour, I thought I would show her what a man could do. I rolled the barrel to me a-I stood on the ground and gently eased it down on my knees. My opinion now is that there is a leg of lead in that barrel, for my knees gave way and I was falling backward, and to keep the barrel from mashing me into a pancake or something else, I gave it a heave forward and let her go, and it gave me a heave backward and let me go, and I fell on a pile of rocks that were laid around a cherry tree, and they were rough and ragged and sharp, and tore my left arm all to pieces and raked it to the bone. The blood streamed through my shirt sleeve and I was about to faint, for blood always makes me faint, when Mrs. Arp screamed for camphor, and the girls ran for it, and before I could stop 'em they had camphor and turpentine fire all over my arm, and I went dancing around like I was in a yaller jackets' nest. It liked to have killed me, sure enough, but after while I rallied and went to bed. I haven't used that arm nor a finger on that hand till now, and go about sad and droopy. But I have had a power of sympathy, and Mrs. Arp is good—mighty good. And now I'm in a fix, for I can't shave but one side of my face and company is coming to-morrow.

Well, I used to could let down a barrel of flour. I used to could but rolling years will change a man—amo domino with me. I reckon by the time I get my neck broke I will begin to realize that I'm not the man I used to be, but as Cole says, "If I could call back twenty years I'd show 'em." The next time a barrel of flour comes to my house I will get two skids twenty-five feet long and let it roll out, see if I don't. I shall get well slowly—very slowly. But Mrs. Arp asked me this morning if I couldn't pick the raspberries for dinner with one hand—said she could swing a little basket round my neck. What a thoughtful, ingenious woman.—*Bell Ars.*

Letter-Writing by Proxy.

"I'm, I believe, the only person engaged in the business in Chicago," said the handsome and bright lady whose business card bore the words, "Letter writer." "I have written letters for ladies who, from their wealth and surroundings, you would suppose could do their own corresponding. I have, however, found many such who could neither spell nor write plainly nor express their ideas. I have written a good many letters for persons who make no pretense of their inability to do so for themselves. But the bulk of my patrons come to me not because they are unable to write, but because they cannot command expression for their thoughts.

"What are the letters about generally?"

"Well, that would be telling. But if you won't say I told you, they are mostly letters of sentiment. The greater part are love letters. You think that persons would prefer to write such letters themselves. So they do when the sentiment they breathe is real. But the letters I write are those of occasion. Each party desires to impress the other with epistolatory beauties, and not having any themselves, well, I furnish the sentiments for them. It's very easy," she added, with a flavor of cynicism. "There's a regular stock of sentiments for all occasions that pleases all people alike. If some gentlemen who are the proud possessors of glowing letters from ladies knew that some of their friends had others from other ladies, but nearly all alike except in words and all coming from the same source, they wouldn't be so proud.

"Ladies write much alike, and so, for that matter, do gentlemen. I notice one thing about the latter, however, that is peculiar. Young gentlemen up to the age of twenty-three or twenty-four are very effusive and gushing in their protestations. From that age on to forty they grow more guarded and cold. They are afraid of ridicule or something. Perhaps they are suspicious and distrustful. But after gentlemen reach middle life they return to youthful ardor in their letters of sentiment. Queer, isn't it?"

"What other kinds of documents do you turn out?"

"Oh, letters of condolence, of congratulation, of ceremony and so on—letters that are meant to impress the receivers and are out of the power of the apparent writers themselves to construct."—*Chicago Herald.*

A Pocket Companion.

Dr. C. D. Barham, Southampton Co., Va., endorsed it. When a small thing full of virtue and speedy cure, can insure against sudden death and violent pains, it ought to be carried about the person as a pocket companion. Dr. Worthington's Cholera and Diarrhœa Medicine is recommended by eminent physicians, statesmen and ministers as the best and surest cure for all kinds of stomach and bowel complaints. Price 25 and 50 cents.

An Editor's Daughter.

"Papa, can I go to the store and get me a new dress?"

"Why, child, you have got plenty of good dresses."

"Yes, papa, but they are out of style."

"Nonsense, girl! the trees always come out in the same style every spring, don't they?"

"Yes, papa, and they always look green, too."

Papa, a-ble.—"One might know he couldn't get ahead of an editor's daughter." "All right, go to the store and get a dress."—*Winfield (W. Va.) Irresponsible.*

One of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish he had left unsaid.

THE DANGER OF OVER-EXERTION.

A Stalwart Man Becomes Weaker Than a Child and Then Recovers His Former Strength.

(*Waterloo, N. Y., Observer.*)

In these days of rowing giants and athletic heroes fine physical development is more observed than ever before since the time of the Athenian games. A man who shows the elements of physical power is looked up to far more than in the days of our ancestors possibly because there are few specimens of well developed manhood than then. An emissary of this paper met a magnificent specimen of physical power a few days since in the person of Dr. A. W. McNames, of Waterloo. His muscles, which showed unusual development, were as hard as wood. At his request the writer sought to pinch him in the arms or legs, but found it wholly impossible. A realization of what is meant by an iron man was fully made manifest.

"Have you always been so stalwart as this?" inquired the news gatherer.

"Not by any means" was the reply. "When a young man I was always strong and active and felt that I could accomplish anything. This feeling so took possession of me on one occasion that I attempted to lift a box which four men found it impossible to move. I succeeded in placing it on the wagon, but in two minutes from that time I was unconscious and remained so for hours and when I recovered consciousness I vomited a large quantity of blood. From that day I began to grow weak and sickly. I believed that I had suffered some internal injury and experienced a general debility, which seemed similar to the effects produced by malaria. My back was very weak. I had no appetite, and at times loathed food. My lips were parched and cracked. My head felt as though it were entirely open at the top and it pained me on the side intensely. In six weeks' time I had fallen away from 205 pounds to less than 170. I was in a most wretched condition. I was completely discouraged."

"What did the doctors say about you?"

"Almost everything. I consulted no less than six different physicians. They all treated me and none did me any good. At that time I was suffering intensely. I could not stir up or down stairs without being obliged to rest in a cramped, uneasy position. I was compelled to urinate every five minutes, and I passed over three quarts every day. I was not living, I was existing.

"One night (how well I remember it!) my wife had put the children in bed, when the feeling came over me that I should live but a very short time. My wife and I talked matters all over, and I gave the minutest directions as to what she should do after I was gone. I was not in a flighty condition by any means, for the doctor, on leaving town the day following, had encouraged her, saying he was expected to see me again, for I was suffering with Bright's disease of the kidneys in its last stages. Within the next few days more than one my friends came to bid me good bye. Among the number was Dr. John L. Clark. He asked me what I had used in the way of medicine. I told him. He then recommended a remedy of which I had heard much, but at our which I was very skeptical. If faith were an element of power my friends were backing in my cause."

"And so you did not try it?"

"On the contrary, I did try it and to my surprise it commenced to go just the spot. Indeed, it was the most palatable thing I had taken into my mouth for months. I relished it."

"And did it cure you?"

"Do I look as if it did?"

"Yes, indeed. What was it?"

"Warner's Safe Cure."

"A proprietary medicine?"

"Of course. What of that? I supposed once had a great prejudice against a patented medicine as any one could have. When I was studying medicine at Ann Arbor, Mich., I used to vex with the rest of the class that we would fight all such remedies at all times. When a man comes down to the last hour, however, and finds his wife and friends good bye, such boasted prejudices as these all vanish. I can assure you, and any remedy that can cure is giddy well enough."

"And how have you been since then?"

"As well as better than before."

"Do you still exert your strength?"

"Certainly. But I do not over-exert as formerly. My strength is increasing every day, and my health is manifestly improved. I know that my life was saved by Warner's Safe Cure, and I believe that it is the best medicine that was ever compounded by any chemist or physician. I am willing the doctors should sneer at me for such a statement if they choose, but I have proven its truth, and am prepared to stand by it."

The above experience should be of great value to all who are suffering. It shows the deceptive nature of this terrible malady; that all symptoms are common to it, that there is one way by which it can be absolutely avoided.

A gee well in De Witt, Michigan, has a peculiar gurgle just before storms.

TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:—I have a friend who suffered terribly. I purchased a bottle of your "Favorite Prescription," and as a result of its use, she is perfectly well. J. BAILEY, Burdett, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" purify the blood and cure constipation.

Goliath didn't live long enough to accuse David of an ungenerous thing.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:—Dear Sir:—For many months I was a great sufferer. Physicians could afford me no relief. In my despair I commenced the use of your "Favorite Prescription." It speedily effected my entire and permanent cure. Yours thankfully, Mrs. PAUL R. BAXTER, Iowa City, Ia.

When women 'dulges in poker-playin' de men git-beat.

Shingled front air is all the rage.

Ladies' & children's boots & shoes cannot run over if Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffners are used.

If de Irish really wants ter pester de English why don't dey sen' 'em some Mexican book agents?

Catarrh of the Bladder.

Stinging irritation, inflammation, Kidney, Urinary complaints, cured by Buchupaiba $1.

One 'vantage in bein' big footed is dat yo' can git mo' leather at de shoe sto' dan mos' folks fer de same 'mount er money.

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick relief, complete cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

I don't want to 'ploy no man dat lubs ter drive oxen ter go fer a doctor when I get sick.

That Husband of Mine

Is three times the man he was before using Wells' Health Renewer. $1. Druggists.

De credit system 'll make any business boom for a while.

The Contrast.

As the sable is to ermine; as smut to flour; as coal to alabaster; as soot to driven snow, so is Carboline, the perfection of all Hair Renewers, to all other preparations.

He who has money has friends—without money no friends.

As a reliable remedy for indigestion and a certain cure for dyspepsia, GAYTRINE without doubt stands first. GAYTRINE is in liquid form. Sold by druggists.

'Long de ole shoe tolks go to de water wif dere chose on an calls dat bottom.

No matter what your ailment is, Brown's Iron Bitters will surely benefit you.

Love hath charms to sooth an aching heart. Some one says it makes one.

BUCKHANNON, W. Va.—Drs. Newlon & Blair report that Brown's Iron Bitters are giving general satisfaction.

The lady's hand is the index to her heart.

WOODBERRY, Md.—Rev. W. J. Johnson says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my family, and they have proven a splendid health invigorator."

Happiness consists of two things, truth and wisdom.

PUREST AND BEST COD-LIVER OIL, from selected livers, on the seashore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., N. Y. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all other oils.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

The greatest friend of truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice; and her constant companion is humility.

Woman's Friend.

Having been troubled for many years with kidney disease, with severe pains in my back and limbs—my ankles were at times very badly swollen—I was advised to go to the hospital for treatment, which I did on the advice of a friend, but found no relief, at best only of a temporary nature, and I had given up all hope of a cure until my husband was advised to use Hunt's Remedy by a friend that had used it and been cured of a severe case of dropsy and kidney trouble. I procured a bottle, and had not used one-half of the bottle before I began to be better, no pain in the back, and the swelling of my limbs commenced to go down, and my appetite was much better, for I had become so bad that all I ate distressed me very much. It was really dyspepsia, combined with the other troubles, and I have used four bottles, and am able to do my work and attend to household duties, which before had been a burden to me. And I can only thank Hunt's Remedy for the health and happiness which I now enjoy, and esteem it a great privilege and duty to give you this letter in behalf of my own suffering, feeling sure as Hunt's and the country, and can only add that if you [illegible] MRS. W. M. GRAY, Hardware Store, 116 Front Street, Boston. April 25, 1882.

A Baggage-Master's Praise.

Mr. H. Bangs, baggage-master on Eastern Railroad, Boston, says:

"I have used Hunt's Remedy, the great kidney and liver medicine, in my family for months. It was recommended by friends in Portsmouth who have been cured of kidney troubles, and I find it just as represented and worth its weight in gold. My wife is using it for dyspepsia, and has improved so rapidly that I cheerfully endorse it as a family medicine of real merit, and I would not be without it."* April 25, 1882.

Woman is naturally a timid, shrinking creature, but it is in the bathing suit that reveals her shrinking the most.—*Detroit Free Press.*

DR. WORTHINGTON'S 15 "Cholera & Diarrhœa Medicine" TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT CHOLERA CRAMP AND DIARRHOEA CURE USED OVER 25 YEARS

Cholera, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Summer Complaint, Dyspepsia, and other bowel complaints. It is Recommended by Eminent Physicians, Statesmen and Ministers as the Best and Surest Cure for all Kinds of Stomach and Bowel Complaints. Price 25 and 50 Cents. Sold by Druggists. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.

DIAMOND DYES. ONLY 10 CENTS FOR ANY COLOR. THE Best Dyes Ever Made.

FOR SILK, WOOL, OR COTTON, FOR DRESSES, COATS, SCARFS, HOODS, YARN, STOCKINGS, CARPET RAGS, RIBBONS, FEATHERS, or any fabric or fancy article easily and evenly colored in any shade. Black, Brown, Green, Blue, Scarlet, Cardinal Red, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Olive Green, Terra Cotta and 50 other beautiful Warranted Fast and Durable. Each package will color one to four lbs. of goods. If you have never used Dyes try these ones. You will be delighted. Sold by druggists, or send 10 cents and any color wanted sent post-paid. 24 colored samples and a set of fancy cards sent for a 3c. stamp. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

GOLD and SILVER PAINT. Bronze Paint. Artists' Black. For gilding Fancy Baskets, Frames, Lamps, Chandeliers, and for all kinds of ornamental work. Equal to any of the high priced kinds and only 10 cts. a package by mail, postpaid. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

$60. 5-TON. Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Iron TARE BEAM. JONES, HE PAYS THE FREIGHT. Warranted 5 years. All sizes of Scales. Free from Scales. JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE. Best in the world. Get the genuine. Every package has our trade-mark and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

ST. PATRICK'S SALVE. TRY IT USE IT. It will cure at once Burns, Piles, Chapped Hands or Lips, Sores, Scalds, Bruises, Sunburn or Tan, Pimples, Eczema, Itching and any skin disease. 25c. Ask your druggist, or send to 22 Union Street, N. Y.

OPIUM HABIT. Cured Painlessly. The Medicine will be sent for a small margin above the cost in compounding. All cases treated the special business of this house. For full particulars address the Discoverer, DR. S. B. COLLINS, La Porte, Ind.

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