THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Application of Potash.

It is commonly urged against mixing ashes or other alkaline fertilizers with barnyard manures, that such mixture liberates and wastes the ammonia. This is a sufficient objection against composting in the barnyard, where the ammonia, if liberated, is pretty sure to be wasted. But in applying manures directly to the soil, it is important to make the nitrogen immediately available. This is best done by setting it free, when it at once unites with particles of the soil and is retained until used up by crops. There is probably also on all rich soils a good effect from potash in making more latent fertility available. Thus soils not lacking in potash are often benefited by light applications of wood ashes.

Weeds on Walks.

Where garden walks have been properly made, and the weeds never allowed to seed, hand-weeding after a shower of rain, and rolling directly the surface will bear the roller, are in many places practiced with success. But in gardens where gravel walks are extensive, and, as sometimes happens, the gravel is of a coarse, shingly character, which, if disturbed or broken up, involves some difficulty in getting a firm, smooth surface again, a destructive agent of some kind becomes desirable. Almost everything that destroys the weeds takes the bright red color out of the gravel; but apart from such drawbacks, walks may be kept clean cheaply by the use either of salt or sulphuric or muriatic acid (marine acid or spirits of salt).

Selecting Poor Seed.

It is a matter too little regarded by farmers and horticulturists that the selection of poor seed, or that from poor plants, or the use of any inferior stock in propagating is a potent cause of the deterioration of varieties. Many a grower has raised a poor crop because poor seeds were sown. Shrunken grain may produce a crop, but the yield is almost inevitably inferior. This fact is recognized by good farmers. What is true of wheat is also true of garden vegetables and fruits. Flower seeds selected from plants which have grown on poor soil, or have been stunted by drouth, are not fit to be sown. Such seeds, even if sown on good soil, and the plants given good care, produce weak plants. They have already begun to run out."

Plowing in the Orchard.

Many farmers still wrap rags on the ends of long whiffletrees, to keep them from barking orchard trees. It is a far better plan to employ very short whiffletrees, instead of the ordinary long ones, for the purpose. Whiffletrees two-thirds or even half as long as common, answer the purpose admiraddy. These need no winding of rags, and they allow the team and plow to pass much nearer the tree. It is also a questionable plan to shoe an oxen in an orchard, although many affirm that they can get nearer the trees with oxen than with horses. Much time is lost in plowing with oxen, and, if low hames are substituted for the ordinary high ones, horses will answer the purpose quite as well. As simple a harness as possible should be employed in an old orchard, as limbs are always catching at useless appendages. With due caution one can turn a furrow away from the very base of a tree, without injury, by a horse team.

How to Grease a Wheel.

The coachmakers' *Magazine* indorses the statement that few people are aware they do wagons and carriages more injury by greasing too plentifully than in any other way. A well-made wheel will endure constant wear from ten to twenty-five years, if care is taken to use the right kind and a proper amount of grease; but if this matter is not attended to, it will be worn up in five or six years. Lard should never be used on a wagon, for it will penetrate the hub, and work its way out around the tenons of the spokes, and spoil the wheel. Tallow is the best lubricator for wooden axle-trees, and castor oil for iron boxes; but many of the patent axle greases are also excellent, and have the merit of being cheaper and more convenient to handle. Just grease enough should be applied to the spindle of a wagon to give it a slight coating. This is better than more, for the surplus put on will work out at the ends, and be forced by the shoulder bands and nut-washers into the hub around the outside of the boxes. To oil an axle-tree just wipe the spindle clean with a cloth wet with spirits of turpentine, and then apply a few drops of castor oil near the shoulder and end. One teaspoonful is sufficient for the whole.—*Live Stock Journal.*

Household Hints.

For ordinary wood work use whiting to rub the dirt off, and ammonia.

Copperas mixed with whitewash upon the cellar walls will keep vermin away.

Crusts and pieces of bread should be kept in an earthen jar, closely covered, in a cool, dry place.

Lard for pastry should be used as hard as it can be cut with a knife. It should be cut through the flour, not rubbed.

A good way to utilize fruit-cans is to turn them into flower-pots. To do this bore a round hole in the bottom, and melt off the top little round tin. This, after tearing off the paper, painting brown or green, varnishing with flower pictures and finish by a coat of copal varnish.

Potatoes are much better when steamed than when boiled in the water. Put a pot of water on the fire and when it is boiling place over it a dish with a perforated bottom, in which the potatoes. Put on this tin a tight cover, and in half an hour the potatoes will be done, and will turn out white and mealy.

Pepper as a Condiment.

The condimentary value of pepper stands very high, and among European people, English are perhaps the most addicted to pepper. This condiment or spice may be procured under the two designations of white and black pepper, the distinction, however, not being in the botany, but in the method of preparation. Black and white pepper come from the same plant. All pepper is black originally, but the blackness resides in a superficial skin. If the berry is ground entire, then, of course, the powder will be dark colored; but if the cuticle be removed previous to grinding, then the powder will have a tint more or less approaching white, though never quite white—in this consists the only difference between white and black pepper. The black pepper plant is indigenous to the East and West Indies, and it also grows in Sumatra, Java and other islands of the Indian Archipelago. Two crops of berries are produced in the year, but the season of ripening is very irregular. If wholly-unadulterated pepper is required, it should be bought whole and ground in a domestic mill. Bought in a state of powder it is almost invariably adulterated, special ingredients being sold for this purpose. The two grades are known in commerce as P. D. and D. P. D., the first signifying "pepper dust" and the second "dirt of pepper dust." Both may be described as the sweepings, more or less contaminated, of the warehouse in which pepper is stored. In addition to the ordinary peppers, black and white, as above described, there is another kind called long pepper. The fruit of this sort is not shaped as berries, but as elongated cylinders with rounded ends. It is of more use, however, as an ingredient of cattle medicines than as a condiment for human stomachs.

Clara Louise Kellogg's First Song.

There will soon be a biography of Miss Kellogg, written by Mrs. Kellogg. The circumstances attending the singing of the first song by Miss Kellogg are thus recalled by the mother:

"Louise was but nine months old. We had not buried a little one in the south, and had left it behind us, because the infection of a disease then prevailing very fatal among the children. We brought with us a servant girl that had care of the baby. She was always singing a favorite song crooned in the nurse and quaint music of the plantations. One day little Louise was sitting upon the floor when, to my utter astonishment, she commenced singing in perfect time and tune the song she had heard, which so frightened me that I called out to my mother, 'The baby will die! Oh, my God, the baby will die!' Mother came hastening into the room, expecting to find the child in the agonies of death, only to exclaim, 'Nonsense! What ails your daughter? There is nothing the matter with the child. See, it is crowing at you now.' 'But, mother, I exclaimed, 'that nine months babe has just been singing wonderfully the nurse's song, and it is going to die; I know it is!' and I went almost wild in my alarm. But the baby did not die, and thank God that it didn't, for it was born to bless—as only music can bless—the hearts of the world. This story of our daughter's first song," said Mrs. Kellogg, "however improbable, judged from ordinary events, is nevertheless true. I could not account for it at the time; I cannot fully do so now. I did not then know how to interpret so unusual a happening, except as a warning. In the light of subsequent events I may now perhaps guess at a more possible solution."

How the Judge Entered the House.

Jefferson's great height and slender figure exposed him to much ridicule from his opponents, his sobriquet with them was "Long Tom." Neither could present a more striking or singular contrast than the figures of Mr. Jefferson and Gen. Knox, the one very short, the other lank and lean, and unusually tall. They happened to meet one morning on the steps of Gen. Washington's lodgings. The two gentlemen approached from opposite directions, and arriving at the same moment, a contest in etiquette took place between them. The general at the head of an army, and full of its chivalric politeness could not think of passing in before the civilian head of the department of state, while the civil officer of the government was equally averse to taking precedence of the military, and they stood for some moments, each drawing back and waving the other forward. In the midst of this entertaining scene, the notorious Judge Peters, the greatest wit of his day, came up directly in front. Perceiving how matters stood, and casting a sly glance from one side to the other, he pushed boldly between them, exclaiming, as he passed: "Pardon me gentlemen, if in my haste, I dash through thick and thin."

SEVEN MOUNTAINS OF FLESH.

The Prominent Fat Women who Amuse the American Public.

Philadelphia has the most distinguished honor of furnishing the fattest woman in the show business, says the *Call*, of that city. Hannah Battersby, who lives in Frankford, is the largest, the heaviest, the most attractive, and, despite her rapid approach to the half century anniversary of her birth, the handsomest of all the fat women. She has been on the stage since 1860, and has made heards of money for herself. P. T. Barnum and a host of other showmen who have at various times exhibited her and her husband, John Battersby, who acts as her agent. In striking contrast to his ponderous better-half, the husband is one of the thinnest men in creation. For years he made a livelihood by exhibiting as the "living skeleton," but lately the revenue from his wife's attractions has been sufficiently large to maintain both of them, and John has now what the show people call "a soft snap."

Mme. Clark, who has been known in the show world since 1861, comes next to Mrs. Battersby in the order of seniority in the fat woman business. She weighs 500 pounds, and is about 45 years of age. She was married when she entered the business and little is known of her except that she hails from an obscure town in Illinois.

The Mormon community is entitled to the credit of at least one fat woman, in the person of Annie Woods, who at the tender age of 13 years brought out her 190 pounds avoirdupois for exhibition throughout the country. Miss Woods died about eight years ago in her 21st year. She was known as the "Utah fat girl," and was said to be of Mormon parentage, her father, according to rumor, being the possessor of several wives.

Another fat woman, who recently passed into the other world, is Mme. Powers, who died about two years ago. She was a native of New York state, and weighed 557 pounds. Her age at the time of her death was 31.

The "African Giantess," a colored lady of enormous proportions, for whom the claim was made that she had the biggest arm of any person in the world, was only on exhibition about two months, ere she, too, died. She always refused to allow her real name to be known to the public, and did not live long enough to become a celebrity in the fat-woman line.

Another heavy-weight female, who hails from New York state, is Ada Bruges, who is now on exhibition at Milwaukee, Wis. She is 21 years of age, unmarried, and weighs 510 pounds.

A Connecticut girl, named Amelia Hill, is the latest comer in this branch of show life. Miss Hill is not yet 14 years old, but her weight has already run hard for pounds, and she hopes to grow.

Managers who have had fat women make it look clearly, generally agree that this class of curiosities is an excellent one in all respects. They are always of amiable disposition, and easy to get along with; always enduring the discomforts of travel—from which they suffer more than most people—with philosophical good humor. In the matter of eating they are not particular, ordinary food being good enough for them, and they do not generally expect to have their appetites pampered. Often the fat woman is the smallest eater with the show, and in no case are they known to be very large eaters.

They are, of course, not adapted to travel with wagon shows, as they could not endure the fatigue nor the vehicles the strain. The salaries of fat women vary from $40 to $125 per week, according to size, weight, appearance and ability to be attractive to the patrons of the show. None are paid lower than the first figure named, and but few are content with this after the first season.

Japanese Funerals.

The first indication of the death of a Japanese is by the turning bottom up of all movable things in the house and by the turning inside out of all his clothes. A priest arrives on the scene and prays, while friends of the deceased attend to the details of grave-digging, coffin, etc., while one friend in robes of ceremony stands at the door to receive visits of condolence from all comers. When the corpse is washed it is clad in a white shroud and placed in a sitting posture in one of the peculiar coffins of the country, on which is painted his free pass to heaven. The procession then forms, headed by torch-bearers, and moves to the inclosure of a temple, where a grave has been dug big enough for two, if the deceased be married, and, after a lot of clap-trap, is lowered to its final resting place. A mournful dirge is then executed on what looks like copper washboards, and every one goes home to pray for the soul of the departed.

Some folks think the old proverbs are great things. One of them says: "A man cannot bite the bottom out of a frying-pan without smutting his nose." Now what is there clever or reasonable about that? If it had said that a man cannot bite the bottom out of his nose without smutting the frying-pan, or that a man can't bite the smut off the pan without frying his nose, or something like that, there would be something to it to interest and instruct.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Little Sam.

Little Sam has the merriest eyes,
And the brightest, sunniest curls likewise
Of any cherub below the skies.

His chin is cleft like heart of the rose,
Where in the dew-drop glitters and glows,
Whispering what tale of love, who knows?

His voice is sweet as his face is fair,
My winsome boy with the glorious hair,
And the true, brave eyes of a blue so rare!

But also, one gladsome summer morn,
Rich with the breath of flowers new born,
My boy was so gay (Without a sound,
To whom the seven heavens made more wise
From the swinging cheerful earth with eyes,—
They quietly called once in Paradise.)

"Mamma, I know Father has gone away,
Because I'm seven to-day, to-day,
And he promised he wouldn't go on each birthday."

"I know, my—I know—" (Oh, the tears that blur
Memory, the cruel tears!) "I know, dear, he
Was to have been home—Perhaps even now he may—"

The Three Wishes.

An affectionate wife, looking at the dilapidated white hat hanging by her husband's side in the hall, said to him yesterday morning, a little as follows:

"Father, I have been thinking, if I could have one single wish of mine, what I would choose."

"To give you a better one," said the father, "suppose the allowance be increased to three wishes, what would they be? Be careful, Charley!"

He made his choice thoughtfully, first, of a good character, second, of good health, and third, of a good education.

His father suggested to him that fame, power, riches, and various other things, are held in general esteem among men.

"I have thought of that," said he; "but, if I have a good character and good health and a good education, I shall be able to earn all the money that will be of any use to me, and everything will come along in its right place."

A wise decision indeed, for a lad of that age. Let our young readers think of it and profit by it.

The Homes and Habits of Ants.

Master Charles R. Bolton, 15 years old, contributes an interesting article on the above topic to the *Congregationalist*, from which we take the following:

Some warm day, when you do not know what to do, find an ant-hill under a shady tree and watch the little fellows at their work. This is what I have been doing. The ring of earth around the hole, like the wall of a fort, is familiar, but the most interesting part of their home is under ground. See them drag the pellets out of the hole in the center. If you could throw it down you would find the way irregular, and at the end a number of galleries, each supported by little pillars of earth. The young ants are kept on these shelves, and, in fact, it is their city.

Here the children meet to talk over the affairs of the colony. But how can they talk? Put an ant under the magnifying glass and you will see two little projections on the head, called mandibles, which ant teachers its mandibles to talk to its neighbor and thus they speak. Ants are very strong, persevering and industrious, some working all night, and I have seen an ant carry a stone three or four times its size. They are fond of sweet things. Once I laid a piece of sugar near a hole. An ant soon found it, and though the piece was many times as large as itself, it lifted the sugar above its head and started for the hill. All went well until the hill was reached. It would get hold of the sugar and attempt to drag it up, but when the first pebble was struck it would roll over and over and over. At last, by leveling a place so as to get a start, by the occasional help of a passing ant, the sugar was pulled over the hill.

I noticed a spider, one day, stop to rest near an ant-hill. The ants soon saw him and four or five came out. They took hold of his legs and swarmed on his back. He was dragged into the hole and the rest flocked out to eat him up. The ants carry their young out every pleasant day to lie in the sun, and at the first sight of rain they hurry them into their house. These little creatures have good memories and never forget their friends. If an ant be taken out of an ant-hill, kept for two months and then put back into the same hill, it will be received; but if it be placed in another, it will be killed.

In Texas there is found the "agricultural" ant. These clear a place from weeds and grass for about two feet around their house. They then drop the seed of a kind of grass, whose grain they like very much. The ants take care of the young blades, protecting them from insects, and when the grain is ripe carry it to their homes. But what is more peculiar, if the store of food should become damp during a rain, it will all be carried out on the first sunny day and dried, and then brought back.

A Material Distinction.

A young masher of the most advanced type, said to a great lady, on introducing a friend:

"I have the honor to introduce to you my intimate friend B——, who is not such a goose as he looks."

The friend, stung to the quick, said to the lady, with a smile: "That is the only difference between us," and the three burst into a hearty laugh.

Love Me, Love My Dog.

A large lady carrying a small dog is an entrancing sight daily met with in our large cities. Poor children cannot be taken to ride, but Fido can; starving babies cannot get anything to eat, but Fido has a nibble at woodcock every day. A dog is worth so much more than a child that he must be petted in the parlor, while the shrivelled beggar is sent away from the basement door without a crust. This is civilization of the most refined order—yes, this is pure and unadulterated religion. You see the child will have a chance in the next world, and so the sooner he gets there the better. There will be no poverty in heaven, and it is really a kindness to help him starve and so hurry him along on the road to glory. But the dog, the dear pug dog, the darling, curly-haired little pet, doesn't have any heaven to look forward to, although it is evident that he ought to have, and for that reason he should be treated with every possible consideration in this, his only life. The dog star rooses. Beside, the pug has such a charming way of sneaking into our affections and of rousing all the best elements of a woman's nature. Next to a gilt-edged prayer-book and the consolation of religion comes the pug, undoubtedly. Sometimes the pug comes first on the list; but this state of affairs is wrong. Wicked men in the community, known as "pick-ups," make use of this tender tie between a dog and a woman and thus earn an honest living. They pick up the dog and then lie in wait for the reward, and repeat the operation until the father of the household expresses his opinion in a very emphatic and a somewhat profane and naughty manner. Said a very gentlemanly dealer in canines: "The ladies as owns dogs take on awful when they are lost. They go crazy. They can't eat, and make it red hot for every one. The servant girl gets discharged, and there is more boo-hooing going on than at a first-class funeral." Such things are very sad. To lose a pug is an affliction indeed, but the little children who get lost, or who have been worse than lost ever since they were born—well, who can think about Johnny or Kate while that dear, sweet, beautiful pug is out in the cold and he no longer to cover her shivering form?—*Phoenix Magazine.*

A Lawyer's Privileges.

"Lawyers," says a suffering citizen, "are a wonderfully privileged class. Put yourself on the witness stand, for example. You are an average citizen. You try to pay your obligations. You attend to your business. You are as honest as your fellows. You take a glass of beer now and then, and you know a pretty woman when you see her, and you wouldn't be a decent fellow if you didn't. But the minute you get on the witness stand, with a modern lawyer in front of you, you begin to think that you are the biggest scoundrel in the world. The lawyer will make you out a thief, a liar, a drunkard, a libertine, an atheist, and everything else that's bad. He may ask you if you ever served a term in the penitentiary. Of course, at this the opposing counsel objects, and then the counsel says, 'Well, I don't press that question,' and so you, the poor witness, are left, has the audience thinking that you have been in the penitentiary. If you are a new comer to the place, with only a year or two of residence, you are sure to be disgraced. If you appeal to the judge, he will tell you that you are not obliged to criminate yourself, etc. A cowardly lawyer may come and browbeat a brave man on the witness stand, and there is no redress for the witness. If he avenges his wrong outside the court-house, and knocks his persecutor down, the brave man is sent to jail, for the members of the bar stand together like a band of satyrs. It is not alone in the courts that lawyers have a license that makes them a privileged class. There is scarcely anything that a lawyer can't do under the cover of his diploma. He can arrange conspiracy, perjury, bribery, and a dozen crimes, for which he cannot be punished, because he is a lawyer—'counsel.' He can take a fee for anything. If it is crooked, he is all right, because he is 'counsel.' If a journalist should do the same things, he would be sent to the penitentiary."

The Terror of the South.

JASPER, FLA.—Mr. Beauchamp W. Wilson traveling for A. G. Allard & Co., dealers in Firearms and Cutlery, Baltimore, was prostrated here, with the "break-bone fever," he asserts that in his own, as well as in the case of others, the only thing found to relieve this painful malady was St. Jacobs Oil. This wonderful pain-cure has the endorsement of such men as Ex-Postmaster General James, Senator Daniel W. Voorhees, and an army of others.

An Ideal.

Almost every one has an ideal home of his own—a haven of rest where the husband and wife both have their own way in everything; where the children never cry; where the servants are models of honesty and industry; where the dinner is never late and is always well cooked; where there is no perceptible washing day; where the sweeping and dusting are done when nobody knows it; where selfishness and bad temper are never known; in short, a little heaven upon earth, inhabited by thoroughly angelic mortals. Homes of that kind constructed upon a scientific basis and served hot, like steam through subterranean pipes, would meet a long-felt want. Nearly every family would subscribe for one.

Love's Young Dream.

In the life of every young man there is a time when he firmly expects to commit suicide through unrequited affection. He lives in Araminta's smiles, and when that becomes totally eclipsed the night is filled with ghosts and hobgoblins. A little arsenic is close at hand, but somehow he doesn't take it, for it has a business-like look which seems to say it can't be trifled with, and so he goes about his matter-of-fact affairs for one day more, and is surprised that he gets along so well without his first love and has become so much interested in his second.

"GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" (Trade-mark registered) is not only a sovereign remedy for consumption, but also for consumptive night-sweats, bronchitis, coughs, spitting of blood, weak lungs, shortness of breath, and kindred affections of the throat and chest. By druggists.

Help others and you relieve yourself. Go out and drive away the cloud from a distressed friend's brow, and you will return with a lighter heart.

TO LADIES

suffering from functional derangements or any of the painful disorders or weakness incident to their sex. Dr. Pierce's treatise, illustrated with wood cuts and colored plates, suggests sure means of complete self-cure. Sent for three letter postage stamps. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Many people wish they might live their lives over again; in nine cases out of ten they would only repeat them.

Unlike other cathartics, Dr. Pierce's "Pellets," do not render the bowels costive after operation, but on the contrary, establish a permanently healthy action. *Being entirely vegetable* no particular care is required while using them. By druggists.

We should do everything we can for others if only to dissipate the thought of what they owe to do for us.

All pain in the nervous system, wind colic, cramps, &c., cured by *Samaritan Nervine.*

Your *Samaritan Nervine* cured my son's fits, writes Mrs. S. M. Parkhurst, of Girard, Mich.

"Rough on Corns."

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

One pair of boots saved every year by using Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners.

"Rough on Coughs."

Knocks a Cough or Cold endwise. For children or adults. Troches 15c. Liquid 50c.

The Might of the Pen.

Oh, the orator's voice is a mighty power,
As it echoes along the green,
But the fearless pen has more sway o'er men,
To sound the praises of Carboline.

"Bucha-Paiba."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists.

For DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic, and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

Mr. J. Enger, importer, 34 Cliff St., N. Y., tells all his sick friends if they take three bottles of Dr. Elmore's B.-G. and it fails to cure them, he will pay for it, because three bottles cured his wife and other friends.

Occasional doses Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator will keep the liver in good order. Sure.

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Sure cure for Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. One box has cured worst cases of 20 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after using William's Indian Pile Ointment. Is absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Prepared only for Piles, Itching of private parts. Model for $1. Frazer Med. Co., Cleveland O.

After Three Days.

Mr. CHARLES W. MORRIS, "Eagle" office, Plymouth, Mass., writes, May 25, 1883: "For several months my wife's mother (Mrs. Amy Boyce) had been in a very precarious condition with dropsy on Bright's disease of the kidneys, and having tried all methods and measures for her relief in the line of treatment by our leading physicians, and having to bed to bring her, her family despaired of seeing her relieved, and gave her up to die. Happening to run across the testimony of a Mrs. Dudley, who had been cured of similar sickness by using Hunt's Remedy, we at once procured a bottle of it, and commenced giving it as directed. After using it three days she was so far improved that she could get from her bed to her chair without assistance in a circumstance that had not happened for months. Previous to taking it she was troubled more or less with short breath, requiring a continuous fanning to keep her alive. This gradually improved as we continued the use of Hunt's Remedy, and on the fourth bottle she was able to set up all day. She was bloated terribly in both limbs and body upward to the lungs. The touch day the bloating left her bowels, and now she is not swollen above the knees. Her kidneys were very bad at the time, discharges being of a bloody character and emitting a sickening odor. I can say that the change in her case has been wonderful, and Hunt's Remedy has worked a miracle in her."

Twenty-four Hours to Live.

From John Kuhn, Lafayette, Ind., who announces that he is now in "perfect health," we have the following: "One year ago I was to all appearance, in the last stages of consumption. Our best physicians gave me no hope. I finally got so low that our doctor said I could not live twenty-four hour. My friends then purchased a bottle of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, which benefited me. I continued until I took nine bottles. I am now in perfect health, having used no other medicine."

What ails you? If it is a cough, take Piso's Cure. Sold by druggists. 25 cts.

Thousands Hastened to Their Graves!

Relying on testimonials written in vivid glowing language of some miraculous cures made by some largely puffed up doctor or patent medicine has hastened thousands to their graves; believing in their almost insane faith that the same miracle will be performed on them, and that these testimonials make the cures, while the so-called medicine is all the time hastening them to their graves. We have avoided publishing testimonials, as they do not make the cures, although we have

THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS

of them, of the most wonderful cures, voluntarily sent us. It is our medicine, Hop Bitters, that makes the cures. It has never failed and never can. We will give reference to any one for any disease similar to their own if desired or will refer to any neighbor, as there is not a neighborhood in the known world but can show its cures by Hop Bitters.

A LOSING JOKE.

A prominent physician of Rochester said to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill health, and who was about to take her, against her will, Hop Bitters: "The lady took the medicine and tried the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. He confessed to the doctor he had joked her, but he was so well pleased with it, asks not him a good patient.

FEES OF DOCTORS.

The fee of doctors is an item that very many persons are interested in. We believe the schedule for visits is $3.00, which would take a man confined to his bed for a year, and in need of a daily visit, over $1,000 a year for medical attendance alone! And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the $1,000 and all the year's sickness.

A LADY'S WISH.

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters; that makes pure, rich blood and blooming health. It did for me, as you observe."

GIVEN UP BY THE DOCTORS.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters, and only ten days ago has doctors give him up and said he must die from Kidney and Liver trouble!"

BNU 52

SAMARITAN NERVINE
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