FOR THE FARM AND HOME.

Coal Ashes for Heavy Soils

For the purpose of making stiff soil friable, sifted coal ashes, where they can be readily had, are better than sand. They are more easily disseminated through the mass and contain a small proportion of mineral salts likewise, though their merit is principally mechanical. I had a patch of clay over taprock that after a rain took on the consistence of putty. I could do nothing with it. Vegetable manure it scorned, and the spade cut in it as though it was skim milk cheese. The place was made the receptacle of the winter's ashes. Two years after it was dug up through a mistaken order in the fall. Next spring I manured it and had it dug over. Then I planted it, of all things in the world, with melons. They were a striking success. More than the that, friability of the soil remained permanent.

Curing Cheese.

Every rise and fall in the warmth of the room in which cheese is curing warps and impairs the development of flavor and causes an extra shrinkage of weight. Moisture is essential to rapid curing and to the formation of flavor. Dry air and much light are objectionable. We have found the best curing in dark, close rooms, and as damp as they could be on account of mould. It was this that led to our little experiment in curing cheese in boxes, which, by the way, has proved a perfect success. We have just cut one of the cheeses so cured, now about six months old, and find the curing perfect—all that could be desired—and it was so considered by an expert who happened to be present when it was cut. Though skimmed at the rate of a pound of butter from fifty pounds of milk, the flavor is perfectly clean and quite full and nutty, like that of a well made whole milk cheese, and would easily be mistaken for such by the average consumer. It is greatly superior to those cured on the open shelf. The result has proved so favorable, we propose to experiment further another year, and hope others will do so too.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Light for Horses.

The horse, says the *Le Trot Journal*, although it looks straight forward much more than most animals, yet does not do so nearly as much as a man, and therefore requires in his habitation, an arrangement of light quite different from that in its owner's dwelling. Give the horse its light from one side only, and it will direct only one of its eyes to it, but the other eye will be in the shade; this unequality weakens both eyes. Put it in such a position that it looks into the dark, which is certainly unnatural, and when taken out of the stable the abrupt change from darkness to light will harm it. To place it straight against the light gives the latter a blinding effect, which is also injurious to the eyes. The horse stable should therefore always receive the light from above, either through skylights or through windows placed near the ceiling in the wall to which the animal's head is turned as it stands in the stall. Moreover, the stable should be always bright—as bright, indeed, as daylight; for the horse is not a night or twilight animal, and is in no need of an artificial darkness, like fattening stock.

Simple and Successful Feeding of Fowls.

I have read with much interest the various disputations about feeding poultry, which have from time to time appeared in your columns. I do not care to enter the arena at all, but a brief allusion to my experience may suggest thought, if nothing more. I have tried pretty nearly every method of feeding which has ever come to my notice, and have finally adopted one of my own, which I believe is more in accordance with the physiology and habits of fowls than any other which is practicable, and it has at once me more satisfaction, with less labor and expense, than any other. I do it a time and often is the theory on which my practice is based.

My staple feed, supplied ad libitum, is fine, dry, ground feed, the largest part of which is wheat middlings, shorts, or bran. All sorts of grain and cotton seed meal, in small proportions, are sometimes used. Corn meal, in the proportion of one to two of the ship stuffs, is as satisfactory to the fowls as any other of my mixtures, and I have had less disease, more growth, more eggs, perhaps less fat, but enough nevertheless, less annoyance from the raids of the fowls upon outside commodities, whether in field or yard, and less trouble generally since I entered upon its use for old fowls and young, than ever before. The mother hen gets something which she can pick up and feed to her young brood till they learn to pick up their own food, after which they are fed in the same way as the grown fowls. Of course they all get many tidbits in the course of the year, but I allude here to the regular every-day feed. I had a hen last summer which was given the broods of two other hens at a week old, and she raised the thirty-seven chicks without loss or accident. They sometimes got a baked potato, or bit of curd, a handful of wheat screenings, a few nubbins of corn, or something else to tame them, but the bulk of their feed was as above.

My fowls are given fresh, clean water twice a day. The pail is kept full, so that if a chick gets in it can get out. Little and big drink at the same pail. A pan of milk is often given them, though I think less of it for the purpose than many others do. I set a weighted pail, or can, into the pan to keep the fowls out, and let them drink what they will, but the mixing of bulge puddings is all a thing of the past. Except a few kitchen scraps, occasionally a beet, turnip, or cabbage, my fowls are fed but once a day. In cold weather their boxes are replenished in the afternoon, so that they may go to roost with full crops. In warm weather the food is given them after they go to roost, so that they may not have any temptation to start out in the morning on marauding expeditions. They are generally kept in confinement in cold weather, and sometimes in warm weather, but not generally.—*O. S. Bliss, in Country Gentleman.*

Receipts.

Light Dough Dumplings. — One pound of raised dough; make into small balls the size of an egg, with one ounce of chopped suet, a few raisins or currants; boil in plenty of water, serve with butter or sugar or with sauce.

Shepherd's Pie. — Butter a small platter very thoroughly, and spread over it warm, mashed potato mixed with enough milk to make it a little soft. Flute the potato around the edge of the platter with the tines of a silver fork, set it in the oven to brown; when it is as brown as pie-crust, and stiffened enough to be easily cut, pour over it a quiver of cold mutton, made by cutting the meat in small bits, and warming it in a little thickened gravy.

Strawberry Cake.—Five eggs, three cups of sugar, one of butter, one of milk, four of flour, two teaspoonful of yeast-powder, beat the eggs separate, cream the sugar and butter, add other ingredients, stirring in the whites of the eggs last. Bake on jelly pans as for jelly cake. Cap and split in half two layers of large strawberries, spread each layer of cake with them and sprinkle with pulverized sugar; place their layer upon layer. Serve with or without cream.

Boiled Eggs.—Boil eggs very hard, throw into cold water, and when perfectly cold remove the shells and cut in two in the middle. Take out the yolks and rub smooth with a little melted butter or cream. Salt, cayenne pepper and dry mustard to taste. Fill each hollowed white with this mixture, place the halves neatly together, and wrap in tissue paper. You can make a salad of them by serving a lettuce leaf and egg, stripped of the paper covering, upon each plate, and pouring over them Mayonnaise dressing.

Household Hints.

A little sweet oil and bees-wax rubbed on mahogany polishes it up beautifully.

Sandpaper will whiten ivory knife handles that may have become yellow with use or age.

The yellow stains on the margin of engravings may be removed by a solution of hydrochloride of soda.

To take grease out of velvet, pour a little turpentine over the spot, then rub briskly with a piece of dry flannel.

To cleanse mosliene bottles put a small quantity of ashes in them, fill nearly full of cold water, and heat gradually till it boils. After boiling an hour, let them remain in the water till it is cold. Wash them in soap suds, and rinse in clean water.

To clean japanned waiters rub on with a sponge a little white soap and some warm water, and wash quite clean. Never use hot water, as it will cause the japan to peel. Wipe dry, sprinkle a little flour over it; let it rest awhile, and then rub it with a soft, dry cloth, and finish with a soft piece of oldsilk.

Dutch Customs.

In Broeck, no one enters a house by the front door, nor is any one seen at the front window. The front of the house is where the best "parlors" are, which are sacred to cleanliness and solitude. Irving's description of such an apartment is rigidly true: "The mistress and her confidential maid visit it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning and putting things to rights, always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly in their stocking feet.

"After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling the floor with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles and curves, and rhomboids, after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace, the window shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up till the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day."

The people of Broeck always enter houses by back doors, like so many burglars; and to insure the front door from unholy approach, the steps are removed, never to be placed there but when three great occasions open the mystic gate, and these are births, marriages and funerals; so that to enter a Dutchman's house by that way is indeed an "event."—*Art Journal.*

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The estimated total cost of fires and insurance companies in the United states is $150,000,000 a year. Commenting on this, the *American Architect* says that every man or woman in the community who is paid for his or her labor works one week in every year as a gratuitous contribution toward paying the salaries of insurance agents and the fire losses caused by carelessness or crime.

The beet-sugar industry in Denmark is very profitable; three extensive new works are to be built with a capital of 6,000,000 crowns, subscribed to a great extent by the beet root growers themselves, who are under contract to supply the works with beet roots for the next ten years. The three new works will supply the home consumption of the whole of Denmark, and are a flattering exhibit of successful cooperation on the part of the farmers.

It will surprise some people to learn that the sagebrush lands of Idaho, naturally the very emblem of sterility, and desolation, can be readily converted into fruit-farms whereon apples, peaches, nectarines, apricots, prunes grapes, and all the small fruits are produced in the greatest profusion and of a quality unsurpassed. It is declared that the Boise, Weiser, Payette, and other Idaho valleys cannot be excelled by any region east of California for the production of fruit.

In Red Lake Falls, Dakota, a farmer noticed a stool of wheat in his oatfield, which consisted of twenty-two stalks, headed out. These contained 840 grains, of which 760 were planted in 1882, yielding one-fifth of a bushel. Last spring this wheat was planted and carefully cultivated. The product is seventeen bushels, an increase of eighty-five fold, and a yield of fifty-six bushels and thirty-two pounds to the acre. Seventeen bushels from a single kernel in three years is a good growth.

Another bit of historical fiction seems to be exploded. In late numbers of the Dublin *Farmers' Gazette*, a capable writer brings forward evidence to show that no faith can be put in the alleged antiquity of wheat found in Egyptian mummies, the germination of which has been used as a remarkable instance of the vitality of seeds. The secret is that the Arabs, with the deceptive ingenuity for which their race is distinguished, have put modern wheat into the mummies.

Frenchmen are beginning to outstrip both the English and the Americans in the ingenuity of their advertising lodgers in the endeavor to attract attention to their discoveries. The following will serve as an example: A chimney inventor of a face wash bequeaths the shining hour of a family party to invite a reporter, who carefully inspects the physiognomies of the inventor's wife, daughter, and mother-in-law, and prints his impressions in praise of said concoction, giving the names of all the members of the family.

It would be singular if the gum-wood of Southern swamps—for which no valuable use has thus far ever been found—should suddenly gain an important commercial value. This product is found in great abundance throughout the South and West. Though a hard wood, susceptible of fine finish, its brittility to sudden decay has made it practically worthless. By chemical treatment, however, the wood is made so durable that it is now spoken of by southern newspapers as a cheap and good substitute for black walnut, which is growing more and more scarce.

"How Remedies" states that when hungry pigs see food their mouths water, and the gastric secretion is largely increased. A manufacturer of pepsin, taking advantage of this fact, turns hungry pigs into a pen where a trough filled with food tempts the animals, though a wire screen prevents their eating it, and thus absorbing the pepsin contained in the peptic glands. Then the hogs are killed, and the yield of pepsin is comparatively very large. Take it altogether, alive or dead, home or abroad, the great American hog is shamefully cheated and abused.

It is asserted that in Paris no fewer than 30,000 women earn their living by the manufacture of artificial flowers. The rose is the test of proficiency which the workshops demands, whoever can counterfeit a rose being supposed equal to the imitation of any flower whatever. In this, as in other branches of industry, there is usually a division of labor; the bud, foliage and the mounting being done by different persons. At present many flower-makers are out of work, owing in part to the competition of other countries and in part to the fact that artificial flowers are not unive sally in fashion.

Water Test.

A French periodical, *La Culture*, gives the following simple method for testing the purity of water. In an ordinary quart bottle, three parts filled with water dissolve a spoonful of pure white sugar, cork it well and put it in a warm place. If at the end of forty-eight hours the water becomes turbid and milky there can be no doubt of its impurity, but if it remain limpid it may be considered safely drinkable.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Two Little Girls I Know.

I know a little girl
(You? Oh, no!)
Who, when she's asked to go to bed,
Does just so:
She brings a dozen wrinkles out,
And takes the dimples in;
She puckers up her pretty lips,
And then she does begin:
"Oh, dear me! I don't see why!
All the others sit up late,
And why can't I?"

Another little girl I know,
With curly pate,
Who says, "When I'm a great big girl,
I'll sit up late
But mamma says 'will make me grow
To be an early bird.'"
So she and dolly trot away
Without another word.
Oh, the sunny smile, and the eyes so blue
And—why, yes, now I think of it,
She *looks like* me.
—Lulu Comparette.

A Warm and Cosy Nest

The moss bumble-bee builds his nest of moss. When a bird builds a nest he carries his bits of straw and wool in his beak. But the bumble-bee does not take his bit of moss in his mouth and fly away with it to his nest; he pushes it along on the ground.

Three or four bumble-bees always work together. One of them takes a bit of moss in her mouth, shakes it with her forefeet, passes it on to her next pair of feet, then sees it with her hind feet and pushes it towards the nest.

The second bumble-bee does the same, and then the third, and so on, till they have pushed the moss to the nest. Then they break it into bits with their mouths and stick it on.

The nest is lined with a sticky substance as thick as paper. This keeps out the rain. If you should take up a nest of the moss-bumble-bee, you would see that it looks quite like a bird's-nest bottom side up.

There is a winding entrance to the nest, and a bee always stands at the door, to keep out ants and field-mice, who like to eat the cocoons or eggs. You know a soldier who keeps guard is called a sentinel. So this bee is called the sentinel-bee.—*Little Men and Women.*

A Grateful Dog.

Captain Burton, the Oriental traveler, is British consul at Trieste, the Austrian seaport. He and Mrs. Burton are in the habit of spending two or three days each week at a rustic inn at the mountain-top above Trieste. While here, an interesting incident occurred which showed the gratitude of a dog.

The landlord of the inn had a dog of nondescript breed, but with a great deal of sense and a grateful heart; and so attached himself very warmly to the English lady and gentleman, whom he must have recognized as friends of his race.

The landlord, who was probably aware that too much meat is not good for dogs, used to be in the habit of hurling him up on Sundays, lest he should go from table to table and be spoiled by the visitors.

Mrs. Burton tried to mitigate this unkindness by saving her own scraps and taking them to the dog, that he might not think himself forsaken; and he quite understood her kind motive.

Now it happened one week that Captain Burton was taken ill at this mountain inn, and was obliged to remain three whole days in bed.

His four-footed friend knew and interpreted it after his own fashion, and the method of this dog-ish reasoning was this: "I used to be shut up that I might not have any meat, and Captain Burton is now being treated just the same."

So when his master threw him a piece of meat, he did not eat it, though he took it in his teeth and growled ferociously if any one offered to come near him.

By-and-by, when he saw the way clear, he took the food in his mouth and trotted off to his friend's bedroom door, where he sat very patiently till some one opened it in order to come out.

This was the dog's opportunity, and he rushed in, jumped on the bed, laid the meat down within reach of his master's mouth, licked his hand, and trotted away again.

His meaning could hardly have been clearer if he had been able to talk; and you will not be surprised to hear that his friends adopted him as one of their own circle, and having so good a master and mistress, is now one of the happiest dogs in the world.

Buried Another.

"I see," said Mr. Thompson, turning from his newspaper and addressing his better two-thirds, "that old man Grettle has buried another wife."

"What, you don't say so? Why, his first wife only died two weeks ago. When did he marry again?"

"He hasn't married again."

"Thompson, are you a fool?"

"Presumably, my dear, but why this outburst? Grettle has buried another man's wife. He is an undertaker you know.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Chalk Mark.

"My dear," said Mrs.—— to her husband, "I wish you would meet me today in front of Morrison's Book Store, about four o'clock."

"Yes, love," replied her husband.

"And, Henry," continued Mrs.——, "in case you should get there before me, you can make a chalk mark on the pavement, and if I get there before you I will rub it out, that you may know I was there."—*Life.*

Exploration of New Guinea.

* * * "In connection with the Waltham Watch Company, it may be stated that when the proprietors of *The Age* desired to present Mr. G. E. Morrison (the explorer of New Guinea) with a reliable chronometer, acting upon the advice of Mr. R. L. J. Ellery, the Government Astronomer, two Waltham watches were, however, procured for Mr. Morrison instead. These were kept at the Melbourne Observatory for a fortnight, and thoroughly and carefully tested, and were pronounced by Mr. Ellery, at the end of that time, to be *better* suited for Mr. Morrison's requirements than any chronometer."—Extract from the *Melbourne Age.*

What to Do with Our Girls.

The theory that girls exist merely as lay figures to display fine drapery and to look pretty is not entertained among half civilized or savage tribes or nations. The eccentric notion still prevails throughout Asia, Africa and some parts of Europe and America that they are born to labor.

In Turkestan and on the Tartar steppes the Kirghese sultanas and their daughters and princesses in whose veins flows the blood of long lines of kings, still milk the sheep, cows and goats, and perform the menial offices of the household, as the Sanscrit maidens did 6,000 years ago in the same localities. They cook, take care of the children, make garments, cure the skins of wild fowl with the feather on for caps, spin cotton, weave cloth and tan leather by means of sour milk.

In this delectable region the mother wears rich attire while the daughter goes in humbler weeds like Cinderella. If there is a prince, the mother plays on it in the front room of the tent while the daughter tends the hominy, stews the mutton and broils the camel chops in the back kitchen. This is the benighted condition of patriarchal people who adhere to a nearly obsolete theory of filial duty.

Similar ideas prevail throughout India, China and among the native tribes of Siberia, who have been driven northward by aggressive neighbors.

The Tungusian girl gathers the snow, melts it, makes the tea and fetch soaps, sews, and, being skillful at archery, helps to keep the larder supplied with game.

The Yakut and Samoyede maidens and all those who dwell along the Arctic Ocean, help in summer to lay up winter supplies, and in winter to perform all necessary domestic duties.

The Abyssinian girl grinds corn in the simple mills in use in that country. The Kaffir girl weaves baskets and draws water.

The girls in other parts of the dark continent pulverize the grain, weave mats, make earthen vessels, and are the hewers of their tribe. The theories of the tribes and nations of Asia and Africa are shared by the Indians of North and South America, who compel the young girls to learn the duties and hardships of life at an early age.

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 Williams's Pile Liniment. It absorbs tumors, allays itching, acts as poultice, gives instant relief. Prepared only for Piles, Pruritus of private parts. Mailed for $1. Frazer Med. Co., Cleveland O.

Camphor Milk cures aches and pains 25c.

PUREST AND BEST COMPLEXION—from a delicate eruption to the roughest, use Cuticura Soap, the great Skin Beautifier. Sold everywhere. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston.

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

At the dawn of womanhood, or in the change of life, Scovill's Sarsaparilla is the ladies friend. From North Hampton, N. H., Mrs. L. B. Tarlton, writes: Sarsaparilla Arome cured my son.

Sewing-Machine Industry.

There remarkable items pour into our office daily. Mr. H. S. Perkins, with the New Home Machine Company, of Orange, Mass., writes, May 23, 1883: "I have used Hunt's Remedy in my family for over ten years. My wife was troubled with catarrh of the bladder, suffered intense pain in the kidneys and loins, and urination was accomplished with the greatest agony. My friends thought that she could not recover. We tried doctors and medicine, and she was better at times she would grow worse again. She was advised to use the urinal as many as fifteen times in a night, and was growing worse daily. At this time my attention was called to Hunt's Remedy, and I concluded to try it, and after using one bottle she was a good deal better, the inflammation was reduced, and the water more natural. She began to gain in appetite and felt no pain in the back and kidneys. She could attend to her household work without pain, and this had been a great burden to do, even the lightest kind of work. After using six bottles she was completely cured. Since then I have had occasion to use Hunt's Remedy for kidney and liver complaints, and found it to be just as represented, and I consider it a most wonderful medicine. I would not be without Hunt's Remedy in my family, and I have recommended it to my friends here in Orange with equally good results."

A Cure of Pneumonia.

Mr. D. H. Barnaby, of the firm of N. Y. toys that his daughter was taken with a violent cold which terminated with pneumonia and all the best physicians gave the case up and said she could live but a few hours at most. She was in this condition when a friend recommended Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and advised her to try it. She accepted it as a last resort, and was surprised to find that it produced a marked change for the better, and by persevering a permanent cure was effected.

The Negro and the Mule.

You begin to notice the union that exists between the negro and the mule, the two inseparables. Be it the cart with one, the truck with two, or the wagon with three, it is all one, on the box is a negro invariably. You shall not see in the streets of the city a dozen vehicles bearing burdens and drawn by mules that the motive power, so far as the whip goes, is not a negro.

It would be an interesting study, this connection of the mule with the negro. This inseparability of the most docile of the races of men with the most stubborn and obstinate of brutes is a mystery which no fellow has ever yet found out. Probably it is that a general average may be struck that the gentleness of the one may be balanced by the ugliness of the other. A mule will kick the head off a white man but he never so abuses a negro. With mules a negro may safely rush in where white men fear to tread. And there is another similarity between them. You can never tell from appearances the age of either negro or mule. The mule is born with an old expression which never changes, and when the Southern negro has attained a certain number of years he never grows older. The only difference is negroes do die, and mules do not, naturally. No one ever saw a dead mule except from accident, and seldom then, for a mule will live and do well after a railroad express train has go over him.

Anyhow the mules are all driven by negroes, and they evidently love each other. After the war every negro wanted forty acres of land and a mule. If he could have but one he invariably chose the mule whether he had any use for him or not.

"THE THIRD HOUSE."

Its Good and Bad Members—The Methods and Experience of a Close Observer of Its Workings During a Long Residence in Washington.

(Correspondence Rochester Democrat.)

No city upon the American continent has a larger floating population than Washington. It is estimated that during the sessions of Congress twenty-five thousand people, whose homes are in various parts of this and other countries, make this city their place of residence. Some come here, attracted by the advantages the city offers for making the acquaintance of public men; others have various claims which they wish to prosecute, while the great mass crowd here, as the crows flock to the carrion, for the sole purpose of getting a morsel at the public crib. The latter class, as a general thing, originate the many schemes which terminate in vicious bills, all of which are either directed at the public treasury, or toward that revenue which the black-mailing of corporations or private enterprises may bring.

While walking down Pennsylvania avenue the other day I met Mr. William M. Ashley, formerly of your city, whose long residence here has made him unusually well acquainted with the operations of the lobby.

Having made my wants in this particular direction known, in answer to an interrogative, Mr. Ashley said:

"Yes, during my residence here I have become well acquainted with the workings of the 'Third House,' as it is termed, and could tell you of numerous jobs, which, like the 'Arabian Chance,' are peculiar."

"You do not regard the lobby, as a body, vicious, do you?"

"Not necessarily so; there are good and bad men composing that body; yet there have been times when it must be admitted that the combined power of the 'Third House' has overridden the will of the people. The bad influences of the lobby can be seen in the numerous bloated bills that are introduced at every session."

"But how can these be discovered?"

"Easily enough, to the person who has made the thing a study. I can detect them at a glance."

"Tell me, to what bills do you refer?"

"Well, take the annual gas bills, for instance. They are introduced for the purpose of bleeding the Washington Gaslight company. They usually result in an investigating committee which never amounts to anything more than a draft upon the public treasury for the expenses of the investigation. Another species is the abattoir bills, as they are called. These, of course, are for the benefit of the butchers and market men. The first attempt to force a bill of this description was in 1871, when a prominent Washington politician offered a fabulous sum for the privilege.

"Anything else in this line that you think of, Mr. Ashley?"

"Yes, there is the job to reclaim the Potomac flats, which, had it become a law, would have resulted in an enormous steal. The work is now being done by the government itself, and will fill the place of that malarial atmosphere of which we hear so much outside the city.

"During your residence here have you experienced the bad results of living in this climate?"

"Well, while I have not at all times enjoyed good health, I am certain that the difficulty which at one time was not malarial. It was something that had troubled me for years. A sensation, stinging and thirst that at times attacked quite out parts of my body. One day my right arm and leg would torture me with pain, there would be great rest-lessness, heat and swelling of the parts; and perhaps the next day the other arm and leg would be similarly affected. Then a numb would locate in some particular part of my body and produce a tenderness which would well nigh drive me frantic. There would be weeks at a time that I would be afflicted with an intermittent kind of pain that would move me every minute, and leave me one minute free from suffering during the balance of the twenty four hours. Then I would have terrible paroxysms of pain coming on at any time during the day or night when I would be obliged to lie upon my back for hours and keep as motionless as possible. Every time I attempted to move a chilly sensation would pass over my body, or I would faint from sickness. I suffered from a sympathetic contraction of the muscles and a soreness of the back and bowels, and even my eyeballs become sore and distressed me greatly whenever I went into a light. I became ill-tempered, peevish, fretful, irritable and desperately despondent."

"Of course you consulted the doctors regarding your difficulty."

"Quite a few of them, I should say. Some told me I had neuralgia; others that I had inflammatory rheumatism, for which there was no cure, that I would be afflicted all my life, and that time alone would mitigate my sufferings."

"But didn't they try to relieve your miseries?" "Yes, they vomited and physicked, blistered and fed me, sweat, steamed and everything but drove me, but with no avail."

"But how did you finally recover?"

"I had a friend living in Michigan who had been afflicted in a similar way and had been cured. He wrote me regarding his recovery, and advised me to try the remedy which cured him. I procured a bottle and commenced its use, taking a tablespoonful after each meal and at bed time. I had used it about a week when I noticed a decrease of the soreness of the joints and a general feeling of relief. I persevered in its use, and finally got so I could move around without limping, when I told my friends that it was Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure that had put it on my feet."

"And do you regard your cure as permanent?"

"Certainly. I haven't been so well in years as I am now, and although I have been subjected to frequent and severe changes of weather this winter, I have not felt the first intimation of the return of my rheumatic trouble."

"Do you object to the publication of this interview, Mr. Ashley?"

"Not at all, sir. I look upon it as a duty I owe my fellow creatures to alleviate their sufferings so far as I am able, and any communication regarding my symptoms and cure that may be sent to me at 703 Maine avenue, will receive prompt and careful attention."

"Judging from your recital, Mr. Ashley, there must be wonderful curative properties about this medicine."

"Indeed, there is, sir, for no man suffered more nor longer than I did before this remedy gave me relief."

"To go back to the original subject, Mr. Ashley. I suppose you see the same familiar faces about the lobby session after session?"

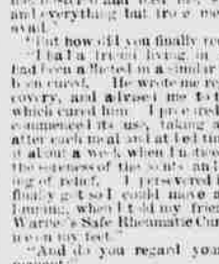
"No, not so much as you might think. New faces are constantly seen and old ones disappear. The strain upon lobbyists is necessarily very great, and when you add to this the demoralizing effect of late hours and intemperate habits and the fact that they are often found out in their stock, their disappearance can easily be accounted for."

"What proportion of these blood-bills are successful?"

"A very small percentage, sir. Notwithstanding the power and influence of the lobby, but few of these vicious measures pass. Were they successful it would be a sad commentary upon our system of government, and would virtually annihilate one branch of it. The great majority of them are either reported adversely or smothered in committee by the watchfulness and loyalty of our Congressmen. J. E. D.

Green corn—A young lion.

The want of a reliable diuretic which, while acting as a stimulant of the kidneys, neither excites nor irritates them, was long since supplied by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This fine medicine exerts the requisite degree of stimulation upon those organs, without producing irritation, and is, therefore, far better adapted for the purposes than unmedicated excitants often resorted to. Dyspepsia, fever and ague, and kindred diseases are all cured by it. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.



What Dyspepsia Does.

It causes grievous pains by day and frightful dreams by night.
It destroys the pleasure of a good dinner.
It sours the disposition and makes its victim cross and petulant.
It makes the breath bad, the eyes leaden, and the skin sallow.
It makes the appetite capricious and unreasonable.
It causes constant grumbling and complaining.

What "Brown's Iron Bitters" Does

It invigorates the weakened stomach, and enables it to digest.
It promotes the enjoyment of a hearty meal.
It enriches the blood, improves the liver, and cheers the mind.
It purifies the breath, clears the eyesight, and makes the skin natural.
It brings a regular and healthy desire for food at proper times.
Your Druggist sells Brown's Iron Bitters. 7

The Contrast.

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

Phœnix Pectoral cures cold and cough. 25c.

Headache is immediately relieved by the use of Piso's remedy for Catarrh.

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Washes Without Boiling the Clothes. 3¼ pressed cakes, in wax wraps.

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AMMONIATED:
For Bath and general use. In ¾ lb. pressed cakes.

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If your grocer does not keep our soap, send us his name and address and we will send you a cake of soap.

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among your friends for our soaps and we will present you with an assorted box free.

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and when you get 10 mail them to us and we will send you a present.

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