RELIGIOUS READING

Palm and Pine.

Couldst thou, Great Fairy, give to me
The instant's wish, that I might see
Of all the earth's that one dear sight
Known only in a dream's delight,
I would, beneath some island steep,
In some remote and sun bright deep,
See high in heaven above me now
A palm tree wave its rhythmic bough!

And yet this old pine's haughty crown,
Shaking its clouds of silver down,
Whispers me snatches of strange tunes
And murmur of those awful runes
Which tell by subtle spell, and power
Of secret sympathies, the hour
When far in the dark North the snow
Among great bergs begins to blow.

Nay, thou sweet South of heats and balms,
Keep all thy proud and plumy palms,
Keep all thy fragrant flowery ease,
Thy purple skies, thy purple seas!
These boughs of blessing shall not fail,
These voices singing in the gale,
The vigor of these mighty lines—
I will content me with my pines!

—[Harriet Prescott Spofford in Harper's Bazar.

A Brave Ensign.

When we are in earnest, really devoted to what we are doing, we forget ourselves. This it is that makes brave soldiers. It is the same devotion that helps our brave firemen to peril their lives to save those of others.

A brave young ensign during the great Peninsula war, was observed wherever the fight was thickest and strongest, to make his way to the front, holding up the colors, and to cheer the men by his wonderful daring and courage. Hour after hour he stood his ground, and while hundreds were falling around him, remained unhurt. At the end of the engagement his superior officers said to him: "Carnegie, how did you manage to stand fire as you did? You should let some of us into the secret; you were always to the front, and yet you have not a scratch. What's the secret?" "It is the king's secret, sir, but you may know it better than I do, for you have served him longer; I remembered who I was fighting for—my king—and that gave me strength and courage so that I did not think of myself." Is that the way you serve your King?

The Bible Not Pessimistic.

The Bible teaches no Pessimism. It tolerates none in Christian believers. Its record of creation opens, "And God saw everything that he had made and behold it was very good." It goes forward with the song, "The Lord is good to all and his loving kindness is over all his works." It closes with a vision into the New Jerusalem, where "God shall wipe all tears from the eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." It utters no long-drawn sighs like Buddha and Schopenhauer, that existence is an evil, because it has longings that can never be satisfied. It formulates no hard dogma, like John Stuart Mill, that the Creator cannot be both benevolent and omnipotent. Its tone never sinks to the minor key when treating of actual life on earth, like Pascal in his "Thoughts on Religion," or Baxter and Howe in their sermons on the decline of piety, or John Cotton and Cotton Mather in their gloomy letters on the decay of Puritan zeal. The Bible gives striking portraits of weak and nervous men, of men who look instinctively on the dark side of life and moan, like Jacob, "Few and evil have been the years of my life," and wail, like Solomon, after royal debauches, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." But the broad sweep of revelation is towards gladness and praise. Its cheerful tone is inspiring: "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness." Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. "Praise the Lord, O my soul."—[Dr. Heman Lincoln.

Cheerlessness of Infidelity.

There is something very suggestive and instructive in a remark attributed to the arch infidel, Robert G. Ingersoll: "Life is very sad to me; it is very pitiful; there isn't much to it." Mr. Ingersoll's experience as an infidel is not singular. Other noted infidels, much more serious and profound, able to disclose to others and enjoy themselves any secret comforts there may lie hidden in philosophic unbelief, if such there be, have anticipated him and even yet more bitterly bewailed the calamity of human existence. As Mr. Ingersoll only notoriously rehashes the old infidel arguments and sneers, adding absolutely nothing original, save it may be the brilliant tinsel of a unique sarcasm, or a jaunty blasphemy to point the inconsequent logic of his predecessors and his own, it is not to be expected that his occasional sober confessions, such as the one quoted in this article, should be very different from theirs. How Mr. Ingersoll's lament resembles that of his great French master and superior, Voltaire, who said: "The world abounds with wonders, also with victims. In man is more wretchedness than in all other animals put together. Man loves life, yet knows he must die; spends his existence in diffusing the miseries he has suffered, cutting the throats of his fellow-creatures for pay; cheating and being cheated. The bulk of mankind are nothing more than a crowd of wretches, equally criminal, equally unfortunate. I wish I had never been born." To the French sceptic "the cold and barren peaks" were burdened with slaughter and crimsoned with blood. To the philosophic Hume they were shrouded in blackness and darkness. He said: "When I look abroad on every side I see dispute, contradiction and distraction. When I turn my eye inward I find nothing but doubt and ignorance. I begin to fancy myself in a very deplorable condition, environed with darkness on every side." Yes, take soberest things the noted infidels have said of life or of death, and they are at once a comment upon what Mr. Ingersoll has said, and a confirmation of his judgment when the light of Revelation is not permitted to illuminate the little valley bounded by the else cold and barren peaks of the two eternities.

But what is the testimony of those for whom that light shines; for whom there hang high above and casting light over peaks and valley, a cross and suffering saviour? One has said: "Yea, though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." Another has said: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Such a one after, "Rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation and finishing his course with joy," said: "I am ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand. Then after a sweet and collected retrospect upon a glorious and fruitful past, he anticipated in "the full assurance of faith," beyond the peaks, not cold and barren, but radiant with the light of hope, "a crown of righteousness" in the immediate and blissful future. Millions holding his faith have confessed life a rich and blessed opportunity and exit from it a coronation and a joy. Contrast life, its significance, dignity and joy in Christian experience with the mystery, barrenness and gloom of it in infidel confessions and lamentations and say which is to be preferred. The apples of Sodom do not grow on the tree of life, nor among the leaves which are for the healing of the nations. Judging infidelity by its manifest fruits and by the bitter confessions of its wisest and best representatives the tree, root, leaf, flower and fruit is only evil.—[Dr. Stoaels, in New York Observer.

God regards a saint in rags more than a sinner in robes. The whole of crumbling tabernacles now occupied by His people will soon be levelled with the dust; but it matters not since "He has prepared for them a city."—[Jackson.

Lean on Jesus and He will rest you. Labor for Jesus and He will bless you. Live for Jesu, and your soul shall mount up as on an eagle's wing; you shall run and never weary, you shall walk arm in arm with Him and never faint.

Floating Festive Oysters.

Connecticut oysters, when brought from their beds, in the salt waters of Long Island Sound, are seldom sent to market before they have been subject to more or less manipulation. As soon as possible after being gathered they are deposited in shallow tide rivers, where the water is more or less brackish, and are left there from one to four days—the time varying according to the temperature of the season, the saltness of the oysters and the freshening quality of the water. Generally two tides are sufficient for the two "good drinks" which oystermen say they should always have. This "floating," as it is called, results in cleansing out and freshening the oysters and increasing their bulk, or, as some oystermen confidently assert, fattening them. If the weather is warm they will take a drink immediately if not disturbed, but if the weather is cold they will wait sometimes ten or twelve hours before opening their valves.

Good fat oysters generally yield five quarts of solid meat to the bushel, but after floating two tides or more they will yield six quarts to the bushel. After they have been properly floated they are taken from the shell, and as soon as the liquor is strained off they are washed in cold water, and are then packed for market. In warm weather they are put into the water with ice, and are also packed with ice for shipping. Water increases their bulk with absorption, and by mixing with the liquor on the surface of the oysters. The more salty the oyster the more water it absorbs. In twelve hours one gallon of oysters, with their juices strained out, will take in a pint of water, but when very salt and dry they have been known to absorb a pint in three hours.

Water always thickens the natural juices that adhere to the surface of the oysters and makes them slimy. If too much water is added the oyster losses its plumpness and firmness and becomes watery and flabby. Oysters that have been floated bear transportation in the shell much better than when shipped directly from their beds. Oysters, too, that are taken from their shells and packed in all their native juices spoil much sooner than when their juices are strained out and the meats washed in fresh, cold water.

Long clams are not floated, but round clams are. But both when shucked are washed in fresh water. This cleanses them of mud, sand and excess of salt, increases their bulk and improves their flavor. After washing they will keep much longer without risk of spoiling. If the salt is left in them as they come from their native beds their liquor will ferment and they will quickly spoil.

The Matter of Names and Titles.

The latest fad is for the woman to retain her family name after marriage instead of taking that of her husband. Every woman has a perfect right to do this if she wants to, because there is no law compelling her to adopt that of the man she marries. The style has been started anew by some of the stronger-minded Englishwomen. This alone is sufficient to make it the proper thing for Anglo-Americans. In England, however, it is necesary for the women to advertise the fact that she is going to retain her maiden name. In this country a man may take his wife's name instead of her taking his, but it would probably be better to have the change legalized by a court or Legislature in order to prevent any trouble in relation to property or inheritances.

Wouldn't it be better to call men and women by their proper names. The Quakers do so, and there is nothing offensive nor suggestive of undue familiarity about it. They do so from principle rather than to be odd. They say: "Call no man master." Mister is but another term for master, and was originally used by common people when addressing their superiors, or those whom they served. As a people we are opposed to titles suggestive of social rank. Our form "Mrs." is merely a form of the English term Mistress, which was and is now an undesirable title when used in certain connections. Usage has changed this somewhat, yet it is an unnecessary prefix to the name of a lady.—*Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.*

Youngstown has a woman faith doctor. She is rapidly heeling herself.

WORTH $1,000!

TESTIMONIAL OF HON. THOMAS PAULK, OF BERIEN COUNTY.

Would not Take $1,000 for it—Relieved of 15 Years' Suffering from Dyspepsia.

ALAPAHA, Ga., June 22, 1887.—B. B. Company, Atlanta, Ga.—Gentlemen: I had suffered from that terrible disease, dyspepsia, for over fifteen years, and during that time tried everything I could hear of, and spent over three hundred dollars in doctors' bills, without receiving the slightest benefit. Indeed, I continued to grow worse. Finally, after I despaired of obtaining relief, a friend recommended B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm), and I began using it; not, however, expecting to be benefited. After using half a bottle I was satisfied that I was being benefited, and when the sixth bottle was taken I felt like a new man. I would not take $1,000 for the good it has done me; in fact, the relief I derived from it is priceless. I firmly believe that I would have died had I not taken it.

Respectfully, etc., THOMAS PAULK.

"I Gave Up to Die."

KNOXVILLE, TENN., July 2, 1887.

I have had catarrh of the head for six years. I went to a noted doctor and he treated me for it, but could not cure me, he said. I was over fifty years old and I gave up to die. I had a distressing cough; my eyes were swollen and I am confident I could not have lived without a change. I sent and got one bottle of your medicine, used it, and felt better. Then I got four more, and thank God! it cured me. Use this any way you may wish for the good of sufferers. MRS. MATILDA NICHOLS, 22 Florida Street.

For the blood, use B. B. B.
For scrofula, use B. B. B.
For catarrh, use B. B. B.
For rheumatism, use B. B. B.
For kidney troubles, use B. B. B.
For skin diseases, use B. B. B.
For eruptions, use B. B. B.
For all blood poison, use B. B. B.

Ask your neighbor who has used B. B. B. of its merits. Get our book free filled with certificates of wonderful cures.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Wool is the correct thing.

A craze for abnormally long waists is coming.

Yellows will be used with browns the coming season.

For summer traveling wraps the redingote is the garment.

Scarlet will be less used the coming season than it was last.

Real poke bonnets are seen among the new models for summer.

The tucked sleeve has come to stay, it is so pretty and so becoming.

Lady McDonald takes an active interest in revival meetings at Ottawa.

Among the prettiest of demi-trained toilets are those of cream-white Henrietta cloth.

The wife and daughter of General Boulanger are believers in woman suffrage.

Mrs. Cleveland never walks in the streets unless accompanied by her dog "Kay."

Tucked panels of china crepe on wedding gowns of moire are new and very stylish.

The Empress of Russia has a knack with the needle and makes beautiful embroidery.

New straw bonnets are so soft and pliant that they are folded, not pressed, into shape.

Some of the women of Paris have formed a league for the suppression of impure literature.

Mrs. Dutton, of Indiana, is 102 years old. She has been a confirmed smoker for ninety-two years.

The Duchess of Madrid, the wife of Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, is a tremendous stickler about etiquette.

Prof. Simon Newcomb's daughter enjoys the distinction of having been the only female student of Johns Hopkins University.

Flowers are now mounted with their own leaves, or ferns, or grass, as the taste of the moment is against the mixture of blossoms.

The daughter of Mayor Hewitt, of New York, is one of the best "whips" in the country. She can drive four in hand better than most men.

The old, old fashion of silken bodices, pink, blue, green or any color, with skirts of tulle, crape or tarletan of white or cream, has been revived.

The teagown grows upon the English public. For country house wear it is all but universal, and in London it is quite the thing for home dinners.

Absinthe—a pale, creamy yellow green—is a new fashionable color for summer evening toilets, which will be combined with black lace or cream lace.

For the last twenty years Queen Victoria's weight has been a mystery. She is very sensitive about her increasing size and refuses to be weighed.

Jet bonnets, with the heads forming an open cross-bar pattern, are filled in with tulle, of black, poppy red, suede or apple-green, according to fancy.

A honeycombed or smocked blouse is one of the prettiest of the stylish negligé waists which will be sure to be popular with young girls the coming season.

The belts of round waists begin under the arms, and fasten a little to one side, either with a small buckle or a chou—cabbage bow—of the trimming ribbon.

Tucks appear in all fabrics, from tulle to cloth, and while in the light stuffs they are run with floss silk, in the heavier ones they have a layer of wadding added.

Red or black bengalines are trimmed with gold galloon plaited in them, and laid around collar, vest, cuffs, and along draperies, and either forming a loose girdle or edging the sash.

The kilted skirt introduces a novelty this season in the trimming which is placed on the edge of each plait; this is sometimes a row of pinking or a small cord, in contrasting colors.

A new idea for bodices of soft stuff is to have the full front caught in at the waist by bands of inch-wide ribbon so crossed as to form a double diamond and give a slender effect.

One of Liszt's feminine pupils preserves as a highly prized relic a handkerchief with the great master wrapped about his finger one day when it was bleeding. A few dim bloodstains still remain on the handkerchief.

Mrs. W. B. Shoemaker, of Muscle Fork Township, near Keytesville, Mo., has not been away from home, not even to visit a neighbor, for more than twenty-five years, although all the time she has enyoyed the best of health.

A New York belle has just ventured upon a green dinner, at which the decorations were wholly of palms, maidenhair and smilax; the soup asparagus, the ice-cream pistache, the china all green, with a suspicion of gilt; the hostess's jewels, emerald.

Malatesla, a warm russet brown, an antique pink of a peculiar shade known as heart of the tea rose, osage, a dark blue gray, old oak, deerskin, antique blue which has a tinge of green, and Cordova a lovely pale golden shade of terra cotta, are among leading new shades.

Among the novel designs seen upon the new sateens are forked lightning streaks, clusters of dice, spades inside circles, three large links of a chain, sleigh-bells, large palm-leaf fans, bars made of dots, disks, leaves, and parallel lines made up of dots checker-board, harebells, fuchsias, lilies, etc.

Foulards and printed India silks will be made up with shirred basques lapped to a point on the left shoulder—or else a vest of gathered lace set thick with tiny bones, and matched by a lace front to the skirt draperies, which is scalloped across the foot and caught up irregularly by bows of wider ribbon.

The Woman's Club, of Wisconsin, the first Western organization of women for social purposes to have a building of its own, possesses a commodious club-house in Milwaukee that was erected at a cost of $25,000. The club has a large membership, to which only women are admitted, and is in every respect in a flourishing condition.

"The United States are" is correct. The founders of the Union used the plural, says an exchange.

MYSTERIOUS FATALITIES.

What is it That is Killing so Many Prominent Men?

The death of Kaiser Wilhelm, ex-Governor Hoffman, Banker J. W. Drexel, Lieut. Gov. Dorsheimer, Dr. Carpenter, Chief Justice Waite and Gen. B. H. Brewster, in quick succession, and all from the same cause, although having different names, is startling.

March and April are fatal months, not only for consumptives, but also for many diseases more disguised but none the less fatal.

Gov. Hoffman had heart disease, Gov. Dorsheimer, apparently a strong, well, robust man, over six feet high, sickens and dies in four days of pneumonia.

Chief Justice Waite meets the same fate and he was apparently the personification of vigor.

Drexel, the Philadelphia banker, and Brewster, ex-Atty. Genl., were suddenly cut off in the midst of great usefulness, by Bright's disease, and Dr. Carpenter, the well-known New York physician, suddenly died of Kidney disease, *never having suspected* that he was at all troubled therewith!

This reminds us of the case of Dr. Frank Hawthorn, of New Orleans. He was lecturing before the Louisiana university on the peculiarly deceptive character of Kidney disease and the methods of miscroscopical and chemical tests.

After having shown specimen after specimen of diseased fluids, and made very clear the point that kidney disease may exist without the knowledge or suspicion of the patient or practitioner, with gracious self-confidence he remarked: "Now, gentlemen, let me show you the healthy water of a strong, well man."

He applies the test!

He staggers!

"Gentlemen, I have made a terrible discovery!" he gasps, "I myself have the fatal Bright's disease!"

In less than a year this specialist of the commonest and most fatal of diseases was dead. He was a victim of advanced Kidney disease, the presence of which in himself he had never suspected!

L. B. PRICE, M. D., a gentleman and physician of the highest standing of Hanover C. H., Va., four years ago, after trying every other remedy for bright's disease, including famous mineral waters, cured himself by Warner's Safe Cure, and March 24, 1888, wrote: "I have never had the slightest symptoms of my old and fearful trouble."

MR. JOHN DOHERTY, of Concord, N. H., was given up with Bright's disease by the best physicians in 1879. He was in a dreadful state. After using and being cured in 1881 by Warner's Safe Cure, in 1887, he wrote: "I am better than ever."

JOHN COLEMAN, Esq., 100 Gregory St., New Haven, Conn., was first taken sick in 1873, gradually ran down until he had pronounced Bright's disease, rheumatism and all other deceptive signs of kidney disease. The best physicians in New Haven could do nothing for him. He then began using Warner's Safe Cure, 200 bottles of which he and his family have used, and he is cured.

W. T. CRAWFORD, proprietor St. Charles Hotel, Richmond, Va., and well known all through the South, several years ago was in the death agony from kidney disease, convulsions and bright's disease. The best Philadelphia specialists in such diseases pronounced him practically dead and incurable. Everything else failing, he took Warner's Safe Cure abundantly and regularly, until fully restored to health, and now he says: "After a lapse of many years I am as sound as a dollar, with no symptoms of my old trouble. I owe my life to Warner's Safe Cure.

Kidney disease is the most deceptive, the most universal, the most fatal disease.

If the most learned men cannot know without the use of microscopical and chemical tests that they have kidney disease, *how much more liable is the layman to be, unknown to himself, in the very jaws of death,* who does not feel as well as formerly, but who does not think anything specially ails him, and whose physician may assure him that he will soon be "all right."

In these days people recognize that it is wiser to prevent disease than to await its arrival to cure it. When you know that you may be in the greatest peril and not have any idea of the fact from any defined set of ill feelings, the wisest course to pursue is to follow the counsel and experience above outlined, and thoroughly renovate the system, cleanse the blood, tone the nerves and insure your own life against these common, mysterious fatalities.

The Saloon.

The saloon has few friends—none to be proud of. There is nobody, whose presence is not a menace to the community, who would not like to see the saloon go, and go to stay. It has been a law breaker. It has been a place that has thrived either on the wickedness or vice of humanity. It has not given value received. It has been the rendezvous of the criminal, the friend of no one but the poor-house and the prison. If all this was not enough to condemn it and to secure sentence of punishment, then let it be remembered that the saloon has not the decency of conscious indecency. It thrust itself forward, and, a law breaker itself, sought to dictate legislation. The foe of good government, it brought its stench and its ill-gotten pelf into politics, and actually commanded all parties to do obeisance to it. It forced the issue. In its foolhardiness it left the choice between its supremacy and extinction. If it had possessed the modesty even of half common sense, it might have lingered in Iowa for some years yet. It was as impudent as vile, and now it has gotten it in the neck, and good enough for it. Even its victims are glad to hear the door of the saloon go shut with a vigorous bang. Those, too, who served it in fear, laugh at his calamity. The friends of the saloon—who are they anyhow?—*Iowa Home Journal.*

Drink Legislation in Austria.

The Austrian Government have, it is stated, introduced into the Reichsrath a strong measure for the prevention of drunkenness. The reason alleged is the alarming deterioration in the physique of young men enrolled for military service, owing to the spread of spirit drink among the humbler classes. It will be interesting to see if the provisions of this measure are accepted. They would be difficult to carry in this country, where freedom even to get drunk is still jealously guarded. Spirit shops are to be closed at five on Saturday afternoon, and to remain so till five on Monday morning. Ordinary storekeepers are not to be allowed to sell spirits, the sale of which is to be restricted to public houses, confectioners and specially licensed stores. Dealers serving spirits to intoxicated persons are to be liable to arrest or fine. No debt for spirits consumed on the premises can be recovered by law if the amount exceeds the value of five liters. The magistrates are empowered to forbid retailers to sell spirits to habitual drunkards for any period up to twelve months. Similar legislation already exists in Galicia. The proposal now is to extend it to all Austria.—*Lancet.*

If You Feel Tired

Weak and weary, worn out, or run down from hard work, by impoverished condition of the blood or low state of the system, you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The peculiar toning, purifying, and vitalizing qualities of this successful medicine are soon felt throughout the entire system, expelling disease, and giving quick, healthy action to every organ. It tones the stomach, creates an appetite, and rouses the liver and kidneys. Thousands who have taken it will testify that Hood's Sarsaparilla "makes the weak strong."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I have taken not quite a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and must say it is one of the best medicines for giving an appetite, purifying the blood, and regulating the digestive organs, that I ever heard of. It did me a great deal of good." MRS. N. A. STANLEY, Canastota, N. Y.

Makes the Weak Strong

"Feeling languid and dizzy, having no appetite and no ambition to work, I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, with the best results. As a health invigorator and medicine for general debility I think it superior to anything else."—A. A. RIKER, Utica, N. Y.

"I took Hood's Sarsaparilla for loss of appetite, dyspepsia, and general languor. It did me a vast amount of good." J. W. WILLEFORD, Quincy, Ill.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The Saloon's Arrogance.

The time has come when just and wholesome law will be permitted to remain as a dead letter; but the time is fast approaching when the insolence and lawlessness of the saloon will be effectually suppressed. A sentiment in that direction is rapidly developing, and nothing has done more to quicken it than the saloon itself. Its disregard for law, its arrogance, its lobbying in legislative halls, and dictating to convention and caucuses, have done more than all else to create a sentiment against it that will control it or suppress it altogether. It should consider that it has no claim on the public at all. It is no part of legitimate industry; it has no part in commercial prosperity. It exists in opposition to all principles of industry and commercial interests. The people have the highest right recognizable to suppress it entirely—the right of self-protection. For the saloon to talk about rights is foolish. It has none. It only exists by sufference, and there is nothing on which it can base a claim for protection. It is an industry that weakens everything it touches, one that adds nothing to individual or national prosperity, but is a heavy burden to both. The revenue it yields is too insignificant, compared to the tax it makes necessary, to speak of.—*Chicago Current.*

A Great Legacy

to bequeath to your children, is a strong, clean, pure constitution—better than wealth, because it will never prove a curse. You cannot give what you do not possess, but mothers will find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a wonderful help—correcting all weaknesses, bringing their systems into perfect condition, so that their children, untainted, shall rise up to call them blessed!

There is not a druggist in all the land
But always keeps a stock on hand.

A Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the first ever organized in Mexico, has recently been formed in the City of Mexico

Living Witnesses!

Ask any one who has used Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets as to their merits. They will tell you that pimples, blotches and eruptions disappear; that constipation—that breeder of disorders—is relieved; that the appetite is restored; that the whole system is renovated and regulated beyond any conception by these little wonder-workers. Being purely vegetable, they are perfectly harmless; being composed of concentrated, active ingredients, they are powerful. Purge and purify the system and disease will be unknown. Of all druggists.

The world is like a wheel incessantly revolving, on which human things alternately rise and fall.

A Good Investment

is that which yields large returns from a small outlay. Reader, the way is clear! No speculation, no chance, big returns! If you are like most of mankind you have somewhere a weakness—don't feel at all times just as if you'd like to—headache to day, backache to-morrow, down sick next week—all because your blood is out of order. A small outlay and what large returns! You invest in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and soon pure, fresh blood courses through your veins, and you are another being!

Utah has fifteen Loyal Temperance Legions aggregating over four hundred members, and five W. C. T. Unions with one hundred members.

In every community there are a number of men whose sole time is not occupied, such as teachers, ministers, farmers' sons, and others. To these classes especially we would say, if you wish to make several hundred dollars during the next few months, write at once to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and they will show you how to do it.

Judge Wm. A. Cheney, of California, says that during his term as a criminal judge, out of every 1000 cases which came before him, whisky had something to do with making the criminal in 900 of these cases. That it is the greatest evil on earth, and that he will die before another drop shall pass his lips.

Chronic Coughs and Colds.

And all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, can be cured by the use of SCOTT'S EMULSION, as it contains the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in their fullest form. Is a beautiful creamy Emulsion, palatable as milk, easily digested, and can be taken by the most delicate. Please read: "I consider Scott's Emulsion the remedy par excellence in Tuberculous and Strumous Affections, to say nothing of ordinary coids and throat troubles."—W. R. S. CONNELL, M. D., Manchester, O.

ST. JACOBS OIL FOR POULTRY.

—CURES—

Chicken Cholera and all Diseases of Poultry.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.—Mix a pill of bread or dough saturated with St. Jacobs Oil. If the fowl cannot swallow force it down the throat. Mix some corn-meal dough with the Oil. Give nothing else. They will finally eat and be cured.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md

WELLS' INVISIBLE Velvet Cream.

A Magic Complexion Beautifier for Face, Neck and Arms. Elegant for dressing and whitening the skin. Unrivaled for Theatre, Receptions, Balls, Parties, &c. Unequalled for delicate transparent whiteness, soft youthful effect and fine finish. Harmless, does not roughen, draw, wither, nor in any way injure the most delicate or sensitive skin. Superior to any Powder, Paste or Liquid for toning down red or flushed face. Effaces Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, Pimples, Coarseness, Sallow Skin, all blemishes and imperfections. $1. bottles at Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers, or by Express, prepaid, on receipt of price. E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J., U.S.A.

"ROUGH ON NEURALGIA." $1.00. Drug.
"ROUGH ON RHEUMATISM." $1.50. Drug.
"ROUGH ON ASTHMA." $1.00. Druggists.
"ROUGH ON MALARIA." $1.50. Druggists.
or prepaid by Ex. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City.

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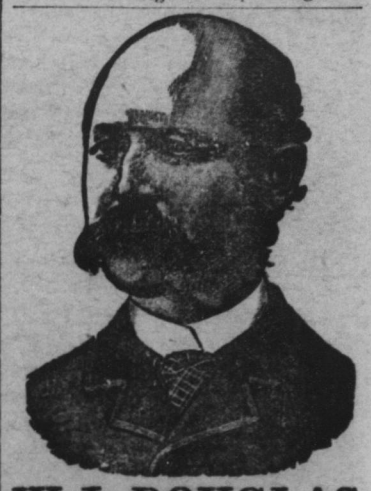

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