A DRESSMAKER'S GOOD LUCK.

How Her Husband Came into a Title and Fortune.

It is not often that a dressmaker falls heir to a fortune and a title upon one and the same day, but St. Louis has a case of the kind, and a genuine one, at that. The lucky lady is Mrs. Weygand A. Deveer, now the Countess Deveer. Until the other day, the countess, who is as charming a little lady as we ever met, carried on the dressmaking business in rooms located on Olive street, near Eighteenth. Her customers came from the aristocratic class at the West End, and every one of them looked upon madame as the best of dressmakers, but one who had seen better days. There was current a story about her that the blood of one of the old Canadian families flowed in her veins; that she had married poorly, and came West to seek a fortune with her husband, Weygan A. Deveer. There was a rumor afloat, too, about the latter. Some said he came of royal Holland stock, and that he was a rightful heir to a kingdom. There is a law in Holland which takes care of young men who are inclined to be fast and to squander their fortunes. Some say the youthful Deveer was getting away with his wealth at a rapid rate, and that the government at this time interfered and took charge of his money, and left him behind to shift for himself. That he left Holland is proven by the fact that he is here. That he went to Canada is proven by the fact that he married there. A few weeks ago the gentleman called upon a few friends and told them of the fortune he had lost and of the Holland law. While it warranted the taking away of wealth from youth who appeared determined to squander their all, it also compelled the executive having charge of this money to return it to its rightful owner so soon as it was proven that he was able and ready to take good care of it. Knowing this section of the state's law, Mr. Deveer took care of himself, and when the allotted time had passed by he called upon a trio of St. Louis gentlemen and secured their signatures to a document which told of their principal's change of habits and ability to take care of his worldly goods. The document was sent to Holland and returned a few days ago with his fortune and a title attached to it. No one knows just how large the fortune is, but it is so big that since its receipt Count Deveer has invested in two houses and two lots and his wife has, of course, quit running her sewing-machine and making dresses. The couple are both under 30 years of age, and having good looks, health and experience, will now go to work and enjoy their means in a sensible way. So much for Holland law.

A Visit to a French Family.

After a simple and early breakfast, the family and guests dispersed to their different occupations. "Madame" every morning made a tour of inspection of the garden and grounds, to trim flowers, look at the chickens, and so on, on which tours I would often accompany her. But this did not consume much time. Her chief occupation in the morning was teaching her children, for which she was well qualified, as are most mothers in France, owing to the limited number of primary schools. At eleven o'clock the regular breakfast was announced by a bell suspended outdoors at one angle of the house. All were ready for it and punctual. The *menu* of this meal is not important. It is only the manner of serving it, and every other meal in France, which merits special remark. In France to "set the table" means, generally speaking, to put nothing on it but the implements necessary for use, such as plates, knives, forks, glass and napkins, with carafes of water, wine and condiments; add to these the dessert, consisting of fruits and various bonbons, and always an accompaniment of flowers. All meats that require to be carved are cut up on dishes, at a side table, and passed around by the waiter, who likewise changes plates, and watches the wants of those who are eating. Vegetables and the solids of the dessert are served in like manner. After breakfast, work was resumed. At four o'clock the mail came and caused a pleasant ripple of excitement. Then came the hour for recreation. Whether walking, bathing, playing some out-door game, or making an excursion in the woods or on the water, something of this kind always occupied what remained of the afternoon. It is needless to state that everybody was the more ready for dinner on account of it. In fair weather we dined in the open air, a luxury which climate and freedom from annoying insects permitted. Our table was placed on the gravel walk in the shadows of two large althea, which served to screen us from the setting sun. Those who pleased sat with their hats on. The meal generally lasted two hours, far into the twilight, and longer still when there was a moon. After dinner we repaired to the house, where in door games whiled away the hours until bed-time.

Manners are the shadows of virtues, momentary display of those qualities which our fellow creatures love and respect. If then we strive to become what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.

A man may have a thousand acquaintances, and not one friend among them. It is better to live on a little, than to outlive a great deal. By others' faults wise men correct their own. We should take a prudent care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present.

Effect of Gloom on Children.

It was my misfortune to be the child of parents who were the reverse of cheerful. My father was an inveterate grambler; his business cares "worried" him; and it was his custom to tell mother, within my hearing, how dark business matters looked, how he was getting to be an old man and no doubt had seen his best days, etc., as you have all probably heard people complain in your time. He "talked for talking's sake," as the phrase goes; but I, a sensitive child, did not understand that; every word he said sunk to the depths of my loving heart; and I would steal away and cry myself ill in pity for the lonely, fatherless child I was soon, no doubt, to become. My father is now in very truth an "old man," but with as fair a prospect of life as the little girl who wept those bitter, worrying tears. On the other hand, my mother was a quiet, reticent person, with the keenest sensibilities. She seldom spoke of her worries, but her face was a true index of her feelings; and I noted her varying expression and drew my own conclusions. I read in papers of mothers and wives, who in their unhappiness would take poison, or hang, or drown themselves, and I had a haunting fear that such was to be the fate of my own dear mother. She had a way of sighing over her work which was most distressing to hear; while one of her favorite expressions was "Ah, me! I'm weary of the world!" Of course I took the words literally; I felt sure that she would find some way of leaving a scene which so wearied her; and I hung upon her steps like the veriest watch dog. I never told her of my fears. If I only had, how quickly she would have set me right. But there is the mischief of it. For some unaccountable reason children keep most of their perplexities to themselves, instead of telling them to some kind friend, who could with a few explanatory words solve their doubts. I can now see the utter absurdity of my fears in both cases, but to me then they were as real as life. Of course there are other children living at the present time who are as sensitive and nervous as I was; and for their sake, parents should endure the small troubles of life with cheerful courage, and dwell on the brighter side of life.

Killing Alligators.

A Detroiter who has just returned from Florida after an absence of several months, was asked the other day if he had any fun with the alligators down there.

"Yes, sir—dead loads of fun," he replied.

"Kill many?"

"Well, I should say so!"

"How many did you ever kill in a day?"

"Three hundred."

"No! you don't mean 300 alligators in one day?"

"Yes, I do."

"You must have struck a rich spot. Three hundred in one day! Whew! What time did you begin?"

"Oh, about ten o'clock in the morning."

"And how long did it take you?"

"About an hour."

There was a pause, during which astonishment, incredulity and worse were visible on the faces of the crowd. Finally one man stepped forward and said:

"Did you use artillery?"

"No, sir."

"A saw-mill?"

"No, sir."

"Dynamite?"

"No, sir."

"Maybe you'll tell us how you did it?"

"Yes, sir—I talked 'em to death. Please call at my office for pamphlets of Florida—its resources, fruits, cereals, alligators, people and hotel charges."—*Free Press.*

A Pitiful and Strange Romance.

It has been developed in the City Hospital at Indianapolis, some years ago, that the widow of a soldier placed her daughter at an orphans' home, where she grew to womanhood, having the daughter of the superintendent as a companion. The orphan was finally placed with a family in Wayne county, Ind., where she was betrayed, under promise of marriage, by a son of the gentleman with whom she lived, and some time after found herself seeking shelter and aid at the Indianapolis hospital, where she gave birth to a child. One day the friend of her orphanhood at the home, the superintendent's daughter, now happily married, visited the ward, and, recognizing her in her distress, became the instrument of bringing the poor girl's mother to her bedside, and then wrote to the young man, the father of the child, who came to the hospital and was married to her. The second day after, with one hand clasping her mother's hand and the other in her husband's, she died.

Scrofulous Taint Overcome.

Under this heading a lady writes to our excellent exchange, *The Laws of Life and Journal of Health*, telling how in the case of an adopted child she succeeded in eradicating an inherited scrofulous diathesis by carefully regulating the child's habit of living. Hygienic living, regulation of diet and hydropathy were the only means employed. "Seven long years of patient and persistent endeavor have reconstitutionalized her, purified her blood, giving her strength for feebleness, saved her from total blindness and started her in early life with the best of all possessions, good physical health." We judge from this lady's manner of writing that she is a thorough hygienist, and that she would not give her sanction to any so-called drug-treatment for the eradication of scrofula.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

A Picturesque Beggar.

A New York paper of recent date says: People who took a stroll on the lower part of Broadway early yesterday morning had the pleasure of witnessing an unusual sight, even in this cosmopolitan city. This was a thoroughly characteristic specimen of the lazzaroni of "Sunny Italy," without the hand-organ and monkey attachment. The specimen had evidently been out of Castle Garden but a very short time, presumably but a few hours, for while pursuing his profession of begging he frequently stopped to gaze about him in apparent wonder at the massive buildings on either side of the street. He slowly forged his way up Broadway, crossing from one side to the other, as he espied a specially susceptible looking party strolling toward the Battery. He was the picture of health, and was apparently not more than twenty-five years old. His most noticeable characteristic was a peculiar jacket. It was made of undressed skin, trimmed with fur. Down the center of the back were two stripes of embroidery in gay colors, each terminating in a bit of fancy-figured work. The jacket was caught together in front by loops of imitation gilt braid. Taken altogether, it was a picturesque bit of costume to find on Broadway, and attracted considerable attention. It was, however, the peculiar style of begging in which the artist—for he was an artist in his business—indulged that was a revelation to nearly every one who saw him. When a person approached him the beggar would take off the shaggy cap he wore and with a graceful sweep of his arm seem to deposit it on the walk close to the person appealed to. At the same time he bent one knee until it almost touched the sidewalk. Surprise was the first thing noticed in the features of the party appealed to, followed in most instances by a smile and a look of disgust. Immediately opposite Trinity church two well-dressed men to whom the beggar appealed tried to kick him, evidently disgusted with a specimen of mankind who could so thoroughly degrade himself as this one was doing. After these rebuffs, which seemed to cause the lazzaroni more surprise than the peculiar manner of begging surprised the passers by, the Italian crossed to the other side of Broadway, possibly because he thought he was working on some other beggar's territory. For fully half an hour, while a reporter watched him, the fellow received nothing in the way of alms, although the bootblacks and proprietors of peanut and fruit stands from the some sunny Italy looked most contemptuously at him, and followed him with volleys of curses as he move on. In front of Trinity church he practiced successfully his plan of begging upon a handsomely dressed lady who was walking down town. A dainty purse was opened, a few coins were taken therefrom, and a small cleanly gloved hand was extended to drop the coins into the cap. Suddenly the beggar caught the hand with his right hand and pressed it to his lips. Surprised at this action and at the muttered Italian words that accompanied the action, the lady quickly withdrew her hand from the contaminating touch of the lazzaroni's lips. The action scattered the coin on the sidewalk and frightened the beggar so that he dropped forward on his hands and knees as the lady moved rapidly down Broadway. There was a look of astonishment on the beggar's face and a muttered oath, presumably at American manners or lack of manners, according to the manner in which he looked at it. Then he gathered up his coins and carefully deposited them in a rather plethoric purse that he took from an inner pocket of his jacket. He looked down the street after the rapidly retreating form of probably his first victim, turned on his heel, shook his head, pulled down his cap, and slowly started up Broadway, followed by the gibes and jeers of several Italian bootblacks, who apparently were much ashamed of their countryman.

The Kiss of Life.

The other day in Louisville Ky., a little baby died in convulsions, at least every sign of death appeared, and the doctor having listened in vain for the beating of the heart, assured the sorrowing family that life was extinct. For fully ten minutes they sat around the bed indulging their grief, and then, with an impulse of affection, a little brother of the baby leaned over and kissed her lips. To the bewilderment of all present the child gasped two or three times and then began to breathe, and at last accounts was rapidly recovering. Whether the boy's breath started the wheels of life, or natural resuscitation was merely coincident with his kiss, nobody ventures to say to decide, and the doctor is as much in the dark as every one else.

The Poet.

Who is this Creature with Long Hair and a Wild Eye? He is a Poet. He writes Poems on Spring and Women's Eyes and Strange, unreal Things of that Kind. He is always Wishing he was Dead, but he wouldn't Let anybody Kill him if he could Get away. A mighty good Sausage Stuffer was Spoiled when he Man became a Poet. He would look well Standing under a Descending Pile-driver.—*Denver Tribune Primer.*

It is useless to endeavor to make a child control his temper, if you give way to your own; to tell him to be truthful, while you are not strictly so; to inculcate neatness, while careless of your own dress. The little folks are keen observers, and they will not respect you unless you are worthy. Be careful not to impose unnecessary restrictions—to forbid nothing without reason.

The Texas Tarantula.

The Texas tarantula when it is full grown, is boss among spiders—what Jesse James is among robbers, or Jay Gould among railroad magnates. He has hair all over his legs, and wears his eyes on the top of his head to see that nobody takes advantage of him. We are not describing Jay Gould, but the tarantula. He is big enough, and hungry enough to gobble up all the rest, which remark however, applies as well to Jay as to the tarantula. The tarantula is a desperado among insects. In one respect, nevertheless, he differs very much from the Texas Desperado. The latter is more dangerous when in liquor than at any their time, while the tarantula is the most harmless insect on the road, as long as he is under the influence of alcohol, and the bottle is corked up tightly. The tarantula makes himself respected with a pair of hooked fangs, which at the same time are the principal cause of his unpopularity. As long as this amiable insect is not interfered with, he attends strictly to his own business, but if anybody punches him in the small of the back with an umbrella, or spits tobacco juice on him, he becomes irritable and peevish. Under such provocation he will jump up and down, sling his arms and legs about, gnash his teeth, and go on for all the world like a stump speaker whose veracity has been questioned by a man in the crowd. On such occasions he will jump on anybody, regardless of his size, or social status.

Like all disagreeable people, the tarantula has his personal enemies. The enemy he likes less than all the rest, is a large black wasp, whose only mission in life seems to take the conceit out of the tarantula. He accomplishes this remarkable feat by vaccinating the tarantula on the back with a sting. When the tarantula goes out to bulldoze inoffensive tumble-bugs and grasshoppers, he has to look out for the wasp. A fight between the wasp and the tarantula is almost as interesting as a Congressional debate on sectional issues, and it always ends with the death of the spider. As soon as the tarantula hears the buzz of the wasp, he looks for a hole to crawl into, and if there is none handy, it is "good-bye John" with Mr. Spider. The wasp circles around the excited spider, very much as a hawk does over a barn-yard. Suddenly he dives down, vaccinates the tarantula, and flies up again. It does not seem as if he had touched the spider, but he has, and it has taken too, for in a few seconds, the desperado of the prairies begins to walk zig-zag, very much like a fashionable young man returning from an oyster supper. In a short time the tarantula feels tired, and finally swoons away, whereupon the wasp alights, takes a good look at his victim, and, seizing him by one of his legs, drags him off to some secluded spot where he administers on his estate. The would-be desperado can learn a great deal if he will ponder over the relations between the wasp and the tarantula.

The bite of the tarantula is not as bad as has been represented. It rarely causes death, but it is very painful, causing the bitten person to dance about as impatiently as a man who goes to the postoffice, finds his box full of letters, and then discovers that he has left the key in his other pants. The tarantula can be successfully tamed by patting him on the small of the back with the flat of an axe.—*Texas Siftings.*

Musical Fish.

That some fish make an approach to vocal performances, emitting tones, was known to Aristotle, who specifies six different kinds. The family of the "Maigres" are famous for the sounds they make on being drawn from the water, and also when remaining in it. These fish are remarkable for the size and complicated structure of their air-bladders, which, however, in many cases, seem to have no external openings; and great cavernous recesses existing in the crania of many, it has been suggested that these abuses may afford the true explanation of the phenomena. In some of the genera they are more striking than in others; and one of the most remarkable, the "Pogonia," had acquired the popular name of drum fish. The sounds seem to vary widely in their character and tones, and are described in very different, not to say important terms, being designated sometimes as dull hummings, and at other times sharp whistlings, and frequently as the fishes' song. It has sometimes been supposed that they are uttered by the males alone, and the fishermen, by imitating them can frequently collect a troop of fishes around them. The boatmen, also, by putting their ears to the gunwales of their boats, can often really hear the sounds, though at the depth of twenty fathoms, and thus guided can successfully cast their nets and procure a draught.

While we were willing to admit that the habit of economy is a useful, practical, and most desirable one, few would think of attributing to it anything of beauty or attractiveness. Yet the economy of money, or its best use—for they are synonymous—has in it this very element. Those who live fully up to or beyond their income, in the wearisome effort to build up or to keep up a certain style of appearances, really, though unconsciously, sacrifice the very attractiveness which they seek to produce. The difficult and painful effort which it costs they fully realize; but they imagine it to be hidden from all but themselves—and here lies their great mistake.

One of the drawbacks of married life is sickness of the little ones. For a Cold or Cough you cannot find a better remedy than Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Nearly all physicians prescribe it and no family should be without it.

NOT A MURDER AFTER ALL.

"I don't believe a word of it."

"Well, I've nothing to say, then if you don't believe it after you see the proof, why, there's no use talking."

"Good day. I'll see you later."

"Good day."

The part of a conversation was accidentally overheard yesterday, between General R. E. Winslow, of Fifth and Powell streets, a survivor of the Mexican war, and Mr. Michael Redding, of 320 South Fifth street. So emphatic were the last sentences that the writer, presuming upon a slight acquaintance with Mr. Redding, ventured to make a few inquiries which developed some facts of remarkable interest.

"It just amounts to this," said Mr. Redding, a few hours later, "the terrible murder which was supposed to have been committed in my boarding house some three weeks ago can be——"

"Murder?" pierced the horrified listener.

Mr. Redding is a man weighing, probably, three hundred pounds; he is good-natured and jovial; the ordinary ills of life are, apparently to him, only the most ordinary matters of course, but, when the queries spoke in such a blood-curdling tone, and showed such a horrified look of amazement, Mr. Redding involuntarily recoiled.

"Murder?" he repeated. "Murder; Why, my dear fellow, the whole affair should be an explosion. Now, if you will calm yourself I'll quickly explain everything, and tell you just how the talk with General Winslow came about."

"On the afternoon of the 29th of January," continued Mr. Redding, "I was sitting in my room reading a copy of 'American Quarks and Their Terrible Traffic,' when I was suddenly seized with a most excruciating twinge in the right foot. I dropped the book hastily and screamed with pain. In less than two minutes I felt as though my foot was in a vise, and the book set forth well, it caused all the trouble. The first thing I knew my servant girl came running up stairs followed by a policeman and two citizens, all of them evidently under the impression that somebody's throat was being cut. I explained matters as well as I could, and then the officer latched."

"Why, Mike, you've the inflammatory rheumatism, I said one.

"I sat down at such myself, and began at once to rub my foot, which was swelling rapidly. In less than thirty-six hours, in spite of all the old-woman remedies I had taken, I could not get a boot on, and on the fourth day my foot was about the size and color of a ham. On the 30th of January the swelling had extended to the hip joint, and I was utterly helpless. The pain was terrible. On the 6th of February General Winslow came to me and said that, according to a statement of my physician, the rheumatism would reach my heart before forty-eight hours, that, you know, meant death. I was scared, you may depend. I had taken internally, and applied externally, every remedy recommended by my friends which had no effect whatever, and I was in despair.

"Why not try St. Jacobs Oil, just for fun?" asked Sam Davies, a friend of mine, on Thursday.

"You can put oil of vitriol, St. Jacob's Oil, or any other kind of oil on me if you want to," said I.

That same day somebody bought a bottle and coaxed me to use it. On the 11th of February the hip swelling was entirely disappated, and on the 14th my knee cap resumed its normal color and shape, and on St. Valentine's day the 14th, I could get my boot on for the first time in nearly three weeks. When General Winslow first saw my foot it was in an awful condition, so that is the reason why he doubted what I said about St. Jacobs Oil, part of which you overheard. Its virtue is simply wonderful. Fifty dollars would not buy that bottle if I could not another.—*Philadelphia Times.*

The value of the writing paper annually manufactured in the United States is about $10,000,000.

He Did Not Mince Matters.

A representative of the Lynn (Mass.) *Bee*, in a late ramble throughout that city, gathered among other scraps of interest and information, the following: The first place visited by the reporter was the fruit store of Mr. J. Levett, No. 67 Market street, in response to a rumor that the proprietor had been cured of the rheumatism by the great remedy. Mr. Levett not being in, the reporter had a talk with his son. Mr. Levett stated that his father had been cured of an exceedingly bad attack of rheumatism by the St. Jacobs Oil. He had the disease in his right arm and shoulder, which became perfectly helpless after being affected a few hours. His pain was so great that he could not rest in comfort or attend to business with any degree of satisfaction. After enduring this sort of thing for some time, he purchased a bottle of the Great German Remedy and began to apply it. He did not mince matters at all, but just used the Oil for all it was worth. After pursuing this mode of treatment for three days the pain was banished and his father was in a perfectly healthy condition. He has never since felt any rheumatic pain.

The brain cavity of the elephant is very small in proportion to the size of the skull itself.

Horace B. Dick, Esq., associate editor of the *Delaware Co. Republican*, Chester, Pa., was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of very severe injuries resulting from a fall. His arm appeared to be paralyzed, but the Oil cured him.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Denver's resident population is estimated at 60,000.

Of the 12,142 ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 2,808 are not in pastoral work. Upwards of 2,000 are superannuates and supernumeraries, 294 are connected with colleges, 88 are editors, agents, secretaries, &c., and 415 are Presiding Elders.

I honestly believe Kalathine the best medicine of the age.—G. W. Lewis, State Line, Ga.

The minister is to be a live man, a real man, a true man, a simple man, great in his work, great in his simplicity, great in his gentleness.

Did You Ever Try It?

Vegetine put up in pound form comes within the reach of all. By making the medicine yourself you can, from a 50c. package containing the Barks, Roots and Herbs, make two bottles of the liquid Vegetine. Thousands will gladly avail themselves of this opportunity, who have the conveniences to make the medicine. Full directions in every package.

Let your inclination be to those who advise rather than to those who praise your conduct.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich, will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to any person afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vigor and manhood. Address as above without delay.

P. S.—No risk is incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed.

Mensman's Pint-sized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

The Growth of Nervousness.

Nervousness is a rapidly growing ailment. When there is no organic disease, the origin is usually imperfect digestion. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a remedy peculiarly efficacious in cases of nervousness, acts primarily upon the stomach, restoring its activity, promoting the secretion of the gastric juice, overcoming the constipation, biliousness, and remedying that depletion of muscular substance and strength and the nervous symptoms which it ultimately produces. With the renewed activity of the digestive functions, nerve quietude returns, and the nervous inability to rest soundly is counteracted, mental despondency is supplanted by a feeling of cheerfulness and the relish for food is augmented. The remedy is safe and unobjectionable, and may also be relied upon to overcome and prevent fever and ague, biliousness and constipation.

We learn to climb by a strong out reach, not on the valleys that lie behind, but on the mountains that rise before us.

The Effect of Indulgence

in strong drink can be removed from the system by Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

We know that we must meet to part, but we know not that we part to meet again.

OUR PROGRESS.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the large, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

Intemperance deprives man of prudence, the greatest virtues, and hurries them into the midst of disorders.

CONSUMPTION CURE.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—I feel so thoroughly grateful to you for the benefit received by your medicine, that I feel it my duty to inform you of the fact. I have been troubled with a cough for years, and have tried many remedies without benefit. I was induced to try your "Discovery" and "Pellets," and have found immediate relief from their use. I am now able to do my work.

ELIZABETH PRUNTON, Manchester, Ark.

We know we are in advance some thousands, and we will wait until they are not worth whole.

The Golden Balsam of Vegetable Kingdom

must be in demand by the Proprietors of the Pectoral Balsam of Wild Cherry, "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," "Golden Medical Discovery," and "Favorite Prescription," as these are the best medicines for their respective purposes, and are sold by druggists everywhere.

Hacking Cough is a most painful and dangerous symptom, yet it is generally a mere trifle.

Don't Die in the House.

Ask druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, roaches, bugs, flies, fleas, ants, moths. 15c. per box.

HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE

Is the BEST SALVE for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, Freckles and Pimples. Get HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE, as all others are counterfeits. Price 25 cents.

DR. GREEN'S OXYGENATED BITTERS the best remedy for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Malaria, Indigestion and Diseases of the Blood, Kidneys, Liver, Skin, etc.

DUNO'S CATARRH SNUFF cures all affections of the mucous membrane of the head and throat.

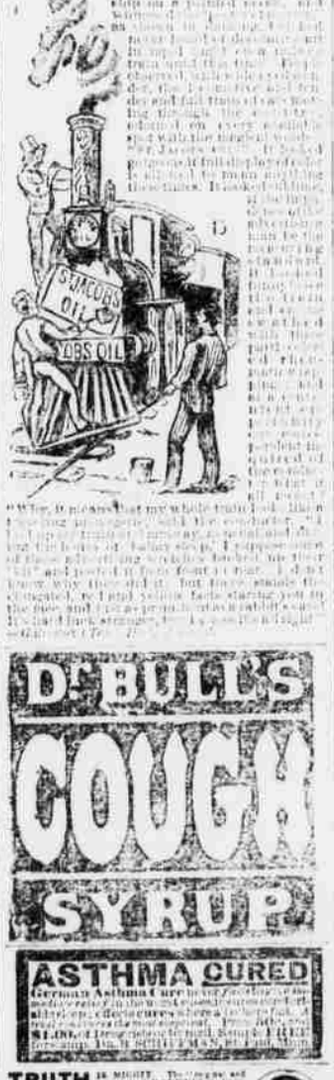
DR. MOTT'S LIVER PILLS are the best Cathartic Regulators.

ALLEN'S Boric Lotion [illegible]

A Surprised Locomotive

AND

A Swearing Engineer.



"Why, I'm pleased that my whole train of cars, the locomotive, and the conductor, with the brakes, and the engineer, and the fireman, and the baggage smasher, I suppose, and the passengers, and the mail bags, and the express packages, and the baggage, and the freight, and the—I don't know why there did it, but there seems to be changed, he I said some bad words, and I'm sorry for it. I'm ashamed, strangers, I am, and I'm sorry for it."

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

ASTHMA CURED

German Asthma Cure [illegible]

TRUTH IS MIGHTY. [illegible]

Vegetine.

Kidney Complaints.

DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS.

[illegible]

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS.

CINCINNATI, O., March 19, 1881.

H. R. Stevens, [illegible] Vegetine for some time, and feel it my duty to inform you that it has done a great benefit to me. I recommend it to all sufferers from diseases of the kidneys. I cheerfully recommend it. [illegible] H. SMITH, [illegible] Central Avenue.

CINCINNATI, O., April 13, 1881.

Mr. H. R. Stevens, [illegible] Vegetine. [illegible] J. S. M. [illegible]

ELIZABETH PRUNTON, Manchester, Ark.

Vegetine

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD

[illegible]

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.

Best in the world. Get the genuine. Every package has a star trade-mark and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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