FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Recipes.

TRIPE.—To prepare tripe for the table you should order it the day before you wish to serve it; scrape it thoroughly, wash it in several waters until it is perfectly tender; let it drain in a platter all night. Next day cut it in small pieces and fry in hot lard after having rolled the pieces in flour. To serve with this, make a rich, brown gravy, using a little of the lard in which the tripe was fried. If for breakfast, send baked potatoes, fried apples, and tomatoes with it; the tomatoes may be canned ones, cooked, and with thin slices of toasted bread put in the bottom of the dish.

HOT CAKE.—Scald one quart of corn meal, with just enough hot water to make a thick batter; stir in two large spoonfuls of butter; beat this a little before mixing it with the butter so it will rise readily; add half a teaspoonful of salt. This should be baked at least three-quarters of an hour; butter the tins well in which it is baked; serve hot.

Chicks in the Garden.

It is a very excellent practice to place newly-hatched broods in an enclosed garden that the elder folks do not have access to. Confine the mother hen in a coop, which may be placed in the shade of any small fruit tree or bush. As thicks require soft and delicate food at first it is difficult to feed them if their coops are placed where the rest of the flock can pillage freely. The London Gardener's Chronicle speaks of the valuable service of little chickens in the garden as follows:—"They run about, doing no harm, their little bodies and feet leave no impression on the soil, they do not scratch, seem never dissatisfied, but find pleasure only in the pursuits of food or in basking in a warm corner in the sun's rays. While in this stage of infantile innocence the little creatures can in the garden perform a vast amount of good. Their little eyes spy out and little bills gather myriads of insects that are not easily visible to the human eye. Perhaps owing to the very minute nature of the food they gather, arising from their characteristic voracity, they are almost always roaming about and doing useful work. Meanwhile the clucking and anxious mother may be kept secure in a bottomed coop, which, removed here and there in the garden, will allow the chickens to enjoy fresh feeding each day.

When to Cut Grass.

Some of the correspondents of the New England Homestead are going for superintendent Sanborn of the College Farm for claiming that grass should not be cut until it is in bloom in a very sharp way. One of them says:—"After reading Professor Sanborn's writings I must say that I am very much astonished that any practical farmer, and certainly a professor in a State college, should advocate the cutting of grass in bloom, or a few days subsequently. I have had fifty years' experience in curing and feeding hay. Many seasons much of it was cut too late. Our present crop gives the best satisfaction of any I ever fed, and four fifth of it was cut in June. From my experience I am satisfied that 1,500 pounds of timothy cut one week previous to bloom will make more butter, beef or mutton than 2,000 pounds one week subsequent to bloom. Nine tens are cut too late where one is cut too early. There was an article in the Homestead, I think two years ago last summer, purporting to be the experiments of a German chemist with grass, claiming that if cut while green 88 per cent was nutriment; when in blossom, 62 per cent.; and when seed is fully formed or ripe, thirty-one per cent. nutriment. I am no chemist, but think that article worth more than any other I ever read. If that is near a fair representation of the value of grass in the different stages, Professor Sanborn is advocating the waste of millions in the Middle and Eastern States, and I hope he will repent and be converted from the error of his ways.

Carbolic Acid

Is very useful as a preventative of insect ravages. Radishes may be protected from maggots, and orchards from borers by its use. A mixture of one part of alcohol and nine parts of crystalized acid is stated to afford great relief in cases of bites from insects.

Corn and Pork.

Experienced pork-raisers in the West have determined on the following ratio as the relative value of corn and pork: When corn is 30 cents per bushel, pork can be sold at $3 per 100 pounds net; when corn is 40 cents, pork must bring $4; and so on at the rate of an advance of $1 for every advance of 10 cents in the price of corn. If pork sells at a price below this ratio, it is made at a loss—if above, the excess is clear gain.

They Didn't Agree With Him.

"What is the reason you don't eat any beans?" asked the Widow Flapjack of a boarder, who was otherwise gifted with the appetite of an anaconda.

"I don't eat any beans because they put my stomach out of order, and take away my appetite," was the reply.

"If that's all, I'm sorry you don't like them more," was the response.—*Texas Siftings.*

DEFINITION OF A BABY.—It is composed of a bald head and a pair of lungs. One of the lungs takes a rest while other runs the shop. One of them is always on deck all of the time. The baby is a bigger man than his mother. He likes to walk around with his father at night. The father does most of the walking, and all of the swearing.

The Pursuit of Happiness.

Happiness is the great desideratum of the human heart. It is the glorious El Dorado land toward which every prow is pointed; the elysium that bends its bow, glowing with promise, above its fields of gold. It awakens hope, enkindles ambition, begets enthusiasm, and incites to struggle. Indeed, their is no faculty vested in men that does not furnish its quota in aid of the supreme desire to reach its wealth and rest amid its sweets. Every method has been tried; every phase of effort has been employed. Each individual has adopted his own theory and attempted his own course. That which has seemed to some the surest road to success has been regarded by others as the most certain passage to defeat. And, alas! the truth is too manifest to admit of contradiction, that the failures are vastly in the majority, for by multitudes the shadow has been mistaken for the substance, the dross for the gold, and the glittering tinsel of the empty casket for the sparkle of the precious gem.

The universality of this desire is, in itself, sufficient evidence that man, in his best estate is an enormous imperfection, and fails to fill the place for which he was designed. There is an absence of harmony in his conditions, or between them and himself. His domestic, social, business and moral relations being thus partially or wholly at discord, produce the friction that the world calls sadness, pain, grief, agony, despair, madness. To escape from these is to be happy. These are his inheritance. Their germs were scattered through his being at the period of in cipient life. Happiness is not an inheritance; it is an acquirement.

Let no one cavil at this statement. Ample argument for its support is within easy reach of an acquiring mind. It is not enough to present the experiences of childhood or the limited joys—limited, both in duration and degree—of later years, as an objection. They are but draughts from uncertain streams. True happiness comes not from such a source. We must ascend to higher ground if we would find its pure, exhaustless fountain. Unaided humanity grovels. Its ambitions, its enterprises have a downward tendency. It has no inherent power to resuscitate that which is dying, much less to rivivify that which has become entirely inert. There is no victory equivalent to the exertions made to secure it in time or in eternity for him who stands alone. Death conquers everything but God.

In order to a clearer and, perhaps, more forcible showing of these assertions, let us glance at some of the examples history has furnished for our guide.

Cyrus, the Persian, pursued the course he voluntarily chose. He, who in childhood was fair as the flower, in youth the idol of the court, and in young manhood the pride of the realm, forsook the sweet restraints of noble qualities and plunged into blood. But when he had blended two empires into one—when he had broken and bound Lydia as a captive at his feet—when he had humbled great Babylon and given her nobles to the sword, he found that he had not approximated the prize. Still undaunted and hopeful, he rushed among the barbarians of the North to obtain that which his previous conquests had denied him. But he met, instead, a conqueror and a grave. A Sythian queen dashed a stream of blood down the neck of his headless carcass as she exclaimed,—

"Drink, insatiable monster, until your murderous thirst is satisfied."

Crœsus believed he had secured the priceless boon when he asked the wise Solon to name the happiest man he had ever seen. But the philosopher, instead of deciding in favor of his questioner, as he was expected to do, declared that he could not regard a life as truly happy until he beheld its close. The personal experience of only a few short years subsequent convinced this great Lydian king of the correctness of the reply. He found, though his name stood—and stands to-day—as the synonym to untold wealth; though Pactolus washed its golden treasures into his coffers; though "the rod of empire" had been swayed according to his will; and though friendly powers had honored him with alliance, that the bliss of which he had boasted was but the glory of a winter's sun that was soon to set in clouds, the curtains of an awful night.

Alexandria labored for this prize. In his eager search to find it he hurried up and down the earth until the planet trembled beneath the tread of his attending hosts. All that wealth could furnish was his; all that victory could achieve was gained; all that sensual appetite could appropriate was devoured. But what did all this avail? Though the world of men submitted to his conquering sword, he was still unsatisfied, and wept in the midst of bacchanalian revelries because there were no more worlds to conquer. He died as the beast dies. His sun went down in blackest gloom before the zenith was attained.

Napoleon Bonaparte imagined, as he planted the guns of France before rebellious Toulon, that he beheld in the roll distant future this jewel of happiness. Directed by a genius which challenged the world's admiration—impelled by a will that beat down or thrust aside every impediment, he marshalled all his powers to carve a pathway to the goal.

Thrones were demolished and crowns crushed beneath his rapid tread. Dynasties vanished at his approach. A continent's political geography was the subject of constant mutation. Whom he would, he exalted—whom he would, he abased. Yet the glorious prize for which he struggled at Lodi, Arcola, Marenzo and Austerlitz was substituted by a phantasy at Moscow—an apparition at Waterloo, and a spectre at St. Helena.

A single picture more. And although its fields be less sanguinary and its streams comparatively pure, we shall find them shaded by a clouded sky through which the sun of joy but seldom breaks. Abdershman III., one of the Moorish kings of Spain, presided over the destinies of the realm for fifty consecutive years. He was a noble, humane, justice-loving prince, and was styled "the defender of the faith of God." So sagacious was his administration of state affairs that his reign received the appellation of "the golden age of Moorish empire." But was he happy? Who would not answer in the affirmative while considering his noble qualities of head and heart, supplemented by circumstances so auspicious and encouraging? Listen, he tells his own story:

"I have reigned fifty years. I have carefully noted the history of each day these years include, and now, at the end, after an accurate examination of the entire time, I found but fourteen days during which I was free from vexation and trouble."

Let us pause here. Enough has been demonstrated. If, after these several statements, made from a philosophical standpoint—after these truthful portrayals from history that have been thus briefly rendered, the question is asked, In what, then, does true happiness consist, and where is its source? we can only substantially repeat assertions previously expressed, and answer that it is not a spasmodic burst of enthusiasm, nor a sudden exultation springing from a desire met, or the substance of a hope realized, nor delight temporarily secured through a pleasing novelty; nor the result of comfortable exterior circumstances; nor yet the joy awakened through the love of cherished friends, though in this we find, perhaps, its nearest semblance.—Happiness, in brief, is the certain result of strict conformity to the will of God as furnished through his works and word. Its author and supply is the same great, good and wise Being who made the human soul and gave it its capacity to enjoy. "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

That's Just Me.

Years ago into a wholesale grocery store in this city walked a tall, muscular man, evidently a fresh-comer from some backwoods town in Maine or New Hampshire. Accosting the first person he met, who happened to be the merchant himself, he asked

"You don't want to hire a man in your store, do you?"

"Well," said the merchant, "I don't know." "What can you do?"

"Do?" said the man, "I rather guess I can turn my hand to almost anything. What do you want done?"

"Well, if I was to hire a man, it would be one that could lift well, a strong, wiry fellow, one, for instance, that could lift a sack of coffee like that yonder and carry it across the store and never lay it down."

"There, now, cap'n," said the countryman, "that's just me. I can lift anything I can hitch to. You can't suit me better. What will you give a man that suits you?"

"I'll tell you," said the merchant, "if you shoulder that sack of coffee and carry it across the store twice and never lay it down, I will hire you for one year at one hundred dollars a month."

"Done," said the stranger.

By this time every clerk in the store had gathered around and was waiting to join in the laugh against the man, who threw the sack across his shoulder with perfect ease, and carrying it twice across the floor, went to a large hook which was fastened to the wall and hung it up, then turned to the merchant and said,—

"There, now, it may hang there till doomsday. I shall never lay it down. What shall I go about, mister? Just give me plenty to do and one hundred a month, and it's all right."

The clerks broke into a laugh, and the merchant, discomfited yet satisfied, kept his agreement, and to-day the green countryman is the senior partner in the firm and worth a million dollars.

Stories of a Cat and a Hen.

Mrs. A. W. Brooks, of East Eliot, in the State of Maine, has a cat thirteen years old, for which she has been vainly offered fifty dollars. This learned pussy will stand up at the word of command, bow slowly or quickly as directed, walk around the room on her hind legs only, dance, turn somersaults, go through the motions of holding a jewsharp in her mouth with one paw and playing on it with the other, mew when ordered to speak, kiss her paw to visitors, hold a saucer of milk on her forelegs, and lap the milk and stand on her hind feet, and with her forepaws catch bits of bread or meat thrown to her, like a base-ball player. Her kitten, a year old, will turn somersaults. The same lady has a hen which always wipes her feet on the mat on entering the house, and if asked, "How do you get your living, biddy?" scratches on the floor and looks at the questioner to see if the answer is correct. This hen despises the porcelain, wooden and chalk chests which some people palm off on hens for nest eggs, tumbling them out of her nest as often as they are put in.

Borrowers.

What pests they are! Nothing is scarce in their covetous eyes; they have not a particle of regard for the rights of property. They borrow everything. With a grocery store on nearly every corner and a green grocer's in nearly every square, with "notion shops" accessible everywhere, those chronic borrowers are continually sending in to their neighbors on right and on left for 'a spoonful of lard,' a 'cup of flour,' a 'little yeast,' a 'piece of tape,' a 'spool of cotton,' a 'No. 6 needle,' and so through a very long and curious catalogue. These same people and many others beside, make a regular practice of borrowing your newspaper, generally with the polite but meaningless qualification that they "would like to look at it for a few minutes, if you have done with it." Of course they get it, whether you have read it or not. And if it is returned in good condition you are exceptionally lucky. Your pet magazine, too, which you intend to have bound some day, and desire to keep spotlessly clean, is also in demand; and you are considered "just as mean as mean can be" if you refuse to trust it in other hands than those of your household. But you must learn to say "No" to these gentry, if you would protect your own rights; nothing but decided snubbing can rid you of the nuisances.

The United States census gives 92,653 Protestant churches, 71,662 Protestant ministers, and 9,004,030 members of Protestant churches.

Capture of a Herring King.

A very rare and highly interesting catch was made the other day on the Norwegian coast—a so called "herring-king." The herring king (*regalecus*) belongs to the family of ribbon fishes so-called, and has hitherto been found in three different forms, always of remarkable size, nearly six metres long, thirty-seven centimetres wide, and of ribbon-like thinness. The animal lives at a considerable depth, whence it is easily explained that it rarely comes to the surface or is thrown on the beach. Very few zoological collections may boast of possessing a specimen; none has a well-preserved one, the different parts of this remarkable fish being so tender and brittle as to break even at the mere touch of the hand. The specimen above alluded to was most carefully transported to Stananger, and is without doubt the best preserved one extant. It is a female, measuring four metres in length, thirty-four centimetres in width and eight centimetres at its thickest part; the ovaria are ninety-four centmetres long and filled with millions of eggs of the size of a grain of sand. The Stavanger museum ordered a tin box made to keep it in, requiring forty litres of alcohol for the purpose of proper preservation.—*Pacific American Register.*

Well Indorsed By Our Own Citizens.

No matter how useful anything may be in itself, good indorsements seem to increase its usefulness greatly by insuring a wider field for the display of its special merits. We were thus impressed in view of the following statements received by one of our representatives from leading individuals connected with some of the largest enterprises in our midst. Among others whose testimony was freely given was W. H. Stearns, Esq., Master Mechanic of the Conn. River Railroad, residing at No. 28 Boylston street, who observed:—St. Jacobs Oil has had remarkable effect among the men employed here. One of them jammed his arm very badly, and by the use of St. Jacobs Oil was greatly benefitted, and the arm was healed. Another used it for severe rheumatic pains in the knee, and pronounced the oil a complete success, as he was cured by its use. Mr. A. B. Taylor, of the "Ray & Taylor Manufacturing Co.," was pleased to say: "Say aunt, Mrs. Billsbury, of Mount Clair, N. J., while visiting at our house tried St. Jacob's Oil for rheumatism and neuralgia, and found immediate relief every time. She pronounced it the best thing she had ever tried for the trouble. Mr. J. B. Weston, 45 Greenwood street, supt. car works, Boston, & Albany Railroad, thus addressed our reporter: "I am one more of the fortunates who have had the good luck to hear of that wonderful remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. I had rheumatism in the shoulder severely and could find no relief until I used the Oil. I applied it and must confess I was surprised at the results. I am almost well and expect to be entirely so in a few days."—*Springfield (Mass.) Union.*

Servant, who has called to see about a place: "Well, yes 'm, my eyes are not so good as they were, 'm. Not that there is anything wrong with them, but whenever I clean the pots and tins I shine 'em so bright they dazzle my eyes. It's my only defeck 'm."

The St. Louis (Mo.) *Post Dispatch* at the close of a long article says: In fact St. Jacobs Oil is pushing all other remedies out of the field, and, excellent though some of the liniments formerly offered are, the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil is magical in cases of sciatica, rheumatism, pleurisy, neuralgia, nervous headache, lumbago and scores of other disorders; while in the case of sprains, burns or injuries it is an absolute panacea, and for general use is better than the advice of many physicians. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Two little girls, aged four and six years, had just had new dresses, and were on their way to Sunday-school. Said Etta, the elder: "Oh, I have forgotten my verse." "I haven't forgotten mine," replied the other. It is 'Blessed are the dressmakers.'"

Have You Read It?

H. H. Stevens' book on ensilage, the preserving of green forage crops in silos, giving his own experience and the practical experience of twenty-five practical farmers; 120 pages, elegantly bound in cloth. Price 50 cents, sent by mail. Address H. H. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

A lover writes to his fair but fickle financee: "I have wasted a chest of paper writing notes to you, and now if music be food for love it's played."

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.

THAT RICH EXPERIENCE.

A Free Press Interview Sustained and Its Source Revealed.

(Detroit Free Press.)

A few months ago an interview with a prominent and well known physician, formerly a resident of Detroit, but now living in New York, appeared in the columns of this paper. The statements made by the doctor and the facts he divulged were of so unusual a nature as to cause no little commotion among those who read them, and many inquiries were raised as to the genuineness of the interview and the validity of the statements it contained. The name of the physician was at that time suppressed at his own request. The seal of secrecy, however, can now be removed, as the important and interesting letter which appears below will abundantly show. In order, however, that the reader may better understand this letter, a few extracts are herewith given from the interview in question.

After an exchange of courtesies and a few reminiscences about the war, in which the doctor was a prominent surgeon, the reporter remarked upon the doctor's improved appearance, upon which he said:

"Yes, I have improved in health since you last saw me, and I have also in many other ways. One thing, however, I have succeeded in doing, and it is one of the hardest things to any one, and especially a doctor, to do, and that is I have overcome my prejudices. You know there are some people who prefer to remain in the wrong rather than acknowledge the manifest right. Such prejudice leads to bigotry of the worst order. Now I am a physician, and of the 'old school' order, too, but I have, after years of experience and observation, come to the conclusion that truth is the highest of all things, and that if prejudice or bigotry stand in the way of truth so much the worse for them—they are certain to be crushed sooner or later. Why, when I knew you in Detroit, I would no sooner have thought of violating the code of ethics laid down by the profession, as of practicing anything out of the regular order, than I would of amputating my hand. Now, however, I prescribe and advise those things which I believe to be adapted to cure, and which my experience has proven to be such."

"How did you come to get such heretical ideas as these, doctor?"

"Oh, they are the result of my experience and observation. I changed my view-point on the subject, though, from having been cured after all my care and the skill of my professional brethren had failed to relieve me. When I was so badly off as many of my patients, with a complication of troubles, including dropsy and consequently impaired kidneys and liver, and I feared I should have to give up my practice. For months I suffered untold agonies. Dull, indefinite pains in various parts of the body, a lack of interest in everything around me, a loss of appetite, headaches, all these disagreeable symptoms were added to pains which were both acute and constant. Sick as I was, however, I became restored to health in a most simple, easy manner, and in an incredibly short space of time, and it was this that proved a revelation to me. That was the starting point, and in proportion as I grew better after that, I can assure you I went to reading extensively and analyzing more extensively, and about that time I have discovered many things of real value to humanity. Why, only a few days ago I advised a lady who was suffering from a serious female difficulty and displacement to use the same remedy with a cured me. I saw her this morning and she is nearly well, the pain and inflammation are all gone, and she is around as usual. We have on right in the medical fraternity to sit back and say to rest no such thing as improvement or advancement, or that we have a monopoly of the remedies which nature has given to humanity. There are great changes going on in every department of life, and there are great developments in medicine as well. Time tested remedies are every year from supposed oblivion here, resuscitated or other compounds, which in reality it is found, time and tried, are cutting rapidly cooked and diseased flesh. Thousands of children are dying every year from dropsy as the apparent sequel to scarlatina, when in reality it is from diseased kidneys which have become weakened by the fever they have just had."

"Well, doctor, you have got some new truths here, certainly, but they sound very reasonable to me."

"Well, whether they are reasonable or not I have demonstrated to my own satisfaction that they are true, and I propose to stand by them, no matter how much opposition I may raise by doing so. Any man, be he politician, preacher, or physician, who is so economic of his pocketbook or of his own personal ease as to actually himself by suppressing the manifest truth, is unworthy the name of a man and unworthy the confidence of the public whom he serves."

The above are some of the prominent points in the interview referred to. Now for the sequel. The following outspoken letter from the doctor himself, which has just been received, is published in full.

Editor Detroit Free Press:

Some time ago a reporter of your paper had an interview with me which he said he would like to publish. I consented on condition that you would not mention my name until I gave you permission. I have now accomplished the purpose I had in mind, and wish to say to you (when you can publish or not as you see fit) that I had suffered for a long time whether I would shake off some of the professional fetters which bound me with others for years, and tell the truth, or not. When I looked back, and thought of the tortures like those described by Dante in his trip to the infernal regions, which I endured from dyspepsia, and treated how much I would have given at that time for the relief which I have since obtained, I determined that I would take the step so long meditated and thereby discharge a duty to my fellow men. If I could thereby save one poor mortal one night of the terrible suffering I endured I would be fully satisfied, let the other consequences what they might.

My dyspeptic condition was produced by a torpid liver, which did not, as a consequence, remove the bile from the blood. This produced derangement of the stomach, inflammation of the eyes, dyspepsia, constipation, headache, depression of spirits, yellow complexion, fat-covered eyes, chills and fever, in short, I was miserable to the last degree. I appealed in vain to my books, to myself and to my fellow physicians. The mystery of my ill-health grew deeper. I traveled everywhere—exhausted all authorized expedients—but to no purpose!

When in this frame of mind, desperately in need of help, but expecting none, one of my unprofessional friends called my attention to some unusual cures wrought by a prominent remedy and urged me to try it. I emphatically declined. But strangely, and with the firm determination that I would never let anybody know what I had done, I began its use. It was only an experiment, you know, but, for that matter, all medical treatment is experimental. Well, to make a long and surprising story short, I experienced a sort of physical revelation. My skin got a better color. My liver resumed its functions. I no longer had to arouse the bowels with cathartics. My headaches disappeared. "Nature did it." I reasoned. But, determined to push the investigation to the extreme, while I was in active work, I tried the effect of the remedy on my patients afflicted with kidney, liver and urinary diseases, watching every development carefully and studiously. Then I was completely convinced, for the remedy cured every test imposed!

Under such convincing circumstances, the matter of confessing my cure became a question of conscience and of duty to humanity. "Here is a remedy," I said, "that has done for me what the best medical skill of the country could not accomplish"—and as an honorable man I will not suppress the facts. I therefore write you and most unhesitatingly assert that for all diseases of the kidneys, liver, stomach or urinary organs which are amenable to treatment, Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure surpasses any remedy I have ever known or used, and since physicians have so much influence in the treatment of diseases of these organs, I am prepared to accept all the consequences when I say that they are, if conscientious, in duty bound to use this pure vegetable compound in their practice.

Yours very truly,
J. W. SMITH, M. D.

Statements so outspoken as the above and coming from such a reliable source are valuable beyond question. They conclusively show not only the power of the remedy which has become so well known and popular, but the great importance of attention in time to the first indications of declining health. When professional men of such high standing sink their prejudice and willingly declare their belief in that which they know to be valuable, the public may confidently follow their example.

"I can't very well express which it—what there—I do not—you are very—I am not, sir, insensible—the fact is," said the diffident man suddenly called to his feet for a speech at a public dinner, "I can't make a speech, and I can't say anything I would understand or you would wish to hear; but if it pleases you to see me blush and sweat, I will stand here on one leg and perspire for the next ten minutes." They let him off.

Persons Who Sit all Day

In counting houses or in manufacturing establishments, inhaling close or impure air, are usually pale, and frequently emaciated. A tonic is what such people require. Operatives, clerks, sales women and employers as well as employees, pinned to the desk by cares of business, derive infinite good from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an admirable means of repairing the physical depletion, resulting from too close an application to their special avocations. Dyspepsia, constipation, bilious irregularity, and premature decay are arrested by this invigorant and alterative, commended by physicians, and a standard article for twenty-five years past. Fever and ague is checked in its first approaches, and if the remedy is persisted in, entirely eradicated, when chronic, by the Bitters. Rheumatic ailments are also arrested by its blood purifying and diuretic action.

There are some good things in every man. The trouble with too many men they are deformed in character.

KALATHINE, the Great Tonic and Cathartic.

A woman named Buhmer died in Buffalo the other day. Now what will the editors of fashion gossip columns and scandal-mongers do?

TWENTY YEARS A SUFFERER.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—Twenty years ago I was shipwrecked on the Atlantic Ocean, and the cold and exposure caused a large abcess to form on each leg, which kept continually discharging. After spending hundreds of dollars, with no benefit, I tried your "Golden Medical Discovery" and now, in less than three months after taking the first bottle, I am thankful to say I am completely cured, and for the first time in ten years can put my left heel to the ground. I am yours,
WILLIAM RYDER, 87 Jefferson Street Buffalo, N. Y.

The moment anything assumes the shape of a duty, some persons feel themselves incapable of discharging it.

Thousands of women bless the day on which Dr Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" was made known to them. In all those derangements causing backache, dragging-down sensations, nervous and general debility, it is a specific remedy. Its soothing and healing properties render it of the utmost value to ladies suffering from "internal fever," congestion, inflamation or ulceration. By druggists.

An uncommon man bought a Roman candle and lighted it to go to bed by. He says you can bet your sweet life he kicks the man that loaded it, if he can find him out.

The original "Little Liver Pills" are Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," and are continually imitated. They cure sick and bilious headache. Private Government stamp with Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait mark the genuine. By druggists.

The "Electric household companion" is a new aid to stocking darning. We presume its great hold is in lightning the work.

Increase and Decrease.

The census shows that the proportion of sexes to the population is 1 to 5.74-100. The proportion of persons troubled with kidney and liver disorders has been alarmingly increasing, but since the almost universal use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure these diseases are diminishing.

If religion could be made a part of life, people could enjoy any proper amusements and be made better by them.

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

You are wasting grain when you try to fatten Hogs that have the intestines filled with worms. Hoag's Hog and Cattle Powders will destroy the worms and put the animal in a condition to fatten.

ALLEN'S Brain Food—cures Nervous Debility & Weakness of Generative Organs $1—all druggists, send for Circ'r. Allen's Pharmacy, 213 First av., N. Y.

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