AGRICULTURAL.

The Cabbage Worm.

Here comes another remedy for the cabbage worm, said to be infallible. It is to first dry the wormwood plant, and, after rubbing it into dust, to sprinkle over the cabbage. Suppose you try it!

Paper-Skin in Sheep.

The disease called "paper-skin" in sheep is caused by little worms, which, working their way into the smaller air-passages of the lungs, suspend respiration, finally causing death; the whiteness of the skin, and from which the name "paper skin" is derived, being only a symptom of their presence. The best remedy as yet discovered is to administer a teaspoonful of turpentine mixed with a little milk for three or four mornings in succession. This completely cooks the worms, after which they are easily coughed up.

Plowing Early.

One of the greatest advantages of plowing early for wheat is that it gives a chance for atmospheric fertilization—two big words strung together, but a big thing when properly understood. It is true we cannot tell exactly how it is accomplished; but this we do know, that it brings the upturned soil in contact with the atmosphere, the oxygen of which, by uniting with potassium (an inorganic element contained in almost all soils) converts it into potash. The atmosphere also adds nitrogen to the soil, these two (potash and nitrogen) being the most important constituents of wheat.

What Apples are Made of.

Four thousand pounds of apples, when reduced to ashes, will weigh about 100 pounds, which contain thirteen pounds of potash, twenty five pounds of soda, and a little lime, iron and magnesia. But the ash of the wood of an apple tree contains but nineteen per cent. of potash against thirty-eight per cent. in the fruit, and only a trace of soda against twenty-five per cent. in the fruit. On the other hand, while the fruit contains but five per cent of lime, the ash of the wood shows sixty-five per cent. The fruit also demands fifteen per cent. of phosphorous and the wood but five per cent. These facts suggest that if we have a young orchard in which we want growth of wood, the treatment should be very different from that in an old one where fruit is the object.

Pickling Cucumbers.

Fill a jar, keg, or barrel, as the case may be, nearly full of the cucumbers, and pour over them enough brine, made of ground alum salt, and strong enough to float a potato, as will cover them, placing a weight on top to keep them properly submerged. At the end of the third day pour off the brine, and after heating, pour the same back again; and at the end of two weeks throw away the brine, and, after washing the cucumbers in cold water, place them in a kettle and cover with cold vinegar, adding to every gallon of the same a piece of alum about the size of a hulled walnut. Then after bringing the whole to a boil, draw off the pickle and supply its place with as much cold vinegar as will cover them, adding to every gallon of the vinegar a teacup of sugar, a tablespoonful each of black pepper, whole cloves, mace, and allspice. So put up, the pickles will keep sound for a year and more.

Cotswold and Southdown Sheep.

A paper from the pen of the president of the Circhester (Eng.) Chamber of Agriculture, in which these two breeds are compared, makes the assertions that the writer has found the Cotswold comparatively free from those complaints to which short wool sheep are constitutionally liable, viz: foot rot (which he asserts to be inherent in the blood of the short wools, and which it is almost impossible to keep down in wet weather, even on dry land), prolapsus uteri and the fly. These statements are of a character which would appear to be worthy of confidence when made by a careful, observing man. The constitutional vigor and freedom of an animal or breed from disease can be ascertained, of course, without much difficulty.

Having made this statement, the writer proceeds to give the result of experimental feeding of Cotswolds and Southdowns. The experiments are alleged to have been carefully made by Mr. Lawes, and that would naturally be supposed of any experiments made by Mr. Lawes. The result was that the Cotswolds fattened in considerably less time, upon the same quantity of food, than the Southdown did. In these days of speed, if this statement can be relied upon, it is somewhat important, although it will be noticed that the matter of time alone enters into the question, for the statement is that the same amount of food is fed, it taking the Southdown longer to utilize it. But, considering this all to be true, it does not, it must be remembered, establish the fact that the Cotswold is the superior sheep. In the very case already alluded to, there was more profit realized from the Southdown than from the Cotswolds. Other things than feeding will naturally suggest themselves in all such cases. But in this country at least, this fact of rapid fattening would outweigh a great many other considerations. Everybody is after animals with just this characteristic, and we believe that if it can be established that one animal can be fattened in less time than another can be, upon the same amount of food, the fact is really established, whether apparent or not, that the one can be fattened upon a less amount of food than the other can be. In short, a tendency to easy fattening is shown, with all that indicates. The Southdown is a good sheep. There is no doubt about that; and it would be a satisfaction to have it and the Cotswold compared, under fair conditions, to the end that the difference might be accurately established.

An Obstinate Family.

Near Media, Delaware county, Pa., there is living, at the age of ninety-four, a Mrs. Isaac Yarnall, who is represented as a kind, quiet and clever neighbor, but who is said to have lived forty years with her husband without speaking to him, or he to her. He was an industrious and thrifty tiller of the soil. He plodded along diligently, and saved his hard earned dollars until he amassed sufficient to purchase a hundred acre farm. This he worked until his death, and, by judicious investments, managed to leave behind him the snug sum of $25,000, on which the family are now living. The trouble between himself and wife was brought about in this way: Mrs. Yarnall was bequeathed a small sum of money by a relative, which her husband desired to use in purchasing farming implements, and otherwise improving the property. His wife said no. Isaac vowed that unless he was given the money he would never speak another word to her. True to his vow, he steadfastly refrained from speaking for forty long years. The daughters, who were nothing more than mere children when this falling out occurred, tried to get the father and mother to make up, but failed.

Reared under such surroundings, it is not surprising that when the girls grew to womanhood they should take sides with their disagreeable parents. One upheld the father, another the mother, while the third, after vainly trying to bring about a harmonious feeling between all hands, became disheartened and gave up the task. The daughters have, since they quarrelled, always ignored each other's presence. At the father's funeral a carriage was provided for the girls to convey them to the cemetery. When the funeral cortege was leaving the house the girls found that they were expected to ride together. They at first refused, but persistent coaxing and the fear of creating a scene sufficed to induce them to stifle their repugnant feelings for the time being, and the daughters rode off together. A stranger visiting the Yarnalls would fail to discover at the first visit any family differences. The old lady and the three daughters address their conversation entirely to the visitor, and wait patiently until each question is answered before propounding another. When alone they eat together, but never speak, and move about the house utterly oblivious of each other's presence. In spite of this domestic infelicity, the daughters live with their mother in a commodious antiquated farm house near the Rose Tree Inn. These peculiarities of the family are known to all the farmers for miles around. What at first appeared surprising and inexplicable has become so commonplace that the strange doings of the Yarnalls have long ceased to be the subject of comment among the country folks of the section.

Another Broken Neck Cured.

About five months ago a teamster named John Collery attempted to drive his team through a barn door, and in doing so had his neck forced down upon his breast until his neck was broken. Police Surgeon Stambaugh made an examination of the injured man, and found that his seventh cervical vertebra was fractured, and that the spinal cord had been stretched out nearly two inches.

After his removal to his home, Collery states that he was laid flat on his back, with a sort of fence about his neck and head, which kept him immovable for over two months. Both the body of the vertebra and the arching laminæ were discovered to be broken, and the operation of joining them together without pinching the spinal cord where it had sagged between the ragged edges, as described, is one of the most difficult ever perfotmed. For a month the patient lay on his back, completely paralyzed in one-half of his body, and but little feeling in the other. If he moved in the slightest degree during the first fortnight, he could plainly feel the jagged edges of the bone grate together, and for hours after such an attempt he was content to lie on his hard bed without attempting to move a muscle, for fear that the spinal cord should be crushed, and his existence ended in a twinkling.

The straightest position attainable was required, and, to this end, Dr. Stambaugh was compelled to refuse him a mattress, forcing him to lie on a wide plank. Collery says that before his eight weeks of enforced quietness were ended, he thought the board was made of a lamiant. The most dangerous time experienced, he says, was one day when an attendant told him that a man whose neck could stand breaking as his had was not born to be hanged. His desire to laugh was irresistible, and the shaking up his merriment gave him caused his fastenings to burst, and the fracture came near breaking afresh. During the first five weeks he did not move a foot from his first posture.

The paralysis has now almost entirely disappeared, and Dr. Stambaugh yesterday promised him that he would be able to go to work within six months. The average fatality in cases of clearly-defined fracture of the spine is estimated at 999 in 1,000.

How rare is that fine courtesy which is uninfluenced by rank or wealth, but treats all worthy men and women with equal deference and consideration.

THE CIRCASSIAN BEAUTY.

How Mrs. General Lew Wallace Received the Sultan's Gift.

The Sultan of Turkey has presented General Lew Wallace, the American minister, with a beautiful Circassian girl.—Press dispatch.

This is all that the modest telegraph consents to say about the occurrence, though the San Francisco Wasp found ever so much more to be told. The fact is that Mrs. Wallace was sitting at the front window of her Constantinople house, on the verge of going down to the bazar for some embroidery stuffs to send home, when a cavalcade, drew up before the door, a huge eunuch, arrayed in the Sultan's livery, knocked at the door and salam salammed, and then two eunuchs, a size smaller, brought in and deposited on the inside door-mat a big-eyed, beautiful Circassian girl, whose lustrous orbs and sparkling jewels were but little obscured by the filmy gauze veiling that covered her from head to foot. Mrs. Wallace started at the girl in dumb amazement.

"What do you want?" she said

The girl shook her head.

"Mustaby, Mustaby?" cried Mrs. Wallace sharply. "What does this mean?"

Mustaby came from the floor below, where he had been polishing some knives with Bristol brick. He dropped knife and brick when he caught sight of the visitor.

"Ah, an," he ejaculated with satisfaction, as he saw the imperial insignia; it is a magnificent present. His highness has smiled upon my master and has sent him his choice slave."

"And what is his chosen slave going to do in this house, I would like to know?" continued Mrs. Wallace, with a vinegary gleam of sarcasm.

"She will bring my master's coffee to him when he awakes in the morning, and affectionately superintend his morning ablutions."

"She will, will she," remarked Mrs. Wallace, as she ground her teeth very hard. "She will affectionately superintend his morning ablutions, will she?"

And she stealthily fingered a bric-a-brac cimeter, and glared at the offending Present.

Then she walked straight up to the beauty on the door mat, pointed her index finger out to the front door, and remarked:

"Go 'way!"

The Present stared at her stupidly.

"Go 'way, I tell you. You're a shameless hussy to come intruding on a respectable family in this way."

The Present did not look as though she had done anything particularly infamous, and showed no disposition to move.

Mrs. Wallace could contain herself no longer. She flew at the Present, grabbed it by the shoulder, and was hustling it down the stairs when General Wallace came around the corner, rather flushed from rapid walking. He took in the situation at a glance.

"Oh, Lewis!" cried his wife, with accentuated horror; "did you ever hear of such a thing?"

Lewis did not look horrified, though he evidently was. He evidently had heard of such things, for there was a doubtful look on his face. Finally he said:

"I don't think, Maria, that I would put it out into the street. It's not to blame, you know."

There was a faint snap in Mrs. Wallace's eyes, but she nodded and lured him on further.

"You see it's a Present, and you can't give away or throw away a Present, you know. If we could send it back, saying that we had no use for it, or that we had one already, and couldn't he make it something else, would be the best way. You have to consult custom and etiquette in these things, you know, dear."

"Y-e-s," said Mrs. W., with a sinister sweetness in her compliance.

"Besides," he continued, as he carelessly took hold of the Present's hand and began stroking the Present's brow in a gentle and fatherly way, "I don't really know if it would be safe to send it back at all. You see these foreign powers are mighty touchy, and I don't know but if I was to send this Present back and turn up my nose at it in such a way they might be mad enough to declare war on the United States right off and massacre us all."

"You would, would you?" remarked Mrs. Wallace in a voice like the first rumblings of a typhoon. "Fraid to send it back, are you, you bald-headed old fraud? 'Fraid of international complications, are you, you salacious old wretch? Now you can just understand this, sir, and right now: If that Present doesn't go back to that old beast that sent it in less than ten minutes I'll show you what kind of Bulgarian atrocity you are married to. "I'll show you," she hissed, as she flew at the Present and inaugurated a panic in dry goods and hair pins and Circassian squeals and male protests, and finally hysterics, as Gen. Wallace called a camel and packed the girl off at hot speed.

Then he went in an caught it—caught it so hot that he remarked to the vice-consul that sooner than go through the like again he would see the whole continent bathed in blood and the American eagle bombarded until it hadn't a pin feather to its name.

It is easy enough to destroy, and there are always destroyers enough. It requires skill and labor to erect a building; any idle tramp can burn it down. God alone can form and paint a flower; any foolish child can pull it all to pieces.

Columbus and His Sailors.

When we think how superstition, gradually retiring from the world, still keeps its grasp upon the sailors of to-day, we can imagine how it must have ruled the ignorant seamen of Columbus. The thoughtful, lonely ways of their admiral made him only an object of terror; they yielded to him with wonderful submission, but it was the homage of fear. The terror reached its climax when they entered the vast "Sargasso Sea," a region of Gulf weed—a tract of ocean as large as France, Humboldt says, through which they sailed. Here, at last, they thought, was the home of all the monsters depicted in the charts, who might at any moment rear their distorted forms from the snaky seaweed,

"Like demons' smiling treasure, they sailed through."

At the very best, they said, it was an inundated land (*terras anegadas*)—probably the famous sunken island Atlantis, of which they had heard, whose slime, tradition said, made it impossible to explore that sea, and on whose submerged shallows they might at any time be hopelessly swamped or entangled. "Are there no graves at home," they asked each other, according to Herrera, that we should be brought here to die?" The trade-winds, afterward called by the friars "winds of mercy," because they aided in the discovery of the New World, were only winds of despair to the sailors. They believed that the ships were sailing down an inclined slope, and that to return would be impossible, since it blew always from home. There was little to do in the way of trimming sails, for they sailed almost on a parallel of latitude from the Canaries to the Bahamas. Their severest labor was in pumping out the leaky ships. The young adventurers remained listlessly on deck, or played the then fashionable game of primero, and heard incredulously the daily reports told by Columbus of the rate of sailing. They would have been still more incredulous had they known the truth. "They sighed and wept," Herrera says, "and every hour seemed like a year."

The same Spanish annalist compares Columbus to St. Christopher in the legend bearing the infant Christ across the stream on his shoulders; and the explorer was often painted in that character in those days. But the weight that Columbus had to bear up was a wearisome and unworthy load. Sometimes they plotted to throw him overboard by a *mano-avre* (*con disimulacion*, Herrera says), intending to say that he fell in while star-gazing. But he, according to Peter Martyr, dealt with them now by winning words, now by encouraging their hopes (*blandis modo verbis, modo spe modo*). If they thought they saw land, he encouraged them to sing an anthem; when it proved to be but a cloud, he held out the hope of land to morrow. They had sailed August 3, 1492, and when they had been out two months (October 3), he refused to beat about in search of land, though he thought they were near it but he would press straight through to the Indies. Sometimes there came a contrary wind, and Columbus was cheered by it, for it would convince his men that the wind did not always blow one way, and that by patient waiting they could yet return to Spain.

As the days went on the signs of land increased, but very slowly. When we think of the intense impatience of the passengers on an ocean steamer, after they have been ten long days on the water, even though they know precisely where they are, and where they are going, and that they are driven by mechanical forces stronger than winds or waves, we can imagine something of the feelings of Columbus and his crew as the third month wore on. Still, there was no sign of hope, but a pelican to day and a crab to-morrow; or a drizzling rain without wind—a combination which was supposed to indicate nearness to the land. There has scarcely been a moment in the history of the race more full of solemn consequences than that evening hour when, after finding a carved stick and a hawthorn branch, Columbus watched from the deck in the momentary expectation of some glimpse of land. The first shore light is a signal of success and triumph to sailors who cross the Atlantic every three weeks. What then was it to the patient commander who was looking for the first gleam from an unknown world.—[Harpers' Magazine.

Immigration.

The tide of immigration continues to pour into this country. The official returns for the month of July give 65,040 as the total at all the ports, against 56,667 for the same month of last year. This makes a total of 528,628 immigrants which have landed in this country for the seven months ended July 31, 1882, against 447,772 for the same period last year, and of which 339,992 landed at New York. Alluding to this vast immigration, the New York Journal of Commerce calculates that it costs at an average a thousand dollars in this country to raise a child to its majority, and the product is worth to the country more than its cost. Reckoning the average age and value of these immigrants, we have tuns imported into the United States since January 1, in human flesh, a value of over two hundred and fifty million dollars.

The door of death is never shut; night and day it stands open, and every moment thousands are thronging through, and never, for an instant, does the solemn procession cease its sombre march.

Prize Beauties.

The prize offered to the most beautiful woman at the people's festival in Buda-Pesth, Hungary, created a national sensation, and attracted an immense multitude to witness the competition. Over 150 women presented themselves before the bench of judges. They were inspected one at a time, and each candidate, as soon as judged, was passed on to a waiting room. When the whole number had been reviewed, they were again taken before the judges singly, and finally all were placed together in a line. After critical inspection the ten most beautiful ones were selected and the rest dismissed, and then from this smaller number the two loveliest of all were chosen for the first and second prizes. But this was a work of difficulty, and was not settled to the satisfaction of all. The victor in the tournament was Miss Cornelia Szekely, a maiden of sixteen, and the daughter of an official in the imperial household. Her claims to beauty rest upon a charming transparent complexion, melting brown eyes, a small mouth, rich dark-brown hair and a form of youthful grace; but her features are not wholly regular, and the mouth and the head are not perfect in shape. Her photograph taken in a dress that is being made for her by the first dressmaker of Hungary, is to be sent to all the illustrated journals of Europe for publication. The prizes were bracelets of gold inlaid with precious stones, and of rare workmanship. This competition is said to have shown the Hungarians that they can boast of every type of female loveliness, and they are taking advantage of the privilege.

A Husband's Christmas Present.

A gentleman sauntered into a large dry goods store in the city of L— a few days before Christmas, and remarked casually to the attentive clerk: "I want something for a Christmas present for my wife. What have you got?"

The clerk suggested various things, but the customer seemed not quite satisfied.

At last he asked, "Have you cotton cloth?"

"Certainly, sir."

"I need some new shirts. How much cloth does it take for a shirt?"

"About four yards."

"Well, let's see. I want eight new shirts. Eight times four are thirty two. I'll take thirty-two yards."

The gratitude of the wife at receiving as a Christmas present the cloth for eight new shirts for her husband can be better imagined than described.

The Kansas City *Times* reports that its book-keeper suffered very severely, and for a long time, with rheumatism. He tried St. Jacobs Oil and was cured by one bottle of it.

As Pat Hogan sat enjoying his connubial bliss upon the banks of a Southern creek, he espied a turtle emerging from the stream. "Och, hone!" he exclaimed, solemnly, that ever I should come to America to see a snuff box walk." "Whist!" said his wife, "don' be afthar making fun of the birds!"

The Ithica (N. Y.) *Journal* observes: Our druggists report that St. Jacobs Oil goes off like hot cakes.

To be disposed of under the hammer—A carpet tack.

If the blood be impoverished, as manifested by pimples, eruptions, ulcers, or running sores, scrofulous tumors, swelling or general debility, take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Sold by druggists.

Campaign lings were next held in this country on account of a lack of church buildings.

TENNYSON'S "MAY QUEEN"

We know now that if the beautiful girl who died so young had lived she might have spoiled many another beautiful May day. The "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure for all those disorders to which females are liable. By druggists.

Funny fact. That noun, whether we spell it backwards or forward, is always holiday.

OUR PROGRESS.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, 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.

Fishing for a rich husband isn't all net gain.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.

FOR

RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,

Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages. 15

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,

Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

The Tide of Success

Which has borne Hostetter's Stomach Bitters into the sure port of popular favor, where it has long found anchorage, may be reasonably expected to attend only those remedies which are entitled to public confidence. Anybody who has watched the career of proprietary remedies must have observed that the public eventually gauge them at their true value, and either assign them the full rank of standard remedies, or deny to them even the brevet of an uncertain popularity. The people have tested to their full satisfaction during the last thirty years the value of the Bitters as a remedy for and preventive of malaria, constipation, liver complaint, rheumatism and their allments, and their appreciation of it is fully commensurate with the thoroughness of the test. Those who expect the most sanitary effects from its use are not disappointed.

Mrs. Hunt says women do not fall in love any more. There's a woman in front of the milliner's window and she'd like to, if she doesn't.

"A Special Dispensation."

WILMINGTON, N. C., Feb. 4, 1881.

I regard your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure as a sort of special dispensation of Providence to those "hopelessly" ill of kidney and liver diseases. REV. DR. BERNHEIM.

Frazer Axle Grease

One greasing lasts two weeks; all others two or three days. Do not be imposed upon by the humbug stuffs offered. Ask your dealer for Frazer's, with label on. It saves your horse labor, and you too. It received first medal at the Centennial and Paris expositions. Sold everywhere.

Thou Husband of Mine

Is three times the man he was before he began using Wells' Health Renewer. $1. Druggists. Send for pamphlet to R. S. WELLS Jersey City, N. J.

Those who use Carbo-line, as now improved and perfected, the great petroleum hair renewer, are always distinguished by the beautiful soft texture of the hair produced by the use of that most exquisite of all toilet preparations.

PURE COD-LIVER OIL, from selected livers, on the seashore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., N. Y. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all other oils.

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

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

[illegible] WILLIAM HALL [illegible] THE LIVER. I got a bottle, which [illegible] I commenced to feel better and [illegible] better than for three years."

BAKER'S PAIN PANACEA. [illegible] Man or Beast. [illegible]

ALLEN'S BRAIN FOOD. [illegible] $1. 6 FOR $5. [illegible] JOHN G. ALLEN, Chemist, 413 First Avenue, New York.

MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL is the oldest and the standard favorite of the United States. Large size, $1.00; medium 50 cents; small 25 cents; small size for family use, 25 cents. Merchant's Worm Tablets, 25 cents. For sale by every druggist and dealer in general merchandise.

For Family Use.

The Gargling Oil Liniment with WHITE WRAPPER, prepared for human flesh, is put up in small bottles only, and does not stain the skin. Price 25 cents.

The Gargling Oil Almanac for 1883

is now in the hands of our printer, and will be ready for distribution during the months of November and December, 1882. The Almanac for the coming year will be more useful and instructive than ever, and will be sent free to any address. Write for one.

Ask the Nearest Druggist.

If the dealers in your place do not keep Merchant's Gargling Oil you can insist upon their sending for it, or where they get their [illegible] Keep the bottle well corked as it is valuable if before using. Yellow wrapper for animal and white for human flesh.

Special Notice.

The Merchant's Gargling Oil has been in use as a liniment for half a century. All we ask is a fair trial, but be sure and follow directions.

The Gargling Oil and Merchant's Worm Tablets are for sale by all druggists and dealers in general merchandise throughout the world.

Manufactured at Lockport, N. Y., by Merchant's Gargling Oil Company.

John Hodge

Secretary.

Payne's Automatic Engines.

Reliable, Durable and Economical, will furnish a horse power with less fuel and outlasting any other Engine built, not fitted with an Automatic Cut-off. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free, and for Prices. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Elmira, N. Y.

Agents Wanted. The Culminating Triumph

HOW to LIVE

A complete encyclopedia of household knowledge for the million. [illegible] Nothing Like it Being Last! [illegible] Illustrated, unequalled in attractiveness. Should be [illegible] Agents now [illegible] and receive instruction how to work, free to active agents. Success guaranteed to faithful workers. Extraordinary Opportunity and liberally desired. A. H. THOMPSON, Publisher, 404 Arch St., Phila. Pa.

CHILLS AND FEVER,

LIVER COMPLAINT and MALARIA POSITIVELY CURED BY

EMORY'S STANDARD CURE PILLS.

Purely Vegetable. No Quinine, Mercury or Poison of any kind. Pleasant to take, no griping or bad effects. Prescribed by Physicians and sold by Druggists everywhere for 25 and 50 cents a box. STANDARD CURE CO., 197 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take one pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to good health if such a thing is possible. Sold everywhere or sent by mail for eight letter stamps.

L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

USE NONE BUT THE BEST.

THE GREAT FAMILY SOAP MAKER

SAPONIFIER

THE ORIGINAL CONCENTRATED LYE

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

PENNA. SALT MF'G. CO. PHILA.

12 Cents buys 3 Lovely Ad. Cards and a Nice Such Cook Book. G. C. Hanford, Syracuse, N. Y.

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston Globe.]

News, Editors:—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who should be the human being they be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Women," as some of her correspondents have to call her. She personally devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life study, and is enabled to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its previous merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. On account of its merits it works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, leucorrhœa, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life.

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes all faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves the weak of the stomach. It cures Bloat, Headache, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

Resents only $1, per bottle or six for $5, and sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaint of either sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.

"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills" says one writer, "are the best in the world for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity.

All must respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose sole ambition is to do good to others.

Philadelphia, Pa. (2) MRS. A. M. D.

B N U 38

KIDNEY-WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED

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