

FOR THE FARM AND HOME.

A Moving Strawberry Bed.

A London gardener planted a strawberry patch four feet wide across his garden, in one side of which potatoes were planted. The potatoes were dug up about the end of June, the ground leveled and raked smooth, so that the strawberry runners formed a new bed. The next season a similar process was pursued, thus establishing a moving strawberry bed. At the end of three years the original plants were exhausted and dug up, though the last annually grew wider without renewal or transplanting.

Corn for Sittling Hens.

It is claimed that corn is the most suitable food for fitters. The requirements of a sitter differ from those of other hens. Keeping quiet and without much exercise, not much is required to sustain life, and their food should be of such a nature as to digest slowly. For this reason whole grain is preferred, and corn is thought to be much the best. Soft food of any kind is hard on the digestive system, and the hen becomes hungry, and either leaves the nest too frequently or becomes very poor. The advantage of corn over other grain is that it is more oily and not so likely to stimulate the production of eggs, and, being hard and compact, is digested much slower than other grain.

How to Make Hay.

To accomplish a large amount of work in haying time with comparative ease, it is also to secure the hay in the best average condition, the following method is recommended: Run the mowing machine from four until eight in the afternoon. As soon as the dew is off in the morning, spread the swaths and open the tumblers, if you have any. Then draw in the hay, if there is any ready, and rake up that which was mowed the afternoon before. The early morning hours may be devoted to grinding scythes and machine knives and unloading the hay in the barn. If the grass lays in the swath one night, in the rundle the next night, and is drawn into the barn in the heat of the day and left to stand and sweat another night, it will not need many hours' sun either day. If sweet, bright hay, free from dust, is wanted, the farmer should neither tow it, "bread it," rake it nor load it while it is wet with the dew. In order to follow this plan a supply of suitable hay caps is needed; then, if a shower is seen coming up, the farmer will find it less work to put it in heaps and cover it up than to get it into the barn. —American Cultivator.

Slings and Snouts.

The experience of a gardener, given in a late issue of "Home," is in regard to the destruction of these creatures, which are so harmful where they are abundant, is particularly worthy of attention, and it is hoped that at last we have a quick and easy method of despatching them when they make their appearance. Some pulverized sulphate of copper (blue vitriol) is mixed with coarse wheat bran, and the mixture placed about the garden where the slugs can have access to it; they scent the bran and greedily eat it, but almost immediately die from the effects of the copperas. In using this mixture in the open air, where there is danger that birds might eat it and thus be poisoned, it must be protected so as to prevent access of the birds while allowing slugs to reach it. This can easily be done by mixing a little space with small sticks set upright, and covering it so that the slugs can crawl through, while the birds are fenced out. —Kirk's Magazine.

Receipts.

Roasted Potatoes.—Parboiled large potatoes and cut them into thin slices, broil the slices on a grilliron, which has been well greased, until brown on both sides. Season and serve on a hot dish.

Mary's Receipts.—Three pints of flour, in which put a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of lard, and mix it thoroughly; then moisten it gradually with half a pint of water, then work it full half an hour, until the dough becomes perfectly smooth, then mold it in balls the size of a walnut, then then with the rolling-pin, prick with a fork, and bake in a quick oven about twenty minutes.

A Fruit Sponge.—One pound of loaf sugar, five eggs, one pint of raspberries, one pint of currants, two ounces of gelatine. Soak the gelatine in half a pint of water, and then stir it over the fire until perfectly dissolved; make a syrup of the sugar with a very little water, bruise the fruit, and let it boil in this syrup until it will squeeze through a jelly bag. Strain through the bag into a large bowl. Strain the gelatine into another bowl, through a sieve. When both are cold on a dish, add the whites only of the eggs well beaten. Whisk all well together for half an hour, and stand on ice two hours before serving. Eat with cream.

Meal and Vegetable Pie.—Peel and slice thin six good sized potatoes and one onion, one half pound sweet salt pork cut in thin slices, and fry brown one pound of beef or veal cut thin, and also fried rare in pork drippings. Make a good crust as for biscuit, not too rich; line your pan around the sides only; line the bottom with the pork; then a layer of meat, potatoes

and onions, season with pepper and salt to taste, and cover with a thin layer of crust, repeat until the vegetables and meat are used up, then pour in sufficient hot water to cover; finish with a crust. Bake an hour in a moderate oven.

THE SILVER SLIPPER.

A Leaf from the Journal of a Forty-Niner.

Seneca C.—died last Wednesday in an old folks' house at the Mission Dolores, says a recent number of the San Francisco Bulletin. She was a Californian, and in the early history of San Francisco something of a celebrity. She was the heroine of the "silver slipper," an incident which, remembered by the old San Franciscans, is probably unknown to the majority of our citizens. Its singularity and the death of the heroine serve to bring it again to the front. One morning a month-dealer crossing the plaza found a leather slipper lying on the ground. It was almost new and adorned with a scarlet rosette on the instep. It was also very small and had evidently belonged to a well-shap'd foot. The dealer, with a feeling of exultation, carried the prize to "Long Bob Seranton," the subsequent famous tender of the El Dorado gambling saloon, but at this time the chief engineer of a steamship in a blanket tent near the old postoffice. Bob was a noted admirer of the sex, and when the dealer laid the little slipper on the dry goods box that served as a bar, he rose from a game of "evening" and, holding himself six feet six inches in a pair of raw-hides, gave a yell that made every man in the tent pay his hand on a "shooting-room" in the belief that a scrimmage was imminent. When the public had subsided Bob called all hands to the bar and displayed the trophy.

It was only a shoe, yet it filled those strong men with emotion. It was long since they had seen anything like it. Women in those days were scarce, exceedingly scarce, and the sight of a fragment of the attire worn by one of the sex created, as Bob himself remarked, an impression bordering upon madness. "Certainly the boys" acted strangely. Judge Eagle, the "choicest man in Fremont" standing trout, and Bob promising a share in the full crowd, and children included. There was good food on that night. The news spread. Bob was said to have a woman's slipper in his saloon, and crowds of curious on-lookers gathered to gaze upon the beautiful object. In the meantime Bob's active brain was at work. He always had an idea to business, and conceived the idea that he might be able to utilize the relic. Accordingly he bought it, paying therefor an amount of dust and three gin slings. The slipper was lined with silver and touched with a drinking cup from which drinks were dispensed at the rate of "81 a tip." The idea took. Crowds of bilious mortals came to taste the beverage dispensed by the shrewd barkeeper from the tiny cistern on ceasing the fact of leaving. Bob coined money. The fair lasted some time, so long in fact, that Bob was able to lay by a plan large enough to buy an interest in the "El Dorado," and pave the way to a fortune. In the midst of success he did not forget the fair owner of the slipper. He inquired diligently but his search was always unavailing. At last a detective who "passed over to the majority" a few weeks since discovered the fair one in the person of a Californian girl residing at the Mission. Her name was Adella, one-half Irish and one-half French. She was unmarried, pretty, the owner of a pair of big eyes that sent a pang through Bob's heart the first time he looked upon them. In fact, he became enamored of the fair Seneca, whose solitary grand-dad had placed him on the roll of financial success. But he had called too late. The lady had already placed her affections on a savage-looking vagabond, and rejected the barkeeper's advances. Finding that he could make no impression upon the dark-eyed Californian, Bob retired from the field, giving her as a dowry half a dozen "squares" which she utilized in the purchase of a wedding attire. Bob took the disappointment a good deal to heart and tipped a good deal of the silver slipper; in fact, laid the foundation for that love of stimulants which ultimately reduced him to poverty.

That was thirty years ago, and time has not been idle. The silver slipper was destroyed in the May fire of '52, when the El Dorado was laid in ashes, and Bob, endeavoring to save his relic, was severely burned. With the loss of the relic his fortune and energy vanished, nor was it long before he also turned to ashes and found a transient resting place under the scrubby oaks of Yerba Buena. Since then his remains have been scattered to the winds and "no man knoweth where he sleepeth." Many of the hilarious spirits who supplanted the stimulating motor from the silver slipper have also fallen asleep, the vapors are dead, and the heroine herself has succumbed to the inevitable law of mortality. Such is a brief history of a circumstance once surrounded by every tongue, as showing what absurdities the minds of men could entertain in the halcyon days of the Golden State.

Connecticut was the first state in the Union to coin money.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A Brave Girl.

In the year 1781, while Clinton and Washington were watching each other's movements near New York, General Schuyler, having resigned his command on account of unjust charges made against him, was staying at his house, which then stood alone outside the stockade or wall of Albany. The British commander, therefore, seeing his opportunity, sent out John Walter Meyer, with a party of Tories and Indians, to capture from Schuyler. When they arrived at the outskirts of the city they found from a Dutch laborer that the general's house was guarded by six soldiers. The Dutchman, the minute the band was out of sight, took to his heels and warned the general of their approach.

Soon after a servant announced that there was a strange man at the back door who wished to see the general.

Schuyler, understanding the trap, gathered his family in one of the upper rooms, and giving orders that the doors and windows be barred, fired a pistol from one of the top-story windows, to alarm the neighborhood.

The guards, who had been loitering in the shade of a tree, started to their feet at the sound of the pistol, but alas, too late! for they found themselves surrounded by a crowd of dusky figures, who found them hand and foot before they had time to resist.

And now you can imagine the little group collected in that dark room upstairs, the sturdy general standing resolutely at the door, with his gun in his hand, and his black slaves gathered around him, each with some weapon, and at the other end of the room, the women huddled together, some weeping, some praying. Suddenly a crash is heard which chills the very blood and freezes vividly to each one's mind the tales of Indian massacres so common at that day. The band had broken in at one of the windows.

At that moment Mrs. Schuyler, springing to her feet, rushed toward the door for she remembered that a fragment of the attire worn by one of the sex created, as Bob himself remarked, an impression bordering upon madness. "Certainly the boys" acted strangely. Judge Eagle, the "choicest man in Fremont" standing trout, and Bob promising a share in the full crowd, and children included. There was good food on that night. The news spread. Bob was said to have a woman's slipper in his saloon, and crowds of curious on-lookers gathered to gaze upon the beautiful object. In the meantime Bob's active brain was at work. He always had an idea to business, and conceived the idea that he might be able to utilize the relic. Accordingly he bought it, paying therefor an amount of dust and three gin slings. The slipper was lined with silver and touched with a drinking cup from which drinks were dispensed at the rate of "81 a tip." The idea took. Crowds of bilious mortals came to taste the beverage dispensed by the shrewd barkeeper from the tiny cistern on ceasing the fact of leaving. Bob coined money. The fair lasted some time, so long in fact, that Bob was able to lay by a plan large enough to buy an interest in the "El Dorado," and pave the way to a fortune. In the midst of success he did not forget the fair owner of the slipper. He inquired diligently but his search was always unavailing. At last a detective who "passed over to the majority" a few weeks since discovered the fair one in the person of a Californian girl residing at the Mission. Her name was Adella, one-half Irish and one-half French. She was unmarried, pretty, the owner of a pair of big eyes that sent a pang through Bob's heart the first time he looked upon them. In fact, he became enamored of the fair Seneca, whose solitary grand-dad had placed him on the roll of financial success. But he had called too late. The lady had already placed her affections on a savage-looking vagabond, and rejected the barkeeper's advances. Finding that he could make no impression upon the dark-eyed Californian, Bob retired from the field, giving her as a dowry half a dozen "squares" which she utilized in the purchase of a wedding attire. Bob took the disappointment a good deal to heart and tipped a good deal of the silver slipper; in fact, laid the foundation for that love of stimulants which ultimately reduced him to poverty.

All was black as night in the hall, except for a small patch of light just at the foot of the stairs. This came from the dining-room, where the Indians could be seen pillaging the shelves, pulling down the china, and quarrelling with one another over their ill-gotten booty.

How to get just this spot was the question, but the girl did not hesitate. She reached the cradle unobserved, and was just darting back with her precious burden when, by all luck, one of the savages happened to see her. With a loud shout she was seized by a few inches of the baby's head, and cleaving an edge of the brave girl's dress, stuck deep into the stair-rail.

Just then one of the Tories, seeing her fall by, and supposing her to be a servant, called after her, "Wench, wench, where is your master?" She, stopping for a moment, called back, "Come to alarm the town!" and, hurrying on, was soon safe again with her father upstairs.

And now, very nearly all the plunder having been secured, the band was about to proceed with the real object of the expedition, when the general, raising one of the upper windows called out in hoarse tones, as if commanding a large body of men: "Come on, my brave fellows! Surround the house! Secure the villains who are plundering!" The cowards knew that voice, and they each and every one of them took to the woods as fast as their legs could carry them, leaving the general in possession of the field.

The old Schuyler house looks now as it looked then, except that the back wing for the slaves has been torn down, and some few alterations have been made around the place, but when you are shown the house, you can still see the dent in the stair-rail made by that Indian's hatchet more than a hundred years ago. —St. Nicholas.

Each head of clover contains about sixty distinct flower tubules, each of which contains a portion of sugar not exceeding the five-hundredth part of a grain. The proboscis of the bee therefore must be inserted into 500 clover tubules before one grain of sugar can be obtained. There are 7,000 grains in a pound, and as honey contains three-fourths of its weight of dry sugar, each pound of honey represents 2,500,000 clover tubules sucked by bees.

A curious anecdote appeared in a late issue of the Liverpool Mercury. It read, "I had my purse containing two guineas and a sixpence. The under-an keeps the gold if he will return the sixpence, as it was the amount of damages I received from the Midland railway for breaking my leg. The bit of silver cost me £210, George Ansellbury."

Now Guinea is as large as the British Islands and France together.

A Foot rule—Keep 'em dry.

A long strike—Twelve o'clock.

No matter if the postage is reduced, it is just as hard to lick a two-cent stamp as a three-cent one. —New York Commercial.

By the way, another of the Bahaklava "six hundred" has just died. This reduces the ranks to about nine hundred. —Harper's Post.

"Room at the Top." Three dollars a week, one towel a day, no weather-trips, steal your soap. Oh, yes, sunny, we know all about that "Room at the Top." —Puck.

New York doctors have declared the flesh of the wild goose to be productive of no end of human ills. That's a fight; nobody gets down on the goose. —Huckley.

Atlanta claims to have a young lady who has the finest and prettiest hair in the United States. The name of the party of whom she purchased it is not made public. —Chicago Tribune.

"If there is one single editor" who doesn't know all about Ireland the Detroit Free Press wants his address. As usual, married editors are to be left out in the cold. —Albany Constitution.

At no other time in life, says Puck, is a man so completely upset by threats as at the tender age of four, when his mother tells him she is going to cast aside his first trousers and put him back in frocks.

A lady in Norwich, Conn., seventy-two years of age, has just begun to take lessons on the piano. It is not stated how her neighbors offended her that she should resort to such a diabolical revenge. —Norristown Herald.

A ten-year-old boy cleared \$2 in Plainville, one old day recently, selling ladders. A holder is one of those whole things that lie under the stove while you are picking up a hot luffler with your bare hand. —Danbury News.

"Mean," said the Arkansas man of his neighbor, "Why, there isn't a drop of the milk of human kindness in that man's body. He's got a dog that's an elegant match for Jenks' bull pup and he won't let 'em fight." —Savannah Journal.

"No, aunt," said young Folkestone, "I don't get on well at all with Clara. And, by the way, there's one thing I don't like. I'm afraid she puts chalk on her face." "Oh, that's nothing," replied Aunt Goodwin, laughing. "A nice sobber you would make, now wouldn't you? If you can't face powder, George, how can you expect ever to get into an engagement?" —Boston Transcript.

Among the Turkomans.

These Merv Turkomans, says a recent writer, seem to have nothing to do but looting about all day from hut to hut to see if they cannot surprise some eatables. They gorge themselves to excess on every possible occasion with greasy food, and are continually ill from indigestion. They throw my horse, partly to satisfy their curiosity by staring at me and partly to devour the greater portion of any food I may have prepared for my own use. In this way, unless one is prepared to feed a dozen persons on each occasion, he has no chance of getting a mouthful for his meat. It is of no use saying that what you are eating is pig, for they eat pork readily. Covetous rapacity seems to be their leading characteristic. They appear to think the whole world is bound to contribute to their support; they give nothing in return. No one who has not suffered as I have among the Merv Turkomans by being constantly intruded upon and persecuted in every way by their abominable presence could appreciate the exquisite luxury of being left in quiet solitude. A daily administration of half-glasses of arak to patients who require arak for their ailments, when in their stomachs, and the like. This is all a pretense. It is simply a method of getting half-intoxicated at my expense.

From behind the awful mystery of my nesquito tent I gave replies to the various consultants, on foreign policy, improvements in the fortifications, pains in their joints and stomachs and soreness in their eyes. I indicated, inately order dandelion juice, and scores of people are to be seen dotting the plains calling that useful plant, while in many an ev thumping and pounding can be heard as the juice is extracted.

A Cheap Jail.

The new town of Naples, in Idaho, on the Oregon Short Line railroad, maintains a jail that is at once cheap and secure. It is nothing more nor less than a deep-hole in the ground, into which the prisoners are dropped with the grim warning that the guards will put a bullet through every head which appears above the edge.

Not Satisfied With a Letter.

The Surgeon General of the U. S. A., Dr. S. P. Moore, writing from headquarters, Richmond, Va., in 1862, states officially that, "If Dr. Worthington can furnish large quantities of his Cholera and Diarrhoea Medicine, we will place it in the Army, as a remedy in bowel affections." Sold for 25 and 50 cents a bottle, by druggists and dealers.

All the light and delicate tints come in ladies' fine silk underwear for summer.

RE-INVESTIGATED.

A Remarkable Statement Fully Confirmed. An unexplained case, which was daily published in this paper recently and has been the cause of much conjecture, has been investigated in the most thorough manner. Apparently it caused more commotion in Rochester, than the following from the same paper could have produced.

Dr. J. R. Henion, who is well known not only in Rochester, but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper, in which he related the following case, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to give more than a brief outline of the case, but we will do our best to do so on a point of the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation into the subject was deemed an editorial duty.

With this view in view, a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion at his residence, when the following interview occurred: "That article of yours, doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. A few statements are given in it which, in addition to your own, and the way you were rescued such as you can see."

"Every one of them and many additional cases, I can prove to you as well as the grave of a child and the death of a man. I am not surprised that the public has been so interested in it. How in the world did you, a physician, come to be brought into it?"

"By neglecting to see a man and a woman in the city of Rochester, who had been ill for some time. I had been called in to see them, but I had not time to do so. I had been called in to see them, but I had not time to do so. I had been called in to see them, but I had not time to do so."

"But have these common ailments anything to do with the fearful Bright's disease which you speak of?"

"Anything. Why, they are the sure indications of it. The fact is, for people who are not aware of it, it is a very common disease, and it is not so easy to detect as you would think. I can say that too few physicians do it."

"But it is a strange disease, doctor, and it is not so easy to detect as you would think. I can say that too few physicians do it."

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which cured him?"

"Yes, I have chemically analyzed it and upon critical examination find it entirely free from any poisonous or deleterious substances."

We publish the foregoing statements in view of the numerous cases of Bright's disease, of Dr. Henion's article which have been made. The standing of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question and the statements they make cannot for a moment be doubted. They can be proved by the fact that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, alarming its increasing and that it can be cured.

There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished.

Consider your habits of crooked walking by using Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners.

A German paper, in translating Yankee Doodle says: "The word doodle signifies a lazy scoundrel."

"Hough on Hags." Clears out raticines, roaches, bedbugs, fleas, skunks, chipmunks, coppers, lice, etc.

Adm was not a polygamist, although in his days he married all the women in the world.

Another woman's Warm Socks. Infinitely more harmless, cathartic, feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation, etc.

"Rochester-Pain." The Quick, complete, relieving Kidney, Bladder, Urinary Diseases. \$1. Druggists.

Baroness Burdette Counts owns \$200,000 worth of United States bonds.

Questions and Answers. What is the best Hair Restorer? What is the best Hair Restorer? Which is the best of all Preparations for the Hair? CANONICAL.

Caterpillars are damaging the cotton crop in many sections of Alabama.

Do you sleep better at night? Why suffer from indigestion? Gastric will give you relief. Gastric is in liquid form. All druggists.

Connecticut devotes 50,000 acres to the cultivation of the oyster.

Paralytic strokes, heart disease and kidney affections prevented by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters.

New London girls smoke cigarettes on the streets at night.

ANATOMY. Iowa.—Dr. J. G. McGuire says: "I know Brown's Iron Bitters is a good tonic and gives a general satisfaction."

WADSWORTH. Dr. H. L. Battle, Jr., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters are very popular in this section and give entire satisfaction."

A Great Problem.

TAKE ALL THE Kidney & Liver Medicines.

BLOOD PURIFIERS, RHEUMATIC Remedies.

Dyspepsia And Indigestion Cures.

Ague, Fever, And Bilious Specifics.

Brain & Nerve Force Revivers.

Great Health Restorers.

IN SHORT, TAKE ALL THE BEST QUALITY OF ALL THE BEST MEDICINES OF THE WORLD, and you will find that HOP BITTERS have the best curative qualities and powers of all concentrated in them, and that they will cure when any of all these, singly or combined, fail. A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

DIAMOND DYES. Best Dyes Ever Made. For Sale by Wm. O. Cutler, 100 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

GOLD and SILVER PAINT. Bronze Paint, Artists' Black. For Sale by Wm. O. Cutler, 100 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A SURE RECIPE For Fine Complexions.

Positive relief and immunity from complexional blemishes may be found in Hagan's Magnolia Balm. A delicate and harmless article. Sold by druggists everywhere.

It imparts the most brilliant and life-like tints, and the closest scrutiny cannot detect its use. All unsightly discolorations, eruptions, Ring Marks under the eyes, Sallowness, Redness, Roughness, and the flush of fatigue and excitement are at once dispelled by the Magnolia Balm.

It is the one incomparable Cosmetic.

HOSTELLER'S Bitters. For Sale by Wm. O. Cutler, 100 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. Worthington's Cholera & Diarrhoea Medicine. For Sale by Wm. O. Cutler, 100 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ST. MACH FRAZER AXLE GREASE. For Sale by Wm. O. Cutler, 100 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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