THE STRUGGLE.

- " Body, I pray you let me go!" (It is a Soul that struggles so.) "Body, I see on yonder height Dim reflex of a solemn light; A flame that shineth from the place Where Beauty walks with naked face: It is a flame you cannot see,-
- Lie down, you clod, and set me free. "Body, I pray you let me go!" (It is a Soul that striveth so.)
- Body, I hear dim sounds afar Dripping from some diviner star; Dim sounds of joyous harmony: It is my mate that sings, and I Must drink that song or break my heart,-Body, I pray you, let us part.
- "Comrade, your frame is worn and frail, Your vital powers begin to fail; I long for life, but you for rest, Then, Body, let us both be blest. When you are lying 'neath the dew I'll come, sometimes, and sing to you; But you will feel nor pain nor woe,-

Body, I pray you, let me go." Thus strove a Being: Beauty-fain, He broke his bonds and fled amain. He fled: the Body lay bereft, But on its lips a smile was left, As if that Spirit, looking back, Shouted upon his upward track, With joyous tone and hurried breath, Some message that could comfort Death. [-Danske Dandridge, in the Century.

Aust Tabitha's Mission.

17 vi -BY ADA M. TROTTER.

"Talk of Peter the Hermit," ejacus lated Aunt Tabitha, as she walked into her nerhew's house, "I wished I could hoist a banner and attract some attention to God A'mighty's laws of health."

. John's house was as pretty as good taste could make it when hampered by small means, but Aunt Tabitha viewed it with disfavor.

Her healthy sense of smell at once detected that no windows had been opened in the reception room since the previous evening. The air was heavy with gas, and the portieres seemed specially designed to impede ventilation.

Up went the windows in a trice, the portiers were pulled back, and Aunt Tabitha stood by the door, swinging it back and forth to drive out the close air. This done to her satisfaction, she went upstairs in answer to the call of:

"Auntie, do come up and speak to me." The speaker was lying on a couch in a darkened room, which also bore tokens to Aunt Tabitha's keen senses of lack of ventilation. Before saying a word to the invalid, she threw oven the window and let in some fresh air, laden with sun-

"Oh, Aunt Tabitha, please don't. I've got such an awful cold."

"That is only too evident to the eye," replied Aunt Tabitha. "I hate to look at an unhealthy person. Your hair has lost its lustre, your cheeks are sallow, your eyes red and watery, and you look decrepid generally. Preserve me from a young woman who goes in for enjoyment of poor health."

k "Aunt Tabitha, how can you be so cruel? You know I can't help being so delicate. I just get one cold on another," said her niece.

i'I don't see any reason why you, at twenty-five, should be less healthy than I, at sixty years of age," said Aunt Tabitha. "I must say I am sorry for John."

This was too much for Mary, sweettempered though she might be. She sat up and looked at this dreadful Aunt Tabitha, who sat up smiling and brisk, very young for her sixty years. "Sorry for John!" she cried. "Why,

auntie, you know he is just wrapped up in me." "Well, with my experience of man-

kind, I should say he'd soon get unwrapped," said Aunt Tabitha, suddenly holding a hand glass in front of her niece. "Look pretty, don't you?"

Marry was not a vain woman, still she colored with annoyance. Then she sneezed violently and took refuge again in her pillows.

"I'm not fit to talk to anyone to-day," she said. "Do come and see me another time, auntie."

"You want me to go, I see. Well, I'm not going till I've had my say, and if you are a woman of sense, you will listen and give up once for all this semiinvalid condition which is making you an old woman before your time."

"But, auntie, I can't help myself. I catch one cold on another, and it just keeps me weak."

"You catch cold because you do not obey the simple laws necessary to keep your body in a healthy condition." "Laws! I can't see what laws have to

do with me," replied Mary, crossly. "Keep to the laws of health," said Aunt Tabitha, "and be strong; break

them and be sick." "I don't break them," said Mary. "The long and the short of the matter is this: I am a delicate woman, and the climate is too severe for me. The doctor

says I ought to go to Florida." "Bosh! You are my own niece, and I know you started with a fair constitu- gas." tion. Apply your common sense to your daily life and you can be a well woman in a few weeks," cried Aunt Tabitha,

with spirit. "Oh, if I only could," groaned Mary, with another sneeze.

"If I lived as you do, improperly clothed, fed and warmed, I should soon be in your condition," said her

"Aunt Tabitha!"

"I mean it. Nature has given you a large frame, but you ignore the fact, and make your waist so small, you look like a dyspeptic wasp."

"I never knew anyone who could say such unkind things as you do," said Mary, with a laugh.

"Oh, that's my mission," cried Aunt Tabitha. "I'm for common sense versus drugs."

"Well, go on; I suppose I've got to hear your lecture some time or another," groaned Mary, with a spasm of sneezing.

"As the case stands," said Aunt Tabitha, "I am decidedly sorry for John. Money is spent lavishly on medicines and tonics for you-money that should be invested in real estate, or in buying books and pleasures for you both. Now, instead of this, apply common sense to your daily life. If you are downstairs have your bedroom window open, so as to keep the air pure for the night. If you leave the parlor open that window, if but little, so that your lungs will have something better for food than devitalized air. You have no open grates, no chimneys to ventilate your rooms with, and in consequence must keep your attention very carefully on the necessity for change

"But, auntie, if I kept opening and shutting windows like that, I should catch cold all the time."

in the air."

"Not if your body was properly protected by undergarments of wool. Wear warm vests and thicker gowns and keep your house cooler. Never let the thermometer get above sixty-eight degrees. By keeping your house so warm you make the contrast between the open air and the house too great, and thus render yourself in a condition to catch cold. There is another thing that will help you to resist cold. Eat nourishing, plain food, and let hot cakes and sweet trash alone. Your body is not well nourished. Your appetite is poor because you live in unwholsome air. Take a brisk walk daily, rain or shine, and you will soon get a healthy desire to eat."

"Anyone would think, to hear you talk, Auntie, that health depends entirely upon one's own exertions," said

Mary, laughing. "It ought to," replied her aunt, merrily, "for certainly some people think themselves sick by their own exer-

"Well," said Mary, rising, "I am going to act on your order. If I die of my efforts you must consider yourself the electric spark that killed me."

"Oh, you don't come of a short-lived family," said Aunt Tabitha, as she made her way downstairs, "but if I were you I'd sooner live than exist."

With this the good woman disappeared. They heard the front door shut with a hearty bang. Aunt Tabitha was on her way to Deacon Margrave's house to see | brush before the lines had advanced a Mamie, who was down with nervous

door closed on Aunt Tabitha. Then, being a woman, she went to the mirror to find out if she really did look so forlorn as auntie pictured in her extremely personal remarks. The result was not pleasing. Where had her good looks gone? Her countenance was one which depended on health for its attractiveness. As she glared at her reflection, lack lustre hair, hollow cheeks and eyes, she tersely exclaimed:

"You're a fright!" She was able to note that her whole appearance was foriorn. Her collar was tumbled, and the shawlin which she had wrapped her shivering frame was dowdy. To do her justice, she was not a vain woman, nor inordinately fond of dress. But John was very particular, very neat, and certainly liked his wife to make herself look charming.

matters that had fallen into arrears late-

mon sense can keep me well." in her room, in a pretty garnet cashin the sleeves. It found her, too, con- the Nortonsville News. sulting the glass a little anxiously, to see if she were still disagreeable to behold. Aunt Tabitha's scathing remark doubtfully gazing at the mirror.

wife on the sofa asleep, perhaps."

herself, noticing with a keen pang the

dejected tone of the speaker. not so well as usual. I'll go upstairs and see after her when I have lighted the

less, she was not more so than John. shawl, too inert to eat, or to talk with

own ailments. Mary gave him a little pinch as she Paris Letter.

continued to stare at the bright apparition as though he had never seen his

wife look charming before. "Why, Mrs. Bayne, John told me that you were quite an invalid." "Only a cold," said Mary, suddenly

overcome by a terrific sneeze. "But I am much better." "What!" cried John, blundering somewhat. "You told me this morning it

was in its worst stage." "Nonsense, John; don't you know that is hours and hours ago. Come and

At dinner she forced herself to eat, and found that in enjoying John's amazement her spirits were rapidly im-

She made herself so charming to Mr. Vane that he enjoyed every hour of the evening. She asked John to sing, and played his accompaniments, to his great happiness, for, be it known, that if a man has a voice he likes to show it off to advantage.

a way. Mary's "enjoyment of ill health" came to an abrupt end. Her house was kept reasonably cool, her body to enable her to withstand the eccentricities of the climate. Last, but not least, she daily took a brisk walk, rain or shine, and wore her dresses loose enough to give her lungs free play.

John grew every year more devoted to his cheerful, healthy wife: "Common sense versus drugs," says Aunt Tabitha. - Yankee Blade.

A Kansas Wolf Drive.

been a source of constant annoyance to the farmers about Nortonville, Kansas. They visit the barnyards almost nightly, and make off with sheep, small pigs, chickens, etc., and so cunning are they the law. It was not the infidelity that it is seldom, if ever, one of them is of the disciples, nor the thought that caught. Recently the necessity of makthem began to dawn upon the minds of the farmers, and accordingly they sorrowful unto death. Our sins fevered His held a meeting and laid plans, which resulted in one of the most exciting and drops of bloody perspiration. The concensuccessful wolf drives ever known in tration of all sin in all its forms with all its terrible guilt, was the bitterness of that cup that part of the State. The round-up | from which he drank. ground was a beautiful pasture field about | V. 38. He acquaints the disciples with His condition. It gives some comfort to unbosom one mile north of Nortonville, and the lines extended for three miles in every direction from that point, making a territory six miles square. It is estimated that from 1000 to 1500 men participated

were formed and began their long and tedious march to the centre, none but officers being mounted, and only two in each company of fifteen. About a dozen wolves were routed out of the quarter of a mile, and so great was the excitement that the commanders lost all Mary left her place on the sofa as the control of their men, and no sooner would a wolf be seen than the gunners would open fire upon him, amid shouts of approval from the crowd. Notwithstanding the great excitement which prevailed, it was believed that not one wolf succeeded in making good his escape while on the march, the men having dispatched the wolves! whenever opportunity presented itself.

When the center was reached, about noon, only one wolf was to be seen. There was a solid line of men all around him, in a field of 160 acres, rendering it utterly impossible for him to escape. He would make a dash at the lines first at one point and then at another, only to be beaten back with clubs or frightened by the yells of the crowd. He continued this game for about fifteen minutes, and finally took refuge in a deep ravine in the centre of the field. Two or three Strange to say, the more Mary forgot | horsemen rode down to the ravine and her pain and aches, the less violent did | were trying to force him from his hiding | they become; there is something in place, when a man who had not partici-"mind cure" after all, as all sensible pated in the drive advanced and delibfolk well know from personal experi- erately shot him. Then it was that the ence. The day passed on, finding Mary excitement was at its height. The men very busy doing a variety of household were fairly wild. Threats of tarring and feathering were freely indulged, and had ly. She found herself vowing "I am it not been for the coolness displayed by not going to be sick any more, if com- Commander King, it is believed that he would have been roughly handled. The clock struck six. It found Mary After the commander had succeeded in quieting the men the scalp of the wolf mere dress, fastening some dainty ruffles | was unanimously voted to the editor of

Jenny Lind's Last Appearance.

I was much interested in an account "I hate to look at an unhealthy person," that my guest gave me of Jenny Lind's recurred to her mind, as she stood last appearance in public. He was present on the occasion, which was a charity John came in, bringing a friend with | concert gotten up by Mme. Goldschmidt him. His cheery voice was lowered to herself over twenty years ago. She had a whisper as he said: "We shall find my | engaged the best vocal talent then available-Titiens, who was then in her su-"No, you will not," breathed Mary to | perb prime, and Giuglini, the wonderful tenor, and Lablache, still in possession of his incomparable voice, and others of "She is not here. I am afraid she is almost equal note. All sang their best and sang superbly. And then there came upon the platform a plain, olderly lady, with heavy Scandinavian features and a As he turned to leave the room a light | red nose, simply and rather oddly atfoot ran downstairs, and though the tired. "And when she sang," continowner arrived at the door a little breath- ued Mr. Vezin, "all the rest vanished into nothingness. Even in her decad-Poor John! He expected to see a pale, ence Jenny Lind was greater than any depressed creature, shivering under a other singer in the world. Moreover, when she began to sing her plain face interest on any topic but that of her lighted up and she became beautiful with a beauty born of inspiration."-

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR

MAY 20, 1888.

V. 36. After the institution of the Lord's Supper, perhaps near midnight, our Lord, with His disciples, left Jerusalem, and on their way to Gethsemane crossed the perturbed waters of the Black Brook, tinged and darkened by the blood of the Temple sacrifices, fit symbol of how His own sacrifihave some dinner, I think that is the | cial blood should soon flow, making forever after needless the offering of bloody sacrifices

> Our Lord leaves eight of his disciples at the entrance to act as a guard. Three are allowed to attend Him toward the centre of the garden. From these He also later withdraws. There are times of sorrow and trouble when, though our friends may be near us, we still desire to be isolated, so that we can the better unburden our hearts to God. The best practical remedy we can resort to in time of trouble is prayer. The first and best person to turn to for help is God. Like Job and Hezekiah, when trouble comes we must go to God in prayer. Nothing

is too trivial to be laid before Him. V. 37. Peter, James and John seemed to constitute a holy triumvirate. On other oc-Will, backed by common sense, finds | casions these three disciples had been favored by our Lord to see His power and glory as was not accorded the others. They alone beheld the brightness of His glory on the Mount, and now the depth of His agony in Gethwell nourished and sufficiently clothed the first manifestations of His resurrection power. And yet, of these three favorites, to John our Saviour was most attached. Jesus has sanctioned and sanctified by His example individual friendships as not conflicting with the exercises of a universal love. We also learn that they who live nearest to Him and imbibe most of His spirit, are rewarded by views of His power and glory such as other men never receive. Many reasons and theories have been as-

signed to account for the fearful agony of Jesus in the garden. Some say that the thought of death ending all hope of human achievement clouded His soul in such darkness. Others contended that His agony was caused by the failure of His kingdom and by His disciples forsaking Him. Such views The prairie wolves, or cayotes, have long | make our Lord appear weaker in manhood than many martyrs who died at the stake. The intense anguish of Gethsemane is a knot that nothing can untie but the old doctrine of our sins having been imputed to Him and that He who knew no sin became sin for us, and that in our stead He bore the curse of the law. It was not the fear of death, nor His mission was a failure, that made Him sweat drops of blood, but the accumulated iug united war of extermination against | sins of the whole world laid upon His pure and stainless soul. He was prostrated with sorrows not His own. Our sins made Him

one's heart's sorrow to a friend. The seat of His sorrow was the soul, showing us that thrist possessed a true human soul. His sufferings were not predominately corporeal, but mental. We had sinned in both our bodies and souls; therefore Christ suffered both in body and soul.

V. 39. The centre of heaven's glory and the object of the angels' worship is now Promptly at 9 o'clock A. M. the lines | prostrated upon the earth in earnest prayer. Thick as the cloud was, He could still see God as His Father. In deep sorrow we should each claim God as "my Father." Whither shall the child go, but unto the Father? He begs of the Father that if man can be

redeemed and God glorified, if the divine plans can be carried out, that He be spared the further drinking of the cup of suffering. His aversion to pain shows that He was truly man. But though His human nature made him shrink back for an instant from the anguish, yet beneath there lay, millions of fathoms deep, unmoved and immovable, the intense desire that His Father's wish and will should be done.

This prayer of Christ sanctions our going to God when in great affliction and asking deliverance, but conditioned upon His will. We cannot know always what is best for us. Hence it is best after we have asked to refer the matter back to God's wisdom and love. All things are possible to God, but all are not proper. What seems desirable to us should be sought conditionally. All suffering should be received as the appointment of God.

V. 40. As if a deadly vapor from the bottomless pit had steeped their spirits, both groups of disciples were stupefied with sleep. And yet it was not a want of interest in the Saviour's passion that made them sleep. Luke as a physician tells us that from sorrow they slept, xxii., 45. The same three disciples at the transfiguration experienced an equally mysterious sleep, Luke ix., 32, Feeble flesh is not yet adapted to higher spiritual manifestations. Religious services seem to have somnific influence on some,

Our Lord singled out Peter because he had been foremost in promising and boasting how faithful he would be V. 41. Some watch without prayer and pray without watching. The two must go hand in hand. We must be wide awake, on

the alert to see the evils and dangers about us. And at the same time our hearts must be lifted up to God for grace to resist evil and to do good. The mariner at night looks up to the stars for direction and with his trong hands turns the rudder of his ship. The Lord gave His disciples a gentle rebuke (v., 33), but now He offers an extenuating plea for their drowsmess. We do not read of one word that they had to say for themselves. Their sense of weakness closed their mouths. He offers the plea that while the spirit is willing to bear the trials which come to life, the flesh, that is the natural feelings, through fear of danger and suffering is weak. This was true both of Christ and His disciples. His flesh was weak in the hour of His terrible suffering, so that he shrank back for the instant from the pain, but His willing spirit buoyed Him up so that He was victor and did the will of His Father. The disciples had a willing spirit, they had made all manner of promises of faithfulness to Christ, but the flesh was so weak that in the hour of trial they failed entirely, so that they all tor-sook their Lord. 'In His case the spirit over-

mastery over the spirit. V. 42. His prayer is not now that the cup may pass from Him, but that He might be enabled to fulfill the divine will in sacrificing Himself. The continuance of the trial He regards as God's answer to His first prayer. He accepts the fact that man cannot be redeemed except by His drinking the cup of God's wrath. The wish to escape His passion is gone; the will of the Father is now su-

came the flesh; in their case the flesh got the

V. 43. The craving for human sympathy caused Him again to go to His disciples. Impotent as all human means are, we still in the hour of deep sorrow wish the sympathetic touch and word of those near us. How disappointing to our Lord in this respect were the disciples. Though they continued dull and sleepy He did not further rebuke them for it. It seems by the expression: "their eyes were heavy," that they made some attempt to drive away the dull sloth, and hence Jesus looked upon them with some compassion. Carnal security when it once gets hold is not easily expelled. V. 44. He prayed the third time, saying the

same words, showing that there is a repeti-tion in prayer which is not formalism, but the evidence of the most intense emotion. While the disciples forgot their sorrow in sleep, Jesus conquered His in prayer. The threefold prayer reminds us of the threefold victory over Satan, when he tempted Jesus. V. 45, 46. The time for sympathy and vigilance are past. In the distance, issuing

passed him to welcome Mr. Vane, but he THE SUNDAY SCHOOL of the Roman soldiers, led by Judas, coming to arrest Jesus. The hour of His enemies and the hour of darkness had now come, further watching was needless. "Rise, let us be going," not to escape, but to confront the traitor and his band. What sublime heroism! How victory rings in his voice! Man was defeated in a Garden, and the Man triamphed in a Garden!-Lesson Helper.

TEMPERANCE.

Battle Hymn of Temperance.

In the battle of the ages
Dawns at length the victor-day. Long desired emancipation Hastens on its blessed way. The fulfillment of the Scriptures, When Messiah shall have sway. The truth goes marching on.

Glory, glory, Hallelujah! Glory, glory, Hallelujah! Glory, glory, Hallelujah! The truth goes marching on.

Loud and glad be our Te Deum; Wrong is bowing to the right, Superstitions are receding. Overmastered by the light. Cruel customs are expiring, Hoary errors take their flight. The truth goes marching on. We have sundered chains of bondage

With the loyal battle sword. Yet there lives the liquor bondage, Deep detested by the Lord, And against it he has uttered Maledictions of His word. The truth goes marching on. (Chorus.) Let us strike against the demon

Of our common brotherhood. The truth goes marching on. (Chorus.) Let the work of Reformation Rise like ocean billows strong; The decree of the Almighty Is to overthrow the wrong.

And we swell with holy angels

That is drinking up our blood;

Let us meet him with the weapons

That are furnished us of God;

Let us conquer 'neath the banner

The truth goes marching on. (Chorus.) -Rev. F. Denison, in Providence Outlook.

Rev. Sam Jones on Whisky. The liquor traffic ought to be made so odious that nobody but an infernal scoundrel will sell it, and nobody but an infernal fool will drink it. Separate these liquor dealers from their liquor, and they will be all right. The church that will house a man who rents a house to sell liquor is a hateful hypocrite. Some of these churches here in Atlanta are doing just that thing. If there is a man or woman in this vast audience who never had a relative or leved one hurt or ruined by whisky, I want him or her to stand up right now. You have all had a brother, or a son, or a father, or a son-in-law ruined by whisky! My goodness! these sons-in-law. I'd rather have a boa-constrictor around my neck than to have a drunken son-in-law. The devil cannot do any worse than that. Some of you old hypocrites that are dilly-dallying with the whisky question are going to get caught that way. The devil is going to slip up on you with a drunken son-in-law, and I'll bet he will make you Prohibitionist vengeance.

I look around your city and see the barrooms as thick as the stars in the heavens. Each one of the three hundred bars in Atlanta represents, at least, ten confirmed drunkards. Three thousand men in Atlanta, across the line, are gone to ruin! You can stop it if you want to. There are church members enough in this town to turn out any day and vote liquor out of it. You don't want to have a fuss. Well, I'll tell you every good man dreads a fuss, but he don't fear anything that walks on the earth. Gcd despises a coward. I had rather die at the mouth of a cannon doing my duty than to run away from it because I was afraid. God intrusts all the noble causes on this earth to men who are game-New York In-

Felons and Felons.

According to the New York Sun Barner Greeley, of Corry, Pa. (a brother of the late Horace Gree ey), says: "The only time that a man is excusable for getting drunk is when he has a felon on his finger." Mr. Greeley should bear in mind that from "getting drunk" many men have made felons of themselves. Some cures are attended with too much danger to be recommended for popular use. Mr. Greeley's felon-remedy is one of them. -The Pioneer.

W. C. T. U. Bulletin.

The W. C. T. U. of Pueblo, Col., will erect Temperance Tabernacle this summer. There is a prohibition clause in every deed given to property in Terra Cotta City, Cali-

The Supreme Court of Colorado has decided that wines, spirits and segars are not properly included in a hotel bill. Mrs. Ormiston Chant of Edinburgh, Scotand, is a member of some branch of every

temperance organization in Great Britain. The Russian government is contemplating resumption of its monopoly of the liquor traffic which it abondoned twenty-five years

In his recent address in Chicago Bishop Ireland affirms there is a reign of lawlessness in America and the saloon is the center of

The Grand Lodge of the Mississippi Masonic Fraternity, where three hundred delegates were present, passed a resolution, with but one dissenting vote, forbidding the admission of saloon keepers as members of the

Dr. S. H. Bergen, of thirty-five years' practice in Toledo, Ohio, speaking of the effects of beer, says: "It kills quicker than any other liquor. Pneumonia, pleurisy, fever, etc., have a first mortgage on the beer

He Knew His Worth.

When the Vanderbilt lines wanted the late T. J. Potter as General Manager of the "Bee," John Newell, President of the Lake Shore Road, conducted the negotiations, and it is said the following interview took place: Mr. Newell-"Mr. Potter, the Vanderbilts want you as a General Manager. What will you go for?" Mr. Potter (unhesitatingly)-"Forty thousand dollars a year and full power to do as I please." Mr. Newell-"What! Forty thousand dollars a year!" Why, that is more than I get as President of the Lake Shore! Mr. Potter (again unhesitatingly)-"Well, that may be, but, then, you know, I am a better man."-Chicago Times.

Called Out of Town.

Citizen (so little boy)-"Is your fathet in, Bobby:" Little Boy-"No, sir; pa's out of

town." Citizen-"Gone on business?"

Little Boy-'I dun know. I heard nim tell ma that he wouldn't be back until she had got through cleanin' house. Mebby it's business, an' mebby it's pleasure. I dun know."-Bazar.

A Montana miner who couldn't pay a debt of \$48 offered to let his creditor shoot twice at him with a pistol at a distance of 200 feet. The offer was accepted, and two bullets were planted in the debtor's body, though he was not from the grove were to be seen the lanterns seriously wounded.

CATARRH CREAM BALM Gives relief at once and Cures COLD IN HEAD CATARRH HAYFEVER Not a Liquid, Snuff or Powder. Free from Injurious Drugs and of-

fensive odors. A particle of the Balm is applied into each negriis agreeable to use and is quickly absorbed, effectnally cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus causing healthy secretions.

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THIS COOD OLD STAND-BY accomplishes for everybody exactly what is claimed for it. One of the reasons for the great popularity

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the Mustang Liniment is found in its universa. applicability. Everybody needs such a medicine. The Lumberman needs it in case of accident. The Housewife needs it for general family use. The Canaler needs it for his teams and his men. The Mechanic needs it always on his work

The Miner needs it in case of emergency. The Pioneer needs it-can't get along without it. The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable, and his stock yard.

The Steamboat man or the Boatman needs it in liberal supply affeat and ashere. The Horse-fancier needs it-it is his best friend and safest reliance

The Stock-grower needs it-it will save him thousands of dollars and a world of trouble. The Railroad man needs it and will need it so long as his life is a round of accidents and dangers. The Backwoodsman needs it. There is noth

ing like it as an antidote for the dangers to life limb and comfort which surround the pioneer. The Merchant needs it about his store among his employees. Accidents will happen, and when these come the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once. Keep a Bottle in the House. 'Tis the best of

Keep a Bottle in the Factory. Itsimmediate ase in case of accident saves pain and loss of wages. Keep a Bottle Always in the Stable for

Effects of Frost on Fish.

A week or two ago there were paragraphs in several of the papers describing the large takes of conger eels in the channel during the cold weather. A correspondent sends me an interesting extract from a book of the late Frank Buckland, which contains an explanation of this phenomenon—the explanation being that the frost causes the air in the bladders of the fish to expand, and so brings them to the surface. In one year as many as 80 tons of fish were caught in this way by the Hastings boatmen. I should think the conger is even more glad than the rest of us when the wind gets into a warmer quarter. - London-Truth.