... pretty blue and ... Arthur Wynne went ... the toilet table, and took ... gathered spray of stephanotis, pressing his lips tenderly upon it, he placed it in an inner pocket. Then once again he read the contents of that fatal letter, though he knew it already by heart.

Glancing at the upper left-hand corner of the sheet, where the name of the manufacturer is always stamped, he saw that the paper had come from the "Standard Mills."

He put the letter in his pocket, and just at that juncture his eyes fell upon the fireless grate full of gray ashes, just as it had remained since that awful night. Some impulse prompted him; he wheeled swiftly about and crossed the room, then stooping he peered into the grate.

Yes; there was something. Without hesitation he thrust his hand into the bed of feathery ashes, and drew forth a large, crumpled sheet of charred brown paper.

Stifling an exclamation he started to his feet, and going over to a marble table near he laid it upon the slab and smothered it out. He bent his head, and an exclamation of horror passed his lips.

"My God! What does this mean?" he panted, wildly. The cold perspiration stood upon his brow in great drops; he trembled, and would have fallen, but he clung to the mantel for support.

Once more he bowed his head over the dingy paper; it was covered with writing, which with difficulty he managed to decipher; then faint and trembling he fell into a seat. The paper was headed:

"Last will and testament of Gilbert Lawrence," and it bequeathed his entire earthly possessions to his deeply wronged wife Gabrielle St. Cyr and her heirs, with the exception of a certain yearly sum to be set apart for the maintenance of his daughter, Ruby Lawrence. How came that paper in Ruby's room, in her grate?

Arthur started to his feet, and pushed back the damp hair from his clammy brow as the horrible thought crept like a noisome reptile over his heart.

"It looks as if she had taken the will, as that woman down stairs insinuated," he groaned; "and then, in her haste and fear of exposure, tossed it into the fire. She wanted it destroyed, anyway! But the dying fire only charred the paper, and it has arisen in evidence against her!"

But Arthur Wynne dashed these thoughts aside as though they had been poison. "Heaven forgive me!" he cried, "that I should for a single moment harbor such thoughts as these. My poor darling; my poor little Ruby! Heaven help her and shield her wherever she may be!"

He placed the charred paper carefully between the folds of a newspaper, and, carrying it with him, turned to leave the room. At the door he paused and glanced back, and his eyes fell upon a small object lying upon the carpet near the fireplace. He stooped and picked it up. A comb which had evidently fallen from some woman's hair—an oddly shaped ornament, of imitation coral. Not such a comb as Ruby would have worn. But Arthur Wynne slipped it into his pocket with a strange, eager look upon his face.

"Worth inquiring into at least!" he muttered, sharply. Then he paused as his eyes fell upon something else. Over the mantel there hung a painted picture—the portrait of Gilbert Lawrence—and at the top of the gilded frame, like a crown, hung a wreath of green ivy leaves. He had heard some one say that the wreath had been placed there by Ruby's hands.

"As though a child who loved her father so very dearly could be guilty of his death!" he cried aloud, indignantly. "Heaven forgive them all for the infamous charge! Oh, my little love! The day shall dawn when they shall cringe before you and sue for pardon! I would lay my life down to see that day! I would die in her defense!" he went on, his eyes flashing with enthusiasm.

There was no longer any excuse for lingering, so he left the room and locked its door behind him. Then he went down stairs, with a pale, troubled face. In the hall below he encountered Gabrielle, and mentioned the necessity of still retaining the key of the room in his possession for a time.

"I am obliged to report to the Chief of Police, madam!" he said quietly, "after which your key shall be restored to you!"

Her face grew red and then pale, and her dark eyes flashed ominously.

"A curious law—that which permits strangers to take possession of one's own house!" she cried, angrily.

Arthur bowed.

"I regret the necessity, madam," he returned, "but it cannot be avoided. Good morning!"

He was turning toward the outer door, but Gabrielle checked him. Her face was wreathed in smiles.

"I trust you will not dislike us, Mr. Wynne, simply because of our unfortunate position!" she cried. "It is not my fault, or darling Adele's, that this unpleasant notoriety has been forced upon us. Mr. Wynne, you will call upon us often? It will be a charity, for we are strangers here, and know no one!"

Every impulse of his nature cried out against accepting the overtures of this woman. But an after-thought reminded him that it would be policy to appear amenable; and, perhaps, who knew but that he might learn something which would serve him in his quest? He murmured some half-audible reply; but he had wavered in his manner, and this lack of firmness was a fatal mistake.

In the grounds without he met the housekeeper, a garrulous old lady, with whom he had already become acquainted. After a few words of pleasant greeting, he drew forth the coral comb. Before he could utter a word, she ejaculated;

"Good gracious! If there ain't Maggie Willett's comb that she lost! And the way she's fretted about the thing, one would believe it was worth a pretty penny!"

Arthur returned the comb to his pocket.

"I will hand it to her to-morrow," he observed, trying to conceal his satisfaction at the words that he had heard. Then, with a hasty farewell, he hurried on, out through the gates, and was soon back in the great busy city. His objective point was the Stanford Mills. It was a new manufactory, and but little paper had as yet been issued from it.

Mr. Stanford himself, the proprietor, examined the sheet of paper upon which that letter was written—the fatal letter found in Ruby's room.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I know all about it. It is the only paper of that quality that we have as yet turned out of the mill, and it was all sold to—to ——. He referred to his books. "Ah, yes, A. J. Graham, stationer, No. — Blank street. You know the place."

Arthur nodded.

"Yes. Thanks, Mr. Sanford. And now I must make haste to the office."

Arrived there, he found Chief Ludlowe quite excited over a bit of a clew just sent to the office. A woman, in a dark traveling suit and scalskin sacque, with a round hat and a thick veil, covering her face from sight, had been known to leave the city, upon a Southern-bound train, the night of Ruby Lawrence's disappearance, in company with a man—a dark, brigandish-looking fellow—and the train had left the station at midnight precisely.

Even as Arthur stood glancing over the written description before him, there was a call at the telephone just at his side.

"Is Arthur Wynne there?"

"Yes," was the response. "What is it?"

"I am Nat Archer," called the voice, with its ghastly, hollow sound; "officer in charge of the seventh precinct! Ruby Lawrence is—found!"

"My God!" panted Arthur Wynne. "Where?"

But when the answer reached his ears through the telephone, Arthur Wynne uttered a low cry and fell to the floor like a dead man.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Our Native Plums.

If, as we are told by Dr. Gray, the European plum, Prunus domestica, has its original in the almost inedible sloe, and yet there have been derived from it such a multitude of delicious varities as we now cultivate, what may not be hoped, as the result of high culture, crossing and selection, from native species like those of the American continent, which, when merely growing wild in thickets along the water-courses, send such waves of rich perfume across the land leeward. It seems to me that in these native plums we have the easy potentiality of a class of fruits that will give the "cold north" a two months' supply of fresh fruits which will, in time, abolish all regret that the peach, nectarine and apricot are denied to them by a vigorous winter. For it is a fact that our Prunus Americana has a range far north of our national boundary, being, in fact, the hardiest of all tree fruits. It is of the most easy cultivation, and very susceptible of improvement. If it were not already, in its wild, uncultivated state, so good, we should have, unquestionably, long ago, sought to improve it. As it is, we find it everywhere north of the range of Prunus domestica produced so abundantly in its season as to be almost destitute of any settled commercial value, which can only be imparted to it by production of improved sorts, superior in size, beauty and flavor to the too abundant wild products.

For canning or preserving, even these are by many (myself among them) regarded as equal to the peach (as we get it); and, in fact, superior to most of the fruit which reaches us. But nothing is more evident than the easy susceptibility of Prunus Americana to rapid improvement.—*Vick's Magazine.*

Guarding Against Falsehood.

Dunn was an English farmer who employed a laborer named Paul. Mr. Dunn one day asked Paul to take luncheon, and Paul refused, but afterward the workman repented, and went to ask for the food.

"No," was Mr. Dunn's answer; "you said you would not eat, and I never allow any lies to be told in my house."

"So," said Paul, "I lost my dinner."

The next week Paul returned to his work, the thought of his lost meal still rankling in his mind. Mr. Dunn asked him whether he would take some luncheon, and, determined this time not to be outdone, Paul answered:

"Yes."

A huge Cheshire cheese was set before him uncut, and Paul inquired:

"Where shall I cut it?"

"Just where you please," said Mr. Dunn.

"Then," said Paul, "I'll eat it at home, and—you won't have any lies told in your house, you know."

Cushion.

Make a round bolster-shaped cushion of olive felt and gather the ends, leaving a frill three inches wide; line the frill with pink satin, and tie a bow of pink ribbon over the gathers at each end; then make two strips of crazy work four inches wide and long enough to go around the cushion. A pretty fancy is to work all the stitches in pink silk to correspond with the ends. Tack the bands to the cushion by invisible stitches and your work is complete.

On all sides the habits and customs of civilized life compel us to tolerate, as best we can, a thousand and one drawbacks to strictly hygienic living. Nature has wisely made liberal provision for deviations from an ideal or perfect standard. The climate we inhabit is far from perfect; alternations of heat and cold, excessive humidity and excessive dryness, all contribute to overtax and depress the vital powers. The food we eat is in no sense ideal; the water we drink is frequently anything but the pure and sparkling element of which poesy poets sing, and the air we breathe is, for the most part, loaded with every conceivable kind of visible and invisible impurities—germs, spores, organic motes, foul gases, the exhalations of animal bodies and putrefying waste. — *Hall's Journal of Health.*

Whoever drinks tea let him do so in moderation. Do not take it between meals or on an empty stomach. Allow it to form a part of the regular meal. Make the infusion by steeping—never by boiling. Those who are troubled with insomnia should not use it in any form. Brain workers cannot afford to overwork on the stimulus of strong tea. The poor and scantily fed cannot afford to touch it. If dyspeptics we say, tea aggravates you, and many cases are cured by disusing it. Persons troubled with constipation should not use it, either weak or strong.—*Table Talk.*

The *Poultry Record* gives this method of liming eggs for long keeping: To one pint of salt and one pint of fresh lime add four gallons of boiling water. When cold put it in stone jars. Then with a dish let down your fresh eggs into it, tipping the dish, after it fills with the liquid, so they will roll out without cracking the shell, for if the shell is cracked the egg will spoil. Put the eggs in whenever you have them fresh. Keep covered in a cool place and they will keep fresh for a year.

Flour is a great absorbent of any smells that may be adjacent to it. Therefore, never store it near onions, fish, or any other odorous substance. It is best stored in a cool, dry, but airy place, and should always be sifted just prior to use.

A Story About Nilsson.

When Christine Nilsson first appeared in public twenty or more years ago, she was a bony and freckled Scandinavian lass, like scores one sees in Western towns. Now she is a magnificent woman, commanding in carriage and contenance. Occasionally her temper gets the better of her on the stage, and once, here in Chicago, she knocked over the piano stool and stamped angrily because something had gone wrong. If she proved herself ungrateful to former benefactors, retribution came quickly in the treatment which she met at the hands of her first husband's relations, upon whom she had lavished pricely donations.

She is a woman of noble impulse, which was once illustrated at the house of a retired Chicago millionaire near New York. A distinguished company had been invited to meet her at dinner. On entering the dining-room she dropped her host's arm, hurrying in amazement to the stately young butler, and seizing him effusively by the hand, engaged him in conversation, while the other guests stood waiting and the entertainer looked on in astonishment. "That man," she explained to the group, when they were seated, "is the son of a kind old nobleman on whose estate my father worked as a day laborer when we were children. Fortune has smiled on me, while it has frowned on my old playmate, whom I find here under such changed circumstances."—*America.*

A society of grammarians was formed at Rome as early as 276 B. C.

What Is a Strawberry?

No one, we suppose, in these days of popular lectures and elementary handbooks, needs to be told that what we call the fruit of the strawberry is not the fruit, but the receptacle or cushion on which the fruit is placed, the fruit being in reality the hard little brown nuts which, if we condescend to notice them at all, we usually call seeds. But while the fruit remains—to ordinary ideas—unfruitlike, the receptacle becomes fleshy and juicy and red, and acquires the flavor which induced old Izaak Walton to say that God could, without doubt, have made a better berry, but equally, without doubt, God never did. Now, how comes it, asks Mr. Allen, that the strawberry has developed the habit of producing this succulent and conspicuous cushion? It was not so from the beginning; this was not the "primitive form." The primeval strawberry fruits were crowded together on a green, dry, indelible receptacle. Whence the change? "Why does the strawberry develop this large mass of apparently useless matter?" The answer follows unhesitatingly. For a plant with indigestible fruits, like these little nuts, it was a clear gain in the struggle for life to be eaten by birds, and consequently to have something to tempt birds to eat. Some of the ancestral strawberries chanced to have a receptacle a trifle more juicy than their chaffy brethren, and by virtue of this piece of luck gave birth to more than the usual number of seedlings, all reproducing and some further developing the parental characteristic. The most developed were throughout the most fortunate, till the present state of affairs was reached; while the strawberry plants which had not chanced so to develop were utterly beaten in the race of life, to the extent of becoming altogether extinct. By a like process the berries (if we may so call them—for botanists will reprovingly tell us they are no such thing) became red, the color serving as an advertising medium to let the fowls of the air know where the now luscious morsels were to be found. Now we are far from saying that this is an impossible account of the growth of strawberries—we will not even say that it is very improbable. But Mr. Grant Allen gives it simply as fact, as categorically as he would tell us that Columbus discovered the New World. Is it a certain matter of fact? Are there no difficulties in the way of accepting his piece of history?—*Month.*

Where Horses Are a Curiosity.

Several incidents of recent African exploration call to mind the stories that were told of the early travels of white men in this country. A white man on horseback is a very unusual spectacle in tropical Africa, and the animal Mr. Hodister rode a few months ago made almost as much of a sensation as the horse that Cortez introduced into Mexico. Hodister's journey was a short one, extending only from Landana, on the coast, to Boma, on the Congo, but it led the traveler through a densely peopled region of which little is yet known.

"My horse," he writes, "made a great sensation. At sight of him all the women in the villages at first were petrified with astonishment. They stood motionless, with their eyes fixed on the strange animal. Coming to themselves at last, with their hands raised above their heads, they raised their cry of 'Ho, ho, ho!' expressive of boundless astonishment. Some of them threw themselves upon the ground, smiting their breasts. Could it be, they said, that such a great beast, with a white man above him, was harmless? Such an animal must certainly eat black people.

"When we convinced them at last that horse was harmless, and that he was a very useful animal they ventured nearer. They had no eyes for anything but the horse. As we passed through the villages many of the inhabitants followed us. The men turned back after a mile or so, but many of the women, who showed the greatest interest and curiosity, followed us for three miles. When my horse trotted they trotted, too, their eyes fixed on the beast. Unmindful of where they were stopping they fell into the furrows in the manioc fields, and tumbled down in the tall grass. They kept pointing the animals out to the babies that were fastened on their backs. From some of the villages deputations came to me asking me to stop a while in their towns that they might have time to admire the prodigy."

A whole menagerie of African curiosities would not excite so much attention in the civilized world as this horse aroused in a part of Africa where the zebra never roams and no species of the horse family is known.—*New York Sun.*

A Bee Story.

An interesting bee story was related to me not long since by Mr. Charles Eugley, of Nobleboro. "Once upon a time, while hoeing in my field, I heard a great buzzing over my head, and looking up I saw a large swarm of bees. I at once picked up a small rock and began thumping my hoe and using my lungs to their utmost capacity. I told the folks at the house to bring me a set of old-fashioned sleigh-bells, and I began ringing them with all my might, while the bees circled round and round above me. Neither tree or brush was anywhere near. As they circled around they began to come very near the spot where I stood, and at last they were all around my head. I kept ringing the bells very softly, when one lit on my shoulder, and then they all came together, in a mass. I started triumphantly for the house, holding my head as quiet as possible. I can tell you," said Mr. E., "I would have been in a bad fix if one of them had stung me, but they seemed very quiet. Approaching the house, I passed under an apple tree, which I leaned up against, and with some dexterity I scraped them, with a shingle, a few at a time, on the tree. I then placed a hive over them and saved a large swarm of bees."—*J. M. W., in Maine Farmer.*

Mining in Lake Superior Region.

As about $16,000,000 was distributed last year in mining and transporting ore mined in the Lake Superior region, and probably about an equal amount this year, any forecast as to the continuance of this expenditure in its present locality is of interest. It is probable that fully 7,000,000 tons of ore could be mined next year if the demand and transportation permitted it, and with these limitations an estimate of 6,000,000 ton will probably not be found much larger than the actual output for 1889 unless some unforeseen disturbance of trade occurs.—*Exchange.*

There are 2,750 languages, but not one of them comes up to the scratch when the weary editor spills a quantity of ink over an editorial which cost him two hours' hard labor.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Pains and Aches

In various parts of the body, more particularly in the back, shoulders, and joints, are the unwelcome indications that rheumatism has gained a foothold, and you are "in for it" for a longer or shorter period. Rheumatism is caused by lactic acid in the blood, and is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which neutralizes the acidity and eradicates every impurity from the blood.

"I suffered from an acute attack of rheumatism induced by a severe sprain of a once dislocated ankle joint, which caused great swelling and intense pain. One bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla restored circulation, cleansed the blood, and relieved the pain." L. T. Hunt, Springfield, Mo.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Are We to Have Another War?

Some political prophets aver that we shall. Be that as it may, the battle waged by medical science against disease will never cease until we arrive at that utopian epoch when the human family shall cease to be afflicted with bodily ailments. One of the most potent weapons wrich the armory of medicine furnishes is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is of special utility as a family remedy, as it is adapted to the immediate relief and ultimate cure of those disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels which are of common occurrence. Indigestion, biliousness and constipation are inseparable companions, and these ailments are completely eradicated by the Bitters. But the remedial scope of this superlatively wholesome and genial medicine takes in also numerous ailments, rheumatism and kidney troubles; its action in these, as in the other complaints, being characterized by unequaled thoroughness.

A Tolerable Old-Timer.

Eccentric Fred Eliot has just died in Boston, aged 88. He had lived at the Quincy House for thirty years. On one occasion it is related that the old man stepped up to the cashier's window, where stood a bran new cashier, to settle his monthly bill. "What name?" inquired the cashier. "Eliot," was the reply: "one E, one L, one I, one O, one T." The transient list did not contain the name Eliot, and looking up, the cashier gravely put the question: "When did you register, sir? I don't find your name on the list." "The old man drew himself together and giving the young man a withering glance replied: "Wal, as near as I can figure it, it was about twenty-seven years ago."—*Boston Herald.*

The people of Wapella, Ill., recently saw the little town of Midland City, twelve miles distant, suspended in the clouds. The mirage was so vivid that the observers could see a train of cars approach and leave the Midland station.

The Population of the United States

Is about 60,000,000, and we would say at least one half are troubled with some affection of the Throat and Lungs, as those complaints are, according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would advise all our readers not to neglect the opportunity to call on their druggist and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. *Trial size free.* Large Bottles 50c and $1. Sold by all druggists.

The woman who always has a smile for her husband when he comes home from his work runs a bar.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying over known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And buys a remnant strip of braid,
What charms can soothe her melancholy
On learning she can't match the shade!

The Difficulty Experienced

In taking Cod Liver Oil is entirely overcome in Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. *It is as palatable as milk,* and the most valuable remedy that has ever been produced for the cure of Consumption, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases. Do not fail to try it.

Some one has invented a pocket rifle. Pickpockets consider it an invasion of their rights.

No Safer Remedy can be had for Coughs and Colds, or any Trouble of the Throat, than *"Brown's Bronchial Troches."* Price 25 cts. *Sold only in boxes.*

A dead issue—A burial certificate.

A Radical Cure for Epileptic Fits. *To the Editor:* Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease which I warrant to cure the worst cases. So strong is my faith in the virtues of this medicine that I will send free a sample bottle and valuable treatise to any sufferer who will give me his P. O. and Express address. My remedy has cured thousands of hopeless cases. H. G. Root, M. C., 183 Pearl street, New York.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it.

ST JACOBS OIL

For Horses and Cattle.

Recent, Prompt, Good Results.

Swellings. Hopeanel, Ill., May 21, 1888. My mare caught cold; result: swelled limb; lump between fore-legs and inflammation. Cured her with St. Jacobs Oil. L. G. GARDNER.

The Arms Palace and Stock Car Co.,

The Best. St. Clair Bldg., Toledo, O., June, '88. We cheerfully recommend St. Jacobs Oil as the best for general use on stock. L. ARMS & CO.

For 10 Months. Winsboro, Texas, June 20, '88. My horse was hurt on hind leg; suffered 10 months; was cured by St. Jacobs Oil; has remained sound. W. J. CLINE.

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DIAMOND VERA-CURA FOR DYSPEPSIA

And All Stomach Troubles, such as: Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nausea, Giddiness, Constipation, Fullness after eating, Food Rising in the Mouth and Disagreeable Taste after eating, Nervousness and Low Spirits.

As Druggists and Dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents (5 boxes $1.00) in stamps. Sample sent on receipt of 2-cent stamp.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

S.S.S. FOR THE BLOOD

Swift's Specific has cured me of a malignant breaking out on my leg, which caused intolerable pain. It well called Eczema by the doctors—few of whom treated me with no relief. I can confidently say that I owe my present good health to S. S. S., which in my estimation is invaluable as a blood remedy. Mrs. JULIA DeWITT, 2221 N. 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Our baby when two months old was attacked with Scrofula, which for a long time destroyed her eyesight entirely, and caused us to despair of her life. The doctor failed to relieve her, and we gave Swift's Specific, which soon cured her entirely, and she is now hale and hearty. E. V. DELK, Will's Point, Texas.

Scrofula developed on my daughter—swelling and lumps formed. We gave her Swift's Specific, and the result was wonderful and the cure prompt. S. A. DARMOND, Jacksonville, Cherokee Co., Texas.

Send for book giving history of Blood Diseases and advice to sufferers, mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

ASTHMA. Popham's Asthma Specific. Relief in ten minutes. Wm. Gerhom, Gardner, Ill., writes: "I have not had to sit up an hour for three years. I hope the man that invented the Specific may have everlasting life and God's blessing while he lives." Sold by all druggists. $1 per box by mail prepaid. TRIAL PACKAGE FREE. Address, enclosing stamp, T. POPHAM, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ELY'S CREAM BALM Is the best remedy *for children* suffering from **COLD in HEAD, SNUFFLES** or **CATARRH.** Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

ASTHMA CURED German Asthma Cure never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases. Insures comfortable sleep; effects a speedy cure where others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50c. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. Dr. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

CONSUMPTION I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. So strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send two bottles free, together with a valuable treatise on this disease to any sufferer. Give Express and P.O. address. T. A. SLOCUM, M.D., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

LADIES LOOK! A Novelty Hug Machine sent by mail for $1. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Wholesale price reduced to Agents. New Pricelist of machines, yarn, patterns, etc., and a book of beautiful colored pattern designs sent free. Agents wanted. E. ROSS & CO., Toledo, O.

SALESMEN Wanted to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Largest manufacturers. Position permanent. Fixed salary. Expenses advanced. Address, Centennial Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

HOME STUDY. Bookkeeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc., thoroughly taught by mail. Circulars free. BRYANT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N.Y.

GOLD Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

FARMS! We want to buy several in this locality. Owners address, CURTIS & WRIGHT, 323 Broadway, N. Y.

IT NEVER FAILS. Bad blood means an inactive liver, a sluggish or sympathetic or unnatural action of the stomach, bowels, kidneys, and as a result

BILIOUSNESS. The symptoms are drowsiness, headache, lack of energy, pain in the side, sickness or diarrhœa, sallowness of skin, and generally attended with melancholy.

GENERAL DEBILITY. To cure these diseases means to restore the action of the liver and other organs, and to purify the blood. A remedy containing Mandrake and Dandelion, as in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, will prove effective, especially on the liver, stomach, kidneys and sweat glands, is the remedy.

CONSTIPATION. The process of digestion, assimilation, removal needs the healthy action of the liver, pancreas and glands which supply the bile and other fluids, in order to insure healthy action. Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup combines all the best medicines, with tonics, to restore secretions and supply the needed action.

HIBBARD'S RHEUMATIC SYRUP. IT NEVER FAILS. Always in season—*Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter.* Procure it of your druggist, or send direct to us. Price $1.00; 6 bottles, $5.00; plaintern, 25c.

TESTIMONIALS POSITIVELY TRUE. For over twenty years I have been a great sufferer from the effects of a diseased stomach, and for three years past have been unable to do any business. Two years ago my case was pronounced by the best medical skill incurable. Last June I began using Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, and at once began to feel better. I have used thirteen bottles and am a well man. EDWARD BAKER, Master Mechanic and Blacksmith, 202 Jackson Street, Jackson, Mich.

Both myself and wife have been benefited by Rheumatic Syrup this fall with excellent success. We consider it a great medicine. For constipation or indigestion it certainly has no equal. Grand Rapids, Mich., Feb. 1, '89.

No remedies known so highly of as its home people. Our Medical Pamphlet on all diseases, sent free on application.

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