

WONDERFUL POPULARITY OF THE RENOWED MEDICINE.

The Greatest Curative Success of the Age
—A Voice from the People.

No medicine introduced to the public has ever met with the success accorded to Hop Bitters. It stands to-day the best known curative article in the world. Its marvelous renown is not due to the advertising it has received. It is famous because of its infinite virtues. It does all that is claimed for it. It is the most powerful, speedy and effective agent known for the building up of dilapidated systems. The following witness are offered to prove this:

What It Did for an Old Lady.

COSHCOHTON STATION, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1878.

Genie—A number of people had been using your Bitter here, and with marked effect. In fact, one case, a lady of over seventy years, had been sick for years, and for the past ten years I have known her she has not been able to be strong. In the time of her sickness she was helpless. She had no relatives or physicians, being of no avail. I sent to Deposit, forty-five miles, and got a bottle of Hop Bitters. It had such a very powerful effect in her case, that I improved her so well she was able to dress herself and walk about the house. When she had taken the second bottle she was able to take care of her own room and walk out to her neighbor's, and had improved all the time since. My wife and children also derived great benefit from their use.

W. B. HATHAWAY,
Agt. U. S. Ex. Co.

An Enthusiastic Endorsement.

GORHAM, N. H., Sept. 14, 1879.

Gents—Whoever you are, don't know but that they are good and greatful to you, to know that in this world of adulterated medicines there is one compound that proves and does all it advertises to do, and more. Four years ago I had a slight shock of palsy, which unendued me to some extent that the most eminent won't cure. I made shake like the auge. Last May I was induced to try Hop Bitters. I used one bottle, but did not see any change; another did so change; my nerves were then as strong as steel, as they ever were. It caused me to be unable to write, but now my good right hand writes this. Now, if you continue to manufacture as honest and good an article as you do, you will accumulate an honest fortune, and confer the greatest blessing on your fellowmen, who less are even conferred on mankind.

Tim BURCH.

A Husband's Testimony.

My wife was troubled for years with batches of mirth pains and cramps on her side, which nearly unendued her out of her. She spent many dollars on the thousand infallible (?) cures, with nothing but injurious effects. A lady friend of Syracuse, N. Y., who had had similar experience, recommended to her a Dr. H. B. Hayes, induced her to try it. One bottle has made her face as smooth, fair and soft as a child's, and given her such health that it seems almost a miracle.

A MEMBER OF CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

A High Lady's Experience.

I travelled all over Europe and other foreign countries at a cost of thousands of dollars in search of health and found it not. I returned discouraged and disheartened, and was restored to real youthful health and spirits with the help of Hop Bitters, induced her to try it. She has used several bottles, and I would like to have you send me a dozen at lowest price.

B. Pope, Secretary
Paid Dealer Co.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Sept. 3, 1879.

Gents—I have been taking your Hop Bitters and rec'd. a great relief from them. I will give you my name as one of the cured sufferers. Yours,

MRS. MARY F. STARR.

Cold Feet.

What a common complaint this is! says the Family Physician, and yet no one seems to know anything about it. You suffer from it for years, and yet you don't go to a doctor, or if you do, you don't tell him about it. Some people suffer from it at night only, while others are troubled with it in the daytime as well. It occurs most frequently in women, but still you often hear men complain of it. We believe that the best remedy is hypophosphite of lime in one or two grain doses twice a day. This is soluble in water, and should be taken in the form of a syrup, not in a strong tea, with it, with the exception, if you like, of a tea-spoonful of syrup, to make it more palatable, although it is really by no means disagreeable to it. Another good remedy is nux vomica—five drops of the tincture in a little water three or four times a day. It is highly recommended, and you may have great relief thereby. You must be well, you probably can improve the state of your general health. It is probable that you are below par somehow or other, although we must admit that it does not follow of necessity. If you feel generally out of sorts, and your appetite is poor, quinine will do you good. If you are pale and anaemic, a good tea, with a pinch of Parrish's chemical food often does good. Cod-liver oil is an excellent remedy for improving the general nutrition; many people feel quite in a glow after each dose.

Excruciating Pain.

Edwin F. Corman, of Norton, Mass., says: "I have suffered the most excruciating pain in my medicine for years, and physicians or medicine could not relieve me, and about that time I saw a Dr. H. H. Remedy to him. He recommended a tea made of a little Blanding's drug store, in Providence, and I took the first dose there, and at once the pain was relieved. I have had it ever since, and although this was three years ago, I have seen no trace of disease and have not had to take any medicine since. I believe Dr. H. H. Remedy to be the best physician in Providence, and known, and I sincerely recommend it to all sufferers from this disease." Trial size, 75 cents.

Are You Not in Good Health?

If the Liver is the source of your trouble, you can find an absolute remedy in DA. SANFORD's LIVER INVIGORATOR, the only genuine cathartic which has done more for Liver Disease, than all other diseases. For Book address DA. SANFORD, 162 Broadway, New York.

The Voltaic Bells Co., Marshall, Mich., will send their Electro-Voltaic Bells to the affected upon thirty days' trial. See their advertisement in this paper, headed, "On Thirty Days' Trial."

The reason why umbrellas than water-melons are stolen is thought to be because the thief doesn't have to plug the umbrella. It is always ripe for the harvest.

C. E. SHOEMAKER, the well-known annual surgeon of Reading, Pa., offers to send by mail, free of charge, a valuable little book on deafness and dumbness, and the cure of the deaf ear and cataract, and their proper treatment, containing references and testimonials that will satisfy the most skeptical. Address as above.

Among the post offices recently established were "Baby Mine," "Blown Horn," "No Go," "Buss," and "Necessity."

VEGETINE is acknowledged by all classes of people to be the best and most reliable blood purifier.

Get Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners applied to your boots before you run them over.

The Frizer axle grease is the best and only genuine. We know it.

WILHOFT's Fever and Aque Tonic. This old reliable remedy now sells at one dollar.

VACATION.

BY PAUL M. RUSSELL.

The summer finds stretch languid in the torrid July sun. And many hearts are drooping now. Long's over their task is done.

I seek the tunnelled forest path. That leads to sheltered halls, adorned With flowers, fair quiet dwells.

And there I sit alone and woo The silence of the place, Or the soft, low, winding stream.

And, free from school and thoughts that wear Their channels in the flesh, I dredge the mud and plant catch I have been missing a month.

Again the yellow butterflies The little birds released And whirling kite-lines once again Are swaying in the breeze.

And the birds sing, gay-wailed away The king at his home, The lowings at the undropped bar Salute the bœating flock.

And peaceful over the sun-stained hills Is chilled the evening hour, While the birds sing, gay-wailed the pines That cover the forest tower.

Electra all forgotten is Cinderella's woe, And the birds sing, gay-wailed free "The girl who would a woing go."

Again appear the village queens, Death smitten in their prime; And swallows, gay-wailed, now names very few.

And, amid the song the cock, And the birds sing, gay-wailed again Some living voice in printed books concealed.

ABINGTON, Mass.

THE IDIOTS REVENGE.

"Hey, there, old man! Halloo!" "Which way—traveling, or going somewhere?" "Where did you buy your coat?" "Quicken your gait, sir; show your mettle!"

A group of rude youths lounging in the shade of a large oak along one of the streets in the suburbs of a Western city. An old man, crooked, dust-bagged, and ragged, hobbling along with the aid of a crutch, on the opposite sidewalk, the object of their shameless trade.

The poor cripple glanced reproachfully across at his youthful insulters, but gave them no other reprimand. Heedless of this silent reproof, and emboldened by his seeming timidity, the boys only became the more insolent, following him with their jeers and epithets until he passed around a corner and out of sight.

Passing out of sight, he soon passed from mind, and the boys had quite forgotten him, when, chancing to glance across the street, they saw him hobbling along back. At sight of them they resumed their insults, more spitefully if possible, than of old. The old man, as he approached them, seemed as though he had been throwing sticks and dirt at them as he approached them. Seemingly as heedless of their insults as before, the old man came painfully up the street until he was opposite them, when, turning abruptly, he commenced crossing the street toward them. Conscious of guilt, and cowardly as all boys who insult their elders always are, the boys arose at his approach and desisted until he was out of their reach.

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