

The Charm of the Human Voice.

A word spoken has far more power to persuade and to move than the word written. This is especially true if it be well spoken—if it be uttered with the proper intonations and inflections and be enforced with the right gestures. The propositions which upon a printed page will be examined with a searching criticism, will when falling from the lips of a popular orator carry whole masses into some course of action. The reader will be able to detect the concealed dishonesties of the reasoning. He will discern if there be any undistributed middle or illicit process of the minor premise. The hearer, however, has not time to make any such discriminations. His nervous system becomes electrified by the power which the speaker sends forth from eye and tongue and hand. An indescribable magnetism goes thrilling through him in rapid currents. He becomes charmed, enthralled, enslaved, ready to do or dare whatever the orator may bid. Much of this enchantment is due to the voice alone. Its swells and cadences not only delight the ear, but through that organ excite the imagination and captivate the reason. It is no wonder that when an Athenian audience had listened for an hour to the glowing periods of Demosthenes, they forgot their own weakness and the risks of war, and cried out as one man, "Let us fight Philip." It is no wonder that when the rude soldiers of Hungary listened to the melting accents of their young queen, that with gallant enthusiasm they burst forth with the cry, "We will die for our sovereign." The Savior of the world showed His appreciation of the power of speech when He chose the "foolishness of preaching" as the agency by which men were to be brought to an apprehension of His doctrine. The eloquence of the apostles—which was not that the finished oratory of the schools, but the strong, earnest eloquence of sincere conviction—won converts by the thousand, and all down the history of Christianity have men been reclaimed from sin and persuaded into righteousness by the voices of their fellow-men. True, indeed, many while under the excitement which preaching has produced have made vows to which they afterward proved recalcitrant. But far more have been induced to "right about face" and to live ever after with new aims and aspirations. The spoken voice is, however, far less potent than the voice expressing itself in the melody of music. The rich gushings of the throat can call up in intense force all the emotions of the human soul. We have seen large congregations stirred by the most profound excitement as rude, untutored voices swelled into solemn grandeur in a service of song. The words were of the simplest—having in them no magnetism whatever. The whole moving power lay in the vast volume of sound. There is no exaggeration in the old story of Orpheus beguiling the powers of the lower regions by the notes of his lute. There have been singers—there are singers now—who could perform feats quite as marvelous.—*Sunny South.*

A New Kind of Plant.

They're an intelligent couple—the Spilkines; man and wife. "My dear," said the former, looking up from his paper the other morning, "what do they mean by a telegraph plant? I have some little acquaintance with botany and the vegetable kingdom in general, but in all the works I've read upon that subject I have seen no mention made of a telegraph plant." "Yes, and precious little acquaintance it is," replied his wife, tartly, "or you wouldn't ask so stupid a question. Didn't you ever notice them bushes and weeds and things growin' round the bottom of the poles along the railroad tracks? Them's what they call telegraph plants. You're too refreshingly green for anything, Spilkines." "Oh, I never thought of that," remarked Mr. S., with the air of a man upon whom a sudden illumination has dawned; and a moment after he added, with a sly twinkle of the eye, for he enjoyed his joke, "then I suppose that is what might be called the vegetation of the pole-arc regions."

"Humor may be a very good thing, Mr. Spilkines," observed his wife, sharply, "but a little intelligence is a much better thing."

"Oh, yes—yes, dear," said Mr. S. meekly; and, after a moment's quiet reflection, he added: "No I never did think of that before!" with a look of admiration at his wife's superior wisdom.—*The Judge.*

A Curious African Plant.

Now that there is such a desire to acquire plants which contrast strangely with the ordinary types in foliage or form, it may please many readers to make the acquaintance of the Welwitschia Mirabilis.

This plant is one of the most extraordinary found on the globe. Its stalk attains the diameter of a large tree trunk, four feet or even more, but never rises more than a foot from the ground. You would take it for the stump of a felled tree, or an enormous fungus. From this stalk extend two leaves, which last as long as the plant, often a century, and acquire an immense size, occasionally six feet long by two wide. They are green, leathery, and by constant flapping in the wind, split at the end into thongs. The top of the stalk hollows in and is marked by a series of concentric circles. From this, especially along the outer edge, spring out branched flower stalks, bearing bright red buds, which finally become cones two inches long by one diameter. This plant belongs to the Conifer family, genus Gnetum. It was discovered on the west coast of Africa, near Cape Negro, by Dr. Welwitschia, who gave it his name. The negroes call it the Toumbou.

Cutting a Figure.

It is strange, for instance, what egotisms assuage men and women will make of themselves in dancing the figure of the german. The young people who are selected as leaders appear to engorge their brains to invent or discover figures that are idiotic. Here is something observed at a large and fashionable german one night recently. The

dancers were harnessed together in silken ribbons, in groups of three abreast; on one side three ladies driven by a man, and on the other, three men driven by a lady. In this form the polka music they danced from one end of the room to the other. One can imagine how utterly absurd they looked, and yet the figure was considered very ton.—*New York Star.*

A New Industry.

"A new labor to give industry to the toiling masses," said a gentleman. "It is a company, established on the plan of like institutions in Berlin and Paris, having for its object the mending of socks."

The listener started away. "Don't go. It's a fact. See, here is a circular from the company. They do not confine their attention to socks. Stockings, underwear for ladies and gentlemen, clothing of all kinds, for every age and for both sexes, will be mended."

"Why not add umbrellas and silk hats?"

"They have done so. Silk hats are not a circumstance. Broken china and strained bedsteads are not neglected. It is simply a company that manufactures nothing and repairs everything."

"Suppose the furniture mechanic should upset his glue pot on the seal-skin sash which his neighbor was sewing on. You can't repair everything in one shop?"

"That's where you are not informed. The company are just starting. Their present specialty is clothing. They call at any address on receipt of a card and get the socks or other articles, take them to headquarters, mend them and return them with a bill. They will call for any dish or article of furniture and return it mended in like manner. But they have not yet got so large a factory that they can do so varied a business. They have no factory at all, only rented rooms. But they have arranged with boot-makers, fur-makers, dress-makers, cement-makers, furniture-makers, hat-makers, and makers of about every article of household utility who will do the work. The company looks after the repairs and guarantees the work, saving the owner all the trouble and sometimes much expense."

"Suppose a man splits a dress-coat?"

"They will handle the job, bringing it to him so neatly darned that he will not know where the darned slit is, and all for 10 cents a square inch of darning. That's a sample of their prices."

"But if they farm out the work why should a man not take his own work to the tailor?"

"Because he hasn't the time. He can get the work done by the company at the same price, and save all trouble except that of writing a letter and paying a bill."—*New York Sun.*

A True Story of a Diamond.

Chats about the gems on view brought out odd scraps about the way diamonds came into the market. A gem now in the possession of a police captain had, as too many of the more notable historical stones have, a queer, weird, blood-stained history. A miner at De Beers, Grigueland West, South Africa, abandoned his claim because the walls, huge masses of rock, left towering above the excavated ground, had fallen in, and to such an extent that it would not pay to have the claim cleared. He went to another rush, and months afterward found himself arrested or, a charge of making away with a man named Comyns, last seen in his tent on the night before he "skipped the camp."

He was confined on suspicion, and yet, there being no corpus delicti, was not brought to trial. One day he was summoned on a Coroner's inquest and marched from his prison to the Court House, liberty, and comparative fortune.

The missing man had been found. It seems the claim had been taken into the area of a strong company, who found, inter alia, the dead, decomposed corpse of poor Comyns. How he had got into the claim was a mystery, but in his dead hand, where he lay crushed all shapeless by the huge masses of rock that tumbled on him so inopportunely, was a nineteen-carat diamond worth \$16,000, a piece of purest water. The miner was acquitted, and diggers' law gave him the diamond so found in his claim, which could not be declared legally abandoned until the month expired from his vacating his license.—*New York World.*

Styrax Japonica.

The most valuable of recent introductions from Japan is Styrax japonica, a shrub attaining a height of six or eight feet, and bearing a profusion of most charming white flowers of the size of an apple blossom. The species was first described in 1835 by Siebold and Zuccarini, in their works upon Japan plants. It has only recently been introduced into this country, however, and is not yet grown by more than two or three nurserymen. It is bound to become a general favorite as soon as known. The most charming feature of the plant is its habit of bearing slender, horizontal branches, along the upper side of which are the leaves, while the chaste, wax-like flowers hang on slender pedicels beneath. Its period of flowering is late spring, the blossoms remaining for about two weeks. It is perfectly hardy in this latitude.

Keep Dry!

Is an admonition we see on boxes of perishable merchandise in transit, but it is also one which should be carefully observed by those who have a tendency to rheumatism. In addition to avoiding damp and keeping dry-shod, they who are rheumatic should use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a blood purifying and professionally endorsed and of the highest order of merit. By promoting healthy activity of the kidneys and bladder it insures the expulsion through those natural outlets of impurities in the blood which give rise to Bright's disease, diabetes, gravel, catarrh of the bladder, and dropsical effusions. It induces bodily comfort by day and undisturbed repose at night; conquers dyspepsia, diverts bile from the blood into its proper channel, relaxes the bowels gently, but effectively, and is a reliable means of restoring vigor and hastening convalescence. Mariners, sailors in the mine, and residents of unhealthy localities, find it a safeguard under conditions unfavorable to health.

Too much idleness, I have observed, fills up a man's time much more completely, and leaves him less his own master, than any sort of employment whatever.—*Burke.*

THE GOLDEN AGE.

There was a time, though far removed from ours, But as truth all histories declare, When infants decked the lion's mane with flowers, And peace and love were rampant everywhere. Beauty no bought or borrowed charms did wear, But truly her rounding form displayed, While the rich glowing cheek and rippling hair No more might crave of artificial aid Than does the wild-wood rose, or ferns in forest glade.

A strength gigantic nerved the limbs of men, For as a giant's hand he moved a smile, No hollow coughs disturbed night's stillness then, No thoughts of gloom were bred by morbid life, And life was lengthened out a wondrous while; The strong man stood for centuries in his prime, Rugged as is the peaked Egyptian pile, Till by descendants girt on every side, His blessings calm he gave, ere painlessly he died.

This was the Age of Gold;—but how its end Was wrought, they tell this strange and myrtle tale: A youth, resigned a lonely life to spend, Saw to his door wing-footed Mercury sail, And with a gift which he would not to mend, Could not in fresh-bloom beauty emulate; Nor did the fair Pandora seem to quail When Mercury told the rapturous youth that To him this chamber gave, to be his wedded mate.

A bridal present in her hands she bore,— A box of quaint and exquisite devices, Which when her husband opened,—Oh, what a store Of horrors did that casket dire enshrine! For from it forth flew each disease malign, That ever since on human frames has preyed, And, spreading o'er the earth, did Man consign To countless agonies that should invade Each vital source, till all his stalwart strength decayed!

Then must the weakened frame and shortened life, Sad legacies!—to all his after race descend, Till now existence is but constant strife— Against a host of ailments without end, And still each shattered link upon the chain, The Iron Age, that with Pandora came, Does yet o'er earth its grinding rule extend, And, like the serpent, wraps its coils around the Souls that might else a place of pride and honor claim!

But when had down forth all the killing woes That in Pandora's fatal casket lay, Lo!—from its depths descended, sweet Hope came, As breaks through sable clouds a sun-lit ray, And as she rose, she sang, "Mourn not for aye! Some day shall yet for all these pangs be paid."

Not with vain show do Nature's stores display These treasures and herbs that beautify the ground, Since in them lurk the charms to make your sick ones sound!

To find the balm pledged in this promise dear, Were many hearts through many ages fired, Until, to search our country's forests here, A young physician came, with soul inspired, And found at last, midst secret shades retired, The herbs and roots that had neglected grown, And nurtured in their veins the boon desired, While o'er them many a summer's moon had shone, And wintry snow those treasures had bestowed.

Long used to ponder o'er the ills of Man, What rapture now in Pierce's bosom rose! For he had marked the source from whence began The ills and deadliest of our body's woes. Anatomy's keen knife did well disclose What organ, from its duty warped away, Became the spring from which venomated flows.

The principle of sickness and decay, Though by a thousand names its work we may portray!

The Liver, formed to keep Life's ruby tide Cleaned of each taint, and play a guardian's part, By drawing each corrupting germ aside,— No more compelled, by fit Disease's art, To form a traitor and upon the host to wait, And panting lungs, a poisoned stream to pour, On the way for dread Consumption's dart, And fatal stings of many an ailment more, Thus bidding countless homes their slaughtered hopes deplore!

Thence came the wasted form, the sallow cheek, The embittered tongue, and often-aching head, And, when the life force over the heart break Displayed as Nature's danger-signals red, Hence, over many an else fair visage spread, Unsightly blotches and eruptions vile, Or hideous Scrofula does horror shed.

Killing Love's glow, and freezing Friendship's smile, Or the scorched heart consumes with black and burning bile!

At once Pierce in his blest Discovery saw That which the very root of all disease find, And, by the workings of unerring law, Drive out the foe that thus life undermined, And, as a traitor, and upon the host to wait, The shattered main-spring of our frames repair.

That he no longer, like a giant blind, Might mislead his work, but his true part should bear To make this mortal mould strong, vigorous and fair.

This remedy our trembling hearts shall arm Against Malaria's fiend, though wide his reign, For small would be his power to work such harm Did not some drops of poison in each vein, Traitors in our own citadel, remain.

And, when we need a shield to interpose Celestial shields, while on our brows in vain His fiendish breath the marsh-bred demon blows, For these have proved his most victorious foes!

Here rescue comes to those whose bodies thrill Beneath the Ague's keen consuming touch, While scorching fever and congealing chill Alternate wring the victim in their clutch. The healing art, so often so misused, Is here at last, and, by our swamps and streams, Rest comes for those who have endured so much.

And for their fitful sleep, with hideous dreams, Shall slumbers sweet prevail, till break each morning's beams!

Thus do we foil Consumption's slow advance, That o'er Columbia stalks, with stern intent, For oft the ills we've touched, with speedy glance, Come to the ills their dark and fatal goal. And with most joy it shone on Pierce's soul That here he smote his country's chiefest foe, And quelled that malady that of the whole Dark and darkest death record show,— A Hydra, all whose heads he lopped at once brave blow!

Now, then, the new-found remedy to name: Perhaps the choice, at first, perplexing seemed To the discoverer's brain, still, like a flame, "The Golden Medical Discovery" he named Before his vision, and was worthy deemed To herald to mankind that precious need That should our ills of olden poison be esteemed As gold or baser ore, and was decreed, By bringing health and strength, to make men rich, indeed!

Mark, upon Shakespeare's page, how wild Macbeth Tells us in phrase not of well understood, That his crowned victim, Duncan, lay in death, "His silver skin laced with his golden blood, And richer far is life's all-precious blood, Than the bright metal (fortune's folded bud), That, sought so often, by mountain, vale or tide, Doth in auriferous veins of California hide!

But, oh, delay not to ward off the shaft That a mortal wound has pierced you through! Now let the healing antidote be quaffed, For venoms can its work completely do. Yon flower whose withered petals now bestrew The earth shall soon, from Spring's exhaustless store, Be gifted with fresh leaves and blossoms new, But Man's frail organs, when destroyed, no more Can genial suns revive, or earthly soil restore!

Woman no longer plays Pandora's part, Gazing with cold and curious smile, to see The unshared evil that afflics Man's heart. "Alas! earth's greatest sufferer is she, The wretched prey of wasting agony. Her path beset with countless springs of pain, This specially clear of blooming lies, And all the life's joys are piled in vain. Health's clear and charming hue and roundness to regain.

The playful, dimpled child, to girlhood grown, Is seen bereft, at once, of strength and bloom, And pale and slender as some nymph of stone, No more her sports and laughter may resume.

Dark o'er the parents' hearts roll clouds of gloom, And, as new symptoms strike their fearful sight, Prophecy seems shows the untimely tomb Of their lost darling, once so glad and bright, But, in her budding sweet, struck with insidious blight!

Or gaze on her who was the radiant bride, Now a sad prisoner, spiritless and weak— What dreary draughts, what penance has she tried, Some ease from grinding misery to seek! Woe's not should her fretted spirit break! In accents peevish or severe, Followed by tears that burn the faded cheek, When she beholds that even those most dear Avoid her weary couch of woe to linger near!

Now, should Earth's glided days no more return, Our blest Discovery does its power engage That, with those wise, its virtues to discern, It shall restore, by skilled prescription sage, The joy of youth, each life's own golden age, Renewing manhood's strength, and woman's pride.

Of grace and loveliness, with bright presage That these shall with us through long years glide, Till lightly doth life's bark to its last harbor glide!

Slightly Embarrassed.

A New Yorker who was in Virginia City last summer received a call one day from a sharp-eyed, wiry little chap, who said he had a few Government bonds to dispose of, and would make a very reasonable discount for cash.

"But, my man, the bank will buy them."

"I guess not."

"Why?"

"Because the cashier would be down on me the minute I showed up."

"I can't understand why."

"Stranger, you don't tumble worth a cent, and it becomes necessary for me to explain that these bonds have been gradually acquired by stopping stage coaches and asking passengers to shell out. It so happens that the cashier of our leading bank is one of the gentlemen who has shelled, and I reckon he'd remember the bonds even if he had forgotten my phiz!"

The New Yorker refused to invest, even at 50 cents on the dollar.—*Wall Street News.*

When You Feel Blue

and your back aches, and your head feels heavy, and you wake unrefreshed in the morning and your bowels are sluggish or constive, you need Kidney-Wort. It is nature's great remedy and never fails to relieve all cases of Diseased Kidneys, Torpid Liver, Constipation, Malaria, Piles, Rheumatism, etc. It operates simultaneously on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, strengthening them and restoring healthy action. Put up in both dry and liquid form. Sold by all druggists.

Wood Nymphs.

The old Greeks—the truest lovers of beauty—believed that every tree enclosed in its bark a wood nymph of great beauty and sensibility; and we ought in transplanting a tree to treat it as if this idea was no fable. The roots—particularly the fibrous ones—should be nursed as tenderly as a wounded finger in its daily dressings; for through these principally the tree sucks up its nourishment.

The Best Butter Color.

The great unanimity with which dairymen of high reputation have adopted, in preference to anything else, the Improved Butter Color made by Wells, Richardson & Co., of Burlington, Vt., is remarkable. It shows that the claims of imitative colors are baseless; wise dairymen will use no other.

American Art.

Photographs, Engravings, etc., can be exquisitely colored with Liquid Art Colors made from Diamond Dye. Full directions for this beautiful art work, with a handsome colored cabinet photo, sent to any address for 10 cents. WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., Burlington, Vt.

An Indianapolis man has discovered a new plan to eject delinquent tenants. He hires a brass band to serenade them.

Is your body racked with pain and your mind tortured with agonizing doubts as to whether you ever being cured? Thousands of testimonials from the most reputable citizens in every part of the country, prove that Atholophorus is able to conquer the most stubborn cases of rheumatism or neuralgia. Price \$1 per bottle. If your druggist hasn't it, send to Atholophorus Co., 112 Wall Street, N. Y.

A HEN-PECKED husband is often chicken-hearted.—*Times Herald.*

The medical profession are slow (and rightly so) to endorse every new medicine that is advertised and sold; but honest merit conquers the fair-minded after a reasonable time. Physicians in good standing often prescribe Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for the cure of female weaknesses.

PASSE women risk much on the hazard of the dye.—*Texas Sittings.*

Samaritan Nerve is a certain cure for spasms. It is a charming aperient, too.

It must have been something funny that made Minnehaha.

It is said that Sullivan made some good hits on the stage.

My Six-Year-Old Daughter.

DR. C. D. WARNER: Dear Sir—I received the complimentary bottle of White Wine of Tar Syrup you so kindly sent me. My little 6-year-old daughter had a very sore throat, badly inflamed, and coughed almost incessantly. We gave the medicine according to directions, and she began to improve immediately and soon got well. Please accept thanks. Mrs. Groves and I have recommended it to others. I shall want to get some of it at the beginning of winter, as I consider it a very superior medicine. Yours very respectfully, REV. H. D. GROVES, Pastor M. E. Church.

The Testimony of a Physician.

James Beecher, M. D., of Sigourney, Iowa, says: "For several years I have been using a Cough Balsam, called Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and in almost every case through my practice I have had entire success. I have used and prescribed hundreds of bottles since the days of my army practice (1868), when I was surgeon of Hospital No. 7, Louisville, Ky."

Carbo-lines.

This magic balm, which is in truth Petroleum sweet and clean; It gives to age the charm of youth, The matchless Carbo-line.

FROM B. F. LIEPNER, A. M., Red Bank, N. J.: I have been troubled with Catarrh of the bladder for several years that it seriously affected my voice. I tried Dr. ———'s remedy without the slightest relief. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm did the work. My voice is fully restored and my head feels better than for years.

Cattle Wanted.

Parties having cattle for sale of any class, please address, giving grade, numbers, age and price, John C. Abbott, Box 2550, Denver, Col.

IN REGARD TO ELY'S CREAM BALM for Catarrh, my answer is, I can recommend it as the best remedy I ever used.—Dr. J. S. VAUGHAN, Dentist, Muskegon, Mich. (See adv't.)

If a cough disturbs your sleep, one dose of Piso's Cure will give you a night's rest.

MEN'SMAN'S PERSONALIZED DEEP TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritive properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating, and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator—vegetable. Try it when gentle cathartic action is needed.

HEADACHE is immediately relieved by the use of Piso's Remedy for Catarrh.

"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice. 15c. Mother Swan's Worm Syrup, tasteless. 25c.

"Rough on Coughs" Troches, 15c; Liquid, 50c. WELLS' May-Apple (Liver) Pills, 10c.

"Rough on Toothache," instant relief. 15c. "Bechu-paha," Great Kidney and Urinary Cure. \$1. "Rough on Corns" for Corns, Warts, Bunions. 15c.

WELLS' Health Renewer cures Dyspepsia, Impotency, "Rough on Dentist" Tooth Powder, 15c.

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It is the only remedy for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and it does it all. It cures all cases of Catarrh of the Uterus, Indigestion, and all other ailments of the female system. It is a powerful blood purifier, and it cures all cases of skin disease, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other ailments of the skin. It is a powerful nerve tonic, and it cures all cases of nervous prostration, including all other ailments of the nervous system. It is a powerful muscle tonic, and it cures all cases of muscle weakness, including all other ailments of the muscular system. It is a powerful bone tonic, and it cures all cases of bone weakness, including all other ailments of the bony system. It is a powerful life tonic, and it cures all cases of general debility, including all other ailments of the body.

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