

## A Garden in Para.

It is the middle of November, warm, bright, with a cool, fresh breeze; the time, 8 o'clock in the morning; for we are not where November is a cold, gray month, but under the sunny skies of the equator. On our way to friend's garden we take the long street bordered with tall Royal Palms (*Oreodora regina*), wind along the crumbling walls of an old convent, which are a mass of White Jasmine, Cypress Vine, and Morning Glories, and soon come into the great theater square, on the four sides of which are great Mango trees all full of green fruit. A ten minutes' walk brings us to the garden, above the tall fence of which tower many orange trees full of fruit and flowers, which perfume the air delightfully. Entering through a tall gate, over which twine great Orange Trumpet Flowers, we see before us an avenue planted on either side with oranges, mangoes, and many other trees, the end of the vista being a great clump of the beautiful Peach Palm. We are lost in admiration at the variety and beauty which surrounds us. Caladiums, with bright white and red variegated foliage, cover the ground; clumps of *Amaryllis fulgida* are full of showy flowers, creepers twine over and hang in luxuriant festoons from the trees, and a very pretty parasite with white fragrant flowers, not unlike those of a Madeira Vine, is very common, so much so as to be an evil, as it is death to the branch upon which it establishes itself. On one side is an arbor some 100 feet long, covered with creepers among which Passion Flowers of many hues predominate, and on the posts and rafters of which are growing many common Orobolids such as Stanhopeas, Oncidium, Gorgoras and Epidendrums. On some of the trees near by are immense Tillandsias, some larger round than a bushel basket, from which hang great spikes of flowers with rosy or scarlet bracts. *Myrsine erecta* is a large bush covered with purple, yellow-throated flowers and Cape Jasmynes that are large enough to sit under. Allamandas are heavy with trusses of golden bloom, and the beautiful *Thunbergia lantifolia* covering a great wall is a sheet of great lavender blue flowers. Guavas of several kinds were in full bloom and fruit; Sapodillas (*Lucuma*) were covered with a delicious fruit in size and in color somewhat resembling Russet apples. Attas, Jacas, and Besaba, all species of Custard apple, bore both fruit and flowers. But what greatly interested us was the variety of oranges. The trees were heavy with fruit; the navel orange of Bahia, so called, from the protuberance at the apex, and which has no seeds; it is very large and the most delicious of oranges. The Mandarin, the skin of which separates so readily from the pulp; the Red Tangerine, many varieties of the common sweet orange which differ greatly in size and flavor, and the pretty little orange of Cameta, as large as a good-sized plum, growing in clusters as to make the tree show more fruit than leaves, and of delicious sweetness. There were also the large sweet kind and many small, sour kinds, with lemons and shaddocks.

The breadfruit trees are always conspicuous from their large, deep-out foliage, and the two varieties, that of which the fruit has seeds and that without, bear great fruits nearly as large as a child's head. There were many bushes bearing fruit which we did not know—eight-sided, flattish, bright red or black, and used for preserves; the seed came from Bahia. The flower is white, somewhat resembling a Myrtle; at first we thought it an Eugenia, but it is evidently not of the Myrtle family. Of Palms there were many; the graceful Assie; the Maracaja, with its tall crown of foliage; the cocoanut, with great clusters of fruit; and the huge fan, leafed Miriti. Pineapples grow in great masses, and the space reserved for a future home was a luxuriant sweet potato patch. Indeed, to tell all we saw would exceed our limits. The pleasant thought was that all this luxuriance goes on from month to month, fears no winter's chill, and with the lapse of years increases in beauty, and this in a climate probably as healthy as any in the world. We returned to our house laden with specimens of fruits and flowers, and as we write our room is a horticultural exhibition in miniature. We should add that the owner of the garden told us that five years ago there was not a tree on the place.—*Floral World*.

## The Formal "Call."

Whatever may betide, men have good cause to rejoice that they bear no part in that crowning bore of all bores known as the "formal call." That is a feminine institution. It is an invention of the sex, and the sex groans under its yoke. Man smokes his Durham in leafy peace, while the wife and daughters pay tribute to the formal call. He hears the sotto voce prayer that parties will be out, and that the matter can be dispatched with a card. He quietly notes the sigh of relief when the exhausted women return after hours of social distress. He observes the tax of dress incident to the affair, the bad temper it invokes, and the hypocrisy and total absence of any equivalent in the way of pleasure for all this slavish adherence to custom, and then dimly realizes the miraculous felicity of his own escape from such thralldom, and it maybe takes comfort in the thought that the whole business falls totally on those who have made him pay the piper for countless other freaks and whims of fashion and caprice. The elasticity of conscience with which the gentle creatures endeavor to mitigate the infliction of the formal call by convenient fims, furnishes the masculine monster some amusing food for study, and it may be doubted whether he would budge an inch to abolish the formal call. It is diamond cut diamond; women annoying women. In such a transaction the wise man holds aloof and lets the dainty belligerents masquerading as friends manage the hollow and artificial show as suits themselves. It is not often that he has an opportunity of keeping out of a game in which women array their wits against one another instead of against the common tyrant, man. He is at liberty to be judiciously silent and bear the fair prattlers discuss each

other in a style utterly unlike the fancy pictures of novelists and poets, and if he doesn't get some wholesome enlightenment he is hopelessly stupid.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

## Cost of the Capital.

I have been figuring up what this capital of ours has cost us since the beginning, and I find that the amount is over \$100,000,000. The subject was investigated by Congress in 1876. The total at that time was a cost of \$94,362,423; since then \$5,500,000 has been paid out for public buildings alone, and the amounts paid out for works of art, park decorations, and other things, will run the total far ahead of the amount above stated. For a number of years it has cost more than \$1,000,000 a year to pay the Government expenses of the District of Columbia, and since 1862 the amounts have been much higher. In 1873 the amount was more than \$8,000,000. In 1875 it was more than \$7,000,000, while from 1828 to 1852 it cost but \$1,000,000 a year. In 1814 only \$1,800 was appropriated for the District of Columbia, and it was not until 1837 that the yearly proportion reached \$1,000,000. It is interesting to look over the items of permanent improvements in Washington. These include the original cost of the buildings and their repairs, furnishing, and keeping in order. The following estimate, though not exactly correct, is approximately so. It is less, rather than greater, than the actual cost, some of the minor expenses during the last seven years being omitted. The Capitol has cost \$17,672,123, the Patent Office over \$13,000,000, the Treasury about \$7,200,000, the Washington streets more than \$6,000,000, the State Department about \$7,000,000, the Navy nearly \$4,000,000, the White House, two parks, and public grounds, about \$2,000,000.—*Washington (D. C.) Republic*.

## Lincoln, the Peacemaker.

Abraham Lincoln, though a successful lawyer, was a peacemaker. Juries trusted him, and his common-sense way of putting things gave him great power as an advocate. Yet he frequently advised his clients not to go to law, but to leave his disputes out to arbitrators. The Rev. Dr. Miner, of Trenton, N. J., who was formerly a pastor at Springfield, Ill., Mr. Lincoln's home, told recently the following anecdote:

A farmer once said to me: "Do you know why it is that I, who have been a Democrat all my life, am going to vote for Mr. Lincoln? I will tell you. I once had got into difficulty with a neighbor about the line between our farms. I went to Mr. Lincoln to secure him."

"Mr. L. said: 'Now, if you go on with this, it will cost both of you your farms, and will entail an enmity that will last for generations, and perhaps lead to murder.'"

"The other man has just been here to engage me. Now I want you two to sit down in my office while I am going to dinner, and talk it over and try to settle it. And, to secure you from any interruption, I will lock the door." He did so, and he did not return all the afternoon.

"We two men, finding ourselves shut up together, began to laugh. This put us in a good-humor, and by the time Mr. L. returned the matter was settled."

## Didn't Think Any More of Him.

The Queen has often made visits, both of pleasure and policy, to her estate in Scotland, being at such times more than heartily welcomed by the canny Scots, who, almost without exception, highly reverence her and indorse all that she does.

On one occasion, shortly after a visit to her estate in the outskirts of Balmoral, Mr. Henry Irving, who was traveling through the country, met an old Scotch woman, with whom he spoke of her Majesty.

"The Queen is a good woman," he said.

"I suppose she's gude enough, but there are things I canna bear."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Irving.

"Well, I think there are things that even the Queen has no right to do. For one thing—she goes rowing on the lake on Sunday—and it's not a Chrestian thing to do."

"But you know the Bible tells us—"

"I know," she interrupted, angrily.

"I've read the Bible ever since I was so high, an' I know every word in it. I knew about the Sunday fishing, and a' the other things the good Lord did, but I want ye to know, too, that I don't think any the more, e'en of Him, for doing it."—*Exchange*.

A MAN cannot tell what the needs and rights of women and children are, because he is not one of them. He will remember well enough, however, that he did not run to his father but to his mother for comfort in his infancy; and this will be a sufficient argument, if he be a fair-minded man, to show him that in the management of women and children, women ought to have an authoritative say.—*Toronto Week*.

HISTORY is a voice forever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity.—*Froude*.

HOTEL elevators in England, or, as they are called, "lifts," are continually getting out of order, and would seem to be defective in construction.

To Be Robbed of Health.

by a pestilential climate, by a vocation entailing constant exposure, physical overwork, or sedentary drudgery at the desk, is a hard lot. Yet many persons originally possessed of a fair constitution suffer this deprivation before the median of life is passed. To any and all subject to conditions inimical to health, no purer or more agreeable preservative of the greatest of earthly blessings can be recommended than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which invades the system to climatic change, physical fatigue, and mental exhaustion. It eradicates dyspepsia, the bane of sedentary brain workers, preserves and restores regularity of the bowels and liver, when disorders from any cause, annul the fever and ague and prevents it, checks the growth of a tendency to rheumatism and gout, and neutralizes the danger to be apprehended from causes productive of kidney, bladder, and other ailments. To be convinced of the truth of these statements, it is only necessary to give this sterling preparation an impartial trial.

## A TRAGIC EVENT.

A Father's Despair and Self-Inflicted Death—His Son's Final Rescue Too Late to Save His Parent.

The graphic occurrence that is described below is one of the most remarkable episodes in the domestic history of America. It is absolute truth which can readily be verified.

The inhabitants of the pleasant town of Cortland, N. Y., were shocked one morning by the announcement that Mr. Clinton Rindge, one of their most prominent citizens, had committed suicide. The news spread rapidly and aroused the entire neighborhood where Mr. Rindge was so well and favorably known. At first it seemed impossible that any one so quiet and domestic could do so rash a deed, and the inquiry was heard on every side as to the cause. The facts as developed on investigation proved to be as follows:

Mr. Rindge was domestic in his tastes, and took the greatest enjoyment in the society of his children and pride in their development. And indeed he had good reason to be proud, for they gave promise of long lives of success and usefulness. But an evil day came. His youngest son, William, began to show signs of an early decay. He felt unusually tired, and would sometimes sleep the entire afternoon if permitted to do so. His head pained him, not acutely, but with a dull, heavy feeling. There was a sinking sensation at the pit of his stomach. He lost all relish for food, and more and more lost interest for things about him. He tried manfully to overcome these feelings, but they seemed stronger than his will. He began to lose flesh rapidly. The father became alarmed and consulted physicians as to the cause of his son's illness, but they were unable to explain. Finally severe sores broke out on his arms and he was taken to Buffalo, where a painful operation was performed, resulting in the loss of much blood, but affording little relief. The young man returned home, and a council of physicians was called. After an exhaustive examination they declared there was no hope of final recovery and that he must die within a very few days. To describe the agony which this announcement caused the father would be impossible. His mind failed to grasp its full meaning at first; then finally seemed to comprehend it, but the load was too great. In an agony of frenzy he seized a knife and took his own life, preferring death rather than to survive his idolized son. At that time William Rindge was too weak to know what was inspiring. His face had turned black, his breath ceased entirely at times, and his friends waited for his death, believing that the fiend, Bright's disease of the kidneys, from which he was suffering, could not be removed. This supreme moment William's sister came, and she declared she would make a final attempt to save her brother. The doctors interposed, assuring her it was useless and that she would only prolong the agony. But she was firm, and putting all back, approached her brother's side and administered a remedy which she fortunately had on hand. Within an hour he seemed more easy, and before the day was over he showed signs of decided improvement. These favorable signs continued, and to-day William R. Rindge is well, having been virtually raised from the dead through the marvelous power of Warner's Safe Cure, as can be readily verified by any citizen of Cortland.

Any one who reflects upon the facts above described must have a feeling of sadness. The father, dead by his own hand, supplely his son's recovery to be impossible; the son restored to health to mourn the loss of his father; and the agonized relatives with a memory of sadness to forever darken their lives. Clinton Rindge, that man, who would recover he would to-day be alive and happy; but the facts which turned his brain and caused him to commit suicide were such as any one would accept as true.

However, dead as this case, the truth remains that thousands of people are at this moment in as great actual peril as William Rindge, and in as great danger of causing misery if not death to their friends. Liver and kidney diseases are becoming more common and most dangerous of any or all modern complaints. They are the most deceptive in their beginnings and horrible in their final stages. They are far more deceptive than Consumption, and can rarely be detected, even by skillful physicians, unless a microscopic analysis be resorted to, and few doctors understand how to do this. Their slightest approach, or possibility of approach, should strike terror to the heart, and be treated as well as to all his or her friends. These diseases have no distinct symptoms, but come in the form of lassitude, loss of appetite, aching muscles and joints, and headaches, pains in the back, stomach, and chest, sour stomach, recurring signs of cold, irregular pulsations of the heart, and frequent dizziness. If neglected, these symptoms are certain to run into chronic kidney and liver diseases, and the above symptoms cannot be too strongly impressed upon the minds of all readers who desire to escape death and pain and prolong life, with all its pleasures and blessings.

## The Luscious Peanut.

A Southern paper says the Virginians are beginning to turn the peanut into flour, and says it makes a palatable "biscuit." In Georgia there is a custom, now growing old, of grinding or pounding the shelled peanut, and turning them into pastry, which has a resemblance, both in looks and taste, to that made of cocoanut, but the peanut pastry is more oily and richer, and, we think, healthier and better every way. If, as some people believe, Africa sent a curse to America in slavery, she certainly conferred upon her a blessing in the universally popular peanut, which grows so well throughout the Southern regions that we shall soon be able to cut of the now large importation altogether.

## A Great Horseman.

Mr. J. H. Goldsmith, owner of the Walnut Grove stock farm, N. Y., says of the wonderful curative qualities of St. Jacobs Oil that, having long used it for rheumatism and on his breeding farm for ailments of horses and cattle, he cheerfully accords this great pain cure his preference, as the best he ever used, in an experience of twenty years.

## What Was Lacking.

"Now, here," said a man to an acquaintance. "You have been owing me \$10 for a long time, and I want to call your attention to the fact, that I am in need."

"I haven't any money, but I assure you that my intentions are good."

"Well, why don't you pay me when you've got the money?"

"Because I haven't the intentions then."—*Texas Siftings*.

SUFFERERS from nervousness, early decay, etc., if you value life, avoid advertising doctors and medicines that act on kidneys and liver. Be not deceived by the many bogus certificates of cures from paid or imaginary persons. If a weakness of the sexual system is the cause of your distress, Dr. Guy's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla will strengthen the parts affected, stop the drain, quiet the nerves, produce dreamless slumber, and allow you to regain perfect health. It has cured thousands, and will cure you; for, by purifying the blood and strengthening every weak portion of the body, it removes every symptom of distress.

WHAT would comprise a fair match? A woman without arms and a man without legs would be a fair match.

How no bees dispose of their honey? Cell it, of course.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Beware of Imitations. Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "Horsford's" is on the paper. None are genuine without it.

It is truly wonderful to see how the name of Mrs. Pinkham is a household word among the wives and mothers of our land. Alike in the luxurious homes of our great cities and in the humble cabins of the remote frontier a woman's deeds have borne their kindly fruit in health for others.

PARADOXICAL as it may appear, the law prohibits keeping men in lunatic asylums when it is admitted they are in-sane.

J. W. THORNTON, of Claiborne, Miss., says: "Samaritan Nervine cured my son of fits."

A SMOOTH sidewalk is a thing to be desired and generally approved, but people are apt to get down on a slippery pavement.

WAKEFULNESS at night is a terror, Samaritan Nervine cures it, and hence, is a blessing.

WHICH travels faster, heat or cold? Heat, because one can catch a cold.

A Druggist's Story. Mr. Isaac C. Chapman, druggist, Newburg, N. Y., writes us: "I have for the past ten years sold several gross of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balm for the Lungs. I can say of it what I cannot say of any other medicine. I have never heard a customer speak of it but to praise its virtues in the highest manner. I have recommended it in a great many cases of whooping cough with the happiest effects. I have used it in my own family for many years; in fact, always have a bottle in the medicine chest."

## Three Remarkable Interviews.

A reporter has interviewed Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, M. C.; Hon. Judge Flanders of New York; and T. S. Arthur, in regard to their experience with Compound Oxygen. These interviews give surprising results and show this treatment for the cure of chronic diseases to be the most remarkable known to the profession. A copy of these interviews, also a treatise on Compound Oxygen, will be mailed free, by Dr. Starkey & Pallen, 1100 Girard st., Phila.

## A Pleasure to Recommend It.

We take pleasure in recommending Dr. Warner's White Wine of Tar Syrup to any public speaker that may be troubled with throat or lung disease.

Rev. M. L. Booher, Pastor Presbyterian Church, Reading, Mich.

Rev. J. T. Iddings, Albion, Mich.

Rev. V. L. Lockwood, Ann Arbor, Mich.

## Level-Headed.

When Fogg was asked regarding the latest addition to the English language, he said he would ask his wife. She always is the latest word. His wife said Carboline was not only the latest but the best.

## My Wife and Children.

Rev. L. A. Dunlap, of Mount Vernon, Mo., says: My children were afflicted with a cough, resulting from measles, my wife with a cough that had prevented her from sleeping, more or less, for years, and your White Wine of Tar Syrup has cured them all.

MEN'SMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF 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.

Beware of the impenitent stages of Consumption. Take Piso's Cure in time.

Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator has a reputation equal to any medicine in the world.

The Frazer Axle Grease is the best and, intrinsically, the cheapest.

For a cold in the head, there is nothing so good as 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.

"Buchu-palpa," 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.

## THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINCY, BRUISES, SPRAINS, Swellings, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.

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BOYS AND GIRLS—A handsome set of cards and descriptive catalogue for four one-cent stamps. W. H. BISSON, Wells Bridge, N. Y.

LEARN Telegraphy, or Short-Hand and Type Writing, by Situation, or by Correspondence. Address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

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WRITE to us how to SECURE a FREE PAIR OF FINE SHOES. J. E. BICKNELL & CO., Brockton, Mass.

HAIR—To us how to SECURE a FREE PAIR OF FINE SHOES. J. E. BICKNELL & CO., Brockton, Mass.

THE BURNING NOVELTY CO., 195 & 197 Fulton St., New York, send all kinds of JEWELRY, GUNS and NOVELTIES for lowest cash price. Send for catalogue.

PATENT BARREL-HEAD FASTENER—Cheaper than lining hoops. Impossible for head to drop in or out. Guarantees safety of package. Driven in with hammer. Coopers wanted to apply them. TETAMORE & FORDHAM MFG. CO., Wallabout St., N. Y. Ave., Brooklyn.

Save Your Loved Ones FROM A DRUNKARD'S GRAVE

By the timely use of Dr. S. J. L. CLARKE'S BALSAM POWDER. A positive cure for all kinds of drunkenness, whether by wine, ale, liquor, tea or coffee, and administered without the knowledge of the patient. Produces at once a desire for all intoxicating liquors. One box will frequently cure the worst case. Securely packed. By mail 60 cents per box. Address THE CLARKE MEDICINE CO., 21 and 23 Ann Street, N. Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

When applied to the finger into the nostril, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the system, causing catarrhal secretions. It cures inflammation of the membrane of the nose, and all nasal diseases from fresh colds, croup, and all other ailments. A few applications thoroughly saturating the nostrils with the balm, will cure. Agreeable to the taste. Sent by circular, 60 cents by drugists, 50 cents by mail. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Oswego, N. Y.

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## LONG SUFFERING

From Stone in the Kidneys of one of Troy's Best Citizens—His Recovery through the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy (of Rondout, N. Y.)

It is by no means strange that Dr. David Kennedy should have received the following letter. By reading it you will see in one minute why James Andrews was thankful:

Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.:

DEAR SIR—Until within a recent date, I had for several years suffered greatly from Gravel, called by the doctors the Brick-dust Sediment. For about a year past this sediment has not passed off in the usual quantity, but has accumulated, causing me untold pain. Having heard of DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, I tried it in my case, and after using about one and one-half bottles I voided a stone from the bladder, of an oval shape, 7-16 of an inch long, and rough on its surface. I send you the largest piece that you may see of what it is composed. Since then I have felt no pain. I now consider myself cured, and cannot express my thankfulness and gratitude for so signal a deliverance from a terrible disease. You have my consent to use this letter, should you wish to do so, for the benefit of other sufferers.

Yours truly, JAMES ANDREWS.

No. 10 Marshall St., Ida Hill, Troy, N. Y.

When we consider that the medicine which did this service for Mr. Andrews costs only one dollar a bottle, it would seem that persons afflicted in like fashion can afford the expense of testing its virtues. Get it of your druggist, or address Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

BIG PAY To sell our rubber hand stamps. Terms free. Taylor Bros. & Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

3% LOANS.

For men of moderate means. Money loaned in any part of the country. Address with 2-cent stamp, NICHOLSON LOAN & TRUST CO., CHARLOTTE, N.C.

HOP PLASTER

This porous plaster is famous for its quick and hearty action in curing Lambs Back, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Crick in the Back, Side or Hip, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Sore Chills, Kidney Troubles and all pains or aches either local or deep-seated. It soothes, Strengthens and stimulates the parts. The virtues of hops combined with gum—clean and ready to apply. Superior to liniments, lotions and salves. Price 50 cents or 5 for \$1.00. Sold by drugists and country stores. Mailed on receipt of price. Hop Plaster Company, Free Priories, Boston, Mass.

A GREAT SUCCESS