

NIAGARA AND ITS WILD FLOWERS.

A lovely afternoon! We are sitting near the top of the hill close above the great Horseshoe Falls at Niagara, and the wealth and loveliness of the wild flowers, forming one of Nature's most exquisite wild gardens, lying stretched out at our feet, make us think how many of our gardening friends would find a deep enjoyment could they be here, and see what we are now seeing, and what I will try to describe, faint and feeble though my description must necessarily be in comparison with the glorious reality.

The great cataract itself is in unusual magnificence; the early autumn rains have brought a large body of water into the lake, and the torrent of liquid emerald pouring over the jagged rocks is deep and massive, and its thunder has an unwonted tone of grandeur and solemnity. Far away in the distance lie the quiet waters of the great lake, placid and unstirred as yet, and the white sail of a far-off boat is seen as it gets an occasional gleam of sun while passing from one shore of the lake to the other. Nearer at hand, for the space of a mile or so before reaching their doom, the waters, placid no longer, foam and whirl, hurrying madly along. Every dancing wave crest is turned into molten silver in the rays of the western sun; every rock lying in the channel seizes a passing wave and whirls it upward in masses of glittering spray, till at last, when on the brink of the great chasm, there comes to the rushing waters a sudden gathering up of irresistible strength, and they, whose only object hitherto seems to have been to dash themselves past all obstacles with reckless and ever-increasing speed, become all at once possessed with a sense of their awful power as they suddenly, swiftly, silently, drop over the perpendicular rock into the fearsome turmoil below, great green jewels, wide and deep, in a setting of frosted silver.

And this solemn magnificence and grandeur has the exquisite contrast of so lovely and peaceful a foreground. The hillside down which we are looking, and which stretches to the edge of the water, is aglow with vivid color—huge golden masses of Solidago of many kinds, great clumps many yards wide of big, deep, purple, primrose-eyed Asters alternate with those of a pale shimmering lilac, and with others small-flowered but profuse in bloom, while throughout the undergrowth is a bright blue gleam, as though some spangles had fallen from the sky—the gift of a flower the name of which is unknown to me. Then from out the grass shine everywhere small bright flowers of many colors, among them a delicate Gentian-like bloom bravely lifting its head up on a slender stalk. And there are so many lovely flowers besides—a bush covered with apricot-colored blossoms in shape like a Mimulus, a glowing mass of red Lythrum, and a delicately lovely Aster, in which the lilac is replaced by a sheeny grey-pink. The feathery blossoms of Spiraea and some white Daisies shine here and there among their more richly colored sisters. It is indeed a garden unapproachable in its own beauty, and with its tender loveliness made more impressive by its wonderful surroundings.

Just where we are sitting we have taken advantage of masses of tall shrubs and the stems of forest trees, to shut out from view all buildings and roads, and have left ourselves with the Falls and the Nature-planted garden as they might have been seen long ago. There is hardly a breath of wind; the great misty columns of spray rise high into the sky from the base of the falling water, and it is only at rare intervals that a wandering spirit of air takes one of the lighter spray clouds and bends it over toward us, when its soft and dew-like mist is shed over the thirsty flowers, making their vivid colors glow with intense beauty in the rays of the setting sun. As the gentle breeze passes by they bow their heads in gratitude for the welcome moisture, and a rustling murmur runs from top to bottom of the hill as they raise themselves up again in thankful praise.

And ever the voices of the waters are circling around us, now seeming to raise a threatening warning of their irresistible power, now chanting a solemn death song as they are hurled over the precipice to be broken to the very last drop into foam, and spray, and mist on the rocks below, and ever through the voices, now loud, now low, with unceasing iteration, seems to vibrate a note of praise to the great Creator of all for the use He has made of them in the formation of one of the wonderful sights He has given on earth for our enjoyment.

And now, with sudden dip, the sun is lost behind the hill; the air strikes chill, and the flowers begin folding themselves away to sleep, but the beauty of the scene entrances us yet. In front of the now dark and sunless foreground sweeps the broad horse-shoe of foaming and struggling water; the great emerald is now changed into a myriad-tinted opal; the wavelets that leap into the air all along the whirling rapids are dyed with a flush pink; while from far down in the gloom and depths of the Great Fall a rainbow rises into the misty mass of spray. Above, around, and through the spray gleam the floating clouds in the evening sky—now blushing o'er with rosy flame, now slowly changing to a lustrous gold, till all color slowly fading gleam by gleam away, the gray hush of the coming night falls over the wondrous scene.

As we rise to begin our way down the hill, our first step seems to bring us back from a world of dreams, and we know afterward that the same thought was in both our minds and the same words were ringing in both our ears—those words in which God gives us a foreshadowing of His eternal mysteries: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."—H. Stuart Worley.

Buddhism in Europe.

A Buddhist temple is being built in Paris by a rich English lady, who is a convert to the great religion of the East. Buddhism has more votaries than the Christian and Mohammedan world combined. As originally pro-

pounded it was a purely secular faith, which taught morality, but denied, or rather ignored, the existence of a God or the fact of a life hereafter. So-called advanced thinkers in Europe and America, who call themselves Agnostics, hold very similar views; but Buddhism in the East is a corrupted religion, and involves many superstitions which are repulsive to civilized people. But a church in which will be taught the original doctrines of Gautama would not differ very much from the teaching from many radical reformed religions. During the international exposition, when many Hindus were in Paris, there was a temporary Buddhist temple in the vicinity of the Champ de Mars; but the new temple is to be a permanent one, and will be an object of great curiosity to travelers from other parts of the world.—Demorest's Monthly.

A Secret of the Dead.

More than half a century ago Chancellor Lansing, of New York, a man holding a high position both in social and professional life, disappeared in a sudden and unaccountable manner. To strengthen the theory of suicide, which was advanced, it was asserted, says the New York correspondent of the Troy Times, that his business affairs were in great confusion. It has often been said that Thurlow Weed was the only man who could solve the mystery. The latter was aggravated by its connection with the Manhattan well murder, which was also deeply mysterious. Chancellor Lansing presided at the trial of Levi Weeks for the murder of Gulelma Sands, who was found dead in the Manhattan well in the suburbs of the city. Weeks was no doubt guilty, but escaped justice. When his acquittal took place one of the friends of the murdered girl (Mrs. Comfort Sands) arose in court and denounced both the judge and the prisoner's lawyers, and said that divine justice would follow them. Strange to say, before the lapse of four years one of these lawyers shot the other in a duel, and henceforth became so accused that the very name of Aaron Burr makes one almost shudder. The Judge, who was thought to have unfairly favored the defense, disappeared in the above mentioned manner. Now that Thurlow Weed is gone, the matter will never be solved.

Verification of the Bible.

A Chicago Board of Trade man set out to "do" Europe and the East in a week or ten days, or such a matter. In youth he had absorbed some New Testament legends, and felt a sudden interest on arriving in the Holy Land to cross the Sea of Galilee. The laziness of the ferryman and the indescribable slowness of the craft terribly exasperated the Chicago man, when he testily inquired:

"See here, stranger, how long have you been running this ferry?"

"Forty-five years," was the placid and lazy answer.

"Who held it before you?" asked Chicago.

"My father, who ran it fifty years," was the calm reply.

"Well, how long has this durned monopoly been in your family, anyhow?"

"Three thousand years," pensively spoke the ferryman, as his dreamy gaze wandered to the palm trees upon the shore.

"Well, by thunder!" shouted the Chicago man, with muttering disgust. "It is no wonder the Lord wanted to walk over!"

Times That Were and Are.

A 13-year old-boy was sent off to a boarding-school. Meeting an old friend, the latter began to tell him of the days when he was a boy, and for years kept at a boarding-school. He told of the routine at the seminary, the trials of the boys, their sports and scrapes, and escapes, etc. The little Californian listened attentively, and then asked:

"Did you have to go to prayers in your school?"

"Oh, yes."

"And sit with your arms folded?"

"Yes."

"Did you have better dinners when your mother came to see you?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever wish all the teachers were on top of the building and the house was on fire, and they couldn't get down?"

"The 'old boy,' overcome by a flood of recollections, declined to confess to his youthful bloodthirstiness, but reflected that times that were are ever so much like times that are.—San Francisco Record.

A Tree of Temper.

A specimen of the "angry tree," indigenous to Australia, is growing on a farm in Nevada, and is now eight feet high. When the sun sets its leaves fold together and the ends of the tender twigs coil up like a pitgail. If the twigs are handled the leaves move uneasily for a minute or more. A singular thing concerning the tree was its apparent resentment on being removed from a pot, in which it had matured, into a much larger pot. Hardly had it been placed in its new quarters before the leaves began to stand up in all directions, like the hair on the tail of an angry cat, and soon the whole plant was in a quiver. At the same time it gave out an odor most pungent and sickening, resembling the odor given off by rattlesnakes and other kinds of snakes when teased. So strong and offensive was this smell that it had to be removed from the house for several days.

Flowers That Bless You.

Flowers flourish in the gardens of those who love them. A pleasant magic would it be, if you could flush flowers into brighter bloom by a kind look upon them; nay, more, if a look had the power not only to cheer but to guard them. This you would think a great thing. And do you think it not a greater thing that all this, and more than this, you can do for fairer flowers than these—flowers that could bless you for having loved them, and love you for having loved them—flowers that have eyes like yours, and thoughts like yours, and lives like yours?—Selected.

A DEFEATED boatman has been taking iron lately. He says that is the only ore that he can handle at present.

A Good Salesman.

A young lady employed in a Philadelphia store won a prize of \$50 for the best essay on "How to Wait on a Customer." We publish the following extracts from the essay:

Two principles are absolutely necessary: 1. True loyalty—to your employer. 2. True loyalty—to your customer.

As far as possible each customer should be treated as if he or she were to be the only one of the day.

The rush of business may sometimes in a measure prevent this. But by keeping a quiet mind and collected thoughts, it can always be done to a good degree.

Cordiality, honesty, politeness, tact, patience, perseverance, decision, confidence, willingness, enthusiasm, all must be brought into use.

Greet your customer cordially. Not with undue familiarity, but with a manner that says "Welcome!" She is your employer's visitor, and should be kindly received.

Wait upon your customers honestly. An apparent advantage may be gained by even a slight deviation from truth; but persons once deceived seldom return.

Wait upon your customers politely, courteously, kindly. Not with an obsequious air, but with the politeness that comes from true kindness of heart.

Wait upon your customers with tact—that peculiar faculty in which are embodied so many of the conditions of success.

A quick perception of the purposes, means, tastes and wishes of your customer is indispensable to the greatest success.

Loose no fitting opportunity for introducing goods beyond those expressly called for; you may give pleasure and information to your customer, and often double your sale.

Should an article be called for not then in stock, admit it frankly, but quickly offer a substitute.

Wait upon your customer with decision and confidence. Never be obliged to say, "I don't know," as long as there are means of finding out. It is your business to know.

Wait upon your customers cheerfully, willingly. One may show goods with patience, and with a faultless politeness so far as acts go, but with a shaded face and martyr-like expression thoroughly chilling to the purchaser.

We hear it said, "Well, I would not buy of that one, at any rate; he seemed so unwilling to show us anything." And again, "I bought it because he was so agreeable it was a pleasure to buy from him."

Wait upon your customer with interest and enthusiasm. How far to press a point must be determined wholly by circumstances. Ordinarily speaking, urging has no place in true salesmanship.

"Lookers" are, in the estimate of too many salespeople, unpardonable intruders; but remember that the pleased looker of to-day may be the valuable purchaser of to-morrow.

Do not frighten away a timid looker with the question, "Did you wish to look at so and so?" or, "Can I show you anything?"

In nine cases out of ten the reply will come, "Oh, no, thank you! I was only looking." Those questions imply purchasing.

Make a casual remark, such as, "That piece you have your hand on is one of the new spring shades; do you like it?" Those faces have just come in; our Paris buyer is sending us some beautiful ones just now.

The looker will pause, ready to see or hear more, and give you the opportunity to make her your purchaser.

Had Enough of the Office.

The following resignation of a country Judge was recently sent to the Governor of Arkansas: "I have got enough of this blamed office. I took this here place expectin' to be respected, but mud has been flung at me ever since. The temperance people and the still-house folks have been pullin' at me all the time, an' finally, when I concluded to go with the still-house folks, the temperance people vowed I didn't have no sense, an' was an ole fraud; jes' like a man didn't have a right to do as he pleases in this here free country. Well, they kep' on a-sharpin' an' a-sharpin' till I 'lowed that mebbe I was wrong, so turned over to the temperance people. Then the still-house folks 'gunter howl, an' swore that I was a fool an' a thief, nobow. So, you see, I don't know which way to turn, an' I want say right here that you may take the blamed office yourself."—Arkansas Traveler.

Henry Clay's Good-Humor.

Henry Clay was fond of light-kinship debates, in which his imperturbable good-humor frequently gave him an advantage over his antagonists. On one occasion, when he was replying to a somewhat heated opponent, a sudden squall came up and rattled the window curtains so as to produce a considerable noise. The orator stopped short in the midst of his remarks and inquired aloud, "what was the matter; and then, as if divining the cause of the disturbance, he said: "Storms seem to be coming in upon us on all sides." The observation, though trivial as related, was highly amusing under the circumstances which gave rise to it, and from the manner in which it was uttered. Mr. Clay rarely failed to rivet the attention of his audience, and to reward it. His enunciation was clear and melodious, and he expressed strongly what he deeply felt. He was not over-cautious in his choice of phrases and epithets, when speaking of the usurpations of the incumbent of the Presidential chair as "lean and hungry parasites" who fattened and misled him. He was always happy in his illustrations, and no one could tell a good story with better effect.—Ben. Perley Poore.

Wanted the Verse Omitted.

A clergyman married a lady with whom he received a substantial dowry of \$10,000, and a fair prospect for more. Soon afterward, while occupying the pulpit, he gave out a hymn, read four stanzas, and was reading the fifth:

Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore—
when he hesitated and exclaimed "Amen!" the choir will omit the fifth verse," and sat down. The congregation attracted by his apparent confusion, read the remaining lines:

Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.
—Roxbury Advocate.

Fuchias.

These graceful flowers have a curious history. They are natives of South America. They were first brought to England just 100 years ago. Mr. Lee, a well-known English florist, introduced them to the public in 1774. They were described as "flowers hanging like tassels from the drooping branches." The flowers were small and the foliage very different from the beautiful varieties now cultivated. Since then one can hardly estimate the amount of money and time expended upon these plants; and they are constantly growing in beauty and popularity. They were known as, and were called by many, "The Ladies' Ear-Drop."

A CURIOUS punishment was recently inflicted on a private in the English army. The man's offense was spitting on parade, for which the Adjutant ordered him an extra half hour's drill with a stone in his mouth.

Company Shops.

Mr. M. M. Shoffner, Postmaster and Justice of the Peace, Company Shops, Alabama Co., N. C., writes he has used St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism, cuts, swelled ankles and knees, pains in the back, and sore throat. One or two applications in each case has always cured, and he believes the Great German Remedy is the best in the world. "As long as I can get it," he adds, "I never intend to be without it."

Character in the Hand.

A hand which is hard and stiff and has a difficulty in opening to its full extension indicates obstinacy and stubbornness. A large hand indicates love of minute and detail; a medium hand takes in detail and also appreciates entirety. Among musical people the most correct and learned musicians have square fingers; instrumentation, whether it be the art of performing, or composing for instruments, is invariably found in spatulate fingers; while singers have nearly always the third phalange pointed. Thus it will be understood that while knots beautify and improve a spatulate or square fingered hand on account of their natural usefulness and aptitude for combination, to have the joints largely developed would be a deformity and misfortune to a pointed or conical-fingered hand, seeing that the latter are devoted to the finer and more liberal arts, which necessarily succeed best when they are the offspring of inspiration and spontaneity.

The inherent natural shape of a hand never alters. Its concomitant conditions may be changed by the subject being forced into an occupation the opposite of his genius, inclination, and natural tendency, but the original aptitude, and the form of finger which denotes it, always remain. Thus: If a subject obviously reclined toward, and born for, poetry or art be forced by circumstances to become an engineer, or to pursue any other practical employment, the hand will become hard, gross and mechanical, but the pointed smooth shape will still remain undisguised.

Take the absolute rustic, free as air, without thought or mental cares of any kind, his hand will be spatulate or square, with large joints. Take the circus rider, juggler, gymnast, dancer, rider, and so on, his hand will be either spatulate and smooth or large and conical, and very hard, for these possess a kind of rugged, instinctive grace.—Frith and Allen, in "Language of the Hand."

The Daily Scourge of Thousands.

Of our fellow countrymen and women, dyspepsia, may be permanently stayed by the use of Foetter's Stomach Bitters, which, with certainty and rapidity, initiates a reform in the action of a weak or disordered stomach. It promotes secretion of gastric juice, which, in the chemistry of the stomach, acts the part of a solvent; removes those twin obstacles to tranquility in the digestive region, biliousness and constipation, and remedies heartburn, flatulence, sour or bitter eructations, distension of the abdomen and other symptoms to which sufferers from indigestion are subjected. Dyspepsia begets sleeplessness, causes vertigo, and produces chronic irritability. These sympathetic evidences of its existence disappear through the influence of this intimate medicine. Debilitating maladies which entail loss of strength and flesh are counteracted by it, and it is the finest known tonic for fever and other medicinal ailments in general. Kidney troubles, uterine debility, and rheumatism are relieved by it.

Why is a woman deformed when she is mending her stockings? Because her hands are where her feet should be.

Come, Gentle Spring.

and bring malaria, dyspepsia, biliousness, torpidity of liver, and a train of kindred maladies. Fortunately Kidney-Wort is at hand. It may be had of the nearest druggist, and will purify the system, correct the stomach and bowels, stimulate the liver and kidneys to healthy action, remove all poisonous humors and make you feel like a new man. As a spring medicine, tonic, and blood purifier, it has no equal.

Can anybody give us the address of the man whose name is Legion?—Rochester Post-Express.

Get THE BEST DYES.—The Diamond Dyes for family use have no equals. All popular colors easily dyed fast and beautiful. Only 10c. a package at druggists'. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample Card, 25 colors, and book of directions for 2c. stamp.

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MANY who long suffered from urinary and digestive diseases, causing nervousness, weakness, and debility, after trying bitters, kidney medicines, from medicines, etc., without benefit, have found permanent relief in from one to three bottles of Dr. Guyot's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, the only perfect blood purifier and strengthener. Hundreds of letters to the proprietors have testified to its superiority over the many pretended cures so largely advertised by means of bogus certificates that are bought and paid for.

This dancing skeleton at the Dime Museum is not an illusion. It is a bony-fied thing.—New Orleans Picayune.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN. Dr. Jos. Holt, New Orleans, La., says: "I have frequently found it of excellent service in cases of debility, loss of appetite, and in convalescence from exhaustive illness, and particularly of service in treatment of women and children."

The mosquito's anger is an appropriation bill.

That wonderful catholicon known as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has given the user a world-wide reputation for its good. It is a living spring of health and strength.

The riches which always take to themselves wings—ost-riches.

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, fleas, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks, etc.

Abandoned Cases.

A comparatively large number of the cases which Drs. Starkey & Felen, of 1109 Girard street, Philadelphia, are so successful treating with Compound Oxygen are what are known as abandoned or "desperate" cases—many of them a class which no physician of any school would undertake to cure. They are, in fact, such as have run the course of experiment within the regular schools of medicine and quackery without, until between diseases and drugs the patient is reduced to the saddest and most deplorable condition. No treatment can be subjected to a severer test. Write for information in regard to its nature and action.

Satisfactory Evidence.

J. W. Graham, Wholesale Druggist, of Austin, Tex., writes: "I have been handling Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs for the past year, and have found it one of the most salable medicines I have ever had in my house for coughs, colds, and even consumption, always giving entire satisfaction. Please send me another gross."

"Put up" at the Gault House.

The business man or tourist will find first-class accommodations at the low price of \$9 and \$2.50 per day at the Gault House, Chicago, corner Clinton and Madison streets. This far-famed hotel is located in the center of the city, only one block from the Union Depot. Elevator, all appointments first-class.

H. W. HOYT, Proprietor.

SCIATICA is one of the most agonizing forms of that dread disease, rheumatism. The wife of Rev. C. M. Heard, of Neenah, Wis., who was affected in the hip, and after taking a single bottle of this sovereign specific, Athiophoros, she was completely rid of the pain that had tortured her for years, and moved around with the freedom and activity of youth. Athiophoros never fails to quickly cure, and it is perfectly harmless. Price, \$1 per bottle. If your druggist hasn't it, send to Athiophoros Co., 112 Wall street, N. Y.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, indigestion, depression of spirits, and general debility in their various forms; also, as a preventive against fever and ague, and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphated Elixir of Calceya," made by Cassell, Hazard & Co., of New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

MESSRS. ELY BROS., Druggists, Oswego, N. Y.—Inclosed please find money for four bottles of Cream Balm. I tried it on a man who could not smell at all. After using your balm for six days could smell everything.—J. C. MATHEWS, Salem, N. C. [Price 50 cents.]

A NATURAL oil, cleanly, one that will not become rancid, one that is penetrating, one that combines all these qualities is Carboline, the most elegant hair-dresser and restorer. Try it.

ELY'S CREAM BALM cured me of Catarrh of many years' standing—restored my sense of smell. For a cold in the head it was like magic.—E. H. SHREWOOD, National State Bank, Elizabeth, N. J. [Easy to use. See adv.]

It afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it, 25c.

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, scab rheum, frost-bite, chublaina.

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

"Ruehu-Paiba." Quick, complete cure, all annoying kidney and urinary diseases. \$1.

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

"Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, cure, hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swelling, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER PAINFUL AFFECTIONS. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

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It is a positive cure for... All those painful complaints and weaknesses so common to our best population.

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THE SURGEON'S KNIFE.

Required to Remove a Stone from the Bladder—This Dangerous Operation Might have been Avoided by the Timely Use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy (of Rondout, N. Y.)

Mr. Simeon Tietzell, formerly of Rondout, N. Y., had been treated for seven years by various physicians for what they called Stricture of the Urethra, without benefit. He finally consulted Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., who found his trouble to be Urinary Calculi, or Stones in the Bladder. The Doctor at once removed the foreign bodies with the knife, and then gave his great kidney and liver medicine, FAVORITE REMEDY, to prevent their reformation. The entire treatment was eminently successful, and Mr. Tietzell's recovery was rapid and complete.

While FAVORITE REMEDY is a specific in all Kid