

### She Kind of Coaxed Him.

A large man, with a sad eye and an early purple tumor on the side of his head, came in and asked me if my name was Nye. I told him it was, and asked him to take a chair and sit on the stove a few times, and make himself entirely at home.

He did so.

After answering, in a loud and tremulous tone of voice, that we were having rather a backward spring, he produced a red cotton handkerchief, and took out of it a deed which he submitted to my ripe and logical legal mind.

I asked him if that was his name that appeared in the body of the deed as a grantor. He said it was. I then asked him why his wife had not signed it, as it seemed to be the homestead, and her name appeared in the instrument with that of her husband, but her signature wasn't at the foot, though his name was duly signed, witnessed, and acknowledged.

"Well," said he, "there's where the gaffe comes in." He then took a bite off the corner of a plug of tobacco about as big as a railroad land grant, and laid two \$20 gold pieces on the desk near my arm. I took them and tapped them together like the cashier of the Bank of England, and, disguising my annoyance over the little episode, told him to go on.

"Well," said the large man, fondling the wen which nestled lovingly in his Titian hair, "my wife has conscientious scruples against signing that deed. We have been married a year now, but not actively for the past eleven months. I'm kind of ex-officio husband, as you might say. After we'd been married about a month a little incident occurred which made a rifle, as you might say, in our domestic tide. I was division master on the U. P., and one night I got an order to go down toward Sidney, and look at a bridge. Of course, I couldn't get back till the next evening. So I signed and switched off to the Superintendent's office, expecting to go over on No. 4, and look at the bridge. At the office they told me I needn't go till Tuesday. So I strolled up town and got home about 9 o'clock, went in with a latch-key, just as a mutual friend went out through the bedroom window, taking a sash that I paid \$2 for. I didn't care for the sash, because he left a pair of pantaloons worth \$12 and some silver in the pockets, but I thought it was such odd taste for a man to wear a sash without his uniform.

"Well, as I had documentary evidence against my wife, I told her she could take a vacation. She cried a good deal, but it didn't count. I suffered a good deal, but tears did not avail. It takes a good deal of damp weather to float me out of my regular channel. She spent a night packing her trousseau, and in the morning she went away. Now I could get a divorce and save all this trouble of getting her signature, but I'd rather not tell this whole business in court, for the little woman seems to be trying to do better, and if it wasn't for her blamed old hyena of a mother would get along tip-top. She's living with her mother now, and if a lawyer would go to the girl and tell her how it is, and that I want to sell the property and want her signature, in place of getting a divorce, I believe she'd sign. Would you mind trying it?"

I said if I could get time I would go over and talk with her and see what she said. So I did. I got along pretty well, too. I found the young woman at home, and told her the legal aspects of the case. She wouldn't admit any of the charges, but after a long parley agreed to execute the deed and save trouble. She came to my office about an hour later, signed the instrument, I got two witnesses to the signature, and had just put the notarial seal on it when the girl's mother came in. She asked her daughter if she had signed the deed and was told that she had. She said nothing, but smiled in a way that made my blood run cold. If a woman were to smile on me that way every day I should certainly commit some great crime.

I was just congratulating myself on the success of the business, and was looking at the two \$20 gold pieces and trying to get acquainted with them, as it were, after the two women had gone away, when they returned with the husband and son-in-law at the head of the procession. He looked pale and careworn to me. He asked me in a low voice if I had a deed there, executed by his wife. I said yes. He asked me if I would destroy it. I said I would. I would make deeds and tear them up all day at \$40 apiece. I said I liked the conveyancing business very much, and if a client felt like having a grand warranty deed deeded, I was there to furnish the raw material.

I then tore up the deed and the two women went quietly away. After they had gone, my client, in an absent-minded way, took out a large card that had outlined its usefulness, laid it tenderly on the open page of Estey's Pleadings, and said:

"You doubtless think I am a singular organization, and that my ways are past finding out. I wish to ask you if I did right a moment ago." Here he took out another \$20 and put it under the paper weight. "When I went down stairs I met my mother-in-law. She always looked to me like a firm woman, but I did not think she was so ungovernable as she really was. She asked me in a low, musical voice to please destroy the deed, and then she took one of them Smith & Wesson automatic advance agents of death out from under her apron and kind of wheedled me into saying I would. Now, did I do right? I want a candid, legal opinion, and I'm ready to pay for it."

I said he did perfectly right.—Bill Nye.

### Tea Saves Doctors' Bills.

The *Scientific American* propounds and answers the questions: "Why is it that those who are sick or convalescing from sickness ask for and relish a cup of tea? Why is it, again, that physicians will often recommend tea and forbid coffee? Plainly, the answer is because tea is the most wholesome beverage, and in the respect exceeds coffee. But while the use of tea is increasing, there is one class of the community who do not realize the advantages that tea offers them; and that class is the

very poor in purse, who regard tea as a luxury that they cannot afford, when, if they did but know it, they could not afford to do without tea. It is the general use of tea that will save many a doctor's bill. It is tea that assists digestion, and it is tea that makes one's beefsteak go further. In this respect it is a positive economy, and it is not always the lowest-priced article that is the cheapest. Quality in tea means strength and flavor, and it is much better and cheaper to buy good tea at a fair price than to get the very low in price; and it is good tea that the poor man wants."

### The Burglar's Clever Love-Making.

One night not long ago the daughter of one of our best citizens was awakened by a noise in her room, and, upon sitting up, discovered a man disguised in a black mask standing beside her bed and calmly contemplating her features by the aid of a bull's-eye lantern.

"Don't be alarmed, miss," he said; "I haven't taken anything yet."

"Bless me!" said the girl; "I do believe it's a burglar."

"Of course it is," said the house-breaker, with an ungratifying smile, as he lit a cigarette. "And I am proud of it."

"What do you want?" demanded the young lady.

"Well, I did want to sample your jewelry case," said the robber, "but you looked so all-fired pretty lying there with your anuburn hair—just my style—that I couldn't help waking you to see if you had dark eyes. I'm terribly fond of light hair and dark eyes, myself."

"Well, I have," said the young lady, glancing at the mirror. "But I must look like a fright in this dress."

"On the contrary, white is very becoming to you," said the disciple of Jimmy Hope, tenderly. "By the way, are you engaged?"

"That's tellin'," said the girl.

"No, but you're honest Injun?"

"Well, yes, I am—to a young lawyer; but I don't care for him so very much."

"He's poor, isn't he?"

"Oh, awfully."

"Exactly; I thought as much. Now, my dear girl, don't you know there is nothing in this love-in-a-cottage business? You don't want to peg along nursing babies in some stuffy back room for the next ten years, do you?"

"N-n-n-o," murmured the girl.

"Then why not let this fellow slide and take me? I'm pretty comfortably fixed. Business has been good this season, and our profits are large. Our firm is now running a tunnel under a Marysville Bank, and I've got a fourth interest. Besides, I'm Secretary of the Burglars' Protective Association. What d'yer say?"

"Couldn't we go abroad next summer?" asked the girl, thoughtfully.

"Why, certainly. I expect to have to. Just think over the matter, and I'll drop in some night later in the week. I know how to get in." And, shouldering his kit, the Secretary stepped out of the window and went off to open a jewelry store for an engagement ring.

And the next day the young lawyer received back his letters and photograph.

Our girls know on which side their bread is buttered, and you can bet on it.—*San Francisco Post*.

### An Evening's Entertainment.

A correspondent, who is determined that her visitors shall have a good time, says: "What can we do if we are tired of reading and music?" The natural inference is that she or her guests do not dance, or play whist, or "games of chance," so called, but in which in reality the battle is to the swift and the race to the strong. This being the case, I know of no more delightful way to insure a pleasant evening than to play games with pencils and paper. You may need a little courage to introduce these games, but, believe me, you will be surprised at the happy results which will crown your efforts. First, try making poetry. Have a sufficient number of pencils provided, distribute them, and give four slips of paper to each person. Each must write one word on each slip. Collect them, mix thoroughly, and then allow each person to draw out four slips, and do not let him see what the words are upon it until he has had it in his hand. It is then the duty of each one to make a verse of poetry and include in it the four words thus drawn. Then each must read when all are done the verse that he has written. Do not excuse any one from it, for the most unpromising people often make the best rhymes. Then after this try writing poems on subjects, all writing on the same subject; or write epigrams. Another funny exercise is to make couplets, or when all are seated let one person whisper the name of an object to each one while some one else goes around the room and whispers the name of some person, either a historical character, or an acquaintance; then each must tell why the person and the object are alike, or why they are unlike. Resemblances or differences may either be taken as an answer. Try these, or some of them, and you will be surprised to find out how quick-witted and bright some "young people of all ages" are.—*New York Evening Post*.

### Go Into the Woods for Fresh Air.

Go into the woods for revivification. Get away from the hard pavements, the stony buildings, the severe limits of the city into the soft air and rounded outlines of the country. The woods are the fountain of youth, to the spirit its held in check by stone walls and narrow streets, and to the memory, which carries one back to boyhood's days. The trees, the stumps, the prostrate trunks have not changed while you have been growing old. There is the same old seat in the oaken crotch, and the mossy bed where you used to lie in the shade and dream the summer afternoon away. The chipmunks are as festive as though the gray was not creeping into your locks, and the birds sing as sweetly as though it had been perpetual spring in the woods since you were there so many years ago. Ah, how all things grow old and gray but nature and her children.—*South Bend Register*.

### A Bird Country.

That Guatemala, as the commencement of the narrowing land strip of North America, accommodates with homes a great many of the migratory birds, and that such a country, which in its tropical climate on the coasts, eternal spring in its middle elevation, and cold atmosphere on the heights, dotted by lakes and covered by the work of rivers, rivulets, brooks, and brooklets, and blessed with the fruits of both hot and cool temperatures, has many creatures peculiarly its own, needs no expatiation. The birds, for instance, encountered here are said to represent 600 species. There are no eagles, so to say, but three kinds of hawks, the same number of buzzards, or carrion crows, and six different raptors at night. The sparrow family is the dominant in the land, for it numbers 410 species. The calibri, or humming bird, is found in thirty-six species, belonging to twenty-eight genera. In the parrot family eight species are known as Auroras, all of brilliant and metallic plumage. The quetzal or quessal, the most beautiful and striking of all the Guatemala birds, and which stands on top of the State's escutcheon, forms a genus by itself. It inhabits the highest mountains, particularly in Verapaz, but that relentless tyrant, fashion, penetrates its craggy fastness, butchers it unmercifully, and ornaments her silly person with the borrowed plumage. Several hundred of them are thus slaughtered every year. Of the hooded parrots there are eight, while the common ones, called loros, are divided into fourteen species. Among the songsters the pitoreal, a small black bird living on bananas, plantains, and similar fruits, and resembling our catbird, is considered the finest, and called the nightingale of the country. In the gallinule order, one may mention the pau-jil, a magnificent wild creature, quail in make-up, turkey in size, and pheasant in color, with a long, slightly curved and round-pointed bill and a crest consisting of fine blue-black and white speckled feathers, of which the first is five and the last is three inches in length. When caught quite young it is easily tamed and contented in the poultry-yard, but in the first and second pairing season is sure to steal silently away into the wilderness. The turkey of the Cordilleras, called pavo de cacho is peculiar to the highest volcanic summits. Singularly, the turkey of Peten is confined to that region, and is of a distinct species. Of partridges and quails there are seven, and of pigeons seventeen species, not counting the sea-pigeons, waders, as the heron, crane, shrike-poke, sandpiper, snipe, woodcock, curlew, widgeon, and rail or water hen, are believed to have more than two hundred and fifty species. There is also a variety among the web-footed birds.—*Nashville American*.

### Religious Ballet Dancers.

I suppose every one remembers Emily and Betty Rigl when they danced in the Christmas ballet at the California Theater in the old days. At that time Joe Maguire, Walter Campbell, and others used to sing in a sort of special Christmas chorus at the same theater—and what a beautiful chorus it was! On Sunday they used to sing in the church choir. One Sunday I reproached poor Joe Maguire with the crime of singing on the stage. In his gentle way he proceeded to justify himself, and told me, among other things, that Emily and Betty Rigl were the most religious women he had ever seen. They had their rosaries always with them; never failed to say a prayer or two between the acts, and always crossed themselves before a pas seul. I afterward heard some of the others tell the same story. I don't object to a man saying a prayer before he goes out to cheat another man in a simple little business transaction. But for a pretty ballet dancer to invoke celestial aid, that she might rouse to greater rapture the bald heads in front, has always seemed to me like taking an undue advantage of one's personal influence.—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

### A Lover of the Antique.

Mrs. Limoges is very bric-a-brac in her tastes, but is not very ready to pay her bills. The other day the grocery man called.

"Can I see Mrs. L.?" he said to the servant.

"What do you want?"

"I've got a bill here for some groceries she bought last month."

"Only a month old?" asked the girl in surprise.

"Ain't that old enough?"

"No, sir, it is not. Mrs. Limoges, I'd have you know, is a lover of the antique, and should see a bill only a month old she would have a fit of nervous prostration."

"Well, that beats the deuce. When shall I come?"

"O, some time in the future. The older the bill gets the better; but don't you ever dare to come around with any of those vulgar new bills that the stains of time have never touched," and she slammed the door in his face.—*Ex.*

### Catholic College.

Mr. J. D. Kingsley, Secretary Holy Cross College Gymnasium, Worcester, Mass., writes: "Every member of our club frankly admits that St. Jacobs Oil, the conqueror of pain, is the best cure they have ever used, and all speak of it in terms of the highest approbation." 50 cents a bottle.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES thus describes how he would have woman: "I would have a woman as true as death. At the first real lie, which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world, where she can have an angel for governor and feed on strange fruits, which shall make her all over again, even to her bones and her marrow."

A TELEGRAPH messenger boy in Chicago has been sent to an insane asylum. Several times when on an errand he had been seen to run.

A TRAMP will not go away empty-handed from the good man's door—not if he can reach an overcoat from the hall rack.

Why is it called strawberry shortcake, when it is the berries that are always short?—*Bismarck Tribune*.

### THE STAGE-DRIVER'S STORY.

Haw General Scott's Life Was Saved and How His Driver Twice Escaped Death.

The traveler of the present day, as he is hurried along by the lightning express, in its buffet cars and palace sleepers, seldom reverts in thought to the time when the stage coach and packet were the only means of communication between distant points. It is rare that one of the real old-time stage-drivers is met with now-a-days, and when the writer recently ran across Payette Haskell, of Lockport, N. Y., he felt like a bibliographer over the discovery of some rare volume of "forgotten lore." Mr. Haskell, although one of the pioneers in stage driving (he formerly ran from Lewiston to Niagara Falls and Buffalo, is hale and hearty, and bids as a to live for many years. The strange stories of his early adventures would fill a volume. At one time when going down a mountain near Lewiston with no less a personage than General Scott as a passenger, the brakes gave way and the coach came on the heels of the wheel horses. The only remedy was to whip the leaders to a gallop. Gaining additional momentum with each revolution of the wheels, the coach swayed and pitched down the mountain side and into the streets of Lewiston. Straight ahead at the foot of the steep hill flowed the Niagara River, towards which the four horses dashed, apparently to certain death. Yet the firm had never relaxed its hold, nor the clear brain its conception of what must be done in the emergency. On dashed the horses until the narrow dock was reached on the river bank, when by a masterly exhibition of nerve and daring, the coach was turned in scarce its own length, and the horses brought to a standstill before the pale lookers on could realize what had occurred. A purse was raised by General Scott and presented to Mr. Haskell with high compliments for his skill and bravery.

Notwithstanding all his strength and his robust constitution, the strain of continuous work and exposure had done much for Mr. Haskell's constitution. The constant jolting of the coach and the necessarily cramped position in which he was obliged to sit contributed to this end, and at times he was obliged to abandon driving altogether.

Speaking of this period he said: "I found it almost impossible to sleep at night; my appetite left me entirely, and I had a dread feeling which never knew before and could not account for."

"Did you give up driving entirely?"

"No. I tried to keep up, but it was only with the greatest effort. This state of things continued for nearly twenty years until last October, when I went all to pieces."

"In what way?"

"Oh, I doubled all up; could not walk without a cane, and was incapable of any effort or exertion. I had a constant desire to urinate day and night, and although I felt like passing a gallon every ten minutes, only a few drops could escape and they thick with sediment. Finally it ceased to flow entirely, and I thought death was very near."

"What did you do then?"

"What I should have done long before: listen to my wife. Under her advice I began a new treatment."

"And with what result?"

"Wonderful. It unstopped the closed passages, and what was still more wonderful, regulated the flow. The sediment vanished, my appetite returned, and I am now well and hearty. I had a cure, wholly through the aid of Warner's Safe Cure, that has done wonders for me as well as for so many others."

Mr. Haskell's experience is repeated every day in thousands of cases of American men and women. An unknown evil is undermining the existence of an innumerable number, who do not realize the danger they are in until health has entirely departed, and death, perhaps, stands in the doorway. To neglect such important matters is like drifting in the current of Niagara above the Falls.

### The Purpose of a Play.

Alexandre Dumas, in his preface to "L'Etranger," published in the sixth volume of his dramatic works, says that the dominant idea of that play is divorce. "If we had it in France," he argues, "it would not be necessary to send to America for Clarkson to free the unhappy Catherine de Septmonts from her atrocious husband. When we attack a law on the stage it can only be by stage effects and generally without the particular law being even mentioned. The public must draw its own conclusions and say, 'In such a case as that the law is at fault.'"

When a tea broker fails, he injures his chest.

### What a Nuisance.

After eating a well-cooked meal with a tolerable appetite, to be pestered with heartburn, that your case, my dear sir or madam? If so, rectify the difficulty with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the national stomachic. It will put the stomach on good terms with its contents, and enable it to digest far more rapidly than carbonate of soda, or ginger, or any other carminative. Such post-prandial helps are inefficient and injure the stomach. Not so the Bitters. Digestion is the proximate effect of its use, a function which could not be resumed without it. As a laxative it is effective and painless. Rheumatic sufferers testify to its good effects, and as a diuretic it bears a high reputation. Languor and lassitude are succeeded by a feeling of vigorous energy when it is resorted to. It quiets and strengthens the nerves, and a wineglassful swallowed before bed-time enables one to control sleep successfully. It also eradicates malarial poison from the system.

A MOVING spectacle—a dude with an eye-glass.

WHAT can pass before the sun without making a shadow? The wind.

### Wisely Adopted by Dairymen.

The adoption by most of the prominent dairymen and farmers of the United States of the Improved Butter Color made by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., is a proof of their wisdom in a business point of view. Nearly all young butter is colored in order to make it marketable, and this color is the best, in regard to purity, strength, permanence, and perfection of tint.

WHAT tradesman most resembles an iron dog? A tinker (tin-cout).

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ALTHOUGH the lower animals can not talk they are nearly all tail-bearers.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound is highly praised by those who are obliged to stand all day in stores, and is a genuine blessing in every such case, as well as to the tired-out housekeeper who must be on her feet all day.

The successful photographer is a man of extensive views.—*Boston Transcript*.

### Another Life Saved.

Mrs. Harriet Cummings, of Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: "Early last winter my daughter was attacked with a severe cold, which settled on her lungs. We tried several medicines, none of which seemed to do her any good, but she continued to get worse, and finally raised large amounts of blood from her lungs. We called in a family physician, but he failed to do her any good. At this time a friend, who had been cured by Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, advised me to give it a trial. We then got a bottle, and she began to improve, and by the use of three bottles was entirely cured."

### "Put up" at the Gault House.

The business man or tourist will find first-class accommodations at the low price of \$2 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.

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FOR DYSPEPSIA, indigestion, depression of spirits, and general debility in their various forms; also, as a preventive against fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphated Elixir of Calaya," 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.

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BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and scrofulous affections—the King of Blood Purifiers.

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### PAIN.

Pain is supposed to be the lot of us poor mortals, as inevitable as death, and liable at any time to come upon us. Therefore it is important that remedial agents should be at hand to be used in an emergency, when we are made to feel the excruciating agonies of pain, or the depressing influence of disease. Such a remedial agent exists in that old Reliable Family Remedy,

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