Putting Up a Coal Stove.

Mr. Bogfloat was one of those mild-tempered, benevolent men who never said a cross word to any one, and would go without his dinner rather than hurt the feelings of a dog. He had been married only two years, and in that time he had never said a cross word to his wife, and she always thought him as near an angel as mortal man could get and live on earth in these days of political campaigns, prize fights and other crime. He never took lunch down town, never talked anything except business with the girls at the telephone exchange, and belonged to neither lodge nor club; in short, he had always been a model husband, and all of Mrs. Bogfloat's lady acequaintances envied her, which made her bosom swell with womanly pride. There came a day, however, that showed Mrs. Bogfloat that with all her husband's tenderness and taffy he had a temper, and although it took two years for her to find it out, when it was aroused it was no common, every-day temper, but a regular snorter, one that would make a section boss on a railroad turn green with envy. Mr. Bogfloat had just finished his supper, and was preparing to sit down to enjoy his evening paper, after a hard day's work, when his wife said: "Hubby, love, would you mind getting the coal stove out of the wood-shed, and putting it up this evening? The hired man is out with a torch-light procession and I forgot to ask him until he had left." Mr. Bogfloat was somewhat staggered at his wife's request; for in all his uneventful career he had never held a wrestling match with a coal stove, and didn't know just exactly how to begin. However, he consented, and, pulling off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and, after wading through kindling-wood, old peach baskets, broken bedsteads, etc., etc., he at last found the coal stove half buried behind some blocks of soft coal. He went manfully to work clearing away the coal, and when the task was nearly finished, he was surprised to find that every little while he was on the point of saying damn. A sort of uncontrollable desire, as it were, to swear seemed to possess him, and the more he worked the greater was his desire to say or do something wicked. The coal stove wasn't very large, and, after puffing and blowing with an occasional "darn the darned luck," he managed to shoulder the thing, and, with the exception of falling down two steps, with the stove on top of him, succeeded in getting it into the house with no more serious injuries than a black eye and a couple of loose teeth. Mr. Bogfloat never was pretty, and the black eye and jammed mouth didn't add to his beauty at all. Mrs. Bogfloat was sitting in the other room sewing some buttons on her better-half's unmentionables, singing softly to herself, "Papa's pants will soon fit Willie," when her dainty shell-like ear was greeted with a sound that froze the blood in her veins. "Where in Chicago are the limbs to this ——— stove," and then followed a noise that sounded as though some one was playing football with a tin pan. Frightened almost to death, Mrs. B. went into the other room, and there in the center of the floor stood Mr. B. with his hair on end, and his shirt ripped open in front, beating the floor with a coal hod. When she caught sight of that old gold eye, bleeding mouth, and coal dust, all blended together so artistically, she collapsed like a rubber balloon, and went off into a dead faint, but soon regained consciousness, and after hunting around for about half an hour, succeeded in finding the legs of the stove. Thinking that everything would go smoothly now, she returned to her sewing once more, and left Mr. B. to fight it out with the stove. She had been seated but a few minutes when again she was horrified to hear wailing and gnashing of teeth, and on going into the other room found her husband trying to fit two lengths of stove-pipe of the same circumference together, and after pounding the thing all out of shape he stood upon the step-ladder, howling and tearing his hair. People passing the house thought that Bogfloat was killing his wife, and called the patrol wagon; but when it was ascertained what had caused the trouble, the crowd dispersed, and one old grass widower shook his head as much as to say that he had been there. The stove was left for the hired man to fix, and now Mrs. B. is very careful what she asks her husband to do, while he would freeze as stiff as a pickerel rather than go near that blasted mass of cast iron.—*Peck's Sun.*

A New Kind of Dog.

A wild-looking man who resembled one who had wrestled with misfortune in a catch-as-catch-can hold and been thrown in the contest, went into a Woodward avenue bird store the other day and approached the affable proprietor.

"Look here," he said, "may I take you apart for a moment?"

"Certainly," replied the man of animals, "if you can put me together again."

"Well, here's a letter from my wife—say, come out and have something?"

They went and had something; when they came back the wild-looking man resumed the letter. "She writes me," he continued, "to get her a white canvas-back dog in cross——"

"Now, you go," said the bird man severely. "Business is business, and I've no time to fool away."

He sat down on the curbstone to rest. He was still reading the letter when a sympathetic lady stopped to look at him.

"Poor man, are you ill?" she asked, kindly.

"Heaven bless you, madam, read that letter. If you can and will, I am a savedman,"

The lady took the letter as if she were humoring the whim of a lunatic and ran it over.

"It is easy enough to read," she said. "Your wife, who seems to be an excellent woman, wishes you to buy her a white dog in cross-stitch, stamped on a canvas splasher, with crewels to finish it, and send by express at once. I'm sure there's nothing about it that isn't plain enough."

"Thank you, ma'am. I'll never forget your kindness. Where did you say the cross-stitched dog on canvas could be found?"

"At any art-embroidery store," and the lady walked away, remarking sotto voice:

"Of all stupids, men are the stupidest. Not to know what cross-stitch is!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Horseback Exercise in Mexico.

A pretty sight is the return of the horsemen from their morning ride to Chapultepec. Nearly every equestrian goes in that direction, as it is the only road leading out of the capital that is at all passable. Even the road to Chaultepec is in a vile condition after a hard shower; then as soon as you leave the macadamized roadway of the Paseo de la Reforma you find yourself on a boggy, miry road, into which your horse's hoofs sink so deep as to compel him to drop into a walk. The condition of all wagon roads in Mexico, so far as I have seen them, is intensely disgraceful to the Government and the people, for in a country where labor and material for road-building are so cheap and there are so many men out of employment there is no excuse for having bad roads. A small percentage of the millions taken during the past four years from the National Treasury by President Gonzales and his friends would have sufficed, if properly expended, to put all the roads leading out of the capital in excellent condition for several miles in each direction. As it is now, the only comfortable mode of riding is by the horse-cars, in bad weather, or after a rain; at other times a horseback ride is indeed a treat. Not only do the male Mexicans ride, but also a few of the native ladies and many of the foreign ladies, especially the English and Americans. Very few Mexican ladies dare be seen in public on horseback, as it is here considered a vulgar form of exercise for women. There is no accounting for taste, and probably some of our American customs appear quite as absurd to the Mexicans as this idea of theirs concerning horseback exercise seems to us. Ladies who take horseback exercise here usually adopt the Mexican costume, as far as the hat is concerned, wearing a very broad-brimmed felt hat (similar in shape to the ordinary Mexican "sombrero"), in either black, light gray, or pale maroon color. In these sombreros, which are made of much lighter weight for ladies than those worn by men, they look very jaunty. The rest of the costume is almost exactly the same as that worn by equestriennes in Paris, London, or New York.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

Chinese Child Venders.

In Nankin and Kai-fun children from 6 to 12 years of age are sold by tens of thousands. Not hired out or transferred, but sold for a small sum in cash, in consideration of which the progenitor, by a tacit understanding, renounces all parental rights, even the right of inquiring into the fate of his offspring. The purchasing trader may be the middleman of a well-to-do childless couple, or the agent of a wholesale tea-planter, or a coolie breeder, raising and training slaves for a foreign market. For the equivalent of $15 any commission peddler will undertake to "adopt" the same number of young Mongols in the name of any employer, and at very short notice. The authorities might object to a formal and public purchase, but the meaning of the adopting transaction is well understood and connived at. It is a lesser evil, and few parents ask any questions. Rather than see their children starve, they will resign them to any fate—with one exception. The orthodox Buddhists seem to have evinced occasional scruples in delivering up their youngsters to the proselytizing missionaries, whom they suspect of all sorts of damnable practices. But even such scruples can be readily outweighed by a few extra dollars.—*Hong Kong Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.*

True Gentlemen.

"I beg your pardon!" and with a smile and a touch of his hat, Harry Edmond handed to an old man, against whom he had accidentally stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you? We were playing too roughly."

"Not a bit," said the old man. "Boys will be boys, and it's best they should be. You didn't harm me."

"I'm glad to hear it," and lifting his hat again, Harry turned to join his playmates with whom he had been frolicking at the time of the accident.

"What do you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked his companion, Charley Gray. "He is only Old Giles, the huckster."

"That makes no difference," said Harry. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one; and no true gentleman will be less polite to a man because he wears a shabby coat or hawks vegetables through the streets instead of sitting in a counting house."

Which was right?—*Helping Hand.*

A Temperance Reason.

"My! my!" said a temperance advocate to a friend of his, whom he met coming out of a saloon. "I didn't know you went into such places."

"Ah, indeed! Then you have learned something this morning?"

"Yes, and I'm sorry I have learned it."

"I don't think it very wrong."

"Ah, my friend! that's where the harm is. Your finer senses are blunted by such associations, and the demon drink is changed in your sight to a beautiful siren, whose song transforms you into a beast. Why, dear friend, O, why, do you go into those places?"

"Well, really, old fellow, I can't say, unless it is that the durned saloon-keepers have become so aristocratic they won't bring it out to a customer and let him drink it on the street. I'm bound to have it, so you see I've got to go in after it."—*Merchant Traveler.*

"AHA!" exclaimed Mr. Popinjay from behind his paper. "I see that our friend Simpson's prize ox has been gored." "Indeed!" chorused the girls. "How handsome he must look cut that way! Do you think he will be exhibited again this winter?"—*Burlington Free Press.*

ALLIGATOR farming has become "a regular business" in Florida.

New Zealand Songstress.

Madame Marie Carandini, Musical Artist, Wellington, N. Z., writes to the Christchurch (New Zealand) *Telegraph*: "I have used St. Jacobs Oil, and find much relief in case of rheumatism, and for all neuralgic pains."

In the Oil Regions.

Fire has been fully as destructive an enemy as water. All through the oil regions the utmost care is required in dealing with this element. A lighted cigar ignites the gas flaring up from a well. Instantly a mass of flame shoots to the top of the derrick a hundred feet above, widens out on the ground as far as the oil and gas extended, and descends into the well, destroying it forever. Thousands of dollars in property, perhaps two or three lives, have been destroyed by one single flash. Several times not only the city but the whole valley has come near being burned out. In 1862, for instance, the gas from a flowing well on the Blood farm, bordering on Oil Creek, caught fire, and almost before the frightened operators could take breath thirty acres were in flame. The scene is described as having been grand and terrible in the extreme. Intense heat and clouds of black smoke mark the combustion of petroleum. Most of the wells were then connected with the creek, floated down with the current, and ascended to the wells, exploding them. Many storage-tanks were also ignited by the heat. A pall, black as night, soon settled on the district, illuminated by frequent flashes and explosions like parks of artillery. In the center ran the creek, a river of fire. To subdue the petroleum flame is an utter impossibility: water only adds to its intensity. The only way is to confine it and let it burn itself out. This plan was pursued with the Oil Creek fire, which gradually died away from want of fuel, but not until scores of wells and a million of dollars' worth of property had been destroyed. Another disastrous fire occurred in 1863, when a boatman with a lantern went into the compartment of a bulk-boat to see if it was leaking. The gas exploded, and in a breath forty boats loaded with oil were ablaze. The citizens had learned by this time what to do in such emergencies. They rallied and pushed the burning boats out into the stream. A weird scene followed: frequent flashes with explosions lit up the night, and as the burning oil spread over the water the breathless spectators beheld a river of fire.

Irascible Invalids.

Your peevish, fretful people are usually out of health. They lack vigor and digest ill. After all, though their peevishness is annoying, we should not be inconsiderate of its cause—feeble health. Their stomachs need toning, their nerves require invigoration more than their foibles merit reproach. A course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, when they are induced to try it, does them more good than all the sedatives and opiates they are fond of taking for their "nerves." Nervous they are, not in fancy alone, but in reality, and nervous they will remain until they invigorate. Sound digestion is surely a blessing worth securing in itself, and its value is enhanced by the fact that through it nerve quietude is attainable. The Bitters conquer, besides, dyspepsia, fever and ague, rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles, and symptoms specially indicative of a disordered condition of the liver and bowels. Medical practitioners commend and administer it.

A Sudden Proposal.

"Well, ma'am, 'tis suddin. But it is all along of the funeral, ma'am. Oh, ma'am, I do be thinkin' that 'tis a dreadful thing for a man to lose his wife. I niver see a man in such a shtate as he was, unless it was me brother Tim whin the pigs ate the baby. I couldn't shtand it, ma'am, indade I couldn't, and he cryin' and moanin', and lettin' go a rap at some of the byes' heads near him, an' thinkin' 'twas his own head he was strikin' and not knowin' the difference, he was so bate out wid sorrow. And so I put me hand on his shoulder, an' sez I, 'Don't now, don't don't,' an' sthrokin' him like a cat, an' sootherin' him, as any woman wid a heart in her buzzum would have done, and tellin' him to take it asy. I did, ma'am; an' this mornin' he towld me I was the liveliest gurl at the funeral; an' we're goin' to be married, ma'am—the corpse's husband and me."—*Peck's Sun.*

I Had a Dreadful Cough,

and raised a considerable amount of blood and matter; besides I was very thin, and so weak I could scarcely go about the house. This was the case of a man with consumption arising from liver complaint. He recovered his health *completely* by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of others bear similar testimony.

IT is hard to tell which the fair sex scans the closest, wedding suits or divorce suits.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stay at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot; 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cabs, stage, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union than at any first-class hotel in the city.

MORMONS ought to be good livers, as they generally have plenty of "spare rib."—*Gouverneur Herald.*

Horsford's Acid Phosphate,

IN DEBILITY FROM OVERWORK.

Dr. G. W. Collins, Tipton, Ind., says: "I used it in nervous debility brought on by overwork in warm weather, with good results."

A *very* rural correspondent wants to know if guano is good on onions. We prefer butter sauce.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound is a sure cure for kidney complaints.

IF a large waterfall is called a cataract, is a little one a kittyract?

The Greatest Horse Breeding Establishment in America.

One of the many wonderful enterprises the great West is noted for, and one which none favored with opportunity should miss seeing, is the great breeding establishment of "Oaklawn," owned by M. W. Dunham, at Wayne, Ill., 35 miles from Chicago. His importations of Percheron horses from France to date have aggregated the immense sum of $3,000,000, and at the present time at "Oaklawn" 500 head of the choicest specimens of that race, nearly all recorded with their pedigrees in the Percheron Stud Book of France, can be seen, while on their Colorado ranges are 2,000 mares and 32 imported Percheron stallions in breeding.

Simply Wonderful!

The cures that are being made in nearly all chronic diseases, by Compound Oxygen, which is taken by inhalation, *are simply wonderful.* If you are in need of such a treatment, write to Drs. Starkey & Paleu, 1109 Girard st., Philadelphia.

For the Ladies.

Laughter is the poor man's plaster,
Making every burden light;
Turning sadness into gladness,
Darkest hour to May dawn bright.

'Tis the deepest and the cheapest
Cure for ills of this description,
But for those that woman's heir to,
Use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription."

Cures all weaknesses and irregularities; "bearing down 'sensations, "internal fever,' bloating, displacements, inflammation, morning sickness and tendency to cancerous disease. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

THE more we associate with ward politicians the more our soul goes out to dogs.—*Chicago Eve.*

* * * DELICATE diseases, affecting male or female, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Illustrated book, three letter stamps. Consultation free. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

IT is said that a dandy young Bostonian addressed his inamorata as "bewitching d—sel."

OF GREAT INTEREST

To Millions of Miserable Men and Women.

"I say, reporter, I know something that some of you newspaper men ought to investigate and publish for the benefit of thousands of people that are fixed as I was a couple of months ago."

"Tell me about it, Mr. Hyzer, and perhaps I'll go for it."

"Well, I'll tell you. I've been troubled with rheumatism for over ten years, and often had it so bad that it laid me up. I doctored and doctored, and took all kinds of remedies that people recommended, but I never found anything that would take the pains out of me till I tried Hops and Malt Bitters. I commenced taking them about six months ago, and, after taking about eight or ten bottles, they cured me right up. I never felt better in my life than I have for the last two months. Now, these bitters are made right here on Larned street, and I think the people ought to know more about them. They will knock rheumatism, and I know it, and they are splendid for the kidneys, for mine were all out of order, and now they are all right."

The Speaker was Mr. Jacob Hyzer, of the American Express Company, and his suggestion was made in such dead earnest that the reporter resolved to go around and see what more could be learned about Hops and Malt Bitters.

These bitters are manufactured in a fine four-story brick block at 136 West Larned street, where the employes were found busily engaged in disposing of orders from wholesale druggists. The bitters are recommended for dyspepsia, liver and kidney complaints and rheumatism and are recognized as the most thorough blood purifier ever produced.

The Hops and Malt Bitters Company has hundreds of testimonials from prominent and well-known men of influence and veracity, among whom are many ministers, who eulogize Hops and Malt Bitters as a tonic preparation without parallel in their experience. When Mr. Hyzer's case was mentioned our reporter was informed that there were five cases within a square of the office of men cured of rheumatism and dyspepsia and women relieved of the miseries peculiar to their sex. The formula of these bitters embraces hops as an appetizer and tonic; malt as a highly concentrated nutritious element; cascara, or buckthorn bark, as a laxative; dandelion as the finest liver regulator in nature's pharmacopœia and an acknowledged specific for derangements of the kidneys, spleen, and urinary organs; buchu, the most popular diuretic in the world; sarsaparilla, the great and only antidote to mercurial poison; mandrake, a liver alterative without a peer, and aromatics to give the compound a palatable and pungent flavor, and to stimulate the stomach.

Those familiar with these several ingredients will readily perceive that Hops and Malt Bitters contain the elements for healing many of the most aggravating chronic ailings with which men and women suffer. Every wholesale druggist in the West handles these bitters, though they are but a year old; and the style of all their guarantee to retailers is similar to the following from all of the prominent houses in the West:

To the Trade and Consumer:

We guarantee "Hops and Malt Bitters" to be equal, if not superior, to any other Bitters in the market.

$1.00 FOR 50 CENTS.

Any reader of this paper who will send 50 one-cent stamps to the AMERICAN RURAL HOME, Rochester, N. Y., before March 1, 1885, will receive that handsome paper, postage free, until Jan. 1, 1886. The RURAL is a large eight-page, forty-column WEEKLY paper, now in its fifteenth year, and the cheapest farm journal in the world. The price is one dollar a year in advance, but the above offer of fifty cents in postage stamps will be accepted if sent in before March 1, 1885. Send for sample copy, and see what a bargain is offered.

"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.

H. W. HOYT, Proprietor.

Brown's Bronchial Troches

for Coughs and Colds: "I do not see how it is possible for a public man to be himself in winter without this admirable aid."—*Rev. R. M. Devens, Pocasset, Mass.*

PURE Cod-Liver Oil, made from selected livers on the sea shore, by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

THE successful man has many imitators in his peculiar line of business, but still there is only one originator. So, also, the great petroleum hair renewer, Carboline, as now improved and perfected, holds the palm against all imitators as a genuine article of merit. Try it.

EVERY lady or gentleman that is a sufferer from severe headache should read the advertisement of Dr. Eells, in another column of this paper.

CHAPPED Hands, Face, Pimples and rough Skin, cured by using JUNIPER TAR SOAP, made by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York.

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THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
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Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises,
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AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
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With a Little Common Sense Advice.

He Who Becomes a Treasurer of Money for Another is Responsible for a Safe Return.

How much more responsible is he who has in charge the health and life of a human being. We have considered well the responsibility, and in preparing our ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM, which for twenty-five years has been favorably known as one of the best and purest remedies for all Throat and Lung Diseases, we are particular to use nothing but the best ingredients. NO OPIUM in any form enters its composition. It is to your interest to stand by the old and tried remedy, ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM, and see that a bottle is always kept on hand for immediate use. READ THE FOLLOWING

NEW EVIDENCE:

ADDISON, Pa., April 7, 1883.
I took a violent cold and it settled on my lungs, so much so that at times I spit blood. ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM was recommended to me as a good remedy. I took it, and am now sound and well.
Yours respectfully, A. J. HILEMAN.

ADDISON, Pa., April, 1883.
A. J. COLBOM, Esq., Editor of the *Somerset Herald*, writes: I can recommend ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM as being the best remedy for Colds and Coughs I ever used.

ASTORIA, Ills., April 6, 1883.
Gentlemen:—I can cheerfully say your ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM, which I have sold for the past fifteen years, sells better than any cough remedy, and gives general satisfaction. 'Tis frequently recommended by the medical profession here.
Yours truly, H. C. MOONEY, Druggist.

LA FAYETTE, R. I., Oct. 19, 1884.
Gentlemen:—Allow me to say that after using three bottles of ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM for a bad attack of Bronchitis, I am entirely cured. I send this voluntarily, that those afflicted may be benefited.
Yours respectfully, BURRILL H. DAVIS.

J. N. HARRIS & CO. (Limited) Props.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.
FOR SALE by all MEDICINE DEALERS.

An Interesting Account.

Stone in the Bladder Expelled by using Dr. Kennedy's "FAVORITE REMEDY."

Mr. S. W. Hicks, of Pleasant Valley, Dutchess Co., N. Y., the son of Mr. E. S. Hicks, whose name may have appeared in this journal in connection with an article similar to this, was, like his father, afflicted with Stone in the Bladder, only that his case was more serious than his father's. On the appearance of the disease, the father advised the son to write to Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., who, he said, would tell him what to do. Dr. Kennedy replied, suggesting the use of "Kennedy's Favorite Remedy," which had worked so successfully in the father's case. Mr. Hicks, who had been assured by the local physicians that they could do nothing more for him, tried "Favorite Remedy" at a venture. After two weeks' use of it he passed a stone ¾ of an inch long and of the thickness of a pipe-stem. Since then he has had no symptoms of the return of the trouble. Here is a sick man healed. What better results could have been expected? What greater benefit could medical science confer? The end was gained; that is surely enough. Dr. Kennedy assures the public, by a reputation which he cannot afford to forfeit or imperil, that the "Favorite Remedy" does invigorate the Blood, cures Liver, Kidney, and Bladder complaints, as well as all those diseases and weaknesses peculiar to females. "Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy" for sale by all druggists.

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RUGS. Beautiful Colored designs of Flowers, Birds, Animals, etc., printed on burlap (cloth), to be worked in rags, yarn, etc. Wholesale and retail. Large discount to dealers. Send stamp to manufacturers for catalogue. AMERICAN RUG PATTERN CO., Biddeford, Me.

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WANTED—Men who have cash to invest, and are looking for a profitable business, to look into the merits of Woodley's Cutting Apparatus for Harvesters, Reapers and Mowers. Hard times will not limit its use. Every farmer should send stamp for circular. Address JACOB WOODLEY, Room 7, 85 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO

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AGENTS WANTED for the MISSOURI STEAM WASHER! It will pay any intelligent man or woman seeking profitable employment to write for Illustrated Circular and terms of Agency for this Celebrated Washer, which by reason of its intrinsic merit is meeting with such wonderful success. J. WORTH, CHICAGO, ILL., or ST. LOUIS, MO

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New Piano Catalogue! New Organ Catalogue! Mailed Free. REED'S TEMPLE OF MUSIC, 136 State Street, CHICAGO.

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

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By our new and secret process; the most vivid, life-like picture ever made. No oils, paraffine or oil paints used. Any one can learn to make it in an hour. Splendid work for ladies at home. Our agents are coining money. For $2.00 we send materials enough to make 3,000 pictures with full instructions, and give exclusive territory. ROGERS & CO., 202 State St., Chicago, Ills.

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Is absolutely warranted to cure the worst cases of sick headache, nervous and bilious headache, constipation, dyspepsia, and all derangements originating from an unhealthy condition of the stomach, liver, bowels or blood. Ask your druggist, or address F. EELLS & SON, Centerville, Iowa.

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Wayne, Du Page Co., Illinois,
HAS IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
Percheron Horses valued at $3,000,000, which includes
75 PER CENT OF ALL HORSES
Whose purity of blood is established by their pedigrees recorded in the STUD BOOKS OF FRANCE,
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