

WHAT CURES?

Editorial Difference of Opinion on an Important Subject.

What is the force that cures disease? and which is the most convenient apparatus for applying it? How far is the regular physician useful to us because we believe in him, and how far are his pills and powders and tonics only the material representatives of his personal influence on our health?

The regular doctors cure; the homeopathic doctors cure; the Hahnemannites cure; and so do the faith cures and the mind cures, and the so-called Christian science cures. There is another-and-a-half advertising elements, and they are medicine men. They all hit, and they all miss, and the great difference—one great difference—is the result is that when the regular doctors lose a patient no one blames, and when the irregular doctors lose one the community stands on end and howls—*Rochester Union and Advertiser*.

Nature cures, but nature can be aided, hindered, or defeated in the curative process. And the *Commercial's* contention is that it is the part of rational beings to seek and trust the advice of men of good character who have studied the human system and learned, as far as modern science lights the way, how far they can aid Nature and how they can best avoid obstructing her—*Buffalo Commercial*.

It is not our purpose to consider the evils that result from employing the unscrupulous, the ignorant charlatans and quacks to prescribe for the maladies that afflict the human family. We simply declare that the physician who knows something is better than the physician who knows nothing, or very little indeed, about the structure and the condition of the human system. Of course, who does not know it all?—*Rochester Morning Herald*.

I have used Warner's Safe Cure, and but for its timely use would have been, I verily believe, in my grave from what the doctors termed Bright's Disease.—D. F. Shriner, senior editor *Scioto Gazette*, Chillicothe, Ohio, in a letter dated June 30, 1890.

Repairs Needed.

Mistress—Mary, what are you doing with that clock?

Mary (with the servants' bed-room clock under her arm)—Plaze, mun, Oi think it's to a watchmakers. It's all out av order, mun. Every morning at foive o'clock it goes all to paces, an' makes such a racket Oi can't slape.—*New York Weekly*.

COLLIERS, near Nimes, a village of about 465 inhabitants, has just been lighted by electricity. The motive power for the 1600-light dynamo is derived from a small waterfall. The streets are lighted by 25 lamps of 16-candle power each.

St. JACOB'S OIL
TRADE MARK

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
CURES PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY
RHEUMATISM.
Lumbago, Headache, Toothache,
NEURALGIA.
Sore Throat, Swellings, Frost-bites,
SCIATICA.
Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds

THE CHARLES A. VOGLER CO., Baltimore, Md.

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PATRICK O'FARRELL, Atty at Law, Washington, D.C.

THE PEDINE CO., WORLD BLDG, N.Y.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
ACT LIKE MAGIC
ON A WEAK STOMACH.
25 Cents a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

Tufts' Pills
stimulate the torpid liver, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels, and are unequalled as an

Anti-Bilious Medicine.
Elegantly sugar-coated, Dose small, Price, 25 cents. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

If you have a COLD or COUGH, acute or leading to CONSUMPTION,

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYDROPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA.

SURE CURE FOR THE Y.T.

This preparation contains the stimulating properties of the *Hydrophosphites* and fine *Norwegian Cod Liver Oil*. Used by physicians all over the world over. It is as palatable as milk. Three times as efficient as plain Cod Liver Oil. A perfect Emulsion, better than all others. For all forms of *Wasting Diseases*, *Bronchitis*, *CONSUMPTION*,

Scrofula, and as a *Flesh Producer* there is nothing like **SCOTT'S EMULSION**.

It is sold by all Druggists. Let no one by profuse explanation or impudent entreaty induce you to accept a substitute.

RADWAY'S
READY RELIEF.
THE GREAT CONQUEROR OF PAIN.

For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the Chest or Sides, Headache, Toothache, or any other external pain, a few applications rubbed on by hand act like magic, causing the pain to entirely stop.

For Consumption, Colds, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, more thorough and repeated applications are necessary.

For Rheumatism, Pains, Aches, Colic, Spasms, Nausea, Fainting, &c. &c. Sleeplessness are relieved instantly, and quickly cured by taking inwardly 20 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water. 50c. a bottle. All Druggists.

RADWAY'S
PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH OR BOWELS.

Taken according to directions they will restore health and renew vitality.

Price 25 cts. a Box. Sold by all Druggists.

THE FIRST LOVE.

Homer Bassford Brings Up Old Memories.
Who of all the hundreds and thousands of old boys does not remember—with a sigh of regret that his youth is passed—his first love? Who of all that vast army does not remember the dimpled, cheeked, brown-eyed lass, or the girl with yellow, sunshiny curls and laughing face, or the fair, blue-eyed little girl, with whom he fell into his first love? Many of all this crowd have girls of their own now, whose beaus hang on the front gate until it isn't there any longer, just the same as we did when we were boys.

My first love! Softly I breathe the words that mean so little to me. But I speak reverentially of the years that are gone, out of respect to the memory of those who went with them. The recollection of early kisses and sly hugs, stolen on the way home from "singin'," comes up and forces a sigh; but, withal, the thoughts of my youth can only be pleasant ones.

The barber paused a moment and the whole court was on the tiptoe of expectation.

"But how about the clerical error?" asked the Judge.

"I am coming to that, sir. It so happened that the account had already arrived at the one-hundredth nick and my hand being somewhat unused to making ciphers, the razor turned when I attempted them, with the result known."

The entire honesty and candor of the barber was so plain he was left off with a light fine.

The Cheeky Way a Barber Kept His Accounts.

A barber was recently arrested in Paris for badly cutting a customer. There was no question about the gash and what made it seem worse, the razor wielder said in a way he had done it purposely.

After the testimony was in the Judge asked the barber if he had anything to say.

"Yes, monsieur, I have. I justify the cutting on the ground that it was merely a clerical error—a slip of the pen."

"What?" cried the Judge, gasping with astonishment.

"Permit me," continued the lather slapper. "For months the plaintiff has been getting shaved on trust at my establishment. I have no very convenient means of keeping accounts, so every time I shaved the gentleman I cut a little nick in his cheek in order to guide me in my charges when the long deferred day of payment came. So many nicks, of course, so many shaves."

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Foolish Martyrs.

There are martyrs and martyrs. Some were wise in the loftiest, some are silly in the most impudent sense. The word impudent exactly applies to the latter class, since they neglect to provide against threatened danger. We condone, but we cannot respect them. Among the worst are the martyrs of rheumatism, who might have practised daily and nightly removing tortoise by the early use of Hostor's Stomach Bitters, a blood depurant more efficient in removing the virus of this complaint from the circulation than any other known to the medical profession. It promotes greater activity of the kidneys, the channel through which blood impurities, productive of rheumatism, gout and dropsy are principally expelled, and it imparts a degree of vigor to the system. It is a valuable remedy, and has a favorable bearing on the general health. It also relieves biliousness, kidney troubles and malaria.

Foolish Consistency.

A man who is rigidly consistent admits himself to be no wiser to-day than he was yesterday. In order to keep with the times he must occasionally alter or modify his opinions. "A man will never change his mind who has no mind to change," says Archibald Whately, and Faraday expresses the same idea, when he charges us to remember that "In knowledge that man is only to be despised who is not in a state of transition." There is a medium between what a worthy old gentleman calls "whifflin' about like a weathercock" and remaining rigidly in one rut of belief. Most of us know instances of men who cannot bring themselves to say anything which would contradict what they uttered last week or last year. A certain Irishman once declared that he had owned a horse which was fifteen feet high. A few days after he referred to the same animal as having been fifteen hands high. "But," said the listener, "you gave it the other day as fifteen feet." "Did I, thin?" said Patrick. "Well, I'll stick to it. He was fifteen feet high." That was consistency in its extreme form.

After that day, what moments of bliss we spent together, and what great fools we made of ourselves from that time on, until one day she gave the north neighbor's son a bunch of field daisies, plucked by her own small hands. We quarreled then, and my first love was over.

Although it was only silly child's play, I wish I could play it over again. Such ploys come but once in a lifetime, and best is he who has to experience them.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Letter Which Never Went.

People who think the country is progressing at a gallop never visit the rural hamlets. I was in a small village in New Hampshire the other week, when a woman came into the Postoffice, which was in the back end of a general store. She had a letter in her hand marked "In haste."

"Mr. Stubbs," she said to the postmaster, "won't a cent carry this letter?"

"No, Mrs. Judy."

"Is postage stamps down any?"

"Just the same."

"Will you lick on the stamp?"

"Yes'm."

"It's a letter I've writ to my sister in Massachusetts."

"Yes'm."

"There ain't no money in it."

"No'm."

"It's jest fam'ly news, you know."

"Very well."

"Did'nt know but it might git open, and so I used pasto to stick it."

"Yes'm."

"When will it go out?"

"In the mornin'."

"And when'll she get it?"

"In two days."

"Will you warrant it?"

"Can't do that, Mrs. Judy."

"You can't?" Then what's the use of my sending it? That's what I told 'em when you was appointed postmaster. I says: "Will Jim Stubbs, who once beat my husband out of a load of hay, warrant our mail to be all wool and a yard wide, or will the colors run on us and the dye crock?" That's what I asked, Jim Stubbs, and nobody has answered me yet?"

"Do you wish to send your letter, Mrs. Judy?"

"No! I don't take no chances. She might git it, and then agin she mightn't. Samuel is goin' down that way in the spring and he can take it himself, and 2 cents don't grow on every bush, Jim Stubbs!"

A Woman with a Hard Kind of Luck.

The following conversation is reported to have taken place between a minister and a widow both of Aberdeen. The widow, who called upon the minister, seemed desirous of relieving her mind of something which oppressed her, at which the reverend gentleman, wishing to hurry matters, exclaimed: "My good woman, you see I can be of no service to you till you tell me what it is that troubles you."

"Weel, sir, I'm thinkin' o' gettin' married again."

"Oh, that is it! Let me see; that is pretty frequent, surely. How many husbands have you had?"

"Weel, sir," she replied in a tone less of sorrow than of bitterness, "this is the fourth. I'm sure there never wis a wimman sae completely tormented wi' sic a set o' deedin' men as I've been."

In China all the land belongs to the state, and a trifling sum per acre, never altered through long centuries, is paid as rent; this is the only tax in the country, and it amounts to but about 60 cents per head.

LITTLE FREDDY (to the minister)—I know why you wear such a long coat.

Minister—Why, Freddy?

LITTLE FREDDY—To cover up the patches on the seat of your trousers.

A BLUE-BLACK silk warp Henrietta cloth on a brilliantine are the fabrics of which to make black dresses.

WEAR waterproof boots in preference to arctics or rubbers.

KEEP your feet warm and dry.

A Pleasing Sense.

Of health and strength re-newed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists.

He Had Been Wasting Valuable Time.

"I hope, Mary," he said, gently, "the suddenness and intensity of my love will not come upon you like a shock. Possibly," he continued, still more gently, and taking her hand with respectful tenderness, "you are not prepared for this avowal. The language of passion may be new to you. Am I the first man, my dear, timid little girl, to address you in this way?"

"No, Horace," she replied, "I have never spoken of my past life, because there are portions of it full of pain and sadness. But I was beloved once by as good a man as the sun ever shone upon. He is dead now, but during the short year of our married life—"

"You are a widow, then, Mary?"

"Yes, Horace, I—why, Horace, dear?"

For the young man had strained her to his heart with a force that took her breath away. He had been wasting valuable time.

Ask Your Friends About It.

Your distressing cough can be cured. We know it, because Kemp's Balsam within the past few years has cured so many coughs and colds in this community. Its remarkable sale has been won entirely by its genuine merit. Ask some friend who has used it what he thinks of Kemp's Balsam. There is no medicine so pure, none so effective. Large bottles 50c and \$1 at all druggists. Sample bottle free.

WHAT kept you solate this morning?"

asked a school teacher of a pupil, and he briefly but truthfully answered "Chestnuts,"

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