

WHAT CURES?

Editorial Difference of Opinion on an Important Subject.

What is the force that outlasts 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 Hahnemannian cure: and so do the faith cures and the mind cures, and the so-called Christian scientists, and the four-dollar-and-a-half advertising itinerants, and the patent medicine men. They all hit, and they all miss, and the great difference—one great difference—in the result is that when the regular doctors lose a patient no one grieves, 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 deflected in the curative process. And the Commercialist'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 conditions of the human system. Of course, "he does not know it all."—*Rochester Morning Herald.*

I have used Warner's Safe Cure, and for its timely use would have been very grateful, 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, 1880.*

Repairs Needed.

Miss Mary, what are you doing with that clock?

Mary (with the servants' bed-room clock under her arm)—Plaze, mum, Oim takin' it to a watchmaker's. It's all out of order, mum. I very morning at folve o'clock it goes all to paces, an' makes such a racket Ol can't slape.—*New York Weekly.*

COLLIAS, 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. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
REMEDY FOR PAIN
CURES PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY
RHEUMATISM.
Lumbago, Headache, Toothache,
NEURALGIA.
Sore Throat, Swelling, Erysipelas,
SCIATICA.
Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.
Inventors of
PATENTS
How to Obtain a Patent
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BEECHAM'S PILLS
ACT LIKE MAGIC
ON A WEAK STOMACH.
25 CENTS A BOX.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

Tut's Pills
stimulate the torpid liver, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels, and are unequalled for
Anti-Bilious Medicine.
Elegantly sugar-coated. Dose small. Price, 25 cents. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

If you have a
GOLD OR COUGH,
acute or leading to
CONSUMPTION,
SCOTT'S
EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL
AND HYPOPHOSPHITES
OF LIME AND SODA.
This preparation contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and fine *Corrosion Cod Liver Oil*, used by physicians all the world over. It is as palatable as milk. Three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil. A perfect Emulsion, better than all others made. For all forms of *Wasting Diseases, Bronchitis, Consumption,* 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 instantly stop.
For Constipations, Colds, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, more thorough and repeated applications are necessary.
All internal Pains, Diarrhea, Colic, Spasms, Nausea, Fainting Spells, Nervousness, 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 Most Effective 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.

Home 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 cheeks, 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 "singing," comes up and forces a sigh; but, withal, the thoughts of my youth can only be pleasant ones.

It is not altogether clear to me now how I came to imagine myself in love with the sweet and pretty Barbara. I only know that I called her "my girl" in an off-hand manner, and all the neighbors somehow admitted that I had an undisputed right to the claim. Barbara did not wear bangs or any of the patent arrangements that go to complete feminine toilets of to-day. Perhaps she would have worn them had they been in vogue, but I will give the little girl the benefit of the doubt. Many months were spent in the usual love-making preliminaries before I felt it my duty to tell Barbara of my love for her. On the day I had set for making the avowal, I dressed up just after noon and set off down the road for the sweet child's house. My costume was of linen, and it consisted simply of shirt, coat, and trousers. The latter were of a large, roomy pattern, very much like those worn to-day by young men who follow the styles. Mine were not cut from any particular style, and they did not reach my ankles, but two little things like that did not bother me.

Barbara was sitting on the style when I reached her house, and she said "good-evenin'" that pretty mid-afternoon in such a pleasant way that I wanted to bite her then and there. A big shade was flung down over her head to keep the sun from dropping freckles on the rosy cheeks, while mine of her own making encased the small hands I so longed to hold. I forgot my mission as I looked at her, and my dream was broken by some stray remark about the need of rain. But I braced up to my task, and began to collect my thoughts. How many times I changed from one foot to the other in ten minutes! How often I ran my big, brown hands into those short, roomy trousers! But I told my Barbara I loved her, and she seemed glad of it all.

After that day, what moments of bliss we spent together, and what great foils 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 pleasures come but once in a lifetime, and blest 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."

"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't know but it might git open, and so I used paste to stick it."

"Yes'm."

"When will it go out?"

"In the morning."

"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 o' 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!"

"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."

"Well, sir, I'm thinkin' o' gettin' married agin."

"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 was a wumman sae completely tormented w' sic a set o' deevil 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 o' your trousers.

A BLUE-BLACK silk wrap 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.

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 latter 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."

The barber paused a moment and the whole court was on the tip 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.

Foolish Martyrs.

There are martyrs and martyrs. Some were wise in the lotteries, some are silly in the most improvident sense. The word improvident exactly applies to the latter class, since they neglect to provide against threatened danger.

We commiserate, but we cannot respect them. Among the silliest are martyrs to rheumatism, who might have prevented daily and nightly recurring torture by the early use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a blood purifier more efficient in removing the virus of this complaint from the circulation than any other.

Brought to the notice of the general community and the medical profession. It promotes greater activity of the kidneys, and through their blood impurities, productive of rheumatism, gout and dropsy are principally expelled, and it imparts a degree of vigor to digestion and assimilation which has the most favorable bearing on the general health. It also remedies 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 Archbishop 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 "whiffing" 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.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

LUCAS CROCKETT, ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., dealer in business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS to be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1881.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Sold for testimonials, free, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

A Praying Base-Baller.

She—I understand that you are one of the praying base-ball players, and that you are studying for the ministry. In fact, I am told you have just been ordained.

He—It is true.

"Are you going to take charge of a parish at once?"

"Well, I don't know. I have received a call to a mission church at \$500 a year; also an offer from the Bostonians to sign for \$10,000 a year, and I have been wondering whether I hadn't better devote a few years more to base-ball praying before accepting a regular pulpit."—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

CATARRH.

Not Local, but Constitutional.

Dr. Dio Lewis, the eminent Boston physician, in a recent magazine article says: "A radical error undervalues nearly all medical treatment of catarrh. . . . It is not a disease of the man's nose; it is a disease of the man showing itself in the nose. A local exhibition of a constitutional trouble." Therefore, he argues, that the use of snuff and other local applications is wrong, and while they seem to give temporary relief, they really do more harm than good. Other leading authorities agree with Dr. Lewis. Hence, the only proper method of cure for catarrh is by taking a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, reaching every part of the body through the blood, does eliminate all impurities and makes the whole man healthier. It removes the cause of the trouble and restores the diseased membrane to proper condition. That this is the practical result is proven by thousands of people who have been cured of catarrh by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

An Obliging Postmaster.

It's an obliging world sure enough. A New York woman mailed a letter to Baltimore. It had a paper pocket sewed on the outside of the envelope with white thread. On the pocket was a message to the Postmaster that it contained 10 cents and that the writer desired the postal authorities to buy a special delivery stamp for the letter and deliver it as soon as it reached here. The injunction was obeyed and the letter promptly forwarded.—*Baltimore Sun.*

WATER is somewhat purified, or rather cleansed, in freezing, but hard, clear ice contains visible suspended impurities, and more that are invisible. Snow ice is very apt to be unclean, and the only safe way is to keep food and water away from direct contact with ice, unless it be artificially made from distilled water, a recent process that promises to become very popular.—*Dr. Foot's Health Monthly.*

A POTATO party is a new pastime that marks the waning of originality at summer resorts. The participants try to see who is most expert in picking up a line of potatoes with a teaspoon.

A Pleasing Sense

Of health and strength renewed 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 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 so late this morning?" asked a school teacher of a pupil, and he briefly but truthfully answered "Chestnuts," as his tarnished fingers attested.

Do YOUR clothes last as they used to? If not, you must be using a soap or washing powder that rots them. Try the good old-fashioned Dobbins' Electric Soap, perfectly pure to-day as in 1865.

To MAKE paper stick to a wall that has been whitewashed, wash in vinegar or saleratus water.

The humble receive advantage, the self-sufficient suffer loss. If you will listen to advice, it will pay you to use SAPOLIO. Try a cake in your next house-cleaning.

SNIP-KEEVEES study to please, but there are lots of boys and girls whom it doesn't please to study.

THERE never was a remedy that gave so good satisfaction always as Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers. Physicians recommend them.

QUAKERS rarely treat, though Penn set them the example by treating with the Indians.

BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on a Weak Stomach.

Worry is a bleacher who is forever making your hair white.—*Texas Siftings.*

No Optum in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

That

Tickling

In your throat arises from catarrh, and as catarrh is a constitutional disease, the ordinary cough medicines all fail to hit the spot. What you need is a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by building up the general health, and expelling the scrofulous taint which is the cause of catarrh and consumption, has restored to perfect health many persons on whom these diseases were to have a firm hold. Many unsolicited testimonials prove beyond question that Hood's Sarsaparilla does positively cure catarrh.

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Edy's Cream Balm Cures

COLD HEAD

RELIEVES INSTANTLY.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

PISO'S CURE FOR

CONSUMPTION

Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

"He had small skill o' horse flesh who bought a goose to ride on." Don't take for house-cleaning the PROPER THING

is SAPOLIO

—Try a cake of it, and be convinced.—

Common Soap fails to accomplish satisfactory results in scouring and cleaning, and necessitates a great outlay of time and labor, which more than balances any saving in cost. Practical people will find SAPOLIO the best and cheapest soap for house-cleaning and scouring.

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MUSICAL.
There seems to be little going on in musical circles of late, but there is much talk, among musical people, of the marvelous cure of Miss B., the high contralto singer, who has long suffered from a severe throat or bronchial affection, superinduced by Catarrh in the Head, and who has been perfectly cured by the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, coupled with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. For all bronchial, throat and lung affections, and lingering coughs, it is an unequalled remedy. When complicated with Chronic Nasal Catarrh, its use should be coupled with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Of all druggists.

There may be other good

Cough Remedies, but there is

no other that will cure a Cough

as quickly and effectually as

Dr. White's Pulmonaria. This

great remedy has cured thousands of hopeless cases of

consumption, and brought joy

and sunshine to many a home.

It has cured others, why not

you? It is entirely harmless,

and pleasant to take, and larger

bottles for the price than

any other, and every bottle

warranted.

\$65 A MONTH 3 Bright Young Men or

and 3 for \$100. Ladies in each County.

P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED—MEN TO TRAVEL. We pay \$50

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dress STONE & WELLINGTON, Madison, Wis.

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