

THE HOME.

It is not doubted that men have a home in that place where each one has established his heart and the seat of his possessions and fortunes; whence he will not depart, if anything calls him away; whence if he has departed he seems to be a wanderer, and if he returns he seems to wander.—Definition from Civil Law.

"Then say at home, my heart, and rest
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flatter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best."
—Longfellow.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Baby's shoes.
Oh, those little shoes, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that no little feet
Oh, the prices were high.
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unshod feet!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more mother's eyes meet,
That, by God's good will,
Years since, grew still;
And ceased from their so sweet.

Oh Dear!

I wish I knew my letters well,
So I might learn to read and spell;
I'd find them on my pretty card,
If they were not so very hard.

Now I am crooked—don't you see?
And I'm making mouths at me,
O'er all that flatter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
It isn't any end at all.

And all the rest are—my! so queer!
They look like crooked sticks—oh dear!
Ma counted six, and twenty more;
What do they have so many for?
—St. Nicholas.

The Two Voices.

(Baptist Weekly.)

Lucy Bell sat listening to some whispered words. Who spoke them? No one was with her in the sunny parlor, except, indeed, a great bee that had found its way in the front garden, and was flying and humming lazily round the room; he could not talk to Lucy; and the sunshine was not speaking; it was quietly bathing the child in its light, and she felt its warm glow, but was not thinking of it. Then the white roses that would peep in at the open window were very silent, although seeming to do their best to attract her notice. Gently they stirred in the breeze, and smelt, oh so sweetly; but they could not speak to Lucy Bell. No; she was listening to the voices deep down in her heart, and was obliged to listen, though no one besides could have heard the soft whispers. What made Lucy so serious, so quiet? A pretty-bound volume lay in her lap, but she did not even raise the cover. Was it not strange? for this was a new story book, and the sun was a holiday. The first voice—there were two—spoke again to the child—"Enjoy your holiday, Lucy; read the story, it can't be wrong. Mother likes you to be happy." Then the other softly breathed, "Let mother have a rest; she looks tired. Tell her to lie down and you will play with Joe." Which voice would Lucy obey? The book was still unopened on her lap, and her face grew quiet and sober. At last she raised her head and listened—this time to real sounds; through the parlor door came words in her mother's gentle, tired tones, and baby's gleeful laugh and crowing.

Lucy thought of what her grandfather had said; quite lately his hand rested upon her curls, and he finished with a muttered blessing. "Try and do a kind act every day, Lucy! Make some one happier, some face brighter, and you will find your life full of joy." Still, there was a battle in Lucy's heart; the day, so warm and pleasant, tempted her to enjoy the rest, and enjoy the quiet read she had earned by a week's study. But she could not forget her mother's weary face, and Joe was apt to get noisy and troublesome. This was a kind act waiting for her, to play with Joe while mother rested. Lucy had won the victory and obeyed the voice of love. The book was thrown aside, and her face lost its uneasy expression, and, with three springing, bounding steps, she was standing in the kitchen, and Joe held out his fat arms, attracted by the happy smile of his sister. Mrs. Bell smiled, but said: "No, no, Lucy is going to read; baby must stay with mother." But Joe had sprung into Lucy's arms, while she said, "I will play with him, mother dear; I want you to have a long rest upstairs."

Mrs. Bell shook her head. "My darling, I would rather you enjoy yourself, it is your half-holiday." With a gleeful laugh Lucy kissed her. "And mother never have half-holidays, do they? So I wish mine to have one to-day. See, Joe is quite good with me!" A few more coaxing words and Lucy had her way. She felt very happy as she heard her mother's door close, and sitting down upon the floor, prepared to amuse her little brother all that sunny afternoon. Now and then the thought of the unread story and the little curly head dropped under her shoulder, and baby was fast asleep. The sunlight crept away from the garden, and soft shadows lengthened across the grass, while Lucy sang snatches of song and the blue sky smiled upon her. Once she said to herself, "I will try and make some one happy every day. Grandfather told me I should feel happy, too, and I do—oh! ever so much more than I thought."

By ten-time Mrs. Bell had come down quite refreshed, and, with a kiss to her little daughter, told her the pain in her head had gone.

"Thank you, my child, for minding Joe. You have done me so much good, my unselfish Lucy."

That same evening Lucy's brother Charlie sat at the table, puzzled over a sum. All at once he threw down his book and slate angrily.

"I can't do it. Why were those boys made? I hate them! It's no use for you to look, Lucy; you can't help me."

Again the two voices were whispering in Lucy's heart—the selfish one saying, "Go on with your own lessons, leave Charlie to his; but the second made itself heard very plainly: "Help Charlie; think of your happy afternoon."

"I can try," she said, pleasantly. "Which is it, Charlie?"

"Oh, nonsense! What can you do? Girls are muffs."

Lucy smiled—she could not help it—but she did not laugh; it would have made her brother cross, and he did open the book and point to the figures.

"I can help you, for we did that very one last week."

Charlie started.

"It is all right, then, thank you, Lucy; you are not a muff, after all. Don't mind what I say."

"I am glad I know how to do it."

And very soon brother and sister were sitting with arms entwined, their bright heads bent over the new easy sum.

Those two voices spoke to Lucy Bell every

day. Sometimes she listened to the selfish desire, and then the soft tones of love could not be heard. But she tried and tried, and it was wonderful how many little things fell in her way to do that made some face brighter. Very often it was the dear face of her mother that grew happier through the love of her little girl, and many an hour was given up to Joe and his baby pleasures. Father's face became restful whenever Lucy slipped her hand into his, and she felt repaid for the moments spared to cheer him when he was tired with his work. Then at school she found many ways of helping others; sometimes what she did was hardly worth noting, but if you had heard the girls talk about sweet Lucy Bell you would have wished to speak the gentle word and perform the acts of loving service that made for her so warm a corner in every heart. Some people wondered at Lucy's joyous face, but those who knew her guessed how it was, and grandfather said it was because the voice of selfishness had been silenced, and the gentle voice of love had been her guide.

Chips For the Children.

"That's what beats me," as the boy said when he saw his father take the skate strap down from its accustomed nail.

The proper order: Government (teaching alphabet): "And what comes after T, Master William?" Master William, "Bed."

A Chinese boy in Pekin has recited the whole of the New Testament in his native language, but no one stayed to hear him finish it.

When you deprive a boy of the privilege of taking off his coat and vest together at one pull, and leaving his boots in the middle of the floor, what do you expect he has to live for?

A Sunday-school teacher recently said to a little girl: "Beckie, dear, you have been to school today." "Yes, 'an, I couldn't help being good; I got a tiff neck," was the serious reply.

MARY'S LESSON.

A Story for Neglected Slaves.

(Boston Home Journal.)

"No, Lucy, never make a love-match," said young Mrs. Strong to an old school friend, who was paying her an afternoon visit. "Marry for money, interest—for anything but love. I have tried that and made a failure, such as it would break my heart to see you make."

Lucy Moore listened silently, a thoughtful shadow on her fair young face. "Is it indeed true?" she said. "I grieve to hear it. How I remember your wedding day, Mary. How handsome and noble he looked! How happy and bright you were! Oh! surely, he loved you very dearly then!"

"He thought he did, and so did I," said Mrs. Strong, with a half-choked sob. "But it did not last long, Lucy. We have been married just two years, to-day. He will not remember the day. He left me this morning without a kiss as he usually does. He will come back to dinner in the same way, and after it is over he will go out to his club or some other place, and never come home until after I have gone to bed. And yet I have been a good wife and careful wife, and this is my reward."

She hid her face in her hands as she spoke. Lucy Moore bent over her and whispered: "In every way save one, my dear Mary."

"Mrs. Strong looked up. 'What do you mean?'"

"Promise me not to be angry, and I will tell you."

"Go on."

"Your husband, as a young man, was very fond of music. Do you ever play or sing to him on an evening now?"

"Oh, no. We gave that up long enough ago."

"But why?"

"I'm sure I can't tell. It was such a bore to practice."

"Do you read aloud to him, or have him read to you?"

"No, I used to; but somehow that is given up, too."

"And your dress; shall you change it before he comes to dinner?"

"Mrs. Strong shook her head. She wore a dingy, flannel dress no collar or cuffs, and her hair was rough and untidy; her whole look was one of carelessness."

"He would not notice it if I did. Where is the use of Lucy? It is too late."

"No, it is not too late. But it may be soon," said Lucy, earnestly.

"Mary, some one ought to tell you. No one dares to but me. Your husband does not go to his club on an evening. He goes to Mrs. Wylie's. You know her; you have heard of her name—The Queen of Flirts. Mary, she is a dangerous woman. She lives but for admiration, and that she means to have. Your husband gives her admiration now; take care he does not lose it."

"Mrs. Strong burst into tears."

"What can I do?" she asked. "I know that woman too well. What chance have I against her?"

"Give yourself a chance," said Lucy with a kiss. "Let your husband find a pleasant welcome from a wife neatly dressed, Mary. Forgive the hint. You have beauty and grace. Do not neglect them longer. Sing to him, Mary, play for him, charm and fascinate him. You have have done it once. Try again and save him from the 'Queen of Flirts.'"

She stole softly from the room. It had not been a pleasant lesson to receive; it might not have been a pleasant one to give; who shall say? But Mrs. Strong was a sensible as well as a pretty woman, and five minutes after Lucy Moore had gone, she went up to her own room, acknowledging that her friend had spoken but the truth.

That evening, just after the street lamps had been lighted, Mr. Strong came carelessly toward his home. Carelessly? Yes, that was the word. That house was fast becoming to him only a place to eat, sleep and dress in, a place for which he had to pay rent and taxes, but in which he took no comfort or pleasure, if the truth must be told.

"Never mind, I'll go to Grace Wylie's as soon as dinner is over, and she will make it up to me, bless her bright eyes!" thought Mr. Strong, as he opened the front door with his latch-key and strode across the hall.

Only half-way, however, for there before him, at the foot of the stairs, stood a graceful pretty woman, with satin smooth brown hair and bright blue eyes, and cheeks as red as roses, wearing a pretty evening dress of dark blue silk and shining ornaments upon her snowy neck and arms.

"Welcome home, dear James!" she said, with a heavenly smile. "It's the second anniversary of our wedding day. Won't you spend this evening with me, dear?"

His only answer was a warm embrace and a sudden kiss. Her eyes were dim as he sped up stairs to his room to prepare for dinner.

"Brute, fool that I have been!" he thought to himself.

And after dinner, on the plea of smoking a cigar, he went into Bond street and returned with a pretty gold watch and chain as a present for his wife. They sang the old songs together that evening; they talked a long time over the dying fire. Ah! it was not too late. He loved her still, and she saved him and their happy home.

The lesson was not lost upon her. From that day she has never grown careless—never ceased to strive to keep her husband's as she once tried to win her lover's love.

A ROMANCE OF THE RIVER.

How a Young Man Saved a Girl From a Burning Mississippi Steamer.

He Afterward Wins Her Love Without Recognizing Her—How a Guilty Pair Perished in the Disaster.

A Rochester correspondent of the New York Times tells a romantic story which has just ended in a happy marriage. In October, 1869, James Fry, the traveling agent of a New Orleans business house, started from St. Louis for that city on the steamer Stonewall. The day on board took fire and burned, and a fearful panic ensued. A few only of the passengers clung to the steamer, in hope that aid would reach them before the fire forced them to take their last chance in the river. Among these were a family of three persons—evidently father, mother, and daughter, the latter apparently about 15—year Fry, and a young lady, apparently 17 or 18 years old. Of all who had jumped into the river the light of the burning vessel showed only one here and there struggling in the water, or swimming away, the river having closed over the others. Those who remained on the deck hastily rolled overboard several bales of hay which the fire had not yet reached, to be saved if possible if they were compelled to take to the water. The main spar was burnt down and fell into the river before the fire drove the last person from the steamer. The flames at last wrapped the entire vessel about, and the passengers who were huddled together about the guards were forced to jump. The family mentioned above sprang into the water clasp each other's hands. Fry and the other young lady followed them.

Fry was a good swimmer, and reached the shore. As he grasped it, the young lady who had jumped with him came to the surface near him. He seized her and helped her to the floating timber. The girl who had disappeared with her father and mother also came up within a short distance, and Fry at once went to her aid. He succeeded in assisting her to the spar. She never saw her father and mother again.

Fry moved the spar with comparative ease by swimming behind it and pushing it. This gave him the idea of attempting to reach the shore with it and save the girl, the youngest of whom was rapidly becoming exhausted. He told her to hold on to the spar, and begged the girl to summon all her courage as he would surely save her. This was the moment, when the three men were driven from the bale of hay by the burning oil. The men at once attempted to reach another bale a few feet from them, to which four others were already clinging, and which was barely sufficient to sustain their weight. Two of the men sank before their object was gained. The other swam to the second bale, and tried to seize hold upon it. The fourth who was supporting the spar with the bale of hay, and having the added weight of the fifth, as it would swamp them all. Three times they pushed him up. The pale, terror-stricken face of the struggling men were plainly visible in the glare of the flames. Each time the fifth man was repulsed he returned to the bale, begging for a place to hold. The fourth time he succeeded in seizing hold of one corner of the bale. The hay began to sink. One of the four who had possession of the precious bale was an Italian. He drew a knife as the bale was going down, and plunged it in the breast of the man whose weight was taking their only hope away. He fell back and disappeared beneath the water.

This terrible scene was enacted within five feet of those on the spar. It was more than the girl could bear, and she fainted away. Fry supported her in his arms, and, hastening to the shore, he carried her to the shore with his burden. He reached it in safety, and giving the girl in charge of people who were helpless witnesses of the fearful scene in the river, returned to render aid to the young lady he had left. He was gone only a few minutes, but during his absence the four men on the bale of hay had been driven off by fire, and were all drowned. A boat had also reached the scene from Neely's landing. Out of the 200 passengers and the crew of 20, only 25 were saved. The girl rescued by young Fry was sent to Toledo, Ohio, where she said she had friends.

A year ago last month, Fry was in Cincinnati, transacting some business for a house in St. Louis, in whose employ he has been for several years. An acquaintance of his insisted on his going to the city to attend to the business of a friend. He met there and was introduced to a Mrs. Richmond, a widow of great personal attraction. She had been a widow for three years, and was then only 24. She was visiting at the house where Fry met her, her home being in Chicago. Fry fell in love with Mrs. Richmond. They corresponded for several months, when the traveling agent made the young widow an offer of marriage and she accepted it. A day early in the present month was selected for the wedding. Fry went to Chicago the last of November. A few days before the wedding he and his betrothed were laying out a route for the wedding tour. She told him to select any route that pleased him, the traveling of which did not oblige them to go any distance whatever by water. She manifested such horror of traveling by water that Fry was curious to know what had caused it. His astonishment may be imagined when she related to him the terrible experience of the night of October 27, 1869, on the Mississippi, during the burning of the steamer Stonewall, on which she was a passenger, and at which time her father and mother were drowned. Mrs. Richmond was none other than the girl of 15 whom Fry had rescued on that memorable night. By the sad death of her parents she had been left with a few thousand dollars, but no near relatives. At the age of 19, to obtain a home, she married Frank Richmond, of Chicago, a dealer in wheat. He became a bankrupt, and died in 1875, since which time she has made her home among his and her friends.

The writer adds the following tragic revelation:

Mr. Fry and his bride have been spending a few days with relatives of his near this city. The above facts were obtained from him a few nights ago by the writer. Among other recollections of the Stonewall disaster, he also related the following:

"Among the passengers who got aboard of the steamer at St. Louis was a woman whose name was a notorious one, from Louisville to New Orleans, and a young man of good family of the former city. They did not board the boat in company, but it was not a mile away before it was evident that their presence together on the boat was a matter of design. The woman was Mrs. Emma Fitch, so called. The man was the cashier of a large business firm in St. Louis, but recently married, and supposed to be of unblemished character. He was known to several on the boat, who were astonished to see him in company with Mrs. Fitch. This woman was not more than 35 years old. She was the daughter of a well known citizen

of Louisville, who had given her every accomplishment. She was very beautiful, and in 1854, at the age of 20, became the wife of a wealthy citizen of Louisville. She lived with him, apparently happy, for two years, when, for some reason that was never fully explained, she returned to her parents. A year or so afterward she was granted a divorce from her husband by an Indiana court. Two years afterward she scandalized society and broke her parents' heart by marrying a dissolute actor of Louisville by the name of Swift, and even braved public opinion by appearing on the stage under her maiden name soon afterward. Her parents both died in a short time after her second marriage, and about the time the war broke out she and Swift had separated.

"During the war Major Fitch, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, was provost marshal of the Louisville district. He was a brave officer, and had a wife and two children in Michigan, to whom he was devotedly attached. One night he visited a theater in Louisville, and saw Serena Swift, as she was then called. He was introduced to her after the play, and her beauty fascinated him. Not long afterward she was living openly with the major as his mistress. He was completely in her toils, and in a few months his ruin was complete. His wife brought her children on from Kalamazoo and begged him to return to her and them and be forgiven. Her prayers were of no avail, and the child home, where she soon afterward became insane, and died in a mad-house. Serena Swift took the name of the major, and became known as Mrs. Emma Fitch. Just before the close of the war Major Fitch resigned his position. Then his descent was rapid. In company with his paramour he became the keeper of a house of ill-fame. He was finally discarded by her, and he disappeared. She led a notorious life for a year or two in Louisville, ruining many young men, and then went to St. Louis.

"When the steamer was fired upon on the steamer Stonewall, Mrs. Fitch and her companion were among the cabin passengers who hustled on deck. They were both flushed with wine. The woman rushed to the side of the vessel, and looking back at the advancing flames, with a face blanched with terror, she sprang into the river. She was never seen again. The young man was among those who were saved, and he was saved in a doubtful sense. He was flying with the notorious woman of the town, with a large amount of money in his possession belonging to his employers. Their destination was Toledo, Ohio. He returned to St. Louis and handed over the stolen money before his defalcation and flight had even been suspected. He is still in business in St. Louis, exemplary and prosperous."

A Modest Man's Trials.

(Pretence taken from San Francisco Chronicle.) After awhile I discovered that the Viennese who did wash themselves washed themselves all over at the great public baths and not in little pint pitchers of water they kept in their bed-rooms. So I went to a public bath. I did not know what to ask for, but I knew German enough for water. I went in and said: "Wasser." They took my meaning immediately, or they might have seen that I needed washing. I declare the ridiculous amount of water they furnish one leads to dread results. There are two passages leading into the great five-storyed bath barracks—one for males, the other for females. Of course, I took the wrong one, and was shoved back by a woman with a towel. I didn't see that it made much difference, for the attendants on both sides were females. Marie showed me to my bath-room. Marie was a big, broad, black-eyed Austrian maid, in rotund short skirts. She went ahead of me with an armful of towels. She opened my bath-room door. I went in. She came in after me. I was quite unprepared for this. But she wasn't. She seemed used to it, and went to work. She spread a sheet on the bottom of the bath-tub. I don't know what it was for, but they always do it. At all events it takes off the rough edge of the zinc for one's skin. Then she turned on hot water, and waited. I waited also. Out of regard for the proprietress I removed only my hat. I would not even take off my collar before Marie. The water seemed a long time running in. It generated a cloud of steam, which gradually filled the small bath-room, and through which vaporous atmosphere Marie and I saw each other dimly. Finally she gave me all the hot water I was entitled to, and left. Relieved, I sprang to the door. The water was so hot that I hunted in vain for some kind of a fastener. I sat down uneasy. Then I removed my coat and collar. Then Marie burst in again with another towel. Then she went out. How was I to bathe in peace with that confounded girl continually intruding on me? Then I tried to turn on some cold water and couldn't. By this time I had removed many of my garments, and barricaded the door with my jack-knife. Instead of having reversible faucets, by which a man could regulate his own flow of water, these required the use of a wrench to turn them. The wrench, I suppose, was kept by the attendant outside. I did not know any German for wrench, and I had dared not call for one with the prospect of the young lady's bringing it. So I sat down on the chair, which I had backed up against the door as an additional security against Marie, and waited for the water to cool. It takes hot water a long time to cool in Austria. Finally I got into the tub. I think it could not have been much below boiling temperature. I got out again pretty quickly, blushing all over, and sympathizing more heartily than ever with boiler lobsters. It was an uncomfortable bath. I suffered externally from this water and internally from fear of that possible Marie. But she never came again. She left a large pile of linen for me. I examined it. There was one towel about as large as a napkin, and two long aprons, which reached from my head to my heels. The aprons puzzled me. I utilized them for towels. A friend afterward told me their use. They are to put on; one before and the other behind, on getting out of the hot bath, and you sit in them and ring the bell for the attendant to enter, turn off the hot water, and let on the cold. Marie all this time was waiting for my bell to come in and turn on cold water. She never heard that bell. I never put on but one of these aprons, the forward one. It fitted me perfectly. It would fit anybody. It was a splendid dress for hot weather; so easy to put on and off; so loose, cool and comfortable; so easy to slip out of, and, if need be, fan yourself with the skirt.

A Charming Country Cousin.

[New Haven Register.] Life in the country at this season of the year is not without its charms. The big blazing wood fire on the hearth at evening beats all the transformation scenes of the theater in the wonderful changes and visions that can be studied in its crumbling coals, and then, there is the ruddy and handsome farmer's daughter, the princess of the kitchen who knows more about the common sense way of getting along in the world than any two of our city cousins. Given the fireplace and this sort of girl to watch the dying embers with you, and suppose star showers don't come on time, what do you care? Heaven is close to you.

A bright little Sunday-school boy was disgusted when told that ramrods were not named for Nimrod the mighty hunter.

45 Years Before the Public.

THE GENUINE Dr. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS

are not recommended as a remedy "for all the ills that flesh is heir to," but in affections of the Liver, and in all Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia, and Sick Headache, or diseases of that character, they stand without a rival.

AGUE AND FEVER.

No better cathartic can be used preparatory to, or after taking quinine.

As a simple purgative they are unequalled.

Beware of Imitations. The genuine are never sugar-coated. Each box is sealed with the lid with the impression, McLANE'S LIVER PILLS. Each wrapper bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS.

Insist upon having the genuine Dr. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLane, spelled differently but same pronunciation.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR CURING

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all other Throat and Lung Affections. Endorsed by the Press & Physicians. Taken by thousands and successful always. It has no Equal.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

TUTT'S PILLS

INDORSED BY PHYSICIANS, CLERGYMEN AND THE AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL TRIUMPH OF THE AGE.

TUTT'S PILLS CURE SICK HEADACHE.

TUTT'S PILLS CURE DYSPEPSIA.

TUTT'S PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS CURE PILES.

TUTT'S PILLS CURE FEVER AND AGUE.

TUTT'S PILLS CURE BILIOUS COLIC.

TUTT'S PILLS CURE KIDNEY COMPLAINT.

TUTT'S PILLS CURE TORPID LIVER.

TUTT'S PILLS IMPART APPETITE.

Dr. John Bull's Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF Fever & Ague

OR CHILLS & FEVER

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all other remedies for the cure of the SAFE, CERTAIN and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of Western or Southern origin. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case has it failed to cure. If it is used in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases, usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after the use of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

The genuine SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP must have DR. JOHN BULL'S private stamp on each bottle. DR. JOHN BULL only has the right to manufacture and sell the genuine SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP.

DR. JOHN BULL, Manufacturer and Vender of SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP, BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, BULL'S WORM DESTROYER.

The Popular Remedies of the Day. PRINCIPAL OFFICE 319, MAIN ST., LOUISVILLE, KY.

MANHOOD RESTORED.

Prescription Free. For the speedy cure of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood, and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess. Any Druggist has the ingredients. Address: LAWRENCE & CO., 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

A GOOD PLAN.

Containing and operating many orders on not only every advantage of great capital, with best skillful management. Large profits divided equally, on investments of \$25 to \$1000. Circular, with full particulars, sent free. Address: LAWRENCE & CO., 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR

For the cure of all diseases of the throat and lungs, and all other ailments of the head and throat. It is a powerful and effective remedy, and is sold by all druggists.

EMPLOYMENT—LOCAL OR TRAVELING

Also SALARY per month. All EXPENSES advanced. WAGES promptly paid. SLOAN & CO., 500 George St., Cincinnati, O.

CURED PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY.

Send a bottle of my celebrated remedy, with a valuable treatise on this disease, free to all sufferers who send me their P. O. and Express address. Dr. H. G. Root, 181 Pearl St., New York.

AGENTS! READ THIS!

We will pay Agents a Salary of \$100 per month and expenses, or allow commission, to sell our new and wonderful invention. Write to us at once. Address: MERRIMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

TO PRINTERS!

THE SENTINEL CO.

Take pleasure in informing the craft that they are manufacturing a most durable article of

ROLLER COMPOSITION.

C. O. D. of the purest materials in the market, and guarantee it to give satisfaction. It is not affected by sudden changes of weather. Can be recast easily. Holds its position. Does not shrink. Vermen will not eat it. Works equally well all colors inks, and on all presses.

It is in daily use in many offices in this city, with the best satisfaction, and we have no hesitancy in soliciting you to give it a trial, believing it the best and cheapest composition made.