The Rensselaer Union.

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

EN ROUTE.

[The pantoum is a meter borrowed by the modern French romantic poets from Malayan prosody. It consists of a series of four-line stanzas, the second and fourth line of each stanza reappearing as the first and third lines of the next stanza. It is to be noted that the Malayan pantoum resembles the old French rondeau in that the opening words recur at the end.]

Here we are riding the rail,
Gliding from out of the station,
Man though I am, I am pale,
Certain of heat and vexation.

Gliding from out of the station,
Out from the city we thrust;
Certain of heat and vexation,
Sure to be covered with dust.

Out from the city thrust;
Rattling we run o'er the bridges;
Sure to be covered with dust,
Stung by a thousand of midges.

Rattling we run o'er the bridges,
Rushing we dash o'er the plain;
Stung by a thousand of midges,
Certain precursors of rain.

Rushing we dash o'er the plain,
Watching the clouds darkly lowering,
Certain precursors of rain;
Fields about here need a showering.

Watching the clouds darkly lowering—
Track here is high on a bank—
Fields about here need a showering,
Boy with the books needs a spank.

Track here is high on a bank,
Just by a wretched old hovel;
Boy with the books needs a spank—
"No, I don't want a new novel!"

Just by a wretched old hovel,
Small speck of dust in my eye,
"No, I don't want a new novel!"
—Babies beginning to cry.—

Small speck of dust in my eye,
"I will not buy papers or candy!"
—Babies beginning to cry—
Oh, for a tomahawk handy!

I will not buy papers or candy!"
Train boys deserve to be slain;
Oh, for a tomahawk handy!
Oh, for the cool of the rain!

Train boys deserve to be slain,
Heat and the dust—they are choking,
Oh, for the cool of the rain!
—"Gent" just behind me is joking.

Heat and the dust they are choking,
Clogging and filling my pores,
—"Gent" just behind me is joking.
"Gent" just in front of me snores.

Clogging and filling my pores,
Ears are on edge at the rattle;
"Gent" just in front of me snores,
Sounds like the noise of a battle.

Ears are on edge at the rattle,
Man though I am I am pale,
Sounds like the noise of a battle,
Here we are riding the rail.

—*J. Brander Matthews, in Scribner's Monthly.*

"AS COMPANION TO A LADY."

"I'm very sorry, miss, but I'm only a poor woman myself, and if you can't pay the rent of this room, I don't see as you can afford the rent of the one up-stairs."

Here the landlady rubbed her nose viciously upon her apron, and stared straight out of the very dirty window.

As this was evidently a challenge to me to reply, I said, as firmly as I could, a few words which brought out the reason for the woman's visit that morning.

"Am I to understand, then, that you wish me to leave?"

"If you please, miss, at the end of the week, for there's the gent on the first floor would like to have this bedroom."

"Very well, Mrs. Ruddock, I said; I will find a room elsewhere."

"Thanky, miss," she said, sharply; and giving her nose another vicious rub, she left me to my thoughts—and my tears.

For I was weak, faint and heartsick, and the coins in my purse had dwindled down, so that if I did not succeed in obtaining an engagement in a very few days I had no resource but to creep back to the country and avow my failure.

Just three months since, and we were all so happy in the little country vicarage; and then, in visiting one of his people, my poor father caught a dangerous fever, while in tending him my dear mother was stricken with the same complaint, and ere three weeks had passed Minna and I sat in the little study alone, in deep black; for the struggle had been brief, and those we loved lay together in the green churchyard, and we were only intruders now in the little vicarage that had been our home.

We were nearly penniless, too, but a brother clergyman of my father's, quite as poor, came forward and offered us a temporary home till, as he said, some opening should occur for us.

I gladly accepted it for Minna; but for myself, I was determined to try great London, and, unaided, battle for myself. In two years John Murray was to come back from Australia to fetch me for his wife, and till then I would be independent. So the day came at last when, with many tears, we two girls had to separate, and, with aching heart, I left the old Lincolnshire home and reached the great, dreary void of London early one afternoon.

I was not long in finding a place where I could stay, in the shape of a second-floor front room in one of those heart-aching streets near the Foundling—streets that echo from morning to night with mournful cries, uttered by venders whose goods it is impossible to surmise, and with the dismal, echoing tones of the various organs. So painful were these last to me, that often of an evening, when I have returned from a weary, disheartening search for an engagement, and sat alone and hungry, fearing to spend my money in anything beyond the tea and bread and butter upon which I existed, these doleful strains—cheering, maybe, to some—have had such an effect upon me that I have sat and sobbed till, utterly worn out, I have fallen asleep, to wake, perhaps, hours after, to find it very late, and crawl, shivering, off to bed.

As the weeks passed on, and my advertisements and fees paid to the various registry offices had been without effect, I used to crawl back to my room, growing more and more disheartened. I was always a plain, sallow-looking girl, and now, in my fast-wearing black, I began to feel that I was day by day growing more shabby and weary-looking, and that my feeble chances of obtaining a post were growing less and less.

I used to sit and ask myself whether I had tried hard—and I knew I had—but it was always the same. Whether I advertised for a situation as governess, or went from a registry office to offer myself as companion to a lady, it was always the same. I noticed a look of disappointment as soon as I entered the room, for I was neither pretty nor bright-looking, and my mournful black helped to sadden my aspect. It was always the same—the lady did not think I should suit her, and in blank disappointment I had to return.

And now it had come to this—that my landlady had grown as tired of me as the people at the registry offices, where I had more than once been told rudely that I was not likely to get a place as governess or companion, but had better look lower. That afternoon, evidently suspicious of my ability to pay, and perhaps disgusted with my miserable way of living, and afraid I should be left an invalid upon her hands, she had—rudely, it seemed to me—requested me to leave.

In my present circumstances I was utterly prostrated by the news, for I dared not take lodgings elsewhere; and I could see nothing now but to sell a portion of my scanty wardrobe and go back to beg for assistance from my father's friend.

What a change! and how soon had my hopes of independent action been blighted! I was heartsore as I felt how that in that great city there was wealth being squandered and luxury around me while I was literally starving; for my poor living was telling upon me fast. What should I do? What should I do?

It was with weary iteration I had said those words and wept till tears came no more, and a dull, stolid feeling of despair had come upon me. I had almost shrunk away in the streets from the bright-faced, happy girls I passed, and at times I found myself asking what had been my sin that I should be thus punished.

I lay awake that night for many hours, watching the light from the street lamp playing upon my ceiling; and at last, toward morning, the remembrance of words I had often heard came to me with a calm sense of repose, trust and restfulness, and I believe I fell asleep at last with a smile upon my lips, repeating a portion of that comforting sentence ending, "Are ye not much better than they?"

It was a bright, sunshiny morning when I awoke, to hear some one knocking at my door, and, hurrying on a few things, I answered:

"Ah! I was just agoing to take 'em down again," said my landlady, harshly. "Some folks can afford to lay in bed all day; I can't. Here's two letters for you. And mind this, Miss Laurie, I never bargained to come tramping up to the top of the house with letters and messages for you."

"I'm very much obliged, Mrs. Ruddock," I said, gently, as I took the letters with trembling hands, while muttering and complaining, their bearer went down stairs. It seemed very hard then, but I believe it was the woman's habit, and that she was not bad at heart, but warped and cankered by poverty, hard work and ill-usage from a drunken husband, whom she entirely kept.

One letter I saw at a glance was from Minna; the other was in a strange crabbed hand; and I longed to read them; but, exercising my self-denial, I dressed, lit my fire, and prepared my very frugal breakfast before sitting down and devouring Minna's news.

What right had I to murmur as I did last night, I asked myself, when she was evidently so happy and contented? and then I opened, with fluttering hand, the other letter, and was puzzled by it at first; but at last I recalled the fact that three weeks before I had answered an advertisement in the *Times*, where a lady wanted a companion.

The note was very brief and curt and ran as follows:

"If Miss Laurie is not engaged she can call upon Mrs. Langton Porter, 47 Morton street, Park Village South, at eleven o'clock to-morrow (Thursday.")

"At last!" I said to myself, joyfully, and with beating heart I prepared myself for my journey, for the appointment was for that morning.

Just as I had pretty well timed myself for my walk a sudden squall came on, the sky was darkened, snow fell heavily, and in place of a morning in spring we seemed to have gone back into winter, for the snow lay thickly in a very short time, and the branches of the trees in the squares were whitened.

Weak as I was this disheartened me, but I fought my way bravely on, and just at eleven rang timidly at the door of an important-looking house, and was superciliously shown, by a stout tall footman in drab livery, into a handsomely-furnished room. Everything in the place I noticed was rich and good; heavy curtains hung by window and door, skins and Eastern rugs lay on the polished wood floor, and a tremendous fire blazed in a great brass fireplace, and the flames danced and were reflected from the encaustic tiles with which it was surrounded.

"I'll take your note in," said the footman, as I handed it, "you can sit down."

I preferred to stand, and as soon as I was alone I shivered with fear and cold, as I caught a glance of my pale, sallow face in a great mirror. Every moment I expected to see the owner of the place, but I remained standing wearily for an hour, and then I sighed and turned wistfully to look at the door, wondering whether the footman had taken in the note which I had given him as my passport.

I started, for close behind me, having entered unheard, was a rather plump tall lady in black. She was dressed as if for going out, and well wrapped in furs.

"Oh! you are waiting," she said, harshly, and a shade of displeasure crossed her face as she looked full at me till my eyes dropped. "There, Miss—Miss—Miss—"

"Laurie," I suggested.

"Yes, yes; I know," she said, sharply; "it is in my note. Pray, why in the name of common sense did you not sit down? Take that chair. Now, then, have you been companion to a lady before?"

"No, ma'am," I replied; and then, in answer to her questions, all very sharply given, I told her so much as was necessary of my story.

"I don't think you will suit me," she said; "I've had misery enough, and I want some one cheerful and pleasant, a lady whom I can trust and who will be a pleasant companion. There, I'm sure there is not such a body in London, for the way I've been imposed upon is dreadful! I've had six in six months, and the number of applications I have had nearly drove me out of my senses. I've had one since you wrote to me—a creature whose sole idea was herself. I want one who will make me her first consideration. I don't mind what I pay, but I want some one tall and ladylike; and you are not pretty, you know."

I shook my head sadly.

"Humph! Well," she went on, "you won't be so giddy and be always thinking of getting married. There, you need not blush like that; it's what all the companions I have had seem to think about. You don't, I suppose?"

"I am engaged to be married," I said, hanging down my head, "in a couple of years."

"Ho! Well, he mustn't come here, for I'm a very selfish, pragmatical old woman; and if I engaged you—which I don't think I shall do—I should want you all to myself. What is he?"

"A settler—abroad," I faltered.

"Ho! That's better; and perhaps he'll settle there altogether without you."

I looked at her indignantly, and she laughed.

"Ah! I know, my good girl. I haven't lived to eight and forty for nothing. How old are you?"

"Twenty," I said, shivering, for her rough way repelled me, and I longed to bring the interview to an end.

"Why, the girl's cold," she said, roughly. "H'm, twenty! Here, go up to the fire, and have a good warm; it's dreadful weather. There, pull off your bonnet and jacket. Put them on that chair, and go closer to the fire; I've a deal to say to you yet, for I'm not going to engage any young person and have to change directly."

I observed her trembling the while, for I was very weak; and she went on asking me questions and making comments.

"I don't like your appearance at all; you look pale and unhealthy. Not a bit like a girl from the country."

"I am very sorry," I said; "but, indeed, ma'am, I have excellent health."

"Then your face tells stories about you. You play, of course?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You're warm now. Go and play something. Can you sing?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then sing, too; and look here, Miss—Miss—Miss—"

I was about to tell her my name, but remembering the last rebuff I was silent.

"Now, look here, my good young lady, how am I to remember your dreadful name? What is it."

"Laurie, ma'am," I replied.

"Of course it is; I remember it quite well. Now go and play and sing something, and mind, I don't want my ears deafened with fireworks, and the drums split with parrot-shriek bravuras. Sing something sweet and simple and old-fashioned, if you can," she added, ungraciously.

I crossed the room and sat down to the magnificent piano, and for the next five minutes I seemed to be far away, down in the old home, as I forgot where I was, in singing my poor dead father's favorite ballad, "Robin Adair;" while, as I finished, I had hard work to keep back the tears.

"Ro—bin A—dair," she sang, as I rose, in a not unpleasing voice. "Now let me hear you read. I always make my companion read to me a great deal; and mind this, I hate to hear any drone like a school-girl. Go over there into the corner of the window and stand there. Take that book; you'll find the mark left in where Miss Belleville—bah! I believe her name was Stubbs and her father a green-grocer—left off. Now then, begin."

She pushed a lounge-chair close up to the window and sat down with her hands in her muff, while I stood there; feeling like a school-girl and ready to drone, as I began to read with faltering voice what happened to be Thackeray's most beautiful chapter—The death of poor old Col. Newcombe. I know my voice trembled at times, and a strange sense of choking came upon me as I went on battling, oh, so hard to read those piteous heart-stirring lines! but I was weak and suffering, I was faint with hunger and exertion, sick with that despair of hope deferred, and at last the room, with its costly furniture, seemed to swim round before me, a cold perspiration bathed my face, and with a weary sigh I caught feebly at the curtains and then fell heavily upon the polished floor.

I have some faint memory of being lifted and wheeled in a chair whose castors I heard chirrup to the front of the fire, and then, as my senses began to return, I seemed to feel arms round me and a pleasant voice saying, half aloud:

"And she just lost her poor father, too—to set her to read such a thing as that! I declare I'm about the wickedest, most thoughtless and unfeeling old woman under the sun."

Then there was the refreshing odor of a vinaigrette, and the sick feeling began to pass away.

"I—I beg pardon," I faltered, trying to rise.

"I beg yours, my dear," she said, tenderly. "Sit still, sit still. Now, then, try and drink that."

Some sherry was held to my lips, and then I was almost forced to eat a biscuit. They, however, rapidly revived me, and I found Mrs. Porter had torn off her bonnet and mantle and was keeling by my side.

"That's better, my dear," she said, smiling at me, as she passed her arm round me and drew me nearer to her and kissed me in a gentle, motherly way. And now this was too much, for I was weak and hysterical. I could fight against harshness, but her tender words and ways unlocked the floodgates of my grief and I laid my head down and sobbed as if my heart would break.

An hour later, after she had literally forced me to partake of the breakfast that was ordered up, she sat beside me, holding my hand, and more than once I saw the tears steal down her pleasant face as she won from me, bit by bit, the story of my troubles and my bitter struggles here in town.

At last I rose to go, trembling and expectant. Would she engage me? It was more than I dared to hope.

"Sit still, my child," she said, tenderly. "It has pleased God to make me—a childless, widowed woman—His steward over much wealth, and if I did not make this a home for one of His tempest-smitten lambs I should be a worse woman than I think I am. Stay with me; we shall be the best of friends."

I stayed—stayed to know her real worth and to win her motherly love—stayed to find, when John Murray returned, that his love was greater for my sister than for me, and patiently resigned my love to her, and then battled with a long illness when they had gone together to the far-off home. But every day gave me a new lesson on not judging too hastily. That is ten years since; and I am still in my peaceful, happy home, though only "as companion to a lady."—*Cassell's Magazine.*

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* says that the growth of horns in cattle may be prevented by searing the germ, before it passes through the skin, with a hot iron. By this means the growth of horn is suspended, and the animal remains hornless.—*Iowa State Register.*

—Dr. Foote, says in the July *Health Monthly*, that all chronic skin diseases are invariably due to a scrofulous taint in the system. This view was also taken by Dr. L. P. Yandell, of Louisville, Ky., a late distinguished allopathic practitioner.

BABIES are the institution and should be guarded from attacks of Colic, Flatulence, etc., by Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price, 25 cents a bottle.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—It is a dangerous thing, from a hygienic point, to dig a cellar in a wet soil. Better not have a cellar if you can't be certain that it will be dry.

—If you have stockings with heel and toe out, and good between, cut the heel out and knit a new one, just as you did at first. When done, take up the stitches, then turn right side out, and join the heel and foot by knitting them together. Then cut off the toes as far as thin, take up the stitches and knit off as at first. If neatly done, it can hardly be told from the original heel or toe.

—The *Journal of Health* gives the following: There is scarcely an ache to which children are subject so hard to bear and difficult to cure as the earache. But there is a remedy never known to fail. Take a bit of cotton batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it, dip in sweet oil and insert into the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the head—to keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

—At the late meeting of the Western New York Horticultural Society, E. Ruhlman, of Niagara County, explained his method of raising celery. He employs a collar, made of a strip of tin two or three inches wide and nine inches long. This is bent into a circular collar and put around the celery-plant when it is first planted, and a little manure is placed outside of the collar. As the plant grows the collar is raised up and kept up in position around the crown of the plant, and is still retained in place after the celery is dug in the fall.

—A correspondent of the Germantown *Telegraph* says: A very simple relief for neuralgia is to boil a small handful of lobelia in half a pint of water till the strength is out of the herb, then strain it off and add a teaspoonful of fine salt. Wring cloths out of the liquid as hot as possible, and spread over the part affected. It acts like a charm. Change the cloths as soon as cold till the pain is all gone; then cover the place with a soft, dry covering till perspiration is over, to prevent taking cold. Rheumatism can often be relieved by application to the painful parts of cloths wet in a weak solution of sal soda water. If there is inflammation in the joints, the cure is very quick. The wash should be lukewarm.

—The old heathen habit of beating tin pans, firing guns, and throwing sticks, dirt, etc., to make swarming bees alight, still prevails in some sections of the country. One would suppose that, with the amount of information before the public on this subject, every man, woman and child would, by this time, have learned to know that bees are as deaf as posts, and all the beating of pans in two counties would not affect them. They are not blind or dumb, and their sense of feeling and smelling is very fine. We have always found that our bees settled once before starting to run away, but this is not infallible—they do sometimes start right away. Where practicable, water may be thrown among them, or the sun's rays be thrown in the swarming mass by means of a looking-glass. We have never known the latter to fail, and it is said to be infallible. Every City Council ought to pass an ordinance forbidding the use of tin pans on the occasion of bees swarming; and every farmer who does not know better than to alarm the whole neighborhood should be compelled to read some book on bee-culture.—*Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

Coal Ashes for Insects.

We have referred more than once, though somewhat indefinitely, to a mixture of coal ashes, etc., which we have been using during this season as a protection against many of our plant pests. Its use has been so effectual with us—it has saved us so much vexation and trouble as compared with other mixtures or measures which we have used or adopted in past seasons, that we urge our readers and friends to give it a trial. First, sift ashes enough through an ordinary ash-sifter to make a bushel of sifted ashes. Next, pass these through a flour-sieve, and *thoroughly* mix therewith one pound of pulverized aloes, one pound of hellebore and one pound of flour of sulphur. Put the mixture into an open box and place it beside the range until every particle of moisture is dried out of the entire mass. It is now ready to be used; and early in the morning, while the dew is fresh upon the leaves, and there is no air stirring, is the best time to do so. The mixture will now be found so fine, so light and fluffy, that a thimbleful thrown up among the leaves will surprise one with its buoyancy, and the space through which it may be seen to float, and the number of leaves upon which it finally settles. It envelopes every part of the leaf, petiole, twigs and branches like a vapor, and at length impinges, as it were, upon them as vapor would upon an ice-cold plate of glass. We have tried it upon grapevines, rose-bushes, various shrubs, vines and fruit trees infested with aphides and slugs. We have dusted it over peas, corn, tomatoes, melons, etc., and the plants so dusted were seldom cut off by the cut-worm. We have dusted it upon two plum trees, as needed, and the plums, save one, are at this time fair and sound. A pint will amply suffice for a tree ten feet in height, and the topmost leaves may be reached by tossing it up from the hand, or any little handled cup or spoon. A bushel of the mixture will suffice, we think, for our grounds this entire season, though insect pests were never so numerous. Does it kill them? We do not know, and do not much care. We have little faith in the ability of man to exterminate any race of such minute insects, thousands of which are born while he is killing one. To exterminate those upon his own grounds one season is little less than a measure of prevention—they will be just as numerous the next.

It may be said there is nothing new in the above; but we think there is. The novelty consists in the fineness of the preparation, and its being perfectly dry, which render its application far more easy and thorough. Soot, ashes of tobacco, and a dozen other nauseous powders may be added as one may choose, no doubt with good effect.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Growing Mushrooms.

The mushroom is a very accommodating plant and will grow in the cellar, in sheds, stables, tubs, old hats, on shelves in the garden, in dark or light. What a chance this affords the boys to have both fun and fruit too, by making a bed in some curious old thing and keeping the matter a secret until it is all white with splendid mushrooms. All that is needed for the success is a temperature from 50 to 60 deg., some fresh horse manure and a little spawn. Having procured what fresh horse manure is needed, mix it well with about one-third of its bulk of good loam and you are prepared to make beds in whatever form and in whatever place you prefer. If you determine to make beds make them narrow, certainly not more than five feet in breadth and about fifteen inches in height. The material must be made compact by beating down as evenly as possible. If under cover, the beds may be made flat on the top, but if in the open air should be rounded to shed the rain. After the beds have been made a week there will be considerable heat produced by the fermentation of the manure. Bricks of spawn should have been secured previously, and they can be had from most seedsmen, postage or expressage free, at about thirty cents a pound. Break them in pieces about as large as walnuts, and insert in the beds just below the surface, about ten inches apart. One pound of spawn is sufficient for a space two by six feet; then cover the beds with an inch or more of good earth, pressing it down with the back of the spade If the material should appear very dry, water lightly with warm water. Mushrooms will begin to appear in about six weeks after planting the spawn and can be gathered for three or four weeks. In gathering take up the mushroom entire, leaving no stem in the bed, and placing a little earth in the hole made by the removal. When the crop is gathered cover the bed with a little more earth, beating it down gently, and give a pretty good moistening with tepid water, and in about a month more another crop will be produced.—*Vick's Floral Guide.*

Wedded Love—With Interruptions.

Mr. Spoonbill endeavors to write a "few lines" on Wedded Love, but is so interrupted that he has to give it up. We are indebted to Mrs. S. for the MSS.:

What so sweet as wedded love!
What so like the joys above—

"Oh, don't bother me, Maria! What do I care for Wood's Tariff or the Congress?"

Where the angels dwell in peace—

"Ha! I thought so! Only an excuse to plague me for money. No use to ask me for money for folderols these times."

Where their pleasures never cease,
Wedded love—

"Oh, stuff and nonsense! You're dressed as well as anyone—as well as I can afford, beside I hate those spring bonnets."

Thy praise I sing,
For the comforts thou dost bring—
Comforts calm, serene—

"Worrying a fellow to death about dresses all the time. Confound the Browns! Let the Browns pay their creditors and see where they'd be! Brown settled for twenty cents—I pay a hundred."

And pure,
For the ills of life a cure.
Rest for the body, mind and brain—
Rest the selfish—

"Go to Nantasket for the season! Do you suppose I'm going to make a slave of myself?"

Seek in vain.
Each for each they ever live,
Giving all that they can give
Without murmur—

"There you go—sniveling again. A fellow can't say a word but out comes the handkerchief."

Or complaint—

"I'm cross as a bear? Trash! You know better than that. I'm known as the model husband, by George."

Without labor or restraint—

"You don't expect me to be tied like a poodle to your apron-strings, do you?"

For the cord that binds the twain
Is a soft and silken chain,
Every living link a kiss—

"Don't love you! Ah, Maria! Well, we'll try Nantasket. You wrong me, my darling, my treasure. Will fifty dollars do this time?"

This, oh! this, is wedded bliss!

GRAND TABLEAUX.

—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

PUT two slices of cucumber into a phonograph, and hear whether or not ti yells for a doctor.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring, which did them no good. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I procured Hop Bitters and commenced their use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost—I know it. A WORKINGMAN."

WILHOFT'S TONIC!—A SAFE, SURE, AND SCIENTIFIC CURE!—The unprecedented sale of this world-renowned medicine proves incontestibly that no remedy has superseded the use of this reliable Tonic. No spleen has been found so hard as not to yield to its softening influence, and no liver so hypertrophied as not to give up its long retained bilious secretions, and no Chill or Fever has yet refused to fall into line. WHEELOCK, FINLAY & CO., Proprietors, New Orleans.

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It is to have elegant, light, wholesome rolls, biscuits, muffins, waffles, or corn bread for breakfast; no grumbling or sour faces then. DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER makes all these things perfection itself.

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FOR debility and old age use Swiss Agne Cure. It will renovate the system.

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VEGETINE
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Druggists' Report.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir—We sell your VEGETINE, and find it to be good for the complaints for which it is recommended. It is a good medicine. We have many calls for it.
R. F. WHITHERSPOON & CO.,
Druggists and Apothecaries,
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Vegetine Is Sold by All Druggists.

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