

"My Darling's Blind."

A lady entered a car on the Oakwood road one day the past week leading a little girl, perhaps four years old. The mother sat down and lifted the little one to the seat beside her. The child was nibbling at a bit of cake of sugar, now and then turning her face, full of childish love up to her mother, and murmuring some almost unintelligible words of affection.

Opposite to mother and child sat an other younger lady, who often smelled a fresh rose which she held. The innocent little one before her attracted her attention, and the natural kindness of the sympathetic woman heart prompted her to at once offer the fragrant flower to the little budding lily opposite. So she leaned a bit forward and spoke:

"Baby want the posy?"

But the child seemed not to hear. Perhaps it was the noise of the moving car that prevented. Then she spoke a little louder and held the flower forward temptingly:

"Baby may have the posy."

The mother heard, for she looked toward the other lady and smiled—and O, such a look of heartfelt gratitude of motherly love, yet heavily saddened with such an expressive tinge of sorrow as is seldom seen. And still the lady of the rose pressed upon the little one acceptance of the flower.

"Baby, take the rose," holding it almost to the child's hands. And now it seemed she was heard, for the blue eyes turned full upon her would-be patron, and then in a moment she strangely drew back and turned her eyes appealingly toward her mother's face. The lady with the flower showed her bewilderment in her look, while a pained expression flitted across the face of the mother, who leaned forward and whispered just a word:

"My darling is blind!"

Then the whole sunless, darkened life of the fair little being—fair as the flower which had been offered to her—came up before the mind. All beauty shut out from her forever! For her no foliage-strewn, flower-studded scene to follow the bleakness of winter. No looking with awe into the mysterious depths of the night sky, sparkling with glittering, twinkling star gems, for over those blue eyes the Creator, in the mystery of his designs, had hung the impenetrable veil. No expectant gaze toward the mother's face for the gentle smile that ever sooths a childish trouble; only the blind passage of the little hand over and over those features, for one moment's sight of which that growing little one will often and often after years of existence.

For her the birds will sing, but the loveliness of form and feather are not. For her, while the babbling stream may make mysterious music, its dimpled waves and winding reaches and verdant banks do not exist.

How bitterly vivid all this, as the lady opened the little hand and shut within it the thornless stem of the rose now bearing a tear on its petals!

And there were other swimming eyes in the car.

A Dog's Race.

The other day, I witnessed an amusing instance of canine sagacity worthy of commemoration in print. I was staying with friends who have a varied collection of dogs—a Blenheim spaniel and her five puppies, a fox terrier and two fine deer-hounds. This happy family are allowed to spend part of the day in the drawing room, providing they conform to certain rules as to boundary lines and an amicable agreement among themselves. The hearthrug is the favorite "coin of vantage" with them all. Zuna, the deer-hound, sauntered in one morning and found every approach to the fire blocked by the slumbering forms of her companions. She tried gently to scratch a passage for herself but was repelled by growls. So, apparently suffering extreme lowness of spirits, she retired to a distant corner of the room, but not to sleep. For ten minutes she crouched there, pondering silently, then, suddenly bounding up flew to the window and barked as if an invading army was in sight. Of course, every one, human and canine followed in mad haste. The hearthrug was left unoccupied, and Zuna quietly trotted round, stretched her huge form before the fire, and in an instant was snoring heavily, leaving all staring out into vacancy, emphatically "sold!"

A Cool Husband.

There was one sensible man in this world. He was a soldier, and was reported to have been killed, but was only a prisoner. He returned home to find that his wife had turned over a new leaf in the marriage service, and that a new man occupied his place in the chimney corner. Did he go to slaughtering his wife and her husband? Not much. He walked in and said:

"Well, old gal, how's things?"

"Purty good, Bill," said the doubly married woman, not taken back greatly.

"Which do you prefer, the old or the new life?"

"I don't like to hurt your feelings, but—"

"Oh, spit it out. Don't mind my feelings nor the other fellow's. I won't be angry if you do come down a little bit rough on my vanity. Count on my being amiable. I won't cut up a bit rusty if you should go back on me."

"I am glad you are so thoughtful, Bill, and I acknowledge that I do like my present husband best, I know of no one else I would sooner join tortures with than you."

"That's the way to talk. I'll now bid you good bye, hoping that no accident will happen to the other fellow, and that he will live long to enjoy your delightful society. Good day."

And the careless husband traveled on with his knapsack on his back, whistling in cheery tones, "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Roasted coffee is said to be a powerful disinfectant.

AGRICULTURE.

MARKETING CATTLE.—Whatever time a lot of cattle may take to go to market, they should never be overdriven. There is great difference of management in this respect among drovers. Some like to proceed upon the road quietly, slowly, but surely, and to reach the market in a placid, cool state. Others, again, drive smartly along for some distance, and then rest to cool awhile, when the beasts will probably get chilled and have a starting coat when they reach their destination, while others like to enter the market with their beasts in an excited state, imagining that they then look gay; but distended nostrils, loose bowels, and reeking bodies are no recommendations to a purchaser. Good judges are shy of purchasing cattle in a heated state, and are inclined to know how long they may have been in it; and to cover any risk, will give at least five dollars a head below what they would have offered for them in a cool state. Some drovers have a habit of beating the lot with sticks on the road. This is a censurable practice, as the flesh, where it is thumped, will bear a red mark after the animal has been slaughtered—the mark receiving the appropriate name of blood-burn, and the flesh thus affected will not take on sale, and is apt to putrefy. A touch upon the flank, or any tendentious part, when correction is necessary, is all that is required; but the voice, in most cases will answer as well. The flesh of overdriven cattle, when slaughtered, never becomes firm, and their tallow has a soft, melted appearance.

A few large oxen in one lot look best in a market on a position rather above the eye of the spectator. When a large lot is nearly alike in size and appearance, they look best and most level on a piece of ground. Very large fat oxen never look better than on the same level with the spectator. An ox, to look well should hold his head on a line with the body, with lively ears, clear eye, dewy nose, a well-licked lip, and a clean, firm coat. Brain is not worth much to make butter, but when mixed with corn meal gives health and thrift. The meal, fed alone, passes directly into the "third stomach" without remastication. The water the cow drinks may increase the quantity of milk, but it will not improve the butter. Meal fed with hay, cut fine and wet down together, gives good returns. Do your cows drink ice water in the winter, and with rain-bow backs stand shivering in the cruel blast of a fierce northeaster? They will but the dollar that might cover failure into success, to keep themselves warm. Do you feed without racks in a muddy barnyard? Then the dollar that might make you successful, is daily trampled into the mud. Do you feed your cows nothing but hay and straw in winter, and keep them on a short pasture in summer? Then you neglect to put a dollar into the expense scale.

HOW TO TELL HORSES' AGE.—On the lower jaw, a colt sheds the two middle teeth within six months after the second year, and within six months after reaching the age of three years sheds one tooth on each side of the two middle teeth, and at four years will have a full set of new teeth on front lower jaw. At five years there will be shells on the corner teeth; at six the two middle teeth will be smooth, and at eight will fall the lower jaw teeth will be smooth. On the upper jaw, at nine years of age, the two middle teeth will be smooth; at ten, one tooth on either side of them will be smooth; at eleven, all smooth, above and below. At twelve, the corner teeth are pointed; at thirteen, one tooth next them, and at fourteen, all project above and below. Beyond that all is guesswork.

SLACK ONE PECK OF LIME, and while hot and at the thickness of cream add a pint of linseed oil and a quarter pound of dissolved glue. Let it stand a half day before using. This, for interior walls, is far superior to simple lime and water. It is also first-rate for out-door work, such as the exterior of buildings, fences, etc., slake clean, white, fresh lime under water; then add a pound of sulphate of zinc and a pound of salt to every peck of lime.

A FEW RUBBING-POSTS set up in the pasture will save injury to the fences. Cattle will use the conveniences very often, if provided for them, and it is worth all the trouble to witness the enjoyment of the animals in the use of them.

RELIEF OF "STUART CORTIZ." Among the Mexican relics collected by a Russian gentleman are two pieces of light armor, a breastplate and a helmet, found at that memorable battle-field on the shores of Lake Tezcuco, where, on August 12, 1521, the power of the Aztecs under Guatemotzin was finally crushed by Cortez. The breastplate is made in two layers, and chased with a good deal of care. On a central band are armorial bearings, above which are two medallion heads. The rest of the ornamentation consists of birds, swords, clubs, poniards and helmets. The helmet, also chased, has brass rosettes just above the rim, and is pierced by a spear hole. A complete set of armor, ornamented with brass, were found in the same place. They have the cross and the lion and lilies of Castile, inlaid in gold, on the barrels, near the flint locks. Another smaller pistol, dating from the early part of the last century, has been polished and cleaned up. On the handle it is stated in Spanish that it is for the use of Don Francisco de Yrabia. Two old poniards have also been furnished up for use by the natives. The finer of the two is of the style of Charles V. A large and curious pair of old Spanish scissors, over two centuries old, have been cleaned and sharpened for the use of some Mexican housewife. There is a fine black brass pistol of the last century from Zacatecas, a long knife with a silver shank, which has a modern handle, and a pair of Spanish stirrups found at Tacubaja.

WHEN THE BOWELS ARE DISORDERED, No time should be lost in resorting to a suitable remedy. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the most reliable and widely esteemed of its class. It removes the causes of constipation, or of undue relaxation of the intestines, which are usually indigestion or a misdirection of the bile. When it acts as a cathartic, it does not gripe and violently evacuate, but produces gradual and natural effects, and very mild of a drastic purgative; and its power of assisting digestion, and relieving irritating conditions of the mucous membrane of the stomach and intestinal canal which produce flatulency and eventually dysentery. The medicine is, moreover, an agreeable one, and eminently pure and wholesome. Appetite is tranquil, nightly slumber is best promoted by it.

DOMESTIC.

BROTHERS FOR THE SICK.—Fretful Chicken Broth.—Cut up a young fowl into several pieces, put in a stew-pan with three pints of spring water, set on the stove to boil; skim well and add a little salt; take two tablespoonfuls of pearl barley, wash it in several waters, and add it to the broth, together with an ounce of marsh-mallow roots cut into shreds, for the purpose of better extracting its healing properties. The broth should then boil one hour, and be passed through a napkin into a basin, to be kept ready for use. Here is a recipe for another good broth. Take three pounds of the sprag-end of a fresh neck of mutton, cut it into several pieces, wash them in cold water and put them into a stew-pan with two quarts of cold spring water; place the stew-pan on the fire; skim well, and then add a couple of turnips cut into slices, a few branches of parsley, a sprig of green thyme and a little salt. When it has boiled gently by the side of the stove for an hour and a half, skim off the fat from the surface, and then let it be strained through a lawn sieve into a basin, and kept until needed.

DELICATE CAKE.—Two small cups of white sugar, half a cup of butter, one cup of milk, the whites of four eggs, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, and three and a half cups of sifted flour. Stir the sugar and butter together, add the milk, dissolve the soda in a little boiling water, beat the whites very stiffly, and stir them in with a little of the flour, after mixing the cream tartar with it. Bake in thin cakes, and ice. If desired it can be flavored with grated lemon peel and the juice of a lemon added instead of the cream tartar, or with vanilla or ground nutmeg.

BE WISE AND HAPPY.—If you will stop all your extraordinary notions in doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug cure-alls, that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments, you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—rely on it. See another column.

DELICIOUS MILK PUNCH.—Take the thin parings of five or six oranges and lemons, and let them soak in a pint of brandy for three days; add the juice of three oranges and lemons, and then three pints of rum, three pints more of brandy, and six pints of water; grate one nutmeg into two quarts of milk, make it boiling hot, and then pour it into the liquor; keep stirring constantly; add two pounds of loaf sugar; let it stand twelve hours; strain it through a flannel bag two or three times, and pour it in glasses filled with ice.

CHAMOMILE.—A decoction of the leaves of chamomile will destroy every species of insect, and nothing contributes so much to the health of a garden as a number of chamomile plants dispersed through it. No greenhouse or hot house should ever be without it. In a mortar, pound either the stalks of flowers will answer. It is a singular fact that a plant is drooping and apparently dying, in nine cases out of ten it will recover if you plant chamomile near it.

A NICE STOOL can be made by taking a soap-box, or a small-sized box, fix a grocery store; fix a lid by nailing pieces of leather on for hinges; fasten a piece in front to lift it up; then cover it with pieces of carpet tacked on with brass-headed nails; cut some pieces of old quilts to pad the top, then cover with carpet and trim around the lid with any old cast-off fringe. This also makes a convenient piece of furniture, useful for keeping shoes in, out of sight.

ORANGE CAKE.—Mix two cups of sugar with the yolks of two eggs, then add the whites beaten to a stiff froth, next add a tablespoonful of butter, then one cup of milk, and flour to make a stiff as cup-cake; flavor to taste; bake in jelly pans. Filling: one lemon, two oranges; grate the rinds and add the juice; one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, one cup of water; boil all until smooth; cool before putting between the cakes.

SAVORY EGGS.—Six or eight eggs boiled hard, and then cut in two; remove the yolks and grind them in a mortar quite smooth, with about a tablespoonful of anchovy sauce (more, if necessary), a little Cayenne, and a tablespoonful of cream, to make into a paste; pile the mixture roughly in the twelve half whites, which must have a piece the size of a bean, near the bottom to make them stand in the dish; garnish with parsley.

If you have been drinking too much, which however you should never do, a dose of Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills will place you in good condition again.

HAM TOAST.—This makes a delicious relish for breakfast or tea. Chop some ham very fine, then add a little mace, two or three teaspoonfuls of cream; mix all together with a very small piece of butter, and put in a frying pan, on which spread the ham very thickly scatter over it some bread crumbs, brown it before the fire, and serve hot.

PIGEON PIE.—Line the dish with steak, strew over it chopped parsley, and a very small quantity of onion or shallot; stuff the pigeons with parsley, the juice of a lemon, a small bit of the peel, butter, and a little flour; lay them on the steak, and cover them with thin steak, small pieces of ham, chopped herbs and a couple of hard-boiled eggs in slices.

CHINA CHILLO.—Mince a pint basin full of unpressed mutton, with a little fat. Cut up very fine two small onions and some lettuce, a pint of green peas, a teaspoonful of salt, some pepper, (to taste), four tablespoonfuls of water, two ounces of butter; put all into a stew-pan, closely covered, and simmer for two hours.

WARM SLAW.—Slice a head of cabbage fine, put it in a stew-pan with a little water and scald well; sprinkle salt, pepper, and sugar over it; then take two-thirds of a teaspoonful of vinegar, one-third of a teaspoonful of water, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of flour, well mixed together; pour it over the cabbage, and let it come to a boil, when it is ready for the table.

ASATIC CHOLERA, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, Colic, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and all Affections of the bowels, incident to either children or adults, are cured at once by Dr. Bull's Cholera Remedy. It is a powerful stimulant and calms the action of the stomach, being pleasant to the taste, is an acceptable remedy to the youngest of the family.

HUMOROUS.

HE CAME FROM "AWANGUE."—"Judge, I don't think I war more'n an hour in dis city when de ossler cotched me and fetched me to de calaboose. Thomas James Brown seemed very indignant when he addressed Justice Morgan in the Police Court. "You were drunk last night, and lying down," said his Honor. "Dat's so; but moggin't he jes as well totel me down to de ferry and shipped me fo' Jersey?" "Do you belong in Jersey?" "Yes, sah. I come from Awangue las night an' seed some friends, took a drink or two, and, tinkin' I war behind de barn at Awangue, laid down."

"You found out your mistake this morning?" "Yes, oh, yes. I see foun' dat out now."

"What will you do if I let you go?" "I see to get out den dis place quick'n I lightnin' an' get back to Awangue, 'cause de boss don't know I see gone an' dar's a heap o' work to be done dar to-day."

"Well, git' for Orange, and don't come back again."

"Er! I does I's gwine to keep stan' up if I have to die fo' it," and shouting a farewell to His Honor he dashed out.

THEY WERE THERE.—There were just nine adults and a little girl on a street car recently, when a man rose up and said:

"I was intending to go off on my summer vacation to-day, but the tailor disappointed me on my clothes. All you gentlemen who were served the same trick will please stand up."

Every one of the other four men got up and gritted their teeth and sat down again.

"Now, then," continued the man, "all you ladies who intended to go to-day and have been basely deceived by your dressmakers will please raise your right hands."

"Very lady raised her right hand and her left and clasped her fingers as if she was pulling her dressmaker's hair. No one was left out but the little girl, and as the speaker declared 't question unanimously adopted she rose up, made a curtsey and said:

"I was to go to my aunt's in the country, this morning, but pa couldn't borrow the money to pay my fare."

NO GOOD PREACHING.—No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law case, or do any other thing, unless he is in a good humor. A high and clasped her fingers as if she was pulling her dressmaker's hair. No one was left out but the little girl, and as the speaker declared 't question unanimously adopted she rose up, made a curtsey and said:

WENT UP ON THE CELLAR DOOR.—A farmer went to town to make a few purchases. It happened that he called at an establishment where an elevator is in use. In order to furnish the articles desired, he was necessary to go into an upper story, and the salesman said to his customer: "Just get on; and we will go up."

The startled granger looked around and said: "Oh where?" He was given the desired information, and he started up. The upward flight was evidently something new to the farmer, who attested his appreciation of it by remarking: "This beats all nation, don't it?"

THE SALESMAN said he rather thought it did. In the meantime a young man became impatient, and came into the store-room below looking for him. The farmer, seeing his son, stepped to the hatchway and said: "You can't come up here son; I came up on the cellar door, and it's up here yet."

THEODORE observed a solicitous young mother to her husband, "I think I will not let little Georgie attend Sunday school any more. I find the poor boy is quite feverish to-night, and his fever started up. The upward flight was evidently something new to the farmer, who attested his appreciation of it by remarking: "This beats all nation, don't it?"

ANY ONE desiring a recipe how to make soap for a cent a pound, will receive it gratis, by addressing I. L. Craiger & Co., Philadelphia, the manufacturers of the justly celebrated Dobbin's Electric Soap.

A YOUNG lady writes to an exchange. "For my part, I prefer an evening passed at home with a pleasant book to attending balls, parties and theatres."

BOYHOOD is candid, and middle age, though it may think the same things, is reticent. "What part of the 'Burial of Sir John Moore' do you like best?" He was thoughtful for a moment, and then replied: "Few and short were the prayers we said."

MISS MADEUP OLDGAL—"Yes, I love the old oak; it is associated with so many happy hours spent beneath its sheltering shade. It carries me back to my childhood, when—when—" Young Foodie—"When you planted it?"

"GEORGE has had a great many pull-backs in life," said the young wife to her lady friend. And when the friend said "Yes, I saw him with one yesterday," the young wife didn't know what she meant by it.

LARGE sales indicate the merits of all good articles. Druggists sell more of Dr. Bull's Syrup than of all other remedies for the cure of Baby Disorders.

Diminutive oleomargarinecup sounds most appetizing and pedantic than "Little Buttercup."

A riot prevailed at Cork, Ireland, recently. They "bate" each other to abate their wrath.

A WARRANT for a man's arrest is like an old coat, because it's worn-out.

The Forgetfulness of People. The Oxford Professor who, to avoid the wind when taking snuff, turned around, but forgot to turn back, and walked six miles into the country, was no more forgetful than those who still use the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, forgetting that Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, are a positive and reliable cathartic, readily correcting all irregularities of the stomach, liver and bowels. Sold by druggists.

Can Pills be Cured

Is the most important question to-day with suffering millions who, when looking at the long list of useless pills nostrums for the afflicted Bible Patriarch, like exclaiming: "I have heard many such things, miserable comforters are ye all, how long will ye vex my soul and break me in pieces with words?" It is not recorded that Job had pills, but he could not have had anything more painful, and the same question might have been asked then as since for three thousand years: can pills be cured? We believe that Dr. Sibley has solved the problem, for nothing is more certain than that his "Anakiss" does absolutely and promptly cure the worst cases of bile. When half a million of afflicted assert positively that it has cured them, and in 20 years no one has used the doctor's wonderful remedy without instant relief, and by following his simple instructions as to habit and diet were, benefited and over 95 per cent cured, all arguments and theories of those who have not used them, go for naught. Anakiss is now prescribed by physicians of all schools and has been pronounced as near infallible as is possible. It is easily applied, perfectly safe, instantly relieves pain, and ultimately cures all chronic biliary cases. It has gradually solved the problem that Pills can be cured. Samples of "Anakiss" are sent free of cost, on application to J. P. Newstead & Co., Manufacturers of Anakiss, Box 3946 New York. Also sold by druggists everywhere. Price \$1 per box.

If Troubled with Constipation, take Hoofland's German Bitters.

If You Would Enjoy Good Health Take Hoofland's German Bitters.

Physical Prime.

The fact that "Blower" Brown, who won the great six days' match in England by a score of 543 miles, and that Weston, who won it back from him by a score of 550 miles, were both forty years of age seem to show that for some efforts men reach their physical prime later than has been supposed.

For athletes of some kinds a man is at his best under thirty, as in wrestling, swift short distance running, boxing, etc. But in long distance matches, which are trials rather of endurance than of strength and dexterity, the men of over forty have left the young men far behind, and utterly broken down, while they come out fresh at the finish. Something analogous to this is found in trotting horses. Horses that run reach their prime at four or five years; the trotters often do their best work at the age of twelve or fourteen years. The reason may perhaps be in this, youth is more supple and flexible and its movements, therefore, less regular and systematic than those of maturity. The walk of a young man has not the machine-like regularity and precision that characterize the pace of a walker of long practice. There is consequently some loss of power. The supple athlete to run at top of speed, is in his way when machine-like precision of pace is the great desideratum. The same remark applies to the trotting horse. The trot is usually an acquired gait, the result of long practice and training. The steadiness of stride that does not "break up" is of the utmost importance. But still the recent result of the pedestrian matches in England, which twice gave the victory to men over forty, when the men of twenty-five and thirty were utterly prostrated by fatigue, shows that with good care of ourselves we may keep our physical energies up to a later period of life than is ordinarily supposed. If a man is in his physical prime at forty, he ought not to be far down the hill at fifty.

If Your Liver is Disordered Hoofland's German Bitters will cure you.

If You are Dyspeptic Hoofland's German Bitters will cure you.

A Mysterious Hand.

A curiosity which puzzles scientists is now on exhibition in Gould's cabinet at Mill City, Nev. It is a perfectly formed hand, which apparently belonged to a boy about fourteen years of age. The hand is open, the fingers being slightly bent toward the palm, on which the thumb rests. The back of the hand seems to have been crushed or decomposed before petrified, the palm, thumb and fingers are perfect.

It was found at the sulphur beds near Rabbit Hole by one of the men employed in shoveling crude sulphur into the refining retort, and is supposed to have been imbedded in the sulphur bark for ages. The fingers are comparatively short, a fact which indicates that it did not belong to an Indian, as the red men's fingers are generally longer than those of the whites; but the thumb is rather longer than the average. To what race the owner of the hand belonged, and how and when it was imbedded in the sulphur will probably ever remain unknown.

Haskell's Tetter Ointment Will cure every form of Tetter.

FOR PIMPLES on the Face, use Haskell's Tetter Ointment. It never fails to remove them.

Oakland Female Institute, NORRISTOWN, PA. WINTER TERM WILL COMMENCE SEPTEMBER 8, 1879. For Circulars, apply to JOHN W. LOCH, P. O. Principal.

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(A Medicine, not a Drink.) HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION, AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS. THESE CURE ALL Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints. \$1.00 IN GOLD. Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them. Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other. Hop Bitters is the greatest, safest and best. Ask Druggists. The Hop Pan for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys is superior to all others. Ask Druggists. D. T. C. is an absolute and irrefragable cure for Urthritis, such as of Optum, Tobacco and narcotics. Send for circular. All sold wholesale by Druggists, Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

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ESTIMATES for one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, one hundred, two hundred, three hundred, four hundred, five hundred, six hundred, seven hundred, eight hundred, nine hundred, one thousand, two thousand, three thousand, four thousand, five thousand, six thousand, seven thousand, eight thousand, nine thousand, ten thousand, fifteen thousand, twenty thousand, thirty thousand, forty thousand, fifty thousand, sixty thousand, seventy thousand, eighty thousand, ninety thousand, one hundred thousand, two hundred thousand, three hundred thousand, four hundred thousand, five hundred thousand, six hundred thousand, seven hundred thousand, eight hundred thousand, nine hundred thousand, one million, two million, three million, four million, five million, six million, seven million, eight million, nine million, ten million, fifteen million, twenty million, thirty million, forty million, fifty million, 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