Where his aged wife lay dying; and the twilight shadows brown slowly from the wall and window chased the sanset's golden splendor

Going down. 'It is night !" she whispered, waking, (for her

spirit seemed to hover ost between the next world's sunrise and the

bedtime cares of this). And the old man, weak and tearful, trembling as he bent above her

"Are the children in!" she ssked him. Could he tell her? All the treasures

Answered, "Yes."

Of their household lay in silence many years beneath the snow;

Be her heart was with them living, back among her toils and pl. asures. Long ago.

And again she called at dew-fall, in the swee old summer weather, Where is little Charlie, father? Frank and

Robert-have th y come?" "I bey are safe," the old man faltered -- "all the children are together. Safe at home."

then he murmured gentle soothings, but his grief graw strong and stronger. l'ill it choked and stilled him as he held and

kissed her wrinkled hand, For her soul, far out of hearing, could his fondest words no longer Understand

Still the pale lips stammered questions, Iuliabies, and broken verses, Nursery prattle-sil the lauguage of a moth-

er's loving heeds, While the midnight round the mourner, left to sorrow's bitter mercies,

Wrapped its weeds. There was stillness on the pillow-and the old

man listened lonely-Till they led him from the chamber, with the burden on his breast,

For the wife of seventy years, his manhood's early love and only. Lay at rest.

will meet the babes before me; Tis a I ttle while, for neither can the parting long abide,

And you'll come and call me soon, I knowand heaven will restore me

To your side." -[Brandon Banner.

## A REGISTERED LETTER.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

"A wild night, Marcaille," said the shudder. ostmistress to the letter-carrier who had just come in.

"Wild, indeed, Madame Lefevre," re- dow opened. plied Marcaille, " 'twill be bad going to he midnight mass." As he spoke, he shook out his old

cloak all white with snow, while the postmistress sorted the letters. "There! that is done," she said.

But warm yourself before you start Marcaille threw down his leather bag his fingers.

black and shiny in spots, and came close to the roaring stove.

He was a little, wiry, tough-looking nan. His face, browned by sun and wind, was as wrinkled as an old apple. His nose was a thought too red, his eyes sparkled, his mouth was smiling; it was s good face that called forth friendly words and cordial handgrasps. His musyears of service, re-enlisted, petty officer, half-light reflected from the snow he wounded at Alma, wounded at Solferino, saw like drops of blood the five great honorably discharged. Then Marcaille red scals. had been given the place of postman on the Champaghole route-400 francs a year, pension of 100 francs, making a

otal of 500 francs. And for ten years, for 500 francs, Marcille made twice a day, morning and eveving, his round-Cize, Philemoine, le Vaudoux, Chatelneuf, Maisonneuve and Siane, a circuit of seven leagues in all weathers. With his 500 francs he took care of a wife and four children; the cidest was six.

But Marcaille had acquired the bad habit of a little "taste," as he called it. In every village he had old acquaintances, almost friends. In every house he found, in exchange for the letter he nothing." brought, a glass of wine, that seemed to

"Here they are, Marcaille," said Madnothing for Chatelneuf."

"That's good," said Marcaille. That 'nothing for Chatelnauf" spared him a league and a half of rough walking. 'For Siane," went on Madame Le-

"It is not the first."

"No. but-" and Madame held up a great envelope, bristling with stamps and to him now, the brave joys of the soldier, notices, beside which spread out, like which had made his heart beat for fourblots of blood, five enormous red seals. "That's worth caring for," said Marcaille, laughing. "Whose is it ?"

For monsieur, the Mayor." "Well, it will go through his hands, never fear."

" Not any more than through yours," said madame 'No, but more of it will stick to his."

With this philosophic reflection, Marcaille dropped the letter into his leather bag, which he buckled carefully. He put on his cloak and opened the door.
"And above all," cried madame after him, "don't begin Christmas eve too

"Don't be .f. 'd!" and Marcaille was in a moment out if sight.

The cold pinched sharply; the piercbriskly, muttering?

"Not much Christmas! A mouthful for six and a glass of water! But, after ail, there are those who have nothing." Hullo, Marcaille 1" cried suddenly a

rough voice. Marcaille turned.

"A glass of wine?" said the voice. "Hum," grumbled Marcaille to himself, "attention, registered letter!" Then, aloud, "I'm late now; no, thank you!" The window of the "Pineapple" public house, which had opened, closed again, and Marcaille, proud of the victory over himself, went whistling out of the

This was indeed courage. To refuse a glass of wine in such weather, when journey. He felt light, but his bag seemed heavier than ever. Never had it weighed so upon his shoulders.

"This rascally bag," he grumbled. "It is that letter. What can be in it? If it should be bank-notes, judged by the weight, there should be a fortune. This rascally bag!"

And still grumbling, "The rascally bag!" and whistling at intervals, he went down toward Pillemoine. Below him stretched the valley, lost in the shadow, dotted here and there with lights, for the night was almost black. But he knew every village and every house, and in the blackness he recognized far away the house of the ironmaster, with every

window lighted up. The joyous scene "Yes, yes," murmured Marcaille. There are some lucky people in the world. They have money, all they want, and with money one can do anything. Just get a little and it's like a snowball, it rolls up bigger and bigger. Some

He shook himself together. "Forward, Marcaille," he cried, "forward, march.'

mother, by a scanty fire of fagots; he man?" saw them searching in the cupboard for "Fare you well," he sobbed, "my Sarah; you a forgotten bread-crust; he saw them instead of replacing it in the leather right here, in his bag-"Registered letter!" he thought. "If

it should be bank bills! Imbecile! It seals for a grand effect. Yes, but -if it

should be bank bills!" His face flushed red at the thought that had crossed his mind. "I haven't drunk | the forest. anything either," he murmured, with a

He entered Pillemoine. At the door "Oh! It is Marcaille. Come in!"

He went in. 'What ails you?" asked the man. 'You're pale. Have a glass of wine,

"No, no, thanks," said Marcaille, in a

The man had taken a glass, he held the bottle all ready to pour.

"No," repeated Marcaille. And without another word he hurried out. The ends of his fingers seemed to burn at the remembrance of the red seals. Bank bills, as many as there were there, how

many things one could buy with them! He began to whistle, his breath failed tache had a military ferocity, and on his him and he felt his legs tremble beneath blue blouse wish its red collar a worn him. Without intending to, without scrap of yellow and green ribbon told all wishing to, he had unouckled the bag, his past-drawn in the draft, seven he had taken out the letter and in the saw, like drops of blood, the five great

Quickly he took the letter and felt it carefully to find out its secret. But the envelope was thick and hard; the paper crackled under his fingers with a little dry noise that sounded formidably loud, while the night wind whistled in his

"Thief! thief! thief!" "Who said Marcaille was a thief?" he cried, with a fierce gesture. Then, seeing that he was alone, he came to him-self and fell at the side of the road, crouching, his head in his hands, and murmuring:

"This is frightful! But I have drunk

Slowly he re-opened the leather bag him to put strength into his heart and his and slipped in the letter; slowly he rose; His nose grew a little redder; it slowly still he crossed the road. It even happened once that he had lost a seemed as if an implacable, invisible not a very important one fortu- hand held bim fast to this spot from the accompanying letter. nately, but it might have taught him a which he would have hurried away. The road to Siane was straight before him; a half hour more and he should ame Lefevre, "two letters for Cize, one have finished his round, the letter would "I for Pillemoine, one for le Vaudioux— be given to the Mayor and he would be low."

Then he put the letter back in the bag with an angry gesture, and marched on with a measured step, striking with his heel and counting as he used to do in fevre; "pay attention! A registered let. the regiment wren the march was long,

'One, two; one, two," The regiment! Ah! how far away it was at that time. How poor they seemed teen years. What a fool he was to enlist! Fighting in the field, hard fare in the camp, suffering in the ambulance. ribbon on his blouse. How much better you. he would have done to start out, like his brother, to seek his fortune.

"It was by this road he went," thought Marcaille, as he started across the great road to Geneva, whose white length to his right stretched along by the forest of

Siane, "by this road." That long white road, he had only to travel along it—and he stopped.
"The frontier," he thought, "is quite

near. Ten leagues, what is that? Taking time to go for the wife and babies, one could be there to-morrow morning. And once there, one is safe. The Mayor ing wind blew up little whirlpools of is not expecting this letter. If people fine, dry snow. Harcaille jogged along missed us to-morrow, they would think missed us to-morrow, they would think something had happened to me in the night, that I had falled into a hole or something, and that my wife was looking for me. Suspect me? Oh! no. Mar-caille is an honest man, an honest man!" The sweat stood on his brow. Pant-

line which lost itself in the night, he re- THE JOKERS' BUDGET. peated in a low voice, "An bonest man." His hand slipped under his cleak, unbuckled the leather bag, and trembled as it touched the five red seals.

"Yes; but if I were wrong," he mut tered; "if there were only papers in it."
"Come. Marcaille," he cried, "on
with you!"

But no, he remained there motionless on that cursed road that led to the from he had still three good leagues up the tier. And for the third time, carried mountain before him. But how light away by irresistible temptation, he drew he felt when he proudly resumed his from the bag the registered letter, say-

> "I must know what is in it." Very cheerfully with the point of his knife he raised one corner of the envelope enough to slip in his finger, and draw up one of the papers it contained. The task was a delicate one, he must go slowly, very slowly, in order to tear nothing. If it were only papers!
> The night-wind whistled in his ears,

"Thief! thief! thief!" But he did not hear it. He thought only of one thing, to know what was in that letter. He had only one fear, of not succeeding or of deceiving himself. At last he got hold of a corner of the inclosure. He took a match, lit it, and by its light saw-a bank note.

It was really bank notes. His head swam. The envelope was heavy, the sum must be enormous. He was about to tear it open to count it, but again he stopped.

'Let me see, let me see," he thought, have all and others have none. There they are by the fire, and I, out here in the snow. And what they spend for times. I will go home. I will tell thair amusement to-night I couldn't earn | Genevieve that we are going away. She in a year. And yet they say God is will begin to ask questions. She will Why did these ideas come to him? He make up a story. I will tell her but she had never envied any one. Why then did will not believe me. Would she conhe stop and gaze fiercely at the lights sent? Yes, yes, she must. To be rich, chinning below him?

Are there not hundreds and thousands whom all the world bows down to, who begun just this way? Not to be caught, that is all. But the wind whistled and moaned in We will put the babies into the little the pine trees like a crying baby, and cart. By daybreak we will be at the Marcaille passing in thought from the frontier. The gendarmes? Well, don't ironmaster's house to his own, saw his the gendarmes know me? Don't they four little ones gathered around their know that Marcaille is an honest

He folded the registered letter, and going to sleep, all four on the same little bag, slipped it into his pocket. It was wretched straw mattress. Oh! poverty, his. then with a strident voice he cried poverty, it is hard! And to think that out, "Forward, Marcaille, forward! you are a rich man.

But he had hardly taken a step for. ward when his voice died in his throat, is for the Mayor. It comes from the Behind him on the road he had just left. prefecture. It is probably only papers he heard voices, clear and piercing. It and they register it and put on these big | was like the indistinct murmur of a crowd.

> "Christmas?" cried the voices. "Thief?" replied the sombre depths of

Terrified, he tried to leave the voices behind him, running faster and still faster. And then a dizziness seized him, of a peasant's house he knocked. A win- He knew not why he ran. Some one was after him, that was all. But who? His conscience or the gendarmes, he knew not which. Where was the danger?

Everywhere. In the shadows, to the right and to the left, he saw everywhere vague forms which followed him; the branches bent ow over his head like arms to stop l felt the registered letter brush the tips of Terror at all these strange visions strangled him. Wildly he ran along, the blood throbbing in his temples; then suddenly fell heavily in a dead faint.

> When he came to himself, he was lying before the fire in his own room Genevieve and the children were kneeling crying around him. He did not see them. The people of Siane, who, coming from the midnight mass, had found him, were there also. He did not see

> "The letter! the letter!" he cried. With one bound he sprang to the leather bag, which had been thrown on the ground in a corner. It was empty. "The letter! the letter!" he cried. Then he remembered, and drawing from his pocket the big envelope with the five seals-still unbroken-he rushed red out like a madman straight to the May-

"A registered letter!" he cried. "Oh! indeed," said the Mayor, laughing, "What a state you are in. One would think you had come to ask pardon for a condemned criminal."

"Well they might," said Marcaille, 'But take the letter first. It is a little soiled-1 fell down-I-I" His lie strangled him. "A drop too much," said the Mayor.

"No, I had drunk nothing," said Marcaille quietly, "and it is just for that reason that I have brought you my resignation.

The Mayor had broken the seals, examined the bank notes and glanced over "Your resignation?" said he. "Well,

I should think so-I can understand that." "Ah! you know ---"I know you are rich, my good fel-

Was this a joke? or had the Mayor in some way looked into his conscience and read the whole story? Marcaille became pale at the thought.

'Rich?" he murmured. "Why, yes, there is no doubt about that. This letter tells me of the death your brother, Jean Marcaille, who died at Toulouse, where he resided, on the 8th of this present month. According to his last wishes all he possessed has been disposed of by Michael Dulac, notary of that city, who sends to me the amount of twenty-four thousand francs, medal! Great things indeed. A bit of which I am instructed to turn over to

> "Ah!" said Marcaille, overwhelmed, as he took mechanically into his hand the big envelope that the Mayor offered him, "Jean is dead, and I am rich?"

> Then after a moment of silence, "it makes no difference," he murmured, so low that the Mayor could not hear him, "I should have been a thief, just the

> Then turning he added, loud enough this time, -But I am still an honest man, thank God!

"No one ever doubted it, Marcaille," said the Mayor. "But take my advice and be more careful. A glass of wine too much goes to your head, and you might fare corse another time." "You are right, sir," said Marcaille, and he went off whistling, with his head

in the air. Was Marcaille an honest man? I should ing, with his eyes fixed on that white say, yes!

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

a Cranky Patient-Sure to Be a Fire.-The Intrepid Baron-One Plate-Rather Hard, Etc., Etc.

A CRANKY PATIENT.

Docton (to patient)-I do not wish to trighten you, but if you have no object tion I'd like to call in a couple of my brother physicians.

Irascible Patient-All right! If you need any assistance in murdering me, call in your accomplices .- [Texas Sift-

SURE TO BE A FIRE. "If you don't stop smoking in office

hours you'll get fired, that's all," said

Wagg to his bookkeeper. "It that quite just to one who does his work faithfully?" asked the scribe. "Certainly. When there is so much smoke there must be a fire."-[Harpers.

THE INTREPID BARON.

"Did you ever come face to face with tiger when you were in India, baron?" asked the young woman. "Once," returned the traveller.

"And did you kill it?" "No, madam; I am too humane for that. I simply skinned him and let him go .- [Judge. ONE PLATE.

"I'm going to give a dinner to my best friend to-night," said Mawson.

"Who is that?" asked Witherub. "Myself," said Mawson, - New York

RATHER MARD. Miss Budd-Do you have "Mr." on

your visiting cards? Cholly (pleased) - Why - aw-yaas. Did you think I had a title? Miss Budd-Yes. I thought it might be "Master."--[Vogue.

IMMATERIAL.

A fifteen-year-old girl, lopsided in appearance and engaged in chewing gum in a laborious fashion, came into a grocery, and checked the regular movements of her jaws just long enough to say indistinctly to the grocer, "Poun' tea." "Eh? What do you want, and who is

it for?" asked the grocer. "Poun' tea, f' my mother," mumbled the girl, her jaws going again. "A pound of tea, eh? Well, which kind do you want, black or green?" "Um," said the girl, bringing her jaw to a sudden stop; "don't make no differ-

Companion. THE GENUINE ARTICLE. Lady-Are you sure this is genuine

ence; maw, she's color-blind !"- Youth's

English breakfast tea? Talented Clerk-Well, madam, I had some of that tea at supper last evening

TIT FOR TAT.

"Senorita, will you favor me with the next quadrille?"

"Please ask mamma." The young gentleman, after obtaining the worthy matron's consent, came back to the fair damsel and said : "And now, perhaps, it would be as

well if you went also to ask my papa's permission.

SPEAK GENTLY OF THE ERRING. She-What do you think of the heroine of Harry de Reiters new story? He-An abominable caricature of the American girl! I wonder how he put upon the public such a shallow, vain, ostentatious woman as a type! And I wonder where he found his model. She-Mr. de Reiter says he studied me him

for that character. VERY APPROPRIATE.

"George, this is the night of the ball; don't you remember?" "Can't help it. I'm sick and can't

"But, George, don't be stupid. This is to be a ball for the benefit of a hospital."

ONLY A MATTER OF ENDURANCE. They were climbing the stairs towards the linen department, and one of them sighed wearily and said:

"I am so tired. I feel as if I should die. To which her companion in an attempt to be philosophical replied: 'Well, we'll all die sometime, if we live long enough."-[New York World.

GOOD ADVICE. May-Is Mr. Foster as attentive as ever to you? Edith-Yes, but he's a perfect riddle.

May-Hadn't you better give him up, then? Judge—So the prisoner tried to induce you not to give testimony. Tell me, now, bow he proposed to close your mouth.

"But why do you make such a secret of it?" asked the lawyer.

"Not too loud," was the answer.

"Didn't I say I'd nay you head."

Witness—With two pair of old trous-ers and three tattered shirts.—[Flicgende L., here it is. I brought you the pig!" Blactter.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.

-[Punch.

Mother (to her child, who has just had some sweets given her by a fellow passenger) -What do you say to the gentleman, Mabel-Have you got any more, please?

HER EXCUSE. get your ice! She-Well, dear, I thought I would

HARMONY IN THE HOUSEHOLD. Mrs. Brace-Do you and your husband ever disagree?
Mrs. Chace—No, indeed! At least my

get warmed up so as to enjoy the ice.-

husband never does .- [Puck.

'Yes'm," replied the seedy man in the kitchen, his mouth closing over a wedge of pic. "That's right."

"Yes are willing to work, I dare say?" "Willin,' mum? I'd work my laigs off ef I could git a chance. Jest a leetle

more cream in the cawfy. Thanky. "And you would do any kind of honorable work, I presume?" "Yes'm, anything that's in my line. I

b'leeve in every man stickin' to his parfession. "May I ask what your profession is?"

"I'm an inventor, mum." "An inventor?" "Yes'm," reaching for a doughnut,

"inventor of a new process fur curin' sunstrokes."-[Chicago Tribune. A WIDEAWAKE BELATIVE.

Niece-It's a pity, uncle, you visited us to-day when we've only got pork for din-ner. Now, if you were here to-morrow, I could give you a fine dish of hare or venison.

Uncle-All right, my dear. I'll prolong my visit until the day after to morrow .-- [Fliegende Blaetter.

HE KNEW BINGLEY. Watts-Pretty good story Bingley told

this afternoon. Potts-Yes. Too good to be new .--[Indianapolis Journal.

WILLING TO WAIT. Student-I want you to measure me for a pair of boots, but I haven't any money just at present. Shoemaker-Oh! that doesn't matter.

Student (delighted)-Really? Shoemaker-To be sure; we will then make the shoes next month !-- [Drake's

Magazine. CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

First Boy-Sav! our cat was sick again to-day.

Second Boy (gleefully)-Was she? First Boy-Yes, she was; an' if your mother den't stop puttin' poison meat in her closet, I'll tell the Cruelty to Animals man on 'er.

DEPENDS ON THE BOY.

A boy one day last week called on a Jefferson avenue merchant concerning a "I want an office boy," he said in re-

ply, "if I can get the right kind of a Do you want a job! "Yes sir," responded the boy, "but before I take it I'd like to know if there is

any chance of promotion." "Well," said the merchant thoughtfully, "that depends on the boy. The last one we had here owned the whole place before he had been with us sixty days."-[Detroit Free Press,

A CASE OF PIG.

How the Eloquent Counsel for the Defense Got His Pay.

A Washington lawyer of considerable prominence relates an amusing story incidental to the first criminal case in which he was retained by the defense. and I dreamed all night that I was fall- He was then practising in a small town ing off London Bridge .- New York | not far from Washington and the case was that of a local character who had purloised a fat porker, the property of his neighbor.

At first matters looked bad for the accused during the trial, but Mr. L., the lawyer, was most eloquent in his defense. His speech abounded in rhetorical flowers and figures. At times he was even pathetic to such a degree that tears dimmed the eyes of the jury, while the prisoner wept most copiously. The final outburst of his eloquence brought everything around to a climax of triumph, the jury delivering the verdict of not guilty with out leaving their seats, although the evidence of the prosecution tended to show

a most conclusive guilt. The released man was most profuse in his words of gratitude, calling Mr. L. his preserver, the champion of his honor, his liberty and all that life held dear to

Mr. L. acknowledged with becoming modesty his flood of thanks, but at last seeing no end in sight of these extravagauces began to hint that a financial acknowledgment would be more in order. "To be sure, to be sure," exclaimed the client, eagerly, "I won't forget about that, and pay you handsomely, too. Say, Mr. L., you be in your office to-night at 12 and I'll come around and fix things

all right." "Twelve o'clock!" said the lawyer in astonishment. "Bless me! Why do you set that late hour?"

"Never you mind, sir," returned he, 'never you mind; I mean to pay you, and pay you well. Don't forget; 13 o'clock, sure.' Lawyer and client departed their respective ways. That night Mr. L. sat in his small office awaiting the coming of the man whose reputation he had cleared. There was a hushed commotion

at midnight, then a mutfled knock at the door. Mr. L. answered it. "Sh!" whispered the client, hoarsely, 'here I am.'

in the rear of his establishment promptly

'Didn't I say I'd pay you handsomely?"
"You did, indeed." "Well, I mean to keep my word. Mr. And there, in the grimness of the midnight's weird show, stood several hun-

dred pounds of stolen bacon, calmly

awaiting the transfer of ownership. Washington Herald. Flowers for the Sick.

"Flowers for the sick" is a recog-

nized department in a florist's business He-So you have been dancing with Society, which would be burdened to that cad, Flashpot, while I've been to pass a little time with an invalid friend, netes out its obligation with a drive to the flower market. "I can always tell," said a florist, recently, "whether a cus-tomer is interested in the sick person for whom he orders flowers, or is merely returning some obligation or paying court for future favors. In the latter case a job lot,' as we call it-\$2 or \$3 worth without regard to what they may be-is ordered in a moment. But in the former "You have been walking about this great city for six weeks and haven't found work?" said the kind woman feelingip. sending a single rose daily for two weeks to the house of a sick girl and it costs the sender \$1.50 every morning .-[New York Times.



Mr. Geo. W. Cook Of St. Johnsbury, Vt.

## a Waterfall After the Crip

Tremendous Roaring in the Head-Pain in the Stomach.

To C. I. Hond & Co., Lowell, Mass.: "Two years ago I had a severe attack of the Grly, which left me in a terribly weak and debilitated condition. Last winter I had another attack and was again very badly off, my heath nearly wrecked. My appetite was all gone, I had no strength, felt tired att the fime, had disagreeable roaring noises in my head, like a waterfa.l. I had also severe headaches

Severe Sinking Pains in my stomach. I took medicines without benefit, until, having heard so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I concluded to try it, and the re-cult is very gratifying. All the disagreeable

Hood's parilla Cures ffects of the Grip are gone, I am free from a ns and aches, and believe Hood's Sarsapailla s surely curing my catarra. I recomment to all." GEO. W. COOK, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Hood's Pils cure Nansea, Sick Headache, Indi-cetton, Billoussess. Sold by all druggists. Dr. Kilmer's

SWAMP-ROOT



M. H. McCOY, Acted like Magic! Suffered Years with Kidneys and Liver. LIFE WAS A BURDEN!

Mr. McCoy is a wealthy and influential citi-

around. See what he says :-"For years I was a terrible sufferer with Kidney and Liver trouble, also nervous prostration and poor health in general. was all run down and life a burden. I tried physicians and every available remedy, but found no relief. Was induced to give wamp-Root a trial, which acted like magic, and to-day I am entirely cured and as good a man as ever. It is without question the greatest remedy in the world. Any one in

doubt of this statement can oldress me below."

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Bottle, if you are not benefited, Druggriet will refund to you the price paid.
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and thousands of Testismondals,
Consultation free,
Dr. Edmer & Oo. Einghamton, N. Y.
At Druggists, 50c. and 61.00 Size,

"August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. I had a fullness after eating, and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. Sometimes a deathly sickness would overtake me. I was working for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. I used August Flower for two weeks. I was relieved of all trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I have gained twenty pounds since my recovery. J. D. Cox, Allegheny, Pa. @

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