- A little crib beside the bed.
- A little face ab we the spread, A little frock behind the door, A little shoe upon the floor.
- A little lad with dark brown hair, A little blus-eyed face and fair,
- A little lane that leads to sch ol,
- A little pencil, slate and rule.
- A little blithesome, wi some maid, A little hand within it laid;
- A little cottag , acres four,
- A lit le old-time hous hold store. A little family g sthered round!
- A li tle turf-heaped, tear-dewed ground,
- A little added to his soil, A little re t from bardest toil.
- A little silver in his hair,
- A little stool and easy chair;
- A little night of earth-lit gloom, A little cortege to the tomb.

CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

-- Rural Australian.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"I hain't no idee what sort of a gal she is," said Jonas Jaffray, slowly rubbing his toil-hardened palms together, as he sat in his cushioned rocker, staring meditatively at the fire. "But her fruit-" mother was A, Number One. And her father was the best friend I had in the world.

Mrs. Jaffray said nothing. She only piled fresh logs on the rusted old andirons, and watched the blaze leap up, well-dried bark half way up the chimney, in its fiery fingers.

Will Halyard, her adopted son, smiled. He was dark-eyed and handsome, with rather a grave face, and square, wellmodeled shoulders.

"Anyhow," said he, "she's got a very decided mind of her own!" "That's her mother over again," said old Jaffray. "And John Vance, -- well, the same, though, I don't know what harm it was to propose the plan to the girl. She's poorer 'n Job's turkey, they Workin' for a livin' in York city;

insult.' "I don't blame her," said Mrs. Jaff-

"Well, I ain't one to handle folks good as gold, and would make a firstclass husband for any girl-" "Provided," interpolated Halyard,

quietly, "she liked him." 'And Mattie Vance is alone in the world, and for her folkses sake I'd be glad to see her provided for. But if she surviving relative in the world."

don't like it, she can do t'other thing. I ain't pa'tickler." "I saw her once," said Halvard-at old Grandfather Vance's funeral at membering Mr. Chisley's arrogant man-Straitley. John Jasper pointed her out ner and deep chest voice.

-a tall, straight girl, with very black hair and hier soft eves heart of hearts she longed, with an ex- | glens. ceeding great longing, to see Martha

Vance's daughter safe under the ægis of a real protecting love. "It was so like a man," she told herself, "to put the question blunt and square to a sensitive young girl, whether

she would barter herself in exchange for a home and support. Why, of course she would say no. What else could she say? And when old Jonas Jaffray and Will

silence, she said, very quietly:

"I think I could arrange matters."

Mattie Vance had just come home from a long, wet walk ever slushy February sidewalks, under the gray drizzle of a leaden sky.

Her room-mate, Leda Hall, was patiently mending an old serge gown by the light of a kerosene lamp. Gas was too expensive a luxury for these girls to indulge in. Every cent counted in their small household.

"Well," said Leds, glancing up, "did you get the money?' "They paid me three dollars," Mattie answered, in a spiritless way.

"Three dollars? But it ought to have been five!" cried Miss Hall. "They deducted two for that flaw in

the material. They said we never should have gone on beading it," explained Mattie. "Then why did they give us the dam-

aged material?" said Leda, clasping her hands, despairingly. "Oh, the work I put on that silk!" "But that is't the worst of it!" added

Mattie, carefully rolling up her worn worsted gloves, in order that they might present their best appearance on the next occasion. "They have cut down their hands. The market is dull; there is no more work for us!"

Leda looked a moment at her friend. "And that means-' "Starvation!" said Mattie, with a

mirthless laugh. "For we've tried everything, Leda, haven't we? Unless we go to the variety stage, or report at the almshouses!" "Nonsense!" said Leda. "Girls are

wanted at the umbrella factory round the corner. I saw the notice pasted on the window to day."

"But do you know what prices they pay, Leda?"
Miss Hall shrugged her shoulders.
"It's not a fortune, I grant you," said

she, "but it'll tide us over shallows until something else turns up.'

"What is there to turn up?" "Mattie," said Leda, biting off a needleful of thread with her strong white teeth, "what a goose you were to decline the offer of that far-away cousin of

"Of a home and a husband-neither of whom I have ever seen? No, Leda, I havn't fallen so low as that!"

'Yes, but-" There was an apologetic knock at the door. A little old man in a gray suit came sidling in, looking this way and

"Miss Vance," said he-"Martha Mefissa Vance? Excuse me, but I was directed here."

Mattie rose up with unconscious die

"I am Miss Vance," said she, secretly wondering if this old man were the head of a jet embroidery establishment, or in search of book agents to diffuse abroad some new publication.

"The daughter of John Vance, of Briggleford? And grand-daughter of Peter Holman Vance? The same, eh? Well, I am pleased to inform you that by the demise of your distant relative, Hezekiah Vance, of Straitley, you have become possessed of the old farm."

"But," gasped Maggie," Cousin Hezekiah didn't own that farm! He only rented it of some one else."

"Didn't own it?" repeated Mr. Chisley, in a voice so disproportionate to his size that both Mattie and Leda started. "If he didn't own it how could he bequeath it to you? Am I to infer that you are better posted in the law than I

Before the positiveism of this utterance both girls quailed.

"Is it really true?" Mattie's face was all aglow. "A farm—a real farm, with trees and cows and chickens?" "And apple blossoms, and violets in

the sunny corners of the fences?" cried Leda, flying into her friend's Mr. Chisley looked benevolently on,

like the good genius in a fairly tale. "Some people don't like the country," said he, stoking his chin. "It has always been my dream, gasped Mattie. "Oh, Leda, we can sell

"Lots of pear and cherry trees in the orchard," said the lawyer, beam-

"And chickens-and eggs?" "First-class poultry accommodations on the place," interjected Chisley. "And carrying fragments of gray moss and a big, old-fashioned house for summer boarders."

> questioned the girls, in chorus. "To-morrow morning, if you like." "The problem is solved," cried Mattie, dancing up and down. "Hencefor ward,

"And when can we take possession?"

Leda, we are to be farmers." "Oh, by-the-way," said Mr. Chisley, "there's a very good man that would like a place as farm hand! He's out of he always knowed what he wanted. All employment just now, and I could recommend him."

"We don't want any men around," said Mattie," shrugging her shoulders. "Oh, but we can't plow and sow and and here, when I offer her a home and a resp harvest ourselves, Mattie!" remon- to the care of God. and sadly bade them monarch to assassinate William, Prince husband, she flares up as if it was an strated her friend. "And only remem- farewell." ber, we are out of employment just now.

"To-be-sure," said Mattie. "What a horrid, selfish little wretch I am! Well, with gloves," observed Jonas, with some acerbity. "Will's our own folks, as tion." And the two girls lay awake all night

long, clasped in one another's arms, talking over their new prospects and laying happy plans for the furure. "But, really," said Mattie, "I didn't know-for certain, that is-that I had a

"Of course the lawyer knows," declared Leda. "Oh, of course!" assented Mattie, re-

The two city damsels fell promptly in ove with the old sloping Mrs. Jaffray said nothing, but in her house, the sunshiny fields and wooded

The mild-eyed cows, ruminating in the barn-yard, and the fat, white pony

in the stables became prime favorites at "Isn't he handsome?" cried Leda, one

"Yes, and so intelligent!" cried Mattie. about Rudyard Kipling, and his theory Halyard had discussed the question in all about the succession of crops is excellent. its bearings, and finally subsided into Only think, he's got a farm of his own,

> too! "I've almost a mind to set my cap at him," laughed Leda.

"I don't think he cares much for ing to pick up a gleaming blue feather useful everywhere.—[Farm, Field and which one of the peacocks had left on Fireside.

"He likes yours, anyhow, Mat!" saucily cried Leda. "Oh, I'm no fool! I've got eyes and cars and common sense. Don't blush so violently, dear. If you really are to spend the rest of your days on a farm, isn't it just as well to go into partnership with somebody who knows something about farming?"

"Leda, if you dare-" But merry Leda had vanished into the

"I don't pretend to be a prophetess," said she to the milk pans she was skimming, "but this case is really too transparent. Mr. Williams is in love with Mattie, and Mattie worships the very ground he treads on.

"'Oh, 'tis love, love, love !

Love that makes the world go round." And Leda smiled and sighed as she hummed the old air under her breath. Scarcely a month had gone by, wher Will Halyard entered the keeping room of the old Jaffray farmhouse, where Mra Jaffray was stoning cherries to dry, and by the hand he led a pretty young wo

"Mother," said he, "here's my wife. We were married this morning. "And I didn't know until this morning," said Mattie, coloring radiantly, "that his name was anything but Wil-

liam Williams," "William Williams Halyard, my dear," said the old lady, kissing the bride on both cheeks. "Forgive me, daughter, it was I that laid the trap that captured

our timid dove." "Was it a trap?" smiled Mattie. At all events I am the happiest girl in the world. And the farm was yours all the time- the farm that we thought we had inherited?"

"It's yours now, my dear," said old Jonas, patting the little hand that lay se affectionately in his. "I knowed your mother once, and your father was the best friend I ever had. And Will is all to wish for in the world."

Neither had Will and Mattie .- [Saturday Night.

Hardup-The amount of your bill,

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

SPRING SOUNDS.

Such a flurry, such a scurry, Such a hurry in the trees; Such a whirring and a stirring Birds as brisk as busy bees; Nests are building, 'tis important, If you please!

Such a tripping, such a skipping, Such a slipping o'er the stones; Such a flashing and a dashing, Such a melody of tones; Brooks are hasting to the ocean, Where it moans.

So much learning, so much earning, So much tracing mete and bound: So much telling, counting, spelling, Till the dizzy head turns round; Patience, child, it is important; So is knowledge found.

-[Harper's Young People.

THE SKIPPING ROPE. A skipping rope sounds very tripping and childlike and calls up visions of happy little girls bounding along the highway or down a country lane in a pretty and health-giving exercise. But it is another case of William Tell. There wasn't any apple, and there isn't any fully indeed, but the cause was neither health to these future mothers in these circling ropes, graceful and charming as it all is. Physicians who know pay that the incessant jar of the jumping girl is very serious, though slower in effect than the occasional violent results from a "jumping" up to 500. So careful mothers must put away the skipping rope and get | ing feet. out what?- [New York Times.

LOUISE AND HER FAMILY.

Louise was a little Swiss girl whose father and mother died and left her with five small brothers and sisters. They had a kind uncle and aunt, however, who lived in America who said they would welcome them, and the good pastor in the little Swiss town raised enough money to pay for their passage to America. He also accompanied them to the ship, bought their tickets and made all possible provision for their comfort. From the necks of the children he suspended cards giving their own and their parents' names, their past address and that of their uncle. Then asking the captain of the vessel to give some personal attention to the young voyagers, he committed them

lantic, meeting only prosperous winds and brought him to the ground, and fair weather. The children proved in the instant which preto be good sailors, and contrived to find | ceded unconsciousness, however, the captain, a rough but good-natured pastor, marked them out as the objects

of special favor. Every night, before going to bed Louise Testament, in German, and then all six

Grown men and women were quiet and connection is that of probable pain. Alrespectful as they listened to these babies though numerous instances can be cited at their devotions. Perhaps hard hearts in support of the view that the mind acts in cases of so-called instant death, lips were thus taught to pray. Do we it by no means follows that the infliction not read: "Out of the mouth of babes of a fatal blow is attended by the least and sucklings thou hast perfected praise!"

At leugth the voyage was over. It had not been so very long, after all. As they were approaching land one of [Philadelphia Record. the steerage passengers placed a small purse in the hands of Louise. It was a "Only fancy, I thought he would be an gift from himself and others, given out uncultivated boor. And he has read 'Wa- of their deep poverty. "Take it, my verley,' and ne has an opinion of his own child," said he. "you have done us all good, by showing us how to be brave and to be true to what is right. We shall always remember you and your brothers

and sisters with pleasure." It is needless to say, that this little Swiss girl and her family are now happy in the home of their adoption. They are ladies' society," observed Mattie, stoop- the kind of children that are happy and

MAGNETIZING A SNAKE.

ing in a field near my own house, when

I'll make that snake follow me into the house without ever touching him. In fact, of his own accord, he'll go wher-

ever I go." They waited while I ran in and hurriedly changed my dress, reappearing in a moment clad in a navy-blue dressinggown reaching down to within an inch of the ground. Now it is necessary to mention that it was a very calm day. The sun was shining overhead, and not a cloud was in the sky. The field was covered with very short grass, and I nor any other place for the snake to hide Press. in, except that very bunch of weeds where he still lay close. I approached him. and took up my station about twenty yards from where he was hiding. hanging motionicss by my side, and my the Zoological Gardens at Breslau. sides, and to chase him out so that he would make his exit on the side next to West Africa. It did not succeed, howalready glided off, and made directly the two, and it withdrew. About two toward me I was gazing straight at him hours later the keeper found the same as he approached me, and without turn-snakes fighting for another rabbit. As to move gently backward. Still he fol-lowed. I turned to the left; he still give up its prev. he left them to them-

I allowed him to come within a yard the same as my own son, and now that of me, and then asked the others, but spondingly thick. The python had al-we're all one family, I hain't nothin' left still with my eyes carefully on the snake, ready swallowed one rabbit before the I could not turn my head to direct my-

dressing gown to look at him, and he was frightened, and shot past me into the door, taking resuge among the furniture. I picked him up, and added him to my already large collection of live snakes. Poor fellow! he died long ago,

and his remains are in a bottle in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin. Now, they didn't drive him toward me. for they had remained afar off, nearly as far from him as they had been at first.

"How did you do it?" they inquired; and I, in answer (as was my right), asked them to explain it.

One believed I had some fcod about me to attract him. Another thought I had rubbed on my dressing-gown some drug of which he liked the odor. On being assured that these guesses were wrong, they remembered that I had kept my eye on him all the time and never once turned from him. They asked if that was a necessary part of it. I said, "Yes; otherwise I could not keep control

Then they said, "It is magnetism, or hypnotism. It is by the power of your eye that you did it."

"No," I answered; "It was not my eves that drew him. The attraction was more general; but yet it was neither food, nor drink, nor odor of any kind. He was attracted toward me very power-

chemical nor electrical.' Six words contain the answer: six more the explanation. Perhaps the reader can guess them. He wanted to hide beneath me, as the shadow was tempting, and he did n't know that I was a living thing. The dressing-gown hid my mov-

Like the alphabet or the telephone, it

is very simple when you know it, but

very mysterious when you don't .- [St.

IS DEATH EVER "INSTANT?"

The Testimony of Surgeons and Scien-

Nicholas.

tists is to the Contrary. It is questionable if such a phenomenon as instant death is known to the scientist and investigator. Physicians and surgeons tell us that death by gunshot wound is the easiest mode of terminating life; yet, rapid as such a mode of taking off must be, the body has leisure to feel and the time to reflect, and, on rare occasions, even to act. On the first attempt of one of the adherents of the Spanish The ship sped swiftly across the At. through the bones of his daily enjoyment even amid the crowd of was able to frame the notion that the emigrants. These lowly fellow passengers | ceiling of a room had fallen in and showed them repeated kindnesses, and crushed him. The cannon ball which plunged through the head and tore out man, remembering the request of the brain of Charles XII. did not prevent him from seizing his sword hilt. The idea of attack and the necessity for defense were impressed upon his mind gathared the younger ones around her by a blow which we would naturally supand read a few verses from the New pose to have been too tremendous and instantaneous to leave the least interval united in the words of the Lord's Prayer. for thought. Another question in this

semblance of pain or a single pang of fear or regret. Unless death results im-

mediately, however, the pain may be as varied as the nature of the injuries.—

Live Mastodons in Alaska? The Stickeen Indians (Alaska) positively asserts that within the last five years they have frequently seen animals which, from the descriptions given, must be mastodons. Last spring while out hunting one of these Indians came across a series of large tracks, each the size of the bottom of a salt barrel, sunk deep in the moss. He followed the curious trail for some miles, finally coming out in full view of his game. As a class these Indians are the bravest of hunters, but the proportions of this new species of game filled the hunter with terror, and he took It happened that a few of us we estand to swift and immediate flight. He described the creature as being as large we saw a large black-and-white snake as a post trader's store, with great, shingliding along. It took refuge in a bunch | ing yellowish white tusks and a mouth of grass and weeds, about fifty yards large enough to swallow a man at a single gulp. He further says that the animal "Don't kill him," said I: "and I will | was undoubtedly one of the same species show you something you never saw. as those whose bones and tusks lie all over that section of the country. The fact that other hunters have told of seeing these monsters browsing on the herbs up along the river gives a certain probability to the story. Over on Forty-mile Creek bones of mastodons are quite plentiful. One ivory tusk nine feet long projected from one of the sand dunes on that creek, and single teeth have been found that were so large that they would be a good load for one man to carry. believe that the mule-footed hog still exists; also that live mastodons play tag trusted to the fact that there was not a with the aurora every night on Fortymole-hole or a rat-hole in the entire acre, mile Creek in Alaska. - [Juneau Free

A Python Swallows a Boa,

A remarkable occurrence took place I stood still as a statue, with my arms lately, says our Berlin correspondent, in face toward him. I then asked them to the cage of the large snakes a South go to the bunch of grass by the farther American boa-constrictor contended for me. But before they came near, he had ever, the python being the stronger of ing my head or moving my arms, I began the keeper supposed that the boa, which give up its prey, he left them to themfollowed. He was not angry—he did not want to attack me. for he glided on very gently. If I moved to his right, he did so too; if I went to his left, he did the python as a pendant to the rabbit, boa was nearly seven feet long and correto direct me in my backward route, since one which proved fatal to the boa. Its circumference throughout its length was self, as I had to keep facing him. They sent me by a very winding route, but he followed every turn till I got to the door.

The supposition twenty-three to twenty-eight inches, and its skin was expanded to double its usual size. The supposition doctor, has made me feel quite iil. When finally I sat down gently on the both that the snake might perhaps not be able step, he glided in beneath my dressing gown, and coiled himself on the toes of professionally again ?—[Tid-bits.]

Wolves in India.

One strongly marked characteristic common to dogs and wolves is their skill in trailing and running down game, in couples or packs. Such a wolf hunt in India is described by an English traveller, who, while with his telescope watching a herd of antelope feeding in a large field, observed six wolves evidently concerting how best to secure their breakfast. Having decided on their plan of campaign they separated, leaving one stationary. Four crept stealthily round the outer edge of the field, and one lay in ambush at each corner, while the sixth crept through a furrow in the middle of the field, and there lay down unobserved.

When all were thus posted, the first wolf suddenly showed himself, and charging the antelopes, drove them right across the great field, where they were headed by another wolf, who chased them in a fresh direction, while the first hunter lay down to rest. No sooner had the frightened herd reached the further end of the plain than up sprang a fresh wolf, who again turned them and took up the pursuit, leaving his panting accomplice to take breath preparatory to another chase.

Thus the luckless, terrified antelopes were driven from corner to corner of the great plain, till, stupefied and exhausted, they crowded together, galloping in ever lessening circles around the centre of the field, where the sixth wolf lay hidden, evidently waiting until they should be so effectually tired out as to

fall an easy prey. His calculations were, however, at fault, not having reckoned on the human presence, and just as he was preparing for the fatal spring a well directed shot proved fatal to the nearest wolf, whereupon all the confederates took the hint and scurried off with all possible speed .- [Pearson's Weekly.

Poisonous Plants.

A paper on poisonous plants was read before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society by Professor W. P. Brooks, of Amherst, and reported at length by the Florists' exchange.

The paper stated that there were thirtynine species of poisonous plants in the United States, all of which now are or were formally used in the treatment of the sick. Morphine, strychnine, aconite and prussic acid are cited as examples of vegetable poisons. These vegetable poisons are classified as corrosives, irritants, neurotics and gaseous. The corrosives eat into the tissues of the body the irritants cause inflammation, the neurotics produce nervous symptoms and the gaseous poisons so change the fluids of the body, particularly the blood, that

nutrition ceases and death ensues. After specifying the various orders which contain poisonous species, the theory is advanced that these poisons exist in plants, chiefly in the leaves and bark, to protect them from destruction during the period of growth and production of seed. Its presence enables the plant to better accomplish its purpose of attaining to a higher plane of perfection before the fruit and seed are veloped, which insures an advan the quality of succeeding generations .-New York World.

Be a Gentleman.

Since the theory of justification by combat has been exploded there seems to be no way in which a gentleman can be sure of keeping his sacred honor free from specks except by plain, ordinary, decent behavior and respect for the rights of other people. If he does wrong he cannot fight his way right. He simply has to repent and apologize or take his punishment quietly according to the rules of the game. If he is injured and the law cannot help him, the best way for him is just to grin and bear it and let time wreak its own revenge. sure, if the injury is desperate and he re-sents it in hot blood the law may excuse him, but society has come to a point of sophistication where it is able to recognize that the man who endures is usually a stronger and nobler creature than the

man who gives rein to his temper.

The notion that one's "honor" can be damaged by the action of another person is pretty generally obsolete. Brag is not so good a deg as he was. Bluff will not go so far. The code that regulates in these days the manners of the highest and most influential type of American gentleman is actually to be found in the New Testament. - [Scribner's.

Luck and III Luck.

"Some persons seem lucky in any enterprise they undertake, while others who make investments are sure to lose their capital," was remarked by Will Bertram. "I knew a young fellow that invested a brass watch which cost him \$3 in a lot in Lincoln, Ills., which he sold later for \$25,030. It was the lot that the Lincoln House was later built upon, and the rise in real estate came in less than four years after his investment was made. I know another man who went to Sumner county, Kan., in 1874, and carried with him a shotgun which cost him \$13. Wellington had just been made the county seat and was then s town of 300 inhabitants, but 40 miles from a railroad. The young man was offered six choice lots in the centre of Wellington for his \$13 shotgun. The offer was refused, and five years later the same lots were sold for \$3,700 each."

-[St. Louis Republic.

Killing Too Many Birds. The senseless destruction of birds which has been going on so wantonly in rural France is meeting with its natural punishment. The farmers are feeling seriously the plagues entailed by the scarcity of these feathered vermin-destroyers. Swarms of insects are preying upon the fruit trees and the vines are afflicted by diseases which if not directly caused by insects, are certainly propa gated by them. In the South of France the larks, goldfinches, nightingales and other small birds are nearly extinct. Even the swallows are snared for the sake of their feathers. To this unreason-ing killing-off of the birds is also attributed a great increase of gadflies and other insects which annoy cattle and horses. -[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. The Women of Alaska.

There is a woman in Sitka, known is Princess Tom, who is very rich. She at one time had three husbands, but has become Christianized and has discarded two. She is an extensive trader, and has several large canoes in which she transports goods from Sitka to the interior and exchanges them with the natives for furs. She is known all over Alaska, and wears upon her arms twenty or thirty gold bracelets made out of \$20 gold pieces. The natives also trace their genealogy through the female branch of the family, and the inheritance comes through the mother's side. For instance, if a chief should die, leaving a son, his sister's son or nephew would succeed in authority and not his own son. The women are not slaves, as in the Indian tribes in this country, but exercise a great deal of authority. The women emulate their sex in civilized countries in their affeetation of bright and gaudy colors, and most of the money that they receive is invested in bright-colored goods and shawls. - Washington Star.

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