ONCE UPON A TIME.

My little child comes to my knee. And tugging pleads that he may climb

Into my lap to hear me tell The Christmas tale he loves so well-

A tale my mother told to me Beginning "Once upon a time."

It is a tale of skies that rang With angel rhapsodies sublime: Of that great host, serene and

white.

The shepherds saw one winter night-And of the giorious stars that sang

An anthem once upon a time.

This story of the hallowed years Tells of the sacrifice sublime Of One who prayed alone and wept

While His wearled followers slept-And how His blood and Mary's tears Commingled once upon a time.

And now my darling at my side And echoes of the distant chime Brings that sweet story back to

Of Bethlehem and of Oalvary. And of the gentle Christ that died For sinners once upon a time.

The mighty deeds that men have told in ponderous tomes of fluent rhyme Like misty shadows fade away; But this sweet story bides for aye;

and, like the stars that sang of old, We sing of "Once upon a t.me." -Eugene Field.

## A CHRISTMAS EPISODE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Perkins had "dropped in" to and out what the Joneses were going to do on Christmas.

"We've promised to take dinner with the Williamses," said Mrs. Jones. "You know, none of the children can come. homethis year, so we're goin' out to dinner for the first time a'most sense I've kep' house. I don't remember o' eatin' a Chris'mas dinner away from home more'n two or three times sense I was married. I feel just as nervous 'n' fidgety over it as I can be, fer Mrs. Williams she's invited Mr. Snyder, 'n' you know how 'tis between m 'n' the deacon. I shan't draw an sy breath til it's all over. I wish didn't have to go, or that Mr. Snywa'n't invited, or there was suthin' keep them two men apart. I know ey'il git to wranglin' 'n' like's not ave a regular quarrel. I don't take a finnit's comfort thinkin' of it. I sh'il el jestős if I was settin' on a kag o' inpowder that might explode any diringt."

"It's too bad that they keep a-hangto that ol' diffikilty like dogs to a ne," said Mrs. Perkins. "I sh'd think ey'd be sick of it by this time. Ev'by- of the other's presence. dy else is. It happened so long ago at I don't seem to remember what it s all about; but I've heard so much out it that I've got used to it, fest as ng else I've known sense I was a

It was about the meetin' house," plained Mrs. Jones. "You know they nted to build a new one, 'n' the deahe wanted it in one place, 'n' Mr. dner he wanted it some'rs else, 'n' th of 'em bein' so contrairy, they set that if they couldn't have their n way tere shouldn't be a new one. they quarrelled 'n' quarrelled till y got the whole negihborhood by ears, 'n' the consequence is w n't had any new meetin' house, 'n' on't see's we're ever like to have. go so sick o' the thing, hearin' the con harp on it by spells all these rs, that I've wished more'n once, e could be a law made to shet up mouth ev'ry time he thought of it. good land, that'd kill him!" ghed Mrs. Jones. "I to b'leeve he ys abusin' Mr. Snyder, 'n' I s'pose Snyder's jest as bad, from what beard. They're well matched." t's too bad, anyway," said Mrs. kins, with a sigh. "It's made no o' hard feelin's in the church, 'n' lered the work more'n everything that's ever happened. We all like both. They're awful good men ost ways, but it seems 's ef they ot till one or t'other dies," said

Jones, decidedly. "They're jest contrairy as two men ever d be-'n' neither of 'em 'll ever in to the other, unless there's a iele, which I don't s'pose'll ever place. I can't imagine either of ing to be?" admittin' he was wrong. They're

et fer that." e need a new meetin' house the way," said Mrs. Perkins. "The one's been patched up an' fixed place. The best place in town." till there ain't much chance o' anything more for it. Ef they agree, I don't see why they n't keep still 'n' let the others de-

about a new one." etch 'em a-doin' thet," said Mrs. "They're jest as stubborn tois they was twenty year ago. | tle royal. You shall do my way or you t do anything' with 'em. I've told acon it wa'n't right 'n' Christian so, but he all'ays flares up 'n' o mad that I've got so-I hardly el jest as sure as can be that to combat. 'Il be a set-to between 'em ef they

don't b'deeve it's wicked to feel that buildin' put in sech a place as that." way, fer I hate quarrelin' any time, 'n' 'specially Chris' mas."

Mrs. oJnes felt it her duty to say something to her husband about the matter, on Christmas morning, before they started for church, from which place they were to go to the Williams homestead.

"Now, Lem'wel, I do hope you won't let your temper git the upper han' of you to-day," she said. "For the lan's sake, don't git into a dispute with Mr. Snyder.

"I s'pose you'd have me hump up 'n' swaller anything he might see fit to say to me, wouldn't you?" demanded the deacon, getting red in the face at the thought of what he might have to fear from his old neighbor. "That may be your way, but it ain't mine. don't calkilate to pick any quarrel with him. If he minds his bis'ness 'n' lets me alone, I'll mind mine 'n' let him alone, but if he goes to twirtin', 'n' throwin' out, as of course he will, I shan't put up with it 'thout givin' as good as he sends."

"But it's Christmas," said Mrs. Jones, "'n folks badn't ought to quarrel Christmas day."

"I ain't a-goin' to quarrel unless I'm obleeged to," retorted the deacon, "But I won't be run on by ol' Snyder."

"Mebbe he won't run on you," said Mrs. Jones. "But ef he says anything you can take up, you'll be ready to jump at the chance. You'll be on the lookout for something to find fault with."

"I s'pose he never says anything that's out o' the way," said the dencon, angrily. "I'm al'ays the one that's to blame! You've sided in with him ever sence we had the trouble. But I ain't a-goin' to be coaxed into puttin' up with any of his abuse. Let him keep his mouth shet of he don't want me to tell him what I think of him;" and the deacon fairly glared at Mrs. Jones, who sighed and concluded that there was little use in trying to

avert a quarrel. It was sure to come. "I do wish we could get a letter from Henry," she said, changing the subject. Henry was the youngest of the family. He had gone to Dakota to try his luck at farming. Crops had been a failure, and the last letter from him had been a most downhearted and discouraging one. "I'm afraid be's sick. If he wasn't, it seems's if he would write. Mr. Snyder been out there, they say. Bein' so near, when he he was in Minnesoty, he thought he'd make his sister Mariar a visit. I don't jest know what part she lives in, but mebbe it's near Henry. I hope

he see him." Deacon Jones sniffed, as if to express the idea that it wasn't any credit to the boy to have been seen by a man hke his enemy.

bedroom." "I'm all of a twitter, I'm that friend was, Lem'wel Jones?" have to the meetin' house, or any- so nervous. I sh'll tremble fer fear of "I'm sure I bain't no idee," said the what's comin' ev'ry time they open deacon, their mouths. I do wish you hadn't ask'd both of 'em, Mrs. Williams."

> was goin' to ask 'em, 'en take the said he did it, because he hadn't no that the State bloodhound Pilot could chance o' the consequences."

> Mrs. Jones, "but-I know 'twon't," Jones. Not a word did they address right back to Mis' Williams' to thank day before she disappeared. This he other's existence.

> the stock, and Mrs. Jones and Mrs. see how you can feel hard to'rds him knew the hound would not be of any Williams "visited" with each other as after you read that letter. An' to use. they cleared away the remains of the think that he never let on that he'd It really seemed as if the animal un-Christmas feast. Mrs. Jones tried to done anything! I'll warrant you'd ha' derstood their words, for he suddenly be at ease, and not worry, but "coming twitted him about it if you'd been in put his nose to the ground and was events cast their shadows before," his place 'n' he in yourn," and Mrs. off like a shot, dragging his keepers and she felt that he fears were sure to Jones wiped her eyes and took her de after him. On he went, crossing roads, be realized. It was simply a question parture.

sat down. Conversation flagged for a he did so, and the knowledge of his stream. Here the animal suddenly men who are not in the habit of "vis- away from home and in sore trouble gave one long bark, and refused to kind o' loony on this one p'int. I iting" women-fashion. The awkward became clear to him, bister and angry go further. silence that ensued was at length thoughts began to die away. For the broken by Mr. Williams, who asked sake of old times! How he rememwhat his guests thought about the new town hall that was to be built.

said Mr. Snyder. "It's all been talked flood gates of resentment and sweet made to drag him away. For the up sence I went away. Where's it go- down upon him in a mighty torrent

"On the Dusenberry corner," replied Mr. Williams.

"That's a good place for it," said Mr. Shyder, approvingly. "A very good

pale with a dread of what was coming. The Dusenberry corner was where Mr. Snyder wanted the new church built, She glanced at the deacon. His face was red, and she knew by a look by him that he was preparing for a bat-

"What do you think about it, deacon?" asked Mr. Williams, not aware "What if we didn't see alike! That that he was precipitating matters.

The deacon cleared his throat and each other. I've been ashamed of it blew his nose with a blast that was more'n once, though I don't believe I

"Aff I have to say is, of anybody'z the church, as M'lindy's said time'n some of which weigh as much as fifty go to Mrs. Williamses 'n' go they fool enough to want the town isall ag'in, 'n' I've know'd it all along; but tons and have a falling force of 'ro a will. One wouldn't stay away built on that site, they hain't got sence -I let the devil into my heart, n' ninety to one hundred. Every trads prayer books made of the skin of noear the other'd say he dassen't enough to last 'em over night. I sh'll there he's stalid; but"-and there was a has its own hammer and its own way torious criminals. I most wish the deacon'd be oppose it, sir! I won't consent to hev low of grim determination on the dea- of using it.

But that's all the good 'twill do, Folks | The deason heard the sound of voices hev got their eyes opened in the last in the road. He looked out. Mrs. ten or a dozen year, 'n' they ain't Jones was shaking hands with Mr. a-goin' to be buildozed as they used to Snyder at the gate. be. I allays said the Dusenberry cormoney. The town hall's goin' to be he was not the man to put his hand built, 'n' it's goin' to be built on the to the plow and look back. Dusemberry corner, too."

paved the way for.

wrathy deacon. "Of course you do. I Henry." law that obleeges a man to set still'n but I was too contrary to say so." be run on n' crow'd over, 's I know of. in abusin' me jest as you think best." And the angry deacon strode out of

the room, banging the door behind him. Mr. Williams followed him into der. "You'd have done the same for the half and tried to prevent him go- one o' my boys, if I'd had any an' ing, but he was obdurate. Go he would they needed help. I know you would." and go he did, leaving poor Mrs. Jones to follow at her leisure.

"I knew how 'twould be," she said. as she wiped her eyes as she bade Mrs. Williams good-bye. "I ain't a mite s'pridse at the way it's turned out. I sh'd ha' been dretful disapp'inted ef 't hadn't happened."

Just as she reached the gate of her home a neighbor drove up and called out that he had a letter for her. "From Henry, I reckon," he said.

It's from Dakoty, anyway." Mrs. Jones took the long looked-for letter and ran into the house with eager impatience to find out what her boy had to write. The deacon was building a fire, but his face looked as if a fire was quite unnecessary. He looked bot and he felt so.

His wife sat down without removing her things, and tore open the letter. Before she had read far she began to cry. The deacon was frightened.

"He min't sick or nothin', is he?" he asked. But Mrs. Jones did not answer. der. She kept on reading and crying. When she had finished the letter she turned in the face.

"Lem'wel Jones, do you know what's his wife and Mr. Snyder into their big things out all right this year. But about that we bury the old grudges each other or seemed to be conscious been fer a friend that found out the the light again.-The Ledger. trouble he was in'n' helped him out o' "My! but it makes me feel crawly," the difficulty 'n' set him right on his said Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Williams, as feet, so that he's likely to do better'n she took off her wraps in the "best ever, he says. Now, who do you s'pose

"Well, I'll tell ye," said his wife. "Twas the man you're been quar-"I didn't hardly dare to," said Mrs. relin' with to-day. You've had words Williams, "but John, he said, 'What with Mr. Snyder, but he was the very was the use o' lettin' their foolishness man that behaved like a father to our keep us from bein' neighborly. He poor bay, 'n' Henry writes that he grudge ag'inst him, n' he used to think find some trace. Anxious to do any-"I hope 'twill all be peaceable," said you one o' his best friends, 'n' he was thing that would in the least relieve willin' to do it fer the sake of old the father's mind, the officials took the They all sat down to dinner, and times. I don't know but Mr. Snyder's dog to Mill Village. the conversation became general, ex- to blame for the trouble between you cept between Mr. Snyder and Deacon jest as much as you be, but I'm goin' that had been worn by the child the each other. They simply ignored each him fer helpin' my boy, 'n' tell him held in his mouth for a minute. Then that I shall never forgit it. To think he dropped it and sniffed the air. He After dinner the men went out to of what would have happened to Hen- seemed puzzled, and the knowing ones the barn with Mr. Williams to look at ry of 't hadn't been fer him! I don't

The men came in from te barn and sat down by the fire to read it. As Rutland, where there is a small mill "I haven't heard anything about it," memory of them seemed to burst the that overwhelmed him. Could he have done what his enemy had?

He sat there and thought it all over; spirit of the Christmas season came into his heart and took posession of it. Mrs. Jones felt her face getting and drove out the old, bitter thoughts. Deacon Jones loved the boy who had been befriended as he loved no one else on earth, and the kindness done lowing.-New York Herald. him by the man with whom he had so long been at enmity broke down the fences of hatred that had kept them apart.

"I've been an old fool!" he said.

sick so he had to stay to home. I the funds o' the town squandered in a con's face as he said it-'he's got to get out. I ain't goin' to hold a grudge "Of course you'li oppose it," said Mr. against a man that's helped my boy Snyder, glaring at his opponent. Every- when he hadn't a friend to look to. body that knows you'-il expect that. Ef be'll drop the old diffikilty, I will."

> "Now or never!" he said, with a ner was the best site in town fer a resolute look on his face as he opened church or any other public buildin', 'n' the door and stepped out. It cost him I reddy to back my opinion with a great effort to do what he did, but

> "Hello!" he said out. Mr. Snyder "I think that's the place for it my- and Mrs. Jones looked that way in seff," said Mr. Williams, rather faint- great surprise. "I-I don't know what ly though, for he was frightened at the you think about it, but I'd like to be prospective quarrel he had innocently friends again," he said. "I'm willin' to let bygones be bygones if you be, "Of course you'll oppose it," said Mr. "Tain't right to not be friends sence "Oh, yes, of course!" cried the I've found out what you've done for

see now why I was asked to come here He was halfway down the path as to dinner. It was to give that man a he said this. Mr. Snyder didn't wait chance to browbeat me. You wanted for trim to reach the gate, but met to let me know that you sided in with him inside it with outstretched hands. him. That's all right. If a man wants "Friends it shall be, then," he said, to let folks know that he's made a and his face had a glad look on it. fool of himself there's no law against it "It's high time we quit our foolishthat I knows of. But there ain't any ness, I reckon. I've been sorry for it,

"Same here," said the deacon, as he M'lindy, I'm goin' home. You can grasped Mr. Snyder's hand in a grip come with me, or stay 'n' take a hand that made him wince. "I can't tell you how much obleeged I am fer what you've done fer my boy-'

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Sny-"I dunno 'bout that," said the deacon. "I guess I feel a grudge more'n you do "

"No you don't! No you don't!" said Mr. Snyder, allowing the deacon to pull him, not unwillingly, into the house. "I like this! It's something like Christmas, gin't it?"

Mrs. Jones had stopped at the gate to straighten out matters with herself. Was she dreaming? Was she crazy, or-had the "merricle" of whose possibility she had had grave doubts, really taken place?

"Wall, I declare!" she said, and she could go no farther. It seemed too good to be possible. Just then the deacon put his head out of the door to ask her if she was going to stand there all day. Had she got paralyzed?

"I dunno but I be," she answered. "Lem'wel, is the of diffikilty done

"So fur's I'm concerned, it is," said the deacon, emphatically. "I say amen to that," said Mr. Sny-

"Glory to God in the highest, peace an' good will to everybody," said Mrs. to the deacon and looked him straight Jones. "It seems too good to be true, but I hope it ain'i. My! but won't the happened to that poor boy of our'n? I'll They won't b'lleve it-I know they tell ye: He had to mortgage every- won't. I wouldn't ef I hadn't seen it." thing he had last year, but he wouldn't | So it came about that "the old diffi-The Christmas service was over, and let us know it fer fear we'd worry, 'n' kilty" was buried out of sight on that the Williamses loaded the deacon and he hoped he'd have good luck 'n' fetch Christmas day. And so may it come double sleigh and set off homeward. luck was ag'inst him, n'n he'd have deep down in our hearts this Christ-Neither of the two men looked at lost every blessed thing of it hadn't mas day-so deep that they never see

A Bloodhound Traces a Baby.

A few days ago Bertha, the pretty four-year-old daughter of John C. Putnam, of the little settlement of Mills Village, Vt., disappeared. All the neighbors joined in the search for her. Night and day the hunt was continued, but not a trace of the little one could be discovered. The parents were in despair. It was feared that the child had been kidnapped. Finally, the father, in desperation, suggested

The dog was then given a tiny shoe were beginning to remark that they

fields and timber stretches, until he Deacon Jones took up the letter and reached a point about a mile below time, as it is quite likely to do among old enemy's kindness to the boy so far brought up at the edge of the water,

Then the men got to work. They procured hooks and poles, and the bed bered the days when he and John Sny. of the stream was thoroughly searchder had been the best of friends! The ed. All this time Pilot stood by the water side, though attempts were first time since he had been in the State he refused to obey the voice of his keeper. Toward night the body of the missing girl was found. As it was and as he did so, it seemed as if the drawn to the shore. Pilot sprang forward, took the slimy dress in his mouth, and, raising the child as tenderly as though it had been in its mother's arms, trotted back to the house, the long line of searchers fol-

The Hammer an Ancient Tool.

One of the oldest tools in existence is the hammer. Illustrated manuscripts of the eleventh century reprewas no reason why we should hate Hammers are of all sizes, from the sent carpenters with claw hammers, dainty instruments used by the jewelnention it, fer the sake o' peace. like the sound of a trumpet urging on ever admitted to myself. It ain't ounce, to the gigantic fifty-ton ham-Christian to feel so to'rd a brother in mer of ship-building establishments, NEW YORK'S BIG BUFFALO HERD.

Twenty-Nine of the American Bison in the City's Park. The American bison is again on the

hills beyond the Harlem. According to the authority of William T. Hornaday, long officially associated with the work of the National Zoological Park, the bison was there in his freedom many years ago. He is there to-day, slave in close captivity.

About seventy-five acres of Van Cortlandt Park, north of the parade ground, including Vault Hill, where the tomb of the Van Cortlandts is situated, has been enclosed by a seven foot wire fence, and here are confined twenty-five members of the herd, now under the control of the park commissioners. The other four are in the small enclosure in Central Park,

The latter four are the absolute property of the city, while the former twenty-five belong to the estate of the late Austin Corbin, and are in the care of the Department of Parks under an agreement accepted by the commissioners last May, whereby they are to care for them, and the city to own one fourth of the increase. It was not until last week that Mr. Corbin's animal keeper brought the bison from his Blue Mountain Park, in New Hampshire, and turned them into Van Cortlandt Park.

The herd, though not a large one, contains fine, well conditioned specimens, that will compare favorably with any of the many herds in captivity. Thirteen of them are cows, and

a dozen of the herd are two-year-olds. When first brought to their new home the animals did not take kindly to the change, and with a few exceptions, were moody and suspicious, going back and forth within the enclosure and carefully examining the fence, but when seen yesterday the entire herd appeared as much at home as though

on their native Western heath. Twelve of Austin Corbin's herd of bison are natives of New Hampshire, and were born in captivity. The oth ers came originaly from Kansas, Nebraska and Manitoba. The king of the herd, a big horned, broad shouldered fellow, was captured by Buffalo Bill. and for a time was kept at his Nebraska ranch, and afterward sent to Iowa, where Mr. Corbin purchased them.

It was about five years ago, after Mr. Corbin had fenced in the 23,000 acres of his New Hampshire park and stocked it with deer and small game, that he began to look for the buffalo. It was no easy task to get them, for the race was then almost as near extinction as now, and those who had herds, or even single ones, had no desire to part with them. After getting two or three in Iowa and a few more in Kansas, he had to go to Canada for the rest.

Few as twenty-nine buffalo appear to be, they are really a large proportion of 'the living specimens of the American bison. On the best obtainable authority they constitute about one-thirty-fourth of the living members of the race in the United States, and this race once roamed the Western plains in Lundreds of herds numbered by thousands.

GOLD BY THE YARD.

Wonderful Thinness to Which Beaters Re-

duce the Precious Metal. The beating of the innumerable little square pieces of gold which are used to cover domes and signs, and se on, forms a distinct industry in the gold trade which employs a large number of hands and requires no small amount of skill.

The long, low building in which the work is carried on is filled throughout the day with the sound of hammers. On every side little boxes containing tiny rolls of gold are to be seen, which although only measuring an inch and one-half in length, are each worth about \$50. The gold is received in bars one-eighth of an inch in thickness an inch in width and weighing 240 pennyweights. This is rolled out into a ribbon thirty yards in length.

It is then given to the workmen in strips measuring seven yards, each of which is cut into 180 pieces. These are now ready to be beaten out by hand They are placed (protected by fine skins) in a tool known as the clutch and are thoroughly pounded out on a great granite block set in the ground in such a way that there is absolute. ly no vibratory movement. The process is repeated several times, the gold as it spreads being continually subdivided until it is of the exact dimensions required.

The skins in which the gold is beaten are so delicate that they will tear as easily as paper, nevertheless they are of so fine a quality that they will withstand the continual hammering for several years. The gold, which is finally beaten down to 200,000th of an inch, is rubbed with "brine" before being placed in the skins, in order that it shall not adhere to them.

Easy as this work of beating out the gold may seem, it is, in reality, an art of a very delicate description. The workman must know to a nicety precisely how hard or gentle the blows of his hammer must be ,and also the exact spot on which they should fall, Accordingly, a very superior class of men are employed in the business.-Pear son's Weekly.

Prospects for Longevity.

A French doctor says that persons who attain their thirtieth year with out suffering from any serious disease are likely-all things being equal-to live till they are at least seventy-three years of age.-Pittsburg Dispatch,

Books bound in the skin of departed friends are said to be the fashion now in Paris. So are eigarette cases, to bacco pouches, pocket-books, and RAILROAD ON TREE-TOPS.

A Curious Sight Can Re Seen in Sonoma County.

In the upper part of Sonoma County, Californiz, near the coast, may be seen an actual railroad bed in the tree tops. Between the Chpper mills and Stuart Point, where the railroad crosses a deep ravine, the trees are sawed off on a level with the surrounding bills and timbers and ties laid on the stumps.



CALIFORNIA RAILROAD ON TREE- COPS.

Near the center of the ravine are two huge red-wood trees which form a substantial support. These giants have been sawed off seventy-five feet above the level of the creek. This natural tree bridge is considered one of the wonders of the Golden State, and for security far exceeds a bridge framed in the most scientific manner.

Ready for Business.

With a very active, energetic workingman, or a man of business, a cane or crutch is a sign of some infirmity, but he will have to use one or both if sciatica sets in and disables his hip. Worse than all this, he may be bed-ridden for a long time, and still worse, may be obliged to resort to surgical treatment. Why all this should be endured when the trouble can be easily cured must be because he don't know that St. Jacobs Oil, the great remedy for pain, is a special cure for this very much dreaded malady. It has proved itself the most soothing and penetrating remedy for reaching the sciation nerve and effectually curing its agonies that has perhaps ever been tried.

Business covers a multitude of transactions just out of the reach of the law.

The less people know about each other the politer they are when they meet.

The Modern Mother

Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant Syrup of Fige, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy than by any other, and that it is more accept able to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The true remedy, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup

The same opportunities make a hero of one man and an ass of another.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives per-Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives per-fect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympa-thetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedly effects a cure. It is a peerless rem-edy for Palpitation. Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. If your druggist hasn't it in stock ask him to procure the core. convinces. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you. It will

The majority of people who want to be coaxed ought to be clubbed.

\$100 Reward. \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased ta parn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a consti-tutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken inter-nally, acting directly upon the blood and mu-ous surfaces of the system, thereby destroy-ing the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the con-stitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hun-dred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send tor list of testimonials. Address

Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the lest.

When some people have nothing to say they seem to talk the most. I use Piso's Cure for Consamption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTER-sox, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

An excellent thing to remember is that

Hope

Hood's

Sarsaparilla The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1 Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digest.on. 25c.

Potatoes,

Tomatoes, Melons, Cabbage, Turnips, Lettuce, Peas, Beets, Onions, and all Vegetables, remove large quantities of Potash from the soil. Supply

Potash

in liberal quantities by the use of fertilizers containing not less than 10% actual Potash. Better and more profitable yields are sure to follow. All about Potash—the results of its use by actual ex-periment on the best farms in the United Stares—in told in a little book which we publish and will gladly mad free to any farmer in America who will write 14\* 4. GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassati St., New York.