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Rheumatism,

BEING due to the presence of uric acid in the blood, is most effectually cured by the use of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.** Be sure you get Ayer's and no other, and take it till the poisonous acid is thoroughly expelled from the system. We challenge attention to this testimony:—

"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to state that it has effected a complete cure. I have since had no return of the disease."—Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 110 West 125th st., New York.

"One year ago I was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very much debilitated, with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."—Mrs. L. A. Stark, Nashua, N. H.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

TWILIGHT IN BORDERLAND.

The sky is aglow with the sunset light,
He has poured his gold over tower and tree,
And scattered his diamonds upon the sea,
Dropped his casket of pearls on the robe of Night,
And his tears on the flowers's pink and white,
Yet I leave them, mother, and fly to thee.

Over field and woodland and dark ravine
My spirit is borne on its pinions fleet,
Till I clasp your hand and our glad eyes meet;
Then we wander away in a glorious dream
And float, and float in a mystical sheen,
To a realm unknown to mortal feet.

We bask in that wonderful region of light,
We are filled and thrilled with love's sweetest tone,
While we drink of a bliss to sense unknown,
Oh, what do they know of pure delight,
Whose souls never stretched out their wings in flight,
Who never have found and embraced their own?

—Ella Lamb Marlyn.

THE BLACK CROSS.

A black cross had been set against Judge Hawkins' name. Why it is not for me to say. We were not accustomed to explain our motives or to give reasons for our deeds. The deeds were enough, and this black cross meant death, and when it had been shown us all that we needed to know further was at what hour we should meet for the contemplated raid.

A word from the captain settled that, and when the next Friday came a dozen men met at the place of rendezvous ready for the ride which should bring them to the judge's solitary mansion across the mountains.

I was among them and in as satisfactory a mood as I had ever been in my life, for the night was favorable and the men hearty and in first rate condition.

But after we had started and were threading a certain wood I began to have doubts. Feelings I had never before experienced assailed me with a force that first perplexed and then astounded me. I was afraid, and what rather heightened than diminished the unwonted sensation was the fact that I was not afraid of anything tangible, either in the present or future, but of something unexplainable and peculiar, which if it lay in the skies certainly made them look dark indeed, and if it hid in the forest, caused its faintest murmur to seem like the utterance of a great dread, as awful as it was inexplicable.

I nevertheless proceeded, and should have done so if the great streaks of lightning which now and then shot zigzag through the sky had taken the shape of words and bade us all beware. I was not one to be daunted, and knew no other course than that of advance when once a stroke of justice had been planned and the direction for its fulfillment marked out. I went on, but I began to think, and that to me was an experience, for I had never been taught to reflect—only to fight and obey.

The house toward which we were riding was built on a hillside, and the first thing we saw on emerging from the forest was a light burning in one of its distant windows. This was a surprise, for the hour was late, and in that part of the country people were accustomed to retire early, even such busy men as the judge. He must have a visitor, and a visitor meant a possible complication of affairs; so a halt was called, and I was singled out to reconnoiter the premises and bring back word of what we had a right to expect.

I started off in a strange state of mind. The fear I had spoken of had left me, but a vague shadow remained through which, as through a mist, I saw the light in that far away window beckoning me on to what I felt was in some way to make an end of my present life. As I drew nearer to it the feeling increased; then it, too, left me, and I found myself once more the daring avenger. This was when I came to the foot of the hill and discovered I had but a few steps more to take.

The house, which had now become plainly visible, was a solid one of stone built, as I have said, on the hillside. It faced the road, as was shown by the large portico dimly to be discerned in that direction, but its rooms were mainly on the side, and it was from one of these that the light shone. As I came yet nearer I perceived that these rooms were guarded by a piazza, which, communicating with the portico in front, afforded an open road to that window and a clear sight of what lay behind it.

I was instantly off my horse and upon the piazza, and before I had time to realize that my fears had returned to me with double force I had crept stealthily toward that uncurtained window and looked in.

What did I see? At first nothing but a calm, studious figure bending above a batch of closely written papers, upon which the light shone too brightly for me to perceive much of what lay behind them. But gradually an influence, of whose workings I was scarce conscious, drew my eyes away, and I began to discover on every side strange and beautiful objects which greatly interested me, until suddenly my eyes fell upon a vision of loveliness so enchanting that I forgot to look elsewhere and became for the moment nothing but sight and feeling.

It was a picture, or so I thought in the first instant of awe and delight. But presently I saw that it was a woman, living and full of the thoughts that had never been mine, and at the discovery a sudden trembling seized me, for I had never seen anything in heaven or earth like her beauty, while she saw nothing but the man who was bending over his papers.

There was a door or something dark behind her, and against it her tall, strong figure, clad in a close white gown, stood out with a distinctness that was not altogether earthly. But it was her face that held me and made of me from moment to moment a new man.

For in it I discerned what I had never believed in till now, devotion that had no limit and love which asked nothing in return. She seemed to be faltering on the threshold of that room, like one who would like to enter but does not dare, and in another moment, with a smile that pierced me through, she turned as if to go. Instantly I forgot everything but my despair, and leaned forward with an impetuosity that betrayed my presence. She glanced quickly toward the window, and seeing me turned pale, even while she rose in height till I felt myself shrink and grow small before her.

Thrusting out her hand she caught from the table before her what looked like a small dagger, and holding it up, advanced upon me with blazing eyes and parted lips, not seeing that the judge had risen to his feet, not seeing anything but my face glued against the pane, and staring with an expression that must have struck to the heart as surely as her look pierced mine. When she was almost upon me I turned and fled. Hell could not have frightened me, but heaven did; and for me that woman was heaven whether she smiled or frowned, gazed upon another with love or raised a dagger to strike me to the ground.

How soon I met my mates I cannot say. In a few minutes, doubtless, for they had stolen after me and had detected me running away from the window. I was forced to tell my tale, and I told it unhesitatingly, for I knew I could not save him—if I wanted to—and I knew I should save her or die in the attempt.

"He is alone there with a girl," I announced. "Whether she is his wife or not I cannot say, but there is no cross against her name, and I ask that she be spared not only from sharing his fate, but from the sight of his death, for she loves him."

This from me! No wonder the captain stared, then laughed. But I did not laugh in return, and being the strongest man in the band and the surest with my rifle, he did not trifle long, but listened to my plans and in part consented to them, so that I retreated to my post at the gateway with something like confidence, while he, approaching the door, lifted the knocker and let it fall with a resounding clang that must have rung like a knell of death to the hearts within.

For the judge knew our errand; I saw it in his face when he rose to his feet, and he had no hope, for we had never failed in our attempts, and the house, though strongly built, was easily assailable.

* * * * * *

While the captain knocked three men had scaled the portico and were ready to enter the open windows if the judge refused to parley or offered any resistance to what was known as the captain's will.

"Death to the judge!" was the cry, and it was echoed not only at the door but around the house, where the rest of the men had drawn a cordon ready to waylay any one who sought to escape. Death to the judge! And the judge was loved by that woman and would be mourned by her till— But a voice is speaking, a voice from out that great house, and it asks what is wanted and what the meaning is of these threats of death.

And the captain answers short and sharp:

"The Ku-Klux commands, but never explains. What it commands now is for Judge Hawkins to come forth. If he shrinks or delays his house will be entered and burned, but if he will come out and meet like a man what awaits him his house shall go free and his family remain unmolested."

"And what is it that awaits him?" pursued the voice.

"Four bullets from four unerring rifles," returned the captain.

"It is well; he will come forth," cried the voice, and then in a huskier tone: "Let me kiss the woman I love. I will not keep you long."

And the captain answered nothing only counted out clearly and steadily, "One—two—three," up to a hundred; then he paused, turned and lifted his hand; when instantly our four rifles rose, and at the same moment the door, with a faint grating sound I shall never forget, slowly opened and the firm, unshrinking figure of the judge appeared.

We did not delay. One simultaneous burst of fire, one loud quick crack, and his figure fell before our eyes. A sound, a cry from within, then all was still, and the captain, mounting his horse, gave one quick whistle and galloped away. We followed him, but I was the last to mount, and did not follow long, for at the flash of those guns I had seen a smile across our victim's lip, and my heart was on fire, and I could not rest till I had found my way back to that open doorway and the figure lying within it.

There it was, and behind it a house empty as my heart has been since that day. A man's dress covering a woman's form—and over the motionless, perfect features that same smile which I had seen in the room beyond and again in the quick glare of the rifles.

I had harbored no evil thought concerning her, but when I beheld that smile now sealed and fixed upon her lips I found the soul I had never known that I possessed until that day.—Anna Katherine Green in Philadelphia Times.

Cremation at Milan.

The Italian clergy, unlike the clergy of France—and for the most part of England—have never made any objection to cremation, and at Milan, where nearly 2,000 bodies have been cremated during the last thirteen years, and where at the present rate of increase cremations will soon reach an average of one a day, the same funeral service is performed, whether the corpse be destined for slow corruption under the earth, or for rapid incineration above ground. Two systems of cremation are followed at Milan.—Westminster Review.

Wanted Some Store Teeth.

The other day a woman not over 20, but minus her teeth, called on a prominent dentist, and asked him if he could not rent her a set of teeth to wear to a party that evening. She told the dentist that she supposed that false teeth were kept in stock and that people fitted themselves.—Waterbury American.

Digestion would be greatly promoted if rest could be taken for half an hour after a meal. A gentle walk with the chest thrown out is excellent even indoors. When a walk is taken in the house the hands should be slapped at the back.

High[illegible] of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Author of Lorna Doone.

R. D. Blackmore lives in great retirement at his pretty villa residence, "Shortwood," close to Teddington station, which latter place, by the way, is an innovation not at all to the taste of the veteran novelist, who built his home before the station existed, and now regrets its proximity. Mr. Blackmore's hobby is his garden. In front there is a trimly kept lawn, surrounded by flourishing beds where rhododendrons, picotees, roses of every hue and old fashioned country flowers vie with each other in abundance. Behind is the fruitful orchard, his great pride, where strawberries, currants, stone fruits, pears and apples are to be found in such plenty that much of it is sold in the fruit markets.

It has always been Mr. Blackmore's custom to work a few hours daily in his garden, and this seems to be his favorite recreation. Mr. Blackmore is now over 70 years of age, and a widower. His two nieces reside with him. In figure he is rather short and thick set, with white hair and whiskers; his face is strongly lined, and the blue eyes and bushy eyebrows are very characteristic. He reminds one somewhat of "Uncle Corny" in his latest work, "Kit Kitty," the hero of which, strangely enough, is a market gardener living at one of the river villages a little higher up than Teddington. —Toronto Mail.

Senators and Flowers.

Senator Teller has one of the prettiest gardens in the northwest. And oh! what stories the roses could tell there! The senator's favorite relaxation all summer is to pay diligent attention to his flower beds.

Constituents, caucus managers and other gentlemen who want to whisper little suggestions in the senator's ear find him every evening armed with a hose sprinkler going around among the flowers, and as they talk they follow him around from bush to bush. They might not get all they want, but the senator has pleasure and relaxation from his garden work, and boasts the prettiest kept lawn and flower beds in his neighborhood.

Senator Evarts has a nice garden, but he does not deserve any special mention for it. It is Mrs. Evarts' particular care and pride to spend her mornings weeding the beds, and when the senator and herself sit down for their after dinner talk they get a great deal of pleasure from viewing the bright blossoms all around the windows.—Washington Letter.

"Money Goes."

The old saying that "money goes" was illustrated recently. A customer tendered a $20 bill. The tradesman had it changed by a neighbor, who, being in a hurry, gave a pocket piece of $10 in gold of the issue of 1861, which he prized highly and did not want to part with. He went to the tradesman as soon as he had given the valued coin, and the latter went out and hunted up the customer to whom he had given it. He had bought some cigars at a neighboring store and had given the gold piece in payment.

Upon going to the cigar store it was found that the proprietor had transferred the coin to a saloon keeper near by, and at that place it was found that the saloon keeper had used it in liquidating his brewery bill. The next day a neighbor went to the brewery and found that the cashier of that institution had just parted with the coveted piece of money to a dissatisfied employe. The individual was at last located and the coin recovered.—Chicago Times.

American Razors in Demand.

The best razors no longer come from Sheffield, and even Englishmen are alive to the fact. The best customers for razors are of English and Scotch descent, as very few Germans or Irishmen act as their own barbers. Formerly nothing without a genuine or fraudulent Sheffield trade mark cut into the blade would be looked at by an ex-subject of Queen Victoria, but now American goods are generally preferred, and some eastern makes are very popular. The greatest run the last two years has been on a razor with a distinctly military name, and although I have sold a great many of the kind I don't know where they are made. But the fact is immaterial, for no purchaser ever finds fault with anything connected with one in any respect save price, and even that is not seriously objected to.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Brief Wedding.

A certain Georgia editor, who is also a real estate agent, a building and loan association director, an attorney at law, clerk of the town council and pastor of the village church, was recently asked to marry a couple. He was in a great hurry, and the couple surprised him in the middle of a heavy editorial on the tariff. "Time is money," said he, without looking up from his work. "Do you want her?" The man said yes. "And do you want him?" The girl stammered an affirmative. "Man and wife," cried the editor. "One dollar. Bring me a load of wood for it—one-third pine, balance oak."—Atlanta Constitution.

Homing Pigeons in Russia.

The Russians established pigeon stations in various parts of their territory about sixteen years ago. They have eight stations in all. There are five officers, twelve trainers and twenty-four servants connected with the pigeon service. It is their duty to look after the carrier pigeons, and see that they are always in perfect health and condition, and ready for use at any moment. A bushel of grain is allowed to each bird. —New York Evening Sun.

A baggage smasher calls for a baggage lifting machine. He says the baggage smasher wears out almost as fast as the trunks he is thought to take such a fiendish delight in breaking. No mortal man can endure the strain of lifting hundreds of huge, unwieldy trunks aly after day, year after year, and no mortal man ought to be expected to stand it.

Keeping the Chicken Back.

When the chicken incubator show was here, a young man infatuated with the idea purchased one and placed therein about thirty eggs. According to the rule they were to be hatched the 2d of the month. But it appears that the young man's watchful wife observed a fine brown egg giving way under pressure, as it were, on the lel of the month, and thinking the chick was appearing prematurely, she promptly pasted some brown paper over it's aperture in the egg and with a self satisfied smile awaited the coming of her husband. He declares now that there is neither life nor reason for insanity.—

PRESERVED IN STONE.

ONE OF THE PROFOUND MYSTERIES OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

Records of a Prehistoric People—Colossal Figures, Massive Ruins and Palaces with Painted Walls—The Wonders of Easter Island.

The Caroline Islands, which are now recognized as belonging to Spain, though the Germans tried to annex them a few years ago, form one of the largest archipelagos of the Pacific, covering a sea area of more than 2,000 miles, and comprising over 500 separate fragments of land. Some of these islets are mere rocks, many are uninhabited and a few are very populous. Excepting those at the eastern end of the chain, and the large island of Yap at the western end, they have been rarely, some of them never, visited by white men, unless in the dubious form of "beach combers."

Kusaie, sometimes called Strong Island, is about fifty miles in circumference, is of basaltic formation, has a large extent of high ground, and boasts of two excellent harbors. The people are reputedly industrious and peaceable —for South Sea islanders—and they have a king of their own. They belong, to all appearance, to the Polynesian race, but travelers have declared that they seem capable of a higher civilization than the average Polynesian. It is remarkable that the chiefs communicate by signs and speech not understood by the common people.

LITTLE EASTER ISLAND.

If we traverse some few thousand miles of ocean to the very eastern outskirts of Polynesia we shall find the little island called Easter Island, which is barely ten miles long by four miles broad, which has no trees, no running water, and very little about it to attract settlers. It is of volcanic origin, and one of the extinct craters is over 1,000 feet high.

Yet this physically uninteresting island, peopled by Polynesians of the fair type, such as are found in the Society Islands, is the greatest mystery of the Pacific. It is covered with remains of some prehistoric people of whom every record but that preserved in stone seems to have vanished.

At the southwest end of this little island there are to be found the ruins of nearly a hundred stone houses, built in regular lines and facing the sea. The walls of these houses are five feet thick and over five feet high, built of layers of flat stones and lined inside with flat slabs. Internally the houses measure about forty feet long by thirteen feet wide, and they are roofed over with slabs overlapping like tiles. The inside walls are painted in three colors—red, black and white—with figures of birds and mystic beasts and faces and geometrical figures. In one of these houses was found a curious stone statue eight feet high and weighing about four tons, which is now in the British museum.

The sea cliffs near this ancient settlement are carved into grotesque shapes not unlike the paintings on the walls, and the coast is marked with hundreds of these strange sculptures.

Again, on each headland of the island there is an enormous stone platform, built of hewn blocks of great size, fitted together without cement. They are built on sloping ground, presenting on the seaward side a wall face twenty or thirty feet high and two or three hundred feet long, and on the landward side a wall of about three feet in height rising from a level terrace.

EVIDENCES OF WORSHIP.

These platforms have evidently had to do with the religious practices of the early settlers, whoever they were; for upon all of them are large stone pedestals which have supported images, and on some of them broken images are still to be seen. On one platform fifteen images were found, in size ranging from three to thirty-five feet in height. They are of human shape, representing the upper part of the body only, with arms and hands close to the sides. The heads are cut flat to allow of crowns being placed on them, which crowns seem to have been made, not of the same material as the statues, but of red tufa. This has been traced to an extinct crater within a few miles of the houses, and on the brink of this crater a large number of crowns were found, finished and ready for removal before some strange fate depeopled the island of these ancient worshipers.

The images themselves are made of gray lava, which is only found at quite another crater at the other end of the island. At this crater, called Otondi, there are several finished and partly finished images, just as they were left by the workmen. It is remarkable that the present natives have small wooden images carved out of a hard, dark wood, but these images are hideous and differ altogether from the dignified statues of the platforms.

The present inhabitants are simply tattooed savages, who are more than suspected to have a taste for cannibalism. They live in long, low houses, in shape like an upturned canoe, with only a single opening about two feet square, wholly unlike the massive stone villages we have described. There may have been wood on the island at one time, for the natives are well provided with clubs and spears, and they also use a double headed paddle which has not been observed elsewhere in the Pacific. But, on the other hand, they may have brought these implements with them, for they have a tradition that their great-great-grandfathers emigrated from the island of Rapaiti, about 2,000 miles away, and just south of the Austral group. Be this as it may, they call their present abode Rapahui, or Great Rapa, to distinguish it from what they call their former home.—Cassell's Magazine.

Jumbo's stomach contained many English coins, gold as well as silver and bronze. The elephant's skin was one and a half inches thick. The skeleton weighs 2,000 pounds, and the total weight of the body was over six tons.

The New Game.

The climax in golf has come in England. It is not simply men who work chiefly with their brains—judges, clergymen, artists, journalists, members of parliament and novelists—that have taken to it almost en masse, and are never weary of singing its praises as the sole perfect cure for dyspepsia, the megrims and worry. Young athletes are abandoning cricket and football for golf, and are competing with each other as to who can "drive the longest ball."—Exchange.

The eggs of the modern improved breeds of fowls have gained one-third weight, as compared with eggs formerly laid.

Sand-burrs come from seed, and may easily be destroyed in one season by cutting them down as fast as they appear.

For scrofula, Salt rheum, etc., Take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A title will often sell a book and always buy an American girl.

It frequently turns out that nasal catarrh begins with influenza and ends with consumption. Old Sam's Catarrh Cure is the sure remedy for quickly driving it from the system. Price 25c. "Sleep and pleurisy of it must be had by the baby; and if the rest is broken or prevented by attacks of colic, stomach or bowel disorders, give at once Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, which will relieve the pain, induce refreshing slumber and consequent health.

"Do you know why that fellow at the opposite table keeps his paper all the time so before his face?" "Why, of course. The man at this table is his tailor."

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming Up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold at Biery's or Thomas' drugstore.

The lid of the place that Job Ingersoll says doesn't exist seem to be getting pretty thin this year.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Head-Ache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold at Biery's or Thomas' drugstore.

Mulch the strawberries after the ground is frozen. You can then drive a team righ over the beds.

He Yelled Kemp's Balsam.

I yell "Take Kemp's Balsam, the best cough cure." I always do when I hear a nasty cough, and I can't help it. It saved me and it will cure you. I was threatened with pneumonia last winter and it broke it up. It helps the children out when their throats are sore, cures their coughs, and tastes so good. The first dose helps you. So writes A. R. Arnold, engineer on the West Shore Rr., at Canajoharie, N. Y.

The thimble has only been in use about two hundred years. Previous to that time a boy's head had to be thumped with something else.

Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills.

An important discovery. They act on the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new principle. They speedly cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles and constipation Splendid for men, women and children. Smallest, mildest, surest. 30 doses for 25 cents. Samples free at T. D. Thomas' and W. F. Biery's Drug Store.

An Iowa man named his boy Twice so that lightning wouldn't strike him in the same spot.

Hold it to the Light.

The man who tells you confidentially just what will cure your cold is prescribing Kemp's Balsam this year. In the preparation of this remarkable medicine for coughs and colds no expense is spared to combine only the best and purest ingredients. Hold a bottle of Kemp's Balsam to the light and look through it; notice the bright, clear look; then compare with other remedies. Large bottles at all druggists, 50 cents and $1. Sample bottle free.

A horse is a most sagacious animal, and never more so than in sizing up his driver.

Don't Stand that Pain.

It don't do to neglect nature's warning, aches through the system cause rheumatism, neuralgia, backache and pain in the side; a prompt and safe remedy is required. Red Flag Oil, the famous pain cure, fills the bill. Price 25 cents.

Are you consumptive, or do you suffer with a cough or cold? If so, see Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottle free at Thomas' Drug Store.

Every man is worth just as much as the things are worth about which he busies himself.

A Safe Investment

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of throat, lungs or chest, such as consumption, inflammation of lungs, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at Reber's Drug Store.

People who borrow trouble never have to go very far to get it.

I Don't Want a Doctor.

I have tried them, and they have have only swindled me. I have figured up what they cost me for the last four years, it was just $524.31. If I had it now it would be a fortune to me. This year my bill for medicine was only five dollars, for which I purchased six bottles of Sulphur Bitters. They cured me of scrofula after suffering four years.—P. J. Cummings, Troy, N. Y.

The happiness that is quite understood at last becomes tiresome. To give it a zest we must have ups and downs. The difficulty which are usually mingled with love awaken passion and increase pleasure.

Great Discoverers.

What Bell and Edison are to the telephone and Electricity, says the Pittsburg News, Dr. Franklin Miles, the well-known specialist in nervous diseases, is to the nervous system and nerve fluid. Among his numerous discoveries the Restorative Nervine is undoubtedly one of the greatest. It is unsurpassed in nervousness, dyspepsia, headache, epilepsy, neuralgia, backache, melancholly, sleeplessness, change of life, etc. Free trial bottles of it may be had of Thomas and Biery, Druggists. All should read his "New and Startling Facts for the Afflicted," a very able, interesting and finely illustrated book. Free to all.

People have got to be shocked to wake them out of old absurd routine. Use paralyzes us to almost every injustice. When people are shocked they begin to think and inquire.

When, from any cause, the digestive and secretory organs become disordered, they may be stimulated to healthy action by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. These Pills are prescribed by the best physicians, and are for sale at all the drug stores.

Pet the heifer, says an exchange. Yes, and keep up the petting until the "heifer" is too old to milk.