Every Horse Should Have It.

It is and always convenient to call a physician for every little ailment. Haven Red Pine Oil is the house you have a Physician always at hand; it kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cts.

There are few things in life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them. Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure has never failed Colds, Coughs and Consumption. Price 25 and 50 cents at Thomas' Drug Store.

The reason why so many old families die out is because the younger ones have not bee some enough to swarm. They want to stay together and live on each other until they all starve.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers do not be without it. For lame back, side, or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold at Bierr's or Thomas' drug store.

A comic opera has just been written which deals with baseball matters. It then is an umpire in it it would be better described as a tragedy.

Something for the New Year.

The world renowned success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and their continued popularity for over a third of a century as a stomachic, is scarcely more wonderful than the welcome that greets the annual appearance of Hostetter's Almanac. This valuable medical treatise is published by the Hostetter Company, Pittsburg, Pa., under their own immediate supervision, employing 80 hands in that department. They are running about 11 months in the year on this work, and the issue of same for 1891 will be more than ten millions, printed in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish languages. Refer to a copy of it for valuable and interesting reading concerning health, and numerous testimonials as to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, amusement, varied information, astronomical calculations and chronological items, &c., which can be depended on for correctness. The Almanac for 1891 can be obtained free of cost, from druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the country.

Read in a shop window near one of the principal Paris cemeteries: "We make a specialty of onion soup, which we furnish where refreshments are provided at funerals.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial size free. At all druggists.

Somebody suggests that it is useless to go to the expense of buying works on Volapuk. The dialect stories in the average magazine will answer all practical purposes.

If Sufferers from Consumption

Coughs and Colds will try Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure, they will find quick relief and permanent benefit. The medical profession declare it a remedy of the highest value. Try it. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels and liver. Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator removes all these troubles. Trial bottles free at Thomas' Drug Store.

—The heart of a man guillotined in France recently continued to beat six minutes after the head was severed.

Eupepsy.

This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you good digestion and oust the demon dyspepsia and install instead eupepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for dyspepsia and all diseases of the liver, stomach and kidneys. Sold at 50c and $1.00 per bottle by Reber, Druggist.

—Praise everybody for everything they do to make the world happier or better.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The BEST Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by REBER druggist.

—At Eureka, Cal., one of the miners has a pet sheep that follows him all through the mine.

What is the Use

Of buying worthless medicines, and spending money on quack doctors whose only idea is to gull the public? Is it not better to buy reliable medicine like Sulphur Bitters? I think so, as they cured me of catarrh after suffering three years.—F. P. Clark, Manchester.

—Norwegian women are said by travelers always to look sad and pent over. They have low foreheads and high cheek bones, and walk about with their eyes cast on the ground.

The special quality of Ayer's Hair Vigor is that it restores the natural growth, color, and texture of the hair. It vitalizes the roots and follicles, removes dandruff, and heals itching humors in the scalp. In this respect, it surpasses all similar preparations.

—A young woman who has a dressmaking establishment in New York city, makes her rent by storing furs, wraps and winter dresses for her customers during the warm weather.

Sweet and balmy slumber secured for the little ones suffering withcoughs and colds by the use of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents a bottle.

I have had occasion to try Salvation Oil in my family for neuralgia and rheumatism. In every instance it effected a permanent cure. I also tried it on my child suffering with a sprained back with like succes. I take pleasure in recommending it to all. P. S. Costello, 321 Park Ave. Balto, Md.

—The State geologist of New Jersey says the coast of that State is sinking at the rat of at least two feet in a century. Other observers hold that the rate is much more rapid.

They All Failed.

The following letter from Mr. W. A. Thomson, of Columbus, Wis., is peculiarly interesting: "My wife," says he, "has been treated for her head, stomach and nervous prostration by three doctors in New York, two in Chicago, one in Philadelphia, one in Cincinnati, and at the large institute in Buffalo for 16 months. They all failed. But one bottle of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine helped her wonderfully." This should be used in all headaches, backaches, changes of life, nervous disturbances, fits, neuralgia, etc. Ask at T. D. Thomas, and W. F. Biery drug store for a trial bottle and Dr. Miles' new book on the Nervous and Heart.

Somebody predicts that "the telephone will develop in time so that everybody will be compelled to have it. The messenger boy must go." We have a great deal of faith in science, but we don't believe that it will be able to make the messenger boy go.

—More women in proportion to population are employed in industrial occupations in England than in any other European country. Twelve per cent of the industrial classes are females.

—When a steamer passes over the Port Huron (Mich.) tunel the noise of the wheel can be readily heard in the hole, which is least forty feet under the water.

—Praise your husband for everything he does well.

A FAREWELL.

Farewell, O year of mine!
I care not
The time is come, and time
Will wait a delay.
Farewell and debt to me
Will then remain
No future hour
Brings them again.

She stands, the Future drest,
And draws me on,
And shows me dearest eyes—
But then art gone:
Treasures and hopes more fair
Bears she for me,
And yet I linger,
Oh, dream, stay thee.

Other and brighter days
Perhaps she brings;
Deeper and holier souls
Perchance she sings;
But then and I, fair Hope,
We can not sever;
Oh, dream of mine,
Farewell forever.

Death Catches Them All.

The sudden and awful death of Engineer McFadden recalls very vividly a story that is told about the brave and nervy man who met his fate while at his post of duty. Engineer McFadden, as is well known, was connected with the old Oregon and California Railroad Company for many years. During that time (extending over a period of twenty-two years) he had been in a good many accidents and had run many narrow escapes. All will vividly remember the fearful accident at Lebanon Junction last Summer a year ago, in which Engineer John ("Big Jack") Miller and Fireman Quint Guthrie were killed. The tragic fate of "Big Jack" seemed to have made a very strong and lasting impression on the mind of Engineer McFadden, and had been regarded by him somewhat in the light of a presentiment. Very soon after Miller's death an old friend of McFadden met the latter, and, naturally, the circumstances of the accident and the fate of Miller were discussed. "Well, John," said the old gentleman, "the fate of poor Jack ought to be taken as a warning by all you railroaders. Take my advice and get out of it while your skin is whole. Better get out of such dangerous business." McFadden smiled sadly and said he knew it was full of danger, and added, "It catches nearly every fellow with his boots on who follows railroading long enough."

Not long after Miller's death, McFadden met with an accident near Turner Station. The train was coming down the track at a lively rate, when the locomotive suddenly ploughed into a band of frightened sheep. The crushed and mangled carcasses kept piling up in front of the engine until they reached a height of several feet. McFadden put on brakes and reversed, but the locomotive climbed up on top of the bleeding mass of mutton and went over into the ditch. McFadden and the fireman had a very narrow escape from death, and did not come out of it without serious injuries. McFadden was laid up for some time, but on recovering went back like a brave fellow to his post of danger. The dreadful accident of Wednesday evening tells the story of his instant death. His prediction, "It catches all with their boots on who follow it long enough," had its ghastly fulfillment.—Portland Oregonian.

Roping a Tiger.

A tiger of considerable size had control of the east end of the E. T., V. and G. switching yards last night. It ran afoul in that locality from about 11:30 last night until 7 o'clock this morning. The Forepaugh circus wagons were being loaded on the cars east of Crozier street. A switch engine was shoving some cars about, when one of them became derailed, colliding violently with two cage wagons, and the cage containing three tigers was badly damaged. The woodwork was crushed in, leaving a hole of sufficient size for the tigers to get out.

One of the animals leaped from the cage on to the flat car, and from there to the ground. The two remaining ones were about to follow suit when the trainer and several other employees of the circus rushed up to the cage and prevented their exit. But one of the tigers was at large, and as soon as the fact became generally known a stampede of the people in that vicinity occurred. Even the circus men struck out for tall timber, and rushed to inform the managers.

Preparations for the capture of the tiger were made. One of the Texas cowboys, said the one most perfect in handling a lasso, was detailed to make the attempt. The man handling the tiger was also instructed to assist in the dangerous duty, and the pair went to work. They located the tiger about a stone's throw from the cage in which he had been confined. The huge brute was crouched under a box car, between the rails. His eyes shone brightly, and looked to his captors as large as two full moons. A large dry goods box was procured, a hole bored in the bottom, and the box placed on its side convenient to the animal. The end of the lasso was shoved through the hole, and about 4 o'clock this morning the Texan threw the rope. His judgment was perfect, and the lariat dropped over the neck and left foreleg of the brute to a nicety. Then the work of landing the animal in the box began. He was pulled up to it slowly, and though he resisted considerably was at last safely lodged in the box, but not until he had torn off one glove worn by the cowboy and lacerated his hand badly.

The box was nailed up, and the tiger, with the men as guards, left for Morristown on the North Carolina train this morning.—Knoxville Sentinel.

A Cane Made of Leather.

"Here is something odd in canes," said a dealer to a reporter. "Curious grain, to the wood, isn't it?

The cane was about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and had a curved top ending in a silver horse's hoof. It was very dark. The grain seemed to run around in rings, the upper part of each ring being darker than the lower.

"It was made of leather buttons," continued the dealer, "slipped over the ramrod of an army musket, by a shoemaker at the Indiana Reform School in 1872. The ramrod belonged to the musket the man carried during the war of the rebellion. He cut the pieces of sole leather with a die, punched a hole of the right size in the middle, shaved them to a wedge shape where the curve came, and forced them on and compressed them with a screw cut on what is now the ferrule of the cane, and then soaked the whole in varnish. It required two quarts of varnish to get it into shape. It is a beauty, and it would sell for fifty dollars if I wanted to part with it."

Love in the Depths.

When fish or bird has a number of aliases it is equivalent to saying that it is dear to the dwellers of the country. And this is true of the tiny stickleback, our most best building fresh water fish. In the spring the little fellow's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, and he is ardent in love as in war. Now his colors become bright and intense and his under parts glow with silvery crimson, and his eyes and cheeks are metallic blue. The brilliant olive-green lustre of his body has been likened to the green feathers of a humming bird, and the whole fish is glowing with internal brightness. With the light full upon him he is almost transparent; and now he assumes a warlike disposition, indulging in battles fearful and prolonged. In nest building the stickleback collect delicate fibrous materials which they process to work up into a circular mass having a hole in the centre.

The tiny nest takes about twelve hours to construct, and as it proceeds to completion the excitement of the little architect becomes intense. The respondent male stickleback swims round and round, imparting a finishing touch here and there with his snout, hovering about the orifice and fanning the water with his pectoral fins the while. The tiny eggs are hatched in about a month, and now nothing can exceed his attention. He is absolutely unremitting in his loving watchfulness. He will fight floating objects with the greatest gallantry, even to the giving up of his brave little life. An enemy a hundred times his size has no terrors for him when the lives of his tiny fluttering fry are at stake.

Cures Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Sick Stomach, Giddiness, Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Kidney trouble and all delicate Female Complaints. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cents.

LAXADOR LAXADOR

DREXEL'S BELL COLOGNE
Fragrant! Lasting!
The Leading Perfume for the Toilet and Handkerchief.
Sold by all dealers. Price 25 cts.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP
CURES COUGHS & COLDS FOR 25 ¢

SALVATION OIL
Price only 25 cts. Sold by all druggists.
Will relieve Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Lumbago, Sprains, Headache, Toothache, Sores, Burns, Wounds, Cuts, Scalds, Backache, Frostbites, Chapped Hands and Face, Gout, or any bodily pain or ailment.

CHEW LANGE'S PLUGS, The Great tobacco Anti-dote.—Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.

MANY MEN FIND THAT

Storms, snows, drenching rains, and furious winds are a part of the regular routine of life. Two-thirds of the sickness through life is caused by colds; you cannot be too well protected in stormy weather to avoid them. Aman having a "Fish Brand Slicker" may be exposed to a storm for twenty-four hours at a stretch, and still be protected from every drop of rain, besides being shielded from the biting winds. No matter what your occupation, if you are liable to be caught in any kind of snow storm, you should have on hand a "Fish Brand Slicker." It will surely save your health, and perhaps your life. Beware of worthless imitations. Every garment stamped with the "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free.

A. J. TOWER, - Boston, Mass.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effect and does not blister. Read proof below:

BROOKLYN, CONN., May 5, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Gents—Last Summer I cured a Curb upon my horse with your celebrated Kendall's Spavin Cure and it was the same you I ever saw done. I have a double spavin mostly, having used it with perfect success, and can say anything I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad Spavin that inside him lame. He asked me how to cure it. I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. He cured the Spavin in just three weeks.
Yours respectfully,
WOLCOTT WITTER.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 4, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Dear Sirs:—I have been selling more of Kendall's Spavin Cure and Fleming's Condition Powders than ever before. One man said to me, it was the best Powder I ever kept and the best he ever used.
Respectfully,
OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

CHITTENANGO, N. Y., May 19, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Dear Sirs:—I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success. It is valuable and blended more than was quite lame with a bone spavin. The mare is now entirely free from lameness and shows no bunch on the joint.
Respectfully, F. H. HOFFMAN.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

MONROE, LA., May 4, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Gents—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for your far famed Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a four year old filly which I prized very highly. She had a very severe swollen leg. I tried almost eight different kinds of medicines which did no good. I purchased a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure which cured her in four days.
I remain yours,
MARION DOWDEN.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

RUPTURE
—Thousands have been permanently cured by—
DR. J. B. MAYER 831 ARCH ST
PHILADELPHIA, PA. Ease at once, no operation or loss of time from business. Cases pronounced incurable by others skillfully treated. Advice Free. Office Hours 9 to 8.

Prof. ALEXANDER BOUDROU,
THE GREATEST LIVING WONDER OF THE AGE.
MIRACULOUS REMEDY.

I am now 71 years of age. Was a student of Medicine and Surgery for seven years under the famous Dr. Nelson, and after ten years' hard study and in consultation with seven of the most eminent physicians in the city of Philadelphia since 1871, I have discovered the cure of many so-called incurable disease.

It can no longer be doubted that the same can be cured; that paralyzed limbs can be restored to their natural use, and general debility cured. Congestion of the brain, apoplexy, results of sunstroke and the worst cases of rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, liver complaint, Bright's disease of the kidneys, hip and bone disease, catarrh, bronchitis, chronic dysentery, and so-called heart disease and diphtheria, all entirely cured with pure medicines of my own preparation, if used properly as directed.

During nine years over 10,000 persons in this city alone have used these medicines and are living witnesses of their worth. All their names can be obtained by calling at the office and laboratory of Professor Boudrou, No. 1727 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia. I was myself injured in the spine and paralyzed for seven years and pronounced incurable by seven of the most able physicians and surgeons of this city. I am now well and healthy, having cured myself with my own medicines.

Do not fail to be in those prejudiced against improvement in medicine and die, when you can be saved.

I will not go into practice myself, being over 60 years of age, but will sell my medicines. I have two eminent physicians connected with me to attend to calling at the residences of the sick if required.

Come one, come all sufferers and be restored to health, cured by those pure medicines and thus see experience and believe for yourselves.

Office and Laboratory open daily from 7 A. M. to 8:00 P. M. Call or address PROF. ALEXANDER BOUDROU, 1727 N. 10th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

A GOOD LIBRARY.

THE EVERYDAY MAN CAN GET ALONG WITH 2,500 VOLUMES.

Only Those Books That Have Been Read Are Truly Open to—What May be Accomplished in 45 Years—Books Bearing Upon a Hobby.

Nine intelligent men out of ten, if asked how many books they would care to have in a private library, would probably put the number well up toward five thousand. Yet that number is vastly in excess of most men's need. Books are much like food. The man who does not deal in them needs no more than he can easily digest. The man who has a library of even three thousand books, exclusive of reference books, is not likely to know his own library. But one can hardly be said to possess a library that he has not read. The real lover of books will for the most part care to have in his house only those books that are as familiar to him as the faces of his friends. He should be able to glance over his "book utensils" with the knowledge that every one is his by virtue of intellectual mastery. It is not necessary that he should have read every word of every book, but it is necessary that he should be familiar with the spirit of each, and that he should have thoroughly mastered the contents of many.

Measured by these rules, the size of a private library dwindles to a number far below that likely to be fixed by most persons of whom an opinion on the subject might be asked. If a man begins the collection of a library at twenty-five years of age, and sets before himself the ownership of 2,500 books worth having and worth reading, he will find that he has laid out almost a lifetime's reading. If it be supposed that before beginning his collection he has read three hundred volumes worthy of a permanent place in his library, there will be still 2,200 volumes to be read between the age of twenty-five and the coming on of the time wherein no man can read. If he be allowed forty-five years of reading, he must average nearly fifty books a year—almost one a week. Perhaps this does not seem so formidable to the men and women who devour fifty Summer novels in a season. Indeed, it is not formidable to any habitual reader of even serious books, but the library in question is not only to be read, but to be mastered. A lad of sixteen boasted that he had read all of Shakespeare in a single Winter, and doubtless he did so; but the grown man does not count a play of Shakespeare read until he has gone over it at least a dozen times, and after that, scenes and passages are left for further study.

Every man that has the ambition to own a considerable library probably has also some intellectual hobby, some subject upon which he wishes to make himself especially well informed. If so, he must keep a corner in his library for books bearing upon this subject. These books might figure among his 2,500 as technical. Then if he read French or German or the ancient classics, or all of them, he must make room for such books in the original tongues. If he read only English, yet be determined to make himself a fairly cultivated student of literature, he must have some of these books in translation. If English books strictly proper to literature he must include the poets, the best novels of the best novelists, the essayists; three or four standard historians, besides smaller historical works, some political economy; some physical science; a fair share of biography and theology; three or four writers representing the great schools of moral philosophy; something on art; some volumes of travel, and many miscellaneous books not easily classified under any of these heads. Probably no two men would pick out exactly the same 2,500 books, for a man's library must, in a measure, express his character and tastes, if it is to be what a library should be—a source of daily intellectual inspiration. Of course, such a library as is under consideration would have no room for technical books save on the owner's hobby. Neither could it contain complete sets of many writers. It would have room for only the best books by the best authors, and by reason of the process of continual reading, it would probably be no two years the same.

Imagination Killed Her.

A remarkable instance of the hold superstition has upon the mind of even the educated and religious was recently exhibited in the case of Mrs. Rebecca Byrnos, of Helena, Ark., a lady noted for her intellectual attainments and pious life. One morning, arising in what seemed her usual health and spirits, she summoned her children to her. One son was residing in Topeka, Kas., one in New Orleans, two daughters were married and living in Sedalia, Mo., but obedient to their mother's call they came at once, though ignorant of the reason of the summons.

When all were about her the lady informed them that she had a dream in which her husband, who has been dead for nearly fifteen years, had warned her that she had only ten days more of life. She had sent for her children to bid them goodby, which she proceeded to do with much calmness, but with the air of one who had not the slightest doubt that she was already dying. Her friends attempted to reason with her and to point out the folly of placing such perfect confidence in a dream, but all to no purpose, for she persisted in asserting that she would depart from earth on such a day and exactly at a certain hour.

Her pastor remonstrated with her and even brought the severest censure to bear on her superstitious credulity, and at last Mrs. Byrnes ceased to speak of the matter, so that her family had begun to think she had conquered her fancy. She continued in excellent health and pursued her usual daily life, but just before the hour she had predicted would be that of her death she sought her children and bade them good by, then seating herself quietly in an armchair expired just as the hour was struck. The physicians declare that her death was due solely to her imagination.—Philadelphia Times.

Rich Milk From Gen. Reagan's Cow.

Gen. Reagan has a cow that he dotes on, and he is never better pleased than when relating some of her very many superior qualities. Squire Reagan is responsible for the following, which he says is nothing uncommon for the cow:

A bucket of the rich milk was left at the cow lot one night and a large toad got in it. He kicked around until at last he found himself high and dry on a huge bed of butter, and hopped away when the General came down for the milk pail.—Cairo Georgian.

Women's Foot Wear.

"Why in thunder?" said a New Yorker the other day after an hour's walk on Broadway, "do women who haven't got pretty feet and who knows they haven't got pretty feet if they know anything at all about themselves, wear just the footing that puts their feet at their very worst. A woman with big, shapeless feet or crooked feet can afford to wear but one kind of boot—a laced one—and never a low shoe under any circumstances. A button boot does all very well for the first few days while it still buttons trim and snug about the ankles, but every woman knows that it does this for a few days only; then it loosens and begins to take on the shape of the foot exaggerating its peculiarities every day just a little. And by and by, before the boot is half worn out, it is a kind of caricature of her foot, with every defect and imperfection exaggerated. The lace boot doesn't do this, because it can be drawn up every morning like a new boot, holding the foot always firmly and securely, and so acts a corrective against any tendency the foot has to be ill-shaped and spreading. But women do not seem to have discovered this at all, or, in a very few cases, and so they goon buttoning up their street boots with as much satisfaction as if they weren't giving the best possible opportunity to their feet to be as pulpy and spreading and crooked as they choose."—Shoe and Leather Review.

People who never read directions are the first to complain that

Wolff's ACME Blacking

accumulates on the shoes. Shall we say it is useless to appeal to their intelligence, and call them "Habitual Growlers?"

Ask in Drug, Paint and House Furnishing Stores for Pik-Ron, which
WILL STAIN OLD A NEW FURNITURE
WILL STAIN GLASS AND CHINAWARE
WILL STAIN TINWARE
WILL STAIN YOUR OLD BASKETS
WILL STAIN BABY'S COACH AND
Equals at the same time.
PIK-RON
ACTS LIKE MAGIC. TRY IT.
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

SULPHUR BITTERS

THE GREAT German Remedy.

TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

For those dreadly Bilious Spells depend on SULPHUR BITTERS it will cure you.

Do you suffer with that tired and all gone feeling; If so, use SULPHUR BITTERS it will cure you.

Operatives who are closely confined in the mills and workshops; clerks, who do not procure sufficient exercise, and all who are confined in doors, should use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will not then be weak and sickly.

If you do not wish to suffer from Rheumatism, use a bottle of SULPHUR BITTERS it never fails to cure.

Don't be without a bottle. Try it; you will not regret it.

Ladies in delicate health, who are all run down, should use SULPHUR BITTERS.

$1,000 will be paid for a case where SULPHUR BITTERS will not assist or cure. It never fails.

Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see it breaking through the skin in Pimples, Blotches and Sores. Rely on SULPHUR BITTERS and health will follow.

SULPHUR BITTERS will cure Liver Complaint. Don't be discouraged; it will cure you.

SULPHUR BITTERS will build you up and make you strong and healthy.

SULPHUR BITTERS will make your blood pure, rich and strong, and your flesh hard.

Try SULPHUR BITTERS to-night, and you will sleep well and feel better for it.

Do you want the best Medical Work published? Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. ORDWAY & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy, free.

Read the Advocate.

Indigestion

Is not only a distressing complaint, of itself, but, by causing the blood to become depraved and the system enfeebled, is the parent of innumerable maladies. That Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best cure for Indigestion, even when complicated with Liver Complaint, is proved by the following testimony from Mrs. Joseph Lake, of Brockway Centre, Mich.:—

"Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For more than four years I suffered untold agony, was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at all. Within the time mentioned several physicians treated me without giving relief. Nothing that I took seemed to do any permanent good until I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has produced wonderful results. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an improvement in my condition. My appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months of faithful attention to your directions, I found myself a new woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

If You Have
No appetite, Indigestion, Flatulence, Sick Headache, "all run down," losing flesh, you will find
Tutt's Pills
the remedy you need. They tone up the weak stomach and build up the flagging energies. Sufferers from mental or physical overwork will find relief from them. Nicely sugar coated.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Stoves,
Tinware,
Heaters and
Ranges,
—In Great Variety at—
SAMUEL GRAVER'S
Popular Store, Bank Street.

Roofing and Spouting a specialty. Stove repairs furnished on short notice
Reasonable!

Purely local in our aim.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation to employment at which you can earn that amount. No money to be earned at home should any one think. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and put into employment a number who are making over $3000 a year each. Address, if you desire full particulars, FREE, Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

MONEY We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new trade and those who follow our instructions are sure to succeed. Beginners are earning from $5 to $20 per week and upwards, and want help. Expensive outfit and valuable information FREE. No capital required. Any person can do the work. Full particulars free. Address at once, TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE POLICE GAZETTE

is the only illustrated paper in the world containing all the latest sensational and sporting news. No saloon keeper, barber or club room can afford to be without it. It always makes friends wherever it goes.

Mailed to any address in the United States securely wrapped, 13 weeks for $1.

Send five cents for sample copy.

Richard K. Fox,
Franklin Square, New York City.

Clever Wrens.

On Farmer Harvey M. Van Stekle's place, in Silver Lake township, near Scranton, Pa., a two-story stone milk house has been standing for more than fifty years. When the masons built it they knocked the mouth from an old earthen jug and cemented the jug into the solid wall toward the peak, leaving the open end on the outside of the wall. The kind-hearted workmen put the jug there for a purpose, and every summer since then wrens have nested in it.

This season a pair of bluebirds got there a few hours before the wrens did, took possession of the jug without any ceremony, and began to carry bits of straw and dried grass into it at intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes. Toward noon a pair of wrens flitted into the yard and sailed around the milk house two or three times. Then they made a dive for the opening in the old jug, darted into it, and soon flew out, squalling spitefully. The reason why they did this was because they had found one of the bluebirds fixing things up inside.

The surprised bluebird sailed out in the wren's wake, and then a feathered warfare was begun that lasted for two hours. Finding a stranger in a home that had been occupied by wrens for half a century, made the little wrens mad all over. They pitched into the bluebird and tried to drive it away, giving vent to angry pipes and squalls as they fought. For a time the bluebird gave battle to the little birds, but the two were more than a match for it, and it retired to a tree. While it was perched there, the wrens flew into the jug and started to drag out the straw and stuff the bluebirds had carried in.

The wrens were busy cleaning out the jug when the bluebird on the tree was joined by its mate. All at once they took a bee line for the jug. They darted into it like a flash, and in a second the wrens came out as though they had been fired. They hadn't been cowed down by the larger birds by a long sight, for they immediately turned, darted into the jug, and drove the bluebirds out. Then the four feathered combatants had it back and forth among the trees for half an hour, neither party entering the jug while the battle lasted.

Finally they stopped fighting, and each side began to carry things into the jug. The wrens made two trips while the bluebirds were making one, and late in the afternoon the wrens had filled the hole so full of twigs that the bluebirds couldn't get in. There was room for the wrens to go in and out, and they held the fort against their bigger foes, who made several attempts to tear the barrier of twigs away, but without success. Toward sundown the bluebirds sailed away and never came back, and the wrens have had possession of the old jug ever since.

Devices to Banish Melancholy.

When you are gloomy and unhappy for no apparent cause, inclined to brood over imaginary troubles and sigh for the unattainable, take yourself in hand at once. Think of your own blessings, and the troubles of other people, not limiting your sympathy to yourself. Visit places of public amusement, picture galleries, libraries or museums of curiosities; try to find some desultory distraction, by casually seeing busy men, and observing current things, or by reading, superficially and miscellaneously, the lightest literature of the day. Read interesting books as long as you find pleasure in them. If you do not care for sedentary occupation, go into the open air—driving, riding, walking or the like, but never alone. Begin some severe work, either of business or amateurship; endeavor to give it your whole mind. So soon as you find yourself strongly interested in any occupation that involves no cgotty, give your full strength to it; nay, do not hesitate to commit yourself so far, to the execution of what you have undertaken, that your self-respect, a love of the good opinion of your fellow-men, will make you ashamed to leave it unfinished. Seek the society of those whose tastes are thoroughly congenial; by conversation, or by pleasure excursion, or some other general amusement, get you outside of yourself, and aloof from your broodings, as widely and quickly as you may. Alternate upon these rules, when practicable, as either one becomes irksome, until your fevered self-consciousness has acquired a normal pulse; then resume your real life-work.

A Cheer for the Dutchmen.

A cheer is due the Dutchmen. When the Prinz Frederick collided with the English ship Marpesa, the commander of a detachment of Dutch colonial troops which happened to be on board immediately ordered the assembly sounded, and the men fell in on the deck like clockwork, in the face of certain loss of the ship. Their conduct was an invaluable example to the passengers and crew for although the entire company were then transferred to the boats with perfect quiet and despatch, the Prinz Frederick went down as the last boat left her side. She carried with her six Dutch privates and an officer, who doubtless had been overwhelmed by the waters rushing in at the point of collision.

THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS has won the foremost place among Pennsylvania newspapers by the liberality, enterprise, and fairness with which it conducts its business, reports great events, and the completeness with which it records, day by day, the life of the city, State and country.

Its field is world-wide, and its staff, its special correspondents, so many and well-organized, its source of news so numerous that it appeals to a wider constituency than any other newspaper ever published in Pennsylvania.

"THE PRESS," said one of the managers of the Western Union Telegraph Company, now receives more telegraphic news than all the other Philadelphia newspapers combined." Its statements are authoritative and conclusive, and THE PRESS presents as daily witnesser to its truth, its twelve to twenty-four bright and interesting pages.

But it is not only by its news enterprise—by the zeal, energy, and integrity of its reporters and correspondents that THE PRESS has won and held the confidence of its many thousands of readers, representing every age and every condition of life, every trade and every profession, every faith and every political opinion. It is the excellence and varied interest of THE PRESS as a general family journal, appealing to women as well as to men, which have made for it so many friends at home, and extended its reputation throughout the country. It points every important event of the world's progress.

The printing of news always its first business, but its columns are also enriched by contributions from the most gifted special writers, the most famous novelists, and some of the most eminent public men of the time. The literary engagements already made for 1891, probably surpass in number and variety, and nearly equal in cost, any contemporary magazine, for the field and resources of such a newspaper as THE PRESS make it not only a daily historian, but a daily forum and a daily tribune.

Its steadily growing profits and its steadfast constituency not only demand, but insure progress. The greatest authors, as well as the brightest news correspondents, find their largest profits derived from any Pennsylvania newspaper, as well as their best Pennsylvania audience. In DAILY SUNDAY, and WEEKLY PRESS.

In politics THE PRESS is Republican, but it knows no other master than the people whose rights, aspirations, and needs it always defends. It has no enemies to punish, no individual political ambitions to foster or promote, and is subservient to no politician or clique. Faithful to the great body of readers and voters, whom it truly represents, it promotes their interest and influence by faithfully upholding them. Its editorial opinions are fearless and frank—never captious, but always impartial. In its pages the workingmen finds as ready audience as the capitalist. To all commercial and industrial progress, to the best thought and best action in every sphere of human enterprise, it accords a generous and enlightened hospitality. In the columns of THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS justice finds "all seasons summer."

Terms of The Press.

By mail, postage free in the United States and Canada.

Daily (except Sunday), one year,	$6.00
" " one month,	.50
" (including Sunday), one year,	7.50
" " one month,	.60
Sunday, one year,	2.00
WEEKLY PRESS, one year,	1.00

Drafts, Checks and other Remittances should be made payable to the order of

The Press Company, Limited
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE DYKES OF HOLLAND.

Almost the Only Perfectly Dry Land Seen From the Ocean Side.

A certain zealous dame is said to have once attempted to sweep the ocean away with a broom. The Dutch have been wiser than this. They are slow and deliberate people. Desperation may use brooms, but deliberation prefers clay and solid masonry. So, slowly and deliberately, the dykes, those great hill-like walls of cement and stone, have risen to breast the buffeting waves. And the funny part of it is, they are so skillfully slanted and paved on the outside with flat stones that the efforts of the thumping waves to beat them down only make them all the firmer.

These Holland dykes are among the wonders of the world. I cannot say for how many miles they stretch the coast, and throughout the interior; but you may be sure that wherever a dyke is necessary to keep back the encroaching waters, there it is. Otherwise, nothing would be there—at least, nothing in the form of land; nothing but a fearful illustration of the principal law of hydrostatics—water always seeks its level.

Sometimes the dykes, however carefully built, will "spring a leak," and if not attended to at once, terrible results are sure to follow. In threatened places guards are stationed at intervals, and a steady watch is kept up night and day. At the first signal of danger, every Dutchman within hearing of the startling bell is ready to rush to the rescue. When the weak spot is uncovered, what do you think is used to meet the emergency? What, but straw—everywhere else considered the most helpless of all things! Water! let straw, in the hands of the Dutchman, is a will of its own. Woven into huge mats and securely pressed against the embankment, it defies even a rushing tide, eager to sweep over the country.

These dykes form almost the only perfectly dry land to be seen from the ocean side. They are high and wide, with fine carriage roads on top, sometimes lined with buildings and trees. Lying on one side of them, nearly on a level with the edge, is the sea, lake, canal or river, as the case may be; on the other, the flat lands, stretching dampy along at their base, and at cottage roofs are so nearly on a level with the shining line of water. Frogs squatting on the shore can take quite a bird's eye view of the landscape, and little fish wriggle their tails higher than the tops of the willows nearby. Horses look complacently down upon the bell towers, and men in skiffs and canal boats sometimes know when they are passing their friend Dick