A VISION OF DECEMBER.

Along of that time when the forests are On the moor, within the sound of the belfries, Twelve mystical spirits, the months of the Set the chimes a-ringing!

With laughter and song they dance in their And deep in the circle their footsteps have hoary December, his beard on his Set the chimes a-ringing!

He thinks not of them, and his mind is away;
For he is too old, too old to be gay arty October or lily-crowned Set the chimes a-ringing!

And dreaming, still dreaming, he murmurs Fair memories forgotten, the tears on his cheeks;
But when the bells burst, he remembers and

Set the chimes a-ringing!

In the watch of this night, in the Orient I led in the Light of the World by the Thro' the pass of the hills which a glory o'er-Set the chimes a-ringing!

They hear him, they beed him, that reverend And the words he hath spoken shine out like the sun; Now the wild chant is hushed and the frolic

Set the chimes a-ringing!

Then sudden for praise and for joy that they owe, They, kissing his feet, kneel them down in the snow; And all for the sake of the Child that we

Set the chimes a-ringing! For the star of our hope in the gateways of morn, For the lover of love and the scorner of For the King that is come, for the Christ that

is born.
Set the chimes a-ringing!
—Louise Imogen Guiney.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I heard the bells on Christmas day Their old familiar carols play, And wild and sweet The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come, The belfries of all Christendom Had rolled along

The unbroken song Of peace on earth, good-will to men! Till ringing, singing on its way, The world revolved from night to day, A voice, a chime, A chant sublime,

Of peace on earth, good-will to men! But in despair I bowed my head-"There is no peace on earth." I said; "For hate is strong.

And mocks the song Of peace on earth, good-will to men!" Then pealed the bells more loud and deep, "God is not dead, nor doth He sleep!

The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail.
With peace on earth, good-will to men!

-Henry W. Longfellow.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.



like a glittering line.

gling of the stream filtering through the slimy piles underneath the pier, only the distant swash of a paddle broke upon the monotonous creaking of chains and cables, the same big, stiff ones that Old it still had a strange shrillness in the si-Tom Saunders had seen make fast the newly arrived bark at nightfall. He had been striding up and down the bare saddest. It came from the cabin of an deck of the dusky canal boat to keep old canal boat, came only for an instant himself warm ever since the stranger pier. He had heard screaming in the slip beyond the whistle of the tug boat He had heard screaming in the that had brough her in, and seen the bustling little craft steam away with the sparks and smoke from her tunnel Reaving a luminous trail in the dark. From that the gloom had been thicker ing up from the bay had wrapped the shipping in a shroud of moisture. There had been a clatter of voices for had been a clatter of voices for a while on the big bark, and he had been half orders; but all these had ceased long ago and now the clack hull of the new arrival fully, as though making sure that it was rese up in the gloom, solemn and silent, really there, and brushed it with a with her masts slightly tilted off and a rough, greasy sleeve. Then, without a lantern forward gleaming like a dim

Old Tom Saunders paced the deck of the dingy hulk he was on, with his pipe gripped fast between his teeth and his tered. hands stowed away down in the pockets of his threadbare pea-jacket. The bat-showe tered and decaying boat was no shaboier and more woe-legone than the man.
Old Tom he was by virtue of the years
that had turned his few straggling locks gray and drawn all sorts of deep him as such ever since he had come along on the old canal boat, a broken-down man with a favor of better times about him. Facetiously Old Tom, in consequence of the fondness for the tipple of that name which, it was hinted, had dragged him down to his present low estate. Old Tom Saunders had once them burly and he was still a hig man dragged him down to his present low estate. Old Tom Saunders had once been burly, and he was still a big man, but he had lost all his flesh. His face looked like worn parchment, and had that colorless, blenched out appearance which a life of constant excesses begets. There was also that nervous twit hing about the lips and that almless wander—shout he life of the fingers which betoken a constant that the life of the fingers which betoken a constant that the life of the fingers which betoken a constant that the life of the fingers which betoken a constant that the life of the fingers which betoken a constant that the life of the fingers which betoken a constant that the life of the fingers which betoken a constant that the solicitude at the tiny creature beside solicitude at the tiny creature beside her. "And it's so hard to see the poor dear suffering and be able to do nothing. Why, father, what is the matter?" he might well ask. The poor man was standing, with his head sunk upon his faded cheeks. His eyes were fixed upon the little cabin window, but it was clear that his mind was far away. ing of the fingers which betoken a con-

it was clear that his mind was far away. If the started as she spoke, and when he answered it was in a voice broken with sobs.

It low spirits indeed he seemed this night of Christmas Eve as he stopped at the stern of the canal boat to look off toward the big black warehouses that shut in the river side like a wall. Up in the air a reddish haze hung over the city where the lights of countless lamps on the thorougfares beneath had set the damp atmosphere aglow, and from some lofty buildings the radiance of electricity showed in the for, blue and pallid, as father. I've done all that, and I was a father. I've done all that, and I was a father. I've done all that, and I was a father. I've done all that, and I was a father.

half a groan. "Christmas Eve, and nary a bite in the locker nor a nickel in the pocket! It's blasted hard-blasted hard for a man that's seen better days."

He crunched the pipestem between his teeth and made another round of the deck, but stopped when he had reached the old place again.

"There's some as 'ud say 'twas misfortin did it. And some as 'ud croak 'bout ill-luck. 'Twusn't neither. 'Twas Rum and me own mulishness. Ef I dadn't driv that boy away, he'd be now makin' a good livin' for her, no matter what I wus about, and she wouldn't be in there dyin'-dyin' for a bite to eat."



As he spoke he glanced at the little pokey hole in the cabin, where a faint light glimmered, and turned again to the dark line of the water front.

"She was never the same after he went away-never the same bouncing gal that used to 'liven up the old house like a sunbeam. 'Twas that tuk all the go out And I had to get to work and blame her for sulkin' when her heart wus breakin'."

He took the pipe from his mouth and absently shoved it in his pocket.

'It might 'a been all right," he went on. 'It might 'a been all right of I hadn't carried on as I did till house and shop and everything went to smash. But I had to keep a goin' while the money lasted, and now—now," he repeated with a solemn inclination of the head, "it's gone."

He swung about to resume his lonesome walk, but the glimmer in the cabin brought him to a standstill.

"She's there," he said, and there was sorrow and remorse in his voice. "She's there nussin' his baby and thinkin' of its father; maybe cryin' her eyes out about And she a-dyin' by inches."

The rumble of a wagon came from the land side, and the sound of a horn away off in the streets sent down to the silent wharves a reminder of the holiday jollity going on ashore. The man started as he heard it.

"She won't be without her supper," he said, " Not while this here toy's lyin' around."

He groped a moment in his pocket and drew out a ring—a plain gold cir-clet, evidently the symbol of a consummated union.

"I had to sneak it away unbeknownst to her," he muttered, turning the shining trinket around in his fingers. "I'm afraid she'd take on a deal if she knowed it, for she hangs on to any keepsake of his for bare life. But what's the use." And the ring and hand that held it went down into the pocket again. "What's the use o' bein' senteemental and snickerin' over sich things when a square NOW had been falling early in the day,
but so lightly that
only a white fleck here

| NOW had been fall| meal can be got for it, and p'rapspraps a drop t' drive away the chill."
| He glanced, half frightened, half willing me."
| Old Tom a

distant housetops and though fearful of being confronted by a thin frosty layer the occupant of the cabin, reached the made the stringpiece side, looked back again and then stepped in the dark out upon the pier and slunk away.

It was only a moment's space after Down by the water's when there sounded among the low. edge the night was harsh whispers of the river something silent and gloomy. that seemed deep in the darkness, but Only the hoarse gur- not of it-something suggestive of heat

lent p'ace, and of all the sad voices of and died away in what fancy involuntahad loomed up on the other side of the rily pictured a mother's kisses and ca-

Old Tom heard it half way up to the wharf. He heard it and arrested his cautions footsteps and brought his face about in a twinkling to the tiny-lighted space in the cabin that barely reached his eye where he stood. The cry was seemed, intent upon that d m glimmer-ing pane. His hand mechanically groping in his pocket, touched the ring and conscious of fitting lights and hoarse sea it seemed to startle him. He took out the little trinket and looked at it careglance at the street on which he had been walking, he passed back along the pier, crossed to the boat again and walked straight up to the cabin and en-

A ship's lantern hanging from the roof showed a rough table, a couple of boxes, a tarpaulin, some ends of rope, and on a loosened and slanting berth an infant with a woman kneeling beside it. It was a pleasing face she turned up to the locks gray and drawn all sorts of deep old man as he came in—pleasing, and it furrows across his face. Familiarly Old had been very pretty—but there was a fom among the wharf men, who knew sad gauntness about it now and the dark, tendereyes looked out from blueish

"Where have you been, father?" she asked. "Baby has been restless again. I'm afraid that the child is growing This with a look of infinite

it was clear that his mind was far away. He started as she spoke, and when he

shut in the river side like a wall. Up in where the lights of countless lamps on the thorougfares beneath had set the damp atmosphere aglow, and from some would be a support and comfort tyou, and left that leetel creetur ithout a showed in the fog, blue and pallid, as death lights at some infernal orgic.

"So this is Christmas Eve, eh?" muttered Chl Tom with a snort that was a bad father to you, a reg'iar bad 'un, ain't I? I've ruined the little home you oughter be in, and brought you and the bight haze hung over the city you oughter be in, and brought you and the tark, and the yellow light forward showed a couple of seamen who had risen from a coil of rope. He turned the ward showed a couple of seamen who had risen from a coil of rope. He turned to ward them, and with hands stretched entreatingly, he called out:

"For God's sake, mates, let me have a drop of grog. or somethin'. Me gal, wery night, only for hearin' your baby there. and I've nothin' to bring her too."

"Didn't I tell you, Libbie, whenever you looked at your wedding ring to reward showed a couple of seamen who had risen from a coil of rope. He turned to ward them, and with hands stretched entreatingly, he called out:

"For God's sake, mates, let me have a drop of grog. or somethin'. Me gal, me daughter's dyin' over on the boat there, and I've nothin' to bring her too."

I knowed that it would 'a hurt your feelin's wuss than anything else. There, Libbie; take it. It was very nigh a-goin

as everything else has."

He held out the little gold ring to her and turned his head away. In an instant the woman was on her feet. Her long, thin hand clutched the bauble and a hot flush showed itself on her pallid, sunken cheek.

"Father," she cried, "would you dare?" In her indignation she was speechless for a moment, but then she broke down

"It is all I have left," she moaned, "all I have left to remind me of him-

heart to think o' you and that leetle 'un sittin' here supperless. I heerd the bells there. A glimpse of the moon showed tollin' up in the city and the horns a blowin', and I knowed that everybody and ropes stood out clearer, but soon it was havin' a good time on Chrismiss Eve night, while you was starvin'. I couldn't stand it. I sneaked away with the ring fore. to pawn it or sell it, I didn't care what, till I heard the little creetur's cry, and it brought me to myself agin. 'His child!' I says to meself. His child! And I right about and comes back here with the

woman dry her eyes and look at him turned toward the voice. It moves tokindly and pityingly. Once or twice he bit his lips and shook his head, as though a struggle were going on within him and then, in a broken voice, he said: "Libbie, I've somethin' t' tell you, but I've been ashamed t' open me mouth about it. There's times now when I look back t' the days when you was a bright gal, and poor Ned-yes, poor Ned-I never called him that before, but now I must-when poor Ned was makin' love t' you and I was makin' a brute o' meself t' him. He wus a good lad, but I wus so cussed stuck up with me shop and the loafers about it that used t' brag about me that I wouldn't stand his marryin' you. When you tuck him, and I hunted him away with me abuse and me drink, I didn't think the day would come when I'd be sorry for it. But it has, Libbie, it has. He's gone. Maybe gone for good."

The woman was crying again, but she wiped away her tears at this and raised

her pale face again. "Oh, don't say that, father, don't say that," she cried. "Ned will come some time. He will find us yet. It seems so strange this long waiting. But he said he would come to claim me as his wife when he was able to support me, and he'll do it. I remember when he went away. He said to me: 'Libbie, your father forces me to this. Come with me or stay with him, which ever you wish, but depend upon it that I shall be back oon to claim you, my little wife, and when I do I'll come like a man, willing and able to take care of you and take odds from no one.' Then he said: 'Whenever you see that ring think of me and remember that I will be working hard to keep my word.' He went away then and I have tried never to doubt But it is so hard to wait and wait and hear nothing. He may be dead. He cannot be untrue. Disappointed and perplexed as I am I will not believe it. But no word, no word. It is that is

Old Tom arose and walked the length and there marked the spoke, slipped carefully by on tiptoe as of his cabin, then turned about and came back to the seat on the box. Then he leaned over to her and said:

"I'm agoin' to tell you somethin' Libbie. It's somethin' I oughter told you long ago but I didn't have the courage, me gal, to own up to what a scoundrel I

The woman dried her tears and there was a look of interest in the pale face that encouraged him to go on. But he still hesitated and said to her with a trembling voice, "You won't cuss me, Libbie, will you; bad as I may be you'll forgive me now that I've come around and mean to do better."

She remained impassive and only said 'Go on, father."

"I will. I will, if it kills me. Libbie, don't you worry yourself on account o' Ned's stickin by you. He was true to you all along. He wrote to you. He sent money to you. He never forgot you, poor boy, and I—I tuck letters, money and all.



The man groveled down upon his knees beside the box and his head sunk upon his hands. He was that moment the veriest picture of humiliation and remorse. But she before whom he humbled himself did not seem to see him. Her eyes were fixed on vacancy and her lips opened and closed as though she were speaking to some one unsee Then she rose with a cry of "Edward,

my husband, whom I would have wronged by doubting, come to me; come, or I will die," and fell on the floor in a

The old man, all in a tremble, crept to her, raised her in his arms, dashed water into her face, laid her down again, and rushing to a shelf, felt for a bottle and held it to the light. Empty! A curse upon the fiery brew that had brought ruin and was gone when it might do good! He knelt sgain, beat her hands, wrung his own, and then starting up like a madman, dashed out into the air, leaving the woman lying in the cabin as though she were dead. Over to the pier and across it he hurried. He ran to the side of the big bark. There was no gang-plank there, but he sprang for the lower rigging, grabbed it and clambered on the deck.

A drop o' somethin' and a bite to strengthen her, ef you're men."

The figure in the dark stopped, and a voice asked: "What's all this hubbub

about?" "Please, sir," said one of the sailors,

"a man's come aboard to say a woman's sick in a boat lyin' off there, and he wants somethin' to help her out." "Send him to the steward," said the voice, and the form melted in the dark-

Up and down, up and down it went over the smooth deck-a manly figure, but with stooping head and a solemn, thoughtful face. Once or twice the latall of his father's the child may ever see. How could you think of it, father? It was cruel—cruel."

"'Twas all wrong, yes 'twas, Libbie," far off in the air as though they would the man assented. "But it bruck me pierce to the heart of that throbbing hive and pluck from it some secret hidden was veiled, and the figure went on in the dark up and down, up and down as be-

"God bless you, mates, for this night's

work. God bless you!" The words stole out into the air from the open companionway, and Old Tom Saunders, who had uttered them, came ring to you, Libbie—to you, me poor gal."

He sat down on a box and ran his hand through his tangled hair and saw the deck. The silent figure had paused and ward it, and then with a wild cry springs forward. The light from the ship's lantern falls on Old Tom's face, haggard and blanched and excited; on the face of the other, too-young and hearty, but sad and white with passion. And in the yellow glow the two men know each other.



With a grand sweep of the hand the stranger has dashed from the old man's hand the bottle, and it lies smashed upon the timbers, while the young. manly face is thrust into the other's and a voice cries in his ears: "Curse it! Let it lie there. It was that robbed me o' my wife. It was that drove me away into the world a wanderer in search of her. Curse the stuff! It was the cause of all;" and the heavily shodden foot comes down on the splintered glass till it crackles beneath it. Old Tom has started back aghast at the young man's vehemence, but in that moment rises to his lips a cry that sweeps enmity and passion away:

"My God, Ned, it was for her! She is dying!" The strong hand of the young seaman is on the other's arm, and the face is

even whiter as he demands: Where? Speak, man! Tell me at once?"
"There, in that boat. Yes, that old hulk of a canawler," he adds, in response

to the other's inquiring glance. "That's what we've come to now." The young man turns and is at the vesse.'s side before Old Tom can call out: "Where are you going? You will kill her. Didn't I tell you she is dying

-dying of want." From the other's breast comes a groan,

a deep, prolonged one, and he says in an altered tone: "Lead me to her. God will not rob

me of her now. Come along." The two pass over the wharf and go down into the cabin of the old boat from which the dim light is shining, and there awakened from her swoon, but still dazed and frightened, is the girl of the young man's love, the wife of his thoughts, lying like a blighted flower. The father was the first to descend

and he turned at the entrance to restrain his companion. "A moment, Ned. Wait a moment.

The surprise is too sudden," The young man drew back into the shadow while the other lifted up the woman and seated her by the berth am better, father," she said, and laid her head wearily beside the sleeping child. But old Tom's actions soon attracted her. He was smiling, actually smiling, and rubbing his hands with infinite compla-She said nothing but looked at him inquiringly.

"It's a good night is Christmas Eve," he blurted out. "I've always heerd so. Am't you, Libbie? Sandy Claws brings things t' chil'ren, and friends come together and news comes o' people that ain't been 'round for ever so long. Don't

She looked at him more intently than ever, and there was an eager, appealing look in her eyes. "No one knows when luck may change. Do they?" the man continued.

"Father, you have heard something. Tell me, is it about him?" "Bout Ned? Well, yes, I have. Now, don't take on, Libbie. You'll be quiet

and easy, like a good gal."
"It is about him! You have seen him. You have met him. He has come for me

She turned toward the cabin door, and was stretching her hand toward it when she was clasped to the breast of her husband and his voice repeated: "At last,"

There were tears and caresses and explanations. Ned had come back from

planations. Ned had come back from his wanderings as mate of the big bark with a promise of soon having the command of a vessel for himself. In the joy of the moment all the hardships and privations of the past were forgotten, and as the bluff seaman cuddled his own child, whose acquaintance he then made for the first time, he said to the happy mother:

"Didn't I tell you, Libbie, whenever you looked at your wedding ring to re-member me, and be sure I would keep my

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Some Boys and Girls. There are some boys and girls Who have a bad way Of putting off work That they should do today. "Let it go till tomorrow,"

They carelessly say: Or, "'Twill do by-and-by, When we're through with our play." But oh, boys, and oh, girls, And oh, girls, and oh, boys, As sure as young folks Make a great deal of noise, "Let it go till tomorrow,"

And you'll learn to your sorrow, "I'is ten chances to one If it ever gets done; And "by-and-by" leads, In spite of endeavor, To turn from the track, Almost always, to never.

Do at once, when you can, What your hands find to do. Is the bit of advice An old girl gives to you; Then, with hearts light and free, You can pleasure pursue.

And the sun will seem brighter, The heavens more blue. For oh, girls, and oh, boys, And oh, boys, and oh, girls, As sure as from oysters Come beautiful pearls. "Let it go till tomorrow," And you'll learn, to your sorrow, 'Tis ten chances to one, If it ever gets done;

In spite of endeavor, To turn from the track, Almost always, to never.

MARGARET ETTINGE.

And "by-and-by" leads,

How the Swallows Homeward Fly Joseph Weaver, an old citizen o. Christian county, Mo., tells the St. Louis Globe-Democrat the following story of a swallow roost: "There was a large, hollow poplar tree near my father's house, which for many years served as a roosting-place for thousand. of swallows. Iden't think I exaggerate the truth when I say that fully 5000 birds would fly into that hollow tree on the approach of night during the swallow season. The birls would gather from all directions just before sundown, and fly in a confused mass around the tree for a few minutes before beginning to enter the hollow. When all birds that sought shelter in the tree had assembled the confused mass of swallows soon formed into s large and beautiful circle as perfeet in its graceful proportions as ever was drawn by an artist, As this circle of swallows flew around the tree a constant stream of birds from the inner side of the belt was entering the hollow at a large hole about forty feet from the ground. Round and round the circle flew, lessening in width as the belt wound off till the last bird had found a lodging in the cavity

within the old poplar. "I have watched the birds many times as they were circling round the tree and noted the time occupied by this interesting performance. It took on an average thirty minutes for the circle to fly into the hellow, and I think 5000 birds is a moderate estimate of the number of swallows that nightly found a roosting place in that tree."

A Dog and His Friend. Michael Morrison, a Carbondale,

Penn., hostler, owns a horse and a dog that are inseparable stable companions. The horse's name is Charley, and the dog's Jack. The dog sleeps in the stable with the horse and Charley seems to be lonely if Jack happens to be away when night comes. Mr. Morrison has trained the horse to do many tricks, and the dog has been taught to waltz, to lie down and make believe go to sleep and to stand upon the horse's back and ride. The most amusing thing the two well-trained pets do is to take a trip around the block together. A little platform is fastened to the horse's back with a surcingle, the dog is lifted to it, the bridle reins are placed in his mouth and then Mr. Morrison says: "Charley. I want you to take Jack around the block, and I want you to go slow and not throw him off." Then the horse starts down the street on a walk, the dog braces himself and keeps a good grip on the reins, and around the block they go, the horse never failing to turn all of the corners. When they get back the dog is tickled to be taken off, but, if he is put back right away and the horse commanded to go the journey again, he does not offer to disobey. One day an Italian with a wheezy organ struck up a tune just as the horse was turning a corner. Charley was startled and he shied toward the opposite side of the street, dumped Jack in the gutter, and trotted to the stable alone, the dog tagging along behind and looking sheepish. For several days the dog refused to ride, but eventually he forgot about the organ, and after that they made their regular trips around the block .- [New York Tribune.

What He Would Say. Jenkins (to Browe, earnestly):

Brown, what would you say if I were to ask you to lend me twenty

Brown (reflectively): "What would say? Oh, I would probably say 'Ho, ho, ho-ha, ha, ha-wow, wow, wow, or something of that sort, Jenkins,"-

We Are Japan's Best Customers,

Governor Hubbard, the United States Minister at Tokio, tells me that we buy more from Japan than any other foreign nation. "Last year," said he, "our imports from this country amounted to 21,000,000 Japanese dollars, or about 16,000,000 American dollars. We bought \$11,000,000 worth of her raw silk and nearly \$7,000,000 worth of her teas. The fair cheeks of our ladies were cooled last year with \$97,000 worth of Japanese fans, and our noses were wiped with \$816,000 worth of Japanese silk handker-chiefs. We buy nearly \$300,000 worth of porcelain every year, and our imports of bamboo ware amount to \$102,000 of Japanese money. We buy more than twice as much of Japan as any other country, and our imports are increasing every year. In 1887 we bought a million and a half more goods than in 1886, and the United States will probably continue to be Japan's best customer."-New York

Cure of Pneumonia.

HESS ROAD, NIAGARA CO., N. Y., March 24, 1886. About a year ago I was taken with a severe pain in both lungs. I was first attacked with a violent chill, then a dreadful pain and then a cough accompanied by considerable fever. It looked very much like a bad attack of oneumo nia. A friend of mine procured five ALLCOCK's PLASTERS. One he put under each arm, one under each shoulder blade, and one on my chest close around my throat. In a few hours the cough ceased, the pain gradually abated and I broke out in a profuse perspiration. I fell into a profound sleep, and the next day was almost well. I wore the Plasters eight days afterwards, and have never had any trouble

NEVADA contains 109,740 square miles; was settled in 1800 at Washoe, and was admitted into the Union October 31, 1864.

WILLIAM A. SAWYER.

To-Night and To-Morrow Night. And each day and night during the week you can get at all druggists' Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, and Consumption. Get a bottle to-day and keep it always in the he you can check your cold at once. Price 500 and \$1. Sample bottles free.

ESTIMATES of the number of dogs in the United States fix it at 20,000,000, and their cost of keeping at \$300,000,0 0 per annum.

Shocking Accident. Shocking Accident.

So read the headlines of many a newspaper column, and we peruse with paintiating interest the details of the catastrophy, and are deeply impressed by the sacrifice of human lives involved. Yet thousands of men and women are failing victims every year to that terrible disease, consump ion (ecrefula of the lungs), and they and their friends are satisfied to believe the malady incurable. Now, there could be no greater mistake. No earthly power, of course, can re tore a lung that is entirely wasted, but Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will rapidly and surely arrest the ravages of consumption, if taken in time. Do not, therefore, despair, until you have tried this wonderful remedy.

this wonderful remedy. CALIFORNIA'S production of dried fruit has increased from 5,070,000 pounts in 1883 to 28,-605,000 pounds in 1887.

Genteel Quacks.

Genreel Quacks.

"Yes, it pays," said a big, fat physician, with a name which is known throughout the medical world. "I have a practice worth \$40,000 a year." "Women?" "Yes, you've guessed it first time. They pay \$10 every time they come into my office. When one gets on my list I tell you she stays!" and Dr. H.—— laughed long and loud. This is quackery—gilt-edged, genteel quackery—to keep suffering women paying tribute year in and year out, and doing them no good. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the peculiar weaknesses and diseases of women. It does not lie to them no rob them.

ALABAMA was settled in 1711 at Mobile; admitted into the Union December 14, 1819, and contains 70 course refers.

A perfect spector-ter, rage's Catarrh R

It was a maxim of Marshal Saxe that "eve sold or killed costs the enemy his weight lead."

A Remarkable I aper.

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