

OUR SHIPS THAT CAN NEVER COME IN.

Oh, wondrously fair are the Islands of Rest—
The islands we never have seen—
But we know they are smiling out there in
West.

Their valleys all glowing in green,
No cloud ever crosses their tropical sky,
They know naught of sadness or sin,
At rest in their harbor, all peacefully lie
Our ships that can never come in.

There dwell the fair faces our fancies may
see,

With eyes of the tenderest blue,
That come in our slumbers to you and to
me,

In dreams that can never come true,
We joyfully greet them, nor wish they were
here

Midst earth's ceaseless sorrow and din,
They are blissfully guarding the hopes we
hold dear—
Our ships that never come in.

—Chicago Herald.

THE MALACHITE URN.

When Louis Durier, Surgeon of the Fifty-first Regiment, lost his wife, his sorrow was intense. He had scarcely had time to become well acquainted with the adored companion and to enjoy his happiness, for they had been married only a month and were on their wedding journey in Italy.

They had met each other at Tours, where Durier's regiment was in garrison. He had won her heart by his elegant horsemanship and by the languid way in which he sang with his fine baritone voice gentle romances wherein it was regularly a question of love. And he thus found himself married without having reflected a great while; for it was she who had chosen him in spite of her guardian, who did not consider that Durier's position was on an equal footing with his ward's large fortune.

She had always worried her guardian by her fantastical ways. Poor guardian! He had scarcely had time to turn round, as they say, before his ward called herself Mme. Durier. He consoled himself in seeing the brilliant throng of officers who accompanied the young couple to the altar. The marriage was one of the most brilliant ones that had ever celebrated in the old city of Tours.

After a week's sojourn in the neighborhood of Tours they started for Italy. It was an enchantment for both of them; they began to know each other by heart and soon learned to know each other's mind in admiring the admirable monuments of the classic land.

They had nearly finished their journey and were staying for a second time at Milan when, after an imprudent promenade that she had absolutely wished to make during a damp evening, Mme. Durier, who was very delicate, suddenly fell ill. The following day inflammation of the lungs set in, and a few days later, notwithstanding the most devoted care of her husband, assisted by the most celebrated doctors of Milan, Mme. Durier was at the point of death. She had the courage to console her husband.

"It is not possible to be so happy and to live always. I have had so much happiness in loving you. But do not weep, for I do not wish to pass away with the vision of your sad face." She raised her arm feebly and stroked his moustache, which he now neglected.

"I want you to have your brave air. I have loved you so much! You will see; a surprise awaits you when you return to Tours. And if you wished to make me one! If you wished never to leave me, so keep me always with you! I am frightened at this wicked death, which destroys us during so many years. Tell me, do you wish to make of me a little lot of dust, so that you can carry me away with you? I would take such a small space! I would not incommode you, I would not prevent you from working. You would sometimes glance at me, and never entirely forget it."

When Dr. Durier returned to Tours he was changed beyond recognition. His thick black hair had turned white, his eyes had lost their brilliancy, and were surrounded by a dark circle, his cheeks fell, and when he walked he was bent over like an old man.

He did not bring back his wife's coffin. She had requested, he affirmed, that her body remain in Italy and he had respected her wish. She reposed in the Campo-Santo at Milan.

At the memorial service, which was celebrated in the cathedral at Tours, he excited the pity of all the congregation, even that of his wife's guardian, who, however, was furious since the notary had told him that before starting for Italy Mme. Durier had recently made a will in favor of her husband. This was the surprise.

"Courage, Major!" said Durier's Colonel to the bereaved Surgeon.

"Be a man!" said his comrades.

After the ceremony he allowed no one to accompany him to the house that awaited the happy couple and where he alone returned alive. He even refused the guardian, who wished to give him the details about his inheritance. He wanted no witnesses. His orderly was sufficient to aid him in unpacking the box that he had brought from Milan. It was a box in leather and contained a malachite urn of a splendid design.

"Is that a new traveling case?" asked the orderly.

He opened the box and took out the urn. "If ever you touch that—"

"Oh, Major, you may be sure I won't. Is it a souvenir of your wife?"

"Yes, a souvenir of my wife."

He sent away his orderly and then contemplated for a long while this urn that contained his wife's ashes. He had not wished to confide his secret to any one, and he went alone before the one who was no more. Finally he placed the urn upon his chamber mantelpiece, saying to himself that he would thus see it in falling asleep and upon awakening.

A few days afterward he returned to his regimental duties. His comrades tried to cheer him up and keep him with them, but he resisted. As soon as he had finished his duties he returned home

and lived with the souvenir of the adored wife. He had ordered several reproductions of a good portrait that he possessed of her, and all the rooms in the house were ornamented with them.

Curiously enough it was among all these tokens of remembrance that Durier was less sad. The dead woman kept her promise; she did not incommode him. The contemplation of the malachite urn awakened no cruel ideas in the doctor's mind; he continually saw his wife, gay, charming and smiling. He talked with her and they discussed their wedding journey. When he was obliged to work he carried the urn into his study; they had so often said that while he was busy she would come near his table and embroider without disturbing him.

Six months, then a year passed by in this manner. He now began to forget the urn at night, and instead of carrying it into his chamber left it in his study. He even finished by leaving it altogether in his study; not that the souvenir of the dead was less dear to him, but because he said to himself that the silence of the doctor's study was a more suitable place for a funeral urn. Besides, he had taken care to always have close by a fresh bouquet of violets or roses, his wife's favorite flowers.

At the end of two years Durier had been gradually led to return to his bachelor life; all his comrades sermonized him and his wife's guardian said to him squarely:

"My boy, you have no right to bury yourself."

It even happened that having accepted several invitations he was obliged to return the politeness. So one day he invited all the bachelor officers of the regiment to his house. The dinner was all the more gay, as they had promised themselves to enliven the poor widower. After an infinite number of bottles of champagne and *vouvray* wine, which goes to the head as quickly as champagne, the guests were so gay that they scattered themselves over the house and even went into the doctor's study.

For the first time in two years Durier himself had dined exceedingly well, and was, by the aid of his comrades, in a state that Horace has described as *ebriolus*. Suddenly he found himself in his study in the midst of a group of Lieutenants, who were singing a jovial song. Quickly sobered, he took the malachite urn and placed it in a little recess adjoining his study, and which was filled with books.

To avoid a return of a like profanation the doctor decided on the following day to transform this little recess into a chapel; he had a gothic window set in, and surrounded the urn with flowers.

Soon afterward he perceived that the flowers, deprived of air and light—the gothic window was small and somber—faded as soon as he brought them, became withered and spread about the chapel a sickening odor that his wife would have detested as well as he. He replaced the natural flowers by artificial plants, and the urn remained calm in its nook.

Three years had passed since Mme. Durier's death, when her husband suddenly discovered that he was the object of the most thoughtful attentions from the terrible guardian who had disappeared of the marriage. And after various invitations to dinner or to the hunt and to evening parties where the doctor had been obliged to scour up his baritone voice, the guardian abruptly revealed his projects.

"My friend, I see that you do not comprehend, and that everything must always be explained to you. Have you never remarked that I have a daughter?"

Durier trembled and made a vague gesture.

"A daughter, monsieur, who rendered our existence very unhappy when you married my ward. But to-day all is explained. Just imagine that this child—she was then only sixteen—was jealous of your wife! She was already in love with you!"

"But that is over, I hope."

"Oh! no. It has only increased and become embellished. I have made inquiries and know that you are on the eve of promotion and have a superb future before you. I know the amount of your fortune; my daughter has a very respectable dowry, sixty thousand dollars. Will you be my son-in-law?"

Durier was very much embarrassed. He had never thought of the possibility of a new union; he was, therefore, not prepared to struggle, for he had no serious arguments to produce. Every one is agreed that a man cannot remain a widower all his life when he has been married only a month.

Finally Durier, who was an easy-going man, allowed himself to be drawn into a second marriage. But he was careful not to take his wife to Italy. He contented himself with a trip into Brittany, returning home by way of Paris. He came back to his home tortured by remorse. He believed he had contracted a marriage of duty and interest, but he found he was madly in love with his second wife.

His only excuse was that she resembled the first one; she was, as a brunette, what the departed one was as a blonde. She had only one fault; she was terribly jealous of everything, even of remembrance. With such a jealousy Durier could not think of keeping his malachite urn in his study, for his new wife told him that she should be happy to come and work by his side; she promised him that she would not talk or bother him. All she asked was to take care of everything concerning his noble calling, his books and instruments, which she admired so much.

He secretly carried the urn to the second story and concealed it behind a lot of cast-off books and boxes in a spare chamber. And the most complete happiness reigned over the household. Twenty times Durier was on the point of telling his wife the truth, but he never dared to do so.

At the end of a year he was completely absorbed by the birth of a baby. An additional servant was hired and a room had to be prepared for her.

"I will" after that," said Durier.

And with a tormented soul he removed all the books and cases—and even the urn—from the spare room on the second floor and carried them to the garret.

The joy of being a father obliterated the remorse from Durier's soul; he thought only rarely of his first wife, all of whose portraits save one had rejoined the malachite urn in the garret. And perhaps he would have entirely forgotten her had it not been for a terrible incident that happened on his birthday.

On that day he was so busy at regimental headquarters that he did not return home until the dinner hour. The whole family was gathered and he was welcomed by joyous cries. He was greatly moved. The company passed into the dining-room, and there, in the middle of the table, he saw the malachite urn containing a magnificent bouquet.

He turned pale, while his wife burst into laughter.

"Monster!" she said, "you concealed this beautiful vase, the finest thing you brought from Italy."

He stammered out a few incomprehensible words, and she continued with her playful air:

"I was obliged to ransack the garret to find it. I discovered it among a lot of books; it might have got broken. Some books, in falling, had overturned it. The cover was off and broken into three pieces. Why did you store away such a beautiful vase in the garret? It must have been there a long time."

"Oh! yes, a long time," he stammered. "Yes, a very long time, for it is full of dust!"

"Dust!" cried Durier in a strangled voice.

His wife believed that he was simply astonished, and she added: "Oh! full, full! A dust so fine that it flew into the air whilst I spread it over the flower-bed where my choicest plants are growing—the flower-bed where I have gathered for you myself this bouquet. What do you think of it? It's pretty, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes, very pretty."

And in these fresh flowers, whose color opened as gracefully as the mouth of a young girl, he thought he saw the smile of the little blonde whom he had so mourned.—*Family Fiction.*

Second Wind.

Every boy who has run a mile knows what it is to gain a "second wind," though he may not be able to explain why one minute he is out of breath and the next feels as if he could run several miles. The explanation is this:

In ordinary breathing we use only a portion of our lungs, the cells at the extremity not being brought into play. This is the reason why those who are not "in training," and who try to run for any distance, soon begin to gasp, and unless they are courageous enough to persevere in spite of the choking sensation, are forced to stop; but if they will persevere the choking goes off, and the result is what is known as "second wind."

When the second wind is fully established, the runner does not become out of breath, but goes on running as long as his legs will carry him.

The fact is, that on starting, the farthest portions of the lungs are choked with air, and the remainder do not supply air enough to meet the increased circulation caused by exercise. By degrees, however, the neglected cells come into play; and when the entire lung is in working order the circulation and respiration again balance each other, and the second wind is the result.

Now let the reader repeat his experiment of holding his breath against time; but first let him force out of his lungs every particle of air that he can expel, and then draw as deep a breath as his lungs will hold. If this be repeated seventy or eighty times, by way of imitation of the whale, the experimenter will find he can hold his breath for a minute and a half without inconvenience.

Should he be a swimmer, he should always take this precaution before "taking a header," and he will find that he can swim for a considerable distance before he needs to rise for breath.—*Yankee Blade.*

Felt Ashamed of His Joke.

Most squirrels keep two or more stores of food. Wood, the British naturalist, tells of a friend who found one of these reserve stores which a squirrel had provided for an exigency, and the friend, in a moment of thoughtlessness, determined to play a joke on the squirrel. He accordingly replaced the nuts by small round stones, and carefully concealed all evidences of his visit. One cold day in winter he passed the spot, and found that the squirrel had called there a short time previously. This he knew by the fact that ten inches of snow had been scratched from the top of the hole, outside of which the stones had been cast by the disappointed animal. This struck the joker with remorse. He said: "I never felt the folly of practical joking so much in my life. Fancy the poor little fellow, nipped with cold and scanty food, but foreseeing a long winter, resolved to economize his little hoard as long as possible. Fancy him at last determined to break this—perhaps his last—snooze, and cheerily brushing away the snow, fully confident that a good meal awaited him as the reward of his cold job, and after all, find nothing but stones. I never felt more mean and ashamed in my life, and really would have given a guinea to have known that injured squirrel's address. He should have had as fine a lot of nuts as would put him beyond the reach of poverty had he lived to be as old as Methuselah."

Cats, Kittens and Snake.

A Winipauk (Conn.) cat owner one day not long ago heard shrieks from his wife and a lady guest in the parlor of his house, and got a pitchfork. In the middle of the parlor floor, with her kittens about her, sat the family cat, and in front of her on the carpet was a lively green snake. The ladies were on the piano, screaming, while the kittens, with arched backs and bristling fur, betrayed a terror second only to that of the occupants of the piano. The cat was trying to convince her family that the snake was worth trying for a banquet. The householder set his heel on the reptile.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

HINT TO CELERY GROWERS.

We all know of the trouble and delay of gathering the stalks of celery plants together before the earth is drawn about it if each one has to be tied up or held separately. For three years, says I. V. Shank, in *Husbandman*, I have adopted the following plan, which at first was an experiment, the results of which has proved entirely satisfactory: I dug a trench about nine inches in width. Set the plants about five inches apart directly along the centre of trench. Before drawing in earth I crowd the space between the bank and the plants with straw, which effectually prevents the soil from coming in contact with the celery, and so continues to the required height; after which I cover the top with straw to the depth of four inches, and finally cover all with earth to a depth sufficient to protect from freezing if left out over winter.

SHEEP AS SCAVENGERS.

Writing in the *New York Tribune*, L. B. Pierce says: "Now that sheep are coming to the front once more, it is possible that some very unproductive and worthless slashings will be brought to profitable condition. No other animal is so at war with nature's wildness as the sheep. Scarcely any noxious thing except thistles will gain a foothold in sheep-pasture; and there is no way of subduing a clearing so thoroughly as to set sheep a-feeding there. I know of a clearing of ten acres that has been nothing but a bill of expense for eight years, which now (barring stumps) might have been made a bluegrass pasture if it had been made a run for a small flock of sheep. The owner has had a spell of cutting brush and weeds about once in two years, and now the last end of the field is worse than the first. One of the present beauty-spots is a half-acre patch of teasels. As a run for cattle the field has certainly not been worth twenty-five cents an acre, and many of the stumps are no nearer decay than eight years ago, the roots having been kept alive by growing sprouts."

BULBS FOR WINTER FLOWERING.

The bulbs should be potted as soon as they can be had in a compost consisting of good loam and rotten manure and road grit, in equal parts, and should be just covered with soil, and the whole well watered with a hose. When the water has soaked away they should be stood upon a firm bottom in the frame yard and coal ashes put over them to the depth of six or seven inches; here they should remain until the pot is full of roots. This is the object obtained by covering with ashes; the crown of the bulb being kept cool and dark with the covering, the roots grow away in advance of the tops, and so the plants become fitted to yield a good bloom, and here we would say to beginners in bulb culture lies the great secret of success. We have seen people who ought to have known better pot bulbs and place them at once into a greenhouse for flowering, or into a stove for early bloom. Of course they were disappointed, but as a rule the quality of the bulb has been blamed and not the foolish treatment which it has received. Now, we say to all who wish for early flowers of Roman hyacinths, get them as early as possible and treat them as we have directed and a grand bloom will be the result. Never subject them to artificial heat before the pots are full of roots.—*Colum's Rural World.*

CARE OF CALVES.

The *Maine Farmer* truly says there is much bad management with calves in the older months of the year. If confined to the pasture where they have run during the summer, without additional food, they are sure to grow thin in flesh and lose ground when they ought to be growing right along. On the other hand, if turned into a run of extremely fresh grass they are quite liable to scour, and many times this difficulty will follow so long as the grass lasts. Later on they are left out exposed to the cold storms and frosty nights of late autumn and compelled to live as best they are able on only frosted grass. As a result of all this they come to winter quarters reduced in condition and actually less in weight than at a time two or three months previous.

Now, what has been gained from the feed they have consumed during the time and from the time that has passed without grain? This has all been lost, and more than lost, for it will take some time and good feed to turn the tide and start them again into thrift. A good practice is to house them nights and give extra feed of some kind. We have secured very satisfactory results from a feed of good hay each night at the barn. Of course more rapid growth can be made by adding wheat bran, crushed oats or linseed meal. At any rate they should be kept thrifflily growing, and to do it must have something good to eat beside what they can get in pasture at this season of the year.

SWEET POTATOES.

We doubt if there is any crop which in ordinary years can be grown with more satisfaction than sweet potatoes. There are surely but few vegetables so palatable, yet many do not raise them in any quantity on account of the trouble of keeping them through the winter. The potatoes are usually dug with hoes, but in large quantities may be dug in an easier manner. As soon as a heavy frost strikes the vines, which is readily known by the leaves turning back, cut off the vines close to the ground; then, with a heavy two horse plow throw two potato rows together; then follow, remove the tubers carefully from the stem and lay them on the soft soil between the rows to dry off, which they will do in an hour or so. They must be handled as carefully as eggs, especially at this time, as the skin is very tender and can be rubbed off by the hand, nor should they ever be thrown, but carefully laid down. This is a very important feature of safely keeping them through the winter. It may seem unnecessary trouble, yet if sweet potatoes are expected to keep in

good condition they cannot be handled too carefully. As soon as they are dried, carefully rub off any adhering loam or soil by turning each tuber around in your hands a couple of times, and then place them in the baskets, barrels or chests in which they are to be stored, so that they cannot be readily shaken about when the packages are handled. If intended for immediate shipment, they are at once forwarded in well ventilated barrels or boxes. Large strawberry crates are excellent to pack in when intended for keeping, as they are not so deep as barrels. If intended for winter use or sale, the packages should be stored in a well ventilated place, free from dampness, where they can remain until cold weather comes on, when they should be removed to a warm room. The packages containing the potatoes should not be moved more than is absolutely necessary, as changing them from place to place is apt to produce sweat and decay. One of the very best places to keep sweet potatoes during winter is a tight loft or room over the kitchen, so constructed that the heat from below can readily be utilized in warming the loft or upper room. It should be borne in mind that rats and mice are very fond of "sweets," and will soon do considerable damage among them if not guarded against. Sweet potatoes can stand much more heat in winter than the common potato; in fact will keep well under a degree of heat which would soon shrivel or rot the latter. In the spring a good market is easily found for them, and a large number can be profitably disposed of by almost every farmer. The raising of plants from the potatoes makes an item in profitable farming also.—*New York Herald.*

CRIBBING CORN.

I have yet to learn the economy of cribbing corn with the shuck on, writes N. J. Shepherd in the *Western Ploverman*. The large amount of storage room required, the more handling necessary with the extra work of handling that is occasioned is certainly worth more than the small amount of feed that is received in the shucks. If roughness is needed it certainly can be secured at a much less cost, and of a considerably better quality by cutting the fodder in good season.

After the corn has matured sufficiently to gather and store away there is but a small amount of nutriment in the dried up shucks. It is not good economy to feed corn to stock of any kind with the shuck on, and hence if stored away without husking it must be all handled over again before feeding. It will not keep any better in the shuck than without; in fact, if the corn is exposed and gets wet it will damage more in the crib if it is left with the husk on than without. More crib room is required to hold a given number of bushels, and more handling will be required from the field. It can be jerked off in the field in a little less time than to shuck clean, but the work of husking again before feeding will more than make this up so that so far as the work is concerned and the expense of properly storing, husking clean in the field will be found the most economical plan, while in feeding out much time will also be saved.

It is always best in harvesting and storing any crop to take reasonable pains to put in as good condition as possible, and in a majority of cases this can be done at a much less expense at the start than to wait until it is needed, either for feeding or to send to market, and then be obliged to handle over again before it can be considered as being in a suitable condition. Wheat, oats, barley and rye can be cleaned much more thoroughly before putting in the bins in granaries than afterward; and whichever plan will economize labor to the best advantage should be used.

And it is certainly not economizing labor to store corn in the crib with the shuck on, where, before it is fed out, it must all be handled over again, and the shuck be taken off before it is fed to the stock. Even to hogs and cattle it is no real saving. The cattle will waste more or less corn in attempting to eat shuck, cob and grain all at once, and often more grain is wasted than the value of the shuck as feed in giving cattle corn in the shuck. What is fed to the hogs, has at least wasted the shucks, while there is always more or less waste of grain that could have been saved if the corn was fed shucked. With sheep and horses the corn should always be shucked before feeding. And it is only in exceptional cases that this can be done cheaper in the crib than in the field.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Hog cholera is often a proof of bad feeding.

Did you select and secure your corn before the frost?

Plenty of salt is as good for hogs as for the cows, especially if the hogs are in pasture.

If the cows are to do good service next winter, they must receive proper care and attention now.

If the frost cut the tomato vines before the fruit was mature it may pay to pick it for the hogs or cows. We feed ours to the cows.

It is said that sorrel horses are less sensible to heat than horses of other colors, and that they have more endurance than others.

Farmers are becoming more and more of the opinion that it is the early plowing and not so much the early sowing that brings the best wheat.

Have as few fences on the farm as possible. They are one of the biggest taxes the farmer has, and he should cut them down as much as possible.

In many cases it will be found a good plan to apply a good dressing of well rotted manure around the strawberry plants in the fall before mulching.

Now is the time to remember that it rarely pays to keep summer pigs over the winter—crowd them so that they can be ready for market by the holidays at least.

Milk that is quickly and without agitation cooled to forty-five degrees or slightly below, is put at a point where there can only be very slow chemical change in its elements.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Very few women carry watches in New York city.

The winter hats are very large and the bonnets very small.

It is said that lemon juice will make the hands soft and smooth.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde is one of the most popular female orators in England.

The Queen of Italy has been growing stouter and stouter, much to her annoyance.

Silver finger-rings are very much worn, the design being one of two snakes with jeweled eyes.

Only the girl with the Daphne head and Corinthian contour should essay the Eiffel coilure.

A square of bolting cloth embroidered in colored threads is reserved for a corsage handkerchief.

Princess Beatrice, of England, has taken to a high dog cart, which she drives with much grace.

Miss Sarah Irving, a niece of Washington Irving, welcomes the guests who come to the novelist's old home.

The beautiful Queen Margherita of Italy has ordered a portrait of herself as a present to the German Empress.

Rose Terry Cooke seldom does any writing now, and is confined to her room many days at a time owing to illness.

Big muslin bows of the same color as the frock, with the knot already made, are now to be found in the Paris shops.

Sir Julian Pauncefote's four daughters have blooming brilliant complexions and dress in the extreme English manner.

Miss Rachel Sherman, the General's youngest daughter, will spend the winter in Paris with the family of Minister Reid.

Mme. Carnot, wife of the President of the French Republic, is of medium height, with olive complexion and Roman features.

White, black and colored, frequently embroidered in beads and tinted metal and colored silks, are almost as fashionable as the Oriental embroideries which are in such high favor.

The Misses Pullman, daughters of Mr. George M. Pullman, the Pullman car man of Chicago, will make their debut in Washington this season under the auspices of Mrs. Logan, with whom they traveled abroad for eighteen months.

Belts for evening wear made of miniatures are sold at \$500. It takes twenty of the ivory paintings to encircle the slightest waist, and they are not to be had under \$40 each. It is needless to say that this style of girdle will not be the rage.

Lady Dilke is one of the most accomplished women in England. It is said to be a perfect treat to sit by her at dinner. She is so bright, piquant and clever, and at the same time so kind and sympathetic. She possesses in an eminent degree what the French call *savoir vivre*.

Very pretty lamp shades are made of thin tissue paper cut and curled to resemble flower petals; others are of plain paper, with a crinkled appearance caused by folding and smoothing; others take the form of birds, and are meant to shade one side only of the candle.

Elizabeth Liske, a Russian eleven years old, already six feet six inches in height, three feet two and three-quarter inches round the waist, and three feet eleven inches round the chest, is the latest thing out in giants. The doctors say she will continue to grow in every way for some years yet.

A GREAT REMEDY.

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that any druggist is authorized by the proprietor of this wonderful remedy to give you a sample bottle free? It never fails to cure acute or chronic coughs. All druggists sell Kemp's Balsam. Large bottles 50c. and \$1.

While in Russia the Shah ordered 11,000 repeating rifles for his troops.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.
Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen—I have been in the general practice of medicine for 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience, I have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. I have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions.

Yours Truly,
GORSUCH, M. D.
Office, 215 Summit St.

We will give \$100 for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The sole panacea for every ailment in China is a plant.

You wear out clothes on a wash board ten times as much as on the body. How foolish. Buy Dobbin's Electric Soap of your grocer and save this use of wear. Make ever since 1881. Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.

All the ice imported into England comes from Norway.

A Wonderful Food and Medicine. Known and used by Physicians all over the world. SCOTT'S EMULSION not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food that builds up the wasted body. I have been using Scott's Emulsion for several years, and am pleased with its action. My patients say it is pleasant and palatable, and all grow stronger and gain flesh from the use of it. I use it in all cases of Wasting Diseases, and it is especially useful for children when nutrient medication is needed, as in Marasmus.—T. W. PRINGLE, M.D., Knoxville, Ala.

We recommend "Tanhill's Punch" Cigar.

Danger from Catarrh

Catarrh is an exceedingly disagreeable disease, its varied symptoms—discharge at the nose, bad breath, pain between the eyes, sneezing, choking sensation, ringing noises in the ears, etc.—being not only troublesome to the sufferer, but offensive to others. Catarrh is also dangerous, because it may lead to bronchitis or consumption. Being a blood disease, the true method of cure is to purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

For several years I had been troubled with a kind of asthma or catarrh in my throat. My wife wanted me to try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I must say I was very much benefited by using it, and would recommend it very highly.—E. J. DAVIS, Omaha, Neb.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists, 25c. per bottle. Prepared only by C. HOOD & CO., Apocryphics, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar