"WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN."

"When my ship comes in," runs the young man's song. "What brave things shall I do With the strength of my wealth and the joyous throng

Of friends stout-hearted and true!"

He watches and waits 'neath storm and sun By the shore of his life's broad sea, And the days of his youth are quickly run, Yet never a sail sees he.

"My ship has gone down!" in soberer strain Sings the man, and to duty turns. He forgets the ship in his toil and pain, And no longer his young hope burns.

Yet again by the shore he stands grown old With the course of his years well spent, And gazing out on the deep-behold, A dim ship landward bent!

No banner she flies, no songs are borne From her decks as she nears the land; Silent with sail all sombre and torn She is safe at last by the strand.

And lo! To the man's old age has brought Not the treasures he thought to win, But honor, content and love-life-wrought, And he cries, "Has my ship come in?" -M. A.deW. Howe, Jr., in Harper's Weekly.

MALCOLM'S IDEAL.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

"She must be tall, Bab; she must be graceful as a willow branch, with eyes of midnight darkness, classic features, hair like the raven's wing."

Bab, who was stirring cake, looked up at the deep window-seat that separated the old-fashioned kitchen from the garden beyond. Seated there, swinging one foot idly, sat Malcolm Hoyt, describing the future Mrs. Malcolm as she existed in his youthful imagination.

"Well?" Barbara said, presently, after a glance from the tall boyish figure and frank, handsome face, to a small mirror that reflected hair of burnished bronze, the true auburn, and numerous freckles. "Well? Tall, dark, classically featured. Any other perfections?"

"Accomplished, of course. She must dance like a sylph, sing like a nightingale, draw, play on the piano-

"Make cake?" suggested Bab, vigorously stirring her batter.

"Why, no-Mrs. Hoyt will not need to make cake, I think. Not but what it is very jolly to know how," he added, hastily, "but Mrs. Clark might resent any invasion of her especial depart-

"Yes, I see," said Bab, dryly. "You don't want your wife to be a kitchen-

Malcolm blushed furiously; he was not quite twenty-one, and had not forgotten how to blush.

"I don't mean that at all," he said, and then laughing heartily, added, "don't you think we are talking considerable nonsense, Bab?"

"I don't know," said Bab, slowly. "You say your father wants you to marry, and as you are in quest of a wife, you might as well have some idea of what you would prefer."

"Just like choosing a necktie," said more interest in the necktie. By the the figure of his father reclining there. way, what is your ideal, Bab?"

"I haven't considered," said Bab, bending her face low over the pan into which she was pouring the cake. "Nonsense!" said Malcolm. "As if a girl ever lived to be eighteen

without an ideal."

daring voice, and bright eyes, for she eyes filled with tears.

"My ideal doesn't sit on kitchen window-sills and talk nonsense, at any rate." "You don't know what he might do under sufficient provocation," said Mal-Hale look longingly at my perch within

the last ten minutes. "Stephen Hale!" cried Bab, scornfully, and lifted the pan to carry it to the room beyond, where the fire was lighted in summer.

Her heart was swelling with indignation. She was only a farmer's daughter, she told herself, and Malcolm Hoyt was heir to a magnificent estate and fortune, college bred, and could marry in aristocratic circles. But to think she could look at Stephen Hale, her father's "help," a man who could not read! It and she took an unreasonably long time to adjust the cakepan on the oven-bars, and pile on fresh wood in the stove.

"Good-bye!" shouted a cheery voice, presently. "I'm off to the postoffice, but I'm coming to tea to cat some of that cake.

"I've a great mind to scorch it." thought Bab, spitefully. "I would too, if it wasn't father's favorite."

"I do believe she is fond of Steve," thought Malcolm, as he swung himself into the saddle. "She blushed as red as a peony when I mentioned him. I suppose it would be what my father calls a suitable match, but she's a thousand times too good for him. Why, she's as good a Latin scholar as half our college fellows, and she sings so beautifully, that it is a burning shame she has had nothing but a concertina to accompany her voice." Then his reverie took another turn, and he thought; "I won- himself that all the care of the estate der if father is ill!"

Malcolm was an only child, denied no indulgence from his infancy, but he never thought of his father as the "governor" or the "old man." His mother was but a memory, for when he was five years old, her golden-haired beauty was hidden under the daisies. He liked to weeks. Barbara was in the garden, think his great, blue eyes and crisp, walking up and down, thinking. blond curls were like those in his mother's portrait, but imagination was

"I wonder if father really is ill!" he thought, jogging along slowly. "He for his old playmate? It hurt her to seems so anxious to have me settled. think so, and she missed, too, the daily And that means married. He seems to care she had voluntarily assumed during think I will weary of dear old home, if I his absence. have no family ties to bind me there."

quisite, graceful and accomplished being he had endeavored to describe to of gravel under quick feet, and a voice Barbara. It was odd that even with saying: this mental vision before him he thought what a home Bab would make of the stately pile that was to be his inheri-

. There is not much that is home-like about it now," he thinks, "for Mrs. Clark is too old to fuss much, and I imagine the servants have it all their own way. But how Bab's little trim figure and red hair would lighten up those big gloomy rooms."

A week later, he is on his way to New York, to visit his aunt, to see society, and, by his father's express desire, to find a wife.

Heart-whole, fancy free, he mingles with the guests who gather at Mrs. Markham's, his aunt's; escorts his pretty cousin Mabel to opera, theatre, concert; dances gracefully with one belle, takes another out to supper, makes himself agreeable with a third on a sleighing party, escorts a fourth for a promenade, and so on-sixth, seventh, eighth, numbers indefinite, coming under his care pro tem., but not one stirring his heart as Bab's cordial greeting did when he returned from college.

Bab! There is scarcely a frolic of his lonely childhood that is not associated with Bab. How many times has her mother called him in from snow-ball fighting or coasting frolic, to eat crisp, hot doughnuts or gingerbread! How many candy-pulls has he had with Bab at one end of the sweet, sticky mass and of Texas and other States. Sugar River,

himself at the other! Bab is not his ideal. That was tall, stately, brunette! Bab is short, merry, brown-eyed and with hair of burnished bronze that Malcolm irreverently calls red! And then, although there is no foolish pride about Malcolm, he has certainly moved in more cultivated and refined social circles than Barbara ever saw. He wonders how Bab would look in clouds of tulle, her round white arms circled with bracelets, her glorious hair starred with gems, and mentally decides that she would look "jolly!"

A letter from home reached him in the middle of November.

"DEAR MR. MALCOLM: I think I ought to write you about your pa. He won't com-plain, and he ain't to say sick, but he's pining, and very weak. Barbara Croft is here every day, reads to him, sings for him, plays chess and brings him all sorts of good things she cooks to please his appetite. She's the best girl in the world I 'think, but she ain't like your pa's own. He frets for you, though he won't say so, and I think, Mr. Malcolm, if you'll excuse the liberty of my saying so, the time is coming when you will be glad if you come home to cheer him. "Your obedient servant, "MARY CLARKE,"

"My dear old dad!" thought Malcolm, tearing down stairs with the letter in his hand. "He is sick! I was afraid he was last summer, and here I've been fooling away for months while he has been fretting for me!"

His remorse was deeper than his neg-lect warranted, but he loved his father. the ever indulgent friend of his life, his one tie in the dear old home. And so, making graceful apologies to his aunt, he started at once for Deerfield.

Mr. Hoyt was in the library when he drove up to the door, and through the window Malcolm could ree the ruddy Malcolm, "though I think I should feel light from the grate, the deep arm chair, But, pausing on the porch, he saw more, He saw that the dear face was holloweyed, haggard, fearfully changed. He saw a trim little figure bending lovingly over the sick man, coaxing him to eat the dainty luncheon on the table beside him. And he saw Bab more than once Then Bab violated the truth with a draw back to hide quivering lips and

"How good she is," Malcom thought, "to leave her bright home, to comfort a lonely old man." And he stepped softly, not to disturb the pretty scene, and went to the back door to send Mrs. colm, teasingly. "I have seen Steve Clarke to give notice of his arrival.

He was disppointed when he went in to find his father alone, but he forgot all else in his sorrow at finding such a change in him.

"Why have you not sent for me before?" he asked, reproachfully.

"I knew you were enjoying your visit, my dear boy. Your letters were like gleams of sunshine; Bab read them over and over to me, but I would not let any one write but myself, for fear of troubling you." "But you were lonely?"

"help." a man who could not read! It "Yes, very lonely, though Barbara was insulting, little Barbara thought, has been very kind. She is the gentlest of nurses, the most patient of companions," then, a little wistfully: "Have you no news for me, Malcolm? "None, but what I have written!"

"I so wish to see you settled in your home, before-I mean, soon." "Married! But if I fail to find my

"Ah, we all fail in that." "But father, you would not have me marry without love?"

"Never!" "I saw nobody I loved in New York." "But, nearer home?"

"Your tea is ready, Mr. Malcolm," said Mrs. Clarke at the door, and Malcolm obeyed the summons.

The subject was not renewed as father and son sat far into the night conversing. There were many matters needing super vision, and again Maicolm reproached er if father is ill!"

It was the nineteenth century, and hand fallen upon his father's feeble hands while he was pleasure-seeking.

"But I will never leave him again," he said to himself as he assisted his father to his bed-room. A whole week passed busily, and there

Of what? Of Mrs. Clarke's announce ment a whole week before that had sent more potent than actual memory in re- her skurrying home like a frightened rabbit. Was Malcolm so engrossed with his idea that he had not even one hour

"I do believe I am blue!" she thought, And then fancy painted again that ex- pettishly. "What will happen next?"

What happened next was a crunching

"Bab, I have come to see why you have deserted my father." It was so sudden that Bab crimsoned as she replied:

"He does not need me, now that you

are at home." "He asks for you every hour. But, Bab, I did not come only on filial duty. I came to say somebody clse needs you, longs for you, loves you! Bab, darling, won't you come to the old home for life! Won't you be mine, dear, my wife, my

darling?" She could only answer by shy blushes, by vailing the soft, brown eyes to hide their happiness. But Malcolm was satisfied; and when she asked, presently: "But your ideal, Malcolm?" he answered, triumphantly:

"She is here in my arms, Bab-my first and only true love."-New York

American Pearls.

Not all the pearls come from the Arabian seas or from the South Pacific islands. A considerable supply is derived from a mussel found in a number of American rivers. When De Soto made his expedition westward from the Florida coast he found that the Indians possessed an abundance of pearls taken out of the rivers. The Tennessce is particularly prolific in these pearl mussels. They are also found in the rivers in Wisconsin, recently attracted much attention on account of its pearls. Although most of them are white, they are found in various colors, such as purple, pink, golden yellow, bronze, green, gray, black and all the intermediate shades. Some combine two colors, as a deep metalic purple, over which plays a lovely pink-red light that seems almost to stand out from the surface of the pearl. Another will be of a rich gray tint, with green reflections. Still another is black with dark purple. In brilliancy of lustre and fairness of texture they cannot be excelled. In variety and richness of coloring they surpass the Oriental pearls. Quite a number have been sent to Europe, where they have found a ready market at good prices. Single specimens have sold at \$2000 and more. When a number of these pearls are arranged together in a brooch with small diamonds to throw out their colors the effect is superb. Something over \$100,-000 worth were found on the banks of Sugar River within the limits of one small township last summer. - New Orleans Picayune.

The Cowboy's Quirt.

St. Louis sends out every year about 30,000 whips of a peculiar character known as the quirt. No one but a cowboy, a wild Westerner or Mexican has any use for such an article, but away out on the plains it is indispensable, as it answers the purpose both of a whip and a life-preserver. A quirt is a solid leather whip, with the handle loaded with shot and so heavy that the thickest skull will yield to a blow from it. Missouri holds a practical monopoly in the manufacture of this curiously named article, St. Louis making the most and others coming out of the State Penitentiary at Jefferson City. At least 350,000 leather whips are made in St. Louis or near to it, and it is often asked where they all go to. As a matter of fact, this city stands almost alone in this manufacture, for while light buggy whips are made in various places, leather whips are not made in large numbers outside of Missouri, although there are factories in New York, Philadelphia and West Virginia. One reason why St. Louis holds the fort is that this is one of the cheapest hide markets in the world, and instead of buying tanned leather the plan here is to buy green hides and literally make the whips out of raw material .- St. Louis Globe. Democrat.

Hearing One's Self Speak.

"It is a singular thing," says a physician, "that a man does not hear his own voice exclusively through his ears. The prevalence of throat deafness is a proof to the laymen of the connection between the ears and throat, and this inability to hear one's self speak just as others hear us is another instance. In some people this peculiarity is very marked, and in my case, if I speak into a phonograph and let the machine grand out the sounds again, I don't recognize the voice at all. In regard to singing, the varying ability to hear one's self with the ears plugged up with cotton makes itself evident, for while one member of a chorus will only hear the blending harmony, or discord, another will hear little beyond his or her own voice, and makes occasional bad breaks in consequence. I know a man who used to sing a very fair baritone, but whose voice is now only adapted to the weakest falsetto. Yet he doesn't realize the change, and I believe he honestly thinks he sings as well as ever. This apparent impossibility may be a dispensation of Providence to prevent men with exceptionally ugly voices being driven to suicide. - Chicago Herald.

Fairles in All Countries.

Below I give a list of the names by which the fairies have been known in the various countries: Fairies, elves, elle-folks, fays, urchins, ouphes, ell-maids, ell-women, dwarfs, trolls, horns, nisses, kobolds, duendes, brownies, knecks, stromkarls, fates, wights, undines, nixies, salamanders, goblins, hobgoblins, poukes, banshees, kelpies, pixies, peris, dijinns, genii and gnomes.-St. Louis Republic.

The Earth and Man Compared. If it were possible for man to con-struct a globe 800 feet in diameter, and to place upon any part of its surface an atom one-four thousand three hundred and eightieths of an inch in diameter and one one-hundred and twentieth of an inch in height, it would correctly denote the proportion man bears to the earth upon which he stands.—St. Louis Republic,

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

BE KIND TO YOUR HORSE.

Don't start your horse off with a cut of the whip. Speak to him, and then if he is slow touch him lightly as a reminder. A few lessons of this kind and he will be prompt about getting away, at feeding regular, and the mode of but not too hasty, as is apt to be the case if he has been started with a severe cut .- Rider and Driver.

TO KEEP A SILO FROM ROTTING.

How to keep a silo from rotting is what the Wisconsin professors have been studying. The best remedy seems to be ventilation. It is well known that a plank must be kept either constantly soaked with water or else free from water, to prevent it from rotting. It is the act of wetting and drying that does the damage. As it is not practical to keep the planks of a silo always wet, the next thing to do is to keep them dry by ventilation, such as dead air spaces, with a slight opening for a current of air to move in .- American Dairyman.

PASTURE TREES. There are more pastures in this country without trees than those that are provided with these blessings to livestock. There need not be many, but a few trees scattered over a farm not only add to the beauty of the landscape but carry with them the idea that the owner is merciful to his beast. The shade-tree may be productive of more than a shelter from the burning sun in midsummer, for in autumn it may bear a load of nuts that will gladden the hearts of the boys who have none too many things to cheer them in their life upon the farm. Chestnuts, butternuts, shagbark walnuts all furnish toothsome nuts for the winter evening, while protecting the sheep or kine in summer. A farm with trees sells better than one without shade. We have noticed that the treeless farm is most apt to be in the market. The farmer who plants or protects no shade-trees lets other important things escape through his fingers .-American Agriculturist.

PLANTING AN ORCHARD. In planting an orchard for profit the varieties should not be many. It will commonly be found that the profit is mainly derived from one or two thorto the soil and climate, and whose wellknown excellencies and good-keeping qualities always insure them a demand. There are a few varieties, and only a few. that seem to succeed fairly well under greatly varying conditions. In general, however, each one of widely separated sections seems to have its own favorite varieties of the apple. Consequently the orchardist who is upon the ground can days. best determine the kinds he should plant, but there are a few points that may be

considered as of general application. High elevation or the vicinity of large bodies of water are especially desirable locations on account of their greater immunity from frosts. Apple trees should feet between the trees will seem great when first planted, but when full grown, in most sections, not too much. Soil only moderately fertile is to be preferred to a rich loam, and that from which an old orchard has just been cleared should be avoided. Cultivation between the trees for a few years will be beneficial rather than hurtful, provided the original fertility is maintained by manuring. After an orchard begins to bear other crop-bearing on the same ground should cease. As between planting in the fall or spring, either one is likely to succeed if carefully done. In a mild climate fall planting is thought the best. Spring planting should be as early as the ground will admit .- New York World.

STIMULATING FOWLS.

We believe in stimulating fowls, but we want the stimulants to consist of such articles as will build up rather than tear down the constitution. We believe in rusty iron in the drinking water during damp weather or changing of seasons. We likewise believe in a piece of assafoetida, about the size of a hazelnut, wrapped up in muslin 'a regular sugar teat), and placed in the drinking water when there are signs of colds in the fowls. We believe in an occasional feed of chopped raw onions at night to maintain health. We believe in a varied diet of good, sound grain and green food for egg production. Grit-good sharp gritis the article that gives good health. Look at the number of cases of indigestion, all owing to the fact that the fowls have not the proper material to masticate the food. Indigestion is often taken for cholera. Lime makes eggshells. Along with the material to manufacture the egg. lime must be given to make the shells. A certain per cent. of lime is found in the grains, but we liberally feed oyster shells to supply the

Keep the birds in a good conditionneither too fat nor too lean-and there will be less sickness and more eggs. Half-starved hens can neither remain healthy nor lay eggs. It is false economy to cut down the rations. Less corn and more wheat is better policy. The science of feeding is not in stinting the fowls, but in getting them as much as they can eat of the proper feed. In other words, for eggs, stimulate the hens with such grains as wheat and oats-as much as they will eat up clean. For growing flesh give them all the corn they wish. Stimulation in the right way is the proper thing to do .- Homestead.

FREDING THE HORSES.

The following hints on horse-feeding are condensed for the New York Voice from an article by Veterinary Surgeon C. H. Michener, published in a special report of the United States Department of Agriculture:

In the horse digestion takes place principally in the intestines, and here, as in all other animals, and with all foods, we find a certain part only of the provender has been digested; another portion is undigested. If the horse receives too much food a large portion of digestible

food passes out unacted upon, entailing not only the loss of this unused food, but calling for an unnecessary expenditure of vital force on the part of the

horse, and keeping him poor in flesh. Foods selected for the horse must be wholesome, clean and sweet; the hours preparation found by experience to be best for the animal must be adhered to. Cleanliness in preparation and administration must be observed.

The length of time occupied by stom. ach digestion varies with different foods. Hay and straw pass out of the stomach more rapidly than oats. Oats should therefore be given after hay, instead of first; for it reversed the hay would cause the oats to be sent onward to the intestines before being acted on by the stomach, and as a result produce indigestion. Experience confirms this. There is another reason why hay should be given first, particularly if the horse is very hungry or is exhausted from overwork. The hay requires more time for mastication, insuring proper admixture of saliva, and cannot be bolted as are the grains.

Water must not be given soon after feeding as it washes or sluices the food from the stomach before it is fitted for

intestinal digestion.

Rapid or severe labor cannot be performed by the horse on a full stomach. For such horses tood must be given in small quantity and, if possible, about two hours before going to their work. The disproportion between the size

of the stomach and the amount of water drank tells us plainly that the horse should always be watered before feeding. Never feed too soon after a hard day's work. A small quantity of hay may be

given but grain should be withheld for an hour or two. Do not feed concentrated food entire-

ly. Bulky food must be given to detain the grains in their passage through the intestinal tract; bulk also favors distention and thus mechanically aids absorption. For horses that do slow work for

the greater part of the time, chopped or cut hay fed with crushed oats, ground corn, etc., is the best kind of feed, as it gives the required bulk, saves time and half the labor of feeding. Sudden changes of diet are always

dangerous. Change the food gradually. oughly trustworthy kinds best adapted A full meal of corn fed to a horse accustomed to oats, will almost always sicken him. If a horse is to do less work or to rest see that he receives less food. If this

was observed even Saturday night and

Suaday there would be fewer cases of "Monday morning sickness." Food should be more of a laxative nature when a horse is to stand for some

Above all things avoid feeding musty or moldy fooder These are frequent causes of lung troubles and other diseases. The digestive organs also suffer. Musty hay is generally considered to produce disorder of the kidneys, and all know of the danger to pregnant animals not be crowded. A distance of forty from feeding from ergotized grasses or

PARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

A fence being a necessary evil, econconsidered important.

Never feed raw cornmeal to every young chicks. Crumbled stale bread is always good for them.

It is important to have thrifty, vigorous breeding birds if you expect thrifty, vigorous chickens. Now is the time to be making the selections.

The cost of wintering poultry can nearly always be greatly reduced by proper care now in securing and storing away a sufficient supply of food to last until With proper care in selecting out and

keeping the best of the fowls each year

for breeding, they can be gradually improved at a very low cost. Get a standard breed at the start. Providing warm, dry quarters is one of the essentials necessary to induce the

hens to lay eggs during the winter; eggs pay a better profit during the winter than at any other season. When the hens are kept separate from the roosters not only will they lay better, but the eggs will keep better. When

eggs are stored away those from hens

where there are no roosters are the

While in many localities it is best to close up the poultry house at night during the day the doors and windows should be opened every day that the weather will admit, so as to secure a good

Because you have no bone mill is no reason you should not get scraps from the butcher's bone box and give the hens a chance to have some fresh meat during the moulting season. You might crack the bones some with an old ax or hatchet and help the hens to a little of

A ditch here and a load of dirt there may prevent lots of mud and filth in the stable yards during the coming winter. You can not put in an extra hour or two to better advantage than to see what improvements you can make in or about your stables. Devote a half day to this purpose alone and you will not regret it.

"What is worth doing at all is worth doing well." This proverb will nowhere apply better than to the care of poultry. Without constant attention and thoroughness, success is not expected. Some kinds of business may be occasionally slighted without serious harm, but in this occupation one mishap may blast the hopes of a whole season.

A Missouri farmer is said to have hung his seed corn in his smoke house and smoked it as long as he did his hams. It is alleged that every kernel grew and that it was not troubled by ground squir-rels, gophers, mice or black birds, while some corn, not smoked, that was planted beside it was entirely destroyed. As the smoking would probably not in jure th corn, it might be well to try the experi ment on a small scale.

Beautiful and Curious Sponges.

The sponges usually seen in the city drug stores give a by no means adequate idea of the beautiful forms of these creatures that are found in the lower depth of the ocean.

These sponges of the great depths are among the most beautiful things that live in the ocean. They assume various forms, some of which are very interesting, and not a few of which are curious. Several of these curious ones are mentioned below.

Not least remarkable are the so-called sea nests, which are in the form of spheres or sometimes egg-shaped. The outer coat of one of these specimens is a complicated net-work, over which a delicate membrane is spread.

An ornamental frill adorns the upper part, while the lower portion throws out a maze of glossy filaments like fine white

These hairs penetrates the semi-fluid mud in every direction, thus holding the sponge in its place, while a continuous current of water is drawn by waving "cilia" through all parts of the mass, passing out by a hole at the top. In this manner the animal absorbs whatever food may be afloat.

Another singular sponge is the glass rope, which sends down into the mud a coiled wisp of filaments as thick as a knitting needle. The latter opens out into a brush, fixing the creature in place after the manner of a screw pile.

Still another remarkable sponge is found in the deep water off the Loffoden Islands. It spreads out into a thin circular cake, surrounded by what looks like a fringe of white floss silk. Yet another curiosity is the eupectella sponge of the Philippines, which lives embedded to its id in the mud and supported by ? lovely | frill .- New York Mail and Ex-

An India Rubber Plantation.

A plantation of India rubber was started by the Government of Assam in 1873, in a forest at the foot of the Himalayas. Seedlings were planted in the forks of trees, and by 1885 they had reached the ground. The trees were subsequently placed in beds forty feet wide, protected by the surrounding forest. In 1890 the plantation extended over 1106 acres and contained 16,054 healthy plants, besides 84,000 seedlings. The experiment will not begin to be profitable for several years .- New Orleans Picayune.

There are 181,000 foreigners in Paris, or one-tenth of the entire population. Among these the Belgians lead with 45,-000; next the Germans, 37,000; then the Swiss, 25,000; and Italians, 21,000; then comes Luxembourg, and next Great Britain with 13,000.

The State of Massachusetts has arranged to aid the 103 small towns that have no libraries in their efforts to se-

Health

form their functions in regular and efficient manner; and to remove any obstruction to such action is the proper duty of me Hood's Sarsaparilla

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