

COLDEN HOUR.

A beckoning spirit of gladness seemed
adorned.
That lightly danced in laughing air before
us;
The earth was all in tune and you a note
Of Nature's happy chorus.
'Twas like a vernal morn, yet overhead
The leafless boughs across the lane were
knitting:
The ghost of some forgotten Spring, we said,
O'er Winter's world comes fitting.
Or was it Spring herself, that, gone astray,
Beyond the alien frontier chose to tarry?
Or but some bold outrider of the May,
Some April-emissary?
The apparition faded on the air,
Capricious and incalculable comes—
Wilt thou too pass, and leave my chill days
bare,
And fall'n my phantom Summer?
—William Watson, in the Spectator.

THE RUNAWAY.

BY PATIENCE STAPLETON.



OULD they put her
in the asylum," she
wondered, "if they
caught her?"
Folks would surely
think she was
crazy.
She stopped at
the stone wall to
rest, and looked
back timorously at
the old familiar
scene.

Far behind her stretched the meadow,
a symphony of olive and green in the
late fall. Here and there the sunken
boulder stood solitary, golden rod, or
berry bushes clothed now in scarlet and
gold. At intervals in the long slope
stood solitary trees, where fluttering,
brittle leaves fell in the gentle, chill air.
In summer time she remembered well
the haymakers rested in the shade, and
the jug with ginger water she made for
the men was kept there to be cool.
She seemed as she sat there to re-
member everything. The house was all
right, she was sure of that; the key was
under the kitchen door mat, the fire was
out in the stove and the cat locked in
the barn.
She held her work hardened hand to
her side, panting a little, for it was a
good bit of a walk across the meadow,
and she was eighty years old on her last
birthday. The cows feeding looked
homelike and pleasant.

"Goodbye, critters," she said aloud;
"meny's the time I've druv' ye home an'
milked ye, an' I'llus let ye eat by the
way, nor never hurried ye as the boys
done."
With a farewell glance she went on
again, smoothing as she walked the
scattered locks of gray hair falling under
the pumpkin hood and keeping her
black scant gown out of the reach of the
briars. Across another field, then
through a leafy lane where the wood
was hauled in winter, then out through
a gap in a stump fence, with its great
branching arms like a petrified octopus,
to the dusty high road.

Not a soul in sight in the coming twi-
light. John, the children and the scold-
ing wife who made her so unhappy,
would not be home for an hour yet, for
East Mills was a long drive.
Down the steep hill went the brave
little figure, followed by an old shadow
of itself in the waning light, and by the
tiny stones that rolled so swiftly they
passed her often and made her look
behind with a start to see if a pursuer
was coming.
"They'd put me in the asylum, sure,"
she muttered wildly as she trudged
along.
At the foot of the hill she sat down
upon an old log and waited for the
train.

Across the road, guarded by a big
sign, "Look out for the engine," ran
two parallel iron rails that were to be
her road when the big monster should
come panting around the curve.
At last the dull rumble sounded, a
shrill whistle, and she hurried to the
track, waving her shawl as a signal.
This, in the conductors' vernacular,
was a cross-roads station, where he was
used to watch for people waving articles
frantically. The train stopped and the
passenger was taken aboard. He noticed
she was a bright eyed old lady, very neat
and precise.
"How fur?" he asked.
"Boston."
"Git there in the mornin'," he said,
kindly, waiting for the money, as she
opened a queer little reticule, where,
under her knitting, wrapped in a clean
cotton handkerchief, was her purse with
her savings of long years—the little
sums Sam had sent her when he first be-
gan to prosper in the West, and some
money she had earned herself by knitting
and berry picking.

At a cross road, as they went swiftly
on, she saw the old sorrel horse, the
rattling wagon and John and his family
driving homeward. She drew back
with a little cry, fearing he might see
her and stop the train, but they went on
so fast that could not be, and the old
horse jogged into the woods, and John
never thought his old Aunt Hannah, his
charge for twenty long years, was run-
ning away.

At Boston a kindly conductor bought
her a through ticket for Denver.
"It's a long journey for an old lady
like you," he said.
"But I'm peart of my age," she said
anxiously; "I never had a day's sickness
since I was a gal."
"Goin' all the way alone?"
"With Providence," she answered
brightly, alert and eager to help herself,
but silent and thoughtful as the train
took her into strange landscape where
the miles where the landscape went so
swiftly it seemed like the past years of
her life as she looked back on them.
"They works are marvelous," she mur-
mured often, sitting with her hands
folded, and few idle days had there been
in the world where she had sat and rested
so long.
In the day coach the people were kind

and generous, sharing their baskets with
her and seeing she changed cars right
and her carpetbag was safe. She was
like any of the dear old grandmas in
Eastern homes, or to grizzled men and
women like the memory of our dead
mother, as faint and far away as the scent
of wild roses in a hillside country bury-
ing ground. She tended babies for tired
women and talked to the men of farming
and crops or told the children Bible
stories, but never a word she said of her-
self, not one.

On again, guided by kindly hands
through the great bewildering city by
the lake, and now through yet a strange
land. Tired and worn by night in the
uncomfortable seats her brave spirit be-
gan to fall a little. As the wide, level
plains, lonely and drear, dawned on her
sight she sighed often.
"It's a dre'ful big world," she said to
a gray bearded old farmer near her; "so
big I feel e'enmost lost in it, but," hope-
fully, "across them deserts like this long
ago Providence sent a star to guide them
wise men of the East, an' I hain't lost
my faith."

But as the day wore on, and still the
long, monotonous land showed no human
habitation, no oasis of green, her eyes
dimmed, something like a sob rose under
the black kerchief on the bowed should-
ers, and the spectacles were taken off
with trembling hand and put away care-
fully in the worn tin case.
"Be ye goin' fur, mother?" said the old
farmer.
He had bought her a cup of coffee at
the last station, and had pointed out on
the way things he thought might interest
her.
"To Denver."
"Wal, wal; you're from New England,
I'll be bound."
"From Maine," she answered; and
then she grew communicative, for she
was always a chatty old lady, and she
had possessed her soul in silence so long,
and it was a relief to tell the story of her
weary years of waiting to a kindly lis-
tener.

She told him all the relations she had
were two grand nephews and their fami-
lies. That twenty years ago Sam (for
she had brought them up when their
parents died of consumption, that takes
so many of our folks) went out West. He
was always adventurous, and for ten
years she did not hear from him; but
John was different and steady, and when
he came of age she had given him her
farm, with the provision that she should
always have a home, otherwise he would
have gone away, too. Well for years
they were happy, then John married, and
his wife had grown to think her a bur-
den as the years went on, and the chil-
dren when they grew big did not care for
her; she felt that she had lived too long.
"I grewed so lonesome," she said
pathetically, "it seems I couldn't take
up heart to live day by day, an' yit I
knowed our folks was long lived. Ten
years back, when Sam wrote he was doin'
fair an' sent me money. I begun to
think of him; fur he was allus generous
an' kind, an' the gratefulest boy, an' so
I begun to save to go to him, fur I
knowed I could work my board for a
good many years to come. Fur three
years he ain't hardly wrote, but I laid
that to the wild kentry he lived in. I
said 'bars and Injuns don't skeer me
none, fur when I was a gal up in
Aroostok kentry there was plenty of
both, an' as fur buffaloes them horned
cattle don't skeer me none, fur I've been
used to a farm allus. But the lone-
sumness of these medders has sorter up-
set me and made me think every day Sam
was further off than I ever calc'lated on."

"But what will you do if Sam ain't in
Denver?" asked the farmer.
"I hev put my faith in Providence,"
she answered simply, and the stranger
could not mar that trust by any word of
warning.
He gave her his address as he got off
at the Nebraska line, and told her to
send him word if she needed help. With
a warm hand clasp he parted from her to
join the phantoms in her memory of
"folks that had been kind to her, God
bless me," and then the train was rum-
bling on.
But many of the passengers had lis-
tened to her story and were interested,
and they came to sit with her.
One pale, little lad in a seat in front,
turned to look at her now and then and
to answer her smile. He was going to
the new country for health and wealth,
poor lad, only to find eternal rest in the
sunny land, but his last days brightened
by the reward for his thoughtful acts of
kindness.

"She probably brought those boys
up," he thought, "and deeded her life
for them. Is she to die unrewarded, I
wonder? There cannot be any good in
the world if that be so." He thought of
her and took out his purse! There was
so little money in it, too, every cent
made a big hole in his store; but the
consciousness of a good deed was worth
something. "I mayn't have the chance to
do many more," thought the lad, but-
toning his worn overcoat.
He slipped off without a word at a
station and sent a telegram to Denver.
"To Samuel Blair"—for he had caught
the name from her talk—"Your Aunt
Hannah Blair is on the W. and W. train
coming to you."

It was only a straw, but a kindly
wind might blow it to the right one after
all.
When he was sitting there after his
message had gone on its way, she leaned
over and handed him a peppermint drop
from a package in her pocket.
"You don't look strong, dearie," she
said, "hain't ye no folks with ye?"
"None on earth."
"We're both lone ones," she smiled;
"an' how sad it be there ain't no one to
fuss over ye. An' be keeful of the
drafts, and keep fannels allus on your
chest; that is good for the lungs."
"You are very kind to take an interest
in me," she smiled, "but I am afraid it
is too late."

Another night of weary slumber in the
cramped seats and then the plain began
to be dotted with villages, and soon ap-
peared the straggling outskirts of a city,
the smoke of mills, the gleam of the

Platte River and a network of iron rails,
beight and shining, as the train ran
shrinking into the labyrinth of its des-
tination.
"This is Denver," said the lad to her,
"and I'll look after you as well as I
can."
"I won't be no burden," she said
brightly. "I've twenty dollars yet, an'
that's a sight of money."
The train halted to let the eastward
bound express pass; there was an air of
excitement in the car, passengers getting
ready to depart, gathering up luggage
and wraps, and some watching the new
comers and the rows of strange faces on
the outward bound.

The door of the car slammed suddenly,
and a big bearded man with eager blue
eyes came down the aisle, looking sharply
from right to left. He had left Denver
on the express to meet this train. His
glance fell on the tiny black figure.
"Why, Aunt Hannah!" he cried, with
a break in his voice, and she—she put
out her trembling hand and fell into the
big arms, tears streaming down the
wrinkled face.
"I knowed Providence would let me
find ye, Sam," she said brokenly, and no
one smiled when the big man sat down
beside her and with gentle hand wiped
her tears away.

"We wun't, Sam," she said gently,
"but just furgit; and I wouldn't be a
burden to ye, fur I can work yit, an' for
years to come."
"Work, indeed! don't I owe you
everything?" he cried. "And my wife
has longed for you to come. There are
so few dear old aunts in this country,
they're prized, I tell you. Why, it's as
good as a royal court of arms to have a
dear handsome old woman like you for a
relation."
Then he found out who sent the tele-
gram and paid the lad, who blushed and
stammered like a girl and did not want
to take it.
"I suppose you want a job," said the
big man. "Well, I can give you one.
I'm in the food commission business.
Give you something light! Lots of your
sort, poor lad, out here. All the refer-
ence I want is that little kindness of
yours to Aunt Hannah."
"Here's the depot, Aunt Hannah, and
you won't see 'bars and Injuns' nor the
buffaloes; sunniest city you ever set your
dear eyes on."

He picked up the carpet bag, faded
and old fashioned, not a bit ashamed of
it, though it looked as if Noah might
have carried it to the ark.
They said goodbye, and the last seen
of her was his happy old face beaming
from a carriage window as she rolled
away to what all knew would be a
pleasant home for all her waning years.
—New York Herald.

Took a Wife From a Bery of Paupers.
James Dunlop, a well-to-do farmer,
living near Booneville, Mo., recently
went to the County Poor Farm and
selected a wife from among the paupers
there being cared for. He said that he
had no time to be going courting among
women and thought he could get just as
good a wife from the Poor Farm as any-
where else. An account says: "Dun-
lop, after looking over the assembled
women, selected Mrs. Johnson, who has
been a resident there for several years.
He told Mrs. Johnson that he was look-
ing for a good woman to become his
wife and take care of his house for him,
and if she was willing he would marry
her at once and they could go right
home. Mrs. Johnson accepted him on
the spot, and the couple came to town,
where the ceremony was performed by
the Probate Judge. Dunlop has since
been in town and says that he is per-
fectly satisfied, and thinks he has found
a good wife, even though from the
County Farm. Mrs. Johnson was the
wife of a prosperous farmer who lost all
his possessions several years ago and
died, leaving her penniless. She was
partly crippled and could not support
herself, and consequently was com-
pelled to become a burden to the county,
although she was a most estimable
woman."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Fruit Prices in Pioneer Days.
The early fruit growers of Oregon had
a wonderful market for a few years at
San Francisco. In 1854 500 bushels of
apples were shipped from Oregon to
California, and returned a net profit of
from \$1.50 to \$2 per bushel. In 1855
the shipments rose to 6000 bushels,
which sold at from \$2 to \$3 a bushel.
In 1856 the shipments rose to 20,000
boxes. Even in this year big prices were
received, and for choice fruit fancy fig-
ures were obtained, one box of Esopus
Spitzenbergs selling for \$60. The Cali-
fornians planted apple-trees, and after
1860 the shipments of apples from
Oregon began to decline. Apple-raising
was more profitable than gold-mining for
the first half dozen years of the industry
in Oregon.—Eugene (Oregon) Guard.

Easy to Become Ambidextrous.
A majority of those persons unfortu-
nate enough to lose an arm, lose the left
arm it is said, but once in a while some
one loses a right arm. Now then, did
you ever think as to your probable digi-
tal facility in case you should lose your
right arm to-morrow? In the language of
the exhorter, "It may be your turn next!"
It is a useless, senseless, harmful habit
this neglect of the left arm and its ad-
juncts, but we are all of us too thought-
less, too lazy perhaps to correct the habit.
It can be corrected however, as I have
found after two weeks regular practice.
Any man or woman who is in earnest,
and will practice half an hour at some
certain time each day, can learn to write
a legible hand and with reasonable rapid-
ity with the left hand.—Detroit Free
Press.



TREATMENT OF A BROKEN HORN.

There is no difficulty in repairing a
broken horn, as only the shell of it is
lost, and the inner core quickly secretes
the horny matter for a new covering. As
good a way as any to treat the injury is
to wrap the horn core in a strip of cot-
ton cloth smeared with common tar, but
not gas tar. This protects the tender
core from the air, and the new covering
is made in a short time without any more
attention. The bandage may be left on
until it falls off, or it may be removed
after a week or two.—New York Times.

MACHINE TO PULL WEEDS.
A machine has been brought out to
pull weeds entirely out of the ground or
to kill them in case they are well rooted
by stripping off their seeds and leaves.
It is adapted to be drawn by horses and
a sprocket drive on the drive wheel is
connected to rotate a forward shaft turn-
ing in suitable bearings, this shaft hav-
ing a gear wheel by which a drum is ro-
tated on a shaft turning in bearings on
the front end of the main frame. The
drum has longitudinal slots in its rim in
each of which moves a comb, the teeth
of which form V-shaped openings into
which the stems of the weeds readily
pass and are firmly gripped. The ma-
chine is said to have given great satisfac-
tion in practical work, being well
adapted to pull up weeds in cultivated
ground in which the grain has appeared,
without injury to the grain.—Chicago
News.

LOSSES OF EARLY LAMBS.
The most telling commentary on the
prevalent carelessness and poor manage-
ment among old-fashioned farmers was
their acceptance of the loss of a consid-
erable number of early lambs as a matter
of course. Those who were more care-
ful timed the breeding so that the lambs
were dropped late when there was com-
monly mild weather and a good bite of
grass. In these days thousands of lambs
are born in midwinter, and such care is
taken of them that losses are very rare.
A basement stable warm enough by the
warmth from a flock of sheep so that
water will not freeze in it, is needed.
Then there must be green or succulent
food, roots and some bran or grain, to
encourage a flow of milk when the lamb
is dropped. The legs are carefully cut
so that it is easy to get to the teats, and
if the weather is cold a watch is kept so
that the lamb does not chill before it can
get to the teat and suck. After it gets
hold of the teat the lamb will usually
care for itself. Of course, lambs thus
cared for cost money, but they bring
money, too, and enough to repay the
cost. This kind of lamb-growing is
very different, and also more pleasant
than the old way of keeping sheep, feed-
ing mostly on straw with a little hay,
and letting the earlier lambs, which are
always most valuable, die for lack of the
necessary attention.—Boston Cultivator.

ALWAYS.
Always believe in farming so long as
it pays.
Always blanket the warm horse stand-
ing in the wind.
Always milk the cows regularly,
kindly and with dispatch.
Always have a snowplow ready when
the heavy snows come.
Always count your chickens after the
period of incubation is passed.
Always think twice before the boy is
set to a task you would not do your-
self.
Always keep cellars cool—as near
thirty four degrees as possible—in which
roots are stored.
Always prepare for the spring work
during the comparative leisure of winter.
Always clean the mud from your
horses when you get home and rub them
dry.
Always go to the barns at night just
before going to bed to see that the stock
is all right.
Always keep the fences and gates in
order, and have a supply of posts ready
in the shop.
Always select the most vigorous and
well ripened shoots for cions, after which
pack in bundles and store in the cellar.
Always keep posted about the work of
the month, and read the agricultural
papers, not forgetting the advertisements
of implements and seeds.—American
Agriculturist.

AGRICULTURAL STATIONS.
The good work which is being done
in the various agricultural experiment
stations of this country is amply demon-
strated by the experiments of the past
year. From the periodical pamphlets
compiled by the able scientists in charge
of these stations we can judge of the
merits of the work, and it gives us
pleasure to bear testimony to the use-
fulness and excellent results attained by
recent experiments. Theories are good,
but stubborn facts are what we need
most, and it is because our knowledge
on many subjects has been advanced by
the work done at the agricultural experi-
ment stations that we deem the scientists
in charge worthy of such high praise.
Enlightenment in regard to the science
of agriculture is certainly much needed,
and no one can maintain that the agri-
cultural stations are not doing their ut-
most to supply this need. Indeed, our
only fear is that they will go ahead too
fast. However easy it may be for them
to arrive at satisfactory results by means
of simple experiment it cannot be ex-
pected the average unscientific agricul-
turalist will arrive at the same results with
equal ease; and it might therefore be
well for the scientists to pause occasion-

ally, in order that their less erudite
brethren may have time to thoroughly
test the experiments. We make this
suggestion on the assumption that the
object of those agricultural stations is
not solely to advance the cause of pure
science, but also to benefit and instruct
agriculturists. Experiments which show
conclusively that improvements are pos-
sible in some branch of agriculture are
of inestimable value, and the more popu-
lar they become the greater benefits will
be reaped through them. Popular, how-
ever, in the ordinary meaning of the
word they can hardly become, at least
for a considerable time, unless pains be
taken to bring them to the notice not of
scientists, but of average hard-working
farmers. Excellent as the pamphlets
containing an account of the experiments
are, they are not as widely circulated or
as thoroughly appreciated by practical
farmers as they should be, and until they
are their real value as exponents of pro-
gress will not be clearly understood.—
National Provisioner.

TRANSPLANTING CABBAGE PLANTS.
"For three consecutive seasons," says
Professor Bailey, of the Cornell Univer-
sity station, "we have endeavored to
determine what foundation there may be
for the common notion that deep-set
cabbage plants give better heads and a
larger proportion of heads than those set
at the normal or natural depth. It is a
very general practice among gardeners
to set the plants to the depth of the first
leaf when transplanting to the field. As
exhibited in tables in Bulletin No. 37,
the results of three years' tests show that
no advantage is to be gained by such a
practice."
In 1889 the experiment was tried upon
twelve varieties, about twenty plants of
each being set up to the first leaf, and
as many more set to the same depth at
which they stood in the seed bed. Strangely
enough, it appears that one-half the
varieties gave better results from
shallow setting and the other half better
from deep setting. There were, however,
rather more heavy heads from the deep
setting. Combining all the results, the
gain in weight from deep setting was as
13.60 to 13.46, a difference so small as
as to lead to the conclusion that the par-
ticular method of planting probably had
nothing to do with the yields.
In 1890 the test was repeated, the
early Wakefield cabbage being used for
the purpose. The plants were grown
upon a heavy and rather poor clay loam.
Here the shallow planting gave decidedly
the better results, both in the percentage
of plants producing good heads and in
the average weight of heads.
In 1891 the test was again repeated,
this time with early Wakefield and
Premium Drumhead. The plants were
grown on a rich and well-prepared loose
clay loam and all the conditions through-
out the season were such as to insure a
fair and uniform test. The average re-
sult was in favor of the shallow setting
so far as the weight of heads is concerned
but in favor of deep setting in the per-
centage of plants producing good or
mature heads, but the differences were
slight and no greater than might be ex-
pected from two or more lots of plants
treated in the same manner. The two
varieties, however, gave different results.
The Early Wakefield gave better results
from deep setting, and the Drumhead
from shallow setting. Upon the whole
the results of the entire investigation
leads to the conclusion that the depth at
which strong and stocky cabbage plants
are set does not influence the extent or
weight of the crop.—New York World.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.
Broad tires are a disadvantage on a
rough road.
Keep your watering troughs scrupu-
lously clean.
Vary the feed; feed greens during the
winter, birds lay better for it.
Hatch early in season; the early bird
brings the highest broiler prices.
Dig the yards over frequently; this
will prevent much poultry disease.
Be sure that coops are moved fre-
quently; foul ground is worse for chick-
ens than old birds.
Renew drinking water for the fowls
every day; twice a day would be better
if time can be found.
Buy fowls when starting suitable to
wants. Never buy egg machines when
table poultry are wanted.
The big fruit crop of 1891 may not be
repeated in 1892. Let us take care of
the orchards and vineyards this year; be
prepared to fight insects and blights.
Not more than three or four per cent.
of business men succeeded without at
some time becoming bankrupt. Where
do you find a farmer who fails in busi-
ness? They rarely do.
With fair to good draft-horses selling
in Chicago at \$135 to \$200, and in good
teams at \$225 to \$237 each, it appears
that there is still money to be made in
raising good horses.
There are four ways of handling man-
ure—piling it against the barn to rot and
leach, scattering it over the barn-yard to
wash, drawing it into the field at once,
and composting it as gardeners do.
The New York Tribune says: "Get
rid of the fences!" These words should
be placed at the head of every page of
the agricultural papers until public
opinion is completely stirred to action.
One year ago with twenty-five fowls
a farmer had five eggs a day. Now,
with twenty fowls, he has from twelve
to fourteen. The five missing birds were
roosters, which account for the whole
story.

A successful swine breeder in Kansas
about once a week puts a quart of coal
oil and two pounds of sulphur into each
barrel of swill.
Patti's castle in Wales contains forty
rooms and cost her \$1,000,000. The
little theater in the castle seats 300 peo-
ple and is a model of elegance.
Canary birds sing their best in rooms
filled with tobacco smoke.



Willie Tillbrook
Mayor Tillbrook

of McKeesport, Pa., Cured of
Scrofula in the Neck
By Hood's Sarsaparilla
All parents whose children suffer from
Scrofula, Salt Rheum, or other diseases
caused by impure blood, should read the fol-
lowing from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of
the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.:
"C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass."
"My little boy Willie, now six years old, two years
ago had a

Bunch Under One Ear
which the doctor said was Scrofula. As it contin-
ued to grow he finally lanced it and it discharged
for some time. We then began giving him Hood's
Sarsaparilla and he improved very rapidly until it
healed up. Last winter it broke out again and was
followed by
Erysipelas
We again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla with most
excellent results and he has had no further
trouble. His cure is due to the use of Hood's Sarsa-
parilla. He has never been very robust, but now
seems healthy and daily growing stronger. The
doctor seemed quite pleased at his appearance
and said he feared at one time that he would
lose him. I have also taken
Hood's Sarsaparilla
myself and am satisfied that I have been helped by
it. Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, Fifth Ave., McKeesport.
Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly
harmless, do not grip.

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