

### AS DIES THE YEAR.

The Old Year knocks at the farmhouse door,  
October, come with your matron gaze,  
From the fruit you are storing for winter  
days,  
And prop him in on the granary floor,  
Where the straw lies threshed and the  
corn stands heaped;  
Let him eat of the bread he reaped;  
He is feeble and faint, and can work no  
more.  
Weaker he waneeth, and weaker yet,  
November shower your harvest down,  
Chestnut, and mast, and acorn brown;  
For you he labored, so pay the debt,  
Make him a pallet—he cannot speak—  
An pillow of moss for his pale, pinched  
cheek,  
With your golden leaves for coverlet.  
He is numb to touch, he is deaf to call,  
December, hither with muffled tread,  
And gaze on the Year, for the Year is  
dead,  
A door over him lay a wan white pall.  
Take down the mattock and ply the spade,  
And deep in the clay let lay be laid,  
And snowflakes fall at his funeral.  
My wage well earned and my work-days  
done,  
And the seasons following one by one,  
To the slow sweet end that the wise foresee;  
Fed from the store of my ripened sheaves,  
Laid to rest on fallen leaves,  
And with snow-white souls to weep for me,  
—Alfred Austin, in London World.

### A LEAP-YEAR STORY.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.



ELDON PARK, Eloise!" said Mr. Luttrell, as the carriage in which he and his daughter had been driven from Fontenoy entered a broad avenue leading to a stately mansion. Eloise looked with languid interest at the house, the broad sweep of lawn, the grand trees, representing the estate of Frank

Weldon. "Yes, papa," she said quietly. "I remember the place quite well, although I was only about twelve years when we were here last. I suppose the lady on the porch is Mrs. Weldon."

"Yes—yes—and Frank is here too. Dear me, Eloise, I wish you would not look as if you were half asleep."

"Thus admonished, Eloise sat more erect, and put some animation into her greeting as the carriage stopped at the foot of the flight of broad stairs leading to the porch, where Mrs. Weldon and her son waited to welcome their guests.

It had been understood in the families of Weldon and Luttrell for years that Frank and Eloise would one day unite the fortunes and estates by a marriage. The young people did not consider themselves to be formally betrothed, but when old Mr. Weldon died and left his home and life long friend Mr. Luttrell as one of the trustees for the property his son would inherit when he came of age, he certainly expected that Eloise would reign at Weldon Park when Mrs. Weldon, Frank's mother, died, and when Mrs. Luttrell died in Paris, she urged her husband's return to America with the conviction that it would be better now for Eloise to marry Frank, since she had devoted much of her life to her mother's estate of invalidism.

It was eight years since the Luttrells had left America to travel for the benefit of Mrs. Luttrell's health, when she died. In that time Eloise had been under the care of a German governess in Germany, a French governess in Paris and an English governess in London and in Italy. She had studied music under the best masters, had dabbled in art, had gone into society at fifteen to "keep papa company" when her mother was ill. Early developed, she had never yet had any love-affair, and when Frank Weldon was sent abroad to finish his education, and joined the Luttrells, Eloise gave him a cool but friendly reception, quite prepared to marry him on the foreign platform, to "please papa."

They were together in many foreign cities, but their love making was of the most languid description, each giving the other cordial liking and thinking ardent feeling quite superfluous under the circumstances. They parted in Paris, and Frank had been at home nearly two years when he welcomed the Luttrells to America and to Weldon Park.

"You must make us a long visit before you go home," Mrs. Weldon had written to Eloise, "it is so long since your house was opened that it will not be habitable for months, and you will be so near that you can easily superintend all the cleaning or re-furnishing."

So, after a few days' rest in New York the Luttrells telegraphed to Weldon Park and were met at the station by the carriage.

It must be confessed that Mrs. Weldon was not pleasantly impressed by the entire coolness of her daughter-in-law. She was a warm-hearted, impulsive little woman, who idolized her only son, and she made little allowance for the early maturity into which Eloise had been forced. It chilled her to see how calm and self-possessed this girl of twenty was, and even the statuesque character of her superb beauty rather appalled her. She gave Frank a half frightened look as the guests swept up the staircase to the rooms prepared for them, and Frank, as soon as they were out of hearing, broke into a boyish laughter. Nearly five years older than Eloise he looked younger, being blond and boyish, while she was brunette and stately. I think in her heart of hearts Eloise rather despised his merry, light-hearted nature, but she never expressed any such opinions.

When the guests joined mother and son in the drawing room, before dinner, they were both surprised to meet a gen-

tleman who was introduced by Mrs. Weldon as "my brother, Doctor Gerriah," and to find this member of the family a cripple and invalid. He was a tall, slight-built man of thirty-seven or eight, with a delicate, refined face, and with one shoulder deformed, while there was a decided halt in his gait. Shrinkingly evidently from notice, he yet made an effort to aid in entertaining his sister's guests, and conversed in a low, sweet voice, almost womanly in its delicate modulations.

It was not until the next day that Frank, sauntering through the garden with Eloise, spoke of his uncle.

"No," he said, in answer to her question, "he did not live here before you went abroad. He was practicing medicine then in Boston, but he was injured by a fall, and he lost his property in some unfortunate investments; so mother insisted upon his coming here, to take care of her while I was in Europe. Since then it has been easy to persuade him to stay. He enjoys the seclusion, and he is a close student, contributing largely to medical literature, though he has ceased to practice. He cannot trust his nerves since his accident, and a doctor dare not be nervous."

"Does he suffer much?" "Not physically, but I think he does mentally. He was ambitious and an enthusiast in his profession. It was hard to be cut short in what promised to be an unusually successful career."

"Very hard," said Eloise, with a great sigh. "It is as bad as being a woman with no great object to live for." Frank looked slightly bewildered, but made no reply. Eloise had never confided in him the longings of her heart to be a great artist or a great singer, nor the weary disgust to her that it was to know she must be only a fashionable young lady, with plenty of money of her own and a fortune of her father's in prospect.

"I cannot even be Lady Bountiful," thought this disgusted young lady, "for there are no very poor people about here that I know of, and papa would not let me go near them if there were."

But Frank's account of his uncle roused her interest, and she longed to let him know how keenly she sympathized with him.

It was not easy to break through his reserve, but certainly no better opportunities could be found than those afforded by a summer sojourn in the same country-house; and scarcely knowing how the intimacy commenced, Doctor Gerriah and Eloise became friends.

Eloise would have indignantly denied the possibility of her flattering any one, and yet there was the most delicate flattery in her respectful deference to Doctor Gerriah's opinions, her habit of turning to him for sympathy in her opinions, her evident pleasure in his society. She sang his favorite song and wore his favorite colors; and when he would talk to her of his pursuits, his book in progress, she felt a strange sense of elation at being thought worthy of his confidence.

Alterations were being made at Luttrell Place, where Mr. Luttrell talked of establishing himself for the future; but they were not urged forward very rapidly. The house and grounds belonged to Eloise, being a portion of her mother's property bequeathed to her; and Mr. Luttrell often spoke of going abroad again, as if the settling down at Luttrell Place was not entirely decided upon.

"It is as well to have the place in order," he told Eloise. "You and Frank may object to living here, you know, though Mrs. Weldon would be a model mother-in-law."

And Eloise had answered only by a burning blush and drooping eyes. More than once she had met any reference to that tacit engagement in the same way, but Mr. Luttrell had asked no questions.

In the fall they went to their own home, and Frank became a daily visitor, while there was seldom a week passed when Eloise did not drive over in her pony-carriage to call on Mrs. Weldon. She was unlike the calm, self-possessed woman who had returned from Europe, in those days. She was restless and preoccupied, neglecting her usual pursuits, and often shutting herself up in her room for hours together, coming out with red eyes and pale cheeks, but never speaking of illness or sorrow.

Christmas came, and there was a ball at Weldon Park, which would be followed, it was understood, by a similar entertainment at Luttrell Place on New Year's Eve. It was between these two festivities that Mrs. Weldon came, one day, to visit Eloise.

The dear little woman was terribly troubled and took her grief to headquarters. Quite by accident, she had discovered that her crippled brother had given his heart to the beautiful girl who had so gently won his confidence, and the hopelessness of his attachment was appalling to his warm-hearted sister. It was the strangest thing to ask, but she did ask Eloise to stay away from Weldon Park until after her marriage.

"Then my brother and I will go abroad until he is himself again," she said, "and I know you will keep his secret. You will never let him know I betrayed his confidence, Eloise!" she pleaded.

"I will never let him know." "He feels the fact of his poverty and his deformity so keenly," said Mrs. Weldon, "that he would never dream of speaking of his love; but he has a true, noble heart, and it will not be easy for him to conquer the passion he feels. Poor Stephen! He has had a hard life."

Eloise echoed the sigh, but made no comment, and Mrs. Weldon departed, only half satisfied with herself. She might have been less so had she heard a question Eloise asked Frank a few hours later. They were discussing the ball in prospect, when Eloise said:

"Frank, don't you think this farce of our engagement had better end? You will never care half as much for me as you do for that pretty May Hilton."

who seldom left home, astonished his sister by appearing in full dress just before the carriage started.

"I am going with you," he said, but did not explain that there had reached him a little note from Eloise.

"I have a New Year's gift for you, and beg you will come for it on Wednesday evening."

She had never seemed to him so winning as on that evening when, in one of her exquisite Parisian toilets, she received her friends. Stately as ever, there was yet a soft light in her eyes he had never seen there before, and her voice was low and musical as she gave him cordial greeting.

Just before midnight, she took his arm and led him to the conservatory, to ask his opinion of some new arrangement there. They were standing quite alone among the flowers when the church clock struck twelve. Silently they counted the strokes, and as the last one died away, Doctor Gerriah took Eloise's hand in his own, saying, in a low, tender tone:

"May I wish you a happy New Year?"

She was very pale as she looked into his face and answered:

"You alone can make it so. This is the first hour of 1892—leap-year—and I—I—you ought to know, stupid!"

Nobody else was very much astonished, but Mr. Luttrell went abroad when Doctor and Mrs. Gerriah took up their abode at Luttrell Place just one week after Frank Weldon brought pretty May Weldon, nee Hilton, to Weldon Park.

"He never would have asked me, papa," Eloise said, when she confessed the truth of her proposal to her father; "and yet he loved me! Was I very dreadful—indiscreet—or unmaidenly, do you think, papa?"

And Mr. Luttrell, laughing heartily, only said: "Very! But if he is pleased I do not see why any one else should object." And there was no doubt that Doctor Gerriah was more than pleased with his lately acquired treasure.—The Ledger.

### The Long Distance Telephone.

"Strange," remarked a gentleman who was present at the New York end of the telephone wire between New York and Chicago, at the opening ceremonies, "that a sentence can be dropped in Chicago and be heard in New York."

"Oh, that's nothing," replied a wit, "by and by you will be able to hear a London cockney drop his h's in Trafalgar Square."

Professor Bell says it is only the question of a very short time when all the civilized world will be in telephonic communication.

The wires in use between New York and Pittsburg are about an eighth of an inch in diameter. They weigh 180 pounds to the mile. It was concluded to put up a wire between New York and Chicago twice as large as the one in use on the 500 mile circuit. The new circuit is therefore made of wires one-fourth of an inch in diameter, and the wire weighs 435 pounds to the mile. The circuit is what is known as a double metallic circuit, containing two wires for the entire distance. To make the wire 828,500 pounds of wire were used. The circuit runs west through Easton, Harrisburg and Pittsburg, Penn., Youngstown and Toledo, Ohio, and South Bend, Ind.

There is no difference in the appearance of the transmitter. It is the same little instrument, undoubtedly one of the greatest inventions of modern times. Like all long distance 'phones, it is arranged on an oak table. The working apparatus is enclosed in glass to promote the sound, and the arm of the speaking tube is longer and arranged so as to be on a level with the face. If the line to Chicago is profitable it will be extended to San Francisco.—Detroit Free Press.

### Kit Carson's Family.

Christopher Carson, the famous pioneer, guide, and Indian fighter, was married at Taos, N. M., on the 24 of February, 1843. His first child, Charley, was born May 1, 1850, and died April 1, 1851. His second child, Julian (Billy), was born October 1, 1852. He was four years survivor of Costilla County, and died there several years ago. His third child, Teresita, was born June 23, 1855, and is now living at Romerville, near Las Vegas, N. M. His fourth child, Christoval, was born June 12, 1858, and is now living at Las Animas, Col., and is commonly known as Kit Carson, Jr. His fifth child, Curries, was born August 2, 1861, and is now residing at La Junta, Col., and possesses more nearly all the noble characteristics of his famous father than any of the rest of Kit Carson's children. His sixth child, Rebecca, was born April 13, 1864, and died at Springer, N. M., April 13, 1885. His seventh child, Estefanita, was born December 23, 1868, and is now the wife of Thomas Wood, residing at La Junta, Col. His eighth child, Josefa, was born April 14, 1868, and is now the wife of William Squires, residing at Gladstone, N. M. All of Kit Carson's children were raised till of age by Thomas O. Boggs, who resides near Clayton, N. M. Mrs. Boggs is a niece of Mrs. Kit Carson. Sr. Mrs. Jesse Nelson, residing in Otero County, is a sister of the pioneer. There are no brothers or sisters of Mrs. Kit Carson now living.—Trinidad, (N. M.) Advertiser.

### Cure for Ivy Poisoning.

Dr. T. B. Stanley reports that he had some time ago a severe case of ivy poisoning which was not relieved by the ordinary remedies. As a last resort a strong decoction of chestnut leaves was used, bathing the inflamed parts every three or four hours. In twenty-four hours all the distressing symptoms had subsided, and the patient was discharged cured. Since this experiment Dr. Stanley has prescribed the chestnut treatment for all cases of rhus and ivy poisoning, and in all stages of the inflammation, with the single result in every case of perfect relief from all symptoms in from twenty-four to seventy-two hours.—Boston Cultivator.



### LIME FOR THE HENHOUSE.

Lime should be frequently sprinkled about a henhouse; it should also be used in conjunction with carbolic acid, both being deodorizers, purifying the air and exterminating vermin quickly from the premises. The runs should be sprinkled with a strong solution of sulphuric acid, and you need feel no fear of cholera or many other diseases which poultry are from time to time troubled with.—New York Independent.

### FEEDING SMALL POTATOES.

Some fifty years ago it was my duty to boil the small potatoes in a big copper boiler (built in brick, with an oven fire draft underneath), and then to mix them with barley meal and feed them to the hogs. The method used was to sprinkle the dry meal over the hot potatoes and then squeeze the latter with the hand and thus thoroughly incorporate the meal with them and make a semi-mash or slop, by adding the water in which they were boiled. This practice I have followed in feeding in the West, using corn meal instead of barley meal, as being the cheapest and the best for fattening. Potatoes, as a food, are little better, if any, than green clover. Both serve as a slop food, or green food, as you will; but both build the frame, and then when the corn meal is added put on fat enough to finish them for market. This, at least, has been my experience and is my practice. My own impression is that enough value has not been set on potatoes as a food for hogs.—Breeder.

### KINDS OF PONIES.

There are many kinds of small horses that go by the name of ponies. The native kind, known as the Indian pony, is supposed to be descended from the animals brought to this continent by the Spaniards, but by reason of neglect has deteriorated in size while it has gained in hardiness. There is another native pony found on the islands of the North Carolina sounds known as the banker, from its location on the sand banks of which the island and mainland are made up. There is also the Sable Island pony of Newfoundland, an animal similar in character in every way to the former. The imported kinds are the Welsh pony of England and the Shetland of Scotland, the latter the smallest horse existing, some of them measuring no more than thirty inches in height at the withers. The smallest of all these bring the largest price, the Shetland selling sometimes for as much as \$1 a pound of its weight. A fairly good animal may be purchased for \$120 or thereabout. This kind of pony is in great demand for the use of children, as it is exceedingly gentle and sagacious.—New York Times.

### DUCKS FOR EGGS ONLY.

The demand for duck's eggs in cities is comparatively small, and although Pekin ducks are the best layers, they would give but very little profit, if any at all, in the sale of their eggs. However, this limited demand for duck's eggs may be an account of their scarcity. But few farmers keep ducks, and those who do hardly ever think of putting the eggs on the market. In many farmers' households it is preferable to keep the duck's eggs for use, and place those of the poultry on the market. Certainly there is no reason in the world why eggs laid by these web-footed creatures should not find as ready a sale as those of the other denizens of the poultry yard. It costs more to produce one of these eggs than an ordinary hen's egg. They are a good deal larger, and for this reason they should get a better price. But even with a better price it would not pay if the eggs were laid by the ordinary barnyard duck. It would pay just as long as the supply of eggs is kept; but this class of animals are noted for the fewness of their eggs. The Pekin ducks, as we have said before, are best layers of any of the varieties of ducks, and if they are kept and fed carefully undoubtedly a profit would be derived from the sale of eggs.—American Farmer.

### SCAB ON SHEEP.

Those who have once had the scab disease in their flock of sheep do not need any description of its effects, but for others, we will say that the inclination to be constantly rubbing is the first symptom, with a biting of the fleece where it can be reached, and a sore to be found where the wool comes off, from the centre of which yellow matter is discharged. To cure it the following remedies are used: Washing the sheep with soap and water, and then dipping in an infusion of arsenic, at the rate of a half pound to twelve gallons of water. Others mix the common mercurial ointment with from three to five times its weight of lard, and apply about two ounces to each sheep, parting the wool, and rubbing it in at distances of about four inches apart. Another remedy, and less dangerous to handle, is to mix one pound of sulphur and one-half pound of tar, then rub this well into about two pounds of lard, and apply in the same way as the mercurial ointment. Others dip in a strong solution of tobacco, well steeped. In this, which is perhaps, the most commonly used in this country, as in the arsenic solution, care must be taken to keep the sheep's head out of the liquid.

The time for dipping is about one to three months after shearing, and the sheep should not be over heated, or thirsty, should not stand in a hot sun, and the work should be finished early enough so that they may dry off well

before night. They should be kept in it from one to two minutes, and then the wool should be squeezed as dry as possible after they are taken out. Do not allow the drippings to fall upon anything they are likely to eat, and do not let unwashed lambs in with them for a few hours after dipping. If the first application does not cure, in ten days or two weeks repeat it. One tub or trough in which to dip them and another for draining them, or squeezing the dip out of the wool, are necessary. There are several patent preparations offered for sale as sheep dips, and they are probably all compounded upon some of these lines.—American Cultivator.

### THE CARE OF ROADS.

Wisdom in construction gave France the best roads in the world a number of years ago. Complete organization and care has kept them so. The most perfect road uncared for soon wears out; the poorer stone road well taken care of will soon have a smooth surface. The French roads are never out of repair. One man takes care of a long stretch of road, often several miles, by doing here a little and there a little. The road is always in ideal condition. The gutters are trimmed, the grass plots along the side are always neat and clean, and the main ditches on the outside are free from all rubbish. The surface of the roadway is kept dry by small open drains across the grass plots on each side. As the grassy borders are about three inches above the road, the sod is cut out about eight inches wide and four inches deep, with a spade, and the drain neatly scraped out. The bottoms are not lined with stone, and very little work is needed to make or keep these small drains. They are placed from fifty to eighty feet apart, and if the road slopes they run diagonally down the slope.

The roadmen keep the drains clear, scrapes the mud off the road in wet weather, and sweeps the dust in dry. Cleans off the snow and breaks up the ice on the surface of the road and in the drains. Picks up loose stones, breaks them and piles them in regular heaps for use in repairing, takes care of the trees along the road and keeps the mile posts in order.

The roadmen live in the immediate vicinity of the road and are expected to be constantly at work during the day. They have the following tools: Wheelbarrow, iron shovel, wooden shovel, pick, iron scraper, broom, rake, crowbar, hammer and tape. This system of caring for roads amounts to a constant, everyday patrol in search of the slightest evidence of imperfection. The result is that these imperfections are never observable to the ordinary traveler. He is soon led to expect perfection and sees nothing else. One can walk along these roads after a rain without getting his shoes muddy. In the dry summer time there is no annoyance from dust. All this is the result of constant, diligent, far-reaching organization. The economical and prudent French people know that it pays to build good roads, and that it pays still better to take good care of such highways.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

### FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Do not leave the turnips out too long. If you buy an incubator get a good one.

Give the hens chopped onions occasionally.

Clean up, whitewash and get the henhouse ready.

All breeds of fowls have certain points in their favor.

Do not try to winter more hens than you can care for well.

From now on until spring early and late feeding should be the rule.

Arrange convenient drinking vessels for the fowls during the winter.

Fruit trees planted in the fall should have the earth well firmed about them.

It is important to have the floor of the duck and geese quarters dry in winter.

Clean up the coops and give a dose of coal oil before putting away for the season.

One of the best ways of securing dryness under foot is by using dry earth on the floor.

Dressed poultry should always be thoroughly cooled out before packing for market.

See that there are no cracks in the hen-house through which draughts can strike the fowls.

By watching the fowls for the first appearance of cold and curing it croup may be prevented.

When the fowls must stay in the house, scatter the grains among straw or litter to give them exercise.

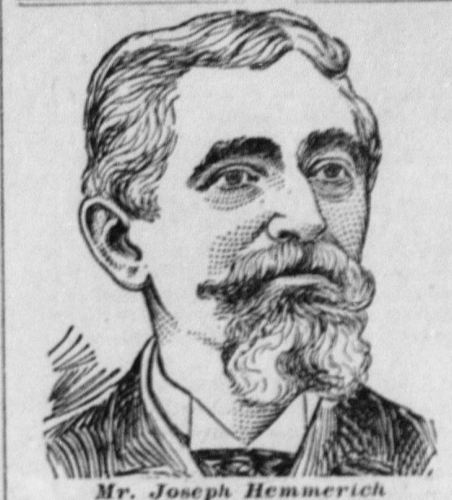
For swelled heads wash clean with warm water and then anoint the whole head with glycerine.

Considerable care must be taken to prevent the eggs from getting chilled, if they are to be hatched in an incubator.

Thomas G. Hodgkins, of Setauket, N. Y., has given \$50,000 to the Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of New York and Brooklyn, and the same amount to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. He has also given \$100,000 to the Royal Institution of Great Britain. Mr. Hodgkins, who is over ninety years of age, is in very feeble health.

A Mammoth Competition. \$5000 in prizes for the best seven stories was what The Youth's Companion offered; \$5000 for the best serial and \$1500 for the best folk-lore tales. No less than 2663 stories competed for these prizes. The successful stories are just announced to appear in The Companion during 1893. By sending \$1.75 at once you will obtain the paper FREE to Jan. and for a full year to Jan. '94. Address THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

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A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Croup, Spasms, Sore Throat, Headache, Nervousness, Stomachic, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

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