

"YOU COME TO A COUNTRY RICH WITH CORN."

You come to a country rich with corn, October! The young birds pipe in the fields new shorn, October! Stooks of russet on every hand Like pointed tents of the red man stand, October! The flail is heard on the farmer's floor, October! Straw and chaff are thick at the door, October! The dusty sacks go over the hill, And merrily, merrily whirrs the mill, October! Your voice is a thrush's, a fawn's, your tread, October! A garland of wild flowers is round your head, October! Your cheek how bonny, your breath how sweet! And the lamps of the forest light your feet, October! Shake your crisp locks to the life-giving sun, October! Drink of your presses, that laugh as they run, October! For the lee King lurks in the fields of snow, To rife your kingdom and lay you low, October! —Dora R. Goodale in Harper's Young People.

WHAT SHE SAW.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.



APPLY! Yes! Never had Nettie Frame looked for such happiness. It was wonderful, incredible. Would her mother think it too sudden? No, no; not when told all about it. It had been three had months that she had been here with Aunt Julia, who, extravagant woman, owned two summer cottages elsewhere, but who so greatly preferred this big, jolly, lovely hotel on Cliff Isle that she had come hither for two entire seasons, bringing her favorite niece with her. And this summer her favorite niece had met Stanley Mayhew, been loved by him, loved him and promised to be his wife. Nettie sat in the corner of a great, soft sofa in the long parlor, thinking her happy thoughts. Only three months! but how well they knew each other now! Stanley came down from the city every night, and every Sunday for all day, and how her contented mind teemed with sweet memories—of moonlight strolls on the sandy shore; of quiet hours on a rustic bench on the hill; of crabbing and fishing in his little skiff; of long talks, only bright and friendly at first, then something more; of the moment when he had spoke, and she had yielded her full trust to him; of the blessed two weeks since then. She had written to her mother and she had told her Aunt Julia; and she wondered if she ought not to tell Eleanor Wells. Why hadn't she? Eleanor and she were chums, and Eleanor was an old friend of Stanley's family in the city, and was the one girl beside herself to whom Stanley paid any attention. Was she, perhaps, just the least mite jealous of that old friendship, and of Stanley's frank admiration of Eleanor? Was it because of that lurking little doubtfulness that she had not confided her happiness to Eleanor? Nettie was ashamed of the feeling. Of course he admired a handsome, clever, charming girl. He himself had introduced them, and wanted them to be friends, as they were. It was herself whom he loved. Was not that enough for her? Did it not seem to fill her world with radiance? She would go and find Eleanor this minute and tell her. She would tell her how she almost wondered that he had not chosen her instead; and they would laugh together—probably cry a little—and have a good talk. She must hurry. It was after seven o'clock now, and he would be down on the eight o'clock boat to-night, he had told her, because he had a little extra work at the office. She would just have time, when she had seen Eleanor, to get into her prettiest gown for him. She rose, smiling and flushing, and went tripping down the long room, humming a gay air. A huge, gilt-framed mirror was at the end of it. She stopped suddenly, in the act of passing it. He had come! There he was, just entering the farther door of the parlor. Eleanor Wells was with him. Nettie stood waiting, her eyes fastened on the mirror which reflected them. The moment she stood there seemed to her an eternity. Her smile faded, a quiver passed over her, and her face took on a marble coldness; for she had seen Stanley Mayhew stoop over Eleanor Wells—seen her raise her pretty, graceful head, and see their lips meet. Herself they had not seen. Poor Nettie! She turned away. Her trembling hands were clasped so tightly that it hurt her; her breath came in little, miserable gasps. She hardly knew what she was doing, when she passed out across the broad piazza, and, bareheaded, went gropingly out into the thickening dusk. To be alone—to get away from everybody and everything—that was her bewildered longing. "He must have come by the seven o'clock boat," she said to herself, mechanically, again and again.

And that was at first as far as her thoughts would go; for she could not believe what she had seen. "No, no!" she whispered, wringing her hands. "It wasn't Stanley. No, no!" as though every feature of his, every look, were not familiar and dear to her. She found herself mounting the hill and sinking down on the rustic seat where they had sat together so often. And there she pressed her face on the rough wood and tried to think. Think? She could not. One thing blinded her to all besides and stifled thought—the remembrance of that which the mirror had reflected—of that sight of the man she loved and had trusted tenderly, bending to caress another woman. He did not love her, then. She was a plaything merely—a source of whimsical amusement for him during the idle hours of the summer. He had not cared for her—he had not been serious. He had meant to make love to her while the mood was upon him, and to break the bond when he should tire of it. Else could he be making love to another woman? And she had cared for him so deeply—her faith in him had been so entire! And her love for him had so filled her heart and her life! Oh, it had been no light matter to her. And now—what? She could not find relief in tears, as she asked herself that wrenching question. She felt frozen, benumbed. She sat motionless, and stared up at the first faint star in the gray sky. "Nettie!" a voice called, imperatively and half impatiently. It was Stanley Mayhew's, and he followed it. He came hurrying up the bank. "Mrs. Loney told me she saw you coming up her. What on earth—? You must have known I'd be there. Or, no; I told you the eight o'clock boat, didn't I? Well, I got through before I thought I should, and here I am." He threw himself down beside her, a shadowy form in the dimness, and patted her hand by way of greeting; nor did he notice that she drew it away quickly and far. He was laughing, and when he had paused a moment to get his breath, he began to explain why. "Now, what do you think?" he demanded. "Now guess! I've just seen Eleanor Wells. What do you think she told me?" Nettie shivered. "Well, they're engaged!" said her lover, with an air of triumph. What did he mean? she wondered. But she did not care. What difference did it make what he meant? What difference could anything make now? "They're engaged," he repeated. "The trouble is over, the storm is ended, and they've got into smooth waters, with the matrimonial port in plain sight. Of course she's told you all about Leonard? Talked to you about him for hours, I suppose?" "No!" he went on, though Nettie had not spoken. "I can't believe it! And you such chums!" "Well, I've told you about Leonard, you know—my next older brother who went to California in April to manage a mining syndicate—the cleverest fellow you ever saw. "Well, he and Eleanor were engaged. Really, didn't she tell you? Why, that's part of our family record, for it's an old affair. The Wells children and 'we uns' used to play dolls and tag together, you know, and it has always been a settled thing, somehow, that Eleanor would marry Leonard when they got old enough, because they were always sweet on each other. "Well, they had been regularly engaged for a year or so, when lo, and behold! early this spring they had a tiff. "It was all about a young Spaniard that Eleanor didn't care any more about than she does about me; but the spat grew into a quarrel, and the quarrel ended in Eleanor's sending back poor Len's ring and all his photographs and tin types and presents. "I believe there was a packing box full of them, and Fred arranged them in his room, and put craps over the door. But we were really broken up about it, all of us. Mother was actually sick for a week. And Len—Len was a mental wreck. "He looked like a ghost. He said he'd got to get away, and first he knew he'd packed up and gone off to California to manage a syndicate. "I've been glum enough over it. I knew Leonard thought the world of her, and that she—well, I'll come to the point," said Stanley, with another breezy laugh. "I met Eleanor down at the house just as I got there, and she told me that it's just fixed up. "She said she knew all the while that she was to blame, and the other day she mustered up courage to write and tell Len so, and the very next day she got a long letter from him. "He vowed he was in the wrong, and wanted her to forgive him and take him back, and so forth and so on. Their letters had crossed each other; the spirit had moved them both almost at the same time. So now they're both back in their seventh heaven. "I don't see why Eleanor never told you. She's just the girl to confide her troubles to a sympathizing girl friend. But you say you didn't know—Hello!" He had lighted a match for his cigar, and playfully held it to her face. "Nettie, what—is anything—" But Nettie grasped his coat-front with two tremulous little hands. "And when she told you—you kissed her?" she queried. "Did you guess that?" he asked, laughing. "Of course I kissed her. I was so glad, I didn't know what I was doing; but I should have given her that kiss of brotherly affection and congratulation if I had known. Why, Nettie—why, dear—" She was sobbing softly. Of course

his cigar fell to the ground that his arms might do their duty. "I—I've wronged you," she sobbed. "You and her. You wouldn't speak to me again if you knew!" But he did know two minutes later, and he only laughed and drew her closer. "Now I do know you care for me," he declared, in high contentment. "And if I hadn't been so—so jealous of her," Nettie whispered, "it would never, never have happened. I should have told her of our engagement then, and she would have trusted me and told me about her affair, and I should never have suspected either of you. Oh, Stanley, can you forgive me—can you?" Yes, he could, for he kissed her. "I think you had the worst of it, little girl," he said, in tender banter. "I know I did," she answered, solemnly.—Saturday Night.

He Grew Up With the Country. Dozens of letters have been received from all corners of the United States for more information about the little gray toad that was dug up under seventeen feet of hardpan on the premises of Henry and Eliza Henderson in the southern part of this city, says a Tacoma (Washington) letter to the New York Sun. Managers of museums and owners of aquariums covet the little hopper, which is not over a month old, dating from the day he was unearthed. What surprises the scientists most is the fact that he does not turn up his cat-like claws and die. Heretofore, toads taken from stones or dug up out of the earth at a great depth have died in a few days, most of them expiring inside of an hour or two, but this particular toad is growing fat on flies and can hop eighteen inches any day. He loses his appetite after eating six or seven plump house flies. These have to be caught for him. When they are placed before him he jumps after them viciously and blinks, and shifts his weight from one forefoot to the other after swallowing them. There are various surmises as to the age of this toad. Trees which were saplings at the time Columbus landed were growing in the four feet of soil on the top of the hardpan until the Hendersons felled them three years ago. In a few days the toad will be forwarded to Harry Henderson, of Pittsburgh, Penn., a nephew of the Tacoma Hendersons, who will place him in an aquarium in Shenly Park, East Liberty, at that city. Miss Henderson is afraid to trust this ancient treasure to the care of a friend, an express company, or the mails, and she will probably make a special trip East in the capacity of fly catcher and chaperon for his toadlets.

A Substitute for Tan Bark. Growing wild in great abundance in New Mexico and Arizona is a plant that yields a large percentage of tannic acid. It is known as canaigre. Experiments were made with this plant, and when it became certain that the product of its root was in every way suited to tanning, a large quantity of the tubers were shipped to various tanneries, both in the United States and Europe. This was in 1889. The results obtained were at once gratifying and encouraging to all concerned. A number of European tanners erected plants for extracting the acid from the canaigre root and adapted their tanneries to the use of the product. It will surprise most readers to learn that since that time they have had large forces of men employed in New Mexico and Arizona digging and shipping the root. American tanners have been slow in taking up the canaigre root, fearing the supply could not be made to answer the demand. They have long been convinced, however, that it furnishes equally as good a tanning agent as the oak or hemlock bark, and at last steps are being taken to begin the cultivation of the plant on a large scale. Many farmers in New Mexico have undertaken to make a business of it, and a large company has been incorporated for the purpose of improving the lands of the Pecos Valley, where the conditions are especially favorable to its growth.—Waverley Magazine.

Not so Dangerous. "Man in No. 68 wants some parlor matches. He says these eight-day sticks are a confounded nuisance," the bell boy said to the clerk in one of the hotels yesterday. "Tell him he'll have to get along with the old-style match," answered the clerk. "The insurance companies don't allow parlor matches in the rooms." "Yes, that's a fact," he continued, in answer to a surprised questioner. "Insurance policies of nearly all companies prohibit the keeping and use of parlor matches in any part of a hotel, but they are generally kept in the offices because they are in greater favor and more convenient than the sulphur match, and the requirements of the policy is to that extent overlooked by both its holders and the issuing company. There isn't much chance for an accidental ignition of a parlor match to do much harm in a hotel office, but they are dangerous things in rooms, where carpets or curtains or stray paper are liable to catch fire from them. They are not only more easily lighted by accident, such as stepping upon them, but, as is not generally known, they often break out in flame from spontaneous combustion. You may judge how easily this is liable to happen by holding a bunch of them in the dark and watching the fame that continually arises from them. The sulphur match is not so dangerous in any of these particulars."—Kansas City Times.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

USE FOR AN OLD MIRROR. Have an old mirror or a panel of looking glass framed in a flat, wide pine frame. Let this be mounted on claw feet, as for screen, with narrow, zinc-lined box, with the outside of pine across the bottom. Enamel the frame ivory white, paint the box dull bronze-green and fill with ferns. Paint sprays of ferns here and there across the frame and you will have a lasting and charming summer fireplace screen that can be refilled with ferns summer after summer. In winter place it in some corner, and put two or three small sword palms in the box, always filling it with fresh earth.—New York World.

TO CLEAN COOKING VESSELS. Sometimes the most careful washing will not wholly remove the flavor or odor of food from the utensil in which it was cooked. This is frequently the case with fish, onions, cabbage, etc., but there is a remedy which may be a little trouble, and yet is well worth trying. After any of these articles have been cooked wash the utensil carefully with soap and water. Now nearly fill it with cold water, and for each quart of water add about a tablespoonful of dissolved washing soda. Place on the fire and let the water get boiling hot. Now turn this water into the sink. Rinse the utensil with clean, warm water, and, on wiping it dry, it will be found perfectly sweet.

TO CLEAN CARPETS AT HOME. It is often the case that accidents happen when one is far away from a cleaners, or when perchance the carpet may not be worth the expense of the professional's service, but would be extremely useful if put in good order. A simple and effectual means of cleaning is to rip the breadths apart, if the carpet is large; take one breadth at a time over a common kitchen table or wide board and scour with prepared soapsuds, if necessary, or naphtha. If that substance is to be used, scrub the carpet thoroughly with an ordinary scrub-brush. If the washing is done with soapsuds, it is well to rinse the carpet thoroughly, which may be done by throwing on painfulls of water and scrubbing it out with the brush to rid the fabric of the suds as nearly as may be. If the carpet shows symptoms of fading, or if the colors threaten to run, it is quite worth while to go over it again and again with the brush and with soft cloths and remove the water as rapidly as possible, meanwhile having the board or table tipped at an angle so as to allow all surplus water to drain away as quickly as it can. This is rather slow work and hard work; but if well done, the result will be a carpet entirely cleaned, perfectly wholesome and quite good enough for an upper room or for the rugs and pieces that are required in every house.—New York Ledger.

PICKLES. Onion Pickles—Scald large silver-skinned onions in boiling salt water, let stand twenty-four hours, pour off the brine and scald in strong vinegar, drain, put in a jar, cover with strong, spiced vinegar, cover and set in cool place. Small Cucumber Pickles—Wash and wipe 150 small cucumbers of uniform size, put in a large jar. Cover with boiling brine, let stand for twenty-four hours. Drain, wipe, put in clean jars, with a sliced onion, two dozen cloves, one ounce of mustard seed, half a dozen blades of mace, a root of ginger and a dozen whole pepper cones. Red Cabbage Pickle—Quarter fine head of red cabbage, sprinkle with salt and let stand eight hours. Chop half a dozen onions and add to the cabbage. Put in a kettle, cover with spiced vinegar and set on the fire to scald. Take up, put in a jar, pour fresh vinegar over, cover and set aside two weeks before using. Ripe Tomato Pickles—Puncture large ripe tomatoes with a darning needle. Put a layer of tomatoes with chopped onions and a sprinkle of salt in a jar, put in more tomatoes and season, let stand four days, take from the jar, squeeze each tomato gently, put in a clean jar, cover with strong vinegar, seasoned with red pepper, horse radish and mustard seed. Green Pickles—Take small, fresh cucumbers, salt them down dry and let stand for ten days, take up and soak in fresh water for one day. Put in a porcelain kettle, cover with weak vinegar, add a teaspoonful of pulverized alum, set on the back of stove, let heat, but not boil. Drain, put in a jar with cloves, allspice, pepper, horseradish and garlic. Heat strong vinegar and pour over, set aside for ten days, and the pickles will be ready for use. These pickles are always fresh and crisp. Creole Pickles—Take five dozen large cucumbers, two dozen full-grown green tomatoes, a dozen large white ones, two dozen small onions, three heads of cabbage, one pint of grated horseradish, a quarter of a pound of mustard seed, half a teaspoon of ground pepper, half a pint of salad oil, one ounce of celery seed and ground cinnamon each, with two ounces of turmeric. Quarter the cucumbers, tomatoes, large onions and cabbage, put in a jar with the small onions whole; sprinkle with salt, let stand twenty-four hours, drain, pour over a gallon of strong vinegar and let stand two days. Strain the vinegar off, and press the pickles as dry as possible. Mix the spices and seasoning well, add to a gallon and a half of fresh vinegar, pour boiling hot over the pickles. Mix in the oil. Cover and set in a cool dry place.—Courier-Journal.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR OCTOBER 22.

Lesson Text: "Christian Living," Romans xii., 1-15.—Golden Text: Romans xii., 21.—Commentary.

1. "I beseech you therefore by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." By the mercy which provides redemption freely for the sinner, which justifies and sanctifies and puts us under no condemnation in the case of no condemnation, with the assurance of no separation—because of this great love and grace of God it is surely reasonable service (R. V. margin, "spiritual worship") to do what is acceptable and well pleasing unto Him in the offering of our bodies a living sacrifice. The sacrifices on the altar were dead sacrifices, soon consumed. We are to go on living a daily duty unto self that this life of Christ may be made manifest in our bodies (II Cor. iv., 11).

2. "And be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." "Not of the world" is the repeated statement of our Lord concerning his disciples in John xvii. That we may be conformed to the image of Christ is the way it is stated in Rom. viii., 29; II Cor. iii., 18. 3. "For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith." In the matter of salvation there is no room for boasting, for all is of grace (Rom. iii., 27; Eph. ii., 8, 9); it is the undeserved favor of God to every one without exception. In the matter of Christian life there is no room for boasting either, for whether it be much labor or much holiness we can only say, "Not I, but Christ." "Not I, but the grace of God" (Gal. ii., 20; I Cor. xii., 10). There is no room for self, but Christ must be all.

4. "For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office"—all believers are members of His body (Eph. v., 30), many members, yet but one body (I Cor. xii., 20), all controlled by the same Head and guided by the same Spirit. 5. "So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another." The church is His body, the fullness of Him that filleth all in all (Eph. i., 23). No member of our bodies can say to another, "I do not need you." 6. "As the body of each member waits upon the other, and each member cheerfully accomplishes the pleasure of the eyes and of the mind. So should it be in the church. 7. "Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith." The manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal, the same spirit dividing to every man severally as He will (I Cor. xii., 21, 11), and the perfection of the Christian life is to be completely filled and continually controlled by this Blessed Spirit whom God is more willing to give to those who truly seek than parents are to give good things to their children (Luke xi., 13).

8. "Or ministry, let us wait on our ministry; or he that teacheth on teaching." Young defines prophecy to be the public exposition of the word. Ministry is service acting as a deacon. Teaching is instruction, or making to know. 9. "Or he that exhorteth, on exhortation; he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that showeth mercy, with cheerfulness." To exhort is to call near to, to cheer, or encourage. Imparting in hope of the glory of God, and joy God is in all things to be glorified (I Cor. x., 31). Instead of living under any bondage in any sense whatever, the whole matter is simplified by putting Gal. ii., 20, with the first two verses of our lesson as the motto: "The Lord Jesus be the ruler in our bodies." Let love be the sole ruler in our bodies. 10. "Let us be diligent to do that which is good." In II Cor. vi., 1; I Pet. i., 22, the Holy Spirit is associated with unfeigned love, for where He controls there can be no hypocrisy. Therefore be filled with the Spirit (Eph. v., 18-20). Thus also the evil will become distasteful and the good attractive.

11. "Be kindly affectionate one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another." Or, as in Eph. iv., 32, "Be kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you," and walk in love. In lowliness of mind let each esteem others better than themselves (Phil. ii., 3), seeking the welfare of others rather than your own. 12. "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." In the R. V. the first clause reads, "In diligence not slothful." The last clause will cover the other two, for if we do all things heartily as to the Lord and not unto men, knowing that of the Lord we shall receive the reward of the inheritance, for we serve the Lord Christ (Col. iii., 23, 24), all will be well.

13. "Rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer." Rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God, and glorying in tribulations also, is the way it is stated in chapter v., 23. Contemplating the glory to be revealed enables us to think little of present sufferings (chapter viii., 18). 14. "Distributing to the necessity of saints, given to hospitality." Ministering to the saints is our only way of ministering to Christ, and all done for even the least is counted as done to Himself (Math. xxv., 40; X., 42). As to the latter clause, it is written, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares" (Heb. xiii., 2). Compare Gen. xviii., 2, 22, with xix., 1-3. If we consider ourselves and all we have as the Lord's, we will be ready both to entertain and distribute.

15. "Bless them which persecute you, bless and curse not." So our Lord taught, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven" (Math. v., 44). Even the law taught, "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart; thou shalt not avenge nor bear any grudge" (Lev. xix., 17, 18). 16. "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." Because we are all members of our body, each member should rejoice or suffer with the other members, being animated by one spirit and joined to one head. The rest of the chapter is just as practical as the verses we have considered. Be contented with mean things (verse 16), remembering Him who became poor for us. Instead of indulging in wrath, rather give place to the wrath of God (verse 19, R. V. margin).

Obedience to the first verse, the complete yielding of one's self to the Lord, that He may be the sole occupant of those bodies, will cover the whole lesson and accomplish the fulfillment of every precept.—Lesson Helper.

A Big Find of Photographic Plates. Between 5000 and 6000 old photographic plates, supposed to be of much historic value, belonging to a former Washington photographer, Alexander Gardner, have just been found. There are negatives of Lincoln and all the statesmen of his day and hundreds of officers and soldiers of the Potomac and Cumberland armies.

Russia's New Imperial Yacht. The Russian Government has just ordered a new yacht for the exclusive use of the Imperial family in the North Sea. Both as regards fittings and as size it will eclipse every other ship of the kind. The vessel will be 4000 tons burden, with engines of 600 horse power, capable of giving a speed of twenty knots an hour whenever required.

Eating in Haste

At times while serving as constable and deputy sheriff brought on dyspeptic trouble, although I was naturally healthy. Eight months ago I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured my dyspeptic trouble and set me back in my age about fifteen years. I advised others to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and they now rejoice over the good effect it has had upon them. My wife had suffered from severe headaches, general prostration and loss of appetite. She has taken two bottles and her head

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures is now free from pain and she is enjoying excellent health and renewed strength. S. SHUMWAY, Webster, Mass. Get Hood's Hood's Pills assist digestion. 25 cents.

"German Syrup"

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R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF CURES AND PREVENTS Colds, Sore Throat, Stiff Neck, Catarrh, Toothache, Neuralgia, Sprains, Coughs, Bronchitis, Headache, Rheumatism, Asthma, Sprains. Quicker Than Any Known Remedy. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatism, Neuritis, Inflammation, Nervous, Migraine, or protracted with diseases may suffer.

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