FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Two Gardens, From my window, look ng outward Unto the left and right Two of my neighbors' gardens Lie close within my sight, On the right is Neighbor Thrifty's, It did me good, to see ow in this little plot he worked, With so much energy.

He plowed, and planted it, and hoed, Once, twice, and yet again
And when his crops grew bravely
Did not desert them, them,
For through the long, hot summer
No weed could lift its head,
But that according here. t that avenging hoe was sure to come and strike it dead.

And, in the frosty autumn When leaves around him fell, Bight goodly crops he gathered, And stored his celler well. Neighbor Easy's plot was on the left, He worked so bard you know In planting, when the words came no planting, when the words came up He was too tired to hoe!

And thus, with nought to hinder They sprang and grew apace; Choking the slim potato vines Till they were black in the face, The corn grew pale and sickly, Beans lay down in despair, hing in vain their arms for aid

And so, while Neighbor Thrifty Was heaping box and bin; Neighbor Easy didn't find his crops Neighbor Easy didn't find his crop.
Very hard to carry in!
And as I wavehed, I questioned,
Why God makes weeds to grow?
Or men, like Neighbor Easy,
And gives them land to sow?

One day, in drear December,
As I looked forth again,
I saw h w God is keeping house
For birds as well as men. A flock of little spow-Were journeying that way, All eager for the breakfast, They had not found, that day.

O'er Neighbor Thrifty's garden
They fle \*, all smoo h and white
The co d snow lay upon it,
No staik or spire in sight.
To Neighbor Easy's patch they came
The weeds were waving tall,
With ripened seeds all clustered,
Breakfast enough for all,

Breakfast enough for all Oh what a merry company—
They loted and fed,
And swung themselves in the branches

So cospitably spread.
When they could eat no longer,
I thought I head them say, We'll come again to-morrow, Then lightly flew away.

I watched them, smiling softly,
As to myself I said,
Not quite the whole of wisdom Is centred in your head;
For if only Neighbor Theifty
Had owned a garden plot
Can you tell where all these travelers
Their breakfast would have got?"

#### A Sugar-Boiling Scrape.

When I was a boy we lived in the country, where I think all boys ought to live for a few years, and we didn't get coldled as you youngsters do, nor have so many things to play, nor such schools, and books, and other helps to learning and fun, as you have. But we

shavers, and we would bring dry brush for the fire, and watch the big kettle some cold sap, to keep it from boiling over. I can almost smell the sweet steam now, and see the little pieces of pork bobbling around in the kettle, and remember how my eyes watered when the smoke blew in them, and how good

and cook it slowly and carefully till it was done enough to "cake" into sugar. And then we would wax some on snow, and stir some in saucers until it cooled, and eat it warm and cold until we couldn't hold any more-and a long while after father wondered how we could hold so much.

Well, one time, when we were about twelve or fourteen years old, we thought the sugar would taste much sweeter if we could get it in some sly and mischie-That's the way with foolish boys and men in other things. Stolen sweets make half the trouble of the world. And so we went around to half a dozen of the neighbors' boys, asking them to a sugar bee in our woods the next night, but telling them not to let anybody know it. We knew there was a churn full and two big jugs of sirup waiting to be "sugared off" down in our bush, and we thought we'd steal a march on the men, and show 'em a trick or two. So, after the chores were done, we asked mother if we could go and see the boys, and she said yes, if we would be back by nine o'clock.

We "saw" the boys, but it was in the lane leading to the woods, where him perfectly tractable. He ordered him the lane leading to the woods, where they were waiting, whist as mice. It was growing dark fast, and we cut for the woods as fast as we could go. There was a big bed of coals snugly covered with ashes, and we soon had it raked out, put new wood on, and made a blazing fire. Then we all took hold a blazing fire. Then we all took hold of the long pole and swung the big kettle over it. How to get the sirup in was the next question, as we couldn't lift the big jugs up. But I found the dipper, and we dipped it out of the churn used to store it in, until there churn used to store in the kettle, and grander than any glacier of the Alps.

"Let's smoke him out!" said Frank grabbing a blazing stick from the fire and starting for the brush, using it as a torch. He hadn't gone many yards be-fore a great white owl flew from its perch in a tree, calling "Who-who-o-o!

And then we all laughed at our scare and turned to the sugar just as a dread-ful smoke and smell began to come out of the kettle. While we had been "owling it" the sugar had burned!
We had just got the kettle swung off from the fire when another voice sounded close behind us, and this time it wasn't an owl, but father himself, who had seen the light of the fire, and came

down to find out what it all meant, "So, so," he said, "very industrious boys, I see !—like to work nights! Well, we can't have anything wasted. You can just go at that beautiful sugar you have made and eat it up." And he was a man that meant business, and no fooling, when he spoke.

Well, we tried it on snow, and tried it warm, but couldn't tell which way it tasted the worst. Burnt sugar is about the bitterest stuff I ever got hold of, and a few mouthfuls of it was enough to set us all to begging. Father let up on the cating, but made us scrape and wash the kettles and dishes, and bank up the ire again. And then he put me shead, and made Will take hold of my coat tail and the next back hold of Will's and the next back of which are the next back of which ar and the next boy hold of Will's, and so on to the end, and marched us all single file through the woods up to the house, a giggling, but rather sheepish

Mother said she didn't think we were a very happy-looking set of boys who had been off for such a sweet time; and -well, we didn't do any more sly sugaring off after that. There didn't seem to be much fun in it you know .- Golden Rule.

#### A Fight Among Elephants.

The Piedmont Virginian gives the following particulars of a flerce fight among the elephants belonging to a traveling menagerie; A rather exciting scene occurred while Old John Robinson's Circus was traveling en route to Louisa Court House. The belligerents, Chief, Princess, Mary and Bismarck, were the actors and actresses in the "little difficulty." It had been apparent to Mr. King (their keeper) and several older attaches of the show that trouble was brewing, the two factors, Mary and Chief (Asiatic) on one side, and Bismarck and Princess (African) on the other. The denouement occurred while crossing the South Anna river, on a bridge; the elephants crossing in the following order: Princess first, Mary second, Bismarck third, and Chief bringing up the rear of the squad; the other elephants not being allowed to come on the bridge at the same time on account of its apparent weakness, their weight being twenty tons. About midway of the bridge Chief became untwenty tons. About manageable, and despite the efforts of Mr. King, with hook and spear, made had plenty of good times in consume, skating, riding, fishing, hunting and trapping. And in the spring we always had a special "lark" when they made maple sugar.

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Father used to let us go to the woods was heard for miles up and down the when the sap was boiling; so as to call the men or throw in a piece of pork, or some cold sap, to keep it from boiling on the other side rushed into the river to the assistance of Bismarck. Chief ran off the end of the bridge and into the river, where he renewed the contest with redoubled fury. Emperor (an Indian animal) got to Bismarck about the same time that Chief did, and then a the first taste of the sugar was when trunk-to-trunk contest commenced they began to cool it on the snow to see which beggers description. They fought they endured from fear and famine and But the "sugaring off" was the greatest fun. When the sap was boiled down into clear, sweet sirup, they would who down into clear, sweet sirup, they would be seconds. At this juncture Radjak, Whoodah and Caliph came up, and the Whoodah and Caliph came up, and the Richards great the seconds. Significantly great the seconds are unmattened by anything the sickness ar right on top of Bismarck, who did not sickness are unmatched by anything on largest letters. The best mathematics fight became general. Bismarck gradually worked himself up to the shore, but the banks being muddy, and he being weak, he sank in the mud completely bogged and perfectly helpless. Just then Mary, together with Princess, who had been passive spectators of the trouble, sounded their horns and pitched in. They made short work of it, and soon put the rest to flight. They, then, with almost human intelligence, turned their attention to old Bismarck. Mary put her tusks under his back, and with the assistance of Princess, succeeded in get-ting him into a sitting posture. Mr. John F. Robinson, Jr., with all the managers, canvasmen, grooms, performers and musicians, with rope and block and tackle, came on the scene at this time, and after two hours' hard work succeeded in getting old Bismarck on dry land. Chief and Mary were bound together with chains, and although they looked daggers at one another they could not hurt themselves or any of the herd. In this maneer they were marched into town. Chief was conquered but not subdued, and the old fire still flashed from his eyes. Mr. Robinson saw that more punishment was necessary to make

### The Glaciers of Alaska.

it began to boil up, as yellow and sweet | So that the American students need no longer go abroad to study glacial action. But this time it was dark as a pocket. In one of the gulches of Mount Fair-The fire lighted up the woods for a little weather is a glacier that extends fifty ways, but it seemed all the blacker in miles to the sea—where it breaks off, a the snadows beyond. We had never perpendicular wall 300 feet high and been out alone before, and the strange eight miles broad. Thirty-five miles stillness began to make us feel very above Wrangel, on the Struckeen river, queerly. Our shadows, thrown by the between two mountains 3,000 feet high, firelight across the clearing, looked like is an immense glacier forty miles long, big, black giants, and there wasn't much and at the base four to five miles across, fun in our laughs as we watched them. One of the littlest boys vowed he saw some- 1,000 feet high or deep. Opposite this thing hiding behind a tree, and another thought be heard some animal stepping in the brush a little ways off. You see we mountain home and invested with power knew we weren't doing right, and that before which all nature bows in submismakes boys-and men, too-very un- sion. They describe him as crashing his way through the canyon till its But we kept close to the fire, and glistening pinnacles looked upon the talked as bravely as we could, until the domains of the river god, and that after boy who was stirring the sugar said: "It a conflict the ice god conquered, and hairs!—it must be done! Who'll try it spanned the river breadth so completely "Who! whe!" said a loud voice out in the darkness of the woods.

Every boy started up as if a panther had come upon us. Jim dropped his stirring-stick into the fire, Harry tipped ofer the pans of snow on the bases. o'er the pans of snow on the bench. Charlie stumbled over a root and fell head first into a sap-bucket; and then we all held our breaths and harkened.

"Who? who?" said the voice again, loud and solemn.

"Who are you, your own self?" shouted Frank, the boldest boy in the party—"and what-rye doing in this sugar bush this time of night?"

No answer came.

would offer themselves as a saerifice by taking passage under the long. dark, winding arch, his anger would be appeased, and the river be allowed to go on its way undisturbed. When the rams bound, and seated in the cance, the fatal journey was made, and the ice has never again attempted to cross the river. At one of these glaciers ships have anchored and taken on a cargo of ice.—Denver Tribune.

THE MASSACRE AT WYOMING.

reparations to Celebrate its One Hundreth Anniversary on July 3 and 4-The Story of the Battle and Mussacre.

A correspondent of a New York paper vrites as follows from Scranton, Pa.: The elaborate preparations in progress among the people of Pennsylvania for a centennial commemoration of the battle and massacre of Wyoming, recall one of the most thrilling incidents of the Revo-lution. The name of Wyoming and its sad history have obtained a world-wide fame, and naturally the thousands who have been stirred by the recital of its woes, will feel an interest in the forthcoming celebration, which will occur on the 3d and 4th of July next, the first being the date of the battle and massaere. The preparations for the demonstra tion were began on the ninety-ninth anniversary of the event, when a number of the descendants of the gallant yeomen who fought and feil met and organized an influential association, with subcommittees scattered throughout the valley to attend to the details. The heartiness with which they entered upon their work and the enthusiasm with which the public have seconded their efforts, warrant the hope that the affair will be worthy of the occasion which it

The invasion of the valley was accomplished on the 3d of July, 1778, when a number of British soldiers, commanded by Col. John Butler, and accompanied by 700 Indians, led by the cruel half breed, Brant, or Gi-en-gwah-toh, de-scended upon the defenceless settlement. They were met by a few companies of old men and boys, whose extreme age and youth had exempted them from service in the distant ranks of the Republic, and for several hours a fierce battle raged on the banks of the Susquehanna. But the contest was unequal. The Indians from their ambush, kept up a deadly flank fire, which soon thinned the ranks of the yeomen, and, utterly shattered, they were forced to fall back, despite the appeals of their courageous leader, Col. Zebulon Butler, who cried, "Don't leave me, my children, and the day is ours." The Indians, seeing their day is ours.' foes retreat, fell upon them and slaughtered without mercy, men, women and children.

When the Six Nations espoused the English cause against the Colonies it was part of the compact that the latter should lead them against Wyoming, to afford them an opportunity of being avenged upon the settlers, whom they regarded as the usurpers of the red man's paradise, a name sometimes given to the valley; and so, the first skirmish being over, the Indians gave full scope to the spirit of destruction which possess ed them, and, breaking away from their leaders, they reaped a terrible revenge upon the gentle people of that Arcadian abode. About three hundred were put to death with torch, tomahawk and spear, regardless of age or sex, and the most cruel tortures that a flendish spirit could devise were employed to make the last lingering moments of their victims full of agony. An awful night followed that day of carnage. The huts and homes, the crops and orchards, were set on fire, and the devastation of the entire settlement was made complete. Several were drowned in their efforts to escape down the river under the cover of night, but a party of a hundred women and children succeeded in making their way to the mountains, under the leadership of one old man, who was their sole protector. But though they flad the terrors of the massacre, it was to encounter hardships equally severe. Their path lay through the Great Swamp, now known as the "Shades of Death," by reason of the numbers who had perished there, and the sufferings ling twenty miles rather than leave the precious burden behind to fall a prey to the wolves, and many other incidents of love and devotion are related. Only a few survived the fatigue of the march and the plague which overtook them in the swamp. The bodies of those who were massacred in the Wyoming Valley lay unburied on the plain for months, until a detachment of soldiers gathered them together one night and consigned them to a large hole in the ground, fearful lest a more respectful interment might excite the enmity of the Indians, who were still prowling about the neigh borhood. The result was that the exact location of the remains was unknown to the friends of the dead for many years,

ing place by the patriotic women of Wyoming, and is visited every summer by hundreds of persons attracted to the scene by a spirit of reverence or curios-In order to make the coming Centennial as realistic as possible, a number of huts are in process of erection along the river, to look exactly like those the river, to look exactly like those which stood there one hundred years ago, and the old forts are being rebuilt. A tribe of friendly Indians detailed their chief a few days ago to wait on the committee of arrangements and offer their services, in full costume, and their appearance will doubtless aid the picturesque features of the representation. President Hayes and a number of men prominent in politics and litera-ture have also signified their intention of being present. The first day will be devoted to odes and orations commemo-rative of the event. The words of a poem by Miss Susan E. Dickinson have been set to music and will be sung by one hundred voices, and a similar contribution has been made by another accomplished lady, who retires behind the nom de plume of "Stella of Lacka-wanua." The programme for the Fourth of July consists of a grand pageant, participated in by the civic and military societies of Pennsylvania, to be followed in the evening by a display of fireworks along the river banks a distance of twenty miles of charming scenery.

and their discovery at last was a mere

accident. An unassuming obelisk com-

memorative of the virtues of the fallen

heroes have been raised over their rest-

A sketch of Wyoming would be incon Queen Esther," an Indian fury, who with her own hand put twenty men to death. Her victims had been taken prisoners, and were promised mercy; out just at the moment when they hoped to be released they were led from the fort where they had been held captive, and ranged around a rock, upon which their murderess, with death-maul and tomahawk, dashed out their brains. It is known to this day as Queen Esther's Rock, and the portion which rose above the surface of the earth has been almost carried away by the relic hunters. The story of Frances Slocum, who was carried story of Frances Slocum, who was carried off from her mother's door, a merejbaby, by the Indians, and discovered half a century later by her brothers, who found that she had forgotten her language, and was happy and wealthy with the "children of the forest" is too well known to need reproduction; nevertheless, owing to the touching circumstances of the case it occupies considerable

in the tradition of the massacre, The nephew of Frances Slocum is at present residing in Scran-ton, and remembers well having heard his father describe the meeting with his

The Sudden Disuse of Stimulants. The Rev. T. H. Chope writes from Hartland Vicarage, North Devon, to the London Times: It is frequently affirmed that any sudden abstinence from alcoholic beverages in a person—much more an aged person—who has used them through life, is prejudicial to health. An instance has lately come under my observation of the beneficial results arising with a fine lot of organization wi from the sudden disuse of alcoholic stimulants by a widow of eighty-two summers. Her usual drink through life had been gin, which she changed for beer previously to reaching her eightieth year. She suffered from occasional at-tacks of gout in her left hand, and also a running foot-sore. Upon her reaching the age of eighty -that is two years ago -she suddenly adopted the total abaccustomed potations. Nothing of the kind. The toe healed, the gout vanish- which it combines simplicity with efficiency. It a living monument of the good effected that which has proved so successful on the by the sudden adoption of a non-alcoholic regimen. She is in her eighty third year, and frequently walks out of very light draft, but very strong. The ease of very light draft, but very strong. The ease out any covering on her head. Her memory is excellent; she can repeat long prayers, and she bids fair to become a centenarian.

with which the platform can be tilted fits is especially for use in lodged grain. It will do good work in all kinds or conditions of grain, and its folding platform makes it as por able

The Power of Suction.

In a Scottish port, celebrated for its herring fishing, there lived a character named Dugald M'—, owner of an old fishing boat called by the local wits the "Emsie," On one occasion the "Emsie," with a crew of three hands, includ-"Emsie." On one occasion the "Emsie," with a crew of three hands, including the owner, was fishing in the Kyles of Bute, and had what fishermen call a run of bad luck, by reason of which the crew had for a considerable time to substitute the mother. It is an old and well-tried remedy. mit to short rations. One morning, however, a stroke of luck put them in funds, and the owner replenished the locker, one item being one pound of salt butter, which, be it noted, was placed in a bowl. On going to sea in the evening, the owner descended to the "den" to get what he called a "piec. " One of the hands followed by and-by on the same errand, but was surprised to find the bowl empty. Thinking he had made some mistake, he inquired of Dugald where the butter had been put, to which Dugald r plied, "It's in the bowl," at the same time moving forward to seek what he knew could not be found. On looking into the empty bowl he ex-claimed, in surprise, "Eh, gudesake! the bowl has sooked it in." We need We need hardly remark that the hand went on deck "a sadder but a wiser man."

Best Things. The best philosophy—a contented mind. The best law—the golden rule. The best education - self-knowledge. The best statesmanship—self-government. The best medicine—cheerfulness and temperance. The best art—painting a smile upon the brow of childhood. The best science-extracting sunshine from a cloudy day. The best war-to war against one's weakness. The best music-the laughter of an innocent child. The best journalism-printing the true and the beautiful only, on memory's tablet. The best telegraphing
—flashing a ray of sunshine into a
gloomy heart. The best biography—
the life which writes characters in the
largest letters. The best mathematics
—that which doubles the most joys and
divides the most sorrows. The best
navigation—steering clear of the lacerating rocks of personal contention. The
best diplomacy—effecting a treaty of
peace with one's own conscience. The
best engineering—building a bridge of
love over the river of death.

CHEW memory's tablet. The best telegraphing love over the river of death.

In the Clutches of an Octopus. The Warrnambool (Australia) Standard gives an account of a diver being seized by an octopus or sea-devil: The diver engaged at the Moyne River, Belfast, in removing the reef had a rather narrow escape from losing his life. It appears that Mr. Smale had fired off a charge of dynamite and displaced a large quantity of stones at the bottom of the river. He went down to prepare for lifting these stones by the aid of chains into the punt. While engaged in rolling over a large stone he saw someting which he supposed at the time was a piece of clean-looking kelp moving about in front of where he was working. In a few seconds this object came in contact with the diver's arm, about which it quickly coiled, partly holding him. Immediately Mr. Smale touched what was coiled round his arm he became aware of his position, and tried to extract himself from the grasp of a "sea-devil," but found it a far more difficult job than he anticipated. Catching hold of the part hanging from the arm we walked along the bottom of the river towards the end of it, when he saw he was firmly held by one of the feelers of a large octopus, better known amongst sailors as the "devil-fish." Mr. Smale tried to pull the fish off from its hold of the rocks, but without effect for some time. At last the fish, perhaps thinking it had not sufficient hold or power over its prey, loosened itself from the stones and quickly transferred its feelers or arms around the diver's legs and body. In this position Mr. Smale thought the best thing for him to do was to get up on deck as soon as possi-ble, and he quickly made tracks for the ladder which reaches from the deck of the punt to the bottom of the river. diver was certainly a curiouslooking object when he came up. This huge, ugly looking thing appeared to be entangled all over him, holding him in a firm embrace. However, Mr. Smale's fellow-workmen were not long in freeing him from the unfriendly hug of his submarine companion. The body possessed nine arms, each about four

suckers every quarter of an inch, giving it immense power. Mr. Smale declares it was powerful enough to keep three men under water. Light, white, wholesome biscuits, rolls, bread, and elegant cake, crullers, waffies, doughnu:s, muffius, and griddle cakes of every kind, are always possible to every table by using Dooley's Yeast Powder.

feet in length, at the butt as thick as a

man's wrist, tapering off at the end to as fine a point as that of a penknife; thus it could spread over an area of nine

feet in diameter. All the way along the underneath part of each feeler are

Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders will positively prevent all ordinary diseases common to horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, and fowl, besides constantly improving them. Beware of the large packs; they are worthless.

American Exhibits at Paris.
Paris, Wednesday, May 1, 1878.
(By Oable to the Associated Press).
The display of scales by Fairbanks & Co.,
New York, is very grand, and creditable to the
exhibitors, showing the advancement made by
them over those of any other American or foreign manufacturets, and reflects great credit
on American workmanship. The exhibit surprocess all others in merit at the Paris World's
Fair.

Mason & Hamlin, who took the first medal for their cabinet organs at the Exposition in 1867, and have won the highest honors at every world's exhibition since, are here in competition with a fine lot of organs. Several other Amer-can makers exhibit, but few if any of them will venture to compete.

The Adriance Resper.

We believe that we confer a favor on the farmers by directing their attention to the Adriance Reaper, built by Adriance, Platt & Co., of Poughkeepsie, and 165 Greenwich street, New York, who are so well and favorably known as the builders of the famous Buckeye Mowers and Reapers. The Adriance Reaper is fitted to meet the wants of those farmers who prefer a separate and distinct machine for reaping. The name of the Luilders is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence staining principle, much to the surprise ers is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence and consternation of her friends, who all prophesied a speedy and sudden termin-tion of her life for the want of her farmer to appreciate the remarkable ingenuity ed, and for two years she has been free is a light iron reaper, with one driving whee from these harassing complaints, and is The rakes are operated in a manner similar to.

> and its folding platform makes it as por able as the Buckeye Mower. With an Adriance Resper and a New Model Buckeye Mower a farmer is enabled to gather his grass and grain crop with the least degree of discomfort to himself or his team, and with the most satisfactory results.

with which the platform can be tilted fits is

Natural Selection.

Investigators of natural science have demonstrated beyond controversy, that throughout the animal kingdom the "survival of the fittest" is the only law that youchsafes thrift petuity. Does not the same principle govern the commercial prosperity of man? An infer-ior cannot supersede a superior article. Ilius-trative of this principle are the family medi-cines of B. V. Pierce, M. D., of Buffslo, N. Y. By reason of superior merits, they have outrivated all other medicines. Their sale in the United States alone exceeds one million dollars per annum, while the amount exported foots up to several hundred thousand more. No up to several hundred thousand more. No business could grow to such gigantic proportions and rest upon any other basis than that of merit. It is safe to say that no medicine or combination of medicines yet discovered equals or can compare with Dr. Pierce's Goiden M.-dical Discovery, for the cure of coughs, cold, and all pulmonary and blood affections. If the bowels we constipated and liver singgish, his Pleasant Purgative Pellets will give prompt relief; while his Favorite Prescrip ion will positively, perfectly, and permanently, cure those relief; while his Favorite Prescrip ion will positively, perfectly, and permanently, cure those week-esses and "dragging-down" sensations peculiar to females. In the People's Common Scuse Medical Adviser, an illustrated work of nearly one thou-and pages, the Doctor has fully discussed the principles that underlie health and sickness. Price, \$1.50, post-paid. Adapted to cld and young, single and married. Address R. V. Pierce, M. D., World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Guinea for a Sixpence.

A firm in New York seems unfamiliar with
the London story of the man who offered to
sell real guineas at a trifle, but could find no
buyers. Geo. P. Rowell & Co.,—the "News paper Advertising Bureau," propose, for one hundred (?) dollars, to put a ten-line adver-tisement in some thirty standard weeklies, and to slide it into a thousand other weeklies free.

> The Celebrated "MATCULESS"
> Wood Tag Plug

Tonacco.
The Pioneen Tonacco Company,
New York, Boston, and Chicago. The Grentest Discovery or the Age is Dr. Febias' celebrated Venetian Liniment! 30 years before the public, and warranted to cure Diarrhea, Dysentery Colic, and Spasms, taken internally; and Croup, Chroni Rheumatism, Sore Throats, Outs, Bruises, Old Sore and Pains in the Limbs, Back, and Caset, external t has never failed. No family will e er be without Rottles, at One Dollar, is warranted superior to any other, or NO PAY, for the ours of Colic, Outs, Bruises, Old Sores, etc. Sold by all Druggists. Depot—10 Park Place New York

The Markets.

BUFFALO BRIGHTON, MARS.

We caution our readers to beware of diphtheria, pneumonia, influenza, bronchitia, congestion of the lungs, coughs and colds at this season of the year. Get a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment and keep it r ady for instant use. It may save your life. It has saved thousands.

\$44 2 \$66 a week at home. Outfit, worth at BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCKES, for coughs and cold

DEAF Book free, G. J. WOOD, Madison, Ind

Consumption Can Be Cured. PUL/MONA is a certain remady for the CURE of CONSUMITION and all diseases of the Lung and Therent. It invigorates the brain, tones up the release of the Policy of the Cure of

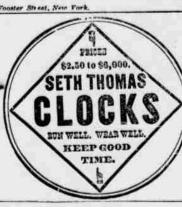
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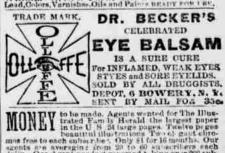
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