MY DREAM.

ELLA D. CHAPMAN.

As I slept, I dreamed a dream;
I was floating down a stream
Glistening in the sunset's gleam.

Flowers bloomed along the side,
And an angel was my guide,
As I drifted down the tide.

And my heart was free from pain,
For I was a child again
In the sunshine's golden rain.

Soft and low, soft and low
Come the rippling water's flow;
And the sails were white as snow.

And I saw full many a boat
On the widening waves afloat—
Heard full many a tuneful note.

But I saw, as on they sped,
Some, no more the angels led,
Only hovering overhead.

Some were bright with laughing glee
As they waved their hands to me,
Others weeping mournfully.

And I asked the angel white:
"Will my boat, so frail and light,
Anchor me in regions bright?

"Whither does this river flow?
For I know not where I go—
Will it wide and wider grow?"

Sweetly spake my angel guide:
"Thou art drifting with the tide
O'er an ocean deep and wide,
Full of weary care and strife
And they call this ocean—Life."

TIT FOR TAT.

They were coming back from Observatory Rock. The setting sun was casting long shadows athwart the waving field of grain and steeling slowly down the rocky hillside.

She was a fascinating woman. Her face was beautiful beyond description, and her voice had a subtle power, a caressing undertone that sent a thrill through every fibre of her companions being.

She and her widowed mother were staying at a spacious farmhouse in a lovely Connecticut valley. She had come there to recuperate from her social dissipations of the past winter in New York, and to gain strength for new dissipations and triumphs in the fast approaching autumns.

It was rumored that she had broken many hearts and ruined more men's lives than she cared to count; but then rumor often lies.

He was a tall, sunburnt man, with dark blue eyes, and a mass of blonde hair. He was clad in the garb of a simple farmer, but he did not look wholly like a tiller of the soil. His brown hands were too shapely and his carriage too elegant for a man country born and country bred.

Still, he had been working on the Meadow farm during the summer, and in all his leisure moments had been the constant shadow of the woman at his side.

He was a man of passionate impulse, and his heart was capable of an all-absorbing love or an all-devouring hate.

As they walked slowly down the hillside in the rich evening light, the lady chatted half familiarly, half condescendingly with her companion, while belistened with partly eager, partly abstracted air of a man plunged in some deeply interesting experiment.

She talked with an air of conscious social superiority, and he replied like a man with a hidden purpose and a hidden strength.

As they came to a low stone wall he took her hand to assist her in surmounting it. Upon the other side of the wall he still retained her hand. She turned upon him with a look of astonishment.

"Thank you for the assistance, Mr. Chapman," said she, coldly, striving to withdraw her hand from his. "I am quite able to proceed alone now."

He made no answer, but still held the little hand in his strong grasp, while with his eyes he seemed to be trying to search the innermost depth of her heart.

A crimson flood illuminated her face.

"Mr. Chapman, you will be kind enough to release my hand at once." This with freezing hauteur.

"But suppose I want it," he said quietly, with a look full of meaning; "suppose I tell you that I want you for my wife; suppose I declare that I love you, that your beautiful face enslaves me, that your soft voice sets my heart on fire, that I cannot, will not live without you?"

His eyes were glowing like living coals and his face appeared transfigured with the passion of the moment. Then, losing all his cool self-control, he burst forth in the full tide of his overmastering love.

"Ah, Christine, my darling, my queen, my life," he cried, passionately, "let me claim you as my own, let me take you to my heart, let me make you my wife. I am starving, Christine, actually starving for a little love from you. Say you love me, darling, or," he added, hastily "if you do not now love me say you will try to. Give me a fragment of hope, dear, a little crumb with which to appease the hunger at my heart."

He had dropped on his knees at her feet and was looking eagerly, longingly into her fair, flushed face.

With a great effort she wrenched her hand free. Then, with gleaming eyes and a tone that cut him like a knife, she said:

"You could hardly have chosen a more fitting opportunity or a better place to insult me, sir. Whether you are a brute or a driveling fool I cannot tell. I hardly know whether to feel pity for your ignorance or anger at your audacity. You marry me, you!" she exclaimed, with an insulting laugh. "Do we mate cows with canaries, or jackals with lambs? Come, sir, I will allow that your speech is a little better than the average country clod; I will acknowledge that your manners bear some degree of refinement; in short, that you are a little above your station in life; but to marry you, to live on carrots and turnips with you, to contemplate a life of patchwork quilts and rag carpets, why surely you are insane, raving mad!"

She burst into cruel laughter at the picture she had drawn, and then, not even deigning to glance at the bowed head of the man beside her, she turned upon her heel and moved away.

With a bound he was before her again.

"Miss Cannell, Christine, hear me," he cried, eagerly; "you wrong me, you do me cruel injustice. I am a gentleman, every inch your peer," he added, proudly, "and I am rich, very rich. I can gratify your every wish, I can surround you with every luxury. I—"

She cut him short.

"Enough. I thought you were crazy before; now I know it. You a wealthy man! Do men of means masquerade in homespun, in cotton jeans? Do men of means toil day after day in the broiling sun for mere pleasure? An inspiring pastime truly for a rich man."

"But let me explain my position to you, Miss Cannell," he cried as a last resort. "I came to this place—"

"To work; that is obvious. Do not prevaricate further, Mr. Chapman," with a scornful accent upon the title, "it makes no difference to me what you say, for I will not believe you. I tell gold by its glitter. You have served to amuse me in my idle hours, and for that I thank you; but I now see I was wrong to be so familiar with one below my station of life. I cast you from my mind as I do this glove, and will forget you as soon." Without another word she left him.

Chapman watched her till she gained the house, a world of misery shining in his eyes. Then he mechanically stooped and recovered the glove from its hiding place in the grass, and placed it in a pocket next to his heart.

The following day Miss Cannell and her mother departed for New York.

* * * * * *

A brilliant evening reception was in programe at Mrs. Goldrim's fashionable mansion on Fifth avenue. A throng of beautiful women and distinguished men surged up and down the spacious drawing-rooms. A dazzling light from the crystal chandeliers fell upon the gay crowd, and the dreamy notes of a serenade by Schubert stole softly into the rooms from the overhanging conservatory where the musicians were concealed.

Prominent among the galaxy of beauty shone Christine Cannell's fair face and bewitching eyes. She was leaning upon the arm of a man who was conceded even by the jealous masculinity, to be the lion of the occasion.

He had just returned from a four years' sojourn in Europe, where he had achieved fame as a pungent and witty correspondent of several prominent journals in London and New York. Unlike the ordinary journalist, he was reputed to be immensely rich; therefore, it had not been fortune but fame that induced him to take up his pen.

Since his return to New York he had been markedly devoted in his attentions to Miss Cannell.

He had met her two months previous at a fashionable watering-place, and it was rumored that the erstwhile adamantine heart of the beautiful woman clinging to his arm had succumbed to his manifold attractions of person and mind. Envious gossips would have it that his purse was the subtle influence that had metamorphosed Christine Cannell from the cold, impervious being of old into the gracious, almost lovable, woman of the present.

A keen observer would certainly have declared, seeing Cheistine at this moment, that her heart was aroused; that a warmer feeling than that of selfish interest had at last been awakened in her breast.

As they slowly threaded their way through the crush she was talking to her companion in that magnetic voice that had hitherto been her greatest weapon, but was now her greatest friend.

He seemed entirely absorbed in her sparkling conversation, and a smile lingered now and then on his usually compressed lips as she entertained him with sparkling bon mots or indulged in caustic repartee.

He had said but little. When he did speak, however, the lovely woman seemed to listen to his words with her soul in her ears.

"By Jove!" said an important looking youth, who with a companion of his own set had been glued to the wall by the great crash, "there goes that fellow Chapman again, with Christine Cannell. I am decidedly glad she has met her match at last. If she ain't gone on that newspaper chap I'll go without my coat the rest of the winter. You ought to have seen how she froze me last summer at the Grand Union. I made a casual remark to her on the piazza one evening about the stars, and by thunder, the way she just turned those eyes on me—simply looked at me, you know—made the chills carom all over my verterbræ. I can feel 'em yet. See the way she is looking at that prig now. It beats me out of sight." And young Hatstraw squared his shoulders and looked into his immaculate shirt front with a ridiculous air of ruffled complacency.

Mrs. Grundy also waved her fan perplexedly, and society in general wondered what was going to happen.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Goldrim was giving one of her famous fetes champetre at her magnificent country seat on the Hudson. Chinese lanterns and elegant transparencies gleamed out from among the trees upon the lawn; and through the low, open windows of the villa a gay throng whirling hither and thither in the intricacies of the dance were visable.

Outside, in secluded nooks under the trees were various couples engaged in all stages of that highly mysterious occupation—flirting.

In a rustic summer house on that side of the grounds, overlooking the majestic river, a lady and gentleman had just seated themselves.

Apparently they were the best of friends, for the lady placed her hand familiarly upon her companion's arm and called his attention to the lovely scene, fairly lighted by the rising moon, spread out before them.

For a moment the gentleman said nothing, but looked straight before him, with a gloomy expression on his face. Suddenly he turned to his companion.

"Christine, does the name of Chapman ever bring to your mind an unpleasant episode of some years ago?"

"Unpleasant episode? Why, what can you mean, Carl? You know nothing connected with your name can be unpleasant to me. Are we not engaged to be married?"

The gentleman's face looked strangely contorted in the growing light of the moon, and his eyes seemed filled with a smothered fire that might break out any moment in a fierce flame of passion. Looking full into his companion's face he said, shortly:

"Your memory is strangely amiss, Miss Cannell."

Something in the altered tone of his voice frightened the woman.

"Merciful heaven, Carl, what is the matter?" she cried.

He sprang from his seat as if unable longer to control his words and planted himself directly in front of the now terrified woman. Then with blazing eyes devouring every change of his features, he said:

"Christine Cannell, to-morrow I sail for Europe for another absence of four years."

His companion seemed for a moment stunned by this abrupt announcement. Then she said slowly, and in a dazed manner:

"You are going to Europe; and I?"

"And you," with bitter sarcasm "why, you, perhaps, will remember me better during the coming years than you have during those that have passed."

She looked at him in dull amazement, repeating slowly to herself in a strained unnatural tone:

"Going to Europe. Going to Europe."

He interrupted her impatiently, hastily.

"I see I must refresh your memory, Christine Cannell. Most people will think what I have done and am going to do is fiendish; I know better—it is an act of mere justice, the sequel to a charming little comedy enacted six summers ago among the Connecticut hills. Do you remember, my dear Miss Cannell," with a bitter laugh, "the poor day laborer, as you were pleased to term him, with whom you amused yourself during the idle summer days nearly six years ago? Do you remember how you aroused his love, and how, in turn, he sued for yours! Ah! I see you begin to recollect. Does my name recall to your mind now an unpleasant episode connected with it? Do you recollect how you treated the poor farm laborer's honest avowal of his love for you? Do you remember how you scorned and spurned him; how you called him a brute and a driveling fool; how you declined a life with him of carrots and turnips, and patchwork quilts and rag carpets, as you picturesquely put it? Ah, you do remember now, I see you do—"

"Oh, Carl! spare me, spare me!" she moaned in agony.

"Spare you; did you spare me then, madam? When I was on my bended knees before you to listen to an explanation from me; when I promised you a name, riches, love, everything a man holds dear, did you spare me?"

"Oh, my God, my God, he has no mercy! Carl, you will kill me. I shall go raving mad if you continue."

"Ah" he sneered, "it is my turn now, madam. You did not know the poor laborer was a man of wealth working quietly, patiently, day after day, in search of that greatest of boons, good health. You would not listen to my explanation then; by heavens you shall hear me now!"

He looked at her for a moment without saying a word, as if gloating over his present triumph, while she shivered beneath his gaze as if stricken with ague. Then she murmured, with trembling lips:

"Why did you not tell me of your true position at first? Why did you leave me in ignorance of your station?"

"Simply, madam," he replied, bitterly, "because I wished to win your heart and not your hand. You saw fit to make a plaything of me and cast me off. Even then my poor deceived love triumphed over my reason, and I tried to make you understand, tried to buy you, but you would not hear me. You said you told gold by its glitter. Very well. I banished myself to Europe for four years, and then returned to win what little heart you have, to become your affianced husband. Was not the finger of fate in all that? You had not forgotten comepletely the mierable man whom you had crushed.

"Ah, Christine Cannell, my nature is an evil one. I am a true lover and a hard hater, and I hate you bitterly for the insult you put on my manhood; I detest you so thoroughly for your false, heartless character; I despise you so cordially for your lack of all that is womanly that I wonder how I could have the patience to perfect and carry out this just retribution—for I know that you love me, know that for the first time your cold heart has felt the nearest approach to the divine passion of which it is capable; and I glory in the thought that I am the instrument of punishing you for the scores of manly hearts you have broken by your abominable siren ways and manners."

The poor women sat huddled in her chair, limp, almost inanimate, the moon shedding its cold rays full upon her white despairing face. From time to time she moaned, almost inarticulately.

"Carl, you are killing me, killing me!"

Chapman laughed hoarsely.

"Killing you!" he exclaimed. "Did you ever think of how you killed, murdered the best and purest of my passions—my love? Did you ever think of how you emptied my heart of its warmest feelings, and filled it with black, bitter, misanthropical hate; And you talk of my killing you! Christine Cannell, men may say that I have only worked out my revenge upon a woman, they may say that it is unmanly; less than human; but you know in your heart of hearts, you only know too well, that you are but receiving justice. You know that you have wrecked my life as completely as you have done the others.

"Do you see this?" he continued, drawing a glove from his pocket; "you once wore this, and the last time it left your hand was upon a beautiful September day six summers ago. "You threw it from you with these words:

"'I cast you from my mind as I do this glove, and will forget you as soon.'

"Ah, you remember it now. Well, madam, as I have said, I shall sail for Europe. There is little Christain charity in my composition, nothing but poor, weak human nature, and before I go I think it my duty to return your glove and with it your own words:

"'I cast you from my mind as I do this glove and will forget you as soon.'"

He threw the glove at her feet, and without another word, without a backward glance, strode from her presence.

Half an hour later a merry couple passing the rustic summer-house noticed a white heap lying motionless on the floor. It was Christine Cannell in a dead faint.

And society wondered what had happened.

"I Don't Want that Stuff."

Is what a lady of Boston said to her husband when he brought home some medicine to cure her of sick headache and neuralgia which had made her miserable for fourteen days. At the first attack thereafter it was administered to her with such good results, that she continued its use until cured, and made her so enthusiastic in its praise, that she has induced twenty-two of the best families in her circle to adopt it as their regular family medicine. That "stuff" is Hop Bitters.—*Standard.*

Deadly Flames.

NEW YORK, April 26.—At 1 o'clock this afternoon Smith's large box factory, at Greenpoint, Brooklyn, caught fire. There were a great many workmen employed in the factory, and many becoming panic-stricken, jumped from windows, or crowded each other in doorways, in their eagerness to get out. The result was that several were injured, and two successive alarms were followed by calls for ambulances. The injured employes were as follows: George Billings, thigh fractured; Pete Shaff, leg broken and burned, and Samuel Dixon was injured about the body. The injured men were removed to the hospital. The adjoining building was a sawdust storehouse, about which a large crowd had gathered, as the walls protected them from heat, while watching the fire in the box factory. No one thought they were in dangerous position, but there was a sudden explosion, which threw the walls over on the crowd, and the flames swept over them. There was a regular shower of blazing sawdust for some distance, which set fire to the clothing of women and children. The names of the sufferers by this accident are as follows: Wilhelm Freeman, fatally burned; Frank McMullen, fatally burned about the head and body; George McDowell, badly burned; John O'Connel, burned about the arm and body. A number of men were knocked down, and either injured or burned, but with the aid of their friends managed to make their way to their homes. George Bloomfield, 24 years of age, was caught beneath the walls and burned to death. His body was taken out, and removed to the station-house. There were no more lives lost in the fire, but some of those who were burned cannot survive. The box factory was totally destroyed. A careful estimate of the loss was made this evening, when it was found to reach $75,000. The building and stock were insured for $5,000, but in what companies cannot be ascertained. W. M. Crawford, fireman of Engine Company No. 15, received severe injuries by being thrown from a ladder. Jas. Hewitt, aged 45, was run over by a supply wagon, and sustained a fracture of the right ankle. The police were informed to-night that a painter named Breckenberg, who worked in the factory, was missing.

Atrocious Murder.

ST. LOUIS, April 26.—Another atrocious murder is reported from St. Louis county, the particulars of which are as follows:

"About 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon Michael Revoir, a farmer; Balentine Walker, a half-breed Indian, and James Williams, a school teacher, an old man over sixty years of age, were in Jacob Blum's saloon at Bridgeton, 20 miles from this city. Walker and Revoir became involved in a dispute about some matter, and Mr. Williams interposed in behalf of Revoir, whereupon the Indian savagely dragged him out of the saloon, flung him on the ground and pounded him on the head with a large rock, crushing in his skull and killing him almost instantly. Revoir, who was at first dazed at the sudden ferocity of Walker's attack, recovered himself and attempted to stop the bloody work of the savage, when the latter turned upon him and felled him to the ground with a fence rail, inflicting a wound on his head which will probably result fatally. Walker immediately fled, and is supposed to be concealed in this city. The police are on the lookout for him.

Discovery of an Ancient Mexican Mine.

A sturdy miner now at Tuscon, Arizona, professes to have discovered the Tumacacori Mine, which was worked by the Mexicans under Cortez, and continued in operation until the great rising of the Apache Indians in 1763, when the whole of southern Arizona was ravaged. The Mexican archives show the exceeding richness of the mine in gold, silver and lead, and time and again search has been made for the old workings without success. The miner who has been so lucky was prospecting lately in the vicinity of the Tumacacori Mission, when he stumbled over the mouth of a hidden cave, and came near tumbling into it. He picked up specimens lying around in profusion, and found a mat of lead and silver which had apparently been run through a smelter. Some pieces were covered with horn silver an eighth of an inch thick, and there can be little doubt that the ancient mine has at last been discovered. The specimens have been exhibited at Tueson, and further development will probably open a new district superior to any previously discovered in Arizona.

Railroad Travel Impeded.

CHICAGO, April 26.—The floods in the city and throughout the Northwest continue to increase. Only four cars of stock arrived at the yard this morning. The railroads are compelled to use each others tracks indiscriminately and patch up lines of communication as best they can. During the night the water in the river and the low lying prairies rose five inches, and contrary to expectations and all precedents is still increasing in volume and height. The abutments of the Ashland avenue bridge have caved in and the foundations of the bridge across the canal at Ashland Avenue have washed out and the abutments begun to topple. The water is within an inch of the top of the Fuller street bridge, and is within a few inches of the bed of the Chicago and Alton railroad bridge.

Improvement for Mind and Body.

For genuine merit there is no tonic sold that begins to compare with Parker's Ginger Tonic. One 50 ct. bottle contains more life and strength restoring power than a bushel of malt or a gallon of pure milk. As an appetizer, blood purifier and kidney corrector, it meets with astonishing success, and invalids find its use promptly followed by renewed energy and vivacity, mental and physical improvement, and gradual restoration to perfect health. See other columns.—*Commercial.*

My baby had a terrible sore scalp, (scabby). Peruna cured it. John Crowell, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Why are a true lover's visits like a successful news paper? Because they commence weekly, become semi-weekly, then tri-weekly, and then daily, with a Sunday supplement.

I had great trouble with my lungs until I used Peruna. Am well. Mrs. A. Briske, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Weariness of Life in Young Persons.

There is a so-called weariness of life which is almost as common with the young as it is with the old, and in some cases ought to be easier to cure, since it has not the whole stiffness of long and rigid habits to fight against, as the weariness of life which comes of a habit of eager acting, when eager acting is no longer possible, certainly has. We do not mean of course, the Byronic weariness of life which comes of living chiefly in the passions, and finding that the passions afford, on the whole, less life, and that more miserable, than any other career open to men. Of course, weariness of life of that kind is not curable except by trying a new kind of life altogether—a life which controls the passions, and is itself controlled by a distinct conception of duty.

But there is such a thing, we think, as weariness of life in the young which means nothing in the world but inadequacy to the severe struggle of modern life, and is consistent with a very pure and reasonable kind of life, so long as that severe struggle is not forced upon them. Should there not be much more general recognition than our western world admits that neither all women nor all men are fitted for a pushing life, and yet that a good number of both sexes are quite competent for a certain fullness of life in quiet forms, which they simply spoil by forcing themselves into the heat and turmoil of our western world's busiest scenes.—*The Spectator.*

An Elevator Burned.

PHILADELPHIA, April 13,—The Girard Point Elevator burned this morning with 70,000 bushels of grain. The warehouse in the vicinity of the elevator were also destroyed, as well as a quantity of miscellaneous freight. At noon it was still smouldering. Loss on corn and wheat destroyed $97,600; insured. Loss on building about $600,000; insured for $387,000 in amounts generally less than $10,000 in a great number of companies. In four hours the entire elevator and warehouses were in ruins. The elevator was one of the largest in the country. It had 12 machines and a total working capacity of 54,000 bushels per hour, with a carrying capacity of 650,000 bushels. The Girard Point Storage Company state the destruction of their elevator will not interfere with the prompt handling of grain at Girard Point. The company with their transfer elevator are now unloading cars, and with their floating elevators and barges are prosecuting business as usual.

Forgot to Get Married.

A niee little marriage occurred last night, says the Waupaca, Wis., News, the particulars of which are not altogether uninteresting. Night before last Jim McCloy and Annie Christianson were to have been united in holy wedlock; the arrangements were complete, viz: The Justice spoken to, the whisky and beer purchased and the vituals cooked, the guests invited. The eventful evening arrived and so did the guests. A gay time was indulged in, and the eatables and drinkables were soon out of sight. The latter had taken effect, and the whole crowd were so gloriously happy that the ceremony was forgotten, and when the guests returned home next morning the fact was discovered. But not to be daunted, fresh arrangements were made, and last night the marriage was consumated, all hands deciding that the ceremony should come first and the jollification afterward.

Murderous Burglars.

WHEELING, W. VA., April 27.—About midnight last night three men went to the residence of John Baker, in Dentz Run, about three miles from Mannington, W. Va., and shot A. Baker through the window. They afterwards broke in the door, when they were met by the old man with a chair as his only weapon of defence, but he was felled with a blow from an axe in the hands of one of the party. The house was then plundered, the robbers obtaining $300. Mr. Baker's son-in-law, who slept in an upper room, was awaked by the noise, but was afraid to come down. The old man, who was seriously hurt says he knows the parties.

A Suicidal Firm.

CINCINNATI, April 28.—Job E. Owens, a prominent citizen of Hamilton Ohio, committed suicide on Tuesday night by shooting himself with a revolver. The act was deliberate, as he bought the pistol at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and at 8 exchanged it for one of a larger calibre. No cause for the deed is known. He was a member of the well known manufacturing firm of Owens, Lane & Dyer. It is a singular fact that Mr. Dyer, of the same firm, came to his death in a similar manner a few years ago. Mr. Owens was sixty-three years old and leaves a wife and two children, and also three children by a former wife. His estate is valued at fifty thousand dollars.

Post Office Robbed.

PITTSTON, Pa., April 26.—The post office at this place was entered at an early hour this morning by burglars, who broke open the safe and robbed it of a small amount of money, postage stamps and registered letters. There is no clue to the perpetrators.

Women that have been given up by their dearest friends as beyond help, have been permanently cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a positive cure for all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

Out in Leadville when one is introduced to a stranger, the polite thing is to ask: "What was your name before you came here?" The next question according to the rules of etiquette is, "How did you manage to escape?"

A Colorado man amused himself for a little while by throwing his revolver into the air and catching it. A local paper says that it slipped and went off, and he died in two minutes.

The average editor can sympathize with England in her trouble with the Boers.

For nervousness and Chronic Catarrh take Peruna. I tried it. L. K. Mishler, Allegheny City, Pa.

Private Dalzell is the only Ohio man who ever declined an office.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM.
OF LYNN, MASS.

DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

For all Female Complaints.

This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate; and when its use is continued, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected, as thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is to-day recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.

It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact it has proved to be the greatest and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will test all these, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1.00. Six bottles for $5.00. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00, per box, for either. Mrs. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

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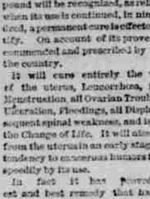
THE BEST REMEDY
FOR
Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.



AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

In diseases of the pulmonary organs a safe and reliable remedy is invaluable. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is such a remedy. It is a scientific combination of the medicinal principles and curative virtues of the finest drugs, chemically united, of such power as to insure the greatest possible efficiency, and uniformity of results. It strikes at the foundation of all pulmonary diseases, affording prompt relief and rapid cures, and is adapted to patients of any age or either sex. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily. In ordinary Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Clergyman's Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, and Consumption, the effects of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL are magical, and multitudes are annually preserved from serious illness by its timely and faithful use. It should be kept at hand in every household for the protection it affords in sudden attacks. In Whooping-cough and Consumption there is no other remedy so efficacious, soothing, and helpful.

Low prices are inducements to try some of the many mixtures or syrups, made of cheap and ineffective ingredients, now offered, which, as they contain no curative qualities, can afford only temporary relief, and are sure to disappoint the patient. Diseases of the throat and lungs demand active and effective treatment; and it is dangerous experimenting with unknown and cheap medicines, from the great liability that these diseases may, while so trifled with, become deeply seated or incurable. Use AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and you may confidently expect the best results. It is of acknowledged curative power, and is as cheap as its careful preparation and fine ingredients will allow. Eminent physicians, knowing its composition, prescribe it. The test of half a century has proven its certainty to cure all pulmonary complaints not already beyond the reach of human aid.

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Business men and women, teachers, mechanics, farmers, ministers, mothers, and all who are tired out by the constant toil and worry of your work; don't drink intoxicating bitters, but use

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Are you suffering from Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or with Bowel, Kidney, Liver or Urinary complaints, you can be cured by using

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If you are wasting away with Consumption, female weakness or any sickness; if you have a painful cough or bad cold, you will find sure relief in

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If you are enfeebled by disease, old age or dissipation, and your system needs invigorating, or if you have pimples and blotches, and your blood needs purifying, you can always depend on

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Made from Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia, and many other of the best medicines known to the Best Health and Strength Restorer Ever Used, and is far superior to Bitters, Essences of Ginger and other Tonics, as it never intoxicates, and combines the best curative properties of all.

It Has Saved Hundreds of Lives; It May Save Yours.

Buy a 50c. bottle of your druggist, and to avoid counterfeits be sure our signature is on the outside wrapper. HISCOX & Co., Chemists, N. Y.

Parker's Hair Balsam, Elegantly Perfumed, Perfectly Harmless.

The Best & Most Economical Hair Dressing

Containing only ingredients that are beneficial to the hair and scalp, the BALSAM will be found far more satisfactory than any other preparation.

It Never Fails to Restore Gray or Faded Hair to the original youthful color and is warranted to remove dandruff, prevent baldness and stop falling of the hair. *Sold by druggists at 50 cents.*

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September 4.

HOP BITTERS.
(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,

AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All above sold by druggists.

Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

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BOARDING & LODGING.

I have opened a first-class

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at Hoovervilleville, Somerset county, Pa., where I can accomodate all who may call. Meals and lodging furnished at low rates.

March 7. CHARLES A. LEWIS.

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Somerset, Pa

WHY DOES

a woman's health often break down at an early age? Put a man at the washtub, let him heated from the hot suds until every pore is opened; then let him stand over the steam that comes from scalding and boiling clothes that are full of sweat and [illegible] side, and his health too would break down before long; and yet this man [illegible]

A WOMAN

has to go through with on washday; and, besides, with her clothes wet from [illegible] the hot work, she has to rise her sick by going out in the air to hang up the clothes; those not at work are in the unhealthy atmosphere it shed, so spreads to [illegible] ing that it finds its way through the house—the sickly, however, often becoming [illegible] tomed to the peculiar odor from its own wash or [illegible] notice it. These facts [illegible] plain why so many women suffer with colds, rheumatism, weak nerves, or [illegible]

LOOK OLD

while yet young in years, and physicians and boards of health cannot draw attention strongly to the injurious effects of the usual way of washing, with its [illegible] scalding or boiling to get the clothes clean and sweet, yet it is as true as it is [illegible] often the direct cause of those dreadful diseases, diphtheria, consumption, and [illegible] Fortunately this trouble can be avoided; scalding, boiling, steam and [illegible] from the washing in fact the work of an hour and then even when [illegible] smell from the wash completely drive away with it the [illegible]

SOONER THAN

by the old way, by using FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP—a home-made product [illegible] that the dirtiest clothing can be washed in half the time, and without [illegible] clothes, bedding and nurses' work by the sick disinfected and [illegible] scalding or boiling, while the work is so light that a child [illegible] large wash without being tired; and yet so mild and healing in its [illegible] shaving it has no equal; and physicians recommend it for [illegible] wounds and sores, and to wash the youngest infants, as well as the [illegible] Now that there is a remedy for this, it remains only that the people [illegible]

A MAN

who is not directly interested in having work in their home, is sober enough [illegible] WONDERFUL WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES, which does away with the hard [illegible] smell and fearful steam on washdays, makes the white goods whiter, colored [illegible] flannels softer than they can be made by washing in any other way, [illegible] to do this sewing and every article at home, as sweet and as pure as it [illegible]

—TESTIMONIALS—

From H. E. EVELYN, M. D., Hammonton, N. J., Editor *South Jersey Republican.*

My attention was called to FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP from an advertisement in my own paper, and its use in my house for nearly a year has convinced me that in addition to the directions, as proved thus its remarkable properties have not been overrated. It cleans the clothes [illegible] beautifully, is the most economical, most expeditious, and most satisfactory machine in the market. Will have no other while I can get FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP. [illegible] and shaving it is the best soap I have ever used.

From Mrs. H. L. KINSTON, Northfield, Vt.

I do my wash with FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP in half the time and with no expense for clothes, as the soap in fact saves them, and it leaves no smell of soap from the wash, which cannot be said of any other soap we have used. My health, clothes and labor case hardly be estimated.

From E. W. STRATTON, 1208 N. 20th St., Philada.

We are confident, from a long experience in using, and recommending FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, that one trial, according to the very simple printed directions, will convince any housekeeper that it really has wonderful merit for washing, [illegible]

The following are the Directions for Use, as simple that a child can understand them. Don't do anything to ridiculous as to buy the soap unless you intend following them. *$100 positively forfeited if it be found to injure the clothes, or will not do everything claimed.*

First, put the white clothes in a tub of water, only made warm enough to be comfortable for the hands. Then take one piece out at a time on the wash-board, rub the soap lightly over it, roll it up and put it back into the same tub, and so do with each piece until you have the Soap rubbed on them. Then go away and let them soak at least twenty minutes without touching them, when the dirt will all be loosened, and a very little rubbing on the wash-board, out of that one tub, will make them perfectly clean, being particular to turn each piece while washing so as to get at the creases. Then wash lightly on the wash-board, through a lukewarm rinse water (without any Soap), so as to get the dirty suds out. Then put through blue-water, and on the line, without wringing or boiling a single piece. Afterward put flannels and colored pieces to soak, and wash them exactly the same way.

It is important not to heat the wash-water in a tin, brass or copper kettle. A tub will heat enough water for a large wash with this Soap.

Just Think What You will Save by this Easy Way of Washing!
No Wash-boiler! No Steam! No Smell of Suds through the House!
It has the remarkable Property of keeping the Dish-Cloth, Wash-Rag and Sponge always Sweet, and of Washing Freely in Hard Water.

—SOLD BY GROCERS—

Get a Cake and Try it for Yourself next Wash-Day.

To Points where this Soap is not yet introduced a Trial Cake will be sent by Mail, on receipt of Price, (10 Cents), in Money or Stamps.

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