LAMENT OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

Great Cæsar's law it come to this,
That I, the pride of Egypt's Queen,
Stamped with the signet of Lois,
Am covered over with paraffine.

From dusky Egypt's sandy shore
Torn by the vandal Yankee hands,
To teach some scientific bore
The craft of oriental lands.

The rolling centuries long passed
From Pharaoh to Bonaparte
Had left my skin its ancient cast,
To be retouched by modern "art."

Shade of Mark Anthony! How dark
The day that brought me from the tomb
To grace a lot in Central Park
Amidst this atmosphere of gloom.

Have you no monuments at home,
Ye grovelling dollar-loving city,
That you in classic lands should roam
In search of fame through lack of wits.

I've seen great Pompey in his mood
Daily in Cleopatra's bower;
But now, behold the wretched "dude"
Bestows on me his passing hour.

—*J. H. W.*

OLD MISS BARBARA.

A thin, oldish woman, with a skin crossed by little wrinkles and faded brown hair, with strange, eager eyes and hands that perpetually rubbed themselves one over the other; yet a woman who might once have had dimples about her mouth and curves in her figure, a woman you looked at twice before you turned away and who was evidently a lady despite her strange, old-fashioned garb, her collars of the past, her shawls, such as no one had ever seen before, her bonnets trimmed with stiff, flowered ribbons that were laid away amidst bags of lavender through the seasons that were unsuitable for them, her steamed over velvets and well-darned silk gloves.

That was Miss Barbara Rich. She lived in a little house of four rooms, and lived there alone. It was spotless as a place could be, and covered with little odds and ends of fancy work, bags and boxes and hanging shelves, letter-holders pin-cushions and match-receivers embroidered in silk and worsted, or made out of beads and lemon seeds, or splints and ribbon, or gilt paper and cardboard. She had lived in that house five-and-twenty years, and the people called her a "little queer." She had a story. People said she had been jilted and had gone a little mad, but there was nothing that reflected the least discredit upon her. Miss Barbara was a very respectable woman, and always had been.

At sunset one always saw her standing at her garden gate looking down the road. Summer or winter, it was all the same. When the roses bloomed in the garden, or when the bare branches of the trees were heavy with fringes of snow there she would stand, with her eyes fixed upon the distance until it grew dark and then only would she turn and go slowly in.

I had spoken to Miss Barbara more than once, and she had shown me her bits of fancy work, seeming pleased to have me praise them; but she never said anything about herself until one evening when, passing the gate at the hour which always found her at it, she called to me.

"Good evening," she said, in her mild, treble tones, "good evening, young lady. It's such a comfort to see some one to speak to. I'm getting so very anxious. They haven't come yet."

I looked an inquiry.

"They've been gone so long now," she said, rubbing her hands faster than before, "that I begin to think something dreadful must have happened. They only went out for a walk. Oh, perhaps you don't know my sister and Leslie. I mean my sister Rose and Leslie Bray. Come in and have a cup of tea with me, and I'll tell you all about it. I see they are not coming to-night, and the table is set for three."

I hesitated just a moment. Even the faintest trace of insanity had its terrors, but surely, I thought, so gentle a soul would never harm me, and I accepted the invitation and went in and was made politely welcome at the little table drawn before the fire and furnished with a few simple delicacies; and Miss Barbara poured the tea and passed the cake, and finally began again, just where she had left off, just as I had hoped she would do.

"Yes, they are a long while coming, but she'll come some day, I know. They only went out for a walk, and I never believed a word of the stories those ignorant people all about whisper to each other."

"You never saw Leslie—he was such a handsome man. I suppose he must have changed; I know I have—but he was handsome; oh, yes, and young, and he fell in love with me at church; what a holy place to fall in love in! And after awhile he told me so, and we were engaged to be married; only I told him he must not part me from Rose. She was my younger sister, and I had promised to take care of her until she was married. I did not need to promise. I loved her dearly, and she was very fond of me. Poor Rose! She was away at boarding school then, and I lived in this very house, with only an old servant; and he said he would be glad to have a sister; and I wrote to her that I was to be married, and told her to come home that she might know him better. She wrote to me such a sweet letter, and she came the next week."

"She was so pretty, oh, so pretty—a hundred times prettier than I ever was—and he liked her from the first. I was glad. I wanted him to like my sister; and we had music together, and we walked together, and we were very happy, and my wedding day was set. It was only a little way off, when all of a sudden I found Rose sitting by herself crying as if her heart would break, and she would not tell me why; and in the midst of my trouble about that Leslie seemed to be unlike himself, and sat brooding and silent, and like Rose gave me no answer when I asked the reason. That was my trouble. The dressmaker was at work upon the wedding dress, house work and bustling and my heart ill at ease about those two.

"But one evening, just at sundown, I saw them standing together at the gate where I met you, and she was smiling, and he looked merry again. Whatever had been upon their minds, it was over now. They were going for a walk and asked me to go with them, but the dressmaker had just called me."

"'I cannot,' I said; 'but go together, and be back by tea time.'

"I watched them off before I went in, and when they had finished with me up stairs I came to the gate to watch for their coming back. I watched and watched, and the stars arose and the moon ran high. It was midnight; but they did not come, my dear; they never have come yet. Some of the wicked people said the most dreadful things, my dear; and I fell ill and wandered in my mind for awhile, but at last I got better, and every night I watch for them from the gate here. They'll come back yet, I know. Don't you believe what nurse told me. Poor nurse! she's dead, but she had a common mind; she said they had 'eloped' together. I know them. I'd never believe that, though they are so long in coming."

She paused and sighed; after awhile she showed me a silk patch-work cushion she had been making, and said no more about the past. But I knew old Miss Barbara's story now, and it made me feel more kindly to her as I stopped to speak to her, as she was watering her flowers in her little garden, or stitching at her little window.

Often I saw her watching at the gate. At such times I did not approach. I knew she waited for those two who, as it seemed to me, would never come back again.

But one day, six months from the evening on which I had listened to her story, I met her in the village street with her basket on her arm. She put back her long, black lace veil, embroidered with many flowers; and I saw that her eyes were red with weeping.

"Oh! my dear," she said, "such things have happened since we met last. Look. Look here. I have been to the butcher's. This is beef—chipped beef—for beef tea. That gives you an idea, don't it? Some one is at my house. Yesterday evening I was standing at my gate, watching as usual, when I saw a woman—a poor woman in such shabby clothes, and such a bonne'—such worn shoes—coming along the road. She was almost too weak to walk. Oh, she was very ill, and there was something in her face I seemed to know, and when she sat down on the stone just at my gate, I went out to speak to her, and I stooped down and said:

"'Poor woman, can I do anything for you?'

"And she cried out:

"'It's Barbara! it's Barbara! changed like this! Oh, it's Barbara!' and fell down fainting in the road. 'He is dead! Leslie is dead!' she went on. 'He died very suddenly.'

"You see they were all wrong. She was afraid to come back and tell me he was dead. I never believed their slanderous stories, my dear. That must have been the reason she stayed so long; don't you think so, my dear?"

What could I do but say, "Perhaps it was."

"It's sad without him, of course," said old Miss Barbara. We cry about him together; but I'm glad to have one of them back, and know the worst. The doctor has ordered her beef tea," she added, after a pause, wiping her eyes, "and she thinks the patch-work cushion very handsome. It is just the thing for her head as she lies on the sofa."

She went on her way when she had said that, and since that time there have been two women at the cottage window or in the garden amongst the flowers; but one always creeps away when a stranger passes, and it is only Miss Barbara who comes cheerfully forward to say a few pleasant words. Happily the same gentle shadow lies across her mind and keeps her from understanding what all the other people in the village know. To her Rose is as innocent of treachery as the flower whose name she bears, and her lover one whose steps death overtook before they reached the altar. And she is at peace now; she watches over the gate no longer as the twilight deepens, but oftener and oftener I see her looking upward, her eyes full of childlike faith in that heaven where she believes a faithful heart waits to greet her.

Feeding for Growth or Fat.

Simply feeding an animal without some definite object in view is to waste the food or else deprive the animal of something it may require unless the farmer knows the quality of the food given and the nutritive value of the ingredients of which it is composed. So important is a knowledge of the proper mode of feeding that it is often possible to produce a more perfect animal from a grade than from a thoroughbred, and Darwin expresses the opinion that the quality of the food influences variation in animals, and that when improvement is attempted judicious breeding the result is largely influenced by the mode and periods of feeding, as also by the quality and kinds of food used.

A normal condition cannot be sustained in an animal except by a mixed diet. No single article of food used for domestic animals can be regarded as complete or containing the proper proportions of the necessary elements of growth and warmth. Certain foods, rich in nitrogen, are required for producing flesh. These foods are known as "flesh-formers," and are derived from the gluten of grains, the legumen of clover, and from the different forms of nitrogen in all the plants used as food, being transformed in the body of the animal into flesh and to supply the natural waste of the muscles and cartilages, the surplus being imparted to the products of the animal, as is the case in milk or albumen, in eggs from birds.

A proper division and classification of the foods enables the farmer to appropriate the elements particularly adapted for the accomplishment of the production of flesh, milk, butter or fat, for while the organic matter absounding in nitrogen is more suitable for flesh-forming, that portion free from nitrogen, known as carbohydrates, contain starch, sugar and fatty oils, in order to supply the fatty matter, while the earthy phosphates repair and renew the bones.

As the constituents of an animal's body must come from the food, it is not best to feed the starchy substances to young animals exclusively when growth is desired, which explains the cause of a lack of thrift when straw or coarse hay is used, as the animal cannot eat enough of such substances in order to supply itself. Nor can we expect the best results from such grains as corn, which contains a large proportion of starch and oil with a small amount of flesh-forming material, but when corn is combined with clover hay the elements are more evenly divided, yet even in the combination of the two foods time would show that some element might be lacking, and a change of food would be necessary.

It is more economical to feed a variety, especially to growing stock, which demand more nitrogen and the phosphates than do those more matured, as the first must not only renew waste, but add to the flesh and bone, while the adult is required only to renew waste. An adult animal, therefore, voids the excess of nitrogenous material, and as a consequence the manure from a mature animal is more valuable than that from one which has not completed growth. An adult animal also fattens at a less cost; therefore as but a small proportion of nitrogen is required, the mode of feeding depends upon the age and the objects desired to be obtained.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. H. S.—Your suggestion as to care in the sale of poisons is excellent. The new remedy,—Red Star Cough Cure, contains no poison, and can be given with safety to infants. Health officials of Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Baltimore endorse it as a most wonderful cure. It costs only 25 cents.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

It Pays to grow the Best.

Will you pay to raise anything but the best? Does it pay to go on year after year cultivating and using inferior fruits when it is just as easy and much more profitable to raise the best? The best is good enough. In saying the best we mean the best the climate, the soil and the circumstances surrounding one will enable one to raise. The fruit that will be the best for one may not be the best for another; there is, in other words, no absolute best—one that in all places and all circumstances is the best—but there is something better in all classes of fruits than the varieties our fathers raised. Especially in this true of apples, currants and berries. In some States varieties were grown years ago that, unless a boy's love for apples has deceived us, have not been excelled; but these are few in number and limited in area. In the newer States of the Mississippi Valley new fruit adapted to the conditions of climate and soil had to be found. Many of the standard sorts could not be grown with success, and new varieties were introduced. It goes without saying that the varieties have been improved wonderfully in the years of trial. He who clings to the old sorts is making a serious mistake. In currants there is such an improvement that the old sorts and the new ones are like entirely different fruits. The improvement is not only in size but in bearing qualities and flavor of the berry. Currants are so cheap that no one should cling to the old sorts simply because he has them. The new ones should be set, and, when grown, take the place of the old ones. This is also true of most of the berries. In the raspberries there is no comparison between the new and old sorts. There is no reason why any one should not have all the fruit he wants in the garden, and in sufficient variety and quantity to last the season through, and that of the best varieties raised.

Laugh More.

An English contributor sends the following: Do we as a rule laugh enough? Is there not too much beefsteak and too little gravy for salutary digestion in the every day consumption of brain food? Is there spice enough to season the standing dish of dru lgery? There is a service to a chaste laugh and its relation to physical comfort is noteworthy. Our emotions are the playthings of our surroundings, and the graces we would cultivate can never be cultivated in an atmosphere that is not cordial.

The nightmare of disaster is ever disturbing new endeavors and cherished ventures, and if it is to be dispelled the handiest helper is the sunshine of mirth. To one who is in the maelstorm of cares, or who is a gally slave in the struggle to exist, or on whose cast of dice is staked the gain or loss of living, there is no force that can sustain as broad humor. Music has a power to lighten loads, to relax brows, but a side shaker seems to be quite as salutary to the weary ones in the market place.

A ditty travels to the springs of the feeling, but a neatly prepetrated joke makes the man of care take cheer as he toils. The mind that is lost to every appeal save the requisitions of his vocation needs to be swithed off, and a handy way to do it is to tickle him. It is said of Lincoln that his indulgence in laughing and dry satirizing was a physical necessity; that the responsibilities of his policy during the war would have chafed him to despair had he not repeatedly laughed away his fears, or stilled his forebodings with funny exuberances.

To all which we say, Yes. They only trouble is, how can a man laugh when he don't feel like it? Will some one answer this?

Topnoody Taken Down.

Mr. Topnoody threw down his newspaper with a muttered objurgation and looked across the table at his wife.

"What's the matter?" she inquired.

"This confounded civil service reform twaddle makes me sick," he exclaimed. "I don't see why it is that a lot of men can't do their duty when it is marked out plainly before them."

"Did you order that coal to-day?" she asked, irrelevantly, but with a new light shining in her face.

"I beg your pardon, my dear," he said, picking up his paper again; "that's got nothing to do with civil service reform."

"Did you order that coal, I said?" she persisted.

"X—no, my dear," he hesitated. "I forgot all about it. But I'll do it the first thing in the morning. As I was saying, my dear, this civil service reform—"

"Don't talk to me, Topnoody, about civil service reform," she said, hotly. "What you want to devote your time and attention to is domestic service reform. There isn't a lump of coal in the cellar; the boards are all off the side fence; that back yard looks like a pigpen; there hasn't been a stick of kindling chopped since Saturday; you haven't given me a cent of money in two weeks, and the cook is going to leave in the morning. You may think that's the way to do things, Topnoody, but I want to say to you that I'm running this administration now, and if you don't stop fooling with politics and attend to business you'll hear from headquarters after a fashion that will make your head swim. Civil service reform, indeed!"

Topnoody never said a word; he knew better.

Sleepless nights made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

Make Friends.

Life is very critical. Any word may be our last. Any farewell even amid glee and merriment may be forever. If this truth were but burned as a deep conviction and real power in lives, would it not give a new meaning to our lives, would it not give a new meaning to our human relationship? Would it not make us far more tender than we sometimes are? Would it not oftentimes put a rein upon our rash and impetuous speech? Would we carry in our hearts the miserable suspicions and jealousies that now often embitter the fountains of our lives? Would we be so impatient of the faults of others? Would we allow trivial misunderstandings to build up a wall between us and those who ought to stand very close to us? Would we keep alive petty quarrels year after year which a manly word would compose? Would we pass old friends or neighbors on the streets without recognition, because of pride or ancient grudge? Or would we be so chary of the kind words, our sympathy, our comfort, with weary hearts all about us breaking for just such expressions of interest or appreciation as we have in our power to give?—*Christian World.*

Love matches are very easy to strike, but some of them go out dreadfully quick.

A knight of in-dus-try—the carpet cleaner.

If some men had to "eat their words," their health would be ruined forever.

Muslin Poultry-House for Stormy Weather.

Every poultry keeper knows the aversion shown by the fowls to the poultry-house in the daytime. They prefer being outside in the storm to being confined in a closed, dark place; but they are very partial to a shed, or any kind of well lighted shelter. A cheap arrangement can be made for them, which may be immovable, by using shingling lath (one by three inces) and unbleached muslin. To make a muslin house ten by ten feet, proceed as follows:

A strip for the top, four for the bottom, and three for stripping one foot from the ground, making eight strips, ten feet long each, or eighty feet. One strip for the top of the entrance in front, eight feet long and twelve strips six feet long, for the ends and roof, the total being about 160 feet of material, costing $1. A few boards on the front, with the same at the rear completes all but the muslin, of which about 12 yards will be sufficient. Ran the muslin from the bottom of the strip over the top, and fasten to bottom strip on the other side. Have nothing but the boards on the ends, so as to strengthen the frame, and also that the fowls may pass out at either end. Sew the muslin together with a sewing machine, and use it either crosswise or up and down. Draw it tightly over the frame and paint it with any kind of cheap paint, or oil may be used instead. The structure need not cost over $2.50, and it will afford excellent protection against the winds and rains, as there will be plenty of scratch-room for an average flock. The muslin admits sufficient light and is much better than glass for retaining warmth.—*American Agriculturist.*

A word to the wise. If you are troubled with cough or cold, procure Dr. Ball's Cough Syrup at once. Its use may save you from severe sickness.

He was Tough, but Slid Out.

Some time ago a gentleman of indolent habits made a practice in the winter of visiting his friends extensively. After wearing out his welcome, in his own immediate vicinity, last winter, he thought he would visit an old Quaker friend, who had been a school fellow of his. On his arrival he was cordially received by the Quaker, he thinking that his visitor had taken so much pains to come and see him. He treated his friend with great attention and politeness for several days, and as he did not see any signs of his leaving, became uneasy, but bore it with patience till the morning of the eighth day, when he said to him:

"My friend, I am afraid thee will never visit me again."

"Oh, yes, I shall," said the visitor; "I have enjoyed my visit very much; I shall certainly come again."

"Nay," said the Quaker, "I think thee will not visit me again."

"What makes you think I will not come again?" said the visitor.

"If thee does never leave," said the Quaker, "how can'st thou ever come again?"

The visitor left.

"Let me write the ballads of a nation," said a wise man, "and I care not who makes its laws." This is true, and it may also be said that the discovery of St. Jacobs Oil, the conqueror of pain, has been of more value to the world than the finding of a comet.

Somewhat Absent-Minded.

"Speaking of embarrassing episodes," said a real estate man, "I unconsciously aided and abetted in one the other day. I went into one of the large down town lunch rooms with a friend who is a connoisseur in the matter of overcoats. He wears a good coat and he always removes his coat with care and hangs it up with due reference to the turn of the collar. As he was in the act of hanging up his coat he knocked mine down, and stooping with apologies he caught mine up and replaced it. My friend boasts a good deal of his self possession under trying circumstances, but as he put my coat in place he caught the eyes of two lady acquaintances at a distant table, and removing his hat he made a most elaborate bow. Then he absent mindedly put his hat in the rack, and, forgetting that he had already removed his overcoat, unbuttoned his cutaway, and before I could interfere he stood before the fifty or sixty ladies and gentlemen present in his shirt sleeves. There was a laugh at his expense, and he afterward explained to me that he would not have had it happen in the presence of those ladies for a thousand dollars."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A sovereign remedy for pain, Salvation Oil—twenty-five cents. Beware of counterfeits.

Wealthy Invalids.

The United States to-day has a very large army of wealthy invalids, an army that seems to be on the increase, too, and one that goes moaning up and down over the land seeking health and finding none. Everywhere you go, where location and climate have anything to offer, or healing waters containing angles of good to assist nature in her struggle to lengthen out the days of those who have more ducats than digestion, you will see the anxious eye and the halting gait of those who have fought the fight for gain, and now, crowned with victory and misery, find themselves in the great national hospital that moves about from Moosehead Lake to Tacoma, to Los Angeles, to Jacksonville, to Duluth, to Denver, to Asheville, to Minnetonka, to Santa Fe, to the Hot Springs and the Cold Springs, to the Iron Springs and the Soda Springs, to the dry air of the mountains and the wet air of the sea, with no home that they can call permanent, and no sure thing for the future but a will contest and the long starless night of death.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

A stopped-up geyser is an ex-spurt in its way.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This Powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold at competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

Volina Cordial
DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, WEAKNESS, CHILLS AND FEVERS, MALARIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, KIDNEY TROUBLES, NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATISM.
It is Invigorating and Delightful to take, and of great value as a Medicine for weak and Ailing Women and Children.
It gives NEW LIFE to the whole SYSTEM by Strengthening the Muscles, Toning the NERVES, and completely Digesting the food.
Volina Cordial
A Book, "Volina," by leading physicians, telling how to treat diseases at HOME, sent, together with a set of handsome cards by new Heliotype process, on receipt of 10 c.
Volina Drug and Chemical Company, BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.

When afflicted with a cough or cold, buy a bottle of Wei De Lessops' Norman Balsam. C. N. Boyd, Sole Agent.

YOU can be cured of RHEUMATISM by using RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE.
It is not a cure-all. It cures nothing but Rheumatism. It is a safe and sure cure for that disease. Thousands who have been cured will testify to its worthiness.
MR. G. B. UHLER of 1621 N. 10th St., Philada., wrote four months after he had been cured by the Russian Rheumatism Cure (reading from wheelbarrow to cane), saying he was bedridden with the disease and thought he would lose his income from the same. He had to endure agony and undergo all two years for a cure, and tried other remedies without result, previous to trying this wonderful remedy.
MR. CHAS. A. COX, American and Morris Sts., Philada., writes: "My wife was bedridden and helpless with rheumatism for years, despite Doctors and everything else. That Russian Rheumatism Cure cured her completely."
RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE. EVERY BOX HAS OUR TRADE MARK AND SIGNATURE. Twice this Size. Sold by Druggists, or sent on receipt of Price, $2.50 PER BOT.
For Rheumatism Guide, Testimonials, etc., address THE RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE CO., 1217 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
For complete information, Descriptive Pamphlet, with testimonials, free.
For sale by all druggists. If one or two cannot be put in position to furnish it to you, do not be persuaded to take anything else, but apply direct to the General Agents, PEAUZLER BROS. & CO., 1219 & 821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Every bottle of Wei De Lessops' Norman Balsam is sold on a positive guarantee. C. N. Boyd, Sole Agent.

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THEY LEAD ALL—1886
BAUGH'S
Pure Raw Bone Meal
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Special Manure for Seed Leaf Tobacco
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AND High Grade Agricultural Chemicals
Send for circulars, prices, and samples. Address
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The Strongest Guarantee
Ever given with a medicine is that which is now given with Dr. Lessops' Norman Balsam. The great French Remedy for coughs, colds, consumption, and all diseases of the throat, chest and lungs. Every bottle is positively guaranteed; use two-thirds of the bottle, then if you are not perfectly satisfied you may return it and the money will be refunded. It is not a new preparation but an old French compound which has been used for years and has cured its thousands in France and performed almost miracles since its introduction in this country. Try it. It is invaluable. De Lessops Chemical Company, Sole Proprietors. C. N. Boyd, Sole Agent.

SWAYNES
THROAT & LUNG TROUBLES CONQUERED BY SWAYNE'S WILD CHERRY
SWAYNES VERMIFUGE THE CHILDREN'S MEDICINE
TO KEEP HEALTHY 1. EXERCISE DAILY 2. EAT GOOD FOOD 3. BE CHEERFUL 4. USE SWAYNE'S PILLS.
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SWAYNES OINTMENT
THE GREAT CURE FOR ITCHING PILES & SKIN HUMOR
SYMPTOMS. Moisture, intense itching and stinging, most at night—worse by scratching; very distressing; if allowed to continue moisture from which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore.
SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. Sent by mail for 50 cents.
DR. SWAYNE & SON, PHILADELPHIA.
OLDEST & BEST ESTABLISHED HOUSE IN U. S.
PENNYROYAL PILLS
"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."
The Original and Only Genuine.
Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English," and take no other, or inclose 4c. (stamps) in letter for particulars in letter by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2811 Madison Square, Philada., Pa.
Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

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Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.
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ST. JACOBS OIL TRADE MARK
THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Backache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.
PRICE FIFTY CENTS. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
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Humorous.

Children of the sea—Harbor buoys.

Every miser should have a chest protector.

The greatest wag ever known—A woman's tongue.

Hosiers are never on good terms together. There is always a hitch among them.

If a dealer in grave-stones were to fail, some newspaper would be sure to refer to the disaster as "a bust in marble."

An ordinary small boy is never so happy as when he is standing under a safe that is being hoisted to the fifth story.

A Michigan woman kicked a bear to death a few days ago, and now her husband never contradicts anything she says.

There is everything to discourage a man who sells medicines. His best article is pretty sure to be a drug on the market.

Misery loves company, and company causes the good housekeeper a great deal of misery, too, when she hasn't anything cooked in the house.

"Were you ever engaged in a duel, Col. Blood?" "Yes, sir, I was, sir." "Did it terminate seriously?" "Yes; I was arrested and fined $10."

Women who have a habit of turning round in the street to inspect other women's dresses will learn with envy that a fish has been found which has eyes in the back of its head.

"Augustus, dear," said the gentle girl, tenderly pushing him from her as the moonlight flooded the bay window where they were standing, "I think you had better try some other hair dye; your moustache tastes like turpentine."

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

A Remarkable Climate.

At a point where the two ranges of the Cordilleras, the eastern and western, which traverse Peru from north to south, meet, and form what is known as the junction of Pasco (el nu lo de Pasco) is located in the city of Cerro de Pasco, 150 miles from Lima. It is built upon honeycombed foundations and possesses a most remarkable climate by reason of its great height above the sea level. From December to March, a season which the people of the Cerro term their winter, whereas in reality it is their summer, the temperature during the day if from 12 to 15 degrees above zero, at night it falls to near zero, but the water seldom freezes. During this season the sun appears at times, and from the purity of the atmosphere the heat caused by his rays is almost unbearable. A person may be standing partly in the shade; that portion is disagreeably cold, while the part exposed to the sun is uncomfortably warm. It would be difficult to find another locality where the atmospheric changes are more distinctly marked.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

Seeking for His Label.

Tolerably early in life I discovered that one of the unpardonable sins, in the eyes of most people, is for a man to presume to go about unlabeled. The world regards such a person as the police do an unmuzzled dog—not under proper control. I could find no label that would suit me, so in my desire to range myself and be respectable, I have invented one, and, as the chief thing I was sure of was that I did not know a great many things that the —ists and the—ites about me professed to be familiar with I called myself an Agnostic. Surely no denomination could be more modest or more appropriate, and I cannot imagine why I should be every now and then hauled out of my refuge and declared sometimes to be a materialist, sometimes an atheist, sometimes a positivist and sometimes alas and alack, a cowardly or reactionary obscurantist.—*Prof. Huxley in the Fortnightly Review.*

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

How to Fix George.

Bachelor Uncle—"Ah, my dear, you look as pretty as a picture. I don't wonder George thinks so much of you. Has the rascal proposed yet?"

Pretty Niece—"No, uncle, he hasn't. I really believe he's afraid to."

"Why don't you encourage him a little my dear?"

"I do, uncle; but you know it wouldn't be modest to do too much encouraging."

"No, I suppose not; I'll tell you what to do, though."

"What is it, you dear old thing?"

"Just wait till his birthday and present him with one of those mottoes—'God Bless Our Home.' It that doesn't fix him nothing will."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

Purify your blood, tone up the system, and regulate the digestive organs by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

A French Geologist, M. De Lapparent, lately called the attention of the Paris geological society to the effect gravitation has in heaping up sea water about the land. The continents are thus all situated at the tops of hills of water, and in crossing the Atlantic ships have first to go down hill, then to cross a valley and finally to climb another hill. The calculation has been made that in mid ocean the surface may be more than half a mile (1,000 metres) below the level it would have if the continents exerted no attraction.

That Hacking Cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold by G. W. Benford & Son.

Princess Beatrice takes great interest in bee-keeping. She is present at most of the exhibitions of bee-keepers, and distributes the prizes. On these occasions she wears the diamond-bee brooch presented to her by the Royal Bee Association on the occasion of her marriage.

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

Of the 7,000,000 larks which are said to be killed annually in France, the gourmands of the metropolis are credited with consuming about one third.

There is a man in Chicago who begs in six languages, and drinks in any language. Evidently the literary movement of Chicago is not to be despired.

The morals of Forest county are improving. At the last session of court no grand jury was needed.

"List to the music of the belles," said a man, as the soprano and alto rose to sing a duet.

Sweet home—A beehive.

An old score—Twenty.

A QUESTION ANSWERED
Brown's Iron Bitters ANSWERED.
The question has probably been asked thousands of times, "Does Brown's Iron Bitters do all that is claimed?" Well, it depends. But it does do many things for which a reputable proprietary medicine would pass. Physicians recognize iron as the best tonic, and Brown's Iron Bitters is the best form of iron for medicinal purposes. It is not a secret nor a patent medicine, but a well known and reliable preparation of iron, combined with other ingredients that make it the most effective tonic and strengthener. It is known as BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It is not a cure-all, but a thoroughly reliable and scientific tonic, and will do what it is claimed to do. It cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Weakness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Chills and Fever, Tired Feeling, General Debility, Pain in the Side, Back, etc. It is a tonic and a cordial, and yet it does not intoxicate. Its effects are lasting, for all these diseases it is a permanent cure.
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
Like all other thoroughly meritorious preparations, it has given rise to many imitations. Some of these are worthless, while others are quite meritorious. Brown's Iron Bitters is not to be compared with the former class, but it is a strengthening medicine, and may be used in place of other iron preparations. It is not