The New York Reporter.

A reporter's life is not a happy one. He is the slave of duty at all hours of the day and night. To-day he is here, to-morrow there. On Monday he may be among thieves and murderers, on Tuesday among politicians and statesmen, and on Wednesday among ladies and gentlemen. He may be even among all three on the same day. I remember a cold, raw morning in February when I had to get up long before daylight and make a breakfast out of Oliver Hitchcock's coffee and cakes and run for a train. That afternoon I found myself on board of a large European steamer, which had stranded high and dry on the New Jersey sands. I shared the captain's dinner while the waves came dashing against the vessel's side with a force that threatened to make us food for sea worms at any moment. I came back wet and weary that night, but there was no rest for me yet. To Delmonico's I must go, as soon as I could change my clothing, and partake of a great banquet. Such is the life of a newspaper reporter. He knows not at any time where he will take his next meal. He often is sent from a wedding to a funeral, or from a ball in the Academy to a murder at the Five Points. Like an army on the march, he must always have his baggage prepared, for at five minutes' notice he may be sent several hundred miles where shirt-collars and handkerchiefs are unknown. He may be sent to scour the bay for missing Jersey shanties, or Long Island woods for mysteriously disappearing personages.

Not only must the reporter be able to tell an interesting story, but he must also, if he wants to earn his salt, have a knowledge of the world and possess that tact and discretion which comes of such knowledge. Young men fresh from some inland college, who come to New York newspaper offices under the impression that reporting is something that they can do if they cannot do anything else, are quickly undeceived. One half of the news which is printed in the local columns every morning is obtained from people who do not care to furnish it, and who have to be "run down" very often with as much skill as the most cunning of foxes. And for all this the reporter is paid but little more than the average mechanic. It may surprise some of you to learn that he gets even that much, but he does if he is good for anything. That good ones get no more is mainly due to the fact that there are so many bad ones competing with them.

Yet with all the drawbacks of long and irregular hours, inadequate remuneration and "assignments" that are often uncongenial, there is a charm about a reporter's life which all who have ever been members of the profession must acknowledge. There is a romance connected with it which does not entirely die out of even the older members who now keep to it because they have been spoilt for anything else. The new generation of metropolitan reporters, which differ considerably from the old, is kept to its work probably more by this flavor of the adventurous than any thing else. The Bohemian spirit of poetry and beer has almost died out and the ranks are recruited from a class which has less of the literary and more of the "be up and doing" spirit about it. They want an active life and they find it here. As they grow older, however, they become more straight in their desires and there are consequently constant droppings out. Either they work their way into the editorial chairs or they go into some other profession or business and their places are filled by new-comers, who, nowadays, are generally graduates of the leading colleges. So then, here is

To the truthful reporter
Who never prints but what he oughter;
An example sublime
Of the men of his time.
—*George C. Clement*

Advice to Correspondents.

Never write with pen or ink. It is altogether too plain, and doesn't hold the mind of the editor and printers closely enough to their work.

If you are compelled to use ink, never use that vulgarity known as the blotting-pad. If you drop a blot of ink on the paper, lick it off. The intelligent compositor loves nothing so dearly as to read through the smear this will make across twenty or thirty words. We have seen him hang over such a piece of copy half an hour, and the time swearing like a pirate, he felt that good.

Don't punctuate. We prefer to punctuate all manuscript sent to us. And don't use capitals. Then we can punctuate and capitalize to suit ourself, and your article, when you see it in print, will astonish, even if it does not please, you.

Don't try to write too plainly. It is a sign of plebian origin and public-school breeding. Poor writing is an indication of genius. It's about the only indication of genius that a great many men possess. Scrawl your article with your eyes shut and make every word as illegible as you can. We get the same price for it from the rag man as though it were covered with copper-plate sentences.

Avoid all painstaking with proper names. We know the full name of every man, woman and child in the United States, and the merest hint at the name is sufficient. For instance, if you write a character something like a drunken figure "8," and then draw a wavy line, and the letter M and another waving line, we will know at once that you mean Samuel Morrison, even though you may think you mean "Lemuel Messenger." It is a great mistake that proper names should be written plainly.

Always write on both sides of the paper, and when you have filled both sides of every page, trail a line up and down every margin, and back to the top of the first page, closing your article by writing your signature just above the date. And how we would like to get hold of the man who sends them. Just for ten minutes. Alone, in the woods, with a cannon in our hip pocket. Revenge is sweet; yum, yum, yum.

Lay your paper on the ground when you write; the rougher the ground the better.

Coarse brown wrapping-paper is the best for writing sour articles on. If you can tear down an old circus poster and write on the pasty side of it with a pen stick, it will do still better.

When your article is completed, crunch your paper in your pocket, and carry it two or three days before sending in. This rubs off the superfluous pencil marks, and makes it lighter to handle.

If you can think of it, lose one page out of the middle of your article. We can easily supply what is missing, and we love to do it. We have nothing else to do!—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

EPITAPHS.

Some Quaint and Curious Inscriptions on Tombstones in Old English and American Churchyards.

In wandering through the various resting places of the dead one might well exclaim: "Where are the sinners buried?" Surely their graves are not here; the inscriptions on marble, shaft or slab indicate the resting places of the good alone. But in going here and there through old cemeteries, especially in England, one often comes across inscriptions strangely unlike those of the present day. Let us pass by the ordinary ones, and read some of the extraordinary.

The two wives of Thomas Sexton are buried in a churchyard near Newmarket. Upon the stone over the grave of the first one is the following:

Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton—
She was a wife that never vexed one.
I can't say so much for the one at the next stone.

In the cemetery of the Old Gray Friars, Edinburg, we find:

Here snug in the grave my wife doth lie;
Now she's at rest, and so am I.

Here is another:

Here lies my dear wife, a sad slattern and shrew;
If I said I regretted her I should lie, too.

On a tombstone in Cyford:

Here, deep in the dust,
The old moldy crust
Of Nell Batchelor lately shoven;
Who was skilled in the arts
Of pies, puddings and tarts,
And knew every use of the oven.
When she had lived long enough
She made her last puff—
A puff by her husband much praised—
Now here she doth lie
And makes a dirt pie,
In hopes that her crust may be raised.

But these are rather unjust toward the fair sex. Let us look for something more truthful. We find it in St. Michael's churchyard, Coventry:

She was—
But words are wanting
To say what.
Look what a wife should be,
And she was that.

In memory of Katherine Gray, who kept a pottery shop at Chester:

Beneath this stone lies old Katherine Gray,
Changed from a busy life to lifeless clay;
By earth and clay she got her pelf,
But now is turned to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
Abate your grief and dry your eyes,
For what avails a flood of tears?
Who knows but in a run of years,
In some tall pitcher or broad pan
She in her shop may be again?

Upon the tomb of Martha Wells, wife of John Wells, in Yolkstone, we read:

We far from here did come
Each other for to join,
In peace with all men here we lived,
And did in love combine.
But oh, remark the strange,
Yet heaven's wise decree,
I'm lodged within the silent grave,
He's rolling in the sea.

In wandering through the old Sleepy Hollow cemetery I paused before an old mossy tombstone. Stooping down and brushing away the moss I read the following:

Pause, reader, pause as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now so you will be,
Prepare for death and follow me.

And near by I read:

Affliction sore long time I bore,
Physicians were in vain;
Till death did seize and God did please
To ease me of my pain.

But enough for the fair sex. Let us see if the sterner sex can boast of anything better. We will begin with the lawyers. In the churchyard at Norfolk we find:

God works a wonder now and then;
He, though a lawyer, was an honest man.

And in Stepney churchyard, London, upon a lawyer named Strange:

Here lies an honest lawyer—that's Strange!

Upon the tombstone of Stephen Bumbold at Brightwell:

He lived one hundred and five,
Sanguine and strong;
An hundred to five
You live not so long!

Which is probably true concerning the most of us. In Walton churchyard we read upon the tomb of George Miles, blacksmith:

My sledge and hammer lie reclined,
My bellows also lost their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decayed,
My vice in the dust my friends have laid,
My coals are spent, my iron's gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.

And upon a collier:

Here lies the collier, John of Nashes,
By whom death nothing gained, he swore;
For, living, he was dust and ashes,
And being dead, he is no more.

Here is one which I fear the majority of the male sex will never deserve. I will not vouch for the truth of it:

An honest fellow here is laid,
His debts in full he always paid;
And what's more strange, the neighbors tell us,
He brought back borrowed umbrellas.

We pause before a stone in Luton churchyard, and this is the warning it gives to us:

Reader, I have left a world
In which I had a world to do,
Sweating and fretting to get rich—
Just such a fool as you.

In Lillington churchyard upon the tomb of John Trees:

John Trees, aged 74 years,
Poorly lived and poorly died;
Poorly buried and no one cried.

The following curious epitaph will be found in the churchyard at Lyford, Devonshire:

Here lies, in a horizontal position,
The outside case of
George Koutledge, Watchmaker.
Integrity was the main spring, and prudence
the regulator of all the actions
of his life;
Humane, generous and liberal,
His hand never stopped till he had relieved
distress;
So nicely regulated were his movements that
he never went wrong,
Except when set a-going by people who did
not know his key;
Even then he was easily set right again.
He had the art of disposing his time so well
That his hours glided away in one continued
round of pleasure,
Till in an unlucky moment his pulses stopped
beating.
He ran down Nov. 14, 1802, aged 57,
In hopes to be taken in hand by his Maker,
Thoroughly cleansed, repaired, wound up and
set a-going
In the world to come, when time shall be no
more.

Wandering to Gillingham churchyard we will rest awhile beside the grave of Thomas Jackson:

Sacred to the memory of Thomas Jackson, comedian, who was engaged December 21, 1741, to play a comic cast of characters in this great theater—the world, for many of which he was prompted by nature to excel. The season being closed, his benefit over, the charges all paid, and his accounts closed, he made his exit in the tragedy of Death, March 17, 1798, in full assurance of being once more called to rehearsal, where he hopes to find his forfeits all cleared, his cast of parts bettered, and his situation made agreeable by Him who paid the great stock debt by the love He bore the performers in general.

In the Roman Catholic cemetery of Mayne the following epitaph has caused considerable trouble between the priests and the people, the former declaring that it is "profane, immoral and scandalous," while the latter maintain that it shall remain as it is:

Beneath this stone here lieth one
That all his friends did please;
To heaven I hope he's surely gone
To enjoy eternal ease.
He drank, he sang, while here on earth
Lived happy as a lord;
And now he hath resigned his breath,
God rest him, Paddy Ward.

We will close this grave subject with one from Stirling castle, about thirty miles from Edinburg:

Our life is but a winter day,
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to a dinner stay
And are full fed.
The oldest man but sleeps
And goes to bed.
Large is his expense
That lingers out the day;
He that goes soonest
Has the least to pay.
—*New York Evening Mail.*

Colds Affected by Diet.

There is no question that when the system is in perfect condition it has a marvelous ability to withstand not only the extraordinary changes of our New England climate, but even these with what would generally be considered gross carelessness added. I have known men who would stand in the snow with almost frozen feet and chop in the logging swamp, day after day, all winter, and when spring came join the "drive," standing hours together, upon occasion, in cold water, wet to the middle, often retaining wet garments all day, exempt from any kind of illness, until, the season over, having a period of loafing in summer, they would be subject to severe "colds" for the first time during the year, and perhaps be laid up with fever of some form. It may be said that these men had become "used up" by the winter and spring campaign and that the summer sickness was the natural result. Such is not the fact. So long as they were working hard all day long, and the cold weather lasted, their systems could not only withstand the large amount of food swallowed, but absolutely needed it to keep up flesh, strength and animal heat. Hence, while these conditions lasted, these men remained in perfect physical condition, equal to any amount of labor and exposure incident to their business. But when all these conditions were reversed, and the men ignorantly held to the same diet, which they invariably did so long as appetite lasted, disease was the inevitable result. Often they would lose their appetites in season to save them from violent illness, but few escaped more or less harm from eating in excess of the requirements of the system. In the army, during active service, with no surplus of "hard tack," colds were comparatively rare, though we marched all day in the rain and slept on the ground in wet clothes at night; but when we were in camp, in comfortable quarters, taking little exercise, and got a nice box of turkey, pies, cakes, and the like, from the dear home friends who pitied us so, the prevalence of "colds" was something fearful to contemplate. How often we remark upon the fact that when in winter we have a week or two of nice warm weather, "everybody has a cold," and such weather is called "unhealthy" and "unseasonable." If our stoves and furnaces had palates to tickle and were self-feeding, what "summer complaints" there would be. Fires would burn as briskly in July as in January, and fire pots would be burned out as fast as stomachs are used up under the prevailing custom of supplying fuel to the human machine without regard to the weather or other modifying conditions. Let us continue to exercise sufficient care as to wraps, flannels, avoidance of draughts, and unnecessary exposure; but aside from all this we should live in so rational a manner with regard to diet, air, exercise and cleanliness, as to be proof against disease, and become less like the old lady who caught her last cold "taking gruel out of a damp basin."—*Journal of Chemistry.*

Origin of Amber.

Nearly 2,000 years ago, Pliny, the naturalist, wrote that amber was the fossil resin of an extinct cone-bearing tree, and modern science can say of it but little more. The original amber-producing forest probably reached from Holland over the German coast, through Siberia and Kamschatka, even to North America. One of the most celebrated deposits is on the peninsula of Samland, a portion of Prussia, nearly surrounded by the Baltic sea. The northern part of this region, constituting the promontory of Brusterort, is hilly, and the coast banks are often 150 feet to 300 feet high. At one time all the amber found here, even by the peasants in plowing, belonged to the German government, the finder, however, receiving one-tenth of its value. For a piece in the Berlin museum, weighing eighteen pounds, the finder is said to have received a thousand dollars. During stormy weather, when the wind and waves beat violently against the coast, a great quantity of amber is washed up. The total yearly product is, however, apparently on the decrease, and so the price of amber is on the increase.

Professor Zaddach, of Konigsberg, concludes that the trees yielding the amber resin must have grown upon the green-sand beds of the cretaceous formation, which at the time formed the shores of estuaries where the lower division of the tertiary accumulated. Immediately over the amber-producing strata rest the brown-coal beds, the fossil plants found in which differ entirely from the amber-bed flora. Many insects and plants are found embalmed in the amber. Over 800 species of the former have been named, and over 160 of the latter.

Never!

Never answer questions in general company that have been put to others.

Never, when traveling abroad, be over-boastful of your own country.

Never lend an article you have borrowed, unless you have permission to do so.

Never attempt to draw the attention of the company upon yourself.

Never exhibit anger or impatience, or excitement, when an accident happens.

Never pass between two persons who are talking together, without an apology.

Never enter a room noisily.

Never fail to close the door after you, if you found it closed, and never slam it.

Never forget that if you are faithful in a few things, you may be ruler over many.

The Philadelphia *News* has found a retired business man who asserts that advertising is a humbug. It was doubtless this opinion that "retired" him.—*Hubbard's Advertiser.*

Feeble digestion, sick headache, dizziness and faintness cured by Malt Bitters.

A story is told of a widower preacher who proposed to a young lady and was rejected. Following this a young widow of his congregation sent him this text to preach from: "You ask and receive not because you ask a miss." With this it seems as if the preacher might have taken the hint and the widow also

Nursing mothers and delicate females gain strength and flesh from Malt Bitters.

The peaceful calm of a country graveyard is as the roar of Niagara compared with the stillness which prevails in the store of the man who doesn't advertise.

The man who scolds his crying baby and is too mean to invest 25 cents in a bottle of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, should be divorced.

The young man who was referred to pa when he popped the question stated that he visited the convention as an instructed delegate.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

In Powder Form.

Vegetine put up in this form comes within the reach of all. By making the medicine yourself you can, from a 50c. package containing the barks, roots and herbs, make two bottles of the liquid Vegetine. Thousands will gladly avail themselves of this opportunity, who have the conveniences to make the medicine. Full directions in every package.

Vegetine in powder form is sold by all druggists and general stores. If you cannot buy it of them, enclose fifty cents in postage stamps for one package, or one dollar for two packages, and I will send it by return mail. H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

The Best.

William H. Wilson, M. D. Springfield, Effington Co., Ga., says: "I prescribed Hunt's Remedy in a complicated case of Dropsy which I had been treating for eight years, and I find Hunt's Remedy is the best medicine for Dropsy and the Kidneys I have ever used." Trial size, 75 cents.

Dr. C. E. Shoemaker, the well-known aural surgeon of Reading, Pa., offers to send by mail, free of charge, a valuable little book on deafness and diseases of the ear—specially on running ear and catarrh, and their proper treatment—giving references and testimonials that will satisfy the most skeptical. Address as above.

A Household Need.

A book on the Liver, its diseases and the treatment sent free. Including treatises upon Liver Complaints, Torpid Liver, Jaundice, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Malaria, etc. Address Dr. Sanford, 162 Broadway, New York city, N. Y.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich. Will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days trial. See their advertisement in this paper headed, "On 30 Days Trial."

If you have Sore Eyes ask your Druggist for the Diamond Eye Water. Principal depot, 42 Suffolk Street, New York City.

Straighten your old boots and shoes with Lyon's Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again

ALL GROCERS keep C. Gilbert's Starches.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a Receipt that will cure you. *FREE OF CHARGE.* This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

DR. MARCHISI'S UTERINE CATHOLICON will positively cure Female Weakness, such as Falling of the Womb, Whites, Chronic Inflammation or Ulceration of the Womb, Incidental Hemorrhage or Flooding, Painful, Suppressed and Irregular Menstruation, &c. An old and reliable remedy. Send postal card for a pamphlet, with treatment, cures and certificates from physicians and patients, to HOWARTH & BALLARD, Utica, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists—$1.50 per bottle.

Answer This.

Did you ever know any person to be ill without inaction of the stomach, liver or kidneys, or did you ever know one who was well when either was obstructed or inactive? and did you ever know or hear of any case of the kind that Hop Bitters would not cure?

One Box or Six Bottles.

If you are suffering from a combination of liver or kidney diseases and constipation, do not fail to use the celebrated Kidney-Wort. It is a dry compound, as easily prepared as a cup of coffee, and in one package is as much medicine as can be bought in six dollar bottles of other kinds.

DR. BULL'S BABY SYRUP

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD

Embracing full and authentic accounts of every nation of ancient and modern times, and including a history of the rise and fall of the Greek and Roman Empires, the middle ages, the crusades, the feudal system, the reformation, the discovery and settlement of the New World, etc., etc.

It contains 672 fine historical engravings, and is the most complete History of the World ever published. Send for specimen pages and extra terms to Agents. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

20 Splendid Chromo Visiting CARDS, with name, 10 cts. J. MINKLER & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

Vegetine.

IN POWDER FORM,

50 CENTS A PACKAGE.

Dr. W. ROSS WRITES:

Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston: I have been practicing medicine for twenty-five years, and as a remedy for Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness, and all Diseases of the Blood, I have never found its equal. I have sold VEGETINE for seven years, and have never had one bottle returned. I would heartily recommend it to those in need of a blood purifier.

DR. W. ROSS, Druggist,
Sept. 18, 1878. Wilton, Iowa.

Vegetine.

ONE PACKAGE IN POWDER FORM CURED SCROFULA.

HOW TO REDUCE YOUR DOCTORS' BILLS.

86 BREMEN ST., East Boston, Mass., Sept. 30, 1879.

MR. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir: My little daughter Stella has been afflicted a long time with Scrofula, suffering everything. I employed different physicians in East Boston, but they helped her none. I bought some of your POWDER FORM VEGETINE, and my wife steeped it and gave it to the child according to the directions, and we were surprised in a fortnight's time to see how the child had gained in flesh and strength. She is now gaining every day, and I can cheerfully recommend your remedy to be the best we have ever tried.

Respectfully yours, J. T. WEBB.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

CURES WHEN ALL OTHER MEDICINES FAIL, as it acts directly on the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels, restoring them at once to healthy action. HUNT'S REMEDY is a safe, sure and speedy cure, and hundreds have testified to having been cured by it when physicians and friends had given them up to die. Do not delay, try at once HUNT'S REMEDY.

Send for pamphlet to WM. E. CLARKE, Providence, R. I. Prices, 75 cents and $1.25. Large size the cheapest. Ask your druggist for HUNT'S REMEDY. Take no other.

Important to the Fair Sex!

PERIODICAL — MRS. WILSON'S MYSTIC PILLS — REGULATOR

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY, cures Leucorrhœa, (or whites,) Painful Menstruation, Ulceration, Ovarian Diseases, Absent Menstruation, all diseases, known as female weakness. They have been used in England for years as a periodical and regulating pill. Sold by all Druggists everywhere. Price $1.00 per box or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail free of postage, securely sealed.

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Mechanics' Block, Detroit, Mich.

Wholesale Agents for U. S. ☞ Pamphlets sent free. C. N. CRITTENTON, Wholesale Agent, New York.

$1000 REWARD For any case of Bleeding, Blind, Itching, or Ulcerated Piles that DeBing's Pile Remedy fails to cure. Gives immediate relief, cures cases of long standing in 1 week, and ordinary cases in 2 days. CAUTION *None genuine unless yellow wrapper has printed on it in black a Pile of Stones and Dr. J. P. Miller's signature, Phila.* $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists. Sent by mail by J. P. MILLER, M. D., Propr., S. W. cor. Tenth and Arch sts., Philada., Pa.

PETROLEUM Grand Medal at Philadelphia Exposition. VASELINE JELLY Silver Medal at Paris Exposition.

This wonderful substance is acknowledged by physicians throughout the world to be the best remedy discovered for the cure of Wounds, Burns, Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, Piles, Catarrh, Chilblains, &c. In order that every one may try it, it is put up in 15 and 25 cent bottles for household use. Obtain it from your druggist, and you will find it superior to anything you have ever used.

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Is the best in the World. It is absolutely pure. It is the best for Medicinal Purposes. It is the best for Baking and all Family Uses. Sold by all Druggists and Grocers.

PENN'A SALT MANUFACTURING CO., Phila.

This Claim-House Established 1865.

PENSIONS. New Law. Thousands of Soldiers and heirs entitled. Pensions date back to discharge or death. Blank Books and circulars free. Address, with stamp, GEORGE E. LEMON, P. O. Drawer 325, Washington, D. C.

COPY PAD. RECEIPT (with full directions to make one equal to those sold for $2 to $5, for one-third the money) and Recipts for 30 kinds of Ink, of all colors 30 cts. by return mail. Address H. BLEDSOE, P. M., Alvarado, Texas.

A GREAT OFFER New ORGANS, $45, upward; PIANOS $150, upward. Warranted 6 yrs. Second Hand Instruments at Bargains. AGENTS Wanted. Illustrated CATALOGUE Free. HORACE WATERS & CO., 826 Bdy, N.Y.

ATTENTION, Farmers and Horsemen! For $1 will send a complete Book that tells you how to cure every disease that horses are subject to. Send stamp for references and list of over 200 Recipes to P. P. LYNCH, Box 415, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Agents wanted.

YOUNG MEN Learn Telegraphy and earn $40 to $100 a month. Every graduate guaranteed a paying situation. Address R. Valentine, Manager, Janesville, Wis.

Children's Grab Bag! Every Grab a Prize! Something new; no deception. One Prize for big folks with every Bag. Good profit. Chatterbox Co., 48 Cortlandt St., N.Y.

WANTED—Agents to canvass for the sale of our Nursery Stock. Address W. & T. SMITH, Geneva Nurseries, Geneva, N. Y. Established 1846.

$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

GOLD AND SILVER MINES. O. A. EVERITT, P. A. Landing, Lake Superior.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Wells, Richardson & Co's PERFECTED BUTTER COLOR

Gives Butter the gilt-edged color the year round. The largest Butter Buyers recommend its use. Thousands of Dairymen say it is a BENEFIT. Used by all the best Creameries. Awarded the International Diploma at N. Y. Dairy Fair. Ask your druggist or merchant for it, or write to ask what it is, what it costs, who uses it, where to get it. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

What Everybody Wants!

WHO HAS NOT HEARD AND READ OF IT!

Note the Following:

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 19.

MESSRS. J. N. HARRIS & CO.—*Gentlemen:* Permit me to say that for several weeks I suffered with a severe cough. I first used Dentz's Cough Balsam, and after that several other preparations, each of which I gave a fair trial, which availed me nothing. For the succeeding six days I used no medicine. By that time I was thought in the first stages of Consumption. My cough being more severe than ever, I then commenced using ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM, which has effectually cured me. I conscientiously believe it to be an excellent medicine, and can assure you that it will afford me the highest possible gratification to commend it to any person you may refer to me.

Yours truly, NEWTON MURPHY.

For Sale by all Medicine Dealers.

N Y N - No 22

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