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Occasionally apply a particle into and back of the ear, rubbing in thoroughly.

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MR. A. L. AYERT, Pharmacist, 607 Broad Street—Dear Sir—Having been severely afflicted for eleven years with Hay Fever, and after trying almost everything that was recommended, without avail, I gave up all hopes of being cured, when I purchased of you a box of Ely's Cream Balm, and, to my surprise, after a few applications I was entirely relieved. I would, without hesitation, recommend it to all who are afflicted with this troublesome complaint.

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Price—**50** cents. On receipt of **60** cents, will mail a package free. Send for circular, with full information.
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Sold by all Druggists.

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Malt Bitters Company

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A Marvelous Blood, Brain and Nerve Food.

There is no greater Blood Producer and Life sustaining Principle in the world of foods or medicines than MALT BITTERS, prepared from *Unfermented Malt, Hops, Calisaya*, etc. They feed the body and the brain, enrich the blood, solidify the bones, harden the muscles, quiet the nerves, cheer the mind, induce sleep, perfect digestion, regulate the stomach and bowels, cleanse the liver and kidneys, and vitalize with NEW LIFE every fluid of the body. Beware of imitations similarly named. Look for the COMPANY'S SIGNATURE, which appears plainly on the label of every bottle. Sold everywhere. MALT BITTERS COMPANY, Boston.

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CAN MAKE $5 PER DAY SELLING OUR NEW

Platform Family Scale.

Weighs accurately up to **25 lbs.** Its handsome appearance sells it at sight to housekeepers. Retail price **$2.** Other Family Scales weighing 25 lbs. cannot be bought for less than $5. A regular **BOOM FOR AGENTS.** Exclusive territory given. Terms and rapid sales surprise old Agents. Send for particulars. DOMESTIC SCALE CO., **187** W. 5th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Is the "Original" Concentrated Lye and Reliable Family Soap Maker. Directions accompany each can for making **Hard, Soft** and **Toilet Soap** quickly. It is full weight and strength. Ask your grocer for **SAPONIFIER**, and take no other.

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WANTED—Agents everywhere to sell our goods, by sample, to families. We give attractive presents and first-class goods to your customers; we give you good profits; we prepay all express charges; we furnish outfit free. Write for particulars.
PEOPLE'S TEA CO., Box **5025**, St. Louis, Mo.

DEVON CATTLE A few surplus animals of both sexes for sale reasonably. Pedigrees furnished with every sale, from American Devon Herd Book.
S. STEVENSON, Clark's Green, Pa.

$350 A MONTH! AGENTS WANTED! 70 Best Selling Articles in the world; 1 sample free. JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

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

A NEW SKETCH BY DICKENS.

Mr. Robert Bolton, the Gentleman Connected with the Press.

Below we make room for one of a series of six sketches—called the "Mudfrog Papers"—written in his early days by Charles Dickens for *Bentley's Miscellany*. These sketches have never appeared in any of Dickens' published works, and are therefore unknown to the present generation of readers. Anything new from the pen of the great English novelist cannot fail to arouse interest in the thousands who have been charmed by the great novelist's works:

In the parlor of the Green Dragon, a public-house in the immediate neighborhood of Westminster Bridge, everybody talks politics, every evening, the great political authority being Mr. Robert Bolton, an individual who defines himself as "a gentleman connected with the press," which is a definition of peculiar indefiniteness. Mr. Robert Bolton's regular circle of admirers and listeners are an undertaker, a greengrocer, a hairdresser, a baker, a large stomach surmounted by a man's head, and placed on the top of two particularly short legs, and a thin man in black, name, profession and pursuit unknown, who always sits in the same position, always displays the same long, vacant face, and never opens his lips, surrounded as he is by most enthusiastic conversation, except to puff forth a volume of tobacco smoke, or give vent to a very snappy, loud and shrill hem! The conversation sometimes turns upon literature, Mr. Bolton being a literary character, and always upon such news of the day as is exclusively possessed by that talented individual. I found myself (of course accidentally) in the Green Dragon, the other evening, and being somewhat amused by the following conversation, preserved it.

"Can you lend me a ten-pound note till Christmas?" inquired the hairdresser of the stomach.

"Where's your security, Mr. Clip?"

"My stock in trade—there's enough of it, I'm thinking, Mr. Thicknesse. Some fifty whigs, two poles, half a dozen head blocks, and a dead bruin."

"No, I won't, then," growled out Thicknesse. "I lends nothing on the security of the whigs or the Poles either. As for wigs, they're cheats; as for the Poles, they've got no cash. I never have nothing to do with blockheads, unless I can't awoid it (ironically), and a dead bear's about as much use to me as I could be to a dead bear."

"Well, then," urged the other, "there's a book as belonged to Pope, "Byron's Poems," valued at forty pounds, because it's got Pope's identical scratch on the back; what do you think of that for security?"

"Well, to be sure!" cried the baker. "But how d'ye mean, Mr. Clip?"

"Mean! why, that it's got the hotter-gruff of Pope.

'Steal not this book, for fear of hangman's rope;
For it belongs to Alexander Pope.'

All that's written on the inside of the binding of the book; so, as my son says, we're bound to believe it."

"Well, sir" observed the undertaker, deferentially, and in a half whisper, leaning over the table, and knocking over the hairdresser's grog as he spoke, "that argument's very easy upset."

"Perhaps, sir," said Clip, a little flurried, "you'll pay for the first upset afore you thinks of another."

"Now," said the undertaker, bowing amicably to the hairdresser, "I think, I says I think—you'll excuse me, Mr. Clip, I think, you see, that won't go down with the present company—unfortunately, my master had the honor of making the coffin of that ere lord's housemaid, not no more nor twenty year ago. Don't think I'm proud on it, gentlemen; others might be; but I hate rank of any sort. I've no more respect for a lord's footman than I have for any respectable tradesmen in this room. I may say no more nor I have for Mr. Clip [bowing]. Therefore, that ere lord must have been born long after Pope died. And it's a logical interferance to defer, that they neither of them lived at the same time. So what I mean is this here, that Pope never had no book, never seed, felt, never smelt no book [triumphantly] as belonged to that ere Lord. And, gentlemen, when I consider how patiently you have heared the ideas what I have expressed, I feel bound, as the best way to reward you for the kindness you have exhibited, to sit down without saying anything more—partickler as I perceive a worthier visitor nor myself is just entered. I am not in the habit of paying compliments, gentlemen; when I do, therefore, I hope I strikes with double force."

"Ah, Mr. Murgatroyd! what's all this about striking with double force?" said the object of the above remark, as he entered. "I never excuse a man's getting into a rage during winter, even when he's seated so close to the fire as you are. It's very injudicious to put yourself into such a perspiration. What is the cause of this extreme physical and mental excitement, sir?"

Such was the very philosophical address of Mr. Robert Bolton, a shorthand writer, as he termed himself—a bit of equivoque passing current among his fraternity, which must give the uninitiated a vast idea of the establishment of the ministerial organ, while to the initiated it signifies that no one paper can lay claim to the enjoyment of their services. Mr. Bolton was a young man, with a somewhat sickly and very dissipated expression of countenance. His habiliments were composed of an exquisite union of gentility, slovenliness, assumption, simplicity, newness and old age. Half of him was dressed for the winter, the other half for the summer. His hat was of the newest cut, the D'Orsay; his trousers had been white, but the inroads of mud and ink, etc., had given them a pie bald appearance; round his throat he wore a very high black cravat of the most tyrannical stiffness, while his tout ensemble was hidden beneath the enormous folds of an old brown poodle-collared greatcoat, which was closely buttoned up to the aforesaid cravat. His fingers peeped through the ends of his black kid gloves, and two of the toes of each foot took a similar view of society through the extremities of his higblows. Sacred to the bare walls of his garret be the mysteries of his interior dress! He was a short, spare man, of a somewhat inferior deportment. Everybody seemed influenced by his entry into the room, and his salutation of each member partook of the patronizing. The hairdresser made way for him between himself and the stomach. A minute afterward he had taken possesion of his pint and pipe. A pause in the conversation took place. Everybody was waiting, anxious for his first observation.

"Horrid murder in Westminster this morning," observed Mr. Bolton.

Everybody changed their positions. All eyes were fixed upon the man of paragraphs.

"A baker murdered his son by boiling him in a copper," said Mr. Bolton.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed everybody, in simultaneous horror.

"Boiled him, gentlemen!" added Mr. Bolton, with the most effective emphasis—"boiled him!"

"And the particulars, Mr. B.," inquired the hairdresser—"the particulars?"

Mr. Bolton took a very long draught of porter, and some two or three dozen whiffs of tobacco, doubtless to instill into the commercial capacities of the company the superiority of a gentleman connected with the press, and then said:

"The man was a baker, gentlemen. [Every one looked at the baker present, who stared at Bolton.] His victim, being his son, also was necessarily the son of a baker. The wretched murderer had a wife, whom he was frequently in the habit, while in an intoxicated state, of kicking, pummeling, flinging mugs at, knocking down and half-killing while in bed, by inserting in her mouth a considerable portion of a sheet or blanket."

The speaker took another draught, everybody looked at everybody else, and exclaimed: "Horrid!"

"It appears in evidence, gentlemen," continued Mr. Boulton, "that on the evening of yesterday, Sawyer the baker came home in a reprehensible state of beer. Mrs. S., connubially considerate, carried him in that condition upstairs into his chamber, and consigned him to their mutual couch. In a minute or two she lay sleeping beside the man whom the morrow's dawn beheld a murderer! [Entire silence informed the reporter that his picture had attained the awful effect he desired]. The son came home about an hour afterward, opened the door and went up to bed. Scarcely (gentlemen, conceive his feelings of alarm)—scarcely had he taken off his indescribables, when shrieks (to his experienced ear maternal shrieks) scared the silence of surrounding night. He put his indescribables on again, and ran downstairs. He opened the door of the parental bedchamber. His father was dancing upon his mother. What must have been his feelings! In the agony of the minute he rushed at his male parent as he was about to plunge a knife into the side of the female. The mother shrieked. The father caught the son (who had wrested the knife from the paternal grasp) up in his arms, carried him downstairs, shoved him into a copper of boiling water among some linen, closed the lid, and jumped upon the top of it, in which position he was found with a ferocious countenance by the mother, who arrived in the melancholy wash-house just as he had so settled himself.

"'Where's my boy?' shrieked the mother.

"'In that copper, boiling,' coolly replied the benign father.

"Struck by the awful intelligence, the mother rushed from the house, and alarmed the neighborhood. The police entered a minute afterward. The father, having bolted the wash-house door, had bolted himself. They dragged the lifeless body of the boiled baker from the caldron, and, with a promptitude commendable in men of their station, they immediately carried it to the station-house. Subsequently the baker was apprehended while seated on the top of a lamp-post in Parliament street, lighting his pipe."

The whole horrible ideality of the "Mysteries of Udolpho," condensed into the pithy effect of a ten-line paragraph, could not possibly have so affected the narrator's auditory. Silence the purest and most noble of all kinds of applause, bore ample testimony to the barbarity of the baker, as well as to Bolton's knack of narration; and it was only broken after some minutes had elapsed by interjectional expressions of the intense indignation of every man present. The baker wondered how a British baker could so disgrace himself and the highly honorable calling to which he belonged; and the others indulged in a variety of wonderments connected with the subject; among which not the least wonderment was that which was awakened by the genius and information of Mr. Robert Bolton, who, after a glowing eulogium on himself, and his unspeakable influence with the daily press, was proceeding, with a most solemn countenance, to hear the pros and cons of the Pope autograph question, when I took up my hat, and left.

The Family Purse.

The money question between husband and wife is one of the most serious drawbacks to married happiness, and it is time it was adjusted on a more just and equal basis. The life of utter dependence which some women lead is crushing and degrading. Men do not realize the utter helplessness and vacuity to which the system condemns woman. Now, does anybody believe that it is necessary for the welfare of the family that she should go to him for twenty-five cents every time she needs it for car-fare or a spool of thread? Is it right or just to take her imbecility in money matters for granted before she has been tested? Is it not just such women, who are left by the failure of some speculative craze to their own resources, with the burden of a family upon their inexperienced shoulders, who often display wonderful powers of energy and calculation, in addition to thrift and persevering industry, which ought to put all such men to shame?

Women, as a general rule, can make one dollar go as far as two in the hands of men; and many conceited individuals, who now consider that social system bounded by four walls of their dwelling would cease to revolve if they were taken out of it, would find great happiness and great pecuniary advantags in putting the control of all the interior details of their homes in the hands of their wives, with a division of the income equal to the requirement.—*Woman's Journal.*

Words of praise, indeed, are almost as necessary to warm a child into a genial life as acts of kindness and affection. Judicious praise is to children what the sun is to flowers.

Perjury is not only a wrong to a particulary person, but treason against human society, subverting at once the foundation of public peace and justice, and the private security of every man's life and fortune.

Asa Ward, of Moore's Branch, Kan., as increased the burden of 102 years of age by cutting a third set of teeth.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The Holyoke (Mass.) *Gazette* says: It is stated upon excellent authority that in this neighborhood there is a lady who has built a house out of a fund made by selling rum to her own husband. He is a drinking man, and so his wife struck the bargain with him that if he would drink he must agree to buy all his liquor of her. She thus pocketed the profit, instead of the regular rum-sellers. Such a plan put into general practice would build many a home, and we commend it to all the married drunkards of the city.

The *Northwestern Lumberman* mentions an experiment which may have important results for lumbermen and grist-millers. Sawdust and bran compressed at little cost into a space which will much reduce the cost of their transportation. Into a block of compressed sawdust an eight-penny nail was driven so firmly that it broke in the attempt to draw it. Yet the block was easily friable. Three pecks of bran were compressed into a roll six inches long by six inches diameter, capable of enduring much handling, yet easily broken with the fingers. The process will probably bring sawdust largely into use for bedding horses, and will reduce the cost of bran to consumers distant from the mills.

At the woeful battle of Isandula two British soldiers, Melville and Coghill, were killed while attempting to rescue the colors of their regiment. When the ex-Empress Eugenie went out to Zululand to visit the place where her son was killed, she carried with her two wreaths sent by Queen Victoria to their graves. Eugenie found their resting place and tenderly fulfilled her mission. An exchange says: She wrote afterward a letter to the queen describing the wild, grand spot where they are buried, the heroic circumstances of their death, as she had been able to learn them, adding a few words of earnest sympathy for them and congratulation for the sovereign who had men so brave to lose; all of which the queen copies in her own hand and sends with a letter of earnest sympathy to the widows of the dead heroes.

In Morgan county, near Hazle Green, Ky., a most horrible outrage was committed recently. A young man aged eighteen, named Buchanan Caywood, a resident of Hazle Green, induced a young girl aged seventeen, named Esther Jane Oldfield, to take a drink of peach brandy which was so strongly impregnated with cantharides that she was immediately seized with vomiting; the interior of her throat and stomach sloughed off, and was thrown up, with great quantities of blood, which caused her death in a few hours. The young lady was of good family and highly respected. Young Caywood was arrested and tried before an examining court and committed to jail at West Liberty without bail, on a charge of murder. The testimony showed that he gave her liquid with mean intent and was aware of its fatal tendencies, and said "he didn't care if it did kill her." At one time there was some talk of lynching him, but better counsel prevailed.

When Gambetta delivers a speech he pronounces two hundred and thirty to two hundred and forty words a minute. An ordinary speaker pronounces only about one hundred and eighty words in the same time. Lord Macauley used to pronounce three hundred and thirty words in a minute.

[Washington Critic.]

SAVED BY OIL.

Mrs. Susanna Asmus, No. 11 Bartlett street, Baltimore, Md., had for twenty-two years been a sufferer from sores and pains in her limbs. She tried many remedies without any favorable results. Happening to hear of St. Jacobs Oil, she concluded at last to try it. The result was wonderful. The sore healed, the pains vanished, and she is now well again.

The street car was crowded and the driver was just about to start, when Gilholy remarked to a friend: "Jones is not married yet, is he?" "Of course not. I thought he was not married yet, for I saw him carrying home a broom yesterday." A red-faced woman snapped her eyes at Gilhooly and pushed a cadaverous, timid-looking man ahead of her as she got out of the car.—*Galveston News.*

[Jackson (Mich.) Daily Patriot.]

We learn from Mess. Moore & Humphrey, that St. Jacobs Oil is regarded as the very best selling liniment ever sold, and is giving the highest satisfaction. It has effected many good cures.

The wonderful boy violinist D'Albert, who is becoming so popular in England, is said to be, in spite of his genius, a "thorough boy, laughing, joking, up to any fun." But the moment he comes to the piano he is like an Arab horse with thrilling nerves and eyes dilated.

Our mothers young and old all praise Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup; for it is the best thing for Babies while Teething. Price 25 cents a bottle.

The palm for the quietest convention of the presidential year has already been awarded, by general consent, to the gathering of deaf mutes in Cincinnati.

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.

Are You Not in Good Health?

If the Liver is the source of your trouble, you can find an absolute remedy in DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR, the only vegetable cathartic which acts directly on the Liver. Cures all Bilious diseases. For Book address DR. SANFORD, 162 Broadway, New York.

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."

VEGETINE is acknowledged by all classes of people to be the best and most reliable blood purifier in the world.

Get Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners applied to those new boots before you run them over.

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 testimony, cures and certificates from physicians and patients. to HOWARTH & BALLARD, Utica, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists—$1.50 per bottle.

Man's Age.

Few men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental or bodily toil, or accidents. The passions kill men sometimes, even suddenly. The common expression, choked with passion, has little exaggeration in it; for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young; weak men live longer than the strong; for the strong use their strength and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body to it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or like the candle, to run; the weak to burn out. The inferior animals which live temperate lives have generally their prescribed number of years. The horses live twenty-five, the ox fifteen or twenty, the lion about twenty, the dog ten or twelve, the rabbit eight, the guinea pig six or seven years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size. But man, of the animals, is one that seldom lives this average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to physical law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but, instead of that, he scarcely reaches on an average four times his growing period; the cat six times; the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurment. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and the most intemperate but the most laborious and hard-worked or all the animals. He is also the most irritable of all animals; and there is reason to believe, though we can not tell what an animal secretly feels, that, more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections

Size of Countries.

Ireland is about the size of Maine France is more than twice as large as England, Wales and Scotland together Texas is thirty-five times as large as Massachusetts, or as large as Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio and Indiana combined. The entire population of the United States could be provided for in the State of Texas, allowing each man, woman and child four acres of land.—*Boston Transcript.*

The reason why some people are so frightfully empty is that they are full of themselves.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

FROM THE FARM TO THE PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR

This is the cheapest and only complete and authentic Life of Gen. Garfield. It contains a fine steel portrait of Gen. Arthur, and is indorsed by their most intimate friends. Beware of "catchpenny" imitations. **Agents Wanted**—Send for circulars containing a full description of the work and extra terms to Agents. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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PERMANENTLY CURES
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
Constipation and Piles.

IT HAS WONDERFUL POWER. WHY?

BECAUSE IT ACTS ON THE LIVER, THE BOWELS AND KIDNEYS AT THE SAME TIME.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Female disorders.

KIDNEY-WORT is a dry vegetable compound and can be sent by mail prepaid.

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WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

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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.

MALE and Female Agents to sell the only **Combination Family Needle Package** put up in a book. Superior to all others. Samples by mail, **15c.** LIVERPOOL NEEDLE CO., Box **1830**, P.O. New York.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

WILL CURE

Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Cancer, Cancerous Humor, Erysipelas, Canker, Salt Rheum, Pimples or Humor in the Face, Coughs and Colds, Ulcers, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Pains in the Side, Constipation, Costiveness, Piles, Dizziness, Headache, Nervousness, Pains in the Back, Faintness at the Stomach, Kidney Complaints, Female Weakness and General Debility.

This preparation is scientifically and chemically combined, and so strongly concentrated from roots, herbs and barks, that its good effects are realized immediately after commencing to take it. There is no disease of the human system for which the VEGETINE cannot be used with PERFECT SAFETY, as it does not contain any metallic compound. For eradicating the system of all impurities of the blood it has no equal. It has never failed to effect a cure, giving tone and strength to the system debilitated by disease. Its wonderful effects upon the complaints named are surprising to all. Many have been cured by the VEGETINE that have tried many other remedies. It can well be called

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Remarkable Cure of Scrofulous Face.

WESTMINSTER, CONN., June 19, 1879.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir—I can testify to the good effect of your Medicine. My little boy had a Scrofula sore break out on his head as large as a quarter of a dollar, and it went down his face from one ear to the other, under his neck, and was one solid mass of sores. Two bottles of your valuable VEGETINE completely cured him.
Very respectfully,
MRS. C. N. THATCHER.

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