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The Unseen Friend.
Lift is too long for me. I cannot bear
The weary days and hours.
But if I share
Thy weary vigil, wilt thou still despair?
My burden weighs me down. I am not free
To haste with eager steps.
Yet I will be
Thy help and strength. Divide thy load with me.

The path is strange and rugged, and the night
Falls black along the sky.
I will be slight
For thee, faint soul, and guide thy feet aright.
Nay, but fair homelights on the valley gleam,
And voices call.

What doth earth's splendor seem—
Better, more lasting than the glow-worm's
beam?

And is there, then, for me, no home nor
love—
Naught but those barren wastes?

So thou shalt prove
The bliss God giveth to his own above.
Then, who art thou, that by me toil'st on,
Unthank'd, unask'd?

Friend, when thou lookest upon
My face, thy place in heaven will be won!

—Mary Jings De Vere

A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE.

A vigorous pull at the front door-bell started Mr. Wells as, with his feet comfortably poised on his desk, chair tipped back, and the fumes of an odoriferous Havana pervading the apartment, he indulged in his usual after dinner smoke. Mr. Frederick Wells was a confirmed bachelor, and notwithstanding the many solicitations of his fair friends, whose charms had failed to melt his obdurate heart, still persisted in eschewing society, and living with his sister alone the life of a recluse. But Mr. Wells had not always been so exclusive; only a few years before he had met and loved Lucy Shelton, the daughter of one of Chicago's wealthy citizens. This young lady, though refusing to be his wife, acknowledged her heart to be his, but she had promised her father to marry his partner, Joseph Parker, and circumstances over which she had no control compelled her to keep her word and marry his rival—her father's choice. In vain he pictured to her the wrong she would do him, herself, and her husband; nothing could turn her from her course. Not wishing to witness Parker's triumph, Mr. Wells resolved to leave Chicago. Accordingly he, with his only sister, removed to the East, where they occupied an elegant house in one of New England's flourishing cities. In their peaceful Eastern home rumors had reached them of the failure of the house of Shelton & Parker. Later the sad story of young Parker's downfall reached their sympathetic ears—how, by becoming a victim of the demon, intemperance, he had reduced his fair young wife to the necessity of giving music lessons in order to keep starvation from her door. Mr. Wells, by thinking of Lucy as the wife of another and a woman false to her heart's best impulses, sought to banish her forever from his mind, and while he pitied the unfortunate Lucy, he still thought that she, in a measure, deserved her sad fate. With these bitter feelings would come a wish to stretch out a helping hand to this woman, who, by scorning his love, had consigned him to a hopeless, hapless existence.

On the afternoon our story opens he was musing upon a means of aiding Mrs. Parker—for he knew her proud spirit would refuse any pecuniary assistance from him—when the sound of an unusually loud ring of the door-bell aroused him from his reverie, and instantaneously brought his feet and chair to their proper position. "Whew!" he exclaimed, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar, "something unusual is wanted to warrant such impudence." Just then the door of his study opened, and his sister called him to come and see what had been left at their door. Hastily following her into the hall, he beheld, to his surprise, in the arms of a servant—who explained that she had found "the little thing" lying on the door-step when she opened the door—an infant some seven or eight months old, wrapped in a huge shawl, and calmly gazing with bright blue eyes at the astonished group. Taking the child in his arms, Mr. Wells proceeded to remove the shawl and found pinned to the dress a card bearing the name Lucy, and gathering the little form to his breast, great tears welled up into his eyes as he bent his head over the tiny baby's face and murmured: "Those eyes! that name! Surely, this is Lucy's child." Then, as if ashamed of his emotion, he handed the child to his sister, telling her in a gruff voice to see to its wants, vanished into his sanctum, slamming the door with a bang that plainly told her he did not wish to be interrupted; and here, free from mortal gaze, gave vent to his pent-up feelings; and while sobs shook his manly frame, the question, can this be Lucy's child? constantly recurred to him. He had not even heard that she had a child; besides, he knew she was in Chicago very recently, in a state of abject poverty. But, notwithstanding these contrarieties, the resemblance he fancied existed between this little waif and Mrs. Parker, only served to confirm him in the idea that this was indeed her child; then again he would ask himself—How came it to that city? to his door? None of his friends in Chicago knew of his whereabouts, and how was it possible for Mrs. Parker thus to leave her child to the mercy of a man she had so cruelly wronged? At length, not finding a satisfactory answer to his queries, he resolved to keep this little foundling, to bring it up as his own, cherish it as a boon from heaven sent to cheer his lonely life and bring sunshine in to his heart and home.

"Well! Ellen, how do you and this little stranger agree?" playfully inquired Mr. Wells, as he met his sister at the tea-table that evening. "Her ladyship and myself are on wonderfully good terms, considering our limited acquaintance," laughingly rejoined his sister. "Come and see her new quarters, but, as she is asleep, you must make as little noise as possible!" "Oh! ho! the little tyrant has issued her decrees thus early in her reign," gaily retorted Mr. Wells; "but she'll not find an obedient subject in me," and with stealthy steps he followed Ellen into the next room, where, lying upon an improvised couch, improvised with an arm-chair and pillows, was the form of the sleeping child. As Mr. Wells stood gazing at the infant face, the blue eyes opened and looked up at him, while a bright smile lit up the baby features and rendered more striking the memory of another pair of eyes that had looked into his, another smile that had once shed its rays over his pathway. Ellen was delighted at the prospect of caring for this little one, whose coming she felt would dispel her brother's gloom and bring joy to them both. That evening, on returning home at a late hour, Mr. Wells perceived a prostrate figure lying directly in front of his door. "Hello! Who is this? You will freeze to death in this blinding storm," he exclaimed. But the figure remained motionless, and, approaching, Mr. Wells proceeded to uncover the face. As the gleam of the street-lamp fell upon the upturned countenance of a young, and once beautiful, woman he staggered back, muttering: "Oh, my God! Has it indeed come to this? My poor, poor Lucy!" and raising the frail form in his strong arms he carried her into the house, calling to his sister, who was sitting up waiting his return, to send for a physician and bring restoratives, as he had just found Lucy Shelton, dead, or nearly so, at their door. Ellen, who had known and loved Lucy during her happier days in Chicago, assuring herself that she had only fainted, immediately set about bringing back to life the inanimate form. At length her efforts were rewarded; the color came slowly back to the pallid cheek, the beautiful eyelids quivered and revealed a pair of blue eyes that wandered in a restless, searching glance, from face to face, as if looking for some beloved object. In tones of piteous agony she wailed: "Oh! my baby! my lost darling!" Then, as if speaking to some unknown person, she would clasp her poor little hands and implore the restoration of her child. The doctor declared her to be a most precarious case of brain fever, and that her recovery would be almost a miracle, as some great mental sorrow was aiding the ravages of this terrible disease. For many weeks Lucy's life tottered on the verge of eternity. Mr. Wells and his sister were untrusting in their care and watchfulness, making every effort in their power to save the life of the hapless mother of their little foundling, as for such both had grown to consider her. During her ravings she reproached her faithless husband with having robbed her of her only source of happiness—her child, and besought him, in plaintive tones, to bring back her baby, to tell her where he had hidden their child. On one occasion she pleaded so piteously that she be restored to her arms, that Ellen, moved by her entreaties, brought the child and laid it at her side; but instead of assuaging the mother's sorrow, this only increased her agony, as, turning away from her little one, she accused them of trying to deceive her. "My husband has stolen my child," she cried. "Oh! what shall I do without my darling?" One day, after Mrs. Parker had been ill for about six weeks, Ellen entered her room to see after her patient's wants. On approaching the bedside a thin, little hand clasped hers, and a trembling voice inquired: "Have I been ill long? Oh, Ellen! why did you call me back to a life of misery and sorrow?" "Hush; you must not talk now. When you are stronger all will be explained," answered the delighted Ellen, and kissing her pallid cheek, and recommending her to rest, she fled to her brother with the welcome tidings of Mrs. Parker's recovery. On reaching Mr. Wells' study, she found him in a state of intense excitement, caused by something he had read in the newspaper which he convulsively clutched with one hand, while with the other he pointed to a paragraph that read: "Last night during a quarrel in one of the drinking dens in this city, a young man named Joseph Parker was shot through the heart by an unknown assassin. As Parker is a stranger in the city, his body will be in the morgue until to-morrow, in case some of his friends might wish to claim it." "A terrible end to an ill-spent life," was Ellen's verdict, as, glancing over the article, she realized how just are the punishments of an all-wise God. "Lucy has regained her reason," she told her brother, "and is sensible of her child's loss. We must conceal it safely and the death of her husband from her until she is sufficiently strong to bear this double blow." "You are right; my dear sister," rejoined Mr. Wells; "but in the meantime I will have the unfortunate Parker decently interred." Accordingly he proceeded to the morgue, and there recognized in the bloated, scarred face the features of a once brilliant man and the husband of the unhappy Lucy. By Mr. Wells' orders the remains were conveyed to the nearest churchyard, and a plain marble slab erected, to mark the resting-place of him who had been the cause of his unhappiness and of Lucy's misery. Under Ellen Wells' skillful nursing, Mrs. Parker's return to health was rapid. Day by day she gained new strength, till at length the doctor pronounced her strong enough to hear the

tidings of her child's safety. As yet Mr. Wells had not seen her, and only on one occasion had she mentioned her preserver's name. This was, when speaking of her past wretched existence, she blamed herself for having not only blighted her own life, but for being the cause of his misery. She told Ellen that her father had extorted a promise from her to marry Parker by avowing himself on the verge of bankruptcy, from which this marriage alone would save him. Accordingly she sacrificed her heart's dearest love in order to save her father's honor. Matters got worse, instead of better, after this ill-fated marriage. Parker spent his time and money at the gaming table, and, finally, not content with squandering his own money, spent that of the firm also. A crisis was inevitable, and when at last the house was declared bankrupt everything was sacrificed to satisfy the creditors. Even her father was not spared her; for, when he realized the extent of misery in store for himself and his cherished child, he took his own life. But her trials did not end here. Her husband fell from one degradation to another, till at last, from neglecting his young wife, he grew to abuse her. With the aid of a few friends she obtained several music scholars, and with the money thus earned kept starvation from her door. When at length her patrons refused to aid one whose drunken husband was ever in attendance, she resolved to fly with her child, an infant of seven months, from the scene of her many sorrows, to the East, where she hoped to get employment—but here she was followed and tortured by her tyrant husband's presence. Life became almost unbearable, and but for her child, whom she devotedly loved, she would have ended her own existence. Jealous of the attention she lavished upon her babe, the inhuman father threatened to take it from her. Not dreaming him capable of so diabolical an act, she did not fear the fulfillment of this threat, and on the afternoon of the day they found her at their door, she left her darling under his care, while she went forth in search of employment. On her return after a fruitless afternoon's labor, she found their lodgings deserted, and not a trace of the whereabouts of her child to be seen. Realizing that her husband had kept his threat, she rushed, frantic with grief, about the streets in hopes of finding some clue to the little one's retreat. At length, tired of wandering about, she sat down upon a door-step to rest. Here she remembered nothing further; and "Oh! Ellen," the invalid continued, "to think that I should have come to you, to be nursed by you back to life—you who would be justified in turning me from your door, because of the blight I have cast upon your noble brother's life. But God knows, how bitterly I have been punished for my folly."

Tears filled Mrs. Parker's eyes, as she concluded her sorrowful story, and trickled down her pale cheeks. Ellen, kissing the tears away, vainly tried to cheer her by picturing a brighter future, the possibility of again finding her missing child. She declared she would never be happy while her tyrant husband lived. Ellen, embracing this opportunity, disclosed the details of Parker's death and burial to his heart-broken wife, who listened with bated breath and long-drawn sighs till she had finished the sad recital; then throwing her arms about Ellen's neck she sobbed out her grief on her shoulder. The latter endeavored to soothe her sorrows, but Lucy was inconsolable, not so much at the loss of her miserable husband as at the realization of her own destitute condition—deprived of father, husband and child. "My poor baby," she wailed, "if I only had you I could bear all else."

"Then bear with your trials, dear Lucy; your child is safe and well," Ellen said, and proceeded to tell the weeping mother how her child had been found at a gentleman's door; how it had been taken in and tenderly cared for until she should be sufficiently recovered to receive it back; that this same gentleman was at that moment waiting to restore it to her arms, and, recommending her to rest, she fled to her brother with the welcome tidings of Mrs. Parker's recovery. Lucy had covered her face with her hands and promised to comply; but finding herself alone she threw herself on her knees, and raising her hands and eyes to heaven, in fervent tones she thanked the Father of the widow and the orphan for having spared her to her fatherless little one. "Oh, God!" she concluded, "bless and prosper him who, in his charity, has succored my lost lamb in its hour of direst need." Rising, she stooped to face with Frederick Wells.

For an instant her tongue refused to articulate a word, but as her eyes fell upon her lost darling, whom he carried in his arms, she uttered a glad cry, and snatching the child to her bosom, the fond mother almost smothered the frightened little one with caresses. Mr. Wells, standing a silent witness of this reunion, felt amply repaid for his long years of pain, and he thought how much more blessed it is to give joy than to receive it. When Mrs. Parker raised her eyes, streaming with tears of joy, to his face, and said: "Mr. Wells, how shall I ever pay this great debt of gratitude, for not only do I owe my own life to your kindness, but also that of this child, infinitely more precious to me?" he answered: "By giving me the right to watch over and protect you both, I will be made immeasurably happy;" and drawing mother and child to his breast he kissed Lucy's tear-stained face. Of course she consented, for a few months later a quiet wedding took place from the Wells' residence, when, after all her sorrow, Lucy Parker became the wife of her heart's first love.

The last New Jersey cranberry crop of 492,630 bushels was the largest ever known.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.
Spring and Summer Goods.
The first importations of spring goods are not the light woolen fabrics that will be worn in the earliest spring days, but rather the wash goods that are made into house and street dresses to be worn in the warmest weather. Two features are noticed in the new fabrics—first, that figured goods in artistic and, indeed, decorative designs are most used, and are usually accompanied by a plain fabric for combining with them; and secondly, the absence of all driving in the fine cottons, which should give lameness to understand that all starch must be omitted when doing them up. The cotton satteens are first shown and rank highest in price of these new fabrics, as they are marked fifty cents a yard. These have closely-twilled surfaces with a luster like satin; the grounds are dark, either plum, brown, blue or the deepest garnet, and these are strewn with rather large figures of some graceful flower, such as fleur-de-lis, tulips or lilies, with pale-green foliage; to go with this figured fabric, which now makes the over-dress, or at least the jacket waist, is plain satens of the color of the ground. The batistes show great improvement over those of previous seasons; they are soft as mul-mullin, and almost as transparent, yet they are beautifully marked with Japanese designs and quaint coloring on the palest cream, lavender, and pink grounds. They are usually supplied with a wide border of large figures than those in the body of the fabric, and this border may be stitched on plainly for trimming down box plaits and around the foot of the skirts, basques and sleeves, or else it may edge wide flounces, or of itself form narrow ruffles for trimming the whole dress. Canton pinks, chrysanthemums, dwarfed peonies, and other flowers dear to the Japanese are repeated in their intense colors on the most delicate grounds of these sheer soft batistes; the price is forty cents a yard; the border is near one selvage only instead of on both sides, like those of last year. Scotch ginghams have come to be staple goods for summer dresses, as experience has shown that they are far better for washing and wearing than any other ginghams, either French or American, and are worth the difference in the price. They are now sold for forty cents a yard in exquisitely fine qualities, and colors that are warranted not to fade by washing, though some of the dark shades are changed by perspiration. The newest patterns in these have wide stripes made up of many smaller stripes, and all large plaids, or else perfectly plain colors. The favorite combination of colors seems to be pink with blue, and there are three tints as many blue and white gingham as of any other color; besides these are stripes in new contrasts of color, such as olive, red, black, and buff lines forming an inch-wide stripe beside a pale blue stripe two inches broad, shading off into white; another pattern has a series of alternating pink and pale blue and a broad white line; a third is made up of dark red, blue and orange-yellow. These colors are also shown in the large plaids which are to take the place of the handkerchief dresses of last year. Though made in Scotland, these are altogether what merchants call fancy plaids, the clan tartans having disappeared for the present. The solid-colored Scotch zephyr ginghams, especially in pink and blue—the latter either dark or light—will make charming summer dresses, trimmed with the white cotton embroideries that are imported in larger quantities than at any previous season. The furnishing houses are already making these dresses with a short skirt and very simple overskirt, accompanied by the belted shooting-jacket, with wide box-plaits in front and back, or else with a yoke and full basque, either shirred at the waist in front and behind, with the belt on the sides only, or it may be with the belt passing all around the waist; the wide round collar, like those worn by children, is edged with embroidery, or may be made entirely of the French machine embroidery on cambric that is now imported in half and three-quarter yard widths; there are also square cuffs of this embroidery worn outside the sleeves. Old China patterns are shown in percales, especially in the blue and white patterns of old Nankin. The merchants have shown their faith in these colors and designs by importing them in great quantities; these goods are said to wash well, especially in these clear blue shades. Plain grounds with a border in contrasting color are also liked in this soft-finished percale, and dark grounds promise to be particularly useful, such as dark solid green with pale blue patterns for the border, and brown with French gray border, or dark blue or garnet with gray or cream-color for the trimming. These are thirty cents a yard. The new patterns of Valenciennes lace with plain meshes and heavily wrought points are imported for trimming batiste and lawn dresses. There are also new Hamburg embroideries that copy the designs of the braid trimmings that ladies have been crocheting of late for cotton dresses.—Harper's Bazar.

haven of matrimonial bliss, and just as the boat was midway in the river the elder Stamper appeared upon the shore and shouted to his daughter to come back. The irrepresible Scraggs determined to be chivalric and salute Mr. Stamper. Standing up in the skiff to do it, he gave one wave of his hat and away he went overboard. Mr. Stamper pointed out Scraggs' legs and roared and screamed with laughter at his dilemma. The crowd that had been cheering the lovers now laughed at them, too. Scraggs was fished out with a boat-hook, and, with chattering teeth and trembling knees, and very muddy clothes, started off with Miss Stamper for the nearest local minister, who made the twin one flesh before old Stamper recovered from the fit of laughter into which Scraggs' dilemma had plunged him.

Injecting Morphine.
A number of persons more or less prominent in different walks of life have died in this city, says a New York paper, within a few months from the direct effect, it is said, of hypodermic injections of morphine. Most of them had, according to report, begun the injections in order to relieve themselves from pain caused by neuralgia, rheumatism, or some other distressing disorder. The effect was so pleasant, so delicious, indeed, that they were gradually seduced into such use of morphine when they had no need of it, and, soon yielding completely to the habit, were destroyed by it. Physicians say that this has grown to be a far from uncommon among persons of wealth and position, particularly among women, who, after having tried it a while, have not had the strength to relinquish the delightful anodyne. Nor is it by any means confined to New York. The evil has spread all over the land, though it is naturally most prevalent in the large cities. It is said to have grown alarmingly during the last five or six years, and many persons who would never be suspected of the habit are its irredeemable victims. It has largely usurped the place, with certain classes, of the old custom of taking morphine, laudanum, and other preparations of opium into the stomach. The popular notion is that it is not so harmful. But there is very little difference, and the injections are thought to be more dangerous because they are more insidious. They can be self-administered without the least trouble, and are so administered in nearly all cases where serious mischief is done. The effect of the morphine under the skin is described as peculiarly and wonderfully agreeable. A delicious languor steals over the frame, the senses are wrapped in voluptuous waking dream, and a most joyous consciousness of perfect yet fascinating repose softly overflows the mind. Even strong men and women have frequently found it hard to resist its allurements, have not been able to surrender its beatitudes without arousing all their will. On this account some physicians will not administer or prescribe morphine under any circumstances, fearing the consequences to their patients. Not a few women of the finer type have been wrecked by the habit, and many men, professional and commercial, are steadily ruining themselves by its indulgence. It was hailed as a great blessing once, and so it is, properly regulated; but, like so many blessings, it may readily be converted into a curse.

Care of Nails.
Some persons insist that the fingernails are signs of character. The slender tapering nail they say, indicates a refined nature which is sometimes accompanied by a shrewish temper. The broad, stubby nail suggests natural coarseness which may be allied to good nature. Whether these are signs or not, it is true that the care of the nails reveals personal habits as to cleanliness. Nails may be greatly improved, both in shape and color, by proper attention. The best appliance is a nail brush used in water softened by the addition of a little borax and really fine toilet soap. In well-brushed and well-cared-for nails the little curtain-like rim which surrounds them is well pushed or rolled back, displaying generally a delicate little crescent at the root. The skin of the finger should never be allowed to grow up to the nail. In paring and trimming the shape given should always be as long an oval as possible. To cut a nail squarely off gives the finger-end a stubby look. The corners should be carefully and closely cut, and the center left rather long, so as to give the long oval shape. In cleaning the nails the knife should never scrape off the inner substance of the nail, as this renders the edge opaque and muddy in appearance, whereas it should be transparent. The nail is susceptible of a high degree of polish by rubbing with the towel when drying the hands. The habit of biting the nails is one against which children should be carefully guarded. It is ruinous to the very structure of the nail, and once acquired, is one of the most difficult habits to break. This is evidenced by the fact that some men and women, but more especially men, have a habit of biting their nails when reading or studying, of which they are perfectly unconscious.

Opposite Maysville, Ky., is a little Ohio village where marriages are executed with such extraordinary neatness and dispatch that the place is called the Gretna Green of America. The other afternoon a couple might have been seen making their way into Maysville from the wilds of Lewis county. Annie F. Stamper, aged sixteen, a very pretty blonde, was the lady, and Leander P. Scraggs, aged eighteen, six feet three in his slippers, was the gentleman. They had eloped; they were pursued by Mr. Stamper, and they had ridden all day to get to the river. Now the river was filled with ice, and to cross to Gretna Green seemed impossible. Two hardy boatmen, however, volunteered to row them to the

Married After a Ducking.
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"I didn't like our minister's sermon last Sunday," said a deacon who had slept all sermon time to a brother deacon. "Didn't like it, Brother A. V. Why, I saw you nodding assent to every proposition of the parson."

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WHICH CURES BY ABSORPTION.

TESTIMONIALS FROM THE PEOPLE.
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Squire K. C. Root, Sylvania, O., writes: "I have been a great sufferer for 14 years with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. For several weeks I was unable to get out of bed, and, after having done so, they gave me a relapse in three days. I wore two of Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads six weeks, and I am now entirely cured."
Squire Helen Jerome, Toledo, O., says: "For years I have been confined, a great part of the time, to my bed with Lascoritis and Female Weakness. I wore one of Guilmette's Kidney Pads and was cured in one month."
H. B. Green, Wholesale Grocer, Findlay, O., writes: "I suffered 25 years with lame back and in three weeks was permanently cured by wearing one of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads."
B. F. Keesling, M. D., Druggist, Logansport, Ind., when sending in an order for Kidney Pads, writes: "I wore one of the first ones we had and I received more benefit from it than anything I ever used; in fact the Pads give better general satisfaction than any Kidney remedy we ever sold."
Ray & Shoemaker, Druggists, Hannibal, Mo.: "We are working up a lively trade in your Pads, and are hearing of good results from them every day."
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