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\$1.50 Per Annum.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with advertising rates: One Square (1 inch) one insertion - \$1.00, One Square one month - \$3.00, etc.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis.

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Over a Million of Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads...

LAME BACK

That the Pad fails to cure. This Great Remedy will positively and permanently cure...

LADIES, if you are suffering from Female Weakness, Leucorrhoea, or any disease...

YOU CAN BE CURED! Without swallowing noxious medicines...

PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH KIDNEY PAD, WHICH CURES BY ABSORPTION.

Ask your druggist for Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pad, and take no other.

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For sale by G. W. HOWARD, Tionesta, Pa.

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A TREATISE ON THE HORSE



HIS DISEASES.

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"Of the Earth, Earthy."

Have they told you I am going To the land of rest? I am very patient, knowing All is for the best...

Have they told you I am leaving Earthly things behind? Love, perhaps, but not deceiving...

Have they told you I am hastening To a fairer home? Yes, but here are roses waning...

Have they told you I am setting All my thoughts on high? Yes, but can I learn forgetting...

Hush! I hear a footstep falling On the garden plot, And a voice speaks, softly calling...

Sarah Dowdley, in Good Words.

I have no experience in this line, and can't speak by the card.

Bella felt the reproach of her friend, as was evident by the spots that began to burn on her cheeks.

"Why did you say that? What did you mean?" she asked. "I only said it to plague you," answered the friend.

There was an expression in Bella's face that Mary had never seen there before.

"To plague me?" she repeated. "Take care, Mary!" The friend wished now that she had not made that suggestion...

"I think," she said, "that having now your husband, you have fallen into the error of thinking that personal attractions are not needed to hold him by your side..."

THE OLD STORY.

A sober, half-discontented face at the window—a bright face in the street.

"How strangely I was deceived, Bella!" said the lady in the street.

"Oh, dear, no! I haven't been out riding with Harry for a month."

"Indeed? How's that? I can remember when you rode out together almost every afternoon."

"The husband has less time for recreation than the lover. He must give more thought to business," remarked the friend.

"Ah, Bella, Bella! That speech does not come with a musical sound from your lips," remarked the friend, smiling, yet serious.

"How is it to sweethearts and wives?" asked the friend; "do they belong to the same class?"

"I don't know; perhaps not!" Then, after a moment, she said: "And you thought it was Harry and I that you saw riding out?"

"I was certain of it; but, it only goes to show how one may be mistaken."

"The friend had been scanning the young wife for some moments, from head to foot, in a way that now called out the question: 'Do you see anything peculiar about me?'"

"Yes," she answered. "What?" "A peculiar untidiness that I never saw in the sweetheart!"

"You are not really in earnest, Mary, about seeing Harry riding out with a lady this afternoon?" she said in a voice and with a look that revealed fully her state of mind.

"Probably I was mistaken, Bella," replied the friend; "though I had not doubted the fact a moment, until I saw you at the window a little while ago."

"Do you notice the lady very particularly?" "No; but let the matter pass, dear. No doubt I was mistaken. It is worrying you more than I could have imagined."

"You have frightened me!" said the young wife, lifting her head at last, as her excitement died away.

"Then, Bella," answered her friend, "see to it that you neglect none of the means required for keeping it. If you would continue to be loved, you must not grow unlovely."

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and change in every line of condition. It must have substantial food. Deprived of this, and it languishes and dies.

"Husbands soon lose the taste for kissing," she answered, at the same time patting her small foot nervously on the Brussels carpet.

After the friend said good-afternoon, the young wife went to her room and cried for a good quarter of an hour.

Harry was half an hour later than usual in coming home. Bella was sitting in the parlor when he came in, waiting for his return with a new feeling at her heart.

"Bless me!" he exclaimed, after a moment, "how charming you look!"

"Sweet as a rose!" he added, holding her away from him, and gazing at her admiringly.

"Dressed for company?" There was just a little shade of coldness in Harry's voice, as he suggested the probable reason for her singularly improved appearance.

"Who?" "My husband," in a trembling voice. Harry was a little puzzled, but greatly pleased.

"Yes, you really dressed to receive me, darling?" he said, as he kissed her again, and then drew his arm lovingly about her waist.

"I should think not," he answered. She understood, in the words, more than he meant to convey.

There was a rose-tint on everything in Bella's home that evening. From the cold, half-indifferent husband, Harry was transformed to the warm, attentive lover.

"What has made you so charming to-night?" he said, as he kissed her for the tenth time.

"Love for my husband," she answered, and then a tear, in which joy's sunlight made a rainbow, stole out from the drooping lashes, and lay, a crystal drop on her cheek.

On the next afternoon Harry rode out with a lady again; but that lady was his wife.

At Kincardine, Ont., recently while a merchant was weighing out tea he came across fourteen coins strung on a piece of twine...

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

A Valuable Table.

The following table, giving the quantity of seed and number of plants requisite to crop an acre of land...

Table listing quantities of various crops: Asparagus, Beans, Corn, etc. with units like quarts, bushels, and pounds.

Indigestion of Pigs.

It is not a general practice with farmers to give salt to pigs or to mix it in their food.

A hungry pig would probably eat enough to injure itself if its food was strongly mixed with salt.

The instincts of horses and ruminating animals lead them to desire salt.

It is needless to remark that the lady members immediately lost all interest in future proceedings.

They Lost Further Interest.

There is a nice little game in vogue among the young folks in this vicinity known as the "Hutchinson family."

The game consists in beguiling some unsuspecting person into a room into which the whole "family" is stationed.

At a social gathering held in this village a short time ago, a young newspaper man was introduced into the room.

Recipe for Happiness.

A silversmith's wife once told Careme, the great cook, that her husband spent all his money in a restaurant.

The manner in which "Sitting Bull," the great chief of the hostile Sioux, came by his name is thus described by a Western correspondent.

Household Hints.

Rusty black Italian crabs may be restored by dipping in skimmed milk and water, with a bit of fine glue dissolved in it, and made scalding hot.

Beeswax and salt will make rusty flatirons as clean and smooth as glass.

Half a pound of borax will drive the cockroaches out of the house.

To remove ink stains from printed books, procure a cent's worth of oxalic acid, which dissolve in a small quantity of warm water.