

HUMOROUS PRESS STORIES.

LAUGHABLE LINKS FROM THE FUNNY MAN'S CHAIN OF HUMOR.

Place for the Cowcatcher—He Didn't Engage Her—A Baked Bean Disaster—Crushed "Hazers."

PLACE FOR THE COWCATCHER.

Of the countless good stories attributed to Artemus Ward, one of the best is the one which tells of the advice he gave to a Southern railroad conductor soon after the war. The road was in a wretched condition, and the trains consequently were run at a phenomenally low rate of speed. When the conductor was punching his ticket, Artemus remarked:

"Does this railroad company allow passengers to give advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?" The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so.

"Well," Artemus went on, "it occurred to me that it would be well to detach the cowcatcher from the front of the engine and hitch it to the rear of the train. For you see we are not liable to overtake a cow, but what's to prevent a cow strolling into this car and biting a passenger?"

HE DIDN'T ENGAGE HER.

A young lady went to an intelligence office the other day, and, as there was no girl in the line, sat down to wait for one. She is a Jefferson avenue belle, and leads the gay procession in society circles; she is also a good daughter and model housekeeper, taking all the care of a large establishment off her mother's aging shoulders.

As she sat and waited in the intelligence office a gentleman whom she knew came in to get a girl; she had met him at a social reception a few nights previous, he in full evening dress, she in a costume of pink silk and Spanish lace, with roses in her hair. He had whispered sweet words of admiration to her, and she had blushed beneath his too ardent gaze. It was only a rehearsal of that foolish old play, "Love's Young Dream," but it had left pleasant memories with both.

She could not help showing she was glad to meet him again, and half rose. But he passed her to speak to the woman at the desk, who supplied "help" to domestic Macedonias.

"My brother's family are in need of a girl, Mrs. —. Can you send one up there to-day?"

"No, sir," said the woman, stolidly, "that ain't one in now."

"Why won't this one do?" asked the gentleman, curiously, turning upon the young lady, who, in her plain walking dress and veiled turban sat trembling with apprehension.

"La, now, she ain't no girl," said the mistress of the intelligence, but the customer paid no attention to her.

"See here, Miss, or Mrs. what's your name," he asked, abruptly, "can you do general housework, wash, iron and cook? If you can and are worth your salt, you can get the place—d'yeh hear?"

The girl shrunk hastily from his extended hand, and she asked:

"Are you a German or a Swede? Because if you can't speak English we don't want you. What's the matter with you? Ain't deaf and dumb, are you?"

By this time the indignant girl had collected her wits, and, rising from her chair, she walked out, leaving him staring after her.

"She will meet and she will miss him, There will be one vacant star."

But he will never know what fate did for him in the intelligence office.—Detroit Free Press.

A BAKED BEAN DISASTER.

Probably as laughable a thing as has been seen in a long time took place at Janesville at the Grand Army reunion a couple of weeks ago. There was to be a baked bean banquet for the visiting veterans, and half the families in town furnished a pan of baked beans for the occasion, sending them to the armory late in the afternoon piping hot. A couple of boys, sons of a soldier, were entrusted with a large pan of red-hot baked beans to take downtown, and they put the pan on a hand-sled and started. Arriving at the top of the big hill, where the road runs straight down into the business street, the temptation to ride down was too great, and the boys got on the sled with the pan of beans in front of them, steaming hot. They started. Every crossing they struck a gob of the beans would fly out, and before they were half down the hill the boys were covered with beans from head to foot. They shut their eyes and let the sled "went."

A girl stood by a crossing as they passed, and as the sled struck a hummock, a handful of beans hit the girl in the hair, and as the hot mass began to heat up she felt that the hairs of her head were numbered, and put her hand to her head, and when the beans burned her hand she yelled fire and went away on a gallop. A dog ran along beside the sled and barked at the boys, but a quart of beans struck the dog and the weather was too warm for him, and he ran away with a hot box. The sled finally turned over and boys, beans and sled rolled and slid for half a block, and the street was paved with good intentions and baked beans. The boys got up, scraped the beans off of their clothes, thought the matter over a minute, when each took hold of a side of the empty pan, and they carried it down to the armory, and reported to the committee on beans. The circumstance was related to the soldiers, and the empty pan, the hand-sled and the boys decorated with beans croated as much amusement for the old veterans as any one thing.

CRUSHED "HAZERS."

Everyone knows of the trick that was played some two years ago by a freshman at Princeton college, at which time the custom of "hazing" in a really brutal manner was so prevalent there. The hazing gang of sophomores that year were so rough and cruel that the faculty was at its wit's end to devise some means for its suppression. One or two cases of severe and lasting bodily injuries to the victims placed so serious an aspect upon matters, that applicants for scholarships were few. At this juncture the father of a new man, who had incurred the enmity of the hazers by stubbornly resisting their attacks, conceived an ingenious idea. He quietly hunted up Sullivan, took him up to Princeton, had a confer-

ence with the president of the college, and the same day the champion, who bore the appearance of a meek-looking young man with eye-glasses and a bad cough, was entered as a student and assigned a room in the dormitory.

That night about twenty of the "Wahoos," as the hazers called themselves, stole softly to the new member's room. Having arranged their "ear twisters," "too pinchers" and other instruments of torture to their satisfaction, they took off their coats, rolled up their sleeves and tapped gently on the door of their victim, who mildly invited them in.

The invaders lit the gas, and beheld the new comer lying in bed, smoking a cigarette, and benignly regarding the mob through his goggles.

"Get up there, Froshie. We're going to have some fun with you," they said.

"Not really?" said the victim, with a hollow cough.

"Yes; look spry now!"

"Well, if I must, I suppose I must," whimpered the new man, jumping out on the floor. The next moment the ring-leader of the inquisitors got a "facer" that drove him clear across the room and through the sash of a window.

The survivors of what followed all agree that language fails to do justice to the scene. Sullivan kicked the door shut, and then sailed in and began piling up the dead. Some of them didn't get around again for three weeks, and half a dozen badly flattened "Sullivan" noses can be seen in this year's graduating class.

This is the story most of our readers have heard. The result was to entirely abolish "hazing" at Princeton until the beginning of the present session, when the old custom started in with renewed vigor.

A student named Harrison, from Cleveland, learned that his "den" was to be raided upon a certain night. That day he repaired to the outskirts of the town, and by means of a cabbage, decoyed to his room, under cover of darkness, a peculiarly vigorous and vindictive billy-goat, the terror of that quarter.

He had kept the animal in a pacific frame of mind by much provender until the hour for the assault. When the freshman heard the stealthy gathering of the class outside the door, he turned off the gas; gave the goat a few jabs with a penknife to liven it up, and dodged behind the door.

As soon as the besiegers had rushed in he shut the door, locked it, and hastily climbed upon the wardrobe, being just in time to escape the first rush of the billy, who knocked three men over the bed the very first blow.

The pandemonium of shrieks, curses and butts lasted for some five minutes. Then a forlorn hope of battered hazers managed to grope their way to the door and tear it open. As they tumbled out into the now crowded hall half a hundred excited voices asked what the matter was.

"Matter?" gasped one of the worst used up of the gang, "Why, they've rung that Sullivan in on us again!"—San Francisco Post.

The Declaration Fading Out.

Few people know that the original Declaration of Independence is kept in the library of the state department, says a Washington letter. It is in a cherry case and under glass. But the doors are thrown open all day long and strong rays of light are eating up its ink day by day. The Constitution is written on parchment. The text of it is in a hand as fine as copper-plate and the ink of this part can still be plainly read. The signatures, however, are written in a different ink, and they are very fast disappearing under the action of the light. The bold signature of John Hancock is faded almost entirely out. Only a J, O, H and an H remain. Two lines of names are entirely removed from the paper; not a vestige of ink remains to show that names were ever there. Ben Franklin's name is entirely gone. Roger Sherman's name is fast fading. I could not find the name of Thomas Jefferson, and Elbridge Gerry has lost his last syllable. Robert Carroll and John Adams have been scoured off by the light, and only eleven names out of the fifty odd can be read without a microscope.

Just below the constitution lies the original of it in Jefferson's handwriting. It is on foolscap paper, yellow with age, and worn through where the manuscript has been folded. The writing is fine and close, and the whole constitution occupies but two pages. The ink is good, and it remains as fresh as when it left the quill of Jefferson over 100 years ago. It is full of erasures and interlineations, some of which are in Franklin's handwriting and others in the strong script of John Adams.—Correspondence Cleveland Leader.

Harvesting Ice.

Some idea of the magnitude of the ice industry in America may be gathered from the fact that it supports a monthly trade paper, and that the total annual ice-crop of the States is twenty million tons, of which some twelve million tons are consumed. Mining and storing this ice has given rise to a separate branch of engineering, and special implements for the purpose. There are scrapers of various kinds to remove the snow; tracers, or hand-plows, to mark out the areas to be cut by grooves. These grooves are afterward deepened by a tool, called a marker, fitted with knife-edges, which, on being lowered to the ice, cut it deeply. The ice-area is cut and cross-cut with these tools, then trenched or sawn by the ice-plow shown in the figure, until two-thirds of the total thickness is cut through. This plow consists of a succession of curved blade-like teeth attached to a long beam. The teeth are so formed as to clear themselves, and carry the chips out of the groove with little resistance. A channel is cut by the above means between the ice-field and the elevators which raise the blocks into the ice-houses. The blocks are then loosed by ice-chisels, floated to the elevators, and raised by steam-power on endless chains working up an inclined plane. The ice-rooms are built one hundred feet long by forty feet wide, and the ice-cakes are placed so as to leave a three-inch space all around to prevent undue wastage when broken out for summer use. The cost of all this preparation is only twenty-five cents per ton.—Cassell's Magazine.

SELECT SIFLINGS.

There were 327 granaries in ancient Rome. The Jews were the first to divide time by weeks.

At a sale of autographs and relics at Baltimore, one hair from the head of Henry Clay sold at thirty cents.

In the year 1591 Queen Elizabeth used a thousand vessels of glass and silver at one banquet. Wines, if made in England, were boiled with spice and sugar; the best wines were brought from Spain and France.

According to the Medical Record, insurance tables show that a man who abstains from alcohol has, at twenty years of age, a chance of living 44.2 years; at thirty, 36.5 years; at forty, 28.8 years. An intemperate man's chance at twenty is 15.6 years; at thirty, 13.8, and at forty, 11.6.

The relative efficiency of electricity, gas and oil for use in lighthouses is being tested in England, where the Trinity board has selected certain ranges about three miles inland from the South Foreland lighthouse as lines of observation, along which measurements are to be made. These experiments are expected to last several months.

Recent investigations made in Germany go to show that sleep is very light during the first hour after consciousness ceases, but grows deeper rapidly, and becomes most profound in an hour and three-quarters, lightening from that time up to five hours and a half, when a reaction toward deeper sleep occurs, after which the slumberer awakens.

A curious looking team attached to a light buckboard recently attracted the attention of the pedestrians of Chico, Cal. The team consisted of two immense bucks with very large antlers. Their harness was made entirely from buckskin. The owner is a Digger Indian, who spends most of his time riding about in this novel way, hunting.

Female quadrupeds have more endurance than males. In the human race, despite the intellectual and physical strength of the man, the woman endures longest and will bear pain to which the strongest man succumbs. Zymotic diseases are more fatal to males, and more male children die than females. Deverga asserts that the proportion dying suddenly is about 100 women to 780 men; 1,080 men in the United States in 1870 committed suicide to 285 women. Intemperance, apoplexy, gout, hydrocephalus, affections of the heart and liver, scrofula, paralysis, are far more fatal to males than females. Pulmonary consumption, on the other hand, is more deadly to the latter.

"Colds" and "Chills."

Says the London Lancet: "What is a cold? It is a disturbance of the balance between the several parts of the nervous system, brought about by the shock of a sudden or prolonged exposure to the depressing effect of 'chill,' although the same physiological results may be produced in the organism by the operation of any agent which is capable of giving the nervous system a similar shock, and thus creating the same kind of disturbance. Nature's provisions against the consequences of a 'cold' are sneezing and shivering. A violent fit of sneezing often saves a chilled body the consequences of the nerve depression, or 'shock,' to which it has been subjected; and this shock may in its first impression be very limited in its area; for example, the small extent covered by a draught of cold air rushing through the crevice of a door or window. The nerve centers are aroused from their 'collapse' by the commotion or explosive influence of the sneeze. If sneezing fails, nature will try a shiver, which acts mechanically in the same way. If this fails, the effects are likely to be very serious, and bad consequences may ensue. The popular notion reverses the order of events, and hence the saying: 'If there is sneezing the cold will be slight, if there is shivering it will be grave;' whereas it is slight when sneezing suffices to recover the nervous system quickly from its depression, and grave when even strong shivering fails to do so. In case of chill, with threatened cold, sneezing may be produced by a pinch of snuff of any kind. This is how some of the vaunted 'cures of cold by snuff' are brought about. Or brisk exercise may ward off the attack. The popular idea is that the circulation is restored by these remedies, but the true explanation is that the nervous system and centers are aroused. The first step toward an intelligent treatment of chill and cold is a scientific recognition of their nature.

Cleveland, Ohio.

The Daily Age says: "Chief Superintendent of police, J. W. Schmitt, of this city, who has been in the service a quarter of a century, endorses St. Jacobs Oil as a pain-banisher. It cured him of rheumatism."

They have counted 319 sorts of insects that eat the leaves or bore into the trunks of trees in Central park. New York city.

A Splendid Dairy is one that yields its owner a good profit through the whole season. But he must supply the cows with what they need in order for them to be able to keep up their product. When their butter gets light in color he must make it "gilt edged" by using Wells, Richardson & Co's, Improved Butter Color. It gives the golden color of June, and adds five cents per pound to the value of the butter.

For twenty-five years I have been afflicted with Catarrh so that I have been confined to my room for two months at a time. I have tried all the humbugs in hopes of relief but with no success until I met with an old friend who had used Ely's Cream Balm and advised me to try it. I procured a bottle to please him, and from the first application I found relief. It is the best remedy I ever tried. W. C. MATHEWS, Justice of Peace, Shenandoah, Ia.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Chinoid Elixir of Galiezza," made by Cassell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

You would use St. Patrick's Salve if you knew the good it would do you.

Viruses of all diseases arises from the blood. Samaritan Nervine cures all blood disorders. Dr. J. A. Patmore, of Riley, Ind., truly remarks: Samaritan Nervine cures epilepsy.

A GRAPEVINE in Santa Barbara, Cal., produced three tons of grapes last year.

A HUNTER'S STORY.

How He Was Overcome and the Way by Which He Was Finally Sured.

An unusual adventure which recently occurred to our correspondent while hunting at Brookline, in this State, is so timely and contains so much that can be made valuable to all readers, that I venture to reproduce it entire.

The day was a most inclement one and the snow quite deep. Rabbit tracks were plentiful, but they principally led in the direction of a large swamp, in which the rabbits could run without difficulty, but where the hunter constantly broke through the thin ice, sinking into the half-frozen mire to his knees. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the writer had persevered, although a heavy snow storm was blowing from the result. While tramping about through a particularly material portion of the swamp, a middle-aged man suddenly came into view, carrying a muzzle-loading shotgun and completely loaded down with game of the finest description. Natural curiosity, aside from the involuntary envy that instinctively arose, prompted the writer to enter into conversation with the man, with the following result:

"You've had fine success, where did you get all that game?"

"Right here in the swamp."

"It's pretty rough hunting in these parts, especially when a man goes up to his waist every other step."

"Yes, it's not very pleasant, but I am used to it and don't mind it."

"Why, bless you, I have lived here most of my life and hunted up to ten years ago every year."

"How does it happen you omitted the last ten years?"

"I was nearly unable to move, much less hunt."

"I don't understand you?"

"Well, you see, about ten years ago, after I had been tramping around all day in the same swamp, I felt quite a pain in my ankle. I didn't mind it very much, but it kept troubling me all day, and I could not so that it kept increasing. The next thing I knew, I felt the same kind of a pain in my shoulder and I found it pained me to move my arm. This thing kept going on and increasing, and though I tried to shake off the feeling and make myself think it was only a little temporary trouble, I found that it did not go. Shortly after this my joints began to ache at the knees and I finally became so bad that I had to remain in the house most of the time."

"And you trace all this to the fact that you had hunted so much in this swamp?"

"No, I didn't know what to say to it, but I know that I was in misery. My joints swelled until it seemed as though all the flesh had left was bunched at the joints; my fingers dropped every way, and some of them became double-jointed. In fact, every joint in my body seemed to vie with the others to see which could become the largest and cause me the greatest suffering. In this way several years passed on, during which I was pretty nearly helpless, becoming so nervous and sensitive that I would sit bolted up in the chair and call to people that entered the room not to come near me, or even touch my chair. While all this was going on, I felt an awful burning heat and fever, with occasional chills running all over my body, but especially along my back and through my shoulders. Then again my blood seemed to be boiling and my brain to be on fire."

"Didn't you try to prevent all this agony?"

"I should think I did try. I tried every doctor that came within my reach and all the proprietary medicines I could hear of. I used washes and liniments enough to last me for all time, but the only relief I received was by injections of morphine."

"Well, you are in a very strange manner for a man who has tramped around on a day like this and in a swamp like this. How in the world do you dare to do it?"

"Because I am completely well and as sound as a dollar. It may seem strange, but it is true, that I was entirely cured; the rheumatism all driven out of my blood; my joints reduced to their natural size, and my strength made as great as ever before, by means of that great and simple remedy, Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure, which I believe saved my life."

"And so you now have no fear of rheumatism?"

"Why, no. Even if it should come on, I can easily get rid of it by using the same remedy."

The writer tried to leave, as it was growing dark, but before I had reached the city precisely the same symptoms I had just described came upon me with great violence. Impressed with the hunter's story, I tried the same remedy, and within twenty-four hours all pain and inflammation had disappeared. If any reader is suffering from any manner of rheumatic or neuralgic troubles and desires relief let him by all means try this same great remedy. And if any readers doubt the truth of the above incident or its statements, let them write to A. A. Coates, Brookline, N. Y., who may send them, with the name of the writer converted, and convince themselves of its truth or falsity. J. R. C.

All goods manufactured in the New Jersey State prison must be so stamped.

My daughter was troubled with Heart Disease for two years by physicians, had sinking spells, constant pain, great swelling over her heart extending to left arm, and severe spells of neuralgia extending over entire body, doctors could not help her. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator cured her within three months. James Fulton, Concord, N. H. Set her bottle at druggists.

The supply of oranges is short of the demand in Florida.

The Doctor's Indorsement. Dr. W. D. Wright, Cincinnati, O., sends the following professional indorsement: "I have prescribed Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs in a great number of cases and always with success. One case in particular was given up by several physicians who had been called in for consultation with myself. The patient had all the symptoms of confirmed consumption: cough, night sweats, hectic fever, harassing coughs, etc. He commenced immediately to get better, and was soon restored to his usual health. I have found Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs the most valuable expectorant for breaking up distressing coughs, colds and croup."

The medical profession are slow (and rightly so) to endorse every new medicine that is advertised and sold; but honest merit convinces the fair-minded after a reasonable time. Physicians in good standing often prescribe Mrs. Finkham's Vegetable Compound for the cure of female weaknesses.

Thousands Upon Thousands. The proprietors of the world-renowned Carboline—the natural Hair Restorer—never put up less than 1,000 gallons at a time. This gives but an idea of its immense demand.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is not only pleasant to take, but it is sure to cure.

IN THE SPRING Many of the human family are afflicted with a weakness and debility which is impossible to throw off without some reliable invigorant. It seems impossible to do so, and even those who are afflicted with it, find it terrible tired feeling which it is impossible to describe. To restore the blood, to excite motion, to cleanse it from all impurities, and to give it new vigor, is the object of the body to make you work with life and energy, you must take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Purify Your Blood "I had been much troubled by general debility, caused in part by catarrh and humors. Last spring I took three bottles, and it proved just the thing I needed. I feel better."—H. FRED MITCHELL, Boston.

I can say with great pleasure that I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla in some cases in which it has been recommended to me. It is the best medicine I ever used. E. S. PARKER, Rochester, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by druggists. One dollar; six for \$5. Prepared only by H. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Phoenix Pectoral cures cold and cough. 25.

Camphor Milk cures aches and pains. 25.

ST. JACOBS OIL. TRADE MARK. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN. CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, etc.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED VEGETABLE COMPOUND. A POSITIVE CURE FOR ALL those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME. To Consumptives. Many have been happy to give their testimony in favor of the use of Wilbor's Compound.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM. ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLIC, HEADACHE, BRUISES, BURNS, SCALDS, SORE THROAT, etc.

WENDELL, FAY & CO., SELLING AGENTS, MIDDLESEX COUNTY, N. Y. 212 and 214 West 37th St., Philadelphia.

XX-NOTICE-XX. AS BLUE FLANNEL GARMENTS are sold as the genuine Middlesex, which are not made by that mill.

THE GREAT NEWS TO LADIES! Greatest inducements ever offered. Now your time to get up orders for our celebrated Hair Restorer.

FREE Excursion Rates to Texas, Arkansas and California. Pamphlets, etc., sent gratis for sale can be had by addressing J. J. POWELL, East Pass. Agt., Union, N. Y.

CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured.

AGENTS WANTED Everywhere to sell the best Family Knitting Machine. Will knit a garment in 20 minutes.

A BLESSING TO WOMEN! Send stamp for circular. D. H. BINGHAM, Buffalo, N. Y.

RUPTURE CURED. New Method. Send for circular. D. H. BINGHAM, Buffalo, N. Y.

Pensions for Soldiers & Heirs. Send stamp for circular. D. H. BINGHAM, Buffalo, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest-selling Picture Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 25 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH. Easy to use. A certain cure. Not expensive. Three months' treatment in one package.

Purify Your Blood. "I had been much troubled by general debility, caused in part by catarrh and humors. Last spring I took three bottles, and it proved just the thing I needed."

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by druggists. One dollar; six for \$5. Prepared only by H. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

THE STARTLING

Information Discovered in a Newspaper Paragraph and How it Saved a Life.

No pain which man has to endure equals that of gravel. "I would rather die," exclaims the patient, "than have such attacks very often." Gravel runs in the system because of the impurities of the blood, and prevents among all classes. It caused the death of Napoleon III. Mr. E. DOWELL Parsons, of 271 Plymouth Ave., Rochester, N. Y., recently had a remarkable experience with it. He is a well-knit, fine-looking, happy-looking gentleman. One day he was prostrated with pain from the small of his back to the abdomen. For some time previous his appetite had been feeble, his bowels inactive, and he had felt sore above his hips.

After voiding water he had a severe pain and growing sensation. "For some time my disorder mystified me," he said, "but one day I read of a case very like my own in a paper. I wrote the person whose name appeared, and he confirmed it fully. From that little incident I discovered I had stone in the bladder and gravel in the kidneys. I was greatly alarmed, but, as the disease had not yet taken its course, for I am fully recovered—cured by DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY."

Dr. Kennedy has performed many surgical operations for the removal of stone by the knife when size prevented removal through the natural channel, and he has never lost a case! and the cause is due to his using FAVORITE REMEDY in the after treatment.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. A POSITIVE CURE FOR ALL those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

It is a positive cure for all those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

KIDNEY-WORT. DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS.

Because it cleans the system of the poisonous humors that develop in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders, etc.

CLEANSING THE BLOOD restoring the normal power to throw off disease. THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time PERFECT CURE effected.

KIDNEY-WORT. IS UNFAILING AND INFALLIBLE IN CURING Epileptic Fits, Spasms, Falling Sickness, Convulsions, St. Vitus Dance, Alcoholism, Opium Eating, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Syphilis, Scrofula, and all Nervous and Blood Diseases.

Merchants, Bankers, Ladies and all whose sedentary employment causes Nervous Prostration, Irregularities of the blood, stomach, bowels or kidneys, or who require a nerve tonic, appetizer or stimulant, Samaritan Nerve is invaluable.

THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR. Thousands proclaim it the most wonderful invigorant that ever sustained a sinking system.

HOP PLASTER. This porous plaster is famous for its quick and hearty action in curing lame Backs, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Crick in the Neck, Side or Hip, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Sore Throat, Kidney Troubles and all pains and aches of the head or deep-seated. Price, 50 cents per box.

A GREAT SUCCESS. EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine. Will knit a garment in 20 minutes.

WALNUT LEAF HAIR RESTORER. It is entirely different from all others, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer.

TO SPECULATORS. R. LINDBLOM & CO., N. G. MILLER & CO. 6 & 7 Chamber of Commerce, Chicago, New York.

WANTED-LADIES TO TAKE OUR NEW Hair Restorer. Each bottle is warranted. Wholesale Agent, R. LINDBLOM & CO., Chicago.

THE MINISTER WHO FAILS to interest his congregation and build up his church is generally accused of being a poor preacher, or of not studying hard enough.

Brown's Iron Bitters is not only for the minister, but for all people.