LIFE AMONG THE YAKUTS.

DESCRIPTION OF TRAVEL ON THE UPPER LENA.

Among the Natives of Northern Siberia —Curious Habits and Customs— Betrothals in the High North.

I had a thousand miles to go before I should reach the Arctic ocean. I found some difficulty in first cramming myself into my deer sled, and a few hours afterward quite as great in getting out of it. The deer sled is a long narrow affair, placed on high wooden runners; it is made extremely light, of a frame work of slender birch, and is covered with a hood in order to protect the head and face of the occupant from the biting blasts. It is, in fact, in appearance a lengthened out cradle and I think about as comfortable. At night one sleeps in it very comfortably. I remember the first night we were in the forest, the moon shone brightly, the road was good and Yakut horses are trained to follow one another faithfully, and only the leading driver has any serious work to do. When I was awake, however, I found the journey strangely weird and interesting. You see before you nothing but a mass of trees and slender underwood—no opening in which you can imagine that a road exists. But the leader enters the gloom of the forest fearlessly; he darts on first to the right and then to the left, between trunks of trees scarcely more than a foot wider apart than is needed through which your sled is to pass. Now and then you lose sight of the sled in advance of you, but your horse knows the road, if you do not attempt to drive, and he follows. Strange forms then the sled takes on in the whitened gloom. The Yakuts do not put sleigh bells on the harness, and you pass on so silently, and the fitting things in front of you, of which you catch glimpses occasionally, seem to form part of some strange, weird and ghostly procession.

So you pass on for hours through the forest. Then a white, bleak space opens in front of you, over which you pass in the moonlight. It is the frozen surface of a lake, of which there are scores among the forests. Suddenly, when you have passed the crest of a hill, you look down toward the valley that seems a mile away. You imagine that rockets are being fired high into the sky by some unknown friends. They seem to be shot up one after the other with great regularity, and you can imagine for the moment that a company of Cossacks has been sent in advance to point out your resting or camping place. But this is an illusion. The valley is not a hundred yards away, and the rockets are nothing more than the sparks from the blazing hearth of a Yakut yourte. A welcome sight, nevertheless, and you are glad to escape from the cold night frost, and to warm yourself at the blazing fire. The accommodations offered by the Yakuts are not very grand, but the people share with you all they have, and I would quite as soon sleep inside the hut of a Yakut or a Tonguse as in the fetid atmosphere and on the uncleanly lounges of a Russian post house on the Siberian post road. The Yakut is at least kindly and respectful, which cannot always be said of the Russian post station keeper.

Outside the Yakut youret looks a very insignificant affair. It is very low, covered with a layer of mud and in winter of snow, and has slabs of ice propped up from the outside for windows, and a doorway just large enough for a cow to squeeze through, and much too low for a man. Enter the hut and you feel the grateful warmth of the blazing logs piled upon the raised hearth, and feel at once well disposed to the inhabitants, whoever they may be. Once inside and you see that the yourte is built of stems of larch trees, the sides sloping upward toward the roof, which latter is also made of larch stems laid side by side and supported by pillars rising from the floor. In the centre of the yourte is the huge raised hearth, slender stems of trees plastered with mud forming the smoke conductor or chimney. The logs for the fire are placed in an upright position, so that they burn quickly and throw out a comfortable warmth around the room, which may be fifteen to twenty yards square; close beneath the sloping sides are built rude benches, divided off into compartments, each about six feet long. These are the sleeping bunks, privacy being only possible when you have a shawl or rug to hang up before your division. On these benches you all sleep, Yakuts and travelers, the yemschiks taking the floor, and you sleep comfortably enough in the blaze and warmth of the fire. There is an inner apartment to the yourte, a kind of annex or dependence. This is not given up to the family, or even the ladies of the house, but is an unrestricted domain of the cows, which, however have to pass through the living department to get to their own. But they are well trained, these Yakut cows, and know where they belong.

In such a Yakut youret family affairs are made very apparent to the traveler. The curtained partition in the corner cannot prevent you from hearing the puny cry of the newly-born Yakut, and if the curtain is opened for a moment and another female member of the family carries off a young two-year-old who has just been enjoying his natural supper, and the cry still continues, you cannot but come to the conclusion that the Yakut mother has a busy time on hand in providing for the latest before the one preceding has been weaned from the natural mode of gaining its food. Then there are the belles of the family. These are nothing if not ugly. In one yourte there were three Yakut damsels, their ages ranging from twelve to twenty. They possessed but a single pipe, which was passed round from one to the other. If their brothers, the yemschiks, are just going out on a journey, they allow each to take a few energetic whiffs before their departure, and then go at the work themselves again, chatting and looking after the boling of the sour milk at the same time. The pipe is kept going almost incessantly from morning till night. The girls are not, as I said before, handsome. Their faces have too much cheekbone, their noses are too flat, their eyes too straight slit, and their habits in general too peculiar for appreciation. Such a Yakut maiden is not long fancy free. She is betrothed by her parents at a very early age, say six or seven, when all the contracts for her future life are settled and sealed. Ten or a dozen years later they pilgrimage together to the nearest Greek church, which may be fifty or a hundred miles away, and are married.

For all these Yakuts are Christians, though I should not like to assert that they understand very well the mysteries of the faith to which they were introduced in such a summary fashion. I noticed when we started on our journeys that the mounted yemschick in front of my sled invariably took off his fur cap immediately after starting out, and with a long series of crosses commended himself and the party intrusted to his care and guidance to the god of the Greek church. But all along the road on the trees were tufts of horse hair and bits of rags, and these I learned had been placed there by the Yakut yemschiks in order to propitiate their old divinity, Shamai, and to induce him to give them good weather and good roads. But neither horse hair nor rags were of any avail as regards speed.—*New York Telegram.*

A Quaint Old House.

The most remarkable and interesting private residence in America, says a letter to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, is that of Major Ben: Perley Poore, the veteran author, raconteur and correspondent, at Indian Hill, four miles from this place. There are few ancestral or historic houses in the new world, and scarcely any, beside Mount Vernon and the Hermitage of Andrew Jackson, that are familiar to the people, where an attempt has been made to preserve the frame in which the domestic picture was once embraced, or retain the relics of past customs and manners, which often change, and are soon forgotten.

Around Major Poore's country home cluster not only the family traditions, which are as precious to him as they are romantic to others, but he has preserved in permanent and vivid form a picture of home-life as it was in the colonies more than two hundred years ago.

The family mansion itself, in quaintness and antiquity, has no rival in the United States. It had commenced to crumble before the declaration of independence was framed, and four generations had been born, lived and died under its roof before the gallant Dr. Poore strapped his medicine bags and case of surgical instruments upon the old mare's saddle and rode down to Boston to dress the wounds of the heroic rebels who fell at Bunker Hill.

It was away back in 1690 and something early, that a certain man by the name of Poore, a recent refugee from political persecution, came over to New England and engaged in driving a team, half stage and half express wagon, between the colonies below Boston and those on the Piscataqua river, where Portsmouth now stands. The Indians were frequent and troublesome then, and they attacked Mr. Teamster Poore, killed his oxen and burned up his cart.

As an indemnity for the violation of the rights of common carriers, even in those early days the Indians were compelled to grant Mr. Poore a certant tract of land on the Merrimac river, and within sight of the sea, known as Indian hill. It was the highest point of land along the coast, and was famous as the rendezvous for Massachusetts tribes, whose signal fires, when blazing there, lit up the whole sky from the White mountains to that tip end of the Yankee land known as Cape Cod. The document, written in quaint style and signed by several of the Indian chiefs, is Major Poore's title to his home, and it has never been questioned.

It was in 1650 that the residence of Mr. Poore was completed on Indian hill, and he took his family there to dwell, and they have dwelt there continuously eight generations of them, the property improved by each successive possessor, until it is now a great mansion of sixty rooms, covered with clematis and honeysuckles which have fed upon the frost and sunshine of more than two centuries.

Trapping a Tigress.

She was captured about nine monhts ago, in obedience to an order sent to India by Mr. Reiche for one of her kind. A tiger track was found in the jungle leading to the reedy banks of a river. A pit about twenty feet deep was dug in the path and covered over with branches of trees and brushwood. The natives then concealed themselves, and at night the tigress, going down to the water, crashed through the covering, and lay, half stunned and wholly helpless, at the bottom of the pit. She was allowed to lie there for a week. The mouth of the pit was again closed, and for seven days she lived in darkness, without food or water. Such treatment very often kills a tiger, but it is the only known mode of reducing them from the savage frenzy succeding their capture to anything like submission.

When at last the coverings were again removed, the then un-named Fanny was found to be anything but subdued. She was, however, weak, and her furious bounds to reach the mouth of the pit were short at first, and grew shorter with every effort. Then the natives began to angle for her. It was hard and dangerous fishing, but slowly noose after noose was dropped around her body, her forelegs were drawn tightly to her sides, and she was pulled up at last, firmly bound and powerless. Other cords were thrown around her, and with her feet in the air and her back down, she was lashed to bamboo poles and carried by a score of men to a place of embarkation. She had very little life left in her when she was put on board ship and dispatched to Germany.

When she landed in Europe, however, she had quite recovered, and Mr. Reiche, who is living in Germany, was delighted with her appearance. He gave her the name of Fanny, and secured her passage to America. She is now worth perhaps $3,500.—*New York Sun.*

The Fearless Widow.

A New York widow was taking the fresh air in Central park with her two children, when she met a former lover, with whom she entered into conversation.

"I am completely broken up, Amelia," he said, seizing her hand. "There is no telling what I might not say and do if it were not for these children."

"Children," said the fond mother, pushing them away, "run over yonder where the goat carriages are, and play until I send for you."—*Siftings.*

WISE WORDS.

Scholars are frequently to be met with who are ignorant of nothing saving their own ignorance.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection must finish him.

Who could live surrounded by calamities did not smiling hope cheer him with expectation of deliverance.

Weakness works more ill than wickedness; it is easier, between the hand which strikes and the reed which gives way, to defend ourselves against the assaults of the former than to guard against the untrustworthiness of the latter.

True generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones.

That every day has its pains and sorrows is universally experienced and most universally confessed; but let us not attend only to mournful truths; if we look impartially about us, we shall find that every day has likewise its pleasures and its joys.

Be cheerful. It is better to live in sunshine than in gloom. If a cloud rests upon your heart, turn its silver lining to your friends, and the glow of cheer it will cast upon them will be reflected on you, and the cloud will give way before the brightness and joy its own light has begotten.

When amiability descends to weakness, it loses all claims to respect or admiration. To be worthy of regard it must be strong, and to be strong it must stand upon a solid foundation. He who is able and willing to say "No" firmly whenever the case of right requires it will say "Yes" with a fuller and richer meaning at all other times.

A man passes for what he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and idle is all fear of remaining unknown. If a man knows that he can do anything—that he can do it better than anyone else—he has a pledge of the acknowledgment of the fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment days, and into every assembly that man enters, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and stamped.

A Monkey Girl.

Recently a reporter called at the residence of Alexander A. Baldwin, at New Orleans, where a curious child was said to have lately arrived.

"This curious child," said Mr. Baldwin, "was in the house, but being accustomed to live in the open air, the room seemed too close for her and we have placed her where she can have plenty of space." Preceding the reporter, he passed through the garden into an outhouse, where a sort of bed had been arranged upon the ground, and upon it lay what appeared to be a bundle of clothes. "She is sleeping," said Mr. Baldwin, "and is not well. Not knowing yesterday whether she required a special food, I gave her a piece of ham and it made her sick."

He approached softly and removed the covering. There lay, gathered in a bundle, this curious being, with her knees drawn up against her chest and an unusually small head, with large ears bent forward and resting against the knees, in a position usually taken by quadrupeds when cold. Mr. Baldwin gently cried out "Rose, Rose!" Hearing her name cried out the child opened her eyes and looked around. She finally aroused herself, and, being stood up by Mr. Baldwin, gave the writer a full opportunity of examining her.

She is about thirty inches in height, with no noticeable deformity in the formation of her body, with the one exception of having the right leg larger and longer than the left, and her breast protruding somewhat like that of a chicken. The striking feature is the extraordinary small size of the neck and head and its shape. It is formed more like that of an ape than a human being, and is only ten inches in circumference. At the summit of the head there appears to exist no bone, and a constant pulsation is visible. In stature she is very small, and Mr. Baldwin thinks she is about ten years old. All her movements are quick and monkey-like, and she is particularly fond of biting and pinching. She appears to enjoy caresses, and when Mr. Baldwin speaks to her she clings to his neck and tries to climb into his lap and hug him closely, as if seeking protection. She also appears very fond of music, and when any one begins to sing her face brightens up, and she at once dances and jumps around on one leg. Her eyes are very black and unnaturally bright, and her teeth remarkably fine and strong. She delights in biting at everything looking like flesh, and once, when unobserved, seized a little puppy near her, and almost bit a large piece of its skin off.

This strange being was born in the piney woods in the rear of Bay St. Louis, her parents being Indians. Her mother died when she was an infant, and shortly afterward her father again married. Some months ago her father and mother died, and Mr. Bourgeois, of Bay St. Louis, took her under his care. Rose—for such is her name—is mute, but understands when spoken to, and without hesitation obeyed Mr. Baldwin and did all she was told to do.

Oysters Four Feet Long.

In the Bad Lands of the West a late expedition of geologists sent out by the government came upon a bed of extinct oysters whose size was almost beyond belief, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. Many were four feet in length, and the animal, when alive, must have been a curious spectacle. Imagine a dozen of these on the half shell! The shells in this locality were strewn about over the plain as if the feast of some Titanic race had suddenly been broken up. Some were partly buried, and rapidly disintegrating under the influence of wind and weather. On the northwestern coast a clam has recently been discovered very similar to the soft clam of the East, with the exception that the new finds weigh about two pounds apiece and are a foot or more in length. They are called geoducks by the natives, and are said to be fine eating, the meat rather resembling that of a crab or lobster than the rest of the clam family.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A new process in shot making will do away with the tall towers. A strong current of air is forced on the lead as it falls into the water.

It is not generally known, but appears to be true, that the sweet spirits of nitre when kept for a long while is converted from a harmless remedy into a deadly poison. Druggists should print on their labels "use only when newly made."

The organ of hearing is generally double, but not always located in the head. In the clam it is found at the base of the foot; some grasshoppers have it in the forelegs, and in many insects it is on the wing. Lobsters and crabs have the auditory sacs at the base of the antennæ.

A writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* attributes sea-sickness to an irritation to the semi-circular canals of the ear or the abdominal viscera, or both, which become full of blood and cause vomiting, and illustrates the theory by a detail of interesting facts and experiments.

Bricks made of cork now constitute one of the new German industries. The usual size is ten by four and three-fourths and two and a half inches. They are prepared from small corks, refuse and cement, and have not only been used for certain building purposes, on account of their lightness and isolating properties, but are also employed as a covering for boiler, in preventing the radiation of heat.

Setting apart differences of muscular capacity and adaptation, a man, says Mr. Richard A. Proctor, in order to fly would need wings bearing the same proportion to his body as we observe in the sparrow or the pigeon. In fact the wings commonly assigned to angels by sculptors and painters would not be so disproportioned to the requirements of flight as has been commonly supposed, if only the muscular power of the human frame were well adapted to act upon wings so placed and shaped and there were no actual inferiority in the power of human muscles (cross section for cross section) as compared with those of birds.

"It Knocks the Spots,"

and everything in the nature of eruptions, blotches, pimples, ulcers, scrofulous humors, and incipient consumption, which is nothing more nor less than scrofula of the lungs, completely out of the system. It stimulates and invigorates the liver, tones up the stomach, regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, and builds up the weak places of the body. It is a purely vegetable compound, and will do more than is claimed for it. We refer to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

GERMANY expends $30,000 annually for the maintenance of experimental forest stations.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is to be had at the nearest drug store for a dollar. It is not claimed that this remedy will cure every disease under the sun, but that it does all that it claims to do, thousands of good women know and declare.

THE New York horse cars last year killed twenty-four persons and injured eighty-nine.

"As Good as New,"

are the words used by a lady, who was at one time given up by the most eminent physicians, and left to die. Reduced to a mere skeleton, pale and haggard, not able to leave her bed, from all those distressing diseases peculiar to suffering females, such as displacements, leucorrhœa, inflammation, etc., etc. She began taking Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," and also using the local treatments recommended by him, and is now, she says, "as good as new." Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

NITRE beds are being found in Nevada rivaling in productiveness those of Peru.

Throw Away Trusses

when our new method is guaranteed to permanently cure the worst cases of rupture without the use of knife. Send two letter stamps for pamphlet and references. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE electric light on Washington monument can be seen seventeen miles away.

An Undoubted Blessing.

About thirty years ago, a prominent physician by the name of Dr. William Hall, discovered, or produced after long experimental research, a remedy for diseases of the throat, chest and lungs, which was of such wonderful efficacy that it soon gained a wide reputation in this country. The name of the medicine is Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and may be safely relied on as a speedy and positive cure for coughs, colds sore throat, etc.

"Rough on Pain."

Cures colic, cramps, diarrhœa; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 25 and 50c.

Young Men!—Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

"Rough on Pain" Plaster.

Porous and strengthening, unproved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia. 25c. Druggists or mail.

The Best Butter Color.

The great unanimity with which dairymen of high reputation have adopted, in preference to anything else, the Improved Butter Color made by Wells, Richardson & Co., of Burlington, Vt., is remarkable. It shows that the claims of imitative colors are baseless; wise dairymen will use no other.

The Hope of the Nation.

Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

Hay-Fever is a type of catarrh having peculiar symptoms. It is attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of headache, watery and inflamed eyes. Ely's Cream Balm is a remedy founded on a correct diagnosis of this disease, and can be depended upon. 50 cts. at druggists; 60 cts. by mail. Sample bottle by mail 50 cts. Ely Bros., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

A baldheaded man, who has heard that the hairs of a man's head are numbered, wants to know if there is not some place where he can obtain the back numbers. Carboline will supply the demand.

Night Sweats.

Headache, fever, chills, malaria, dyspepsia, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

25 Cents

Will buy a TREATISE ON THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES Book of 100 pages, valuable to every owner of horses. Postage stamps taken. Sent postpaid. NEW YORK HORSE BOOK CO., 134 Leonard Street, New York city.

Beware of the incipient stages of consumption. Take Piso's Cure in time.

NYNU—38

NEBRASKA has nearly 230,000 acres of planted forests in good condition.

100 Doses One Dollar

Can be applied truthfully to Hood's Sarsaparilla only, and it is an unanswerable and convincing argument as to the strength and real economy of this great medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla is made of roots, herbs, barks, etc., long and favorably known for their power in eradicating disease from the system and purifying the blood.

Restored to Health

"During the summer months I have been somewhat debilitated or run down. I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gave me new life and restored me to my wonted health and strength."—WILLIAM H. CLOUGH, Tilton, N. H.

Given an Appetite

"Within a week after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla my appetite began to improve, my headache left me, my strength seemed to be renewed, and I felt better in every part of my body. I rejoice when I think of the good Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me."—CHARLES L. BARNITZ, Syracuse, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

THE SPY OF THE REBELLION

BY ALLAN PINKERTON,

Who was Chief of the U. S. Secret Service.

Agents Wanted for our New Book.

The "SPY" is now selling by the *Tens of Thousands*. No competition. Clear territory. Only book of its kind. The "SPY" reveals many *Secrets of the war never before published*. Thrilling narratives of PINKERTON'S SPIES, *that swayed the actions of our peaceable states*; a graphic account of the conspiracy to assassinate Lincoln. Perilous experiences of our FEDERAL SPIES in the Rebel Capital; their forlorn hopes and heroic bravery fully recounted in these vivid sketches; it is **the most thrilling war book ever published.** Endorsed by hundreds of Press and Agents' testimonials. A large, handsome book; 600 pages; 50 illustrations.

☞ **Sold only by our Agents.** Can not be found in bookstores. Sells to merchants, farmers, mechanics and everybody. We want one agent in every Grand Army Post and in every county in the U. S. For full particulars and special terms to agents address

G. W. CARLETON & CO., Publishers, New York.

This advertisement will appear but once—cut it out.

AGENTS WANTED for the LIVES of

BLAINE & LOGAN, In 1 Vol. by T. W. KNOX. Authorized, Authentic, Impartial, Complete, the Best and Cheapest. The leading Campaign books of 1884. Outsell all others 10 to 1. 100,000 thousand in press. Each vol. 500 pages, $1.50, 50 per cent. to Agents. Outfit Free. Freights paid. Agents earn $10 to $25 a day. Now is the time to make money fast. Send for *Extra Terms*, at once, to HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.

CLEVELAND & HENDRICKS, In 1 Vol. by Hon. A. BARNUM. Authorized, Authentic, Impartial, Complete, the Best and Cheapest. The leading Campaign books of 1884. Outsell all others 10 to 1. 100,000 thousand in press. Each vol. 500 pages, $1.50, 50 per cent. to Agents. Outfit Free. Freights paid. Agents earn $10 to $25 a day. Now is the time to make money fast. Send for *Extra Terms*, at once, to HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.

Agents Wanted for the Best and Fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

HAY FEVER.

I can recommend Ely's Cream Balm to all Hay-Fever sufferers, it being in my opinion, founded upon experience and a sure cure. I was afflicted with Hay-Fever for twenty-five years, and never before found permanent relief.—Webster H. Haskins, Marshfield, Vt.

Cream Balm is a remedy founded on a correct diagnosis of this disease and can be depended upon. 50c. at druggists; 60c. by mail. Sample bottle by mail, 10c. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

For the Cure of Kidney and Liver Complaints, Constipation, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the BLOOD.

To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex it is an unfailing friend. All Druggists. One Dollar a bottle, or address Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

CONSTIPATION.

"I suffered from Paralysis of the Bowels and Liver Complaint. I finally used DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, and in my opinion it saved my life. Yours, etc. A. J. GIFFORD."

Mr. Gifford is the Master Mechanic of the Lowell division of the Boston & Lowell Railroad, and his illness and recovery are known to many.

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

NO AGENTS

Save Agents' Profits.

New Machines for $20.

Guaranteed positively new and thoroughly first-class in every particular. Warranted for 5 yrs. Can be returned at our expense if not as represented. Freights paid to all points. Established 1878

A. C. JOHNSON, 37 North Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.

HOPE FOR THE DEAF.

Nicholson's Improved Artificial Ear Drums. The only sure, easy and unseen device used to permanently restore hearing. Recommended by scientific men of Europe and America. Write for free illustrated descriptive book to J. H. Nicholson, 7 Murray St., New York.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR,

Moles, Warts, Freckles, Moth Patches, Eruptions, Scars, and all Disfigurements and Imperfections of the Face, Hands and Feet, and their treatment, by Dr. John H. Woodbury, 57 N. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. Sent free, for book.

$40 Business Education at the Coleman Business Colleges, Newark, New Jersey. Positions for graduates. National patronage. Write for Circulars to H. COLEMAN & CO.

PATENTS Send stamp for our New Book on Patents. L. BINGHAM, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

LEARN Telegraphy or Short-Hand and Type Writing here. Situations furnished. Address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

Pensions to Soldiers & Heirs. Send stamp for Circulars. COL. L. BINGHAM, Atty, Washington, D. C.

Matrimony—All responsible parties desiring correspondents for amusement or matrimony send 10c. for copy "Wedding Bells." P. O. Box 2,525, Boston, Mass.

Claverack (N. Y.) College.—$220 a year; 18 Instructors; 245 rooms; first-class. Alonzo Flack, Pres't.

PATENTS! Thos. P. Simpson, Washington, D. C. No pay asked for patent until obtained. Write for INVENTOR'S GUIDE.

Nervous Debility Quick permanent cure. Book free. Oriole Agency, 168 Fulton st., N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 cts.

Thirty Years' Record. Endorsed by Physicians

HUNT'S KIDNEY & LIVER REMEDY NEVER TO FAIL

CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS LIVER BLADDER AND URINARY ORGANS DROPSY GRAVEL DIABETES BRIGHT'S DISEASE PAINS IN THE BACK LOINS OR SIDE NERVOUS DISEASES RETENTION OR NON-RETENTION OF URINE.

HUNT'S (Kidney and Liver) REMEDY has saved from lingering disease and death hundreds who have been given up by physicians to die.

NYNU—38

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

IS A POSITIVE CURE for all those painful Weaknesses and Ailments peculiar to our FEMALE POPULATION.

Price $1 a box.

* Its purpose is solely for the cure of disease and the relief of pain it claims to do, thousands of women can testify.

* It will cure entirely all Ovarian Tumors, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is especially adapted to the change of life.

* It removes Faintness, Flatulency, Destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves pain. It cures Bloating, Headache, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, That feeling of bearing down, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. * Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Inquiry confidentially answered.

CATARRH

Health and Happiness

How? DO YOU KNOW YOUR OWN HEALTH?

Are your Kidneys diseased? "Kidney Wort brought me from my bed when I was given up by 12 physicians." Detroit." M. W. Deveraux, Mechanic.

Are your nerves weak? "Kidney Wort cured me from nervousness, etc., after I was not expected to live." Goodwin, Ed. Christian Monitor, Cleveland.

Have you Bright's Disease? "Kidney Wort cured me when my water was like chalk and then like blood." Frank Wilson.

Suffering from Dia[illegible]? "Kidney-Wort is the most successful medicine I ever used. Gives almost immediate relief." Dr. Phillip C. Hallock.

Have you Liver Complaint? "Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic liver complaint after I prayed to die." Henry Ward, late Col. 60th Nat. Guard.

Is your Back lame and aching? "Kidney-Wort, (1 bottle) cured me when my back was lame I had to roll out of bed." C. M. Tallmage, Mich.

Have you Kidney Disease? "Kidney-Wort made me sound in Heart, Liver and Kidneys after years of unsuccessful doctoring. $10 a box."—Saml Hodges, Williamsburg.

Are you Constipated? "Kidney-Wort causes easy evacuations, after 10 years use of other medicines." Nelson Fairchild, Mt. Vernon.

Have you Malaria? "Kidney-Wort has done better than any remedy I have ever used in my practice." Dr. H. K. Clark, Louisville.

Are you Bilious? "Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken." Mrs. J. T. Galloway, Elkhart.

Are you tormented with Piles? "Kidney-Wort permanently cured me of Piles. Dr. W. G. Kline recommended it." Geo. H. Rose, Cashier R. Bank, Rochester.

Are you Rheumatism ridden? "Kidney-Wort cured me, after I was given up to die by physicians and I had suffered three years." Elbridge Malcolm, West Troy.

Ladies, are you suffering? "Kidney-Wort cured me of peculiar weakness, from which I had suffered several years, standing. Many friends to whom I gave it, have testified to its wonderful effects." Mrs. F. Lamoreaux, Ida.

If you would Banish Disease and gain Health, Take

KIDNEY-WORT

THE BLOOD CLEANSER.

LADY AGENTS can permanently secure employment and good wages selling Queen City Skirt Supporters and Corsets. Sample outfit free. Address City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

HORSE BOOK IN STAMPS. **25 CENTS**

Every Farmer and Horse owner should own a book describing the Diseases of the Horse, and the Diseases to which the noble animal is liable, that sickness may be recognized in its incipiency and relief promptly afforded. Our book should be in the hands of every Horse owner, as the knowledge it contains may be worth hundreds of dollars at any moment. If you want to know about your Horse, how to care for his Age, how to Shoe him, etc., send 25c. in stamps, and receive the book, post-paid, from

NEW YORK HORSE BOOK CO.

134 Leonard St., N. Y.