

LIFE.

Life's but a troubled river, flowing on To gain the ocean, whose grim name is Fate. We float upon its surface, then are gone. Learning its lessons when, alas! too late. We quarrel with the sunshine while 'tis there. Yeek not the flowers that blossom all around. Heed not the beauties in this world so fair. Till clouds close thick, and the vision's drowned. Drowned in old age, or in our faulty reason. Which sees not what things are or ought to be. So dwafed our knowledge truth confounds with treason. And pride won't tell us we've not power to see. Contentment! 'tis a lesson past our learning: We scorn the happiness the gods do send; For far-off worlds and myths we've always yearning. To stoop to beauties near our minds won't bend. So Life is but one long and fruitless straining. To get beyond what is within our reach: The river flows on without a moment's ceasing. To listen to the wisdom we would teach: And Fate is reached—the dark and seething ocean. Which covers all and well its secrets keep: We float along with weary onward motion, Till all is over and in death we sleep. —Charlotte Mansfield.

Miss Faith's Advice.

Miss Faith sat in close companionship, as usual, with her familiar spirit, a piece of crocheted edging. Her touch upon the mazes of tangled thread was very gentle, even endearing, and her look of content as she held it up and noted its effect as a whole seemed vastly out of proportion to the cause. Miss Faith was still pretty, with the pathetic beauty held as fotsam from the wreck of years. Her hair was prettier as silver than it had ever been as brown, and her eyes, though they had lost their vivid glow and eagerness, had gained a kindly sympathy. Her tenderness had even extended to the crocheting in her hand and imparted something to that usually very impersonal object that her fancy had fretted into thinking a response. She passed her hand affectionately over it now, as the figure of a pineapple much conventionalized, repeating itself like history again and again, fell in scallops to the floor. "It's most done," she thought. "I can go back to the oak leaf pretty soon."

A change in the crocheted pattern was the chief diversion of Faith's life, that ran on as monotonously to the observer as the tune of the famous harper who played upon only one string. To an ant the coming of a stick or a stone may be a great event. It is not hard to understand how a life that consists in taking infinite pains with many little things may get its slips of excitement, interest and novelty from a change in a pattern of crocheted. The examination of the work appeared to be satisfactory, and Faith laid it on the table at her side. This table was devoted to the uses of her art, nor was ever profaned by the presence of any irrelevant substance. There were rows of spools upon it, drawn up in lines like soldiers ready to receive an attack, hooks of various sizes lying like weapons by their side and various rolls of lace, the finished product of their warfare. Faith regarded them with approval, but her hand that had lain upon the table fell away from the accustomed task, and she sat idle, watching the red coal, the shadows the lamplight threw upon the carpet and listening to the clatter that Mary, her maid of all work, was making as a part of the dishwashing. "It's a kind of jugglery she goes through with those dishes," thought Faith regretfully, "a sleight of hand performance, to see how many tricks she can do before one of them will break." But her face did not cloud, for she had learned resignation. She had surrendered to Mary the dishes and all the rest of the household divinities that she had served so deftly and carefully for years that she might be more at leisure to while away her time in her own innocent fashion.

She wondered, as she sat staring dully at the blaze, how the crocheting had come to mean so much to her and could not think for the instant, then half remembered, saddened a little, lost the thread of memory again, recovered it and fell to musing, her elbow resting on the table, her cheek in her palm. She could hardly believe now that a certain few years of her life had ever really happened. They must have belonged to some other and wandered willfully into her own, for there was no home for them in hers or likeness unto anything they brought. Was it so? They had gone so utterly, so completely, and she was happy now in her own harmless way, far inland, out of all reach of storm and reef. She was still looking vaguely, half wistfully, at the fire, when her door-bell rang and some one had entered the room and was hurrying to her side.

"Annt Faith," said a girlish tremulous voice, "I've come to ask you to help me. Mother said you had suffered like this once and you had learned to forget, and I thought perhaps you could show me the way." Faith looked down upon the slight figure crouched there, sobbing, and laid her hand gently upon the brown head, but she did not understand about the suffering. "What is it Grace?" she asked. "Oh, it's Phil!" she cried. "He doesn't care for me any more. He's taking Jennie Thompson now, and I can't bear it. Mother said other women had to bear such things, but she'd always been happy, and I could come to you. You could help me," she said, looking up appealingly. "You could teach me to forget." "Yes," said Faith, slowly. Then it came back to her. All her

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

own little story, and a dim, broken memory of the first heartache and her own longing to forget.

"Poor little girl," whispered Faith, stroking the beautiful mass of golden hair. "How was it I learned to forget? Let me think. Yes, I remember now. Wait a minute, dear. I will show you."

Faith slipped out of the room and soon returned, bringing three rolls of very broad crocheted lace.

"Can you crochet, Grace?" "Not very much," said Grace, wondering.

"Well, I will teach you. This is the way I learned to forget. The needle slips in and out, and the sunlight and firelight shine on it, and the lace grows and is so pretty, and it brings comfort. When I began, I couldn't see the needle—oh, how long ago that is!—for the tears. That was when I knew he would never come again, and I had my wedding dress all ready—it's grown yellow in a chest in the garret. But after while the lace took up my trouble drop by drop till it was gone, and I couldn't tell you today where it is. So I'll teach you, dear. There are the three rolls I did in the three years, one for each. They are yellow now, you see."

Faith opened one and spread it out. It was an intricate pattern, very broad. "It's hard to do," she said, "but that is all the better for the forgetting. If I'd been a man, I should have gone away to Africa. I've often thought it would do a good deal toward making a body forget to see the sun falling down like a ball and the dark come as if somebody had blown out the light. But I couldn't very well, so I learned to crochet. I never gave the lace away, you see, because I had worked my trouble into it, and I was afraid. I thought a long time about it when Alice was married, but I was afraid it would some way make her sad when she wore it. So it's all here. This is the first year—you see I've numbered it one—and this is the second's, and this is the third's. There's the three."

Faith handled the rolls over and over, lost for a minute in the associations which they revived. Her niece seemed to have forgotten her own grief for the time and was observing her aunt curiously as she bent over the lace.

"That's a fern pattern," said Faith. "It's very pretty."

Faith sat silent for a time, smoothing out the creases of the lace and drawing it out to its length. It seemed to have the effect of an enchanter's wand, for it summoned old faces and scenes at will, and Faith grew blind to the little room and the needs of her guest. At last Grace moved impatiently.

"Yes, yes," said Faith, like one awaking, "to forget. This is the way. Here is the old pattern. I will teach you."

She bustled about, finding thread and needle, seated herself at Grace's side, drew the thread through her fingers and began her work.

"There," she said after a minute. "Do you see how it's done? It isn't hard. Try it."

Grace took the needle helplessly. "Do you think I could forget so, aunt?" she asked hesitatingly.

"I did," said Faith.

Grace had returned to her task and made one or two awkward motions with the needle when there came a ring at the door.

"It's Phil!" exclaimed Grace, springing up.

"Grace!" said the recreant lover, standing awkwardly by the door, after Aunt Faith had admitted him and had retreated toward her chair. There were shame and pleading in his voice.

Grace caught her hat and went to him without another word.

"We'll try the crocheting some other time, Aunt Faith," said Grace. Then seeing her aunt's half dazed expression, as if she hardly understood this new development of affairs, she ran back and kissed her. Grace's face bore no trace of sadness as she turned to Phil, and they went out chatting merrily.

Faith listened till the last footfall on the crust had died away, then carefully rolled up the lace.

"She thinks she's happier," thought Faith, "but I'm not so sure. A man's heart is uncertain property, but a crocheted needle," as she laid her hand approvingly upon those on the table, "is always the same."—Springfield Republican.

Twelfth Massachusetts at Antietam.

At the reunion of the survivors of the Twelfth Massachusetts in this city Wednesday, Secretary Kimball made the following statement:

"I am aware that it is a startling statement to make that the loss of the Twelfth Massachusetts at Antietam was the highest in percentage of any organization, Union or Confederate, in any one battle of the civil war, and even the highest of any organization in the entire world, in modern times, in civilized warfare, under normal conditions, but is there not good reason to believe it to be true?"

"The fighting was terrific, as every one knows. Let me simply say that a letter which I wrote to a friend on the 30th of September, 1862, says my company (A) had twenty-two men killed and wounded out of thirty, and of the eight who escaped unhurt five had missiles strike either their clothing or equipments. Only thirty-two marched off the field under the flag of the regiment when relieved by the Twelfth Corps. One of the Confederate regiments, the First Texas, Hood's division, which we encountered in our advance through the cornfield, and which afterward occupied a position a little to our right, had 186 killed and wounded out of 226 taken into action—a percentage of loss of 82.3."—Boston Globe.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A French chemist, De Hemptinne, has succeeded in showing that electrical oscillations have a marked effect in modifying chemical processes.

There is a salt vein in Kansas at a depth of 900 feet, containing, according to a local statistician, enough salt to salt the world for a million years.

It has recently been claimed that iron ships fitted with electric plants suffer rapid deterioration of their pipes having direct connection with the sea, due to electrolytic action.

The most wonderful astronomical photograph in the world is that which has recently been prepared by London, Berlin and Parisian astronomers. It shows at least 68,000,000 stars.

Lord Kelvin estimates the time since the earth became sufficiently cooled to become the abode of plants and animals to be about 20,000,000 years within limits of error ranging between 15,000,000 and 30,000,000 years. From similar physical data Clarence King has made an estimate nearly agreeing with this.

A Russian chemist is said to have discovered an anesthetic several thousand times more powerful than chloroform. It volatilizes most readily and acts, when freely mixed with air, at great distances. Experiments are being made to see if it cannot be inclosed in bombs, which would have the extraordinary effect of anesthetizing instead of wounding an enemy.

The best lighted city in the world is Hammerfest, in Norway, which is also the most northerly town in the world. Even the smallest cabin has its electric light, and during the polar night from the middle of November to February 1, the town is all aglow. The power is derived from three rivers, so rapid that they do not freeze in mid-winter, and so near the city that the light can be furnished at very little cost.

Observations have been made recently to determine the extent and cause of the extraordinary deflection of the magnetic needle which takes place over a vast tract of central Russia. The line selected for observation was one of about 850 miles, between Moscow and Kharkov. The widest aberrations are found to exist in the province of Kursk, the capital of which is about 600 miles south of Moscow. In the southeast portion of this province, about 150 miles south of Yim, the needle is deflected more than 96 degrees, and points almost due east and west instead of north and south.

THE TROUBLESOME DUST.

Why the Scientist Appreciates It More Than the Housewife.

The bane of the ideal housekeeper's life is dust; and yet the seemingly insignificant, exasperating dust has been a study of scientists for a century. "When a beam of sunlight enters a darkened room it can be seen along its whole course," says one writer. "The light is reflected to every side and made to reach the eye by the dust in the air of the room; we do not see the sunbeam but the dust which is illumined by it. As unimportant as this curious stuff seems, it plays a conspicuous part in nature; it is what makes the sky appear blue and when we look at the sky we see the dust illuminated by the sun. Light goes through all the gases—the dust catches it reflects it in every direction and so causes the whole atmosphere to appear clear, in the same way that it makes the sunbeam visible in the dark room."

"Without this strange, wonderful dust there would be no blue sky—it would be as dark or darker than on moonless nights. The glowing disk of the sun would stand immediately against the black background, thus producing blinding light where the sun's rays fall, and deep black shadows where they do not. It is dust that we owe the moderately tempered daylight adapted to our eyes; and it is dust that contributes to the beauty of the scenery. The finest dust gives the blue tone to the sky while the coarser kind produces an almost black appearance."

"The clouds consist of dust and vapor; if there be only a little dust all the vapor is precipitated upon it, and so load the clouds with water that they sink in heavy drops to the ground. Without dust the vapor would penetrate houses, making everything mold with damp; we should feel upon going out that our clothes were becoming saturated and umbrellas would be a useless protection. It is hard, indeed, to conceive how different everything would be if there were no dust; this trivial, common stuff has its considerable part in the process of nature, and there is much of the wonderful and mysterious concealed in its filmy particles."

Fine Duelling With Onions.

Two well-known and musically inclined young men of Carthage had a joke turned on them in good style by a pair of Galena girls. Some time ago they called upon the girls, who are as bright as they are pretty. Out of pure "cussedness" one of the young men had swiped an onion from in front of a grocery store before leaving Carthage, and this he had in his pocket. While at the house of the young ladies the bright idea of dumping the onion in the stove struck him, and he did so with the result that the parlor was deserted for the remainder of the evening. The young ladies made a mental resolve to get square, but said nothing. Some time after the young men found an express package at the office addressed to them, but with heavy charges due. Anticipating a fine gift of some sort or other they paid the money, to find when they opened the package that it contained onions and the compliments of two Galena girls.—Galena (Mo.) Press.

THE FARM GARDEN



The Growing of Parsnips.

The parsnip naturally puts its roots down more deeply than any other of the esculent roots. It needs a rich soil. If the subsoil has not been enriched it should be pulverized with a subsoil plow, and not brought to the surface. We have seen parsnips that were fully 16 inches long, of which all the growth except two or three inches was below the ground. In harvesting parsnips a furrow should be thrown from the rows, leaving the side of the furrow as close as possible to the roots. No root is better than the parsnip for milch cows.

Colds and Roup in Fowls.

This is the season when fowls are subject to colds, which if not promptly checked, will soon develop roup.

A few days of warm, rainy weather, followed by extremely cold nights, will demand prompt attention for the flock.

Make a trip to the roosting room every night before retiring, and quietly listen to the breathing of the birds. Those with the first symptoms of cold will breathe heavily, gradually increasing, until soon that peculiar gasp which no one can mistake is easily located. Then take the bird gently to a warm, dry room, bathe the head with warm water and castile soap; anoint with vaseline, inject a few drops of kerosene in nostrils, and let it remain quiet during the next few days. Feed light diet, such as stale bread and crackers, but do not give any grain.

When a cure has been effected, do not hastily return the bird to the poultry house. Be sure that no sign of disease remains, for a relapse is by far more difficult to cure than the first attack.

A few drops of Douglas' mixture, added daily to drinking water, will do much to ward off colds. But aside from this tonic your fowls need no other physic.—W. H. Cambron in Farm and Home.

Care of Young Heifers.

Most of the difficulties in growing valuable cows, where the breeding has been what it should be, come from their feeding. It is hard to say whether the fattening or the starvation policy is worse for the future of the cow. By the first she is made fit only for the butcher. By the second the animal is stunted and its digestion impaired so that it is little good for any purpose. There should be an abundance of food, and a good share of this should be succulent, so as to furnish nutrition in bulky form and stimulate the glands that carry the milk. All the large milk-producing breeds of cows have originated in mild and moist climates, where succulent feed can be had during most of the year. Ensilage is good feed for heifers, though if it be of corn fodder some dry clover hay should be fed with it to increase the material for growth. If clover cannot be had a small ration of wheat bran mixed with the corn ensilage will make a better feed than ensilage alone.

We believe in breeding heifers early, and at the same time feed liberally of food that will make growth rather than fatten. If a heifer drops her first calf when she is a year and a half old she will always be a better milker than if she were kept from breeding until a year later. If the heifer is too small let there be a long time between the first and second breeding, and in the meantime feed more liberally than ever, but not with corn. Some oats may, however, be given, if the milk production is large enough to keep the heifer thin in flesh, but the grain feeding should be stopped when the heifer dries off as she approaches her second parturition. Heifers thus managed will be about as large as if they were kept until they were past two years old before being bred, and they will all their lives be much better milkers.—Boston Cultivator.

Vegetable Garden and Home Orchard.

The time spent in making and taking care of the vegetable garden and home orchard is the most valuable time spent by the farmer.

I reach this conclusion by this mode of reasoning: If a farmer would work for just a living off his farm, what process would he follow? Would he not proceed to plant just what he needed of the necessities of life, say one acre wheat, one-half acre potatoes, one acre fruit, one-half acre vegetable garden, perhaps two acres for corn and oats? This would raise a living for a family of six persons.

In fact, I think, the garden and orchard so important, and would pay so well, that if the farmer would reverse the order of things and give practically all his time to growing a living from his farm, which would only take, say, five acres of it, and oh, how he could make that five acres yield with the time he would have to give to it.

It seems to me he could figure a living out of five acres so cultivated. Would this not be more satisfactory than spreading over fifty or 100 acres

and then only making a bare living, as twenty-four out of every twenty-five do?

A farmer does not need to run a fifty or 100 acre farm to feed a cow, a horse or team, and a sow and pigs, and a few chickens. This can, and is usually done on the garden and orchard part of the farm.

If the average farmer would keep an accurate account of his income from the part of the farm in question, I think he would find it to be of much more importance than he is aware of. He has never learned to count the worth of the egg he ate for breakfast, or that glass of milk he drank, or that excellent spread of apple butter he had on his bread, or that chicken pot pie, or the one hundred and one similar items; these he forgets to count in his living. If he lived in town where all these things cost money and are in the expense column, he would then realize the value of them.

But besides all this, when the garden and orchard are properly cared for, the pay comes in more ways than one. We do not only work for pay or money alone, we want satisfaction, pleasure, enjoyment from our labor.

I fail to see the enjoyment in following the plow and harrow over clods and through dust, day after day for a bare living, when that same farmer could grow as much corn on one acre well tilled as he can on five, or ordinarily farmed.

I wish to magnify the importance of the little garden and orchard well tilled, as there is where the pleasure as well as the profit comes in.

And a word more on the pleasure side of this subject, would not the wife of your bosom be ten times more happy when the vegetable garden and home orchard are properly cared for?—E. S. Livingston in Farm, Field and Fireside.

Winter Profit From Hens.

W. H. Jenkins of Delaware county, New York, writes: Can hens be made to pay a good profit when confined in houses in winter? As hens are usually kept, they do not generally commence laying on a paying basis until warm weather comes in the spring, when nature furnishes the conditions which are necessary for egg production. Egg laying is a part of reproduction, and instinct prompts the birds to fulfill this function during the most favorable seasons.

To obtain eggs in winter we must make the conditions as nearly like those in spring as possible. First notice that the main conditions are warmth, plenty of room for exercise, and well-balanced food.

Houses should be built low, double-boarded, with building paper between the boards, and under the roof, if made of shingles, and I prefer a tight floor made of matched boards. There should be large windows to let in the sunlight, with doors to close over them on cold nights. I try to make the house so warm that I can stay in it on the coldest days without becoming uncomfortable.

The following plan of feeding has been quite satisfactory. I mix bran middlings and corn meal in about equal parts, putting in a tablespoonful of ground bone to every two quarts, and season the mash with a little salt and pepper and wet up the mixture with hot milk, when I have it. In the morning, I feed the mash to the hens, and give them only what they will eat up at once, but not enough to quite satisfy them. I then scatter a few handfuls of grain, using wheat, oats and buckwheat for a variety, on the floor and cover it with leaves, chaff or other loose litter. This is done several times a day to induce the hens to scratch for the grain and thus get plenty of exercise. In the coldest weather I feed them boiled corn at night. I give them warm water to drink and keep out clover, meat and bone, grit and shells in boxes so made that they cannot get into them and scratch them out. I hang up cabbages and chop up the celery tripping to keep them supplied with green food. I try to give them the kind of food that hens naturally seek when on a large range in summer. Then furnish them a warm house and make them work for a part of their living.

No cockerel should be kept among the laying hens; except when eggs are wanted for hatching. The eggs will keep better, and the hens will lay more of them. I have kept several hundred hens and had only one cockerel, which was used in the yard of thoroughbreds where the eggs were saved for incubation. A mistake which many people make is in not giving their fowls sufficient room. Last spring a man wanted me to buy his hens. I went to see them, and he was keeping seventy hens in a room twelve feet square. He had fed and cared for them all winter with hardly an egg to pay him for his work. The henney I built has ten rooms, each twelve feet square, and it does not pay me to keep over fifteen hens in a room. I keep Buff and White Leghorns and Minorcas. These lay a large white egg for which I can get a fancy price.

In my business of truck farming I find that the hen manure saves me considerable money in fertilizers. When it is mixed with plaster on the roots, then dried and pulverized, it is especially valuable in growing early vegetables.—American Agriculturist.

Oh, What Splendid Coffee.

Mr. Goodman, Williams Co., Ill., writes: "From one package Saker's German Coffee Berry costing 15c I grew 300 lbs. of better coffee than I can buy in stores at 30 cents a lb." A. C. I.

A package of this coffee and big seed and plant catalogue is sent you by John A. Saker Seed Co., La. Cross, Wis., upon receipt of 15 cents stamps and this notice.

It is stated that there are 80,000 barmaids in England, whose hours average fourteen daily for a wage of 10s. per week.

Asheville and Hot Springs, N. C. In the glorious mountains of Western North Carolina, most charming resorts on the American continent, beautiful scenery, fine bracing mountain air, high and dry altitude and perfect hotel service, reached by the Southern Railway, only 22 hours' ride from New York in through Pullman Cars. For full particulars call on or address Alex. S. Thwaites, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway.

The castle of Godfrey of Bouillon in the Ardennes is to be restored by King Leopold, of Belgium.

Conservative Investors Can largely increase their income by placing their accounts in my hands. Twenty years of Wall Street experience, in addition to reliable INSIDE INFORMATION, enables me to advise you most successfully. Write for particulars, which are interesting to those having money to invest. CHARLES HUGHES, Investment Broker, 63 Wall Street, New York City.

African women are never jealous of each other.

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. DITZER, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 4, 1894.

It is said that there is in Sonora a tribe of Indians with yellow hair and blue eyes.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind, colic, 25c a bottle.

In Australian markets rabbits sell at six cents apiece.

A fair lady becomes still fairer by using that salutary beautifier, Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c.

A ton of oil has been obtained from the tongue of a single whale.

Florida. Florida literature secured free upon application to J. J. Farnsworth, Easton, Pa., Agt. Plant System, 261 Broadway, N. Y.

To Cure A Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The largest mass of pure rock salt in the world is in Galicia, Hungary.

Chew Star Tobacco—The Best. Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

Sixty languages are spoken in the empire governed by the Czar of Russia.

Was Nervous

Troubled with Her Stomach—Could Not Sleep—Hood's Cured.

"About a year ago I was troubled with my stomach and could not eat. I was nervous and could not sleep at night. I grew very thin. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and am now well and strong, and owe it all to Hood's Sarsaparilla. MARY PERKINS, 90 South Union Street, Rochester, N. Y. Remember Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

Burned the Mortgage.

Everybody connected with the Wels' Congregational Church, at 20th and Sidney streets, South Side, made it a point to attend the gathering held last evening in celebration of the freeing of the church from the mortgage which has hung over the congregation for some time, notwithstanding great efforts to liquidate it. The entertainment took the form of a musicale and supper, and of course there were speeches and congratulations and incidental merrymaking as befitted such an event in the history of the organization. A novel and quite dramatic feature was the burning of the mortgage by Mr. Rees Jones and Mr. T. Worthington, two of the oldest members of the church.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The completion of Conant's wealth avenue extension, Boston, Mass., as a continuous avenue 120 feet wide from the Public Gardens to the Charles River in Newton, 11.14 miles.

RELIEF FROM PAIN.

Women Everywhere Express their Gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham.

Mrs. T. A. WALDEN, Gibson, Ga., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before trying your medicine, life was a bur to me. I never saw a well day. My monthly period I suffered misery, and a great deal of the was troubled with a severe pain. Before finishing the first of your Vegetable Compound I tell it was doing me good. I caught its use, also used the Liver Pills, Sanative Wash, and have been greatly helped. I would like to have you my letter for the benefit of others."

Mrs. FLORENCE A. WOLFE, 515 Hubbard St., Lancaster, Ohio, writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years I was troubled with what the local physicians told me was inflammation of the womb. Every month I suffered terribly. I had taken enough medicine from the doctors to cure any one, but obtained relief for a short time only. At last I concluded to write to you in regard to my case, and can say that by following your advice I am now perfectly well."

Mrs. W. R. BATES, Mansfield, La., writes:

"Before writing to you I suffered dreadfully from painful menstruation, leucorrhoea and sore feeling in the lower part of the bowels. Now my friends want to know what makes me look so well. I do not hesitate one moment in telling them what has brought about this great change. I can praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough. It is the great remedy of the age."

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Cures while all else fails. Best Cough Cure. Use in time. Sold by druggists.