

CHINESE FARMERS.

Curious Modes of Cultivation Among the Celestials.

The Chinese have been noted as farmers for more than four thousand years, and, since 2,000 years before Christ, the Emperor has started the plowing for the nation. The Festival of Spring Plowing is the great event of the Chinese year. At this time His Majesty, "The Son of Heaven," after fasting and praying in the temple of heaven, makes sacrifices to the god of agriculture. He comes from the hall of Intense Thought, out into the fields surrounding the temple grounds, and puts his royal long-gloved hands upon the rude plow, painted for the occasion with imperial yellow. Princes of the royal blood assist him while the water buffalo drags the rude machine through nine furrows, and couriers are sent forth to the farmers throughout the land to let them know that spring has begun, and that cultivation may commence. At the same time, all over China, the same ceremony is enacted by the chief officers of the various provinces. Every official in China is called upon to be a farmer, and the governors-general, the revenue commissioners, and the justices of the peace act as chief plowmen.

The water-buffalo, the most ungainly species of the cow genus in existence, is the chief draft-animal of China, and, at the opening of spring, a life-sized paper buffalo is carried, on a table, in a grand procession, with bands of music and with appropriate ceremonies, throughout the cities of the empire, in order to announce to the people that spring has begun. It is said that the millions of this great agricultural people are hard at work, and the smell of the newly-plowed ground rises from an area half the size of the United States. The greater part of China is cultivated like a garden, and the people are gardeners rather than farmers. The holdings are very small, ranging in size in some districts from one to ten acres, and there are thousands of families in China who live off one-acre farms. The people, as a rule, in the districts of North and South China, through which I traveled, do not live on the ground that they cultivate, but in villages. The men, women and children go out in the morning to work and come home at sunset. The women are traveling along the winding Peiho in a house-boat, through the great plain of North China, and I sometimes watched the sun rise, from their front door, on the water. At this time the fields, as far as the eye could reach, were spotted with processions of big-hatted, half-naked, yellow-faced men, trotting along with great hoes over their shoulders, and of not a few bare-headed women, some of whom had baskets resting above their Chinese waterfalls. There were few animals to be seen. The fields were not separated by fences, and the only boundary marks were little pieces of granite or sandstone, about a foot high and six inches square, set up at the corners of the fields. The plows in use were of the rudest possible description, consisting of a beam-handle and a share with a wooden stem, which was fastened to a sort of rest at the back. In some cases the share was tipped with iron, but I saw no furrows more than six inches deep, and in some places the plow merely scratched the ground. The work of the furrow was the depth of a furrow as the Western cowboy does his whiskey or the farmer's wife measures her cloth—a furrow is five or six inches deep. One of these plows costs about two dollars, and the rude rope harness, which is fastened to the neck of the buffalo by a wooden bow-like yoke, cannot be worth more than fifty cents. The work of the plow is done in the same inexpensive order, consisting, in some cases, of a hat and a waist-cloth, which comes far down as the knees, leaving the breast, shoulders and feet bare.

Many of these farmers use spades, or rather the spade-hoe, a long-handled instrument, which is used about four inches wide, and more than a foot long. Such harrows as I saw were each made up of a heavy stick, to which one row of stout wooden or iron teeth was fastened, and attached to the back of which was a handle, by which the harrower pressed the machine into the ground, in much the same way as our farmer holds his plow. I did not see the common harrow, but such instances are said to be common in the more poverty-stricken districts of the interior. There were, however, many women working in the fields in every part of China which I visited, and, at Fuchow, about a thousand miles or more south of Peking, I saw women hoeing and spading, whose wages were just two cents a day. These women were as hardy as the fish-wives of Paris. They had earings as big around as a tin cup, and their silver hair-pins were a foot long, and often a dozen in number. In the fields near Canton I saw a score of geese following a plow held by a bare-legged, pig-tailed farmer, and drawn by a mangy black buffalo, and, in another place, I visited I found pigs, chickens, ducks and geese by the thousands. —[American Agriculturist.

CATTLE STEAMERS.

Tribulations of the Sailors—Cruel Treatment of Cattle.

The wretched sailors on board the average cattle steamer suffer but little less than the brutes that incubate the decks, and on many vessels it is impossible to persuade the same crew to ship a second time. A tramp steamer in the business is a hell upon the water. Not only does overcrowding endanger the ship by making her too heavy and unmanageable, but so blocks and obstructs the deck that the crew are unable to attend properly to their duties. So greedy are the agents in their desire to increase the carrying capacity of their vessels that they have been known to raise the lifeboats high above the deck and build stables beneath them. In such a case what would become of a crew if it should be necessary to abandon the ship hurriedly? It is said that the captains are opposed to these risks, but the companies keep them in subjection with threats of dismissal if they refuse to obey orders. Common sailors can say nothing. There is a dog's lot. Once signed, they are at the mercy of their employer. It would fill you with pity, indignation, shame, to see the loading of a cargo of cattle. Most of the contracts between shippers and steamship companies provide that the loading shall be done between sunrise and sunset, but the agreement is broken nearly every day by one company or another. Recently a vessel was lying at Brooklyn, where she had been taking on a general cargo, flour, grain, cotton, etc. At 2 o'clock p. m. the agent sent word to the shipper that he was ready for his deckload of cattle. The day was cold and stormy. At 3 o'clock an old ferry boat, with 175 cattle on board, left the Communipaw Stock Yards, and half an hour later lay alongside the steamer. The rain came down in torrents, a cold stinging rain. The hoods of

the old boat had been torn away and the cattle were without shelter. The agent was not ready to receive them. Four o'clock came, and 5 and 6, and still he was not ready. Darkness set in, and the poor, shivering brutes continued to stand there in the pitiless storm. At half-past 9 the great man gave permission for the cattle to be driven on board. The drive was a torture. The gangway, owing to the difference in the level of the decks, was steep and the rain had made it slippery, but after much belaboring and prodding, and with many a fall and slip and scramble, the miserable creatures were forced to ascend to their prison. —[New York Tribune.

ORIENTAL JEWELRY.

The Natural Glare of Jewels Subdued by Inimitable Workmanship.

The reason why the colors in an Oriental brooch or bracelet are so perfect is precisely the reason why an old Oriental carpet is better than any other. An Asiatic hue is to be avoided, to be which glazes, have his eyes hurt and his brain heated by unsubdued effects of light. Consequently, though he dyes his wools in intense colors, having few others, he so combines them, so mixes them with black and with that dark cream which Europe has never caught the secret of, that the total result is full daylight on the patterns is entirely absent. It is precisely the same with the Oriental jewels. Their natural glare is kept down by combination and want of polish. The Asiatic who carved in jade and sunk deep inscriptions on the sapphire could have faced precious stones just as well as the cutters of Amsterdam, who till lately used no machinery; but he did not want to do so. He wanted subdued effects, and made of the garnet a carbuncle—which is a miracle of color without glare—or he cut off, as in many emeralds we have seen, a mere corner, so that the beholder, instead of being bothered with flashing green in his eyes, should peep at will into green depths. We do not say he was altogether right—as regards the diamond, which he wanted to be brilliant, but we may say that he knew his business, and when he failed intended to fail. His intense appreciation of turquoise was due not only to admiration for its color—which, after all, can be matched only by one or two flowers—but to its being the one gem that, for all its brilliancy of color, does not flash. To this hour the highest Asiatic knows the exact eye for the European can never do, because the light in it gives no pain, but reveals itself through a sort of dusky shade. The European has made lovely jewels, and will make lovelier, but he will never make the same jewels as the Asiatic, who with inimitable art will take from gold all its glitter without diminishing by one iota the perfection of its shade of color, and will hand you a bit of enamel in which the green is as bright as the emerald, and as restful to the eye as a piece of turf. The Oriental jeweler has another merit, too, and in it lies the secret of a possible great development in the demand for European jewelers' work. He always wears to his jewelry a certain amount of his gold is gold of unalterable purity, his silver truly silver of the standard, his stones the stones they professed to be, his work paid for at an understood and invariable rate. The consequence was that he made little, but that the market for his common wares never ceased, jewels of the "second" quality, in English sovereigns, were equally portable, nearly as capable of concealment, and as fixed in value. A great noble could fly from province to province with nothing but a casket, and not only always remain rich, but always be able to raise cash at a few hours' notice. So could a peasant, though his jewels would only be necklaces of silver and narrow bracelets of gold. Any money changer would trade them anywhere in Asia; and even if he traded on the applicant's necessity, he would not attack the quality of an article known to be unimpeachable. —[London Spectator.

Horseshoes for Luck.

"Never take the horseshoe from the door" is the advice given in a recently popular song, which proceeds to follow the injunction that while there the bit of iron will surely bring good luck. Be this as it may, there are certainly many thousands of people who to-day, while perhaps not superstitious in other things, are either believers in the adage, or else, for the sake of effect, in ornamentation employ the horseshoe as an emblem of good luck by giving it a prominent place in the household decoration. The great fad is to pick up a horseshoe in the street, and he who is thus "fortunate" is supposed, according to superstition, to secure extraordinary luck as long as the shoe remains in his possession. But all are not thus favored; and in order to secure a shoe to visit to the blacksmith or junkman is found to be necessary, making it especially profitable to the latter. A visit paid to a junk-shop at the West End a few days ago showed to what an extent this craze has reached. Among the odds and ends there classified were exhibited some hundreds of horseshoes in various conditions. In reply as to the final disposition of the shoes the junkman said: "I am not in the habit of selling them to blacksmiths or foundries, for the reason that I can make more profit in selling them to private parties for the purposes of ornamentation. In that pile there are many shoes almost new. They are brought to me by boys who pick them up in the street, by my collectors and others. I sort them over and get, on an average, 10 cents apiece for them, according to the shoe. Who buys them? Why, from the number of people who have patronized me I should say almost everybody. One man to whom I sold a shoe keeps it in his money drawer and says that it has made his business good, but I guess that his own strict habits have had something to do with it. It is funny how a superstition will take hold of people. Rich as well as poor are believers in the horseshoe. Go into the home of the former and you will find the horseshoe in its place over the door, handsomely gilded or otherwise otherwise ornamented, while a visit to the latter will find the shoe over the door, but in the same condition as when purchased. Another thing about the horseshoe according to tradition, the shoe must be hung with the open side up, so that luck will fall into it from above and find a safe resting-place. Should the shoe be hung open side down, it will not catch luck as it falls. So it goes, my particular luck in the possession of so many being the handsome profit which I derive, and know of a former 'old maid' who had waited long and patiently for a husband, but, up to a certain point, without success. She bought a shoe one day, hung it over her door, and to-day is a wife. Have a shoe?" said the junkman as the writer turned to go. "Thanks," was the reply, "I have two hung up at home." —[Boston Herald.

AMAZONS IN ACTION.

The Story of a Fight With Female Warriors in Dahomey.

A firm of Rouen, France, has received from a traveler who is actually at Kotonou, a letter, containing the following particulars about the attack by the Dahomians: During the last few days there had been about fifteen sharpshooters wounded. Something was expected, but gradually the watchfulness had become rather weak. The consequence was that the sentinels were fast asleep at 5.30 in the morning when the Dahomians advanced in snake-like glidings. They surprised the sentinels and cut off their heads. In the same manner the watchman of the battery was butchered. The artillery, quailed by an Amazon, a fine girl of 16, stabbed him with a poniard and cut his throat. The same fate happened to a brigadier, and also to a non-commissioned officer of artillery. Meanwhile the alarm had been given. The Senegalese riflemen arrived on the field and swept off the first ranks of the Dahomians. The bold young Amazons were caught, thrown to the ground, and her neck cut. At the same moment Governor Boyatt signaled to the gunboat at anchor off the battlefield. Immediately a hail-storm of bombs and Hotchkiss balls rained over the Dahomians, and caused them to take flight to the underbrush, leaving from 500 to 600 of their people on the ground. The amazons still constitute the best part of the Dahoman army. This corps of about 2,500 women is mainly recruited from young girls of the best families in Dahomey, designated by the caprice of the King for military service. They live in barracks like regular soldiers. One company of the amazon regiment bears the name of "razor virgins," because they are armed with razors five feet long, which are terrible weapons in African fights, and are used in time of peace to decapitate men sentenced to death by the Dahoman King, who also uses his amazons as public executioners. Another company is named "the big muskets," each woman soldier being accompanied by a large musket which she carries five feet long, which are terrible weapons in African fights, and are used in time of peace to decapitate men sentenced to death by the Dahoman King, who also uses his amazons as public executioners. Another company is named "the big muskets," each woman soldier being accompanied by a large musket which she carries five feet long, which are terrible weapons in African fights, and are used in time of peace to decapitate men sentenced to death by the Dahoman King, who also uses his amazons as public executioners. —[Kansas City Times.

WORKING IN HIS SLEEP.

A Peculiarity of the Late United States Senator Beck.

"It was overwork that had much to do with Senator Beck's death," says a writer in the New York World. "His mind was the best example of perpetual motion ever known to a human being. It worked even in his sleep. One day when the subject of brain-work was being discussed by a party of senators in one of the cloak-rooms Senator Beck is said to have told the following story concerning a peculiarity of his brain which he said he believed had done him a great deal of harm during his life. He said: 'I first noticed it when I was a boy going to school in Scotland. I had a strict old preacher for a tutor, and with a number of other boys, went to the parsonage to be educated. One night I was very sleepy and still had a long Latin lesson to get off. I tried hard to learn it, but before I was aware of it I was dozing. At the end of the lesson I read in a half dreaming condition, and with the Latin all in a jumble in my head, I went to sleep. I awoke the next morning with my head perfectly clear, and, strange to say, all the ambiguities in my difficult lesson were made plain, and I read the lesson without a balk. The same thing happened a second time, and I again found that when I went to sleep, with a confused idea of my lesson, learning it while half dozing, I awoke with all the knotty points unravelled. It became my custom after that to read my tasks over just before going to bed, and I never failed to have them in the morning. My strict old tutor said that I never got my sleep, but he thought the other boys must be helping me. At length I gave me a page of Livy to translate and told me if I did not have it for him the next morning he would flog me. He then forbade any of the boys to go near me, and watched my actions. I read the lines as usual that night before I went to sleep, and the next day I had them as pat as a piece of pie. I read the lesson the day after that. Well, the year passed and I found my faculty still clinging to me. I began to put too much faith in it and depended almost entirely on my mysterious helper. I found it grow weaker as I grew older, and, though I have such spells sometimes now, they are not frequent. I think I read the lesson the next morning, and I was surprised to find the lines and words of the subject as standing before my mind's eye, and without knowing the process, I work out the problem. I remember that a phrenologist examined the heads of my family some time ago, and they then wanted me to have my head put in his hands. Finally, more to oblige them than anything else, I consented to have my head examined. He examined my head and gave me a chart of it for \$5, or he would tell me my main characteristics for \$3. I told him \$3 worth was enough. He then felt all over my cranium and said that I would have made a good spiritual medium, and he told me that my mind was capable of working together with my body, and that I solved problems in my sleep. I gave the man \$5 for his knowledge, and I have had more faith in phrenology since then than ever before.'"

Monkey and Bull-dog.

Some species of the monkey family are held sacred by the Hindoos, with the result that the naturally mischievous animals become extremely familiar—so familiar, indeed, as to be really a nuisance, at least in the eyes of European residents. The adventures of "Thirty-Eight Years in India" gives an amusing account of an experience of his dog with one of these sacred mischief-makers: "The monkey took up his position day after day on the lower branch of a large mango tree, and there he remained, indifferent to all threats and intimidation; and this led to a delicious result. 'I have already mentioned Toby, my unparalleled bull-dog. From the nuisance of these sacred monkeys began to be annoying. Toby interested himself in making occasional raids upon the intruders, but with little effect, and he seemed quite distressed by his failures. 'One day I was standing with the dog by my side when I observed our friend old Toby take his seat as usual on the branch. As he allowed his tail to hang down it struck me, and I verily believe it struck Toby also, that although his body was out of reach, his tail might be grabbed. 'I spoke in a low tone to Toby; he seemed to understand, crouched, and very gradually approached the tree. The monkey remained immovable and apparently unconcerned, and the tail continued to hang temptingly down. 'Suddenly Toby made a rush for the tail. Everything bespoke a triumph long delayed. 'Alas! alas! The venerable monkey never moved, but as Toby's open mouth turned upward I read the lesson he studied, he quietly, but at the proper moment, lifted it up with his left hand, and a gentleman would raise his coat-tail to enjoy the fire, and stooping slightly forward, gave Toby a pleasant box on the ear with his right hand, looking at him as he passed with calm and satirical indifference. 'More amusing still was the fact that after the rehearsal the experiment was repeated more than once. I can still vividly recall the calm, philosophical indifference of the monkey, the calculating advance of the impassioned and yet baffled Toby, the repeated rush, the quiet elevation of the tail, and the insulating pat on the gasping cheek.'"

Happy Men.

The old Persians, who had many authors of singular power, gave the world the following proverb: "There are two men in the world who are perfectly happy; two men whose minds may be at rest. The first is the wholly ignorant man, who is happy because he thinks that he knows everything. 'The second is the really learned man, who is happy because he knows that there will always be something for him to learn.' This proverb suggests certain maxims which were the favorites of a Massachusetts clergyman, now dead, and which were as follows: "When a man knows not and knows that he knows not, he is a fool; slum him. "When a man knows not and knows that he knows not, he is simple; teach him. "When a man knows and knows not that he knows, he is asleep; wake him. "When a man knows and knows that he knows, he is wise; follow him."

Drinkers of Alcohol.

Did you ever see an alcohol drinker? Not a man who drinks whiskey with alcohol in its makeup, but a man who drinks the straight fluid without a drop of water to cool his case-hardened throat. There are men in Kansas City who drink pure alcohol every day of their lives. They reach a trembling hand for it when the last gulp at night carried to a fiery stomach more fuel. These characters are few. As compared with the whiskey drinker the man who drinks alcohol is something awful. It does not matter if the whiskey drinker indulges to excess—let him be the worst snot upon the earth

A Homely Virtue.

Corra, when she married Frank Boyce, was earnest in her anxiety to please the family, and to win their love. She was an orphan and alone. His mother, his sister, must love her at child, and his sisters take her in as one of themselves, or she would not be happy. She bought her gowns of the color which Frank said they preferred; she practiced her songs with fresh zeal upon hearing they were fond of music. She was an affectionate, generous girl, and eager for love. But when the wedding was over, and Frank and his wife arrived at his mother's house, there was a look of dismay in the eyes of her new relatives which they could not conceal. They tried to meet her appealing glances with a cordial welcome, but they could not be blind to the tear in her dress which was shining together, or to the green spots on her elegant cloak. When she came down that evening in her bridal dress to meet their friends, her face was bedaubed with white powder, and the skirts that peeped from beneath the satin gown were soiled. Corra Boyce never overcame the untidy habits of her youth. All her warm affections for her husband, her respect for a man who had respected her new kinsfolk for a woman who came to breakfast in curl-papers and a dirty wrapper. Her husband, who had seen her before marriage only in the drawing-room, was shocked, distressed, and at last out of patience with her slovenliness. She is an old woman now, and has married children, but she never has been able to understand why the love which she has given so generously to those dear to her never has been repaid in kind, nor why her children are ashamed when she meets their friends. She has undoubtedly made many efforts to change her personal habits in this regard, but such habits, when once firmly established by an untidy childhood and youth, are almost incurable in manhood and womanhood. She does not know, perhaps even now, that she lacks that homely quality of which Strebbing says, "It is a necessary virtue, the presence of which we do not notice in a woman, though its absence drives a man to a corner. Cleanliness assuredly comes next to godliness in winning respect for man or woman. The memory of good Sir Walter is more sweet and wholesome in the hearts of all men when they read of his scrupulous personal neatness, and who does not love cleanliness better for hearing that he "always looked as if he had just come from the bath?" Youth's Companion.

Tact in Managing the Boys.

A quaint story is told about Master Tommy Anderson, an old-time pedagogue. Once he taught a school in Farmington, where the boys had driven out the chief separator. He found that the grown-up girl, sassy and proud. The schoolmaster wore his hair in a cue, as was the fashion those days. When he was "doing a sum," with his head down, she tossed his cue back and forth as if it were a toy, much to the amusement of the scholars. Uncle Tommy said nothing but kept up quite a talking. He knew if he called out the girl's name and punished her, the big boys would rise and carry him out. So he adopted unusual tactics in conducting his campaign. He found a lot of long hair hanging up in a barn. From this he selected and smoothed out a bunch resembling a cue, and tied it up nicely with a ribbon. Taking this to the school-room early the next morning, he suspended it from the peg where the girl always hung her cloak and hood; then he commenced to set copies as usual. When she came in and spied the curious contrivance she looked surprised and puzzled. Quoth Master Tommy, in a mild tone of voice: "Miss, I have brought that bunch of hair for you to use as a plaything instead of my cue." The proud-spirited girl was humiliated before the whole school, and could not help crying. Uncle Tommy had won the victory by stratagem rather than by force of arms, and had no further difficulty with his scholars. —[Farmington (Me.) Chronicle.

HOW TO CHOOSE A NOVEL.

"I spent a whole hour to-day at the Public Library trying to choose a novel. It's such a nuisance. 'Oh, I think it easy enough. I just look at the last chapter. If I find rain softly and sally dropping over one or two lonely graves, I don't take it, but if the morning sun is glimmering over broad roads of white satin, I get it marked at once.' —Toronto Grip. To Dispel Colds, Headaches and Fevers, to cleanse the system effectually, yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs. The present is the time in which to live and to work. It is a time of re-creation and the future a phantasy. FITS STOPPED FREE BY DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No Fits after first day's use. MARRIAGE CURE. Treats all cases of the disease. Dr. Kline, 601 Arch St., Phila., Pa. The construction of a tunnel around Niagara Falls, to utilize its water power, is soon to be carried out. M. L. Thompson & Co., Druggists, Connersport, Pa., say Hall's Catarrh Cure is the best and only sure cure for catarrh they ever sold. Druggists sell it, too. If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell 25c. per bottle. Let us be content in work to do the thing we can, and not presume to fret because it's little. —U. 21.

You Need It Now

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF THAT CAN BE RELIED ON BE UP TO THE MARK Not to Split! Not to Discolor! BEARS THIS MARK. TRADE MARK. ELLULOID MARK. NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT. THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET. Hood's Sarsaparilla sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar.

Our Hannah Jane.

Our Hannah Jane was thin and weak, and why she let her hair and cheeks. We often thought—and thought with pain. With change of doctors, change of air, she sought for healing everywhere. And when our doctor, almost past, Favorite Prescription" tried, she ceased to pine, she ceased to moan. (There's joy, it gave us hope.) (Hannah Jane is good as gold.) Dr. Hecce's Favorite Prescription is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, that the manufacturer, that it will give satisfaction in every case, money will be refunded. The manufacturer has fully carried out in every guarantee, and fully carried out in every guarantee, and fully carried out in every guarantee. Dr. Hecce's Pills—cleanse and regulate the stomach, bowels and system generally. One a dose; purely vegetable. Canada proposes to place a duty on foreign books and pictures, and the London Illustrated papers are protesting. Dr. Tobias's Venereal Honeymoon. This invaluable remedy has only to be used to be appreciated. It is superior to any other article, or any. It is bottled at 90 cents. For the cure of lameness, sprains, galls, slipping, stiff, scratches, cuts, bruises, over-exposure, rheumatism, colic, sore throat, nail in the foot, etc., etc. All who own or employ horses are assured that this Liniment will do all, and more than is stated in curing the above named complaints. Upwards of forty years it has never failed to give perfect satisfaction in a single instance. Try it and be convinced. If your druggist or store-keeper does not keep it, send to us and we will forward promptly. Depot: Murray St., New York.

Dr. Tobias's Venereal Honeymoon.

The population of Brooklyn is estimated at \$30,612, an increase of 282,923, or very nearly 50 per cent. since 1880. We recommend "Tanall's Punch" Cigar. Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath. Dr. Tobias's Venereal Honeymoon. This invaluable remedy has only to be used to be appreciated. It is superior to any other article, or any. It is bottled at 90 cents. For the cure of lameness, sprains, galls, slipping, stiff, scratches, cuts, bruises, over-exposure, rheumatism, colic, sore throat, nail in the foot, etc., etc. All who own or employ horses are assured that this Liniment will do all, and more than is stated in curing the above named complaints. Upwards of forty years it has never failed to give perfect satisfaction in a single instance. Try it and be convinced. If your druggist or store-keeper does not keep it, send to us and we will forward promptly. Depot: Murray St., New York.

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