Fooling the Juggler.

An inquisitive reporter in New York, has had an interview with Miss Haidee Heller, half-sister to the late Robert Heller, the well-known conjuror. We make this extract: "Robert was very much interested in all foreign conjuring. I remember on the street in Hong-Kong one day he discovered a little, sleepy old Chinaman at a corner doing the ring trick, and doing it better than he could himself. He stopped, paid the Chinaman to give him a lesson, and the following day hunted up the China conjurer and showed him combinations and improvements on his own trick that made the pigtail on his astonished head vibrate with admiration."

"And about the Indian jugglers?"

"I could tell you a hundred stories of those strange creatures. Robert used often to mystify them and expose their tricks, to their great rage. We were lying off some miles away before Madras, on the steamship Sumatra, which had broken her shaft just as we left Madras for Ceylon, when a boat put off from shore with a party of natives to sell us fruits, and among them was one of their most famous men of mystery. He came on board, and it was suggested that he should perform there.

"Spreading some sand on the deck, he planted in it a mango seed, from which he produced a mango tree some eighteen inches high.

"Then he did some surprising things with a venomous cobra, which he carried rolled in the cloth about his loins, concluding with a very clever trick, in which two pigeons, one black and one white, which were made to vanish at will, to change from one basket to another. The captain urged Robert to do something to bother the man, who was very conceited about himself.

"So Robert suddenly asked to look at one of the pigeons. He took the white one. With a movement like lightning he pulled the head off the bird. He held the head in one hand, the quivering, struggling, dying bird in the other, and then threw them overboard.

"The commotion was frightful. The poor native shrieked and cursed, and gave vent to his rage in the choicest Bengalese.

"The mighty white magician looked with merry eyes at the juggler's distress. Then when the row was at its height and I began to feel uneasy about the issue of the prank, Robert suddenly raised his hands—oh, those beautiful, white, wonder-working hands. He mysteriously beckoned, as if summoning the dove from its watery grave, and pointed upward. (No one had looked overboard after the first dart of the bird into the water). There was the white dove circling round and round in the air; in one moment it alighted on the bit of carpet before its despondent owner, unharmed. Curses gave way to profound salaams and prayers that the great white magician might never die.

"And how did he do it? Why, simply by having in his hand one of his stage properties—a white dove's head—which had figured in a hundred tricks. Quick as thought he had turned the living dove's head under his wing. As we were so far from land, though set free, it returned to the ship."

Terrible Tragedy in a Farmer's Family

The *Morristown* (Tenn.) *Dispatch* says: The small country town of Sneadville, Hancock county, near here and away from railroad communication, has witnessed a tragedy that exhibits a curious phase of justice. About eight miles from the village there lived a few weeks ago a family of well-to-do farmers, called the Eppersons. The family consisted of the father, mother, four sons and two daughters. The father was a good man, but was occasionally under the influence of drink. At such times he was dangerous, surly and unmanageable. There had been some talk about the relations of the man and his wife, but it was generally believed that there was nothing serious between them.

A short time since Epperson came home one day under the influence of liquor, and at once began to quarrel with his wife. In a few moments they came to blows, and he was beating her very severely. At this juncture Joe, one of the sons, ran in, and seeing the state of things, went to the protection of his mother. He was a deformed man, having been born with only one arm. As he interfered in the fight the father turned from his wife and attacked Joe savagely, declaring he would kill him. Being hard pressed, Joe whipped out a knife and commenced cutting his father. In a few minutes the old man fell to the floor. In the meantime his elder brother had entered the room, and seeing Joe engaged in a deadly conflict with his father, determined to take his father's part. He, therefore, drew his pistol, and leveled it at his brother. Before he could fire his mother ran between Joe and the pistol, and received the ball in her breast. The son fired again, and this time struck his sister in the knee; and once again, this time giving a boy brother a flesh wound.

The fracas was stopped here by the condition of the father and mother. In a short time the mother died, having been shot by her eldest son. Before dying, she begged that her slayer should not be prosecuted, as he had killed her unintentionally, and she did not blame him for interfering for his father. The father died also, having been killed by his second son. It is said that before he died he also forgave his slayer, saying that the son was right to take the part of his mother. The sister, who had been shot in the knee by her eldest brother, died also.

Of course the terrible tragedy created intense excitement, even in this comparatively lawless county. A sort of preliminary trial of the men was had, and they were acquitted of any blame in the matter. The son who killed his father was held to have acted purely in self-defense, and the son that killed his mother and sister was held to have done so accidentally, while interfering to prevent the commission of an unlawful act. They were therefore put at liberty and have been at large ever since.

It is doubtful if the matter will ever come into court again. The sons express great sorrow over the affair, but are known to be pretty desperate characters.

Why He Came.

A gentleman who frequented a circus noticed a boy among the audience who was sound asleep every time he happened to be in. Curious to know why the urchin should resort to such a place for somniferous purposes, our friend went up one evening and accosted him:

"My little fellow, what do you go to sleep for?"

"I can't keep awake," rejoined the boy; "it is a terrible bore to see them doing the same thing every night."

"But why do you come!"

"Oh, I can't help it—I must come; I have got a season ticket!"

An Old-Time Conspiracy.

Sixty years ago there was dragged into the light of a London afternoon a woe-begone and squalid lot of men, known in history ever since as the Cato street conspirators. They had formed, after a series of deliberations in the lowest of pot-houses in different parts of the British metropolis, a plot to assassinate at one fell swoop the whole of his majesty's ministers, whose heads, severed from their bodies, were to be brought away in a sack provided for the purpose. The 23d of February was fixed for the accomplishment of this terrible crime, as it was known all over London that on that day a dinner, at which all the cabinet officers were to be present, was to be given at Lord Harrowby's house in Grosvenor square. The leader of this band of assassins was Arthur Thistlewood, who was the son of a substantial farmer in Lincolnshire, and had borne the king's commission both in a militia and a line regiment. But he was an inveterate gambler, and soon got rid not only of his own but his wife's fortune. He was dismissed the service and imprisoned for six months for sending a challenge to a superior officer. The conspirators hired a "loft" in Cato street, just off Edgware road, where they assembled that day to await the signal. After they had murdered the ministers, they were to scatter hand-grenades about the street, set fire to the Bank of England and the cavalry barracks, and see what followed. Fortunately, however, the ministers got word of the designs of Thistlewood and his gang, and the banquet was postponed; but the Archbishop of York, who lived next door to Lord Harrowby, happening to have a dinner-party that selfsame evening, one of the conspirators on guard, seeing the carriages roll toward the mansion, hastened to give the signal. He was closely followed by a party of the foot guards, under the command of Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, and by a detachment of the household brigade, under Lord William Lennox, who is, by the way, the only surviving participant of that day. The conspirators, all save one, were captured, and numbered nine persons. The leader alone escaped. When the officers were swarming up the ladder leading to the roof, Thistlewood ran a sword through the heart of one of them, jumped from a window, and got away; but the next day he was captured in bed by a Bow street runner, who thus gained a reward of $5,000. These conspirators were the last prisoners confined in the Tower of London. Each and every one of them was soon after beheaded; but to this day no one has ever discovered the identity of the "man in the mask," who, in the absence of the regular hangman—he declined to perform the task of decapitation—cut off the heads of the strangled corpses.

Paying for Vermin.

If a man pays his keepers for vermin so much a tail, he will very probably pay for a good deal that has not been been killed on his own land. But as vermin wander a good deal, if they have been killed in the district, it comes to much the same thing. If trappers on any estate are paid so much a head for what they may capture, they are very apt to borrow dead vermin from neighboring trappers who may be merely paid wages without any vermin allowance.

There is no better sport than a good rat hunt, with two or three ferrets and a couple of sharp terriers. Some time ago I went over to a stackyard built near a small stream; the banks of the stream were honey-combed with rats. We put in the ferrets, and the rats bolted, taking headers into the stream like frogs. We had a couple of trout landing nets with long handles, and as the rats swam down the stream we ladled them out for the terriers. Altogether, in stream and stacks, we killed some thirty or forty rats, and left them lying about. The farmer himself happened to be away on that particular day; but after we were gone one of the farm servants collected the rats, took them to his master, who paid for rats, and got the reward. This was fair enough. But that same morning these same dead rats were carried over to a neighboring farm, and the floor of an old barn was salted with the dead rats. After dark the man turned out with a lantern and some sticks, shut the door of the barn, and kicked up a row. The farmer came out to see what was the matter; the man opened the door, showed him the straw turned over, all the rat-holes stopped and a score or two of dead rats. He also paid for them. I don't know if these particular rats earned any more money. But if any of the neiguboring trappers were working on tail money, he probably would have the last pull out of them.

Fifty years ago the black rat (now extinct) was very common in houses. It lived all over the house—"up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber"—like mice; not like the gray rat, which is mostly confined to the drains and lower story. An old gentleman used to pay his son (a mere boy) so much a tail; sometimes the old gentleman thought the tails were a little dry and shriveled, and suspected they were not fresh caught—in fact, tails that he had seen before; so, when produced, he took to throwing them in the fire. The boy was a clever rat-catcher, and the rats were getting scarce; so, when he caught them, he cut off the tails merely, letting the old rat go to breed. So much for paying by tails!—*English Paper.*

An Ambitious Frontiersman.

Near the site of Old Fort Kearney, in Western Nebraska, there has resided for years a queer character who is well-known to the national representatives at Washington. At each recurring session of Congress, Mr. Moses H. Sydenham, for that is his name, appeals personally and through letters to Senators and Congressmen, to remove the national capitol to this, "the geographical center of the United States and the universe." He is a monomaniac on the subject, and has designated the exact spot with a framework of poles. Tourists who have time to do so, stop off at Kearney Junction, to view the scene of Jules Vernes' pen portrayals in "Eighty Days Around the World," visit the site of the old fort, and to have a chat with old Mr. Sydenham. We did not find him at home. Those, however, who informed us that he had gone to Washington, communicated several new and interesting facts about the old gentleman. In his last general circular to the Washington Solons, he guaranteed them that, in case they should decide to remove the capitol to this "geographical center," he would sell enough corner lots and adjacent territory to pay for all the expenses of removal, and leave a small balance for the national exchequer, after he himself had deducted three per cent. for transacting the very important business.—*American Agriculturist.*

A Boston merchant closed his store "for improvements," sunk the floor about a foot, and then advertised to sell goods lower than ever before.

A SINGULAR CASE.

A Man Swallows His False Teeth and Starves to Death After Seven Weeks of Agony.

One evening recently Levi Wagonseller, aged thirty-eight years, and employed in a cotton factory, entered a restaurant in Philadelphia to get supper. When about half through the meal he suddenly felt something sharp and pointed going down his throat, causing him intense pain. For a moment he thought he had swallowed a large and jagged piece of bone, but putting his hand to his mouth instinctively on feeling the pain, he found that his false teeth were missing, and he knew that it must have been they which had gone down his throat. The teeth were three in number. They were fastened to a silver plate, and had been in his mouth for many years. Recently the hooks holding them in place had worn loose, and the artificial teeth had annoyed him by falling from his mouth several times. Plate and all had gone down his throat, and he could feel them lodged against his breast. Alarmed and suffering intensely, Wagonseller went to his home, which was in a suburb of the city. He could eat no solid food, and for two days took nothing into his stomach. On the third day he managed to force down a little bread and milk. On this day the sufferer went to the University hospital to see Dr. Agnew, who, after examining him, seemed to have little hope of saving his life.

Wagonseller then came to Philadelphia to stop at his sister's house to receive treatment from her physician, Dr. Stewart, who was called upon to visit the patient on the fifth day after the occurrence. He advised him to take a swallow of gin as the readiest means of dislodging the teeth, which still remained in the throat. The patient followed his advice, and almost immediately felt the teeth going down. But this only led to a worse result. The teeth moved down and lodged about one inch and a half above the entrance to the stomach. Had they passed into the stomach, according to medical authority, the chief danger in the case would have been over. But lodging as they did the patient could swallow nothing, not even milk or water. It was absolutely impossible to get anything down his throat. Milk was recommended, but when it would be poured down as soon as the glass would be removed from his lips it would come back, exuding from ears, eyes, mouth and nostrils. The strangest of all was what followed. The man lived for seven weeks without swallowing a morsel of food or a drop of water. Even the juice of an orange he could not swallow. From a stout, hearty man, weighing probably 190 pounds, he dwindled away to a mere skeleton. His hands became horrible to look at by reason of their loss of flesh. Strangely enough, too, all the time the man, who was perfectly conscious and rational, had no appetite, no craving for food. The smell of victuals, he said, made him sick. From the time he went to his sister's house, four days after the accident, he had not stood on his feet, lying alternately on a bed and in an invalid's chair. This posture he kept, at the recommendation of his physician, until from lack of food he became so weakened that there was no option in the matter, and he had to lie all the time. Operations with an instrument was suggested by his physician, but this his sister would not consent to, unless assurance could be given that it would result in saving his life. This, of course, the physician could not promise, and no such operation was tried.

After being for over seven weeks without food Wagonseller died, death resulting from inanition, or, in other words, starvation. To the very last he had no appetite for food. The day before his death he began to get short of breath and told his relatives that he felt himself dying. Up to the last hour he retained his senses and talked freely about his case, instructing his relatives to have a post-mortem examination made upon his body. In accordance with his request the examination was made by Drs. Stewart and Agnew. The plate, with the teeth in it, was found about one inch and a half above the entrance of the stomach, the hooks firmly imbedded in the flesh. There were marks at certain intervals in the throat, showing the progress of the plate as it passed downward, the prints of the teeth being in several places plainly visible. Had the plate, which was about two inches long and an inch wide, passed into the stomach, in the opinion of the physicians it would have dissolved and the man's life been saved. As it was, the plate passed down the throat in a transverse form, and once lodged at the furthest point, displacement was impossible.

Why Chinamen's Coats Have Five Buttons.

"Why does the mantle of our national costume have five buttons, neither more nor less? This number was not fixed upon capriciously nor because of fashion. We Chinese wear it solely that we may keep in sight something to remind us of the five principal moral virtues which Confucius recommended to us so earnestly. These are: Jen, y, ly, tche and sin; that is to say: Jen, humanity; y, justice; ly, order; tche, prudence, and sin, rectitude, uprightness. You will perceive that humanity stands before all the other virtues. When one has humanity he knows and feels that the unfortunate are to be respected; he does not add trouble to trouble, sorrow to sorrow or misfortune to misfortune."

Why ladies' gloves have six buttons. Neither was our number fixed upon capriciously. It reminds us of our six cardinal principles recommended so earnestly by Worth. These are slam, bang, whang, hoo, doo and boo; that is to say, slam, never be out of the fashion; bang, always, if possible, be the first in it; whang, darn the expense; hoo, stick to long trains, high heels, and above all, corsets, till they kill you; doo, marry rich; and boo, marry anyhow. You will perceive that boo stands before all the other principles.—*New York Graphic.*

A Cheap Lightning Rod.

The discovery of an extremely simple and cheap means to protect houses from being struck by lightning has recently been announced in a French agricultural paper. This consists in the use of bundles of straw attached to sticks or broom-handles and placed on the roofs of houses in an upright position. The first trials of this simple apparatus was made at Tarbes, Hautes-Pyrenees, by some intelligent agriculturists, and the results were so satisfactory that soon afterward eighteen communes of the Tarbes district provided all their homes with these bundles of straw, and there have been no accidents from lightning since in the district. Probably such a "protector" would answer as well as any—in case the houses were not struck. There are a good many lightning-rods that won't bear that test.

Humming-Birds.

As an illustration of the luxuriant development of tropical nature, and the changes and varieties consequent upon natural selection, Mr. Wallace gives a detailed account of the family of the humming-birds. These beautiful little creatures are found only in America, and are almost exclusively confined to the tropical zone. There are 400 different species, the largest about the size of a swallow, and the smallest scarcely larger than a humble-bee. They live upon honey, which they extract from flowers, but require also a certain proportion of insect food. In Juan Fernandez, the humming-birds, which belong to a Chilian species, form a very good illustration in the changes through which they have passed, of variation and natural selection, the factors in these changes being abundance of food, and freedom from the competition of any rival species.

The tongue of the humming-bird is tubular and retractile; it is very long, and is capable of being extended far beyond the beak, and rapidly drawn back, so as to suck up honey from the nectaries of flowers and capture small insects. Seen in its familiar haunts poised on rapid wing in the vivid sunlight, the humming-bird gleams like a jewel with the iridescent hues of the amethyst, the ruby and the sapphire; but like the parrots of its native forests, the basis of its brilliant coloring is green, not a soft, silky green, such as adorns the parrot's neck and breast, but a bright, dazzling metallic hue, which seems to reflect every varying gleam of the sunshine.

The flight of these little creatures is inconceivably rapid. "The bird," Mr. Wallace says, "may be said to live in the air—an element in which it performs every kind of evolution with the greatest ease, frequently rising perpendicularly, flying backward, pirouetting or dancing off, as it were, from place to place, or from one part of a tree to another, sometimes descending, at others ascending."

Where Artesian Wells Abound.

A correspondent in Fountain Creek township, Iroquois county, Ill., writes as follows on the subject of artesian wells:

I will state that Iroquois county has not less than 500 or may be nearly 600 flowing artesian wells, of which nearly 200 are in the town of Watseka, the county seat of Iroquois. The soil of the northern part of the county is mainly a rich, black, sandy loam from two to two and a half feet deep, with mostly a yellow clay, more or less mixed with some gravel, from three to twelve and fifteen feet deep. After this comes a soft blue clay at variable depths, say 100 and 150 feet, with sometimes but little change. Sometimes a small vein of sand is struck at a depth of from forty to seventy-five feet, which contains sufficient artesian water to flow to the top; but after the boring is continued again through the blue clay to the depth of seventy-five to 150 feet from the surface, then they strike a second vein, which is most always the strongest and will make a stronger and higher flow. I have not heard of any rock ever being found. Generally the flow is about two inches, in which a one and one-quarter inch gaspipe is put down from top to bottom, when comes the operation of pumping sand, after which the water will flow, though it is sometimes the case that the water will not raise quite high enough to flow. The strength of the flow of these wells is quite variable—from the size of a straw to a three-inch stream. The general surface of this artesian country is rather flat, and the ravines on the prairie are few and not deep. Some creek banks are only at the most eight to ten feet deep; in the timber somewhat deeper. The cost for boring and tubing with one and one-quarter inch pipe now does not amount to over fifty to sixty cents per foot instead of the former high prices.

Chrystal's "Xylophonics."

A pink-cushion—A rosy cheek.

The ink-quell—A piece of blotting-paper.

A continual stoning will wear away a drop.

A blister is not the only thing a man has at his tongue's end when he puts the wrong end of a cigar in his mouth.

A year-old baby with a powerful pair of lungs is often the cause of a dire domestic conflict—a regular Crymean war, as it were.

The man who is, was and might have been just as bad as he possibly could be, becomes worse when he strikes a nest of wood bees.

When a man commences to bore you by expatiating on a metaphysical subject while you are trying to write a column editorial, you feel all over like a sensitive tooth when a dentist is digging around it.

We cannot understand why a dentist persists in asking questions of a patient whose mouth is filled with a napkin, a sheet of rubber, several clamps, three fingers and that horrible instrument of torture, the revolving drill.—*Hackensack Republican.*

"See here," said an eccentric old man to an office boy who had brought a doctor's bill to him. "See here; tell your master that I'll pay him for the items of medicine charged in this bill, but as for the visits, why—I'll return them!"

The True Way to Invigorate.

The true way to invigorate a feeble system is to infuse activity into the operations of the stomach, that wondrous alembic in which the food is transmuted into the constituents of blood, the chief element of our vitality. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, because it accomplishes this end, is greatly to be preferred to many so-called tonics, useful indeed as appetizers, but inoperative as aids to digestion and assimilation. This sterling cordial, while it invigorates the stomach, healthfully stimulates the liver, bowels and kidneys, ensuring the escape through the regular channels of effete and useless matter thrown off by the system, which is thus purified as well as invigorated by it. Its tonic influence is soon made manifest by an increase of vital energy and a more active and regular discharge of every physical function, and it has the further effect of rendering the system unassailable by malarial epidemics.

We have received from the Advertising Agency of Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., No. 10 Spruce street, New York, a copy of their Newspaper Directory for January, 1879, a work of over 500 pages, which bears the stamp of neatness and accuracy. The book is invaluable to business men and advertisers.—*The Pendulum, East Greenwich,* (R. I.) *Jan.* 31, 1879.

Children do not die of the croup to whom Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs is administered. Parents will do well to remember this fact and keep a medicine, which saved so many lives, in the house ready for an emergency. The Balsam overcomes a tendency to consumption, strengthens weak and heals sore lungs, remedies painful and asthmatic breathing, banishes hoarseness and cures all bronchial and tracheal inflammation. If you have a cough, use it "early and often." All druggists sell it.

We have received of George P. Rowell & Co., their Newspaper Directory for the quarter, issued January. It is a neat volume and of great value.—*Southern Ægis, Ashville, Ala., Jan.* 29, 1878.

Flesh as a Fertilizer.

I was recently shown a grapevine that promises to cover one side of the Scottsville (N. Y.) flour-mill. The proprietor stated that the original owner drove to Rochester forty years ago with the hams of twenty sheep, but, fancying the price offered too low, brought them home and hung them in the attic. A few years since the present owner found ye olden mutton still unmarketed, and ordered it buried at a proper distance from the vine that now displays such remarkable vigor. Deceased animals are often used as a fertilizer with satisfactory results, being quartered and buried near fruit trees and vines. The distance at which the roots of trees will receive such nourishment is with dwarfs from ten to fifteen feet, with standard apples, fifty to 100 feet, or sometimes further, depending on age and vigor.

Two years ago I buried a large dog, supposed to be affected with hydrophobia, eighteen inches deep, near fruit trees and plants, expecting them to be fertilized thereby. The year following I set a row of monarch strawberries directly over the place of burial. All the plants over the decayed body, and near it on either side, died after repeated planting; those next nearest were feeble, but those adjoining these were vigorous. This was as I had anticipated. I have known large apple trees to be destroyed by the application of fertilizers in excess. The latter case was where manure had been composted regularly on all the soil occupied by the roots, but not high about the trunk.

The poetry of fruit-eating is marred by the knowledge that the plants or trees have been nourished by the decayed bodies of mad dogs and distempered cattle; but the facts of the case tend to dispel such sentiments. Instances are recorded where vegetables seemed to be flavored offensively by odorous fertilizers, but I think such flavor was received by actual contact with the fertilizer, and not by anything absorbed by the feeding-roots. Flesh is reduced in nature's laboratory to the pure elements before it is available as plant-food. The most economical method of utilizing the dead bodies of animals would be in burying in the compost heaps, were it practicable.—*Charles A. Green, Monroe county, N. Y.*

The Crowning Discovery.

All the "phones" of this phonetic age are surpassed in practical benefit to mankind by the discovery of Allan's Anti-Fat, the great and only known remedy for obesity or corpulency. It produces no weakness or other unpleasant or injurious effects, its action being simply confined to regulating digestion, and preventing an undue assimilation of the carbonaceous or flesh-producing elements of the food. Sold by druggists.

ELLSWORTH, Kan., July 13th, 1878.

BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Gentlemen—Allan's Anti-Fat reduced me seven pounds in one week.

Yours respectfully, MRS. TAYLOR.

Rowell's Newspaper Directory.—This publication, for 1879, has just been received, and is an improvement on any of the former editions. It shows a vast amount of care and labor, and reflects infinite credit upon the enterprising firm by which it is compiled. The price of the book is $5. It should be in the hands of every general advertiser.—*Hagerstown Mail, Hagerstown, Md., Jan.* 31, 1879.

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"MATCHLESS"
Wood Tag Plug
TOBACCO.
THE PIONEER TOBACCO COMPANY,
New York, Boston and Chicago.

Among American manufactures, few have done our country as much credit as the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs, which have been acknowledged best at all great world's exhibitions for many years. See advertisement.

We have received the new volume of the Newspaper Directory from Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., New York. It is a good thing.—*Fountain & Journal, Mt. Vernon, Mo., Jan.* 30, 1879.

TESTED BY TIME.—For throat diseases, colds and coughs, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have proved their efficacy by a test of many years. Twenty-five cents a box.

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

A Safe Companion.

This is a trying season for invalids, particularly those suffering or liable to suffer from Biliousness, Kidney Complaints and Constipation of the Bowels, and to women subject to the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to their sex.

Indications of sickness should at once be attended to. Fatal disease may be caused by allowing the bowels to become constipated, and the system remain in a disordered condition. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, is an old and truthful saying. Therefore we advise all who are troubled with complaints now so common—indigestion, disordered liver, want of appetite, constipation of the bowels and feverish state of the skin, to take without delay Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY. It only costs one dollar a bottle. Positively there is no medicine so harmless and yet so decisive in its action. People leaving home at this season of the year should not fail to take a bottle of this medicine with them. It has an almost instantaneous effect, relieving the person of headache in a few minutes, and will rapidly cleanse the liver of surrounding bile; and this excellent medicine is for sale by all our druggists.

☞ When inquiring of your druggist for this new medicine, avoid MISTAKES by remembering the name, Dr. *David* KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, and the PRICE, which is only ONE DOLLAR a bottle, and that the Dr.'s address is Rondout, N. Y.—[Ed.

WHEN LIFE is embittered by Dropsy, Kidney, Bladder or Urinary Complaints, Bright's Disease, Gravel or General Debility, take HUNT'S REMEDY. Retention of Urine, Diabetes, Pain in the Side, Back and Loins, Excesses and Intemperance, are cured by HUNT'S REMEDY. All Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs are cured by Hunt's Remedy. Family Physicians use Hunt's Remedy. Send for pamphlet to WM. E. CLARKE, Providence, R. I.

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