Mill, Steamboat, Mining and Railroad Supplies.

Our Machine Belting has caused a high reputation to follow it for its superior quality.

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At this season of the year many complaints prevail, and it is a fact that Cotes' Life of Man Bitters and Invigorating Syrup, when taken according to all rules, we can safely say, has never failed to give satisfaction.

Cotes' Life of Man Bitters, AND INVIGORATING SYRUP.

They meet your case directly, by purifying the blood, enlivening the spirits, strengthening the system, and arousing to action the sluggish liver, creating a desire for food and toning up the whole system. Hundreds of testimonials can be shown that they have given such wonderful satisfaction and have made such healthy cures that we feel warranted in recommending them to the public as the best family medicine in use.

Cots's Cough Balsam for all Coughs, Colds, etc. 25 cents per single bottle, or 3 bottles for 50 cents. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

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Hides and Calf Skins,

AND SHEEP SKINS.

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No. 1,	25 in.	250 lbs.	250 yds	$25 00
No. 2,	27 in.	300 lbs.	300 yds	36 00
No. 3,	30 in.	400 lbs.	400 yds	50 00
No. 4,	34 in.	700 lbs.	700 yds	75 00
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B. CLEVELAND, Auctioneer for Kings County,

The undersigned, having had years of experience in the auction business, is prepared to attend sales in any part of the County, and is confident of giving satisfaction. All parties who contemplate making Auction Sales would do well to give me a call, as it is well known that it requires much experience in the business in order to give satisfaction to parties having sales.

Terms made easy.

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THE HOME.

God Knoweth.

BY A. M. CHARLESWORTH.

Dear little feet! In after years
To tread Life's path 'mid smiles or tears,
With gleeful laugh or anxious fears?
Who knoweth?

O little hands, scattered out in play!
What shall they grasp each passing day,
Things that will last, or fade away,
Who knoweth?

Sweet baby eyes, with questions bright?
What will they learn to read aright,
Here, where earth's troubles dim the light?
Who knoweth?

Where leads thy path from this fair morn?
Through desert land with stone and thorn,
Or 'mid the flowers and golden corn?
Who knoweth.

We cannot tell; our love for thee
Yearns to look on—it may not be!
Sweet comfort, though we cannot see,
God knoweth.

Only keep close to Christ's dear side,
Through flowery glade or surging tide,
And safely homeward he will guide—
God knoweth.

The Perfect Wife.

Some years after Edmund Burke's first marriage he presented the following eulogium to his wife, of whom it is said to have been a perfect pre-picture. If the sketch is perfect it is a distinct approximation of mental and physical perfections difficult to attainment and of undoubted parity, it may at least be commended to our readers of the male persuasion as portraying the qualities most to be desired in a partner for life.

"She is handsome, but it is beauty not arising from features, from complexion, or from shape. She has all three in a high degree, but it is not by these she touches a heart; it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence, and sensibility which a face can express that forms her beauty. She has a face that just raises your attention at first sight; it grows on you every moment and you wonder it did no more than raise your attention at first. Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe when she pleases; they command, like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her stature is not tall; she is not made to be the admiration of everybody, but the happiness of one. She has all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy—she has all the softness that does not imply weakness. Her voice is as a soft, low music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has this advantage—you must come close to her to hear it. To describe her body describes her mind—she is the transcript of the other; her understanding is not shown in the variety of matters it exerts itself, but in the goodness of the choice it makes. She does not display it at all in saying or doing striking things, but in avoiding such as she ought not to say or do. No person of so few years can know the world better; no person was ever less corrupted by the knowledge. Her politeness flow rather from a natural disposition to oblige than from any rules on that subject, and therefore never fails to strike those who understand good breeding and those who do not. She has a steady and first mind, which takes no more from the delicacy of the female character than the solidity of marble does from its polish and lustre. She has such virtues as make us value the truly great of our own sex. She has all the winning graces that make us love the faults we see in the weak and beautiful in here."

The Every-Day Life.

It is our every-day life that decides what kind of Christians we are. We cannot form a proper estimate of Christian character by seeing our friends now and then, or passing a day or two in their society at intervals.

We are generally thrown into the society of our friends upon pleasant occasions. We met them upon life's holidays oftener than in the usual routine of daily duties. We greet them upon social occasions when they are prepared to meet us with pleasant words and loving smiles. It is easy then to smile and speak kindly. It is easy to wear a cheerful look when the burden and task are put away from them, and when free from the influences that chafe and fret the body and soul.

Divine grace is not always required upon occasions like this to win the good opinion and approval of others. There is often enough natural goodness about human beings to bring to the surface of their lives these genial graces which charm other eyes and win the respect and confidence of those with whom they come in contact.

Not so, however, in the every-day life. Divine grace alone can sustain the soul when the burden is heavy, and care and trial meet us at every step. There is not enough moral strength in the heart of humanity to sustain it when the body is weary, and the poor, weak arms just ready to let fall the burden. When trial, discouragement, and disaster all combine to render the life-path dreary, then the blessed faith in Christ alone can hold those unpleasant influences in check and still the troubled waters. With the "abiding Comforter" in the soul, it is as easy to smile and appear cheerful in adverse circumstances as for the worldling to be happy in the hours of peace and prosperity.

It is our every-day life that builds up our Christian character. If we overcome the daily annoyances of life we grow strong and heroic, and it soon becomes a pleasant task to do, bear, and suffer. The service of Christ is one that grows lighter, and more pleasant as the years go by. It never galls or inflicts needless wounds upon those who are engaged in it.

It is our daily life that exerts a lasting influence over the world. It is this that tests the value of religion, and proves to others that it is pure gold, and not a mere profession. It weighs and measures the golden treasure in a way which proves its great worth, and the sceptic himself stands confounded and silenced.

A holy every-day life is the constant practice of the divine principle which saves, lifts up, and elevates the human soul.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

A Perfect Baking Powder.

The great success of the Royal Baking Powder is due to the extreme care exercised by its manufacturers to make it entirely pure, uniform in quality, and of the highest leavening power. All the scientific knowledge, care and skill attained by a twenty years' practical experience are contributed toward this end, and no pharmaceutical preparation can be dispensed with a greater accuracy, precision and exactness. Every article used is absolutely pure. A number of chemists are employed to test the strength of each ingredient, so that its exact power and effect in combination with its co-ingredients, is definitely known. Nothing is trusted to chance, and no person is employed in the preparation of the materials used or the manufacture of the powder, who is not an expert in his particular branch of the business. As a consequence, the Royal Baking Powder is of the highest grade of excellence, always pure, wholesome and uniform in quality. Each box is exactly like every other, and will retain its power and produce the same and the highest leavening effect in any climate, at any time. The Government Chemists after having analyzed all the principal brands in the market, in their reports placed the Royal Baking Powder at the head of the list for strength, purity and wholesomeness, and thousands of tests all over the country have further demonstrated the fact that its qualities are, in every respect, unrivaled.

THE FARM.

Don't Plant Too Early.

We have often noticed that even when spring is very late, sometimes nearly a month late, the first of August or of September does not come any later than usual. The growing season, especially in the Northern States and Canada, is a very short one. Most plants do there growing within two or three months. Corn, for instance, often does not get a fair start before the 20th of June, sometimes not before the 1st of July, but it attains its full growth by the middle of August, and after that gives itself up to the ripening of the grain.

We wish to caution our readers against being enticed by a sudden and promising opening of the spring, either to prepare the ground for planting or to put in the seed before the proper time. There are some exceptional soils, sandy and warm, that will bear turning up at almost any time, but far more attention than is most should be given to the condition of the ground before disturbing it. To plough or to spade up a heavy soil too early in the season before it has had the benefit of the spring sunshine, and while it is still wet, will make its cultivation more difficult and will greatly retard the growth of the seed. The clods instead of being pulverized will be partially petrified, and the earth itself will hinder instead of promoting vegetation.

But a caution against too early ploughing and digging is not more needed than against too early planting. Until the body of the earth has become warm and sufficiently dry to allow free passage to the air, it is of no use to sow the seed. Every farmer and gardener can draw from his own experience a lesson of warning in this direction. Who has not at some time, in his desire to secure an early crop, taken the first warm spell to put in his seed, and then waited impatiently to see it come up, and waited until he found it necessary to plant over again. The ground was too cold or too wet, or a cold rain has fallen upon the freshly planted seed, and given it a chill, from which it never recovered. It died in the ground. Even when it has come up and had what appeared a good start, it has had a check that injured it permanently. The best place for corn and most garden seeds before the spring-time has fairly come, is a dry, warm place in the house or in the granary.

Every farmer and every one who has a garden, must make his arrangements for doing a great amount of work in the very commencement of the season; but while some work can be done to advantage whether the season be early or late, ploughing, and making garden, and planting, should not be done excepting when the earth is in the right condition. The more haste the less speed will apply to this as well as to many other matters.—*Exchange.*

—Just at this season, before the leaves come out, an inspection of young apple and pear trees which have been making but little growth, will very likely show little white spots on the bark, which easily scale off when the thumb nail or a knife is used, leaving a reddish smear. The scale, like a tent covers the eggs or progeny of a female scale louse, which will, in June, invisibly to common eyes, begin to run about, seeking the new growth on which to feed. They drain this of the sap which should make new wood, or of some of its essentials; for the wood on which they exist on the bark is always very brittle, open, and imperfect, and very little of it forms. A brushing with coal oil before the buds open, destroys these vermin even under their scales; it is not a safe application on leaves or young growth, but can be freely and safely used on the firm bark before the buds swell.

Seasonable Reminders.

Clean up and burn all rubbish about the premises, whether in the yard, field or fence corner, and thus destroy many insect pests.

After the ground is prepared for cabbage and similar crops, kill the cut worms by distributing cabbage leaves dipped in a solution of Paris green over the surface in rows 15 or 20 feet apart, and about the same distance apart in the row. Of course care must be taken that domestic animals do not have access to the poisoned leaves. As warm weather approaches, remember the remark of Prof. Lintner that, as a general rule the best time to attack our injurious insects is when they are just from the egg, and so delicate that they may easily be destroyed. Spare the birds; during these spring months they are of incalculable benefit in destroying insect pests. Harrow fields infested with white grubs several times to expose the pests to the sharp eyes of blackbirds, robins etc. Watch the currant and gooseberry leaves for eggs of the imported saw-fly, and pick them. They are laid in rows on the under side of the veins of the lower leaves. Also as soon as any small holes appear in the foliage, apply white hellebore, a tablespoon to a pail of water, by fountain pump, garden syringe or sprinkler.—Ex.

TEMPERANCE.

The Stolen Picture.

A woman was walking along the street of one of our cities. She was poorly dressed; her face was marked with sadness. She carried a frame picture under her arm. Her step was quick, and she seemed nervous. As she turned around a corner an official laid his hand on her shoulder, and said, "What do you carry, dear lady?"

"Only picture, sir—one of my children."

"Let me see your picture."

"It is my own, sir," she answered.

"Well, you will come with me, and we will see," he continued. He then escorted her to a police-station. She still held to the picture. She was put on trial. A picture-dealer appeared against her. A jury was hastily collected to hear the case, the judge took charge of the picture. He looked at it, then at the face of the woman. The picture was that of a beautiful little girl. The woman still carried in her countenance the remains of a refined and noble expression.

"Well, madame," said the judge, "the portrait is an excellent one. I admire your taste very much. You certainly are a lover of fine arts. But this cannot excuse you. You might be excused for stealing bread, if you were hungry; or for sneaking out, if your family were freezing. But why did you venture into this man's store and take the fine painting?"

"I will speak a word, if your honor will permit," answered the lady, in a soft and melancholy tone. "I do not expect my reply to gain me any mercy, but it will explain. I once had a good home; my husband was kind; we were happy. We had a little daughter. She was our joy; O, she was dear. What sweet days those were. But they came to an end. A saloon was started in our town. My husband began to drink; he could not quit; the drinking ran us into debt; my husband could earn no more money. At last he died. After a while my daughter also died. I was left alone. It was not long after my loved ones were taken from me till the shock came, and my home, with all that was in it, was sold. I was left without anything. But I felt so much lost, I cared but little for anything, except the picture of my daughter. It was sold. I tried to buy it back again, but I could not find it. And for long and weary years I have lived in my loneliness. But as I passed along the street, I looked into a store, at the door of that man's gallery, and my daughter's picture met my eye. I told the man I wanted it, but he believed me not. I watched till I got a chance, and slipped into the store, and brought it away. And now I submit to punishment; any punishment you may lay on me; only let me have the picture. Will you not? O, will you not let me have my daughter's picture?"

The men were overwhelmed with the simple touching statement of the broken-hearted mother. No one was willing to convict. All asked to be excused. And they stepped out, each with a melted heart.

"Here," said the judge, as the woman sat before him, now left almost alone, and he gave her the picture, "there is no one to claim it but you. And take this, too," he continued, and handed her a ten-dollar bill. The woman bowed her thanks and departed.

Saloon-keeper, come and behold the scene. The dishonored grave; the desolate home; the darkened pathway of the widowed wife; the bleeding heart of the bereaved mother. Behold the scene till the tears furrow your cheeks, and the sense of guilt make you groan; till you lock up the dram shop, never again to be opened, and your hand refund the property you have taken by fraud from wives and widows and orphans.

Regulating the Elephant.

Everybody had heard that the great elephant was loose, and several families whose gardens he had torn up and whose boys he had trampled upon were certain of it. There was great excitement, and the town held a meeting to decide what should be done. They did not want to exterminate him; in fact, many of them did not believe that they could exterminate him, for he was a pretty big elephant. Besides, he was useful in his proper place—in shows, in India and in story-books.

"Our best plan is to try and regulate him," said an enthusiastic speaker. "Let us build toll-gates all along the route we find he is going to take, and make him pay—"

"Yes, but that leaves him roaming round," shrieked an old woman. "And I don't want want my boy killed."

"Keep your boy away from him; that's your business. Why, madam, don't you know that an elephant's hide and tusks are valuable for mechanical and surgical purposes, and that he is useful in India? Besides, there's the toll he will pay. We shall by this means get money enough into the public treasury to build schools for a good many boys who are not trampled to death."

"That's the plan. Regulate him! Regulate him!" shouted the crowd.

So they appointed a great many committees, and drafted constitutions and by-laws, and circulated petitions, and by the time the elephant had killed several more boys and trampled down a quantity of gardens, they had erected very comfortable toll-houses for the gate-keepers and gates for the elephant; and then they waited in great satisfaction to see the animal regulated.

Slowly the great feet tramped onward; slowly the great proboscis appeared in view; and, with a sniff of contempt, the elephant lifted the gate from its hinges and walked off with it, while the crowd stared after him in dismay.

"Well!" exclaimed the keeper, catching his breath, "we haven't made much money so far, but the regulatin' plan would have been first rate if the elephant hadn't been a leetle stronger than the obstruction."

The elephant's name was whiskey.

Brushes. Brushes.

White-Wash, Kalsomine, Paint, Varnish, Scrub, Stove, Shoe, etc.

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DIAMOND DYES,

CELERY PEPPER,

—AT WHOLESALE.—

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BOX OF GOLDEN NOVELTIES, 12 fast selling articles, and 12 single water pens, all by return of mail, for 25c. or nine 3c stamps. Fine page of fast-selling articles to agents for 3c. and this ad.

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