INFANTILE Skin & Scalp DISEASES cured by CUTICURA Remedies.

INSTANT LEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants suffering from torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood with loss of hair, from infancy to age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA Soap, an exquisite skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin, scalp and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula.

Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Scald Head, Dandruff, Baldness, Barber's Itch, Nursing Sore Nipples, Chafings, Chapped Hands, Scaly Skin, Scalp and Blood Humors, Eczema, Boils, Tetter, Ulcers, Pimples, Blotches, Blisters, Itching, Burning and Painful Eruptions, Scaly and Crusted Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

INSTANT PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-subduing plaster, 25c.

INSTANT PAINS Backache and Weak Kidneys cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, an instant pain-subduing plaster, 25c.

VOICE CULTURE.

MISS JANE D. HITCHENS,

Pupil of Mr. L. P. McGILL, of Boston, Mass.

Will open a class in vocal music in St. John September 1st.

Miss Hitchens has had YEARS OF EXPERIENCE in teaching with great success. She uses the Method of Mr. McGill, who is taught by the best masters on the continent and America.

TERMS MODERATE. SPECIAL RATES to pupils coming from a distance.

For terms and particulars address Hebron, N. B., or number of Residence.

1887.—APRIL.—1887.

OUR NEW SPRING GOODS

WHOLESALE TRADE.

MESSRS. DANIEL & BOYD desire to briefly recall the attention of Dry Goods Merchants to their immense collection of New Spring Goods selected with special care to meet the requirements of the Lower Provinces.

We carry by far the largest stock of Dry Goods to select from and now offer many choice and novel designs confined exclusively to ourselves for this market.

We believe that a critical examination of our stock will prove that our prices will compare favorably with the cheapest, and further that for variety of designs and richness of colorings our stock is not surpassed by any in the Dominion.

Orders given to our Travellers, or sent by post receive careful attention and quick despatch.

DANIEL & BOYD.

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE partnership heretofore existing between Arthur F. Tippet and W. F. Burditt, under the name and style of TIPPET BURDITT & CO., has been dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. A. F. Tippet assumes all liabilities in connection with Grange's Commission Branch, and will collect all accounts due same. Mr. W. F. Burditt assumes all liabilities in connection with the Farm Machinery Branch, and will collect all accounts due same.

ARTHUR F. TIPPET.
WM. F. BURDITT.

Referring to the above notice I beg to announce that the business of Manufacturers' Agents and Commission Merchants will be conducted under the same style of Arthur F. Tippet & Co. at the old stand, 3 and 4 North Market Wharf, and would respectfully solicit for the new firm the same liberal patronage so kindly bestowed on Tippet, Burditt & Co.

ARTHUR F. TIPPET.

Referring to the above notice I beg to announce that the Farm Machinery business will be continued as heretofore at the old stand, 3 and 4 North Market Wharf, by the undersigned, who will collect all accounts due the late firm of Tippet, Burditt & Co., and will pay all liabilities of Farm Machinery.

WM. F. BURDITT.

ISAAC ERB,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

13 Charlotte Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

An Article Required in Every Home.

A Neat Ash NIGHT COMMODE, an indispensable article to the bed-chamber. Secure, packed for shipment. Circulars sent on application to

J. & J. D. HOWE,
Furniture Manufacturers,
Market Building, Germain St.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Post Office &c., Bath, Gulf Shore, N. B.," will be received at this office until Thursday, 12th July, 1888, for the several work required in the erection of Post Office, &c., at Dalhousie, N. B.

Specifications and drawings can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of W. S. Smith, Esq., Harbor Master, Dalhousie, N. B., on and after Friday, 22nd June, and tenders will not be considered unless made on the forms supplied and signed with actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to *five per cent of amount of tender* must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

by order,

A. GOBEIL,
*Secretary.*

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 26th June, 1888. 26-27

MENEELY & COMPANY
WEST TROY, N. Y., BELLS
Favorably known to the public since 1826. Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells; also, Chimes and Peals.

McShane Bell Foundry.
Finest Grade of Bells.
Chimes and Peals for CHURCHES, Chimes, Tower CLOCKS. Fully warranted; satisfaction guaranteed. Send for price and catalogue.
HENRY McSHANE CO., BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. Mention this paper.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.
Superior Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, &c. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free.
VANDUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.


### Asking.

O Heavenly Father, Thou hast told
Of a gift more precious than pearls and gold;
A gift that is free to every one,
Through Jesus Christ, Thy only Son,
For His sake give it to me.

O give it to me, for Jesus said
That a father giveth his children bread,
And how much more Thou wilt surely give
The gift by which the dead shall live!
For Christ's sake give it to me.

I can not see, and I want the sight;
I am in the dark, and I want the light;
I want to pray, and I don't know how;
O give me Thy Holy Spirit now!
For Christ's sake give it to me.

Thou hast said it, I must believe;
It is only "ask" and I shall receive.
If Thou said it, it must be true,
And there's nothing else for me to do!
For Christ's sake give it to me.

So I come and ask, because my need
Is very great and real indeed.
On the strength of Thy word I come and say,
O, let Thy Word come true to-day!
For Christ's sake give it to me!

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

### The Ghost of Miggs' Hollow.—A Story for the Fourth of July.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

A new minister had arrived at Hunchman's Landing. This was a mining district in the old California days of the "fifties," when the gold fever was at its height and raging with exhaustless excitement.

Nearly every day a company of gold seekers would strike some spot where it was fancied that indications were favorable for finding the precious ore, and here men would throw up rude dwellings and live almost any way while engaged in the eager search. Some weird incident, some story told at night, or some peculiarity at a thing to a locality, would generally suggest a name for each new settlement.

When the first company of men who decided to remain there reached Hunchman's Landing, one of their number remarked it was "about time to hit some landing." Whereupon another observed that the hillock yonder looked "for all the world like a hunched-up man," and the place was Hunchman's Landing forthwith.

There really was gold in the locality, and others soon found it out, until Hunchman's Landing had become a large settlement, more than two thousand men, some with families living in and about the central locality. Saloons there were in abundance, but there was also one little place of worship. For there were those at the Landing who, having taken their religion along with them, had no intention of sinking into a state of heathenism, and their number was sufficient by large to enable them to support a single man in such comfort as the place afforded. The comfort was meagre enough, but yet might have been less, and the field was an excellent one for a man of self-denying habits, a good constitution, and an extraordinary amount of pluck and determination.

Within the last six years that the population had been steadily increasing, no less than five men had undertaken to minister to the spiritual needs of such persons of Hunchman's Landing as frequented the small building of our room called the "Chapel." They would all begin earnestly and honestly enough, but the unchecked wickedness of a large part of the settlers would either intimidate or discourage them, and in a few months they would only too gladly creep back to civilization and a law-abiding, Sabbath keeping community.

The worst saloon in the entire place, and the one which really dominated all the rest, was that of Nat Ruffring; and his reckless desperate confederate, Luke Washburn, was probably the most dreaded man in the whole settlement. One would have supposed that fear was an element entirely left out in the make-up of the man, had it not been that on one or two occasions he had been suddenly betrayed into yielding to a kind of superstitious dread, sometimes evinced by persons of abandoned habits whose conscience is not quite dead.

He was a man of splendid build, tall, athletic, walking with a certain graceful swing, and mingling the light of his heavy top boots and dangling pistols no more than if he had been without them. There were strange rumors about him. Some pretended to affirm that he was overcome now and then by fits of depression, when he would remain in solitude for days together; then he would emerge from the unhappy state only to be more fierce and godless than ever. Then there was a singular belief abroad that he carried a Bible as a part of his armor in the inside pocket of his flannel blouse in summer, and of his coat in winter, but these uncertain reports were all that would even remotely suggest any connection with the Bible or its teachings with Luke Washburn.

Rev. Louis Carver had accepted a call to become the minister at Hunchman's Landing, and had on the first Sunday of his appearance in the simple chapel announced that he had come to stay. He was a tall, lively built, gentle spoken man hailing from Vermont, but from the very outset there was a singular impression accompanying the man not at all in keeping with his general appearance. At first sight one would have said his eyes were mild and blue, but after conversing with him awhile, the opinion would gain ground that his eyes were subject to change. In walking he had the shambling gait of a school boy, but upon occasion he had a remarkable way of slowly gathering himself together and inspiring one with a sudden conviction that he was possessed of both the proportions and the strength of a giant.

Mr. Carver's entrance into the ministry had been a matter of great surprise to those who had known him during his earlier years. From a mere lad he had been possessed of ventriloquistic powers to a surprising degree, and as he grew older he was constantly in demand at all the merry-makings of the village, as his aptitude for theatrical performance was a great charm to his young associates. But when a powerful revival swept over the Green Mountain district of his humble home, he became a Christian and a whole one, earnest, sincere and thoroughly fearless throughout.

Never had a preacher entered Hunchman's Landing but a dollar came from N. Ruffring's saloon was present at the first service—for the saloon was older than the pulpit—then a graphic report was made to the general crowd at the bar as to "the parson's style." On former occasions, when Nat Ruffring's decided that a minister had stayed long enough to suit them, he was uncompromisingly informed that a continuance of his presence at the Landing would lead to sundry "pestering little events." And now, as doctrines of no uncertain sound rang out from the rude pulpit from Sabbath to Sabbath, and the fearless utterances were repeated at the saloon, it was quickly decreed that the new preacher must go, and Mr. Carver was notified forthwith that he had better "travel Eastward the sooner the better." No notice being taken of the note containing this crude advice, it was followed by others, which were ignored in the same cool, dignified manner. It was at the close of the sermon one hot Sunday near the last of June, that Mr. Carver paused a moment before pronouncing the benediction, and remarked in his deliberate way:

"I said when I came to this place I had come to stay. I now reiterate that declaration. There seems to have been some misunderstanding about my intentions. Now let us pray to God, He of the mighty arm and invincible sword. Alas! that mortal man, the creature of an hour, should ever dare defy Him!"

He had loomed to his utmost height while slowly uttering these words, and his eyes grew dark, and, it seemed, menacing as he fixed them on the face of Si Dempsey, the man sent that day as reporter in the interest of Nat Ruffring and company.

Si's account of "the parson's" manner was delivered in a half mocking, half-awed tone. "I tell you," he added, "I don't 'xactly b'leeve in folks bein' possessed, but I would'nt have no hand in meddlin' with the parson; he'd appear to me certain sure ef I did!"

"Better leave his case to Lu Washburn," said Nat.

"I be. Washburn 'd rather keep hands off," said Si grimly. "He isn't any fonder o' ghosts than I am."

Lu Washburn's face grew dark with anger as he growled something about having other matters on his hands just then, a great deal more perplexing than dealing with the parson; and the contagion of black looks, with the undercurrent of vexation evidently goading some of the number, soon caused a dispersion of the rough spirits of the saloon.

It was at the close of the same Sabbath day that Mr. Carver in the darkness of the late evening entered the little chapel alone. He had remembered leaving a little note book of considerable importance to himself only, on the large chair back of the pulpit. He had a key to the chapel, and after quite a long walk he reached the little sanctuary, easily found the book, with the aid of a match, just where he had left it, then sitting down in the large chair he mused awhile in the stillness and coolness of the retired place. He was about to depart again when he noticed that one of the windows, which was several feet from the ground, had been left open. In the act of closing it he paused as a sentence spoken just beneath the window in a hasty undertone, distinctly reached his ear.

"What's one man's life, I'd like to know? I don't mean to kill any one if I can help it, but I want money, and money I will have! And I tell you, with the Fourth of July only four days off, we can't stand mincing matters for ever."

"I suppose we must do the decent thing," said another voice.

"Of course we must," resumed the first speaker. "The men from Rocky Point set up in a fine shap last year, and now it's our turn to treat."

"What's yer plat, boss?" asked the other.

"Well, now listen. When Harcut starts with the mail to-morrow night I happen to know he intends going by Miggs' Hollow."

"Don't usually," interrupted the other man.

"I know that; but I placed myself conveniently to overhear some cute planting, and the mail bag is to contain more of the needful to-morrow night; and just because Miggs' Hollow is lonely and deserted for a little ways, Harcut plans to meet the stage on the down road."

"Some says as the Hollow's haunted," began the second voice.

"Hist!" spoke the first man a little more loudly, "you're not turning coward, I hope!"

"Not I!"

"Well, now this is my plan: I propose to station myself to-morrow night close by the big elm in the Hollow, and I want you there, too."

"I'm yer man sure's my name's Si Dempsey."

"All right! We'll be at Ruff's as usual, but start away a little before nine. We mustn't start together. I'll sail out first, you follow in ten minutes or so, so as to reach the place just after I do. Harcut will come along at ten sharp, then we'll stop him, relieve him of the bag, tie his feet up, and run away."

"He's a wide-awake chap, is Harcut," said Si, "and he'll be well cocked and primed himself; you better look out for him."

"You look out and do as you're directed, and we'll celebrate like a couple of princes come Thursday, and no one but us any the wiser as to means; folks'll think I've been in luck again with my shovel and pick."

"P'raps the parson'd like to come and take part in the festivities, said Si gayly.

"All right, I may invite him," was the reply.

The man sauntered off, and straining his eyes to look after them, Mr. Carver whispered to himself: "Just as I supposed!" for he had readily recognized in the starlight of the June night the easy stride of Luke Washburn.

On his way home Mr. Carver smiled peculiarly as he soliloquized: "So they thought perhaps they'd invite the parson? All right! I'll accept the invitation without troubling them to extend it any farther, and will take part in their little scheme forthwith." His voice sunk to a mere dreamy whisper as he went on: "Now, let's see, I mustinvent some way of putting Mr. Dempsey on the wrong track to-morrow night; I must drop a warning word into good Brother Harcut's ear; then I must betake myself to Miggs' Hollow by a little after nine o'clock; then, if I haven't forgotten some of my boyhood's accomplishments—and I reckon I haven't—I'll read Mr. Washburn a Fourth of July oration I hope will drive him towards a reformation."

Then he added, with a touch of great longing in his tone: "What a tremendous power for good that man Washburn might be, were he only what, by the grace of God, he could become!"

Before going to bed that night, Mr. Carver took a piece of note paper and wrote on it in a queer, cramped hand:—

"Si,—be at the Elm Cross Roads at sharp ten to-night, instead of at Miggs' Hollow. Yours—"

The next night there was only one difficulty in the way of Mr. Carver's carrying out his well-devised scheme. Mr. Harcut had received and at once understood the warning in good time. But now cost to get the brief note he had prepared for Si Dempsey to that unscrupulous gentleman in such time that he would be obliged to act upon it without having opportunity to consult with Mr. Washburn, was rather a question. There seemed to be but one way, and that a rather uncertain one.

Among the few police of the Landing, was one whom Mr. Carver had shown many kindnesses and whom he believed he could trust with safety. So, reluctant as he was to confide any part of the plan to any one, he found himself obliged to take Billy Stone into his confidence to a slight extent. He therefore made Billy understand that when Si Dempsey started from Ruffring's saloon that night, he must intercept him at Blind Man's Point, hastily hand him the note, then hurry away without waiting to be questioned. The note was not directed, but was securely sealed, Billy did his errand well and with due fidelity. He informed Mr. Carver the next day that when Si saw the note he asked no questions, but upon reading it at once changed his course.

It was nearly ten o'clock on that night of July 1, and all was quiet in Miggs' Hollow save the occasional chirping of a cricket or the lonely piping of the frogs. It was not an agreeable place even on a summer's night. In a decided hollow was a large elm tree whose great trunk gave promise of something better aloft than its scraggly branches of thin and stumpy growth. Opposite, at a little distance and on rising ground, was a splendid oak, whose thick canopy of foliage cast sombre and dense shadows all around.

Skulking behind the enormous trunk of the old elm was a figure of unusually fine proportions, and despite the warm weather, the form was enveloped in a long, loose coat, while a veil of close meshes screened both face and figure from recognition. The man was well armed, but could his face have been seen, it would have shown a look of anxious expectancy devoid, however, of anything like fear.

In the central branches of the oak sat a quiet figure with eyes intent on the elm tree. He was also armed, but there was more of kindness in his watchful eyes than of anything else.

"Curse him!" muttered the man at the elm tree. "Curse him for a belated fool! He must know if he's not here by ten o'clock, our game is spoiled."

After what seemed an age to the impatient watcher in the hollow, he guardedly lighted a match under the folds of his cloak and peeped at his watch. Half-past ten!

"What vile trick is this?" he growled between his set teeth.

For where was Si Dempsey? Where was the mail carrier? Was there a conspiracy to outwit him? Him! the terror and the dread of all Hunchman's Landing? With a wrathful stride he started from behind the shelter of the elm tree.

"Stand where you are!" thundered a voice apparently at his very feet.

Despite his dauntless courage and thoroughly armed condition, he leaped aside as the terrible voice smote the awful silence of the place.

"Yes, just where you are!" commanded another voice just behind him.

"And stay there!" came in a stentorian roar from literally before him.

"Trapped, by thunder!" he muttered, as he grasped his pistols one in either hand, while the perspiration seemed to start at every pore.

"We've something to say to you," began a softer voice, which sounded afar off.

"Say on!" cried Washburn, his voice trembling for all his defiant speech. "Say on! but it's a pack of cowards who skulk and hide, and fear to come out and fight openly and fairly."

"Who skulks and hides?" cried an injured voice at his side. "Were we behind the tree just now?" Then a line from Hamlet was interpolated in stagey accents: "'Am I a coward? Who calls me coward? . . . gives me the lie? the throat as deep as the lungs? Who does me this? Ha!"

"You need money for the Fourth, eh? Need money for Independence day—money, money, money!" It sounded like the jabbering of monkeys hemming him in with chattering jibes.

"Now listen," began a gentle, persuasive voice in his very ear. Poor Luke Washburn looked around, but no human shape was visible in the starlight or the dim shadows of the July night. He would have given much to have stalked away from the weird place and its mysterious voices, but his will power deserted him, and the spell of a dreamer seemed to rivet him to the spot.

"Yes, listen," repeated the alluring voice; "you came here to commit the deed of a robber, you, Luke Washburn, with your fine presence and your still finer name! You, who know, or should know, so well the difference between good and evil! You, who used to listen to your father's stories of how the patriots of old were wont to celebrate the great and glorious Fourth! He taught you much as to the worth of a free country, and taught you the value of a good life and a clean name. What madness is this, that still within the boundaries of your own dear land you would turn thief, would plunder the very government which protects you?"

A deeper voice and a sadder asked: "Is your manhood so far gone that you forget utterly the teachings of your excellent father, and your Christian mother?"—

A voice full of tears wailed forth: "Ah, your mother! Where are the prayers she taught your babe lips to utter? Where is the man she fondly believed her boy would become? She hoped that all of goodness, virtue and truth savery were to be embodied in her beloved son. Think you she no longer keeps guard over her recreant son because she has moved on and up to the realms of the blessed?"

"Go home," said a mournful voice again at his ear, "go home and ponder on the yet noble possibilities of the future! Think of what you might become, of all you might do for the uplifting of your fellow-men and for your own priceless soul!"

A voice like a silver bell almost sang: "Yes, yes, remember, too, the Saviour, and that there is forgiveness with Him that He may be feared. Good-night, Luke Washburn! Remember, no danger overtakes the faithful."

Perfect stillness! Not even a cricket chirped, nor a frog piped its lonely note. At the foot of the great elm a figure crouched as though all power of motion had fled. It was long past midnight when at last the man arose and crept away as if still in a dream.

When Si Dempsey found Luke Washburn the next day and asked him why he sent him to the Elm Cross Roads, Mr. Washburn replied absently that he cared nothing for the whole miserable business. And when the Fourth came, and his old associates rallied about him and tried to coax him into visiting at Ruffring's for the expected revel, Luke Washburn suddenly woke up and delivered a speech so full of firry determination to quit his old course and become a "respectable and respected American citizen," that the men were silenced, unconsciously recognizing the fact that a new man stood before them.

After awhile Mr. Carver became accustomed to seeing Luke Washburn in the chapel of a Sunday morning, and in due time by cautious approaches a warm friendship sprang up between the two men. Adherence to business brought its usual reward also, and before long it began to be rumored that Luke Washburn was getting money. Once, when Mr. Washburn asked Mr. Carver if he had any belief whatever in the supernatural, the minister answered so promptly, "No, not a particle," that the subject was pursued no farther.

As years rolled by, Luke Washburn gradually became Mr. Carver's staunch assistant. If now and then the former hinted that some mystery of the past occasionally haunted him, the minister would hasten to assure him that only a burdened conscience need cause any man serious unrest.

One Fourth of July, five or six years after the events recorded at Miggs' Hollow, a grand entertainment was to take place at the town hall of Hunchman's Landing, at which it was promised that Mr. Carver would divert the children in a rather unique way. At the appointed time the pastor arose, and producing a doll, he displayed rare powers of ventriloquism, greatly to the delight of all present.

Chancing to glance at the far end of the hall, Mr. Carver caught sight of Luke Washburn's face, and for a moment it nearly unmanned him. Quick to read expressions, he saw that a sudden revelation was causing a mental conflict on the part of his impetuous friend. His set face had paled painfully, and his eyes gleamed either with anger or pain as he gazed unsmitingly straight before him and as if stung by some dreaded recollection.

But at the close of the entertainment when the two men stood face to face alone, Mr. Carver said gently: "You know, my friend, that Paul, the great Apostle, became all things to all men if by any means he might save some. Did I err, my brother, when in my zeal to win you over to your proper estate, I became, one night, not an army with banners, but with voices, in an effort to save a man well worth the saving?"

Mr. Washburn grasped eagerly the hand the minister extended him, and said, with a smile of rare sweetness: "Thank God, my ghost is laid!"—*Zion's Herald.*

### The Lime Kiln Club.

"Is ar' my dooty to explain," said Brother Gardner, as the hall grew quiet, "dat de Hon. Gawg. Washington Jones, of Memphis, arrove heah two days ago on purpose to deliber a lecktur' befo' dis club. De name of his lecktur' ar': 'How an' When to economize.' I had a chance to look de gem'lan ober an' size him up, an' law' night I walked him down to de ribber, pinted across to Canada an' told him to skip. He skipped. Sich of you as had your moofs all ready fur eumthin' good, will no doubt feel a bit disappointed until I furder explain. By a keerful study of the Hon. Jones I discibered most of his pints.

"I found dat he was economizin' on boot leels to buy mo' brass watch chain.

"He was makin' one shirt las' him doorin' de spring seazu in order to buy fo' pink collars which reached to his ears.

"He hadn't any underclothes, but he had a galvanized watch dat run twenty-six hour to de jay.

"He was barfut in his butes, but he wore a glass diamond dat nebber cost less dan thirty cents.

"He hadn't any obercoat, but he wore a pair o' bewtiful yaller kid gloves dat made ebery street-kyar hoss stop dead in his tracks.

"While he didn't carry a comb nor brash, he swelled out wid a blue handkerchief which de Czar of Russia might hev envied.

"He showed me a dozen blank checks on varus banks dat he was luggin' around fur show, but it took his las' nickel to git across to Canada.

"He had a bewtiful way of speakin' to you, but three different policemen wargwise to run him in fur a suspichus character.

"While he hadn't had a good squar' meal fur two weeks, he was armed wid a dozen cheap cigars to make a show on de streets.

"I looked cber him an' all arouz' him, an' I cum to de conclushun dat we didn't want any of his hints on economy. I didn't want to seem too cold and severe wid him, an' arter turnin' de subjick over in my mind I decided dat de United States was an onhealthy climate fur his system."

On motion of Waydown Bebee the thanks of the club were tendered the president for his action in the case, and a resolution of sympathy was extended to Pickles Smith for having loaned the Hon. Jones $2 in cash without security.—*Free Press.*

"Miss Brown would be a charming girl," I heard a young man say,
"If she had a good complexion, and those
noses would go away!
But they spoil her looks completely." If
Miss Brown would only take
Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,
what a happy change 'twould make.
It would drive out all the humors from her
blood and make it pure,
And the blemishes complained of disappear, be very sure.

This medicine is the great purifier of the blood, and disfiguring eruptions and blotches will soon vanish when it is used.


WHAT

WARNER'S SAFE CURE CURES Back Ache, Bladder Troubles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Head Ache, Nervousness, Indigestion.

There is NO DOUBT of this great remedy's potency. It is NO NEW DISCOVERY UNKNOWN and mayhap WORTHLESS, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To BE WELL, YOUR BLOOD MUST BE PURE, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

Dizziness, Ague, Dyspepsia, Female Troubles, Bad Eyes, Impotency, Dropsy. CURED WITH WARNER'S SAFE CURE.

Ask your friends and neighbors what WARNER'S SAFE CURE has done for them. Its RECORD is BEYOND the RANGE of DOUBT. It has CURED MILLIONS and we have millions of testimonials to prove our assertion. WARNER'S SAFE CURE will CURE YOU if you will give it A CHANCE.

$500 OFFERED for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Symptoms of Catarrh.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. 50c.

Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets or Golden Medical Discovery. The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely Vegetable & Harmless. Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One Pellet a Dose. Cure Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cts. by druggists.

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