GLORIOUS VICTORY.

An Exciting Contest and its Attendant Pleasures and Disappointments.

The fire companies of Lucknow held their annual contest a few weeks since. Jem Carver went about for some days in advance of the affair, offering big odd on the "Get Theres," and the takers were numerous. Brig Lampson, the head of the "Fire Flys," was especially ready and eager to wager with him upon the result, and bet every thing he could lay hands upon. He began with money, of course. But his week's salary, as chief clerk in Smith & Sears' grocery, was soon exhausted; so were his small savings in the bank; as he began to bet his dogs, his new trousers and his progressive euchre outfit. When nothing else was left he put up half his favorite mare, "Larella," against Jem Carter's promise of the privilege of keeping steady company with his sister, Miss Kitty Carver, for the term of one month. This was certainly a curious wager; but in view of the destitution they had both reached in regard to valuable things to put up, what the impartial observer ought not to admire is the restraint which caused the bet to be limited on the one hand to half of Lampson's mare, and on the other to a month of the society of Jem Carver's sister.

"You guarantee your sister's permission, now, Jem," insisted Brig Lampson when they closed the agreement. "A woman kept steady company with, against her will, has just the same affection still—for the other fellow. She's got to be willing, or it's no contest."

"You're safe enough there, Brig. Kit enters into the thing heart and soul, and if the 'Get Theres' get left, she'll jump up to the bargain! But don't you forget that I'm to have half the use of 'Larella' if you send our stream over the roof of Nolan's Block, and the 'Fire Flys' don't."

All the surrounding country was present to witness the contest which was to decide which of the companies could throw the highest stream. This was to be settled by determining which, if either, could in the language of the articles of agreement, "throw over the roof of Nolan's block"—the highest building in town.

The "Fire Flys," under the direction of Brig Lampson tried first; and Brig's heart beat high as he gave the word, and the boys fell to upon the old-fashioned pump with a tremendous will. They pumped for all they were worth; but the block was high and human strength has limits. The stream reached only to a level with the top row of windows. Still, this was a big achievement in itself, and the friends of the "Fire Flys" shouted themselves hoarse with approval.

There were cries of derision when the "Get Theres" trotted out their inferior machine under the orders of Jem Carver, for the "Get Theres" had been defeated woefully the year before. But there was a smile of confidence on Jem's face as he walked calmly to where the conductor-pipe (used to convey rain water from the roof) was fastened to the building. The elbow which terminates such pipes seemed to come off as readily in his hands as if it had been fixed for the purpose, in advance, as indeed it had.

Then the people watched Jem with open eyes and mouths as he thrust the nozzle of the "Fire Flys'" hose far up the pipe, and cried to his waiting fire ladies: "Now, boys! Give it to her!"

Give it to her they did; and before any one knew how it happened a graceful column of water rose and arched itself above the roof of Nolan's block, and drooped and fell in a delicate and creamy curve.

But there was nothing particularly delicate or creamy about Brig Lampson's feelings; nor about the feelings of any member of the "Fire Flys," and at once a great cry rose for the umpire. The umpire was a fair man, and said he could not go behind the agreement for the contest, which certainly said that "whichever company throws its stream highest over the roof of Nolan's block, shall receive the prize." It was plain that the "Fire Flys" had not only not thrown highest over the roof, but that they had not reached the roof at all; whereas the "Get Theres" had got there in splendid shape. It was true they had used a conductor-pipe, but the fair umpire could not find any thing against the use of a conductor-pipe in the agreement. So he awarded the prize to the "Get Theres."

Brig Lampson is not keeping company with Kitty Carver just now; and Jem Carver makes a point of taking out the mare "Larella" on Sundays and holidays, when the chief of the "Fire Flys" has invited a certain young lady (his next best girl, counting from Kitty) to drive with him.—*Tid-Bits.*

MEXICAN INDIANS.

The Remarkable Heavy Loads They Carry on Their Backs.

The fact is that the Indian puts himself in competition with the burro, that patient little beast of general totage. The back of the Indian seems to be about as strong as that of the burro, and the Indian has this advantage, that after transporting his stuff to market he can make his own bargain for its sale. I know no more interesting sight than to go out in the early morning on to one of the great highroads leading into the city, and to watch the never-ending procession of Indians carrying burdens. The rag figures sold in a few Boston shops give exactly their expression. It is the Aztec face, that dull, bronzed countenance, with lusterless eyes, which seem to have accepted the lowest condition of life as all that is attainable by human endeavor.

And what loads these strong Indian backs can carry! I watched a gang the other day loading grain on a car. The grain was in bags, and each bag weighed three hundred pounds. A little bronzed chap, about as big as the bag, and, weighing not a pound over one hundred, would take a bag on his back and run up a platform which was on a level with the car, and then he would trot back at once for another load. And yet some writers assert that the lower Mexican class are lazy. I say that they are capable of as unremitting, patient toil as any people on top of the planet, and that the true wealth of Mexico consists of her docile and industrious laboring population. Half the time they are idle and have nothing to do. That they will work hard and continuously for a fair wage the history of the building of the Central railway shows. Ex-General Manager Robinson, now of the Atlantic & Pacific, said that he preferred them to any American gang of laborers for hard work.

I have seen an Indian carry from a car to a weighing scale bag after bag of grain weighing three hundred pounds, and four cargadores will carry a grand piano on their shoulders from one end of the city to the other. Furniture is usually moved on litters, with a man at each end. These chaps will pile up stuff on a litter and bind it with ropes, and then start off at a jog with a burden big enough for a horse. These furniture-movers are remarkably careful, and rarely injure any thing. They work cheaply and well.

Frequently you will see a man perched on another's shoulders, being taken about the streets. I have often seen well-dressed old gentlemen being trotted along in this fashion. They were victims of rheumatism out for an airing, or on a visit to some friend. The poorer classes carry their babies on their backs, and one of the quaintest sights is to see a little brown face with black eyes peeping out of the hood-like folds of its mother's upper garment. I often see babies being toted about in this way on the backs of little brothers or sisters, for the kindness of Mexicans of all classes to young children is a most praiseworthy characteristic. Even in the narrow streets, where the very poor live in hut-like houses, you see no trouble among the children; they play quietly, and their mothers are not engaged in frequent brawls regarding childish difficulties. Indeed, there is a certain refinement of action, a decency and courteousness of behavior among the poorest Indians which would put to shame the coarseness of people of the same grade of life in an American city.—*Cor. Boston Herald.*

CAKE FOR BREAD.

A Mistaken Notion Which Is Held by Many Men and Women.

It is not well to be guided by the motive suggested in tales which assert that virtue is at once highly rewarded, however implicitly one may believe the stories themselves. Good deeds are always rewarded, sooner or later, but to expect and hope for an immediate "squaring of accounts" is most ignoble. Working for mere pay is to be governed by a mean motive. It is better to do right because such a course is noble in itself, than because other people may have been at once rewarded for fine deeds, and we therefore expect the same result to follow in our own case. Moreover, the person who hopes to find his honesty instantly recognized and praised by his little world is liable to be disappointed.

A lady who learned this lesson very early in life, says that when a little girl, she went alone to the village store to buy several packages of flower-seeds for her garden. On leaving the shop, she was looking over her purchases, with a child's delight in the new, when she discovered that the shopman had given her two more packages of seeds than he had intended. She says:

"I went back to return them, fully persuaded that he would say to me 'What a remarkable little girl you are! How honest! Take as many packages of seeds as you can carry home, and then come and be my partner in the store.'"

And when nothing of the sort happened she was bitterly disappointed. She had expected to find honesty paid for by the day, and not by the long job of a life-time.

Another true incident points to the same mistaken notion. A little girl was once told the story of a child who gave her own bread and butter to a beggar, and was therefore presented with cake by her delighted parents. Going to school the next day, accompanied by a maid, the little girl who had heard the story peeped into her lunch-basket, and rather snifled in scorn at finding only bread and butter therein. But a sudden thought struck her. She stopped short, resisting the maid's persuading hand.

"Bring me a little beggar child!" she cried, imperiously. "I want a beggar!"

"What, my dear? *What* do you want?" asked the puzzled nurse.

"I want a little beggar, so that I may give her my bread, and have cake myself!"

To do right for the purpose of securing an immediate supply of moral cake is to be compared only to the ignobility of serving one's country only for the sake of the salary she can pay.—*Youth's Companion.*

—It has recently been discovered that Lake Dias, near DeLeon Springs, Volusia County, Fla., is fed by an enormous spring, which boils up about two hundred yards off the south shore of the lake. When the surface is perfectly still the boiling can be seen over an area of about five acres. It is proposed to anchor a buoy over the center of the spring, since the best of cool water can be obtained there at any time.

—A Birmingham, Conn., the corpse of a young lady was discovered and all the pins in the hair and around removed to quiet her ghost that had been disturbing the neighborhood.—*Hartford Courant.*

FULL OF FUN.

—Flipkins was passing along the street and saw a trunk outside the door of a dealer, bearing the legend "This size for ten dollars." "So do I," said Flipkins.—*Kaleidoscope.*

—Brown—"Hello, Jenkins! Why so sober? Thinking of your castles in Spain?" Jenkins (sipping his coffee)—"No, only looking over my grounds in Java."—*Columbia Spectator.*

—"Oh, he didn't have no trouble. He just proved a lullaby when he was brought up to court," was the explanation given by a fond mother, when asked how her son got out of his last scrape.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—"May I impart to you a great secret, Herr Baron?" "Oh, certainly!" "A great secret—I am hard up and require at once five hundred marks!" "You may trust me: I am as silent as the grave; I have heard nothing!"—*Fliegende Blatter.*

—A little three-year-old miss toddling upstairs the other day noticed that the servant had removed the carpet from her room and was scrubbing the floor. Said she: "Hello, Rosa, has you moved your kitchen floor upstairs?"—*Buffalo Courier.*

—A daily newspaper has been started in Greenland. During the year when the days are three months long the editor doesn't get down to the office until three weeks after breakfast, and stops work two months before sundown. An editor can get up a pretty good paper in eight or nine days, if he has a large exchange list and a sharp pair of scissors.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Trials of an Editor—

The editor sat in his sanctum,
When the door, with his modest request,
Came to ask for the gift of a stickful,
Written up at the editor's best.
The editor looked at him calmly;
His voice it was low, not gruff:
"Do you take me, my friend, for an engine,
With nothing to do but to puff?"
—*Tid-Bits.*

—Merchant—"What was the matter with you last night when I saw you?" Book-keeper—"Nothing, sir. I was suffering from vertigo." Merchant—"Well, if that's what you call it I'll forgive you. But it strikes me that when a man is so full that he tries to look in the dictionary to find out where he lives he hasn't vertigo to get the jim-jams. That's all, young man."—*N. Y. Journal.*

"You want something to eat, do you?" inquired a man of a lame tramp at the back door of his residence. "Av you plase, sor." "What made you lame?" "It was the earthquake, sor." "An' earthquake!" "Yis, sor. Yi see, I'm an Italian from the Island of Ischia, an' when the earthquake shuk up the surface av the planet it sprung me knee, an' I'm unable to work, which the same I'd be pleased to do if I was able." The gentleman called his bull-dog, and when that animal made a rapid exit through the gate, he was preceded by the Italian earthquake sufferer.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

—The gold and silver product of the Pacific slope since 1848 has been $2,607,006,786.

—It is proposed to erect statues of Robert Fulton, De Witt Clinton and Hendrick Hudson in Riverside Park, New York.

—At the request of the Mayor, the druggists of Fitchburg, Mass., have agreed not to sell cigars, confectionery or soda on Sunday.—*Boston Journal.*

—One of the latest "fads" for preserving health and beauty is to drink a glass of hot water before breakfast, and it is largely practiced.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—A silver box, shut at a wedding in Hartford, Conn., the other day, is to be kept under seal, like that of Pandora, till the time for the silver anniversary, twenty-five years hence.

—The plain untitled citizen can slide along in life without receiving much criticism and abuse; but when he has a handle to his name he must expect every body to take hold and shake him up.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—A celebrated physician has discovered that the college athletes have lung diseases. This is very awkward. If he studies he gets sick, and if he exercises he goes the same road. Nothing is left but to go a-fishing.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—The Boston *Traveller* is authority for a statement that at a recent entertainment in that city one of the young women present said, referring to her coffee: "I like to have all composite parts of my beverage both saturated and coagulated."

—John Simmons, of Forsyth, Ga., in a sudden fit of insanity, thinking he was pursued by enemies, jumped into the Ocmulgee river, and remained there, with the water up to his neck, until discovered by a duck-hunter, twenty-four hours later. He seems to suffer little inconvenience from his bath.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—Some unfeeling ornithologist in Dgaton experimented on a "yellow hammer," or golden-winged woodpecker, by reaching into the hole and robbing her nest every day of all but one egg. The poor bird, determined to raise a brood, kept on laying till she had laid thirty-six eggs on as many different days, then she rested one day and went at it again, and finally she actually laid seventy-one eggs in that untrustworthy nest.—*Worcester Spy.*

—The Alps are pierced by three remarkably long tunnels entering Italy from France, Switzerland and the Austrian Tyrol. They are the Mont Cenis, seven and three-quarter miles long; the St. Gothard, nine and one-quarter miles long and the Arlberg tunnel, only six and one-half miles long. The projected Simplon tunnel, in which the railroad from Geneva to Martigni will be carried through the mountains to Dumo d'Ossola, will be twelve and one-half miles long, and the estimated cost twenty million dollars.

AN UNDESIRED HONOR.

Bismarck Relates How a Prussian War Minister Was Once Made.

When I again rejoined the party, Bismarck was telling them the following story of General von Strotha: He was at that time living quietly at Frankfort, in command of the allied garrison there, when one day he received a telegram from the then Minister-President, Count von Brandenburg, to come at once to Berlin and report himself to the Minister. Strotha starts for Berlin in hot haste, and thence immediately goes to Brandenburg.

"I have sent for your Excellency to ask you to become War Minister," said Brandenburg.

"Me!" exclaimed Strotha. "For Heaven's sake, your Excellency, what made you think of such a thing? I am not in any way fitted for the post."

"I am afraid that can't be helped. See; here is the order from his Majesty the King, requiring that you shall be War Minister."

Strotha reads the order, looking greatly troubled, and then says: "Of course, if his Majesty commands, I must obey."

"Well, then, my dear colleague," continues Brandenburg, "you will attend the Cabinet Council at ten to-day."

"Oh, I could not possibly do that."

"I am afraid you will have to. See here is another order from his Majesty, expressly desiring you to undertake the War Department in the Cabinet."

"Then I must, of course, obey," said the new War Minister, with a deep sigh of dejection.

He is just about to leave, in order to prepare himself for his presumable maiden speech, when Brandenburg stops him: "I suppose you know, General, that you must appear in *mufti* (plain clothes) at the council?"

Strotha stood speechless a with amazement. This was the finishing stroke. "I have none!" he at last managed to stammer forth.

"Well, you will have to get yourself some by ten o'clock—such are the King's commands."

"Then of course I must obey," replied Strotha, leaving the room in a very crestfallen manner.

But he faced his difficulty valiantly. Jumping into a cab, he drove off to the Muhlendamm, where all the old Jews congregate; and at ten o'clock precisely a strange figure, with an enormously high collar, and coat sleeves hanging right over his hands, was seated at the ministerial table—this was the new War Minister!—*Chambers' Journal.*

Watered Stock.

Junior Partner—Mr. Shortweight, don't you think we had better put the price of coal up? It is going to be very cold to-night, and the people will look for an advance to-morrow.

Senior Partner—I see, my son, you are not yet up to the fine points of the business. Insert in to-morrow morning's paper an advertisement of a reduction of five per cent.

Junior Partner—A *reduction* of five per cent? Why, that is against all sound business principles. The greater the demand the higher the price.

Senior Partner—Not so fast, young man. Order the men to water the coal thoroughly; that will add fifteen per cent. to its weight and bulk when it freezes, and after the reduction of five per cent. we will still have ten per cent. advance.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—A small bird, which accidentally discovered in a looking-glass in a paint shop at Visalia, Cal., its counterpart, pays daily morning and evening visits to look at its reflection. The local paper says that while before the mirror it resorts to all the coquettish acts by which a bird could render itself graceful and attractive. The habits of the bird are so methodical that the painters know when to expect it. The weather does not deter it from visiting the mirror, and it has become quite tame and is a favorite with the workmen.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

ALWAYS prompt and sure and only 25 cents: Red Star Cough Cure. No opiates. The merits of St. Jacobs Oil as a sure cure for rheumatism are known everywhere.

A BLIND man is very sympathetic. He will never see anybody suffer.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD has selected some Gospel and Temperance songs, familiar tunes, 280 copies of which will be sent to any church or Sunday school. Address the Publisher, Mrs. LAURA G. FIXEN, Albert Lea, Minn., enclosing 20 cents for postage.

THE boy with the dirty face seems to "want the earth."—*Pacific Jester.*

FOR weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, consumption, night-sweats and all lingering coughs, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy. Superior to cod liver oil. By druggists.

A TONGUE that never talks scandal—The tongue of a shoe.—*Boston Courier.*

THE scalp is cleansed and excited to a healthy action by Hall's Hair Renewer.

In Consumption, the disposition to cough is diminished by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY March 17.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	$4 00	@	$4 75
Native cows	2 00	@	3 25
Butchers steers	3 40	@	3 65
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	3 85	@	4 05
Light	3 80	@	3 95
WHEAT—No. 2 red	71	@	71½
No. 2 red	60	@	61
No. 2 soft	82	@	85
CORN—No. 2	27	@	27½
OATS—No. 2	25	@	25½
RYE—No. 2	45	@	51
FLOUR—Fancy, per sack	1 80	@	1 85
HAY—Large baled	5 00	@	6 00
BUTTER—Choice creamery	27	@	28
CHEESE—Full cream	11	@	12
EGGS—Choice	8	@	9
BACON—Ham	8	@	8½
Shoulders	5	@	6
Sides	6	@	6½
LARD	6	@	6½
WOOL—Missouri unwashed	14	@	16
POTATOES	65	@	70
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 90	@	5 40
Butchers steers	3 20	@	4 50
HOGS—Packing	3 90	@	4 15
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 50	@	5 75
FLOUR—Choice	3 80	@	3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red	90½	@	92
CORN—No. 2	34½	@	35
OATS—No. 2	25½	@	26½
RYE—No. 2	50	@	60
BUTTER—Creamery	25	@	36
PORK	10 40	@	10 50
COTTON—Middlings	8	@	8½
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	3 90	@	5 50
HOGS—Packing and shipping	4 10	@	4 40
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 50	@	5 85
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 40	@	4 85
WHEAT—No. 2 red	85	@	86½
No. 3	67	@	68
No. 2 spring	83	@	84
CORN—No. 2	37½	@	37¾
OATS—No. 2	29	@	29½
RYE—No. 2	60	@	61
BUTTER—Creamery	30	@	31½
PORK	9 95	@	10 00
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Exports	4 50	@	4 85
HOGS—Good to choice	4 40	@	4 60
SHEEP—Common to good	3 85	@	6 00
FLOUR—Good to choice	3 90	@	5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	90½	@	90¾
CORN—No. 2	46½	@	46¾
OATS—Western mixed	39	@	45½
BUTTER—Creamery	16	@	31
PORK	9 85	@	10 25
PETROLEUM—United	79	@	79¾

WORK AT HOME.

A Caution Against Fraudulent Advertisements, Issued by the Women's E. and I. Union of Boston.

The Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston, Mass., cautions all women to be wary of advertisements and circulars promising—on receipt of a certain sum—work at home, with large earnings. We are receiving letters from women far and near who have been defrauded by these promises. Either the person forwarding the money gets no answer at all, or the materials and implements sent are of little worth, or the finished work is rejected even if well done, or other obstacles are placed in the way (the object being simply to get rid of her). The parties advertising make frequent changes of name and address, with some difference in circulars. They are now sending out through the United States, Canada and the Provinces hundreds of thousands of plausible circulars, well calculated to deceive, for not many of the hundreds of thousands of women receiving them are aware that by a single advertisement any city firm can get plenty of workers close at hand.

Learning that this evil can best be checked by enlightening the public, we solicited the aid of the press, and the following unanimous notice appears in our daily papers, each in turn giving it one week's insertion.

"The Women's Educational and Industrial Union, 174 Boylston street, will gladly give information regarding fraudulent circulars and advertisements offering to women work at home.

"It is earnestly desired that newspapers everywhere help to enlighten the public by exposing the whole of this present art of fraud by giving the above notice, or a similar one, frequent insertions; also that Women's Associations, variously located, join us in this work, and by suitable advertising make themselves known as centers of information. Any needed assistance from us will be gladly rendered. Individuals can aid by procuring the insertion of this article in their local papers.

"Such general concurrence of effort will save multitudes of women from sorrow and loss, work effectively against the swindlers and promote the interests of the honest advertisers.

MRS. ABBY MORTON DIAZ,
President Women's E. and I. Union.

Address letters to our Employment Department.

BRAKEMEN will be sorry to learn that "trains" are to be made unusually long.—*N. Y. Commercial Bulletin.*

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

THE selfish man has most presence of mind. He never forgets himself.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Stranger than Fiction

are the records of some of the cures of consumption effected by that most wonderful remedy—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of grateful men and women, who have been snatched almost from the very jaws of death, can testify that consumption, in its early stages, is no longer incurable. The Discovery has no equal as a pectoral and alterative, and the most obstinate affections of the throat and lungs yield to its power. All druggists.

It is not considered necessary in society to return a bill collector's calls.—*Boston Courier.*

"WHAT we learn with pleasure we never forget."—*Alfred Mercier.* The following is a case in point: "I paid out hundreds of dollars without receiving any benefit," says Mrs. Emily Rhoads, of McBrides, Mich. "I had female complaints, especially 'dragging-down,' for over six years. Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' did me more good than any medicine I ever took. I advise every sick lady to take it." And so do we. It never disappoints its patrons. Druggists sell it.

THE rumor that "the world moves" because it is cheaper to move than to pay rent is denied.—*N. Y. Independent.*

The Speed of Heat and Cold.

It has been asked which travels faster, heat or cold; and answered heat. Because any one can catch a cold. It therefore follows that every one should keep Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein, which will cure colds, coughs and croup.

A CRYING baby at a meeting is like a good suggestion—it ought to be carried out.—*Texas Siftings.*

IN another column of this issue will be found an entirely new and novel specimen of attractive advertising. It is one of the neatest we have ever seen, and we think any one will be well repaid for examining the *inspired* display letters in the advertisement of Prickly Ash Bitters.

THE letter carrier that gets around quickest is the cylinder of a printing press.—*N. O. Picayune.*

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. 25c. *Hent's Sulphur Soap* heals and beautifies. 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

A HICKORY club is very good lumber to floor a man with.—*Merchant Traveler.*

$50 in gold as prizes for the great word hunt. See new advertisement.

IN Siam they hang cats tails. In this country they aim to kill.—*New Haven News.*

IF a cough disturbs your sleep take Piso's Cure for Consumption and rest well.

THE swimmer will never be a pauper. He is always self-sustaining.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS WILL CURE

HEADACHE
INDIGESTION
BILIOUSNESS
DYSPEPSIA
NERVOUS PROSTRATION
MALARIA
CHILLS AND FEVERS
TIRED FEELING
GENERAL DEBILITY
PAIN IN THE BACK & SIDES
IMPURE BLOOD
CONSTIPATION
FEMALE INFIRMITIES
RHEUMATISM
NEURALGIA
KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

The Genuine has Trade Mark and crossed Red Lines on wrapper.

TAKE NO OTHER.

DR. ROBERT NEWTON, late President of the Eclectic College, of the city of New York, and formerly of Cincinnati, O., used DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM very extensively in his practice, as many of his patients, now living and restored to health by the use of this invaluable medicine, can amply testify. He always said that so good a remedy ought to be prescribed freely by every physician as a sovereign remedy in all cases of lung diseases. It cures consumption, coughs, colds, pneumonia, etc.

GEN. LOGAN'S Book. A BONANZA For good Agents. Write AT ONCE for terms. A. R. HART & CO., Publishers, 16 Murray street, New York City.

March April May

Are the months in which to purify your blood, and for this purpose there is no medicine equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It purifies, vitalizes, and enriches the blood, removing all traces of scrofula or other disease. It creates an appetite and imparts new strength and vigor to the whole body.

"When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was dizzy in the morning, had a headache, and no appetite, but now I can hardly get enough cooked to satisfy me."—EMMA SHARPLES, Cross Street, Worcester, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I think Hood's Sarsaparilla for a spring medicine, and I find it just the thing. It loosens up my system and makes me feel like a different man. My wife takes it for dyspepsia, and she derives great benefit from it. She says it is the best medicine she ever took."—FRANK C. TURNER, Hook & Ladder No. 1, Friend Street, Boston, Mass.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, which I have had for the last seven or eight years, suffering terribly. It has now entirely cured me."—MRS. A. NORTON, Chicopee, Mass.

"Last spring my whole family took Hood's Sarsaparilla. The result is that we have been cured of scrofula, my little boy being entirely free from sores, and all four of my children look bright and healthy as possibly can be. I have found Hood's Sarsaparilla a surprise for children. Nothing did them so much good as Hood's Sarsaparilla."—WM. H. ATWATER, Passaic City, N. J.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla in my family and consider it a splendid blood purifier."—J. F. WALLARTA, North 7th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Purifies the Blood

"My wife thinks there is nothing like Hood's Sarsaparilla, and we are never without it in the house."—F. H. LATHAM, Syracuse, N. Y.

"When I bought Hood's Sarsaparilla I made a good investment of one dollar in medicine for the first time. It has driven off rheumatism and improved my appetite so much that my friending someone says I must keep it locked up or she will be obliged to raise my board with every other boarder that takes Hood's Sarsaparilla."—THOMAS BURNETT, 99 Hilary street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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