OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE DEAD CHIPPIE.

Who killed the Chippie?
  "I," said the Sparrow,
  "With my bow and arrow,
  I killed the Chippie,
  Yes, I killed the Chippie."

Who saw the Chippie fall?
  "We saw where it lies,
  The light gone out
  Of its bright quick eyes;
  This tiny creature, so soft and brown,
  Here on the dead leaves fallen down."

But an hour ago
  It felt the sun,
  Yet now is its happy
  Living done—
  Born in a nest and made to be,
  Not sorrier, nor singer, yet blithe and free.

No human eye,
  Purchaser, may miss
  From numberless looks
  A mate like this;
  Yet with it something has gone which had
  In its way made bough and sunshine glad.

Who killed the Chippie?
  I think I know;
  This way, from school
  The children go.
  And I saw a boy with a pebble sling,
  And now I find this poor dead thing.

He liked perhaps
  To prove his skill,
  Nor thought how dreadful
  It is to kill;
  And though he aimed at it after all,
  Was sad at heart when he saw it fall.

I am almost sure
  If he heard me say,
  "Who was it killed
  A bird to-day?"
  He would wish the cruel deed undone,
  And launch to own himself the one.

—*Wide Awake.*

TOM.

A Story in Words of One Syllable, for Very Young Readers.

"Oh, do look here, Maud," said Aunt Kate, "there is such a nice big cat come to our house, and cook tells me he comes now each day, and she thinks he has not got a home."

Maud was just nine years of age, and was fond of cats, and dogs, and birds, and dolls.

When she heard her aunt call her, she ran out at once, and there she found her aunt, who stood at the hall door, and on the top of the steps was the cat of which she spoke.

He was a fine large one, with a smooth coat in stripes of black and gray, but his paws were white, and he had a brown nose.

"Oh, you dear cat!" said Maud, and she bent down to stroke him. Puss gave a mew, and then a purr, for, of course, he was glad that Maud was kind to him.

"Aunt Kate, do let me keep this cat, and have him all for my own," she said.

"We must see first," said Aunt Kate. "If we can find out where his own home is, for those who have lost him may want him back. But you may go and fetch him some milk."

Maud ran off, and soon came back with the milk, and gave it to the cat. He drank it all up, and then said "Mew!" which meant, "Please give me some more."

"Yes, he may have some more, as he seems to want it so much," said Aunt Kate. "He is a fine cat, and we must not let him starve."

When he had done his milk, Maud took him up in her arms and brought him to a small room where she kept her dolls and the toys she had to play with.

"Now," said Aunt Kate, "I want to write and read, and have lots of things to do. You must play with this nice old cat, show him your dolls, be good to him, and think of some nice name we can call him by whilst he is with us;" and Aunt Kate went off and left Maud with puss.

"Puss, puss! what shall we do?" said Maud. "You go and look round the room and see if you think this will be a nice home for you, and I will get out my books and see what kind of time I can have for you."

"Puss must be a good cat," thought Maud, for he did at once what she told him, went for a walk round the room, smelt all the chairs, had a look at a doll, which, poor thing, had had a fall on to the floor and hurt its head, and then he came and sat down in front of the fire to wash.

"Now, puss, would you like us to call you Moll?" said Maud. "Moll, Moll!" but puss paid no heed. "Well, then, do you like Fluff?" But still puss did not turn his head. Such lots of names Maud thought of, but puss did not seem to like them.

Soon Aunt Kate came back. "Oh! aunt," said Maud, "do help me to find a name that puss will like. He will not have Fluff, or Fritz, or Moll, or Kit, and lots more that I have thought of and told him."

"Come, then, I'll try what I can do," said Aunt Kate. "Tom, Tom!" and as soon as she spoke this name, back went his ears, and "Mew!" said he. "There, now, that is his true name, Maud; he knew it at once."

And so from that time puss was known by the name of Tom.

Aunt Kate did all she could to find out where he came from, but all in vain. So Maud was told she might have him now for her own; and how glad she was; and how kind she made up her mind she would be to him.

Now Tom grew up to be such a wise cat. I will just tell you one thing he learnt to do.

One night, quite late, Maud had gone to bed, and Aunt Kate took a book and sat down by the fire to read. The room she was in was close to the hall door. Soon she heard a knock at the door, but she did not pay much heed to it at first; but when she heard it twice she did think she must go and see who it could be, for both her maids were gone to bed. And who do you think it was? Why, Tom, who came in with a purr and a mew, and his tail straight up in the air.

Now, I must tell you Aunt Kate's hall door was half glass, and low down, where it was wood, there was a round brass ring, with which one had to knock. And Tom had stood on his hind legs, and with one of his paws took hold of the brass ring and then let it fall, so as to make it knock.

And the strange thing is, that when he found he was let in this time, he did it now and then when it was cold or wet out of doors, and Maud soon knew Tom's knock, and would run to let him in.

Tom, then, is a great pet, and Maud, who is now grown up, and has a home of her own, hopes Tom will live for lots more years to come.—*Little Folks.*

STARTING RIGHT.

"Aunt Marjorie Precept" Gives a Bit of Good Advice to Boys and Girls.

I heard a certain lad—I will not mention names just now—ask the maid one evening, not long ago, to be sure to call him when she should rise in the morning. "I have work to do," he said, "and I must be up an hour earlier than usual." Let me whisper here that sometimes a good start for the day is gained by beginning the night before. For example it is a much better thing to finish all the school-work—lessons, themes, exercises—before going to bed, than to leave it to the chance of rising an hour earlier than the accustomed time. It makes, you see, the difference between a certainty and an accident.

In the case of my young friend the good start he had counted upon was lost by the fact that the maid forgot his request, and never thought of it until she rang the bell to awaken the rest of the family. Many another boy loses his good start by not getting up when he is called.

I think if young people knew how much needless trouble they give their elders by just this one vexatious habit of going to sleep again after they have been called in the morning, they would turn over a new leaf.

When I have ordered breakfast at an hour much earlier than suits my own convenience, that Mollie and Marty may eat it in comfort, and have plenty of time to set out for school, I am not in the most cheerful of moods if I am obliged at least half a dozen times in the course of an hour to call "Mollie! Marty!" the call making no impression. It is hardly fair—is it?—that if they do not care for making a good start in the day for themselves, they should spoil mine for me.

One thought leads to another. Children, believe me that no day is started well if it begins with cross looks and fretful words. There is a homely proverb about having the black dog on your shoulder, which means simply that you are hateful and horrid and disagreeable. Let us be earnful never to be horrid on purpose. Perhaps we can not help being slow or stupid, but we all can help being peevish and perverse.

In starting out in a new study—Latin or algebra or botany—the rate of your progress will depend greatly upon the thoroughness of your beginning. You would call that man a foolish builder who forgot to look after his foundations, and I am sure it is quite as absurd to build badly in a new study. Get a good start, boys. You will then go on without failing in the end.—*Harper's Young People.*

A PLUCKY WOMAN.

Dealing in Coffee to Support Herself and Her Family.

"Young ladies bred up in luxury, who, by misfortune, are suddenly compelled to support themselves, often invent ingenious methods of making a living," said a lady prominent in charitable work. "I told you some time ago of the young lady who supported herself by doing the mending for several families. That was not very strange, as a woman naturally relies on her needle. I know of a young lady who does better than that. Her father, a coffee merchant, died leaving his family unprovided for. After making a number of unsuccessful ventures, the eldest daughter at last concluded to try her father's business in a small way. She went to one of his old friends in the coffee business and he approved the plan and agreed to furnish her the finest coffee at wholesale prices. She then canvassed among private houses for purchasers, and she has met with the greatest success. She supplies the coffee freshly ground and in quantities, and at intervals to suit. She has it put up in one or two pound packages, and people are glad to buy of her, as they get better coffee than they could buy at the grocery stores. It is for her interest to sell and for the purchasers to buy, so there is no charity in it."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Vulgar Presumption.

Nothing is more grotesque than the airs which men will sometimes assume when they undertake a little brief authority. An undertaker who was conducting affairs "decently and in order" at a funeral that was under his charge, noticed a man giving orders and encroaching in an obtrusive way upon the duties of the undertaker's office.

"Excuse me," said the man of hearses, "but by whose authority do you take so much responsibility?"

"Don't you know me?" asked the important man.

"I must confess that I do not."

"Well, then, sir, allow me to say that I have some interest in these matters, inasmuch as I am a brother-in-law to—to—your friend—the corpse!"

The man's minute vulgarity had induced him to "show off" even in the house of mourning.—*Youth's Companion.*

—The course of a California stream has changed lately, rendering entirely useless an expensive bridge built over it last year. The water now rolls past each end of the bridge, which can not be approached, except by boat, nearer than several hundred yards.—*San Francisco Call.*

—Carnulan beas seem to be making a good record for gentleness, a point of no small importance, as any one will testify who has manipulated a savage colony of blacks or Italians when they were thoroughly enraged.—*Chicago Herald.*

FULL OF FUN.

—John Ruskin wants the sewing machine to go. Let him put his foot on the treadle and work it, then.—*New Haven News.*

—Mistress—"Let you go to evening school, Mary? Why, I thought you could read." "Well, ma'am, I does know my letters fus rate so long's they keep all in row, but just as soon as they gits mixed up into words, I'm beat."

—Young mathematician—"If one man can build a well in ten days, ten men could do it in one day, 6,000 could do it in an hour, and 360,000 could do it in a second. Why not employ the last number and be done with it?"—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Magistrate—"Have you ever been arrested before, Uncle Rastus?" Uncle Rastus—"Yes, yo' honah, jess wunce." Magistrate—"What was the charge against you?" Uncle Rastus—"Ten dollahs an' costs, sah."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—A disciple of Blackstone at Albany, Ga., was met carrying a 'possum. He was asked: "Hello, J., what is that?" "Possum!" "What are you going to do with him?" "I'm going to have a big 'possum supper." "How many will be there?" "Two; me and the 'possum!"

—The "wife" was once called the "weaver" of the family. "She doesn't loom up in that way much nowadays," says the Lowell *Courier.* But in the battle of married life she frequently gets worsted, and has to spin around lively to make both ends meet.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A warning against economy—Mistress (to waitress)—"How is this, Jane? We have but two chops." Jane—"If you please, ma'am, Bridget says as how you didn't order enough meat for both tables, and it gives her a sick headache to do with less than three chops for her lunch."—*Rambler.*

—Minister—"Well, my little one, so you went to church yesterday?" Little one—"Yeth thir." Minister—"And do you remember what you heard?" Little one—"Yeth thir. You thaid one of my little prayers, but you didn't thay the other one. You thaid, 'Our Father who art,' but didn't thay 'Now I lay me.'" Minister—"O, well, my dear, but people don't go to church to sleep, you know." Little one—"Yeth they do! I seen a dood many do to sleep when you was talking."—*Somerville Journal.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

—It is never too cold to snow in Minnesota. Furious snow-storms occur when the mercury is thirty degrees below zero.

Hair three-quarters the length of the women and of wonderful thickness is common in Mexico. It is often worn loose, but more frequently in two long plats. Wig-makers find no employment there. The men wear long, heavy fangs.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—A bronze statuette of a Victoria standing upon an orb, and a superb gold locket set with rubies and garnets were unearthed a short time ago on the grounds formerly occupied by the old Roman castrum near Bonn. The statuette is declared by authorities to be a very valuable "find."

—No less than $25,000 has been spent by the German Government in boring a hole. This costly hole was made at Schladebach, near Leipsic, and was made with diamond drills to the depth of 4,500 feet—the deepest drilling ever done. The object was to get a true estimate of coal deposits there.

—The city of New York embraces an area of 24,394 acres. Within the city limits are 500 miles of public roads, exclusive of parks, and to clean these $1,100,000 was expended in the year 188—. Seventy-five thousand dollars is annually spent in removing snow and ice alone.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A dry-goods house purchased a certain grade of shoes at $1.50 a pair, and sold them at $1.49. It was an effective advertisement, but the proprietors took pains to limit the sale of them as much as they could; they gave a gratuity of five cents to the clerk who succeeded in persuading a shopper to take something instead that paid a profit.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

—At a paper mill in Lewiston, Me., the following letter, dated Brunswick, November 11, 1866, recently was found: "Hiram, your actions at the husking bee last evening left me no longer doubtful as to what course I should take. I thought I cared for you, but I was a fool, and now am punished for my folly. Inclosed are the lock of hair, the picture and the ring you gave me. Perhaps the ring will fit somebody else's finger just as well. Jane."

—An examination of the map of the United States will show a strip of land several millions of acres in extent, marked "public land," lying between the States of Kansas and Colorado and Texas. This strip of country was left out by mistake in the original surveys, and is not included in any State or Territorial jurisdiction. Neither is it reached by United States law. It is wholly without a judicial authority, and is, consequently, the abode of the very worst classes in the country. Cattle thieves and criminals of all kinds resort to it as a refuge, and lately settlemen have partly taken possession of it.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Uncertainty of the Law.

The uncertainty of the law is exemplified in a case just ended in Boston. In February, 1881, a boy about nine years of age, while riding on the runner of a sleigh in Brookline, suddenly jumped off into the road without looking behind him, and was run over by a sleigh and hurt. He sued for damages and got a verdict for $1,800. A new trial was granted on the ground of the insanity of one of the jurors, and the second verdict for the plaintiff was $600. On final appeal this has been cut nearly in two, and the boy gets nothing.—*N. Y. Post.*

WONDERS OF THE SEA.

Interesting Facts Concerning Waves, Depth, Evaporation and Temperature.

The sea occupies three-fifths of the surface of the earth. At a depth of about thirty-five hundred feet, waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the ice of the pole to the burning sun of the equator. A mile down the water has a pressure of over a ton to the square inch. If a box six feet deep was filled with sea water and allowed to evaporate under the sky, there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt two hundred and thirty feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic. The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In the many bays on the coast of Norway the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above.

Waves are very deceptive. To look at them in a storm one would think the water traveled. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. Sometimes in storms these waves are forty feet high, and travel fifty miles an hour—more than twice as fast as the swiftest steamer. The distance from valley to valley is generally fifteen times the height, hence a wave five feet high will extend over seventy-five feet of water. The force of the sea dashing on Bell Rock is said to be seventeen tons for each square yard. Evaporation is a wonderful power in drawing water from the sea. Every year a layer of the entire sea, four feet thick, is taken up into the clouds. The winds bear their burden into the land, and the water comes down in rain upon the fields, to flow back at last through rivers. The depth of the sea presents an interesting problem. If the Atlantic were lowered 6,564 feet, the distance from shore to shore would be half as great, or 1,500 miles. If lowered a little more than three miles, say 19,680 feet, there would be a road of dry land from Newfoundland to Ireland. This is the plain on which the great Atlantic cables were laid. The Mediterranean is comparatively shallow. A drying up of 660 feet would leave three different seas, and Africa would be joined with Italy. The British Channel is more like a pond, which accounts for its choppy waves.

It has been found difficult to get correct soundings of the Atlantic. A mid-shipman of the navy overcame the difficulty, and shot weighing thirty pounds carries down the line. A hole is bored through the sinker, through which a rod of iron is passed, moving easily back and forth. In the end of the bar a cup is dug out, and the inside seated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line, and a sling holds the shot on. When the bar, which extends below the ball, touches the earth, the sling unhoods and the shot slide off. The lard in the end of the bar holds some of the sand, or whatever may be on the bottom, and a drop shuts over the cup to keep the water from washing the sand out. When the ground is reached, a shock is felt as if an electric current had passed through the line.—*Electrical Review.*

NO CHANGE.

Why a Visitor Recognized No Change in a Booming Town.

"This is the first time that I have been in this town since the war," said a man who had just arrived in Little Rock.

"Is that so?" some one asked.

"Yes, first time since the war."

"See a great change, I suppose?"

"No, don't recognize a single change."

"Why, man, the town is three times as large now as it was then."

"Can't help that. I don't recognize any change in the town since the war."

"You haven't got any eyes."

"Yes, my eyes are very good."

"Then you haven't got any memory."

"Yes, my memory is excellent."

"And still you tell me that there has been no change in this town since the war?"

"Oh, I don't say there hasn't been any change since the war. I say that I don't recognize any for I wasn't here before the war. This is my first visit."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Unfortunate Indeed.

Clara—Well, Henry, this is pretty conduct. Mother was here to supper and you never made your appearance.

Henry—Very sorry, my love—couldn't help it. Met Boojum—would have me go to the theater.

Clara (suspiciously)—Indeed! What was the play about? You know I always like to hear.

Henry—Sorry I can't oblige you. Boojum talked to me so that I didn't hear a word.

Clara—What did you see?

Henry—Nothing. Boojum's sister and her hat sat in front of me.—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, April 7.

CATTLE—Shipping steers	$4 30	@	$5 00
Native cows	3 00	@	4 00
Butchers steers	3 60	@	4 50
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	3 80	@	4 15
Light	3 [illegible]	@	4 [illegible]
WHEAT—No. 2 red	[illegible]	@	[illegible]
No. 3 red	[illegible]	@	[illegible]
No. 2 soft	79	@	[illegible]
CORN—No. 2	[illegible]	@	[illegible]
OATS—No. 2	[illegible]	@	[illegible]
RYE—No. 2	45	@	[illegible]
FLOUR—Fancy, per sack	1 75	@	1 [illegible]
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	18	@	21
POTATOES	35	@	60
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 85	@	5 20
Butchers steers	3 60	@	4 30
HOGS—Packing	4 10	@	4 30
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 [illegible]	@	5 00
FLOUR—Choice	3 [illegible]	@	3 [illegible]
WHEAT—No. 2 red	84	@	84
CORN—No. 2	[illegible]	@	[illegible]
OATS—No. 2	29	@	[illegible]
RYE—No. 2	50	@	51
BUTTER—Creamery	27	@	32
PORK	9 90	@	10 00
COTTON—Middlings	8	@	[illegible]
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 00	@	5 50
HOGS—Packing and shipping	4 30	@	4 50
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 00	@	6 00
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 40	@	4 85
WHEAT—No. 2 red	74	@	75
No. 3	59	@	60
No. 2 spring	[illegible]	@	[illegible]
CORN—No. 2	[illegible]	@	[illegible]
OATS—No. 2	[illegible]	@	[illegible]
RYE—No. 2	56	@	56
BUTTER—Creamery	27	@	30
PORK	9 80	@	9 85
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Exports	4 90	@	5 90
HOGS—Good to choice	4 70	@	4 90
SHEEP—Common to good	4 [illegible]	@	5 [illegible]
FLOUR—Good to choice	3 [illegible]	@	5 [illegible]
WHEAT—No. 2 red	[illegible]	@	[illegible]
CORN—No. 2	[illegible]	@	[illegible]
OATS—Western mixed	[illegible]	@	[illegible]
BUTTER—Creamery	[illegible]	@	[illegible]
PORK	9 [illegible]	@	9 [illegible]
PETROLEUM—Crude	[illegible]	@	[illegible]

Is the United States Senate, during a recent debate, Senator Vest, of Missouri, paid a high tribute to the merits of St. Jacobs Oil.

Boards of Health endorse Red Star Cough Cure as free from poison. Prompt and sure, and only twenty-five cents a bottle.

It is not considered necessary in society to return a bill-collector's call.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Winter Storm.

Why is a winter storm like a child with a bad cold? It blows, it snows, it blows its nose. Cure it with Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein. Walter A. Taylor, Proprietor, Atlanta, Ga.

It is as a general thing far easier to raise a row than to raise a mustache.—*Chicago Telegram.*

Food makes Blood and Blood makes Beauty. Improper digestion of food necessarily produces bad blood, resulting in a feeling of fullness in the stomach, acidity, heartburn, sick headache, and other dyspeptic symptoms. A closely confined life causes indigestion, constipation, biliousness and loss of appetite. To remove these troubles there is no remedy equal to Prickly Ash Bitters. It has been tried and proven to be a specific.

We suppose a firm of proof-readers could be properly called "The house of correction."

"Woman and Her Diseases"

is the title of an interesting illustrated treatise (168 pages) sent, postpaid, for 10 cents in stamps. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The carmen now cultivate a row-bust physique.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

Color the whiskers a handsome brown or black with Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

If the liver is disordered, the whole system suffers. Ayer's Pills correct this trouble.

A nervous appeal—Time to get up.—*New Haven News.*

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

A sweet letter—A candied a vowel.—*Lowell Citizen.*

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Engaged in the hop business—The dancing master.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Delays Are Dangerous."

If you are pale, emaciated, have a hacking cough, with night-sweats, spitting of blood and shortness of breath, you have no time to lose. Do not hesitate less longer—delay may prove fatal. If taken in its early stages, consumption can be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," as thousands can testify. By druggists.

A petrified clock has been found in Rome. Another indication of hard times.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

"Yes, I shall break the engagement," she said, folding her arms and looking defiant; "it is really too much trouble to converse with him; he's as deaf as a post, and talks like he had a mouthful of mush. Besides, the way he hawks and spits is disgusting." "Don't break the engagement for that; tell him to take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It will cure him completely." "Well, I'll tell him. I do hate to break it off, for in all other respects he's quite too charming." Of course, it cured his catarrh.

Sneezes are like misfortunes. They seldom come singly.—*Boston Transcript.*

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute. Hedge's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies. Dr. Berman's Corn Remover kills corns & bunions.

Always comes out on top—Your hair.—*Boston Traveler.*

Because a baby is a little yeller it's no sign he is a Chinaman.—*Falmouth Journal.*

Don't Get Caught

This spring, as you may have been before, with your blood full of impurities, your digestion impaired, your liver torpid, your kidneys and liver torpid, and whole system liable to be prostrated by disease; but get yourself into good condition, and ready for the changing and warmer weather, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It stands unequaled for purifying the blood, giving an appetite, and for a regulating and invigorating medicine. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"My wife had very poor health for a long time, suffering from indigestion, poor appetite, and constant headache. She tried every thing we could hear of, but found no relief till she tried Hood's Sarsaparilla. She is now taking the third bottle, and never felt better in her life. We feel it our duty to recommend it to every one we know." GEO. SOMERVILLE, Morland, Cook Co., Ill.

"I took Hood's Sarsaparilla for general debility and was wonderfully benefited by it." J. F. JUNKIN, Martin's Ferry, O.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1, six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

OH! MY BACK

Every stitch or cold attacks that weak back and nearly prostrates you.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY. PURITY

THE BEST TONIC

Strengthens the Muscles, Stimulates the Nerves, Enriches the Blood, Gives New Vigor.

Miss Lizzie Newman, 908 Cross Ave., St. Louis, Mo., says: "I suffered with spinal weakness, pain in my back and sleepless nights. I tried many remedies, but found no relief, until I used Brown's Iron Bitters. Four bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters have relieved me and I cheerfully recommend it."

Miss Anna Hildebrandt, 1311 Lemoine St., Sedalia, Mo., says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for a weak back with much benefit."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

FOR COUCHS, CROUP AND CONSUMPTION USE

TAYLOR'S CHEROKEE REMEDY

OF SWEET GUM AND MULLEIN.

The Sweet Gum from a tree of the same name growing in the South, combined with a tea made from the Mullein plant of the old Pacific. For sale by all druggists at 25 cents and $1 per Bottle.

WALTER A. TAYLOR, Atlanta, Ga.

FREE FARMS IN SUNNY SAN LUIS.

The most Wonderful Agricultural Fact is that surrounding irrigation, mining and stock-raising towns. FARMERS, MECHANICS, MERCHANTS and others need to know that THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF GOVERNMENT LAND, adjacent to prosperous towns, are now open to actual settlers at $1.25 per Acre. Long Time. Park territory by railroad, cheap railroad rates. Every article shipped to market, grain, potatoes, etc., at a profit. Write for Land Laws, Map, Pamphlets, etc., to Chas. Blake, Land Com., Denver, Colo. R.R. Com.

No Rope to Cut Off Horses' Manes.

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