WHEN THE BOATS COME HOME.

There's I ght upon the sen to-day,
And gladness on the strand;
Ah! well ye know that hearts are gay
When sails draw nigh the land!
We followed them with thoughts and tears,

Far. far across the foam; Dear Lord, it seems a thousand years Until the boats come home! We tend the children, live our life, And toll, and mend the nets; But is there ever maid or wife Whose fa thfui heart forgets? We know what cruel dangers lie Beneath that shining foam, And watch the changes in the sky

Until the boats come home

There's glory on the sea to day, The sunset gold is bright; Methought I heard a grandsire say, "At eve it shall be light!"
O'er waves of crystal touched with fire,
And flakes of pearly foam, We gaze, and see our heart's desire; The boats are coming home.
—Sarah Doudney, in Good Words.

#### A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

CHAPTER I. My name-is not Norval, nor have I ever in any way been associated with the Grampian hills-but my name is Oscar Hockersmith. You will at once perceive that there is nothing in such a name, but if any man has ever passonce communicating with me.

little old town on the upper Arkansaw river. After taking breakfast at a hotel, the proprietor of the house came to me and said that as I had no baggage, I would be compelled to pay in

"Baggage, indeed!" I exclaimed. "Have my trunk sent up, if you please.

"You brought no baggage, sir." "Then it has not arrived. It will soon be here for I am sure it arrived, having seen it delivered to a wagoner at the depot. I have no money with me. I hope that you appreciate my position, sir."

He doubtfully shook his head and a little and I wondered if the fellow who had taken my trunk had run away with it. I had no check, and I knew that I might have trouble in recovering my property. Just as I turned to go out, an old gentleman whom I suddenly encountered, threw up his hands and exclaimed:

"My God !" "What is the matter?"

"Oh, sir, if I did not know that my son Norval was dead, I would think in a justice of the peace, who requested you he had returned. He was killed me to make a brief statement of how I have never seen the institution. I am in the army. He regarded me closely and in a

quieter tone continued: "I have never before seen such a resemblance. Same eyes, nose, mouth

-everything. Will you please do an old man a favor?" I replied that I would favor him in

any possible way.

"Then come with me to my house. I want my wife to see you.'

I told him of the perplexing situation in which I was placed. "Here, Mr. Bunch!" he exclaimed. calling the proprietor. "Look at this man. Doesn't he look exactly like my

son Norval?" "Exactly, only he is much older." "Yes, but you must remember that it is more than twenty years since Norval went into the army. Poor boy," turning to me. "Poor boy, he was killed at Antietam. I want you to go home with me. I will stand good

for your bill." "I feel under many obligations to you, old gentleman, for I am really in an embarrassing position. I fear that take his own time in paying me; but I fellow has stolen my trunk, but if you will go with me to the town officer, I will afterwards go with you."

He agreed and we called upon the town marshal, who, after listening to my statement, looked at me suspiciously and said:

"You didn't come in on the train." "But, sir, I know that I did. I delivered my trunk to a tall negro who walked with a limp, and who, if I remember correctly, had an impediment in his speech. The trunk-and I would know it among a thousand-is a large one, covered with black

"Look here," said the officer, "you came up on a boat, for I saw you when you got off; besides, you could not have come by rail, for as there are several wash-outs above and below here, there has not been a train in for two days."

This statement was insulting, yet I struggled to conceal my resentment. Officials, in small towns, are generally narrow-minded, dogmatic men, and I cared not to dispute him farther than to reassirm that I came in on the morning train. Then, turning to the old gentleman, whose name I had learned was Metford, I announced my readiness to accompany him. He had been so absorbed in the contemplation of the resemblance between his son and myself, that he had paid but little attention to the disparity of statements could see that he did not like the concerning the manner of my arrival. change which had come over the

Mr. Metford lived in an attractive | court. old place, not far from the river. When we entered the gate, a woman came out on the gallery and in a moment, after seeing me, clasped her hauds and leaned against a post. As and sprang toward me. The old gen-tleman, gently taking hold of her, "Judge," said

told me your name, sir. Ah, yes," when I had told him, "this is Mr. Oscar Hockersmith. I wanted you to see him on account of the perfect likeness he bears to Norval. Come in, sir," he continued. leading the way. We entered a comfortably furnished room. The old lady could not keep her eyes

"Poor Norval," she repeated over and over again. "Poor child. Oh, sir, if I did not know that he was killedoh, sir, are you not indeed he?"

"Be quiet, Mary," said the old gentleman. "Don't become excited. Let us make it pleasant here for Mr. Hock-

ness is completed, I shall go back to rest, please." St. Louis.'

"Until then," said Mrs. Metford, "you must remain at our house. Although I know that you are not our son, yet to see you here revives and illustrates a memory that is so dear-" broke down.

"Mary." said the old gentleman, approaching her and stroking her hair, "dont give way to your feelings. the event of hearing of this wonderful likeness, would never forgive me. Don't give away, now."

She became calm, but every time she looked at me, I could see her lip quiver. "What a pity, that I am not your son," I mused. "Any man, aside from natural affection, would eously announced.

After dinner, to which I was induced to remain, we were sitting in front door, caused a momentary flutter of excitement. Mr. Metford, who answered the summons, soon returned accompanied by the town marshal. Approaching me, and placing his ungentle hand on my shoulder, he said :

"I want you." "Want me?" I asked in surprise.

"Yes, I want you." "What right have you to want me, s you term it?"

He took out a paper and handed it walked away. This annoyed me not to me. It was a warrant, arresting you would recognize me." me on a charge of willfully and mamore. It was useless to resist, and although the old gentleman and his wife protested against such an indignity being imposed on a guest of their house, yet by the feelingless ruffian I was led away and lodged in jail.

CHAPTER II.

The next day I was arraigned before ame to town. I did so, telling the best of my recollection. I told him about losing my trunk, and I ventured to take to task a village that would stubbornly shut its eyes and allow the perpetration of such outrages. The town marshal swore that I did not come by rail, that no train had come in since two days before; that I had come on a steamboat, the "Farmer Boy"-the captain of which steamer was present-and that I had no trunk. The captain, a very gentlemanly looking fellow, arose and astonished me with the following statement :

"Just before leaving Little Rock, day before yesterday, this man, who calls himself Hockersmith, came to me and said that he would like to go up the river as far as Cregmore; that he was employed by a St. Louis land corporation, and that as his baggage had somehow failed to arrive, he was without money. Of course I could not allow this story to affect me into the generosity of presenting the man a ticket, nor to tell him that he might did tell him that he would be compelled to pay his passage in advance. He declared that he had no money, but that if I would let him come up as a deck passenger, he would, upon reaching this place, get the money from a friend and pay me. . It's only a small amount and I should not have mentioned it but for the fact that the marshal came down and asked me about the strange fellow.'

"What have you to say concerning these statements?" asked the justice. "Nothing, only that they are not true," I replied. "As I tell you, I came here by rail, arriving yesterday morning.'

"But no train arrived yesterday morning.

Then I became indignant. "All right, have it your way," said I. me and I will go on the rock pile or the convict farm and work it out."

"I don't exactly see how you have violated the law," replied the magistrate, looking at me with almost an expression of pity. "You have not obtained money by false pretenses." "So far as his passage is concerned," remarked the steamboat man, "I am

not anxious. I would not have him punished for that." The town marshal shifted and twisted himself around in his chair. I

"Your honor," said he, "this man also made false statements to Mr. Bunch, proprietor of the hotel. He

obtained board under false pretenses." I understood him. He would urge we approached, she uttered a shriek charges against me merely to defend

"Judge," said a voice that I knew. Looking round, I saw Mr. Metford. Everyone waited for him to speak. "I "Come, Mary, don't give way to Everyone waited for him to speak. "I your feelings. This is—you have not met Mr. Hockersmith at the hotel yesterday morning. On account of the wonderful resemblance he bears to my son Norval-"

"Yes," replied the judge. "Poor

He explained his embarrassment, and I told Mr. Bunch that I would stand good for the bill. So, that charge is wiped out." . "That's all very well, gentlemen," exclaimed the town marshal. "but we can't allow fellows to come in this

and was wounded by a piece of shell at Shiloh. After the war I went home, but found that the uncle with whom I had lived, was reduced almost to a have had money to bet at poker, you have had money to bet at poker, you presses her hips upon my brow. penniless condition. He did not long have failed to keep your promise. survive, and there being nothing in Yes, it is a very good idea to punish Richmond to particularly bind me to the place, I wandered away and have never returned. I have come to this I think it would be well to act upon her a state to look after the land interest of your conception of justice. Your she comes near me. Now she goes a corpration, and, so soon as my busi- honor, make me out a warrant of ar- singing through the hallway. There

For a time the marshal knew not what to say. His face grew red. "You as he did when I was a boy. Yes, my all know me," he replied. "I am not name is Norval."—Arkansaw Trava stranger. I didn't come here and elcr. try to beat any of you. I'll pay the ten dollars; don't fret about that. I Here the poor woman completely |don't think it is right to hop on a man that's trying to protect the community against fraud. I've got nothing against this fellow and am willing to see him turned loose."

would not have urged him to come but I knew that if I did not, you, in joined Mr. Metford. "You needn't make out the warrant, judge. Well, Mr. Hockersmith," turning to me, "as there is nothing against you here, you will please accompany me home.'

When we again went to the house, Mrs. Metford's lip trembled. They would not hear to my leaving them, so I remained all night. The next mornthe one which I am going to relate, he would do me a great kindness by at splendid home his death had made and for several weeks knew nothing. cheerless, and I almost wished that I When I regained consciousness, my One day I arrived at Cregmore, a had told the couple that I was really mind was so confused that I could not their Norval, whose death was erron- think. I knew that I talked incoherently, therefore I said but little.

One day while I was sitting in my room, a man was shown up by one of the parlor when a loud knock on the the servants. Mr. and Mrs. Metford listening hearts of men, tears of sadwere away from home, having gone over to a neighbor's house. "Don't you know me?" said the

"I don't think that I ever saw you before," I replied.

He looked at me and smiled sadly. "What do you mean, I asked." "I mean nothing offensive. You know Abe Catham?'

"Never heard of him." "I am sorry, for I had hoped that "How can I recognize you, sir, when liciously deceiving the people of Creg- this is the first time we have ever

He shook his head and muttered something which sounded to me like 'poor fellow." Then he startled me

"I have been your keeper for years." "Yes; I am connected with the Missouri Insane asylum." "I don't dispute your position as

keeper, but I can assure you that I a St. Louis land man.

"Let me tell you something which has just come to light. You were wounded at the battle of Antietam." "Shiloh."

"At Antietam. You and a young

Virginian, who to some extent resembled you—a man named Hockersmith fell close to each other. In the report of the killed and wounded, you were put down on the dead list and this man Hockersmith was reported to be wounded. You had been struck by a piece of shell and was, upon recovery of the wound, found to be hopelessly insane. You went to Richmond, but your supposed relatives spurned you, so I have heard; and, after wandering around, you went to Missouri and was placed in an insane asylum where you remained until a few weeks ago when you escaped. Your name I have learned is Norval Metford and I have

come to tell your parents, after satisfying myself that it is you-" The room began to turn around. The man's voice sounded away off at a great distance. He seemed to be shouting, but I could not catch his words. Then some one, dressed in red tight breeches, came in and danced on the back of a chair. A blacksmith led in a horse and began to shoe him. His bellows roared and his anvil rang so loud that I had to put my fingers in my ears. His fire a sudden puff it went out, leaving me

began to gradually darken and, with in a blackness of atmosphere. I groped around, but could find no opening in the wall. I cried aloud for a lamp and I cursed the blacksmith for allowing his fire to go out with such a cruel puff. Crawling around on my hands and knees I found a match. I kissed it. I pressed it to my heart. "Thank God!" I cried. "Thank God that once more there shall be light in the world." Tears One man cannot stand up against so streamed from my eyes. I tried to many. If I deserve punishment, fine light the match. The tears had dampened it, and with the feeblest little glow, it died away, leaving me in de-

spair. I heard a voice, low and sweet. "Who are you?" I asked. A tear fell on my forehead, and clasping my hands, I turned my face upward. "Whose tears are those falling upon me!" I cried. The voice, soft and sweet, sang, but the tears continued to fall. "Oh, can you not give me a lamp?" I cried in agony. Something touched me. It was a lamp, cold and dark, but I hugged it close to me and took care lest my tears should fall upon it. I placed it on the floor and with my hands clasped around it, I lay down and prayed. A feeble little gleam flickered between my fingers. The lamp grew warm. I removed my hands. The little blaze flickered, and then-yes, oh, glories of heaven, then-there came a grand burst of light, a flood of magnificent illumination. I lay on a bed. The sun shone into the room. A facemy mother's face was bowed over me. "Thank God!" she exclaimed and encircled my neck with her loving arms. My father was there, too, looking upon me.

"There," dear," said my mother, "keep very quiet. For weeks you have hovered between life and death." I closed my eyes and warm recollec-Hockersnith to accompany me home. I tions poured over me. I could remember it all; how I left that dear

home and went into the army.

I am sitting in my room looking out on the grassy slope where I played so many years ago. There is the old tree where I used to swing in the cool way. I believe that a man should be shade. I hear my mother singing in

"You haven't the slightest symptoms of fever, Norval, dear,"

Angelic woman! She cannot keep her arms from around my neck when stands my faiher at the gate. Something has amused him for he laughs

Paganini's Playing.

How did Paganini play? Now like an angel, now like a demon with his tail in a closed door. He played like the very devil himself-never like a mortal man. Such sounds assuredly have never yet been drawn from a violin. The only thing that sounded like them was pulling a cat by the hind leg from under an ash barrel. In fact, they were no real violin sounds; they sounded like the roaring of the storm, like the surging of the sea, like a chronic snorer with his nose congested, like a brakeman on the Elevated Railroad with a cold in his head, like the ringing of the trombone, like the thunder of a fat man with a deep voice whose suspender button flew off, like the chimes of a dinner bell, or the sound of a bird, like the anguish and despair of man, like moaning, and singing, and whining and weeping.

And when the G string wailed, then tears come through the eyes from the ness and delight, real salt and water tears as big as Texas pecan nutsnone of your artificial tears gotten up

to deceive the public. His performance had the effect of flashes of lightning in a dark night. He was as full of electricity as a black cat that is rubbed the wrong way of the fur. While he played, a nervous tremor went through his whole frame, shaking, thin and spectre-like as it was, and from his gloomy eyes there flashed a deeply-seated, raging fire, such as is sometimes seen in the eyes of an editor on whom a barkeeper shoved off a bad quarter. With the last stroke of the bow the player sank completely exhausted upon his chair, and whispered feebly: "Send for a sour toddy.'

His technique was the purest chromatic roulades, his wonderfully clear intonation, even in humorous bizarreries, excited the astonishment of people who were engaged in the manufacture of bizarreries and knew all about them. His broken accords across all the four strings, from the lowest depths up to the giddiest heights, could not be distinguished from the noise made by a boy running a stick along a picket fence. His rapid octave playing upon the G string, his silvery chime of bells, his fortissimo, which drownded the whole of the orchestra, followed immediately by the sweetest, most charming pianissimo, can only be compared to the loud voice of a woman who is scolding her boy for tearing his pants, and suddenly hears the voice of her

pastor at the door asking if she is in. All this was inconceivable and incomprehensible, and, therefore, also indescribable. Even the best violinists of Berlin shook their heads and said: "We do not comprehend it; that is superhuman. If we had not heard and seen this performance, we should not believe it." And yet Paganini died a natural death. He was never even shot at .- Texas Siftings.

A Chinese Miner's Luck.

Years ago John Manuel left home and family in England and came to Iowa Eill to seek his fortune. Every year he added to his pile, and when his oldest boy was grown he came to share his labors. One snowy day a mighty cave from the North Star banks crushed out the lad's life, and the father followed him to the grave.

The next son came from England, and they both worked in this same mine till the father yielded up his life under another avalanche of earth and stone. It was known that he had money buried somewhere, but, though they dug and searched, no one could find a clue to its hiding place. In a couple of months the second son was sacrificed in the same manner and on almost the same spot where his father and brother had been killed, and mother and family in England were bereaved indeed.

The search for the money was given up in despair, and the ill fated men and their story were all but forgotten, when this week a couple of Chinamen, who speak good English, told that last summer a Chinaman, working on the night shift in the old Jamison diggings, saw a large box come down with a cave. On examination he found that it contained \$7,000 and a sparkling ring. This was doubtless Manuel's money, for he was known to have taken a diamond ring for a debt of \$150. It had been hidden under the old Ladd house, owned by the late Mr. Carder, in which house Manuel lived at the time of the accident. The crafty heathen told but one person, a fellow heathen, swearing him to secrecy till he should have departed in safety. The finder is now in the Flowery Kingdom, where he has probably become a nabob or mandarin by this time.-Placer Times.

### A Valuable Hint.

"What are you buying now?" asked Ned Stevenson of Andrew Powell, on meeting the latter in Bell's jewelry

"I am looking for some present to give my wife on her birthday. I tell you making presents costs a heap of KNIGHTS, Charleston, Mass.

"Why don't you do as I do? I have never failed to make my wife a present on her birthday every year for twentyfive years, and I am not out a cent thus far."

"How do you manage it?" "It is very simple. After we were married, when her birthday came ersmith, and perhaps he will remain several days with us. Tell us something about yourself, Mr. Hockersmith?"

"I was born in Richmond, Va.," I replied "and my parents died when I was ouite young. I went into the army was quite young. I went into the army properties are as he the sitting-room. They say my father laughs again, as he did when I was a boy. Those old people are in a heaven of happiness. The physicians say that a few days from now I can resume the business of life. Can any summe the business of life. Can any a cent."—Texas Siftings.

"Fools Rush in Where Angels Fear to Tread."

So impetuous youth is often given to folly and indiscretions; and, as a result, nervous, mental and organic debility follow, memory is impaired, self-confidence is lacking; at night bad dreams occur, premature old age seems setting in, ruin is in the track. In consequent of the consequence of the folly and indiscretions; and, as a resetting in, ruin is in the track. In conndence, you can and should write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., the author of a treatise for the benefit of that class of patients. and describe your symptoms and sufferings. He can cure you at your home, and will send you full particulars by mail.

At the postoffice corner the other day several old soldiers were discussing Gen. Grant's article on Shiloh in the Century Magazine. "Gen. Grant denies that we were surprised," said or e. "Of course there was no surprise. We invited the rebels to come and take breakfast with us, and they came, that was all.

"Is there no balm in Gilead!

Is there no physician there!" in his "Golden Medical Discovery"-a pepsia. "balm for every wound" to health,

"What does your husband call you buy?" said a bride to a friend who had been married several years; "does he call you ducky or lovey? My darling calls me ducky." "Does he? Mine used to call me popsey-wopsey, but he doesn't use that term now." "What does ne call you, then?" "He calls me 'Say,

as combined in Dr. Pierce's Extract of I have been a sufferer two years from Smart-Weed, is the best remedy for catarrh or cold in the head, having distressing colic, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, dys- pain over my eyes. Gradually the disease entery or bloody-flux; also, to break up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks cured one bottle of Ely's Cream Balm and f used early.

The March Century will contain two joying good health. I recommended it to some of my friends. One of them sent for a bottle. He told me that half of it cured bim. My ad-O'Conor, by a friend who knew him vice is to those suffering with catarrh or cold intimately for many years, John Bigelow, and "Reminiscences of Daniel Balm, as it is a positive cure.—John H. Van-Webster." by Stephen M. Allen. A sant, Sandy Hook, Elliott Co., Ky. Webster," by Stephen M. Allen. A portrait of Daniel Webster, the frontisfrom a daguerrotype made in Philadel- census of 1900. phia in 1849, and shows the great statesman wearing a tall silk hat. It the city by stopping at the Metropolitan was taken as a memento of a speech Hotel when you visit Omaha, the only which Mr. Webster had made with his \$2.00 per day house. Tables as good

A San Franciscan who attended a recent seance of Mrs. Souther, the alleged 'spiritual medium, caught the ghost and proved him, before the whole company, to be a certain Mr. Jackson, whom nearly all present knew.

Ladies in America

long before they reach middle age frequently find themselves suffering from some of the complaints and weaknesses peculiar to their sex. For all such Kidney-Wort is a great boon, It induces a healthy action of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system, and strengthens and gives new life to all the important organs of the body. It is nature's great assistant in establishing and sustaining health. Sold by all drnggists.

gives instant relief.

In Paris there are 150 tradesment in nothing but old postage stamps.

Philip Armour, the famous Chicago pork packer, is said to have one of the best private ibraries in the country.

Habitual constipation is not only one of the nost unpleasant, but at the same time one of the most injurious conditions of the human system, and is but a forerunner of disease, unless removed. This is usually accomplished by the use of purgatives, which for the time ford relief, but after their immediate effects have passed they leave the system in a worse state than before. To effect a cure it is necessary that the remedy used should be one that not only by its cathartic effect relieves the bowels, but at the same time acts as a tonic, so as to restore the organs to a sound, healthy condition. This PRICKLY ASH BIT-TERS will do. It removes the cause and re-

The novice at the rink ought to wear two pairs of skates-one on his head.

Omaha has several high priced Hotels but the Metropolitan is the only \$2.00 per day house centrally located. Try

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a receips that will cure, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send selfaddressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York.

The Spartans have become a race of liars, beggars and thieves.

High-Priced Butter.

Dairymen often wonder how their more favored competitors get such high prices for heir butter the year round. It is by always having a uniform gilt-edged article. To put the "gilt edge" on, when the pastures do not do it, they use Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color. Every butter maker can do the same. Sold everywhere and warranted as harmless as salt, and perfect in

The assests of the life insurance companies of Great Britain amount to not less than £170,-

Perfection. The Scarlet, Cardinal Red, Old Gold, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Dia-mond Dyes give perfect results. Any fa-h-ionable color, 10c., at druggists. Wells, Rich-ardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

The bumble bee molts at least ten times before arriving at the winged state.

Farm Annual for 1885.

Will be sent free to every reader of this paper who will write for it. It is a handsome book of 120 pages, hundreds of new and beaut ful illustrations, colored plates, &c. Farmers, Market Gardners and Planters should send their address on a postal card at once to W. A. Burpce & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Specialism among the London doctors is now being arried on to such an extent as to seriously impair the usefulness of the profesWhen you visit New York City, via Central depot, save Baggage Expressage and \$3 Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite said depot. Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars;

Home should be made a dwelling-place for souls rather than a mere lodging-house for

Carbolines.

Sorrow and gloom the soul may meet, Yet love wrings triumph from defeat; And the coarsest hair can still be fine by using Magic Carboline.

God made the woman for the man. The milliner added the expense. Do You Want to Buy a Dog!

Send for Dog Buyers' Guide, 100 pages. Engravings of all breeds, colored plate, prices of dogs and where to buy them. Mailed for 15 cents, Associated Fanciers, 237 South Eighth street, Philadelphia.

It is the husband of the woman with the Thanks to Dr. Pierce, there is a balm laughing eyes that is never troubled with dys-

"balm for every wound" to health, from colds, coughs, consumption, bronchitis, and all chronic, blood, lung and liver affections. Of druggists.

THE purest, sweetest and best Cod Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers, upon the sea shore. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Pattents who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market. Made by CASWEL. HAZZAR & Co., New York.

Mrs. Ingalls says that woman is a silent power in the land. That will be news to thousands of husbands.

The Proprietors of Ely's Cream Balm do not claim it to be a cure-all, but a sure remedy for Catarrh, Colds in the Head and Hay Fever Best French Brandy, Smart-Weed,
Jamaica Ginger and Camphor Water,

1 It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is easily applied with the finger. It gives relief at once.

Sold by all druggists Price 50 cents. By mail

within five days my hearing was restored, the pain ceased over my eyes, and I am now en-

portrait of Daniel Webster, the frontis-Boston, in the opinion of the Herald, of that piece of the number, was engraved city, will have 1,000,000 inhabitants by the

Save money and be in the heart of as any other house in Omaha. No England paid \$25,000,000 last year to for charge for "style." We don't have

arbolisaive is the favorite Household Remedy for the cure of Cuts, Wounds, Chilblaines, Poisons, Bites of Insects, and Skin disabes. Get the genuine. 25c. and 35c., at Drugsists or by mail. J. W. COLE & CO. Black River Falls, Wis.

A scientist says that in 3,000,000 years the

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" gives instant relief.

In Paris there are 150 trad smen who deal

A FREE HOME in San Luis Park, Col. Home-laims. Farming by irrigation, safest system. No drouth, no floods. Canal completed. Water ready. Crops absolutely sure tirst season. Home market. Surrounded by free grazing ranges. For full information address, COLORADO LOAN & TRUST Co., Denver, Colo.

"The hall of the dull thud" is a new name



body arise from a derangement of the Liver, affecting both the stomach and dewels. In order to effect a cure, it is necessary to remove the cause. Irregular and Sluggish action of the Bowels. Headache, Sickness at the Stomach, Pain in the Back and Loins, etc., indicate that the Liver is at fault, and that nature requires assistance to enable this organ to throw off impurities. Prickly Ash Bitters are especially

compounded for this purpose. They are mild in their action and effective as a cure; are pleasant to the taste and taken easily by both children and adults. Teken according to directions, they are a safe and pleasant cure for Dyspepsia, General Debility, Mabitual Constipation, Diseased Kidneys, etc., etc. Asa Blood Purifier they are superior to any other medicine; eleansing the system thoroughly, and imparting new life and energy to the incalid. It: a medicine and not an intoxicating beverage.

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#### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is prepared in the most careful manner by practical | Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, enriches, and vitalizes

tive power surpassing every other preparation. "I have suffered for many years, very much from dyspepsia. Almost all kinds of foou distressed me, calves of his legs. His hands were so bad they would and often I felt dull and heavy, having little or no crack open and bleed. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla. ambition to do anything: took Hood's Sarsaparlila, and is entirely cured. J. B. STANTON, Mt. Vernon. and received great benefit by it." Mrs. M. A. Ohio.

# Purifies the Blood

C. E. Lovejoy, Lowell, Mass., says: "I was severely Sarsaparilla and consider myself entirely cured." boils, caused by my blood being out of order. Two Line Company, St. Louis, Mo. bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me, and I can "I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it benesafely recommend it to others troubled with affect ficial for pimples on the face, and impure blood."

pharmacists. The combination and proportion of the blood, stimulates the digestion, and gives strength sarsaparilla, dandellon, mandrake, yellow dock, and to the whole body, effecting remarkable cures of other remedial agents, is exclusively peculiar to scrofula, sait rheum, all humors, dyspepsia, billous Hood's Sarsaparilla and unknown to other medicines ness, headache, kidney and liver complaints, catarrh. thus giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla strength and cura- rheumatism, and that extreme tired feeling caused by change of climate, season or life.

"My son had sait rheum on his hands and on the

## Strengthens the System

"My daughter had been alling some time with general delility, and Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommendafflicted with scrofula, and for over a year had two ed to us. After she had taken three bottles she was running sores on my neck. Took five bottles of Hood's | completely cured and built up. It is with great pleasure that I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." BEN M. "In the early part of last spring I was troubled with MIRRIELEES, Supt. Cincinnati & St, Louis U. S. Mail

CHARLES CRAIN. Portsmouth, Ohio.

tions of the blood." J. Schoch, Peoria, Ill. 100 Doses \$1.00.