

BOILED SALSIFY.—Wash and scrape a dozen roots of salsify; put in a kettle with boiling salt water. When tender, drain, take up, place in a hot dish and pour over hot cream sauce.

FRIED SALSIFY.—Wash, scrape and boil tender one dozen roots of salsify. Season with salt and butter, make fine and form into small cakes; dip in beaten egg and cracker crumbs and fry brown in hot fat.

SCALLOPED SALSIFY.—Cut in thin slices and boil tender one dozen roots; then place in a baking dish alternately a layer of cracker crumbs, then a layer of the salsify. Season each layer with pepper, salt, butter and parsley, if you have the latter. When the dish is full pour a quart of sweet milk over it and bake one hour and a half.

BROWNED PARSNIPS.—Wash, scrape and cut lengthwise four or five parsnips. Put in the frying pan with one teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful sugar, one tablespoonful unsmelted butter. Pour over one pint boiling water and let them cook slowly until done and browned, when they will be delightfully rich and toothsome.

PARSNIPS WITH PORK.—Take a nice piece of fresh pork having a good portion of fat. Place in a flat-bottomed kettle, pour over one quart of hot water, and boil slowly one and one-half hours. Scrape and cut lengthwise one-half dozen parsnips. Put in the kettle with the pork, adding salt at this time. Boil half an hour longer when the water should be evaporated. Let both pork and parsnips stew and fry down brown in the kettle, turning to brown all sides.

MASHED PARSNIPS.—Wash and scrape six or eight parsnips, putting them immediately into a pan of water containing a tablespoonful of vinegar to keep them from turning black. When all are cleaned put them into a kettle of hot water and boil until tender. Pour off the water, season with salt and butter, mash fine and put in a baking dish, put bits of butter over the top and set in the oven ten minutes or until the top is nicely browned. Serve very hot in the same dish.

Wrenched out of Shape.
Joints enlarged and contorted by rheumatism are among the penalties for allowing this obstinate malady to gain full headway. Always is it dangerous from its liability to attack the vitals—invariably it is agonizing. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in nothing more clearly asserted its supremacy to the ordinary remedies for this malady than in its power to expel the rheumatic virus completely from the blood. It is safe, too, while colic, veratrum, and mineral poisons prescribed for it are not. The efficacy of the Bitters as a cleanser of the circulation is also conspicuously shown where the poison of malaria infects the vital fluid, or where it is contaminated with bile, constipation, dyspepsia, jaundice, kidney and bladder trouble, nervousness and debility are also removed by it. The convalescing and the aged and infirm derive much benefit from its use.

—Bergen, Norway, boasts a paper church large enough to seat 1,000 persons. The building is rendered water-proof by a solution of quicklime, curdled milk and whites of eggs.

—A 300-pound shark was washed up on the beach at Suelia Island, Wash., a few days ago. In its maw was found the remains of a human hand, thought to be that of a Siwash.

\$100 Reward.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Sent for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

—At a catholic convent in Fort Berthold, N. D., all the sisters, including the mother superior, are Indians, and the spiritual director is a priest of Mohawk descent.



Mr. S. G. Derry
Of Providence, R. I.

Widely known as proprietor of Derry's Waterproof Harness Oil, tells of his terrible sufferings from Eczema and his cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla:

"Gentlemen: Fifteen years ago I had an attack of inflammation of the eye, which was followed by Eczema."

Salt Rheum
breaking out on my right leg. The humor spread all over my legs, back and arms, a few weeks of sores, swollen and itching terribly, causing intense pain if the skin was broken by scratching, and discharging constantly. It is impossible to describe my 18 years of agony and torture.

Thousands of Dollars
in futile efforts to get well, and was discouraged and ready to die. At this time was unable to get down in bed, had to sit up all the time, and was unable to walk without crutches. I had to hold my arms away from my body, and had to have my arms, back and legs bandaged with my faithful life twice a day.

"Finally a friend urged me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I began by taking half a teaspoonful. My Stomach Was All Out of Order."

But the medicine soon corrected this, and in six weeks I could see a change in the condition of the humor which nearly choked my life. It was given to the surface by the sarsaparilla, the sores were healed, and the scales fell off. I was now able to give up bandages and crutches, and a happy man I was. I had been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for seven months, and since that time, 2 years, I have worn no bandages whatever and my legs and arms are sound and well.

The Delight
of myself and wife as my recovery. It is impossible to tell. To all my business friends in Boston and over the country, I recommended

Hood's Sarsaparilla
from personal experience. S. G. Derry, 41 Bradford Street, Providence, R. I.
If you are afflicted take Hood's Pills.

THE TABERNACLE PULPIT

Dr. Talmage Speaks on the Refuge of the Christian.

Thy Rod and Thy Staff They Comfort Me
—The Faithful at All Times and Climes Will Be Sheltered in This Haven.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 6.—Dr. Talmage's subject was the refuge offered by the Christian religion to people of all ages and every variety of character. His text was Ezekiel 17:23, "A goodly cedar and under it shall dwell all fowl of every wing."

The cedar of Lebanon is a royal tree. It stands 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. A missionary counted the concentric circles, and found one tree 3,500 years old—long-rooted, broad branches, all the year in luxuriant foliage. The same branches that bent in the hurricane that David saw sweeping over Lebanon, rock today over the head of the American traveler. This monarch of the forest, with its leafy fingers, plucks the honors of a thousand years, and sprinkles them upon its own uplifted brow, as though some great hallelujah of heaven had been planted upon Lebanon, and it were rising up with all its long-armed strength to take hold of the hills whence it came. Oh! what a fine place for birds to nest in! In hot days they come thither—the eagle, the dove, the swallow, the sparrow and the raven. There is to many of us a complete fascination in the structure and habits of birds. They seem not more of earth than heaven—ever vacillating between the two. No wonder that Audubon, with his gun, tramped through all of the American forests in search of new specimens. Geologists have spent years in finding the track of a bird's claw in the new red sandstone. There is enough of God's architecture in a snipe's bill or a grouse's foot to confound all the universities. Musicians have, with clefs and bars, tried to catch the sound of the nightingale and robin. Among the first thing that a child notices is a swallow at the cave; and grandfather goes out with a handful of crumbs to feed the snow-birds.

The bible is full of ornithological allusions. The birds of the bible are not dead and stuffed, like those of the museum, but living birds, with fluttering wings and plumage. "Behold the fowls of the air," says Christ. "Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and thou hast set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down," exclaims Obadiah. "Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks?" says Job. David describes his desolation by saying, "I am like a pelican of the wilderness; I am like an owl of the desert; I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop."

"Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord,"—so says Jeremiah. Ezekiel in my text intimates that Christ is the cedar, and the people from all quarters are the birds that lodge among the branches. "It shall be a goodly cedar, and under it shall dwell all fowl of every wing." As in Ezekiel's time, so now—Christ is a goodly cedar, and to him are flying all kinds of people—young and old, rich and poor; men high-soaring as the eagle, those fierce as the raven, and those gentle as the dove. "All the fowl of every wing."

First, the young may come. Of the 1,803 years that have passed since Christ came, about 1,000 have been wasted by the good in misdirected efforts. Until Robert Raikes came, there was no organized effort for saving the young. We spend all our strength trying to bend old trees, when a little pressure would have been sufficient for the sapling. We let men go down to the very bottom of sin before we try to lift them up. It is a great deal easier to keep a train on the track than to get it on when it is off. The experienced reinsman checks the fiery steed at the first jump, for when he gets in full swing, the swift hoofs clicking fire from the pavement, and the bit between his teeth, his momentum is irresistible. It is said that the young must be allowed to sow their "wild oats." I have noticed that those who sow their wild oats seldom try to raise any other kind of crop. There are two opposite destinies. If you are going to heaven, you had better take the straight road, and not try to go to Boston by the way of New Orleans. What is to be the history of this multitude of young people around me today? I will take you by the hand and show you a glorious sunrise. I will not whine about this thing, nor groan about it; but come, young men and maidens, Jesus wants you. His hand is love; his voice is music; his smile is heaven. Religion will put no handcuffs on your wrists, no hobbles on your feet, no brand on your forehead.

I went through the heaviest snow-storm I have ever known to see a dying girl. Her cheek on the pillow was white as the snow on the casement. Her large round eye had not lost any of its lustre. Loved ones stood all around the bed trying to hold her back. Her mother could not give her up; and one nearer to her than either father or mother was frantic with grief. I said, "Fanny, how do you feel?" "Oh," she said, "happy, happy!" Mr. Talmage, tell all the young folks that religion will make them happy." As I came out of the room, louder than all the sobs and wailings of grief I heard the clear, sweet, glad voice of the dying girl: "Good night; we shall meet again on the other side of the river." The next Sabbath we buried her. We brought white flowers and laid them on the coffin. There was in all that crowded church but one really happy and delighted face, and that was the face of Fanny. Oh! I wish that now my Lord Jesus would go through this audience and take all these flowers of youth and garland them on his brow. The cedar is a fit refuge for birds of brightest plumage and swiftest wing. See, they fly! they fly! "All fowl of every wing."

Again, I remark that the old may come. You say, "Suppose a man has

so go on crutches; suppose he is blind, suppose he is deaf; suppose that nineteenth of his life has been wasted." Then I answer, come with crutches; come old men, blind and deaf, come to Jesus. If you would sweep your hand around before your blind eyes, the first thing you would touch would be the cross. It is hard for an aged man or woman to have grown old with out religion. Their taste is gone. The peach and the grape have lost their flavor. They say that somehow fruit does not taste as it used to. Their hearing gets defective, and they miss a great deal that is said in their presence. Their friends have all gone, and everybody seems so strange. The world seems to go away, and they are left all alone. They begin to feel in the way when you come into the room where they are, and they move their chair nervously, and say, "I hope I am not in the way." "Alas! that father and mother should ever be in the way. When you were sick, and they sat up all right rocking you, singing to you, administering to you, did they think that you were in the way? Are you tired of the old people? Do you snap them up quick and sharp? You will be cursed to the bone for your ingratitude and unkindness!"

Oh, it is hard to be old without religion—to feel this world going away, and nothing better coming. If there be any here who have gone far on without Christ, I address you differentially. You have found this a tough world for old people. Alas! to have aches and pains, and no Christ to soothe them. I want to give you a cane better than that you lean on. It is the cane that the bible speaks of when it says, "Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." I want to give you better spectacles than those you now look through. It is the spiritual eye-sight of divine grace. Christ will not think that you are in the way. Do you head tremble with the play of old age? Lay it on Christ's bosom. Do you feel lonely now that your companions and children are gone? I think Christ has them. They are safe in his keeping. Very soon he will take you where they are. I take hold of your arm and try to lead you to a place where you can put down all your burden. Go with me. Only a little while longer, and your sight will come again, and your hearing will come again, and with the strength of an immortal athlete, you will step on the pavement of heaven. No crutches in heaven; no sleepless nights in heaven; no cross looks for old people. Dwelling there for ages, no one will say: "Father, you know nothing about this; step back; you are in the way." Oh, how many dear old folks Jesus has put to sleep! How sweetly he has closed their eyes! How gently he has folded their arms! How he has put his hand on their silent hearts and said: "Rest now, tired pilgrim. It is all over. The tears will never start again. Hush! Hush!" So he gives his beloved sleep. I think the most beautiful object on earth is an old Christian, the hair white, not with the frosts of winter, but the blossoms of the tree of life. I never feel sorry for a Christian old man. Why feel sorry for those upon whom the glories of the eternal world are about to burst? They are going to the goodly cedar. Through their wings—so heavy with age, God shall renew their strength like the eagle, and they shall make their nest in the cedar. "All fowl of every wing."

Again: The very bad, the outrageously sinful, may come. Men talk of the grace of God, as though it were so many yards deep. People point to the dying thief as an encouragement to the sinner. How much better it would be to point to our own case and say, "If God saved us, he can save anybody." There may be those here who never had one earnest word said to them about their souls. Consider me as putting my hand on your shoulder and looking in your eye. God has been good to you. You ask, "How do you know that? He has been very hard on me." "Where did you come from?" "Home." "Then you have a home." "Have you ever thanked God for your home? Have you children?" "Yes." "Have you ever thanked God for your children? Who keeps them safe? Were you ever sick?" "Yes." "Who made you well? Have you been fed every day? Who feeds you? Put your hand on your pulse. Who makes it thro? Listen to the respiration of your lungs. Who helps you to breathe? Have you a Bible in the house, spreading before you the future life? Who gave you that bible?" Oh! it has been a story of goodness and mercy all the way through. You have been one of God's pet children. Who fondled you, and caressed you, and loved you? And when you went astray and wanted to come back, did he ever refuse? I know of a father who after his son came back the fourth time, said, "No, I forgive you three times, but I will never forgive you again." And the son went off and died. But God takes back his children the thousandth time as cheerfully as the first. As easily as with my handkerchief I strike the dust off a book, God will wipe out all your sins.

There are hospitals for "incurables." When men are hopelessly sick, they are sent there. Thank God! there is no hospital for spiritual incurables. Though you had the worst leprosy that ever struck a soul, your flesh shall come again like the flesh of a little child. O, this mercy of God! I am told it is an ocean. Then I place on it four swift-sailing crafts, with compass and charts, and choice rigging, and skillful navigators, and I tell them to launch away, and discover for me the extent of this ocean. That craft puts out in one direction and sails to the north; this craft to the south; this to the east; this to the west. They crowd on all their canvass, and sail 10,000 years, and one day come up to the harbor of heaven, and I shout to them from the beach, "Have you found the shore?" and they answer, "No shore to God's mercy!" Swift angels, dispatched from the throne, attempt to go across it. For a million years they fly and fly, but then come back and fold their wings at the foot of the throne, and cry, "No shore! no shore to God's mercy!"

Merely! Merely! Merely! I sing it. I preach it. I pray it. Here I find a man bound hand and foot to the devil, but with one stroke of the hammer of God's truth the chains fall off and he is free forever. Merely! Merely! There is no depth it cannot fathom, there is no height it cannot scale, there is no infinity it cannot compass. I take my stand under this goodly cedar, and see the

flocks flying thither. They are torn with the shot of temptation, and wounded, and sick and scarred. Some fought with iron beak, some once feasted on carcasses, some were fierce of eye and cruel of talon, but they came, flock after flock—"all fowl of every wing."

Again: all the dying will find their rest in this goodly cedar. It is cruel to destroy a bird's nest, but death does not hesitate to destroy one. There was a beautiful nest in the next street. Lovingly the parents brooded over it. There were two or three little robins in the nest. The scarlet fever thrust its hot hands into the nest, and the birds are gone. Only those are safe who have their nests in the goodly cedar. They have over them "the feathers of the Almighty." Oh! to have those soft, warm, eternal wings stretched over us! Let storms beat, and the branches of the cedar toss on the wind—no danger. When a storm comes, you can see the birds flying to the woods. Ere the storm of death comes down, let us fly to the goodly cedar.

Of what great varieties heaven will be made up! There come men who once were hard and cruel, and desperate in wickedness, yet now, soft and changed by grace, they come into glory: "All fowl of every wing." And here they come, the children who were reared in loving home circles, flocking through the gates of life: "All fowl of every wing." These were white, and came from northern homes these were black, and ascended from southern plantations; these were copper-colored, and went up from Indian reservations: "All fowl of every wing." So God gathers them up. It is astonishing how easy it is for a good soul to enter heaven. A prominent business man in Philadelphia went home one afternoon, lay down on the lounge, and said, "It is time for me to go." He was very aged, his daughter said to him, "Are you sick?" He said, "No; but it is time for me to go. Have John put in two of the morning papers, that my friends may know that I am gone. Good-bye," and as quick as that, God had taken him.

It is easy to go when the time comes. There are no ropes thrown out to pull us ashore; there are no ladders led down to pull us up. Christ comes and takes us by the hand and says, "You have had enough of this; come up higher." Do you hurt a lily when you pluck it? Is there any rudeness when Jesus touches the cheek, and the red rose of health whitens into the lily of immortal purity and gladness? When autumn comes and the giant of the woods smites his anvil and the leafy sparks fly on the autumnal gale then there will be thousands of birds gathering in the tree at the corner of the field, just before departing to warmer climes, and they will call and sing until the branches drop with the melody. There is a better clime for us, and by-and-by we shall migrate. We gather in the branches of the goodly cedar, in preparation for departure. You heard our voices in the opening song; you will hear them in the closing song—voices good, voices bad, voices happy, voices distressful—"All fowl of every wing." By-and-by we shall be gone. If all this audience is saved—as I hope they will be—I see their entering into life. Some have had it hard some have had it easy. Some were rocked by pious parentage, others have had their infantile cheeks scalded with the tears of woe. Some crawled, as it were, into the kingdom on their hands and knees, and some seemed to enter in chariots of flaming fire. Those fell from a ship's mast, these were crushed in a mining disaster. They are God's singing birds now. No gun of huntsman shall shoot them down. They gather on the trees of life, and fold their wings on the branches, and far away from frosts, and winds, and night, they sing until the hills are flooded with joy, and the skies drop music, and the arches of pearl send back the echoes—"All fowl of every wing."

HOW HE WON HER PAPA.
A Clever Young Lover Consults a Clever Lawyer and Succeeds.
Young Toddleby was a true-hearted and promising youth, says the N. Y. Ledger. He had graduated with honor at Yale, and was studying law with Mr. Lofter.

It so happened that Toddleby became acquainted with a beautiful young lady, daughter of old Digby. He loved the fair maiden, and when he had reason to believe that his love was returned he asked Mr. Lofter to recommend him to the father, Lofter being on terms of close intimacy with the family.

The lawyer agreed and performed the mission, but old Digby, who loved money, asked what property the young man had. Lofter said he did not know, but he would inquire. The next time he saw his young student he asked him if he had any property at all.

"Only health, strength and a determination to work," replied the youth. "Well," said the lawyer, who sincerely believed the student was in every way worthy, "let us see. What will you take for your right leg? I will give you \$20,000 for it."

Of course Toddleby refused. The next time the lawyer saw the young lady's father he said: "I have inquired about this young man's circumstances. He has no money in bank; but he owns a piece of property for which, to my certain knowledge, he has been offered and has refused \$20,000."

This led old Digby to consent to the marriage, which shortly afterwards took place. In the end he had reason to be proud of his son-in-law, though he was once heard to remark, touching that rare piece of property, upon the strength of which he had consented to the match: "If it could not take wings it was liable at any time to walk off!"

She Takes Care of Pet Plants.
An enterprising London woman has discovered a new method of earning money pleasantly. Just before the close of the season she advertised to take care of valuable plants and palms while their owners were out of town, and secured a sufficient number to hire an assistant and clear considerable profit.

HIS NOSE ITCHED.

But He Did Not Enjoy the Way in Which It Was scratched.

"One night," said Ben Holladay to a N. Y. World man, "I was bouncing over the plains in one of my overland coaches.

"Mrs. Holladay and myself were the only passengers. Several stages had been robbed within two months and the driver was ripping along as though a gang of prairie wolves were after him. Suddenly the horses were thrown on their haunches and the stage stopped.

"I was heaved forward, but quickly recovered, and found myself gazing at the muzzles of a double-barreled shotgun.

"Throw up your hands and don't stir!" shouted the owner in a gruff voice.

"Up went my hands and I began to commune with myself. The fellow then coolly asked for my money. I saw that he did not know who I was, and I was afraid that my sick wife might awake and call my name.

"My coat was buttoned over my bosom, but scarcely high enough to hide a magnificent emerald that cost me over \$8,000 a few weeks before in San Francisco.

"I scarcely breathed through fear that light might strike the stone, and its sparkling brilliancy attract the attention of the robber. I had about \$40,000 in a money-belt and several hundred dollars in my pocket.

"Suddenly my friend shouted: 'Come shell out—quick, or I'll send the old 'un a free lunch.'

"I passed out the few hundreds loose in my pockets and handed him my gold watch and chain. They were heavy. I think the chain alone would weigh five pounds at least.

"There, said I, there's every cent I've got! Take it and let me go on. My wife is very ill, and I don't know what would happen to her if she knew what was going on."

"Keep your hands up!" was the reply, while a second robber received my watch and money.

"Then a search was made for the express company's box, but the double-barreled shotgun did not move. Its muzzles were within a foot of my nose. For my life I did not dare stir.

"My nose began to itch. The stiff hairs of my mustache got up, one after another, and tickled it until the sensation was intolerable. I could stand it no longer.

"Stranger," I cried, "I must scratch my nose! It itches so that I am almost crazy!"

"Move your hands," he shouted, "and I'll blow a hole through your head big enough for a jack rabbit to jump through!"

"I appealed once more.

"Well," he answered, "keep your hands still and I'll scratch it for you."

"Did he scratch it?" asked one of Ben's interested listeners.

"Sure!" said Mr. Holladay.

"How?" asked the breathless listener.

"With the muzzle of the cocked gun!" said the great overlander. "He rubbed the muzzle around my mustache and raked it over the end of my nose until I thanked him and said that it itched no longer."

The robbers soon afterward took their leave, with many apologies, and Ben continued his journey to the Missouri, with the big emerald and \$40,000.

Henry Ward Beecher's Love Poem.
During the days of Henry Ward Beecher's courtship it is related by his wife that he once dropped into poetry, and wrote a few lines of verse teeming with affection for his sweetheart. But the verses were always kept sacred by Mrs. Beecher, as they are at the present day, and nothing can win them from her.

One day Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were in the office of Robert Bonner, who was then conducting the N. Y. Ledger.



PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC
In Its Worst Form.
BOSTON, Feb. 20, Wis., Dec. 18.
Rev. J. C. Bergen writes for the following: James Rooney who was suffering from St. Vitus Dance in its worst form for about 14 years was treated by several physicians without effect; two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured him.

Saved From the Grave.
NORTH WASHINGTON, Iowa, Mo., 1881.
The wonderful discovery of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has evidently saved me from the grave or an insane asylum; and I and my kind old mother cannot thank you enough for the happiness you have bestowed upon us, for which we thank you many thousand times, and will remember you in our prayers.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of North Wyo., Ind., since 1850, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
Sold by Druggists at 61 per Bottle, 6 for \$3.00
Largest Size \$1.75, 6 Bottles for \$9.00

Before the cause of consumption was known (that was only a few years ago) we did not know how Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil did so much good in consumption and in the conditions that lead to consumption.

The explanation is interesting. We send it free in a book on CAREFUL LIVING.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 138 South 5th Avenue, New York.
Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do.

"Why Are You Sick?"

"I know precisely how you feel; it is that nervous, irritable feeling; your back troubles you, and when you try to read a little, your head aches. Isn't that so? I know it. Oh, bother the doctor! Get a bottle of *Vegetable Compound*, and take it faithfully, as I have done. I'm never troubled now. Do as I tell you, my friend."

Prudent women who best understand their ailments find in the Compound a remedy for all their distressing ills.

It removes at once those pains, aches, and weaknesses, brightens the spirits, restores digestion, and invigorates the system.

All Druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of \$1.00. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence, LEWIS & FINKELMAN MED. CO., 127th St., MASS.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

This GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE is sold by druggists on a positive guarantee, a test that no other Cure can stand successfully. If you have a COUGH, HOARSENESS or LA GRIPPE, it will cure you promptly. If your child has the CROUP or WHOOPING COUGH, use it quickly and relief is sure. If you fear CONSUMPTION, don't wait until your case is hopeless, but take this Cure at once and receive immediate help. Price 50c and \$1.00. Ask your druggist for SHILOH'S CURE. If your lungs are sore or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters.

BUGGIES HARNESS and at a PRICE which includes the best in the world. The best quality combined with good points than any other. Front wheel and 28 in. rear, large open body, all bearings all over, long lasting long wheel base, Lubber Truss, hollow iron, cushion tire, half round, 1890 Top Buggy only \$27.00. 1890 Buggy Harness only 4.75. Buy of Manufacturers. Bare Buggies made to order. Catalogue No. 7. U. S. BUGGY & CART CO., 112 S. 2d St., CINCINNATI, O.

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Our Bicycle Catalogue for 1892, which includes the best in the world. The best quality combined with good points than any other. Front wheel and 28 in. rear, large open body, all bearings all over, long lasting long wheel base, Lubber Truss, hollow iron, cushion tire, half round, 1890 Top Buggy only \$27.00. 1890 Buggy Harness only 4.75. Buy of Manufacturers. Bare Buggies made to order. Catalogue No. 7. U. S. BUGGY & CART CO., 112 S. 2d St., CINCINNATI, O.

PILE Remedy Free, INSTANT RELIEF. Final cure in 10 days. Never returns; no pain; no sores; no suppurating. A victim tried in vain every remedy had distinct relief from this. Will mail free to his fellow sufferers. Address: J. H. REEVES, Box 2380, New York City, N. Y.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

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DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the Iron, and burn out. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and will burn away any soot or glass package with every purchase.

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