LONGING FOR THE COUNTRY.

I would flee from the city rule and law, From its fashion and form cut loose, And go where the strawberry grows on

straw, And the gooseberry grows on its goose; Where the catnip tree is climbed by the ca As she crouches for her prey-The guileiess and unsuspecting rat On the rattan bush at play.

I will watch at ease the saffron cow And her cowlet in their glee, As they leap in joy from bough to bough On the top of the cowslip tree; Where the musical partridge drums on

drum, And the woodchuck chucks his wood; And the dog devours the dogwood plum, In the primitive solitude.

Oh! let me drink from the moss-grown pum That was hewn from the pumpkin tree, Eat mush and milk from a rural stump . From form and tashion free: New-gathered mush from the mushroom via And milk from the milk-weed sweet, With luscious pineapple from the pine-Such food as the gods may eat.

And then to the whitewashed dairy I' turn. Where the dairy maid hastening hies;

Her ruddy and golden-red butter to churr From the milk of her butterflies, And I'll rise at morn with the early bird, To the fragrant farm-yard pass. When the farmer turns his beautiful herd Of grasshoppers out to grass.

-Springfield (Mass.) Union.

HOW I WAS SPARED.

I was sitting in my study, my head propped upon my hand, wondering if the time had come when I must actually be a bread-and-butter writer; so far I had never written without being sure I had something to say, but now we had potatoes for dinner without embellishments for three days, things were becoming grave, yet the public were always demanding humorous articles. As I sat there, two or three plots came to my mind, those I had laid aside for future use, but] couldn't fix them up. I smiled derisively; how often I had said to younger writers: "Never give way to moods or wait for inspiration; if you make authorship your lifework, attend to it as to any other business; force yourself to the routine of working at it every day like any other bread-and-butter affair." O

on their wedding trip I went to work married an' lived there. One day when I went in to see her she looked that scared, and had a letter tucked in her dress. I began to talk 'bout Liza, but she wouldn't talk 'bout her nohow; an' so I says, "Where's that letter from, you jes' now hid in your dress?" After a while she gave it to me, an' O Miss Sue, it would 'a' broke your heart to read that letter. Seems like Liza never could 'a' wrote

"'She'd been married over a year She wouldn't write to me 'cause I'd been so down on her marryin' Joe. Miss Sue, Liza wrote that letter alvin' on the floor. Joe had sold the

bed from under her. There wasn't a thing in the house to eat. Every stitch of the clothin' but the rags Liza wore, he had sold. She'd buried her little 3-weeks'-old baby the day before. She was just dyin'.

"Sally gulped down a sob, and the tears welled over her lids and down her cheeks. "'It you could 'a' seen her when I

got there! I wouldn't have known her, and she jes' turned her pitiful eyes to me an' says, "Sally, ain't mad at me, is you?" I jes' took her in my arms and cried over her. She was so thin you could see the bones comin' through. There she lay in her rags, with the cold wind stirrin'

along the floor, and not a morsel of food had passed her lips for over two days. "Joe come in by-and-by half drunk,

but he was sober enough to know what I said to him. I was that angry I felt like a giant, an' wasn't afraid of him an' didn't care what I auietly. said. But Liza, she stroked his hand an' said, "Poor fellow!" an' that made me so mad I nearly left her. can't understand how it was. I think know who lost them? Liza must have been clear crazy, but she said she loved him an' wouldn't hear me scold him. She wouldn't leave him nohow, so I fixed her up

and went back to Louisville. My, how my heart ached for Liza! poor, foolish child. By an' by came a pitiful letter, but I wouldn't do nothin' till she'd promise never to see Joe again. I went an' brought her home to Mrs. Southworth, where I was workin'. I made her write it down I'd take her back with me. He had

to live in Redville. While they was | in what my wife had been relating. She had been so interested in hearing in Louisville. My sister Annie was of Liza, that she had not noticed some peculiar facts connecting it very closely with our own life.

"Would you mind asking Sally to come in here to me?" I asked. "Be careful in questioning her, dear, or you may not get what you wish. 1 am so glad it will do, George, but be sure and show sympathy for her else you can not get her to tell it in

a natural way.' "Dear me, Sue!" I burst forth. "I can not contain myself; don't you see any connection between that story and our loss?" I pointed to my empty safe. "Can't you remem-

ber when we lived in Orange and were not so poor? Can't you remember a colored coachman by the name of Joe Ramsey, whose mother kept a greenhouse-"Mercy!" cried Sue, jumping up. "

never thought of it! You don't think that was Liza's husband?" "I certainly do." "Well, but Sally knows nothing

about it!" "But we may get some clew to these bonds and-"

"I will call her," and away flew my wife.

The pretty mulatto, with her sleeves rolled up to her elbows, came into the room. My wife with subdued excitement stood beside her.

"Mrs. Kerchevel has been felling me of your sister Eliza and of her husband Joe Ramsay." I pronounced the name boldly, but Sally seemed

not to notice it and answered: "Yes, sir." My wife nodded excitedly. "Did any one ever know where the

bonds were that he stole?" I asked Sally took a step forward, her eyes wide with astonishment. "You know about them, then? Sir! Oh! do you

"Joe Ramsay was my coachman. We lived in Orange at the time. He was arrested for robbery, but was shot while trying to escape. No one knew what he did with the bonds. have the best authority for knowing they were never presented."

Sally burst into tears. "Oh. I am so glad, so glad! Ah to think they were yours and Miss Sues's all the time. Joe buried those little papers under the floor of their room, Liza that she'd never see Joe again, 'fore told me with her dyin' breath. She grieved so to think she didn't know

where the rest of the things was. She

Curiosities of Short-Hand.

BY PROF. ELDON MORAN. How many of our readers ever saw short-hand written swiftly? Some reporters can write four words a second for several minutes. Few speakers talk as fast as that. Stories are told of cases where the friction of the pencil caused by its quick movement would sometimes set the paper afire; but these are only stories. In

taking a short-hand report, the pen really moves no faster than in writing common long-hand. The difference between the two is that in shorthand a single brief character represents an entire word; sometimes several. Some boys only fifteen who have learned the art, can, by making these crooked marks rapidly, get down every word of a speech as fast

as the orator delivers it. We know of girls only twelve years old writing letters to each other in these funny characters, using postal cards. Quite a long letter can be written in this

way; as many words in fact, as would fill two pages of foolscap paper-and then the post-master can't read it!

Business men, it is well know, employ a great many short-hand writers, and the time may come when everybody will use this brief method in order to save time and labor.

Instances are related of cases where reporting was done under difficulties. One short-hand writer had to hold his note book against the wall and write standing. Another was obliged to write in the dark-had to "feel his way." It is so easy for some persons to report a speech, that they can do so, while to some extent thinking of something else entirely; just as you can walk and talk at the same time. To the expert, indeed, short-hand writing is an easy task. We know a few lawyers skilled in stenography, who are able, while addressing the Court, to write down their remarks in short-hand just as they are delivered. They are able to think, speak, and write all at the same time. This

was not so difficult however as it appeared, because the hand kept pace with the tongue, and the tongue with the brain.

Some reporters use short-hand for "telling fortunes." Make a mark ever so simple, and it will be sure to through the superior quality of the mean something in short-hand! This is true, and has been tried hundreds of times. It is supposed that your pencil is guided by fate, and the words written are indicative of what you will do, have or become. A school teacher once wrote a "million." A candidate for office wrote "Salt-Creek" and was sent up cents. to it soon afterwards! A lazy fellow wrote "shirk." A student wrote "knowledge." A school girl wrote "tall fellow" and seemed satisfied! This sort of "fortune telling" which may be indulged in at social gatherings, is often quite amusing.

REVOLUTION IN CIGARS.

Graphic.

Dr. Sage's Remedy.

daily.

painted thirty-five times.

Harrison is not an epicure.

The white house chef says that President

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,

In the Knees. Rochester, N. Y. July 6, '83. Had rheumatism in knees four wesks. One bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured me entirely. E. H. MAKK, Pub. of "Volksblatt."

In the Side. Etcckton, Cal., June 14, 1888. Had rheumatism in side for over a week; used Et. Jacobs Cil; it cured me and has remained cured. JULIUS GEDTKE,

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

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regulate the Bowels

Purely Vcgetable. Price 25 Cents.

Important Facts Made Known to the Smoking Public.

An Interview With Mr. Tans ill, of R W. Tansili & Co. - He Explains the Origin and Development of His Immense Business-Relates the Causes of His Phenomenal Success.

Denver (Colo.) Republican, July 7.

So many causes have been assigned for the success of the celebrated "Tansill's Punch" cigar, that a Republican reporter, learning of Mr. Tansill's sojourn at the Albany, called on him to ascertain for the benefit of smokers a true explanation of these causes. Mr. Tansill expressed a readiness to communicate on this subject, and the reporter plied his questions.

anteed to cure all these affections, if taken "Have you any objection, Mr. Tansill, to giving the readers of the Repubpromptly refunded. lican an inside view of the success you

have attained in your business?" "Well, no. I can't say that I have, was the reply. "Since I have no patent

thing is most ignorant. on my methods of conducting business and no secrets to withhold from the The tunnel under the Hudson river is to public, I am perfectly willing to gratify be 5,600 feet long. you to the extent of my ability. To

commence with: After the great Chicago fire of '71, I became convinced that there was a large and increasing de- the best, which is as all know, Dobbin's mand, a tidal wave, as it were, for a E'ectric. first-class five cent cigar. How to produce such a cigar and to market it profit. the wig of wisdom. ably was the problem to solve.

"I was a young man at the time and

full of ambition. After carefully studying the condition of the trade, I settled upon a plan to accomplish my object. But before I give it to you, let me explain the situation as it existed at that time. The average retail dealer in those days never thought it possible to sell a five-cent cigar at less than 100 Richmond, Va., and they will tell you a per cent profit, while the average wholething or two that will make you jump for sale dealer or manufacturer made a Mr. Gladstone has, had his portrait

profit varying from \$10 to \$15 per 1,000 on that class of goods. Such five-cent cigars, of course, were made of very inferior domestic stock.

A pocket mirror free to smokers of "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigar. "Now I conceived the idea that by reducing both profits and slightly increasing the price, and at the same time making a cigar that should contain the choicest Havana filler, and then placing it in the hands of prominent retail dealers all over the United States, with an exclusive control or agency for the same for their towns or neighborhoods, they,

An Ancient Souvenir. I saw a queer object in the window of

William street store last week. It was a barnacle-covered vase about two feet one asks themselves after a night made

high, and though of an antique and an-cient pattern, would not of itself attract is: What shall I get to cure it? Were

The vase had been found at the bottom of the straits of Salimis, where the naval

more than a passing glance. Upon two cards which were placed near it, the his-tory was told in English and Greek.

iscence of the great battle .- New York

It Don't Pay

to use uncertain means when suffering from

from lung scrofula (commonly known as

consumption of the lungs) when Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is guar-

battle was fought between Themistocles, admiral of Greece, and Xerxes, king of Persia, 400 years before Christ. The poor sponge diver who found the relic received a slight reward for his trouble, and the vase was shipped to New York. Who knows but that it may be a remin-

THE

PAIN-KILLER

has proved itself to be. Physicians say it is one of those Remedies which is diseases of the liver, blood or lungs, such as biliousness, or "liver complaint," skin calculated to relieve an immense amount diseases, scrofulous sores or swellings, or of suffering.

RESULTS

in time, or money paid for it will be show that almost every other description of pain is relieved by its application, external and internal. \$500 offered for an incurable case of ca-

tarrh in the head by the proprietors of All Druggists sell Pain-Killer. He that boasteth himself to know every-25c., 50c., and \$1.00 a bottle.

> PAIN PROFUSE NTY PRESSED MENSTRUATION GREAT. DANGER 4 SUFFERING WILL BE AVOIDED BRADEJELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA.

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Song Manual, Book 2. (40 cts. \$4.20 dot.)





Davis' Pain-Killer, and use it according to directions. It cures like magic. In such cases what a happiness to have at

OUESTION

hand an instant relief such as

course I had thrown in gratis, advice about talent, artistic feeling and training-my common sense for others was a good enough affair, but it did not work just now for me.

I looked over at my vacant safe in the corner; not three years ago it had contained silver, jewelry and bills, not to mention some bonds, the interest of which might see us comfortably through life. Now, it stood a satire on our poverty with its ironbound sides and empty vault.

14.0

There was a knock at my study door. "Just a minute, George," said my wife on the other side. She poked her bright, curly head in. "Oh, I Wast want to tell you; I know I ought not to attempt; but Sally has been telling me about her sister Eliza, and it would be such a good plot, dear.'

"Come in and tell it, Sue, I am just at my wit's end."

"Oh! I can't. You must hear Sally." My sweet little helpmate seated herself on the edge of a chair and said:

"You know how I love to hear" Sally talk in her soft, negro voice, and as she was clearing the table I expressed my surprise at her having paid \$25 for a seal plush wrap.

"Well, Miss Sue," said she, fixing her large eyes upon me and grasping the silver spoons and forks in one hand, 'it's the first new thing bought for myself in over three years, 'ceptin' workin' dresses like this. Don't you think I deserved it?'

"She is so pretty, so plump, with wavy hair; her eyes are beautiful, George, and her teeth so white."

"'How is that Sally?"

" 'I had to use it for my family, Miss Sue; you see they needed it Liza was sick a long time, then my father died, an' what with one thing an' other, the \$300 I'd put in a bank all went: then I had to go in debt to Miss Jarvis, an' until I came up here I was hard at work all the time to pay it off. I jes't got it paid 'fore I left Kentucky.

"'Sit down and tell me about Eliza,' I said. For I thought at once, George, that the material might be good for you; besides she always spoke of Liza in such a tender way, I wanted to hear about her.

"You would have liked Liza, Miss Sue. Poor Liza!' She caught her breath and the tears filled her dark eyes. 'Liza was younger than me: she was jes' full of life, an' singin' all the time. We us'd to love to get her at our ironin' table: she us'd to work long side o' me. Why, Miss Sue, her face was jes' like a mornin'-glory. Every one u'd to be in good spirits when Liza u'd come singin' through the yard an' poke her laughin' face in the winder at us, 'fore she came

done something dreadful, I reckon, else she wouldn't 'a' promised.

smilin' an' happy you'd never have

thought she'd know what sorrow

was, but when she thought I was

not looking I'd see such a sad, wist-

tul look in her eyes. She had an aw-

ful cough, an' once the doctor told

"'We found her lyin' on the floor

"'After that she never seemed to

get well. We took her to my sister

Annie, and she would lie in a stupor-

like for days, but when she opened

her eves she was always askin' for

me Seems like she wouldn't let me

out of her sight. She'd want me be-

side her an' she'd put her arms around

my neck and draw my face close to

her's and say, "You ain't mad at

me, Sally, no more, is you? I've kept

"The great tears brimmed over

Sally's eyes and she went on: 'I

told Miss Southworth, an' then 1

went to stay at Annie's, an' took

care of Liza. Oh, but she was beau-

and look out as though she was

holdin' her breath to listen, but she

kept her promise an' never mentioned

Joe's name. She seemed so sad it al-

most broke my heart, and one day J

says: "Liza, do you want to see

"'Such a look as came to her eyes!

an' she smiled like her old self, an'

"You told me I must never speak

"'The sobs jes' shook me. an' I

kissed her an' said: "You shell see

him, Liza. I will send for him."

me Liza would never be well.

wrote it.

my promise.""

Joe?

hear her:

his name."

didn't think the papers any 'count, "'He did'nt even come to bid her but I saved them thinking they good-by. I found her starvin' and might be; they're in my trunk this even thinner than before, an' so I minute. Liza would a' been so glad brought her home. She cheered up to know you got 'em back!" wonderful, She said she meant nev-Thanks to the honesty of these siser to make me feel bad that I'd ters we were once more well to do. brought her home. Miss South-Over Eliza's grave we placed the worth hired her, when she was well enough to work a little, an' so we

monument Sally had longed for, and to this day she is ignorant of how both was in the same home. Miss was spared the necessity of writing Southworth made a fuss over Liza, simply for our bread and butter .she wanted her with her all the time, Boston Traveler. but Liza wanted to by 'longside o' me in the ironin' room. She was so

Jim Foster's Great Run. From the Denver News.

Jim Foot's name among engineers occupies about the same position McLaughlin's does among jockeys. The people along the line of the New York Central hold their breath even now in retrospect when they think

one day, with her eyes closed. There of the way in which he used to come was a bit of paper near her. She'd tearing down the tracks on his old tried to crawl to the stove and iron horse, making sixty-five to sevcouldn't, but she'd tore this letter enty miles an hour, with 300 scared up in little bits. We couldn't make passengers hanging on to their seats out a word, but we knowed Joe and expecting every moment to be

dashed into perdition. Those were the old days when the West Shore and the Central were willing to decorate their engineers with the Order of the Garter, or grant them a week's pay for beating each

other by a second or two down the race course which ends at Schenectady. At this point the close of the race was rendered additionally exciting by the fact that the Central passed under the bridge which carries the West Shore over its track, and the

under engine plunges out of sight into the darkness, the other screaming couldn't leave her no longer, so I over its head; the exit made a moment too slow loses the race.

The engineers on the West Shore always stood a little in awe of Jim. tiful, Miss Sue, her cheeks was pink He was the patriarch of the region she used to be well enough to be with all the skill that an Arab handdressed, an' she'd set by the window les his horse.

They weren't to be beaten out of reputation, however, and old engine 110 used to have some pretty hard scrambles, notwithstanding the fact that Jim's hand was at the throttle. One day Jim's train started on the

ten-mile stretch down, nip and tuck with the West Shore train, with an engineer named Rantzier on the ensheanswered, so low I could scarcely gait. Jim did his very best, for he had heard that this very engineer had made a boast that he would rub it into the invincible Central man. caught the spirit of the thing, and

Good short-hand reporters who write left-handed are by no means rare. A few can write with both hands, but not two speeches at the time, as some may suppose. The best court reporters, however, often write down what is said by two persons talking at the same time. But they only employ one hand in doing this, making, no doubt, pretty good use of their head also.

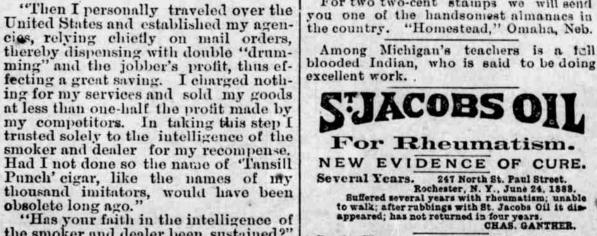
Barnum once exhibited a man born without hands, who had learned stenography. He had, of course, to write with his foot; and this he could do quite well. Strictly speaking, when he wrote he did not produce short-hand notes, but, instead shortfoot notes.

A curious feature of short-hand is that words often have a meaning when turned downside-up. Thus J-m, the consonant outline for Jim, when turned upside-down, reads n-j, the word-sign for knowledge. Further, if the reader should for a moment stand on his head, the words Smith, John. Thomas would read respectfully, Science, Angel, Senate, Jones would read sage; Jennie, image; Clara, reckon; Europe, pure; music, cousin; ink, camp; father, order; silver, vanishes; rainbow, beware; economy, nickle. The sentence "Great John has an' her eyes so bright. Some days and a man who handles his engine his angel gift," reads precisely the same, whether it is read forwards, or turned over and read backwards.

. A one-armed editor who had never studied any brief system of writing, used often to claim, jocularly, to be a "short-a-hand" man!

We knew a "smart Aleck" who, as soon as short-hand became popular, made pretense that he knew all about it. Ile managed to get possession of a letter written in characthen the wistful look came back an' gine. They came down at a fearful ters, claiming that he received it from one of his short-hand correspondents. He would often astonish persons who knew no better, by taking his pencil and jerking off a The passengers on either train few crooked marks which he would make believe meant "Kingdom of leaned dangerously far out of the Heaven", "Policy of the Adminis-But she caught my hand an' says: windows, yelling defiance at each tration", General George Washing-"Not now Sally; not now. Not till I other, and shrieking like demons when ton" etc. Once pretending to write am dying. I thought maybe he had the one engine or the other gained the Scriptural passage, "Wisdom is been here."

eigar, which at once commanded a largely increased trade, could afford to sell it at a reduced percentage of profit. In other words, I first raised the price of the goods to the retailer, and at the same time I reduced my own profits more than one-half. This difference enabled me to furnish an Havana filled cigar that could be retailed for five



"Has your faith in the intelligence of the smoker and dealer been sustained?"

"Yes, far beyond my most sanguine expectations. And as the business has grown from year to year, I have appropriated a percentage of my profits for ad-vertising. I might add in this connection that I have just placed contracts for advertising 'Tansill's Punch' in nearly 7,000 daily and weekly newspapers, with a combined annual circulation of over 500,000,000 copies. From this it can be seen that my faith in the merits of my goods and in my methods of selling them is stronger than ever before.'

"Has your plan of doing business met with the approval of the merchant?"

"My success emphatically answers your question in the affirmative. Could you but read our correspondence, you would then realize how our agency and goods are appreciated by both dealer and smoker. As to the value of our agency, I will give you an illustration. Nine years ago W. M. Dale, a Chicago druggist, was trying to establish a trade on a five-cent cigar. To accomplish this he was paying \$38 per 1,000 for his leading five-cent brand and retailing but 200 of them per week.] gave Mr. Dale the agency for 'Tansill's Olillill S Punch' for his neighborhood, and his trade steadily increased from year to year until it reached the enormous number of 27,000 "Tansill's Punch' per month, while his aggregate sales, all at retail, mind you, of that single brand have largely exceeded 2,000,000 cigars. I could cite you similar illustrations in almost every part of the United States.' "Then I understand, Mr. Tansill, that

your plan is to sell a first-class cigar at a small profit and rely upon the large volume of your trade for the results?" "That is it, exactly."

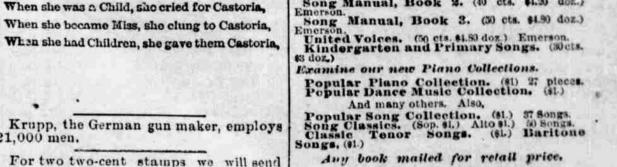
Don't fear to open your eyes under salt water.

The days are getting like the rest of ussomewhat shorter.

A free translation-"Poeta nascitur non fit." The poet is born a misfit.

The newest English umbrellas have knobs with broad flat tops.

Mr. Cleveland's fortune is now placed at \$200,000.



ou one of the handsomest almanacs in LYON & HEALY, Chicago. the country. "Homestead," Omaha, Neb.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Boston Among Michigan's teachers is a foll



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