

CONFIDENCE AND CREDIT.

[These lines appeared in print in the "Hard Times" of 1857. The day was dark, the markets dull. The change was thin, guests were full. And half the town was breaking. The counterpane of Cash was "stop." Bankers and bankrupts shut up shop. And honest hearts were breaking. When near the "Change my fancy opted A faded form, with hasty stride, Bowed forth a sudden morning, Her name was Credit, and she said, Her father, Trade, was lately dead, Her mother, Commerce, drooping. The smile that she was wont to wear, Was withered by the hand of Care, Her eyes had lost their lustre, Her character was gone, she said, For basely she had been betrayed, And nobody would trust her. That honest industry had tried To gain fair credit for his trade, And found the lady's willing, But ah! a fortune-hunter came, And Speculation was his name— A rake not worth a shilling. The villain was on mischief bent, He gained both dad and mam's consent, And then poor Credit's name, He flung her fortune and her fame, He fled a blot upon her name, And left her broken-hearted. While thus poor Credit seemed to sigh, Her cousin, Confidence, came by, "Methinks he must be clever," he said, For, when he whispered in her ear, She checked the sigh and dried the tear, And smiled as sweet as ever.]

JOHN PAUL JONES.

An English Version of One of the Most Memorable Naval Fights on Record.

About six o'clock the two English ships, which had been standing together toward the South, tacked, thus crossing ahead of the Americans, and keeping between them and the convoy. It was a lovely autumn evening and Flamborough Head, distant barely a league, was crowded with people, whom the rumors of the day had drawn to the neighborhood; as the sun set the full harvest moon rose and lightened up the scene, permitting them to see, or to fancy they saw, the events that were passing off their coast. About half-past seven the Bonhomme Richard was within hail of the Serapis, to windward but somewhat on her quarter, both ships standing in for the land on the port tack. The hail was answered, as it was followed, by a broadside; the fire seems to have been simultaneous; and in this way began a fight which in modern naval history has no parallel. I will therefore pause a moment to take an exact view of the opposing forces.

The Pallas, a thirty-two gun frigate, mounting, in all probability, nine-pounders on her main deck, bore away for the Countess of Scarborough, a ship utterly unable to contend with an opponent. She did indeed offer a very creditable resistance, but after an hour was obliged to haul down her colors, and the Pallas, occupied for the rest of the time in taking possession of her prize, had no share in the fight with the Serapis. The Alliance is spoken of as of thirty-six guns, but being American without any establishment it is difficult to say what her armament was. In the English or French navies thirty-six gun frigates at that time carried twelve pounders on the main deck; and I should think it most likely that the Alliance did so too, though it is of course possible that she had only nine-pounders. I believe that of the squadron the Alliance was most like a ship-of-war, had she only been properly commanded; but under a man like Landais she proved of little value. In the early part of the engagement she is described as sailing at some distance round the Pallas, and the Countess of Scarborough, firing promiscuously at both of which, in the dark, while the moon was only yet rising, did as much harm to friend as to foe; and she does not seem purposely to have at any time really engaged the Serapis in support of her consort, the Bonhomme Richard.

But the force of the Serapis was such as might be considered not a very unequal match for the Bonhomme Richard and the Alliance together. She was of a class then much esteemed for service in the narrow seas and smooth water, being particularly handy by reason of their shortness. She was a 44 gun two-decker; on her lower deck she mounted 18 pounders, 12 pounders on her main deck. The double battery and the heavier guns gave her an undoubted superiority over the Bonhomme Richard, two of whose make shift 18 pounders in the gun room—old worn out guns—burst at the second round, killing and wounding a number of men, and partly blowing up the deck overhead. The accident spread a panic among the ship's company, which Jones, by personal exertions, was able to stop; but, naturally, no further attempt was made to use the rest of these guns.

But, more even than in armament, the Serapis was superior to the Bonhomme Richard in rate of sailing and handiness. She seems to have had it in her power to sail round her enemy and to weather on her at pleasure. Although she began the action leeward, broadside to broadside, she presently took ahead and crossed the Bonhomme Richard's bows passing to windward, and raking her as she did so, then back again, again raking her. The advantage lay entirely with the Serapis which ought, beyond a doubt, to have won an easy victory. Captain Pearson was a brave man and a good seaman, but he was not equal to unwonted emergencies; and when after about an hour's engagement, Jones finding the Bonhomme Richard seriously ill-treated by the heavier guns and superior sailing of the Serapis, resolved to grapple with her. Pearson had not the tactical skill nor the presence of mind to prevent him or to free his ship.

It may be left an open question by what maneuver Jones caught the Serapis. In their official reports Jones said, and Pearson said, that the Bonhomme Richard, by keeping away from the position to windward, ran across the bows of the Serapis; and these were the two men in charge of the two ships at the time. On the other hand, Dale, who was in command of the Bonhomme Richard's main deck, and who could not possibly see what was being done, wrote in a private account that the Serapis "wore short round her heels," and tried to pass astern of the Bonhomme Richard to rake her, and his statement, made in greater detail to Mr

Cooper, described the Serapis as having been "box-hauled," an evolution now practically obsolete, but then in favor among short ships in smooth water. Except from a purely technical point of view it is not of much consequence, but the fact is certain that the jib-boom of the Serapis was caught in the starboard mizen rigging of the Bonhomme Richard; that Jones with his own hands lashed it to the Bonhomme Richard's mizen mast; that the Serapis' starboard anchor hooked into the Bonhomme Richard's quarter, and the two ships swung together bow and stern, their starboard sides touching each other.

Pearson, hoping that the Bonhomme Richard might drift apart, let go his other anchor; but he did not know, and was unable to learn, how it was that the two ships were so closely locked. They swung together with the tide setting to the northwest, and so continued to drift. In number of men the adversaries were nearly equal, but while the lower deck battery of the Serapis gave her an overpowering superiority below, it employed more men, and left the Bonhomme Richard with a marked superiority above. The eighteen-pounders of the Serapis smashed the Bonhomme Richard into chips and silenced her main deck guns; but the men thus driven on deck and to the tops, swept the quarter-deck and fore-castle of the Serapis with musketry and hand-grenades, and drove her men below. There was some skirmishing below through the ports; some above across the nettings, but on neither side was there any organized attempt to board.

Meantime the Alliance, which might, under the existing circumstances, have anchored astern of the stern of the Serapis, and without danger to herself have ended the action in a few minutes, contented herself with sailing around the two ships, firing indiscriminately at either or both, not only with round shot, but with grape and canister. Pearson, in his report, naturally speaks of the damage he sustained from this fire; but American writers maintain that the loss which it inflicted on the Bonhomme Richard was much greater; and it seems well established that the material assistance rendered by the Alliance was worse than useless, though, of course, Pearson could not know that the time and her presence had a very positive and dispiriting effect.

Still, even under the disadvantageous circumstances in which the Serapis was placed, the crushing power of her eighteen pounders against the rotten timbers of the Bonhomme Richard must, sooner or later, have ended in her favor, had not a single accident, or rather the union of ingenious daring on one side and unparadise carelessness on the other, changed the appearance of affairs about 10 o'clock. A seaman of the Bonhomme Richard had laid out on the main yard, carrying with him a bucketful of hand grenades. One of these he succeeded in throwing down the Serapis' main hatchway on to the lower deck. A number of cartridges had been placed there in the rear of the guns, among these the grenade fell. The explosion ran from the mainmast aft, disabled many of the guns, and killed, wounded, or horribly scorched every man of them. The effect was disastrous, and for a minute it was debated whether the Serapis should not surrender.

But on board the Bonhomme Richard things were as bad. The carpenter came up to Jones and said the ship was sinking; the gunner, hearing this, ran aft to haul down the flagstaff, but finding that the flag and flagstaff had already been shot away, began to bellow, "Quarter! for God's sake, quarter!" until Jones stopped his noise by staying in his skull with the butt of his pistol. The master-at-arms of the Bonhomme Richard, hearing the carpenter's statement, and the gunner's outcry, released the prisoners from the hold. More than a hundred of them rushed on deck; they might and should have rendered themselves masters of the ship, or at least have enabled their friends of the Serapis to do so, but they were bewildered and panic-stricken; Jones, with a presence of mind and an impudence that rises to the sublime, set them to work at the pumps, and at the pumps they continued. One only among them retained his self-possession, and escaping on board the Serapis through a port, told Captain Pearson the state the enemy was in. It was too late to be of use. Both ships were, in fact, thoroughly beaten, and it was almost a matter of change which should give in. I believe the Alliance decided it. She did not assist the Bonhomme Richard as she ought to have done; her fire had caused as much damage to friend as to foe, but she served to discourage the Serapis, and that discouragement was sufficient to turn the scale. About half-past ten o'clock the Serapis struck, and was taken possession of. The Bonhomme Richard was with difficulty kept afloat through the night, and sank about ten o'clock the next forenoon. There is no trustworthy return of killed and wounded; the numbers are said to have been about 200 on board the Serapis, 120 on board the Bonhomme Richard; but this is little better than a guess, and it is very probable they were much larger. The accounts are widely different, rising to nearly 300 for each ship, and all that can be positively said is that, as compared with the numbers engaged, it is the bloodiest battle on modern record.

Throughout the action Jones' conduct as the captain of the ship of war is beyond all praise. His ship was in every way very inferior to the Serapis, and Pearson was a man of known courage and good repute. I do not think, though every American writer thinks, that Jones took the Serapis, not only single-handed, but against the treacherous assistance of Landais, in the Alliance that determined the result. The presence of the Pallas was also without effect. In this I think that Pearson's report agreeable to common sense, untrammelled by national prejudice, if, indeed, national prejudice has anything to do with the matter. But, on the other hand, I think that it is impossible to overrate the ability, the pluck, the determination, and the presence of mind with which Jones fought and won the battle. The Alliance gave Pearson an excuse for striking his flag. It was Jones alone, rather than the Bonhomme Richard, who first beat him to a stand-still.

The Countess of Scarborough was captured, the Serapis was captured; the convoy, valued at £600,000 was saved; the Bonhomme Richard was sunk, and Paul Jones' cruise of necessity was ended. Putting the credit or discredit of the affair on one side, the material advantage was held to be in favor of England, and the statement of the time, the illustrious trio of the ballad, did not care to examine too critically into the rest. Neither did the merchants of London, whose merchandise was safe. They presented Pearson with a sword of honor, and the king knighted him. He was a decent, honest man, and had done his best; but his best was not what ought to have been rewarded. A government that wishes its officers to achieve impossibilities should not reward even the best intended failures. Jones' remark, on hearing of it, is characteristic and pardonable. "Should I have the good fortune to fall in with him again, I'll make a Lord of him."

With the sinking of the Bonhomme Richard, leaving the conqueror, with his mongrel crew adrift in the dismantled ship, the interest of Jones' career, as affecting English naval history, ends. Jones wanted to go to Dunkirk, but his orders were to put into the Texel, and thither his colleagues insisted on his going. The ships lay there for some time, but as Sir Joseph Yorke, the English Minister at Hague, protested against their being admitted, asserting that Jones was a rebel and a pirate, the prizes flew French colors, and were afterwards bought in, at a low figure, by the French government.—Fraser's Magazine.

New Crusade against Tobacco.

The opponents of tobacco "in all its forms," though they seem less active than formerly in this country, are abroad now and reviving their crusade against the abominable but seductive weed with unusual energy. Societies have just been formed in France for the purpose of preaching down, and putting down, as best they can by moral exhortation, "the pernicious practices of the use of tobacco;" and one of the chief of the tobacco-reformers has recently published a somewhat startling statement as to the almost universal use of the weed among the sterner sex in France. His story is certainly an interesting one, whatever we may think of its lesson, or the value of the moral he derives from it. It appears that the lively Gaul begins to smoke as a rule at school, and at the early age of eleven; and, as smoking is prohibited very strictly within the walls of the *lycee*, the scholar avails himself of his "day out" to puff away in some safe woodland or urban retreat, undisturbed all day long by visions of stern proctors. It is asserted that he gravitates as naturally to the *bureau de tabac* as the English boy to the pastry-cook's or the sweet-stuff shop. Among the French lower classes, the young apprentice and the middle-aged workman trudge to their daily labor pipe in mouth, and would as soon think of leaving their kit of tools at home as their cheap, two-sou brier-wood. In the army every officer, from the stripling sub-lieutenant to the Marshal-President of the Republic, smokes indefatigably. The author composes, the artist lays on his colors, with pipe or cigarette in mouth; the shop-keeper leaves his shop in care of his *bonne femme* many times a day, to have a pull at his beloved *caporal* at the *estaminet* round the corner; the honorable deputy smokes as he awaits the train that is to take him to Versailles; the stockbroker, as he lies him to the Bourse, the *faneur* lounging on the boulevard, the clubman as he lingers at the big front window, the advocate as he reads his brief on his way to the Palais de Justice—do all these things under the soothing influence of tobacco. It is said, indeed, that there are only two classes of Frenchman who do not smoke: the cabmen, because they are too constantly under the vigilant watch of the police; and the priests, because they fear lest a hint of the transgression should reach the ears of their bishop. Thus, the new anti-tobacco societies have no lack of targets at which to hurl their anathemas, no want of heathen on every hand to convert to their own abhorrence of the weed. The progress of tobacco-use, and especially of smoking—for few Europeans chew, and the fine old patriarchal practice of snuff-taking is fast going out—is, indeed, amazingly rapid beyond the Atlantic. The large majority of males in every civilized country smoke habitually. It used to be said that excessive smoking was one of the chief causes of the decline of the Turks in vigor and enterprise; but it is doubtful whether there has not been as much smoking in the ranks of the Muscovites and Cossacks, during the past year of trial requiring consolation, as in the stubbornly-fighting but finally defeated legions of Islam.—Appleton's Journal for June.

Why Girls Cannot Throw Stones.

The difference between a girl's throwing and a boy's is this: The boy crooks his elbow and reaches back with the upper part of his arm at about right angles with his body, and the forearm at an angle of about forty-five degrees; the direct act of throwing is accomplished by bringing the arm back with a sort of snap, like the tail of a snake or whip lash, working every joint from shoulder to wrist, and sometimes making your elbow sing as though you had gotten a whack on the crazy-bone. The girl throws with her whole arm rigid, the boy with the whole arm relaxed.

Why Girls Cannot Throw Stones.

Why this marked and unmistakable difference exists we never learned until at a somewhat advanced period we dove into a book of physiology, and learned that the clavicle, or collar-bone, in the anatomy of a female is some inches longer and set some degrees lower down than in the masculine frame. This long, crooked, awkward bone interferes with the full and free action of the shoulder, and that's the reason why a girl cannot throw a stone.

Why Girls Cannot Throw Stones.

"Papa," said a boy, just home from a sleight-of-hand entertainment, "I wish I was a conjuror." "Why, my son?" asked the parent, blandly. "I would turn you into a rat, call up the cat, and wouldn't I have a lark!" cried the little vagabond.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

One may form an idea of the size of the Vatican as Rome from the fact that 30,000 troops might easily be quartered within its walls. A New England farmer hired a man who proved very expensive help, as, in a month's time, he dried up the cows nearly a third "simply by kicking and scolding."

Longfellow is credited with saying that if he responded to all the requests sent him for his autograph and likeness, he would send a third of his income in photographs and postage stamps.

It is said the pigeon is never eaten by the Russians, who would hold it a sin to kill an animal in whose form the Holy Ghost is said to have manifested himself. Pigeons are bought, therefore, only as pets, to be fed and schooled by their masters.

By raising the beavers of his best cows the farmer's stock will be improved. Every farmer should aim to keep only the best. A cow yielding only eight quarts of milk a day does not pay for the feed, and should be replaced with a better one. We must look upon our live stock as machines, kept for a purpose, and discard unprofitable animals.

Jefferson's monument at Monticello, in a sadly dilapidated condition. The inscription is effaced, and the brick wall around the grave has been blown down. The house of Monticello is said to be a wreck, and it is soon to be sold under a judicial decree. Jefferson's granddaughter is now living in Washington, supported by the industry of her daughter, who is employed in one of the departments.

Both science and experience prove that soot is a valuable fertilizer. As a top dressing to grass its effect is excellent. On peas, asparagus, strawberries, raspberries, and indeed an nearly all growing crops, the application of soot produces marked results. When sown broadcast some of the ammonia in it escapes into the atmosphere and is wasted. It should, therefore, be mixed with water, say at the rate of twelve quarts of soot to a hogshead of water, and used as a liquid manure. A mixture in the above proportion makes a very powerful fertilizer.

It is one of the advantages of keeping good stock that not only is more flesh gained for the quantity of food consumed, and a better quality of flesh produced, but the waste in the shape of offal is greatly reduced. The short-horn heifer Miriam, bred by Mr. J. Stratton, which was awarded the first prize for best female at the butchers' show at Islington, England, last year, weighed alive 1,868 pounds. Dressed weight was 1,346 pounds, giving over 72 pounds dressed to the 100 pounds live weight. Perhaps there is no other animal than a very good cow, and this would dress so well, and an instance so well authenticated as this shows the value not only of the breed, but of good feeding as well.

Among the minor industries of great cities that of picking up things in the streets is not the least lucrative. Beside the rubbish, stumps of cigars, for instance, which are turned to account, articles of real value are dropped daily by their owners. In Paris the total number of articles found on the public highway and deposited by the finders at the Prefecture of Police during the year 1877, amounted to about 16,000, of which 4,650 were purses, bracelets, watches, jewelry, and gold and silver objects of various descriptions. The actual cash found in the purses amounted to about \$14,715, to say nothing of the money value of the trinkets, watches, and other articles. A very small proportion of this property is ever returned to its owners. The police do their best by advertisements in the newspapers to publish their discovery of the lost articles, but with little effect, and, after a certain time, most of them are handed over to the finders.

The King of Spain.

In the April Scribner there was a sketch of the school life of the new Queen of Spain. Another writer describes in the May number the marriage of Mercedes. We quote the following about the king: As to the king, Madame de Calderon says he is most extraordinary for his intelligence and information. There is no subject started in conversation upon which he will not tell you something you have not heard before, and that with a tact and modesty which makes it more interesting. Politics, literature and art are all the same with him. Madame Calderon went with him and his sister to the Picture Gallery once (soon after he came), and he astonished the directors and the president by his information, giving them a dissertation on the pre-Raphaelites.

We have been to see the American Ambassador, Mr. Lowell, who confirms this report of the king's cleverness. He dined with him at La Grange, and after dinner the king came to the veranda and spoke with all his guests. Instead of talking American politics, as crowned heads generally do with Americans, and blundering over them, the king talked of Spanish literature with Mr. Lowell, criticizing in a manner which convinced Mr. Lowell that he had an opinion of his own, and was not "enamored" for the occasion. And he is but twenty! It is delightful to know that his bride is worthy of him. Madame de Calderon says Mercedes is as good as she is pretty, and they are as devoted to each other as any two young lovers in ordinary life.

New Whisky Paid.

Some years ago we had in our employ a man, who several times a day ran out of the office to buy a drink of whisky. Every time he went out, the cashier was instructed to drop ten cents in the drawer to our credit. At the end of seventeen months, the man who had gone out so often had drunk himself out of a good situation; and the drawer, when opened, was found to contain four hundred and nine dollars, which we loaned to a young mechanic at 7 per cent. interest. He used it to purchase a set of tinner's tools. On the 15th of February, 1876, he returned to us with interest, saying in his letter that he had a wife, two children, and property worth five thousand dollars. The other fellow is a bumper hunting food.—Pomeroy's Democrat.

AN ELEPHANT FIGHT.

The Most Extraordinary Struggle in All the Annals of the Circus.

The Piedmont Virginian gives the following particulars of the elephant fight, telegraphic mention of which was made a week or two ago: "A rather exciting scene occurred while Old John Robinson's circus was traveling en route to Louisa Court House. The belligerents, Chief, Princess, Mary, and Bismarck, were the actors and actresses in the 'little difficulty.' It had been apparent to Mr. King (their keeper) and several other attaches of the show that trouble was brewing between the two factors, Mary and Chief (Asiatic) on one side, and Bismarck and Princess (African) on the other. The denouement occurred while crossing the South Anna River on a bridge; the elephants crossing in the following order: Princess first, Mary second, Bismarck third, and Chief bringing up the rear of the squad, the other elephants not being allowed to come on the bridge at the same time on account of its apparent weakness, their weight being twenty tons. About midway of the bridge Chief became unmanageable, and despite the efforts of Mr. King, with hook and spear, made a fearful onslaught on Bismarck, and such was its force that the unwieldy animal was knocked head foremost into the river. As the water was very deep he sustained no injury from the fall, but when he rose to the surface he emitted from his flexible trumpet such an unearthly blast that it was heard for miles up and down the river. And then a scene commenced which is indescribable. The elephants on the other side rushed into the river to the assistance of Bismarck. Chief ran off the end of the bridge and into the river, where he renewed the contest with redoubled fury. Emperor (an Indian animal, got to Bismarck about the same time that Chief did, and then commenced to trunk-to-trunk contest which beggars description. They fought right on top of Bismarck, who did not come to the surface for ten or fifteen seconds. At this juncture Radjak, Woodah, and Caliph came up, and the fight became general. Bismarck gradually worked himself up to the shore, but the bank being muddy, and he being weak, he sank in the mud completely bogged and perfectly helpless. Just then, Mary, together with Princess, who had been passive spectators of the fight, sounded their horns and pitched in. They made short work of it, and soon put the rest to flight. They then, with human intelligence, turned their attention to old Bismarck. Mary put her tusks under his back, and with the assistance of Princess, succeeded in getting him into a sitting posture. Mr. John F. Robinson, Jr., with all the managers, canvasmen, grooms, performers, and musicians, with rope, block and tackle, came on the scene at this time, and after two hours' hard work, succeeded in getting old Bismarck on dry land. Chief and Mary were bound together with chains, and although they looked daggers at each other, they could not hurt themselves nor any of the herd. In this manner they were marched into town. Chief was conquered, but not subdued, and the old fire still flashed from his eyes. Mr. Robinson saw that more punishment was necessary to make him perfectly tractable. He ordered him taken down into a thicket, where, being properly secured, he was beaten until he cried enough, i. e., blew his horn like a good fellow. He then walked to his quarters as meek as the historical little lamb that followed Mary.

Robinson's Mizzar Compound.

As a tonic, having the endorsement of the medical profession, and the highest testimonials from those who have derived benefits from its use, no medical preparation of the kind is so generally and justly called for. It is regarded as a certain cure for dysentery, cholera and fever, rheumatism, dyspepsia, and diseases of the bowels. Ask your druggist for it.

Continental Sledge-Top.

This is an article manufactured by Charles Fuchsler & Co., at Dubuque, Iowa. It is cheap, convenient and comfortable—a protection against cold, heat and rain; it is light, and easily fitted to the vehicle. Thousands of them are now in use, and wherever introduced they will not be displaced with.

YOU CAN BE HAPPY.

If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug cures, take do harm always and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy in this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—believe it, see "Proverbs" in another column.

FIVE STATUARY.

Who has not heard of the Rogers Statuary? Few persons who visited the Centennial in 1876 have forgotten the splendid display which attracted the attention of visitors from all parts of the country, as well as from abroad. This statuary has been introduced into all parts of the United States, and in Europe. The designs have been selected by everybody who has seen them. They are artistic, beautiful, and impressive in effect. Rogers' Statuary has now been in the market long enough to thoroughly test its durability. Address John Rogers, 115 Broadway, New York.

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOUSE.

After you have supplied all that is necessary for physical comfort, it is but wisdom to cultivate and gratify a taste for the beautiful. It is cultivated by art, indeed, to the refined and cultivated mind, this is essential to happiness. You can make your home beautiful and attractive by the production of a few pieces, or groups, of Rogers' celebrated statuary. It is artistic, durable, and cheap. Address John Rogers, 115 Broadway, New York.

GRASSHOPPER "MANSUETI." CAPSULES.

An infallible remedy for cholera, dysentery, price \$1.50 per bottle. The experience of many years among the most cultivated and refined has resulted in this remarkable preparation. It is highly recommended by all the eminent physicians of the world. Sold by all druggists. Grasshopper Co., 56 Beale St., N. Y.

GRASSHOPPER VEGETABLE PILLS.

Grasshopper Vegetable Pills have been acknowledged by every physician to be a certain cure for Headache, Liver Complaints, Diseases of Digestion, Biliousness, and Fevers of all kinds. These pills act with great mildness, and will restore health to those suffering from General Debility and Nervousness. Price 25 cents per box. Send for Almanac. GRASSHOPPER CO., 56 Beale St., N. Y.

DR. JACOB'S GERMAN WORM CURE.

Dr. Jacob's German Worm Cure never fails to destroy worms and expel them from the system. Pleasant to take and perfectly safe. Uncle Sam's Harmon Oil kills and cures the pores of leather, essentially preventing the entrance of dampness, dust, &c., and rendering the harness soft and pliable, while at the same time increasing its durability. Sold by all Harness and Leather Dealers in leather.

TWIN BROTHERS' HAIR OIL.

Always makes the hair grow and keeps it good. FARMER'S FARMHOUSE!—Would you have your horses in prime condition for your spring and summer work? If so, several things should be strictly observed, good care, regular feed and liberal carrying are among them. Uncle Sam's Condition Powder, according to directions; and you will be well rewarded for your expense and trouble. For sale by all Druggists.

English Female Bitters.

Only one dollar. For the cure of chronic female complaints and irregularity, imparting strength, buoyancy and regularity to the system, it cannot be excelled. Ladies who have become pale, feeble, nervous, who cannot sleep soundly, who are nervous, fretful, nervous and hysterical, with short breathing, palpitations, pains in side and back, can be cured by using English Female Bitters. Large bottles 50 cents. Send to L. H. Bush, State agent, Des Moines, Ia.

A Worm.

Will not draw a long train of care, neither in one twenty-five cent bottle of Lays' or Worm Killer always enough to expel worms from a grown person, although it has often done so. But it is acknowledged by all who have used it to have no equal as a worm medicine. All mothers should keep it in the house. Sold by all druggists.

Build Muscle.

Those who are prematurely bald, or whose hair is falling out, are informed that Newton Smith's Hair Restorative has restored their hair, and caused it to grow at least in length from a lady's head after having been bald. A few applications cause the hair from falling out. It does not contain sugar of lead or any other poisonous ingredients. Price 50 cents. Address Newton S. Smith, Louisville, Ky., or L. H. Bush, Des Moines, Ia.

THE MANUFACTURE OF THE NICHOLS.

Shaper & Co. "Vibrator," is without precedent on this continent, but the reason is plain—the manufacturers knew the waste of the ordinary roller and shroumman and they made the only machine which would do the job. They make the loved and distinguished claim that their machine "will save one grain over there to pay the shipping bill." Write to them and get pamphlet and see how the revolution is changing and making grain.