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DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

for those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

Will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

Will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in the early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach, Bowel Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

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is the requirements of the rational medical philosophy which at present prevails. It is a perfectly pure vegetable remedy, embracing the three important properties of a preventive, a tonic, and an alterative. It fortifies the body against disease, invigorates and restores the torpid stomach and liver, and effects a salutary change in the entire system, when in a feeble condition.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.


## POLLY ANGELINE.

TWAS on a winter evenin'—
The clock had just struck nine—
I set inside the farm-house,
With Polly Angeline.
The folks was all a-sleepin'—
I heard her snorin' sire—
While she and I was keepin'
Awake around the fire—
Awake around the fire,
While up the chimbley leapin'
The sparks flew higher an' higher.

Now she was just the sweetest
O' all the gals I knew;
And, while I set aside her,
The minutes more 'n flew.
At last tu me sez Polly,
"Ef we stay here till morn
'Twill make the night more jolly
To pop a leetle corn—
To pop a leetle corn."
Sez I, "You're right, I golly,
Ez sure ez you were born!"

I knew that she was willin';
I thought I jest would melt;
I'd gin a bran new shillin'
Tu told her how I felt.
The corn was soon a-poppin'
An' she was talkin' gay;
My heart fr kep a-boppin',
But nothin' could I say—
But nothin' could I say;
The corn it kep a-droppin'—
I wished I was away.

At last she took the popper
An' laid it on the floor;
An', redder n' any copper,
She went and shet the door;
An' then, a moment stoppin',
She came a leetle nigher,
An' whispered, "Du the poppin'
An' I will tend yer fire—
An' I will tend yer fire."
I felt my heart a-boppin',
But I was bound tu try her.

Nex Chrismas I was married
To Polly Angeline,
An' now we pull tewgather,
With childern eight or nine.
They make a heap o' moppin',
Althe' our house is small;
And it just keeps me hoppin'
To clothe an' feed 'em all—
To clothe an' feed 'em all;
An' now I must be stoppin'—
I hear the baby bawl!

—*Eugene J. Hall, in Chicago Tribune.*

## JACK'S "AUNT SOPHRONY."

JACK HARDING'S mother was out of health, and his father thought a voyage to Europe would do her good, so did the doctors; but what was to be done with Jack? There were no grandmothers and no maiden aunts in the family on either side, a state of things much to be regretted, but quite impossible to remedy on short notice; and as for taking the boy to Europe, a pet monkey, a young gorilla or a small grizzly bear would have been just as desirable a companion as a boy who never had been made to mind, and who was bubbling over with mischief from morning till night.

Mrs. Harding could not bear to leave him; he was her only child, and consequently spoiled, but she loved him as mothers will love even bad boys. However, for once, his father was not to be moved by Jack's sulks or coaxing; it was a matter of life and death to Mrs. Harding, and before they sailed Master Jack was safely established in Bassett, his father's native village, as a boarder in the house of Deacon Peleg Hills, his Grandmother Harding's brother.

The deacon was the youngest of the family and, though he seemed very old indeed to Jack, considered himself in the prime of life at fifty-six, while his wife, some ten years younger, was, in her own eyes, a young woman, though she was, or professed to be, an invalid.

Bassett was a stupid little town, but boys of all kinds love the country—if they do not live in it. Everything was new to Jack; he was overjoyed to get away from school, to hunt hens' nests in the barn, gobble at the turkeys till they were frantic, chase the calves round the home-lot and see their awkward knobby legs and heavy tails fly this way and that in their efforts to escape, and above all things, it was his delight to ride the aged horse to pasture, slip off his high back and let the bars down, turn out the cows and struggle back on to that slippery eminence for the homeward ride.

But the keen air of the hills gave him a tremendous appetite; he was hungry all the time, and never had enough to eat. The deacon was a poor man and a stingy one besides; and his wife was as "near" as he; the fare was of the plainest; pork, potatoes, beets and rye bread were the staples, and pie the luxury; the deacon would have it, and Jack was allowed a small segment because he was a boarder, while Peleg and 'Liza, Josh and Eben, were denied, and looked at Jack with longing eyes.

Jehiel, a youth of nineteen, son of the deacon's first wife, helped himself, but he did not care for anybody but himself; and he could be so cross and so troublesome his stepmother dared not provoke him.

"I can't make nothin' out of that are city boy, deacon, ef I've got to give him pie 'n cake," moaned Mrs. Hills, when Dick came there.

"He does eat the awfulest! There wa'n't a scrid o' the biled pork left yesterday, and you know when I have my neurology spells I do lot on cold biled pork; it's kinder salty, and relishes; nor we didn't hev but one potato left for to chop for breakfast. I b'lieve he's holler all the way down."

"Well, well, Sophrony, I guess he's got ter hev *some* pie; ye needn't bake up no cake as I know of; rye gingerbread is real fillin', and I guess it's 'baout as cheap as bread 'n butter when ye come to it, and you can't eat nigh as much. Jonathan he pays pretty well for his board, 'nd he's got to hev suthin' or he'll up an' go off. I know it's kinder hard on ye, but say! can't you keep him to hum more? It's kitin' raound in the lots makes him so all-fired sharp for vittles; ef he stayed into the haouse, he wouldn't want so much."

"Why deacon, how you talk! Me with my neurology spells an' nervous headaches, and my spine in my back, so's 't can't bear no noise whatever most days, 'n hev to keep the children in the barn when they ain't in school. Why, I should go ravin' distracted to hev that boy 'round. He's a livin' storm out o' doors; seems as though I should give up when he ain't no nearer 'n the hum-lot; how do ye s'pose I could bear him in the keepin'-room?"

"Well, well, well, Sophrony, reg'late it as you've a mind to; I s'pose he is a bother."

And so he was; but he was "bothered" too. No mortal boy can endure life without making a noise; "it is their nature to." A boy who cannot whistle, yell, stamp, rattle a stick on the fence-palings, or between his fingers, is a boy forlorn, but no boy or girl was allowed to give way to these natural impulses where Mrs. Hills lived; she nagged them all the time.

"Peleg, stop whistlin' this minute! Your poor ma's head's jest ready to bu'st."

Peleg, Jr., rushed out doors with a bang. "O 'Lizy, don't ye rock! seems as though them rockers was a-poundin' on the spine o' my back every individooal moment. I never did see sech young ones! Josh 'n Eben! you shet right up a spellin' over them lesson-books, or go out to the barn; seems as though creation was against me to-day, when I've got the neurology like sixty. Jack Hardin', you *must* take off them boots o' your'n, or keep out o' the house. I can't stan' it.

"Well, give me a piece o' bread 'n butter, Aunt 'Phrony, 'nd I'll go to the barn 'long of the boys."

"I sha'n't give ye nothin' betwixt meals; 't a'n't hullsome, the doctors' books all say so, and you're a-goin' out o' here anyhow, or I shall have a

At which threat Jack fled.

So the summer went on; when the sun shone Jack did not mind; he found plenty to do and some things to eat, for the guinea-hens and the turkeys would steal their nests, and Jack and Peleg, both hungry, growing boys, learned to stalk these inconsiderate fowls and plunder their private lairs; then they would build a fire between two rocks up on the ledge, and roasting the eggs enjoy a meal seasoned only with that best of all condiments, hunger, and a little salt, bought secretly at the village store.

But there was many and many a rainy day when he had to take refuge in the house, be scolded, fretted at, kept still, half-fed, and before October he disliked Aunt Phrony with all his heart; he might have been sorry for her, for he pitied his own gentle, languid mother sincerely, and was always ready to walk softly in her darkened room, but he saw Aunt Phrony whewing about the old house like a fresh breeze, making cheeses, working over butter, lifting heavy pails of milk, doing the great washing on Mondays, and driving affairs all before her in spite of the spine in her back and contingent ailments, and he did not quite believe her sufferings were great.

"Now I'll just delight all the young Hills and give Sophrony something to find fault about," he said on returning home, shaking his head ominously. So when the holidays drew near he asked his father to give him some money that he might puy presents for the Hills family.

If Mr. Harding could have looked into Jack's mind a moment, he would never have granted this request, but he was pleased to find his boy ready to show kindness, and gave him a liberal sum to provide for all his gifts.

Of course, father and mother came first, and Mr. Harding smiled over an elaborate cane, a thing he never used, while the tears stood in his wife's eyes as she laid her head on a gay, chintz-covered cushion Jack had brought her with a dim idea that she might be an invalid again, though the journey to Europe had quite restored her health.

But this is forestalling our tale.

The family at Bassett did not expect Jack to remember them; the money for his board was safe in Rutland Bank, and so much almost clear gain, for the deacon never found out how many eggs had gone to feed the two boys, who had no idea that there was any harm in helping themselves to the food they needed, though a stern moralist would have looked at it with less lenient eyes.

The packages arrived on Christmas morning by the stage which passed through the village and the children were gathered with wide-open eyes to see what they contained.

The first thing was a fiddle for Jehiel; the great ambition of his life, and his dull eyes really shone for once at the sight of this long-wanted possession.

"He's a real clever leetle feller," the tall youth growled, as he eyed the shining instrument, and began to string and tune it as best he could.

Eliza's bundle was an accordion, an instrument much in favor in the rural districts of New England, though the dwellers in cities being provided with nocturnal cat-serenades do not need these valuable substitutes. She too was delighted; to own an accordion was to be a personage in Bassett, and Eliza was almost fourteen. Josh and Eben had respectively a drum and a fife of the most ear-piercing description, while Peleg turned red with joy, and indulged in all the big words he knew over a real shot-gun.

The deacon and his wife were pleased of course. Short-sighted people! their enjoyment was brief. The house became a pandemonium; the long-drawn piteous howls of the accordion in 'Liza's unskillful hands were even worse than cats; she made efforts of the most desperate character at playing "Home, Sweet Home," till her own home was turned into an echo of bitterness, and when after many struggles and a desire to please her father she did achieve Old Hundred, the result was—but let every reader fill this blank who ever heard that noble tune put to slow torture on this ignoble instrument.

The deacon could only gasp, "It's dreadful sollum; I wouldn't get tired, 'Lizy."

She did not; morning, noon and night the dragging wail resounded, only at times overpowered by Josh's persistent drum, which he even took to bed with him, and the shrieks of Eben's fife. Jehiel's fiddle was the climax; to learn the fiddle a student should take lodgings in a deaf-mute asylum if he has any humanity in his soul. A cornet next door, a bassoon round the corner, a French horn on top of the opposite hill, are each and all inexpressible anguish to the sensitive ear, and I speak from dreadful experience, but a fiddle in the hands of a tyro is more exasperating far. Think then of Aunt Phrony beset by all these noises, with a chronic nervous headache, an aching back, and a tendency to hysteria! In vain she stopped her ears with cotton; if she produced thereby a sort of buzzing peace in her tympanum, Peleg's gun, which was always popping off somewhere, penetrated the plug with its sharp, sudden "bang," and made her jump and tremble; and the long, high squeal of the fiddle set cotton at defiance. She could and did abate the nuisance of the accordion in a measure, but the deacon insisted Eliza should have some time to enjoy and cultivate her music (?) and the drum, which was Josh's pride and joy, being put into a dark closet while he was at school, was found one morning with a ragged hole in the head—presumably rats. This only made a double use of the fife imperative, for now both boys took to it; and Peleg's gun serving to frighten hen-hawks and owls, his father would not relegate it to the garret. Jehiel went his way as usual; nobody could stop him. He was the eldest, and he was obstinate, and the fiddle squealed on.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Hills to her friend and confidant, Miss Beers, "seems as though I should go mad, S'manthy; what with that are 'cordion a-takin' on as though somebody or 'nother was a-having teeth pulled continouous, and the life that's jest like a knittin'-needle a-goin' through my poor head, and Peleg's gun poppin' off when you don't expect nothin' of the sort and a-fetchin' on my nervous spells so 's 't I don't know whether I'm in the body or out on't only for the noise, and wust of all, Jehiel's fiddle jest like the sharpenin' of a file clus by your ear, a-settin' your teeth on aidge, and a-makin' your very back crawl, why, it seems as though I should give up and die, sometimes, now I tell ye! I'd ruther live into a menagerie 'long of a brass band, for they dew play tewns, and I expect the critters is still nights, but I'll be whipt if Jehiel don't take that fiddle up chamber with him and tewn up till twelve o'clock real often. I wish't I could tewn *him!*"

The poor woman fairly cried.

But Jack in the mean time found his revenge rather tasteless; he did not know, after all, whether his instruments worked to their proper end; perhaps Aunt Phrony liked them; he was uneasy. Revenge is not a very satisfactory passion when it is best carried out, and when you don't know whether its means have produced its end it becomes exasperating.

So Jack was seized with a sudden desire to go to Bassett about three weeks after Christmas, for some skating. He had a new pair of the very newest kind of skates at Christmas which had not lost their glo[illegible]

With this excuse he dro[illegible] Bassett and [illegible]

apartments), [illegible] bruised and defaced in Cromwell's wars, and then, under the Restoration, repaired and much enhanced, and how, finally, after having been modeled and disfigured in the eighteenth century, it had passed into the careful keeping of a shrewd American banker, who had bought it originally because (owing to circumstances too complicated to set forth here) it was offered at a great bargain; [illegible] it with much grumbling at its [illegible], its antiquity, its incommodity, and who now, at the end of twenty years, had become conscious of a real æsthetic passion for it, so that he knew all its points, and would tell you just where to stand to see them in combination, and just the hour when the shadows of its various protuberances—which fell so softly upon the warm, weary brickwork—were of the right measure. Besides this, as I have said, he could have counted off most of the successive owners and occupants, several of whom were known to general fame; doing so, however, with an undemonstrative conviction that the latest phase of its destiny was not the least honorable. The front of the house, overlooking that portion of the lawn with which we are concerned, was not the entrance front; this was in quite another quarter. Privacy here reigned supreme, and the wide carpet of turf that covered the level hill-top seemed but the extension of a luxurious interior. The great still oaks and beeches flung down a shade as dense as that of velvet curtains; and the place was furnished, like a room, with cushioned seats, with rich-colored rugs, with the books and papers that lay upon the grass. The river was at some distance; where the ground began to slope, the lawn, properly speaking, ceased. But it was none the less a charming walk down to the water.—*Henry James, Jr., in Atlantic Monthly.*

### A Non-Political Speech.

A DETROITER who was traveling in Isabella County on business last week was approached by the leading citizens of a small village and asked to make a speech in front of the hotel in the evening. When he asked what sort of a speech they wanted the spokesman replied:

"Well, we are sort o' split up here. We've got some Democrats, some Republicans, a few Greenbackers, one or two Communists, and about a dozen men who don't hang to any party not believe in a God. We'd like a neutral speech. Don't hit anybody, but make all feel good. We are going to make up a shake purse to buy candles and hire music, and all must be treated alike."

The Detroiter thought the matter over and concluded to oblige. When evening came he was the hero of the hour. There was quite a respectable gathering, general good feeling, and he was introduced with a grand hurrah. It was impossible to make a political speech under the restrictions imposed, and he therefore hoped to get away with them on oratory. When all was ready he began:

"As great and grand as is our country—as rapid as has been its increase—as amazing as have been its inventions we may look to the future for greater results."

This was considered pretty good, and he was given three cheers and a tiger. Feeling enthused, he went on:

"Fires may rage—floods may come—famine may cast its black shadow over the land—war may sound its loud wail, but nothing——"

Here there were yells, whoops, catcalls, hisses and hoots, and the crowd melted away like frosted cake at a picnic. The Detroiter was thunder-struck. One man was still left, and to him he appealed for the excuse for such singular conduct.

"Well, you see, the boys have been caught on that once or twice and it has become old."

"Caught! Old! What do you mean?"

"Why, they knew you were going to finish with [illegible]

—The steamer City of Pekin left San Francisco recently carrying eight hundred and fifty returning Chinamen. The sailing hour was fixed at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and each of the eight hundred and fifty did his best to be first at the gate of the wharf. To accomplish this hundreds of them spent the previous night on the vacant lots in the vicinity and on or under the wagons loaded with their baggage. At sunrise the gates of the wharf were opened and the crowd, encumbered with bundles of every conceivable size and shape, tumbled in pell-mell, those in the rear falling over those who had lost their baggage and their balance, until nearly the whole mass was piled together on the floor in a howling, struggling heap. The officers soon restored order and ranged the Chinamen along the side of the wharf, where they stood for eight hours patiently waiting to be allowed to board the vessel. When the signal to board was given the scenes of the morning were repeated, and bundles, bedding, trunks, and no end of hats went overboard as the crowd rushed up the narrow gang-plank.

—An improved construction of boilers with a view to a perfect and natural circulation of water—consists of an arrangement by which all of the tubes, together with the tube sheets, may be easily removed for cleaning or repairs. To this end the flues or tubes are placed vertically in a rectangular flue-box, provided with a rectangular flange, which is bolted to a corresponding collar surrounding an opening in the rear wall of the fire-box; the rear end of the flue-box is riveted to the back head of the boiler, the latter being secured to an internal flange in the boiler shell by bolts. The joints at the end of the flue-box are sufficiently strong to withstand any strain that can be brought to bear upon them; and the flame, smoke and products of combustion pass through the flue-box and around the flues, effecting a rapid generation of steam. The circulation of water and steam in the vertical tubes is natural and perfect. For boilers carrying a very high pressure the flue-box may be strengthened by stay-bolts in the usual way.

—He had just started a little grocery store on Galveston Avenue, and had hung out a big sign, "Crout for Sail." It had only been out a day or so before a portly old German entered and asked to see some of the sourkraut. He looked at it, and said: "It looks choost like any onder kind von sauerkraut!" "Of course it does," said the storekeeper, testily. "And it schmells choost de de same!" "Why shouldn't it, I'd like to know?" said the storekeeper, getting red in the face. "It tastes choost de same!" "Look here! I want you to understand I keep first-class goods, and I don't want you sniffling around here." "Look here, mine frendt," said the German, placing a ponderous forefinger on the vest of the merchant, "ven dot kraut is choost de same as any onder kraut, for what, den, does you not spell kraut mit der kay? How ish, den, dot?" —*Galveston News.*

—An amusing anecdote concerning ex-Gov. Bishop, of Ohio, is told in Cleveland. It is related that arrangements were made one evening during the recent Fair to serenade the President of the State Board of Agriculture, and that functionary had collected his thoughts for presentation, and was about to appear on the balcony and address the band and the crowd, when Mr. Bishop drove up to the hotel with several friends. The ex-Governor, with the calmness of a great man took the serenade to himself, [illegible] carriage, bowed [illegible] bonded in a character [illegible] and dispersed, th[illegible] the poor agri[illegible] was never m[illegible]

—Fences [illegible] have a swin[illegible] sometimes [illegible]

That [illegible] now upon us will exc[illegible] "Go West" phoos pher[illegible] and say, no one doubts. Tim[illegible]rs; but with some things [illegible] make no change, as the following from our esteemed fellow citizen, H. F. Behrens, [illegible], Ill. shows: I have sold the Hamburg Drops since 1872, and have never heard a complaint; I know families who would not be without the Drops for anything. Every dealer says the same.

A POLITICAL procession at Dunbarton, N. H., was delayed while a young man took his sweetheart down from what he considered her unbecoming position as a Goddess of Liberty.

[Bay City Tribune.]

DR. A. A. PRATT, of this city, says: St. Jacobs Oil is splendid. All to whom I have sold it, pronounce it the best medicine for rheumatism and pain they ever used.

[illegible] the acts in a Chinese theatre are long enough for a young man to go courting, chew gloves, play games of billiards, take a nap of six hours, go twenty miles into the country to see the sun rise, attend a base ball match, eat his supper, get shaved and fight a duel. Then he can go back to the theater before the curtain rises on the first act.—*Norristown Herald.*

[illegible]ther Is Getting Well.

My dear sisters say, "Ma's much better since he used Hop Bitters." He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable, and we are so glad that he used your Bitters.—A lady of Rochester, N. Y.—*Utica Herald.*

IN a recent charge the Recorder of Dublin said that of 95,000 dwellings in tenements in that city 2,500 houses, occupied by about 30,000 people, are reported unfit for human habitation.

Advantage of Heavy Plates.

The soft bituminous coal used in the West is so destructive on all cast-iron that the heavy plates in the CHARTER OAK COOK STOVE will be appreciated by housekeepers as well as dealers. This advantage, with excellent draft, quick and uniform baking, make the CHARTER OAK the most desirable stove in the market.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE is the universal remedy for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, etc.

OUT of season—the empty pepper-box.

A SACRAMENTO bride whipped her father because he induced her husband to drink in a bar-room.

A CLERGYMAN, middle age, after having united a young couple in the bonds of matrimony, was asked by some one present at the marriage feast how it, a Bachelor, could consistently engage in such ceremonies. The good man's answer was significant: "In a man's life there are two periods which are like [illegible] the other when he is young and has [illegible] when he is old and has [illegible] He was glad to inform them [illegible] he was past one, and not yet reached the [illegible]

THERE was once a v[illegible] and he met a man who was n[illegible] said to him: "See here, I am an [illegible] man. I know everything and can do anything, yet my pocket, my purse and my stomach are a trinity of emptiness—three in one and I'm the one; while you, who are [illegible] smart, go clothed in purple and fine linen and have your ribs regularly adjusted. Now tell me, why is this?" And the man who was not smart answered and said, [illegible] I do not know, but he supposed it [illegible] because the market was overstocked with smart men. Moral: There is none.

THERE are now 10,000 Greek soldiers in Athens, and more than 4 [illegible] of the whole kingdom. Afternoon drill [illegible] the event of the day in the capital.

A LAWYER'S advice is of [illegible] value than a friend's. He charges for it.

CONSIDERING that kind words cost nothing, what a poor stock of them is in the domestic markets.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THE circus season just closing has been very successful. To be sure, business was vigorously pushed. At Little Rock, Ark., two lions were let loose. In Louisville an elephant got [illegible]


Gen. John A. Logan,

Hero of the late war, and now United States Senator from Illinois, writes: "Some years ago I was troubled more or less with rheumatism, and have within the last year or so suffered intensely with same disease. I began to take 'Dunning's Rheumatic Remedy,' and am thoroughly satisfied that I have been cured by its use. I do not hesitate to recommend it to all sufferers."

It is taken internally and never fails to cure the worst case in the shortest time. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists. Write for 40 page pamphlet to R. K. Heiphenstine, Druggist, Washington, D. C.

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After many years' trial, we are satisfied that the CHARTER OAK is the best Stove we ever used, and cheerfully testify that it is the best adapted to the wants of the general public of any stove in the market.

ALL respectable dealers sell Fraser Axle Grease, because it is the Genuine and gives perfect satisfaction.

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