

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription,

Is not a secret or patent medicine, against which the most intelligent people are quite naturally averse because of the uncertainty as to their harmless character, but is a medicine of known composition, a full list of all its ingredients being printed, in plain English, on every bottle wrapper. An examination of this list of ingredients will disclose the fact that it is non-alcoholic in its composition, chemically pure glycerine taking the place of the commonly used alcohol, in its make-up. The "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce is in fact the only medicine put up for the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold through druggists, that does not contain alcohol and that too in large quantities. Furthermore, it is the only medicine for woman's special diseases, the ingredients of which have the unanimous endorsement of all the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice, and that too as remedies for the ailments for which "Favorite Prescription" is recommended.

A little book of some of these endorsements will be sent to any address, post-paid, and absolutely free if you request same by postal card or letter, of Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Don't forget that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for woman's weaknesses and delicate ailments, is not a patent or secret medicine, being the "Favorite Prescription" of a regularly educated and graduated physician, engaged in the practice of his chosen specialty—that of diseases of women—that its ingredients are printed in plain English on every bottle wrapper; that it is the only medicine especially designed for the cure of woman's diseases that contains no alcohol, and the only one that has a professional endorsement worth more than all the so-called "testimonials" ever published for other medicines. Send for these endorsements as above. They are free for the asking.

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HIS NICE, QUIET FOURTH.

A Woodland Idyl Told In Allegorical Language.

Now, it was the custom in those parts to gather themselves together on the fourth day of the seventh month and to make much noise and go on a picnic and have a high old time. Accordingly James Dunstan Dasher arose about the first watch of the morning and went into an inner court of his house, where slept his sons and his daughters and his bird dog. And when he found them slumbering he cried out in a large voice:

"Arise, you young coyotes! This is the Fourth, and man must needs get up early and chase himself, lest the night come and find him sober and unmutilated."

So they all got busy. And James and his sons straightway yoked up his mules and attached them to the springless wagon. And they all got in and went a long journey into a far country, where there was a lake no larger than a man's hand. And with them also was a small keg which contained neither molasses nor nails. And there were also many other people gathered together at the lake, and to each other they murmured, "Isn't this lovely?"

Then did James go forth with a friend and slay birds. And they dragged a ten pound shotgun over a plowed field about twelve miles, and they said they were glad they didn't have to work that day. And after they had crippled two jack rabbits they returned and sat upon the ground and ate very lustily, partaking without fear or favor of chicken, chowder, tarantulas and terra firma.

And, lo, about this time the keg began to get busy. And James Dunstan Dasher began to dance before the people, and he spoke many strange words, the like of which had never been heard before; and, lo, a red faced man with a wart on his nose awoke and remarked that James was not pleasing unto him. And James and he straightway rushed together with much enthusiasm. And it came to pass that James presently looked like a bale of loose hay, and he said he had enough. And every one believed him. Then he slept, and when he awoke he found that his mules had wandered off about three days' journey. Then he gathered his family together, and they hot-footed it to town. And he and his family brought back all but three of the red bugs in those woods, and those three were young and would not leave their mother. And the following day his neighbors questioned him how he had spent the Fourth. And he answered:

"Oh, we had a nice, quiet day in the woods. You ought to have went."—Judge.

REAL INDEPENDENCE DAY.

July 2 Has a Valid Claim to Being Celebrated.

On the 3d of July, 1776, says Paul Leland Haworth in Harper's Magazine, John Adams, then one of the representatives of Massachusetts in the Continental congress, wrote to his wife Abigail:

"Yesterday the greatest question was decided which was ever debated in America, and a greater, perhaps, never was nor will be decided among men."

In a second letter, written the same day, he said:

"But the day is past. The 2d of July will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty; it ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations from one end of this continent to the other from this time forward forevermore."

When the resolution was taken up on the 2d, all the states except New York voted to accept it. Thus on the 2d day of July, 1776, the independence of the thirteen United Colonies from the throne of Great Britain was definitely decided upon. The 2d, and not the 4th, may be called the true date of the separation.

Our Unexampled Republic.

The world has but one republic that has illustrated constitutional freedom in all its beneficence, power and grandeur, and that is our own priceless inheritance. As a government our republic has alone been capable of and faithful to representative free institutions, with equal rights, equal justice and equal laws for every condition of our fellows. All the nations of the past furnish no history that can logically repeat itself in our advancement or decline. Created through the severest trials and sacrifices, maintained through foreign and civil war with unexampled devotion, faithful to law as the offspring and safety of liberty, progressive in all that ennobles our peaceful industry and cherishing enlightened and liberal Christian civilization as the trust and pride of our citizens, for our government of the people, none but itself can be its parallel.—Colonel A. K. McClure.

How Firecrackers Are Made.

In former times all the crackers used on the Fourth of July came from China. Now nearly all of them are made right here in America. The work is very simple. Strips of soft paste-board are saturated with some explosive material and rolled closely around a bit of "composition"—that is, powder mixed with sulphur so as to burn slowly with a hissing noise, which is terminated with the sharp crack from which the "cracker" gets its name. A "primer," or a cord soaked with saltpeter, is included in the rolling process, a red cover is added, and the joy of the boy and the misery of the dog is ready for use.

The Glorious Fourth

HERE it is, the Fourth ag'in! Sakes alive, how time does spin! Don't seem like it's sixty year Since I first begun to hear

All the loud, tarnation noise We stirred up when we was boys, All of us a-wishin' powder Was lots cheaper and lots louder!

Recollect with what delight Used to be up half the night Helpin' fire the anvil or Makin' other sounds of war? Used to wish the earth was drilled Out inside and powder filled And that I could somehow just Touch her off and hear her bust!



HELPIN' FIRE THE ANVIL.

Weren't no cannon crackers then. Kind o' wish there had 'a' been— Then they would 'a' sounded sweet; Now they lift me off my feet. I've begun to think that noise Was invented just for boys. Fourth o' July don't seem to me 'T all like what it used to be.

Just as patriotic, still Somehow I don't catch the thrill Of the loud, tumultuous joy Like I used to when a boy. Nothin' doin' then but I Had a finger in the pie, But that finger, as you see, Got blowed off eventually. —New York Tribune.

FOURTH OF JULY FUN.

Barlesque Circus a Feature in a Wisconsin City.

Every year for a long time the Fourth of July has been celebrated by Janesville (Wis.) citizens in a unique manner. In place of the old time games, with speeches and fireworks in the evening, a barlesque circus is given, known as the Circus of the Nonesuch Bros. Everything is a "takeoff" on a regular circus parade, and clowns, golfers, society leaders, business men, laborers and mechanics unite for the one day in making the circus a success. A fund known as the Nonesuch Bros' circus fund is raised and turned over to a committee to expend. Bands from all over the state are hired, and the press committee bills the circus as is done with the genuine article.

George McKey, a rich lumberman, is the leading spirit in the creations and directs the arrangements. Lawyers, brokers, business men and all dress in fantastic costumes for the day's enjoyment. So popular have become these affairs that all the railroads run special trains into the city to accommodate the crowds that come to see them.—New York Tribune.

The Stars and Stripes.

When the stars and stripes went down at Charleston in 1861 they went up immediately in every town and city in the loyal states. Four years later they went up again on Fort Sumter. Major Anderson lowered the flag in 1861. Major General Anderson raised the identical flag again four years later. Three hundred and fifty thousand Union soldiers had given up their lives that he might raise it. The south was in ruins. Three million slaves had been made free. All that that little piece of bunting might be at the top of the staff once more. And when the American schoolboy and schoolgirl see the flag on the schoolhouse they should be taught to remember all this.—Washington Post.

How to Fire a Cannon Firecracker.

The most impressive way to discharge a cannon firecracker is to hold it tightly between the thumb and forefinger. The effect is heightened in an inverse ratio with the age of the holder. In the very young it is sometimes possible not only to lose the hand, but part of the arm.

The Firecracker and the Torpedo.

Said a jolly firecracker to a little plump torpedo, "If you were patriotic, you would wear a suit of red And stand up in the window just as straight as we do!" And this is what the smart torpedo said:

"I am just as patriotic, though I wear no scarlet jacket. For I'm no such blooming little firebrand as you. Tomorrow you'll be learning, when you hear the racket. What a little plump torpedo then can do!" —New York Herald.

The Story of an Invention.

The power loom was the invention of a farmer's boy, who had never seen or heard of such a thing. He fashioned one with his penknife, and when he got it all done he showed it with great enthusiasm to his father, who at once kicked it at to pieces, saying he would have no boy about him who would spend his time on such foolish things. The boy was sent to a blacksmith to learn a trade, and his master took a lively interest in him. He made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up and showed it to his master. The blacksmith saw he had no common boy as an apprentice, and that the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, and the boy received half the profits. In about a year the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he should bring with him a wealthy gentleman, who was the inventor of the celebrated power loom. You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his son was presented to him as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces the previous year.

The Pointer.

There is as much fallacy in attempting to prove the origin of pointing as in a like attempt to prove the origin of eating. As a matter of fact, the pointing act commonly exhibited by the pointer and setter is an incident of the capture or attempted capture of food by dogs, and also by wolves and foxes. Coyotes have been seen to draw and point on prairie dogs and grouse in precisely the same manner that the pointer and setter draw on game birds. There were the same rigidity and stealth, the pause to judge of distance and opportunity and the final rigid pause when all the energies are concentrated for the final spring to capture. All the phenomenon displayed by the dog family indicate that the drawing and pointing in the pursuit of prey were ever natural traits. It may be reasonably believed that man could not breed the pointing instinct out of the dog if he attempted to do so.—Forest and Stream.

A Gentle Wish.

It was their honeymoon. They had moved into a pretty suburban house and were getting settled cozily at last. "I have something for you," she said when he came home from the office.

"A present?"

"Yes. You have no night key, so I had one made for you. Here it is."

"That was very thoughtful of you. But how did you come to take so much trouble?"

"I wanted it as a kind of barometer. You'll let me look at it now and then, won't you?"

"Certainly."

"I'm not going to say you mustn't go out evenings, and I'm not going to sit up until you come home when you are out late. I only hope," she said coquingly, "that every time I look at it the key will be a little bit rustier, and then I will know that home pleases you more than any other place."

The Fountain Pen.

The fountain pen is not an invention of recent years. In Samuel Taylor's "Universal System of Shorthand Writing," published in 1786, we find proof of the fountain pen's great age.

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument, but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

The Fork.

It is about 1,900 years ago since the fork made its appearance in Europe. In 39 A. D. a son of the doge Pietro Orsola had wedded in Venice the Byzantine Princess Argilla, who produced at the wedding breakfast a silver fork and gold spoon. Then the high Venetian families followed suit, and these martyrs to fashion pricked their lips with the new instrument. The fork prospered, however, and spread over Italy. In 1379 it had traveled as far as France, and in 1608 a traveler brought it direct to England.

Both Hate Him.

"Funny thing," remarked Wilson musingly. "Tom Wilkins and Edith Brown used to be great friends of mine. I introduced them to each other. They got married, and now neither of them will speak to me. Wonder what the reason can be?"

Cross Purposes.

Mrs. Klubbs (severely)—I've been lying awake these three hours waiting for you to come home. Mr. Klubbs (ruefully)—Gee! And I've been staying away for three hours waiting for you to go to sleep.

A Lady Bountiful.

Tramp—Kin you give a poor feller a cold bite, mum? Housewife—Yes. On your way out you'll find some icicles on the gate.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Clever Ones.

Griggs—Some men are born great, others achieve greatness. Briggs—Yes; and others simply have the trick of making other people think they're great.

I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate.—Adam Clark.

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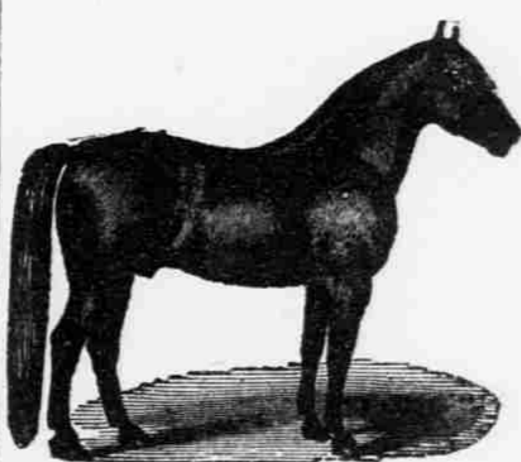
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