POPULAR SCIENCE.

The plan of making charts of the star by photographic means is rapidly gaining favor among astronomers. A photograph exhibited the other day to the royal Dublin society showed seventeen stars in a part of the heavens to which the best published star maps assign but five.

A Swedish naturalist, Dr. Wills, has investigated the strength of various kinds of seaweed to resist strains, such as are caused by the swell of the sea. He finds that seaweeds are very strong and elastic, the parts which ordinarily lie lowest in the water being capable of bearing the greatest strain.

Experiments have lately been made by the French government with a new kind of siege gun of prodigious power. It is described as made of steel, and nearly thirty feet long, and the tube is strengthened with ten coils of plated steel wire one millimetre, or .039 inch in diameter. The composition is such that the cannon, after a few discharges, becomes elongated by three millimetres. The weight of this gun is fifty tons, and it projects a shell weighing 297 pounds, capable of penetrating armor plates nearly six inches thick at a range of 7½ miles.

The doctrine of the permanency of the ocean basins, about which geologists disagree, is strongly supported by Rev. O. Fisher, who refers to a suggestion which he made in 1882 to account for the origin of the vast depressions which the ocean fills. Accepting Professor G. H. Darwin's theory that the moon broke away from the earth more than fifty million years ago, he thinks the ocean basins may be the scar that was formed, and that the basement rocks of continents are fragments of the crust which had already solidified, and which were left behind.

In the open air, mineral coal is liable to crumbling and often to spontaneous combustion. An Australian mining engineer, Wenzel Poech, has discovered a simple and inexpensive means of preventing loss from such sources, the plan consisting chiefly in treating the coal-pile with steam for the exclusion of the air and securing a permanent retention of moisture. The theory is that the absorption of oxygen and other gases, for which the way is opened by the evaporation of the hydroscopic moisture, causes the deterioration of the coal, and this cannot happen if the coal is kept full of water.

While the great antiquity of the human race has been established beyond a doubt, it is impossible to assign any accurate date to man's first appearance upon earth. "In making soundings in the slimy soil of the Nile valley," says Professor N. Joly, of the Science Faculty of Toulouse, "two baked bricks were discovered, one at a depth of twenty, the other twenty-four yards. If we estimate the thickness of the annual deposit formed by the river at eight inches a century, we must assign to the first of these bricks an age of 12,000 years, and to the second that of 14,000." By means of analogous calculations, Burmeister supposes 72,000 years to have elapsed since the first appearance of man upon the soil of Egypt, and Draper attributes to the European man who witnessed the last glacial epoch an antiquity of more than 250,000 years.

Soap Eating in the Senate.

A Washington letter to the Kansas City *Times* tells this story: Not long ago Garland hit Butler pretty hard. That is to say, he got a very good one on him, and Butler laid for the Senator from Arkansas. Knowing Garland's fondness for candy, he procured some caramels and also some cubes of brown soap, which, when wrapped in their tissue paper, precisely resembled to the eye the caramels. Butler knew that if he tried to put the cubes of soap off on Garland he would fail, as the latter was, of course, on the alert so far as he was concerned. So Voorhees, of Indiana, who sits next to Garland, was chosen for the confederate. Said Butler to Voorhees: "Here are two genuine caramels. These others are cubes of soap. Go to your seat, lay the soap cubes on your desk, eat the genuine caramels, put your trust in Providence, and say nothing." Voorhees did as he was told. Garland observed the cubes on the desk, and saw that Voorhees was eating with an evident relish.

"Hello," said Garland. "What are you eating?"

"I've got a cold and I'm eating some candy," replied Voorhees, very much absorbed in some papers in his hands.

Garland looked at the counterfeits wistfully for a moment. "Hum," he said, finally, as he picked one up. "I've got something of a cold myself," and he popped the piece of soap into his mouth. There was a crunching of his jaws and he saw he was caught. Voorhees watched him out of the tail of his eye, as did a dozen others of the old boys sitting around. Garland knew he was under fire, but he was determined not to flinch. After chewing his soap for a moment he looked up at Voorhees with the inimitable air of innocent earnestness that is characteristic of him, and softly asked: "Do you eat many of these things when you have a cold?" As Garland kept on chewing an almost imperceptible strip of lather formed on his lips. Voorhees became alarmed and went to Butler. "The fellow is actually eating that stuff. Why, it will kill him, won't it?" "No o-o-o," drawled Butler, "I don't reckon anything will kill that man."

Garland was game. He finished his soap, and no man could say that he looked as if he didn't enjoy it.

Disappearing Rivers.

One of the most singular features in the scenery of the Territory of Idaho is the occurrence of dark, rocky chasms, into which creeks and large streams suddenly disappear and are never more seen. The fissures are old lava channels, produced by the outside of the mass cooling and forming a tube, which, when the fiery stream was exhausted, has been left empty, while the roof of the lava duct, having at some point fallen in, presents there the opening into which the river plunges and is lost. At one place along the Snake one of these rivers appears gushing from a cleft high up in basaltic walls, where it leaps a cataract into the torrent below. Where this stream has its origin, or at what point it is swallowed up, is absolutely unknown, although it is believed that its sources are a long way up in the north countries.

The cultivation of a cheerful spirit demands as a first requisite that the conditions of health be observed. The dejection that claims sympathy on the ground of some supposed hardship often has its origin in indigestion. A sensible observance of hygienic laws is frequently the one thing needful to transform a doleful man into a bright and cheerful one.

The whole number of publications of the world during the year 1883 was, according to official accounts sent out from Leipzig, 15,474 books, pamphlets, etc., and 386 maps, or 429 books, etc., and forty maps more than during the year 1882.

Washington's Appearance in Camp.

Perhaps the most unique personal description of Washington now extant is that contained in a letter in the possession of Benjamin H. Ackerson, of Raleigh, N. C., written by David Ackerson in the year 1811 to his son William, then living in Laurens District, S. C. David Ackerson lived for many years near Alexandria, and was captain of a company in a Continental regiment during the Revolutionary war. He was intimately acquainted with Washington. That part of the letter giving a personal description of Washington was written at the request of his son, who had a curiosity to know how the father of his country looked. It was as follows:

"In the first place, you should know that Washington was not what the ladies call a pretty man. It seems that fate has destined handsome men for other purposes than heroic endeavor. But in military costume he was a splendid figure, such as would impress the memory ever afterward. The first time I was ever brought in contact with the great hero was three days before the crossing of the Delaware, as I have related to you before. It was under most unfavorable circumstances, as the weather was bitterly cold and fierce wind was blowing. Washington had a large, thick nose, and it was very red that day, giving me the impression that he was not so moderate in his use of liquors as he was supposed to be. I found afterwards that this was a peculiarity. His nose was apt to turn scarlet in a cold wind. He was standing near a small camp-fire, evidently lost in thought, and making no effort to keep warm. He seemed six feet and a half in height, was as erect as an Indian, and did not for a moment relax from a military attitude. Washington's exact height was six feet two inches in his boots. He was then a little lame from striking his knee against a tree. His eye was so gray that it looked almost white, and he had a troubled look on his colorless face. He had a piece of woolen tied around his throat, and was quite hoarse. Perhaps the throat trouble from which he finally died had its origin about then.

"Washington's boots were enormous. They were No. 13. His ordinary walking shoes were No. 11. His hands were large in proportion and he could not buy a glove to fit him, and had to have his gloves made to order. His mouth was his strong feature, the lips being always tightly compressed. That day they were compressed so tightly as to be painful to look at. At that time he weighed 200 pounds, and there was no surplus flesh about him. He was tremendously muscled, and the fame of his great strength was everywhere. His huge tent when wrapped up with the poles was so heavy that it required two men to place it in the camp wagon. Washington could lift it with one hand and throw it in the wagon as easily as if it were a pair of saddle-bags. He could hold a musket with one hand and shoot with precision as easily as other men did with a horse-pistol. His lungs were his weak point and his voice was never strong. He was at that time in the prime of life. His hair was a chestnut brown, his cheeks were prominent, and his head was not large in contrast to every other part of his body, which seemed large and bony at all points. His finger-joints and wrists were so large as to be genuine curiosities. As to his habits at that period I found out much that might be interesting. He was an enormous eater, but was content with bread and meat, if he had plenty of it. But hunger seemed to put him in a rage. It was his custom to take a drink of rum or whisky on awakening in the morning.

"Of course all this was changed when he grew old. I saw him at Alexandria a year before he died. His hair was very gray and his form was slightly bent. His chest was very thin. He had false teeth, which did not fit, and pushed his under-lip outward. I believe he drank much more in his old age. He had whisky in the morning, and at dinner two bottles of Madeira wine. He was a great lover of fine wines and fine horses."

A Curious Custom.

Seven Hungarians—four men, two women and a four-year-old child—were sitting at supper the other evening, when the child began to sneeze. Straightway all knives and forks were held in mid-air, all eyes were turned upon the afflicted one, all tongues poured forth a torrent of blessings. The child sneezed five times, and five times did her companions implore the Almighty to bless her. When the child's nostrils resumed their normal condition the knives and forks were laid on the table, the chorus of benedictions ceased, and the next act of the drama eagerly awaited. It was a novel and curious one. The child folded her hands in her lap and, fixing her black eyes on each of her companions in turn, said slowly and earnestly, "I thank you, mother; I thank you, aunt; I thank you, Louis; I thank you, Geysa; I thank you, Paul; I thank you, Stofano." Those addressed smiled and nodded and seemed particularly proud that the little one had been imbued with religion at such an early age. As proof of their approbation they piled cakes and other danties on her plate and cautioned her never to forget to ask God's blessing on any one who might happen to sneeze in her presence, and to be sure to return thanks to all who asked God's blessing on herself. Should she fail to do so was intimated that death by choking would probably be the result of such shocking ingratitude. The child listened to the good advice and then began to make havoc among her cakes. Feeling somewhat curious as to the origin of this custom, a *Herald* reporter sought enlightenment from a prominent Hungarian: "I do not know the exact origin, said that gentleman, but I believe it is as old as the Hungarian nation itself. Other nations are accustomed to ask a benediction on whomsoever they may hear sneezing, but, except in the case of our people, I do not believe that they get any thanks for their trouble. It is a unique custom, and is as prevalent to-day among all classes of the people in Hungary as it was hundreds of years ago."—*New York Herald.*

Harvesting With "Headers."

California grain-growers have a reaping machine which requires twenty mules to propel it. The machine is called a "header," in that it cuts off the heads of the wheat stalks, taking in as little of the straw as possible. The heads are carried on an endless belt to a cylinder, where they are thrashed and afterward cleaned. The grain is run into sacks, the sacks tied up and left on the ground, to be gathered up by wagons. These combined harvesting and thrashing machines are yearly becoming more popular, although they cost $2,000 each.—*Chicago Herald.*

An English breeder claims to have fed horse chestnuts and acorns to his animals, which appeared to thrive well upon such a diet. He fails to give his method of preparing them for food.

A Wild Dance in New Zealand.

Our last night in the King Country was celebrated by a "hakha," in Te Korti's camp. Never had I seen anything so wild or so exciting. When the moon was up we went to a secluded spot surrounded by a forest, where huge fires had been lit to assist the doubtful light of the queen of night. The spectators squatted about in semi-circle, the ex-rebel chief taking up his position in the midst of his swarthy followers. At a signal given, about fifty men entered the arena, and nearly as many women. All were lightly clad. At a signal from the leader the dancers formed themselves into ranks, and the first step was made by striking the feet heavily upon the ground, and as the excitement produced by this movement gradually increased, the limbs trembled from the feet upward until every muscle in the body appeared to shake and twist as if from the thrilling effects of a galvanic current. Then they turned their ladies to the right with a swinging jump, keeping the elbows close to the ribs and stretching out the fore part of the arm until the hands and fingers shook and trembled as if strung together by wires. Then they swung the body to the left in the same attitude, and then, facing to the front, threw back their heads, thrust out the tongues to the fullest extent in a menacing way, and turned up their eyes until nothing but the whites could be seen, and which, gleaming beneath the bright glow of the fires, imparted to their distorted countenances a singular ghastly look. Next a wiry, tattoed savage, jumped to the front with a loud yell, thrusting out his tongue and distorting his features until the blue lines formed a quivering network over his face. He challenged the best dancer in the throng, at which a woman appeared upon the scene, when the pair performed a dance which no pen or pencil could describe. Then they returned to the ranks and another couple followed, and then a third, and a fourth, until the whole crowd, mingling together, danced together in a marvelous yet diabolical way. The dark, streaming hair of the women fell over their shoulders, or swept round their heads in a circle as the dark sirens went through the most entraordinary gyrations with the rapidity of electrified humming tops, while the men, twirling their weapons furiously in the air, yelled in a loud chorus, which terminated in a long, deep, expressive sigh. Again and again these movements were enacted with protruding tongues and distorted faces, and fixed, staring eyes, time being marked by striking the thigh with the open left hand so as to produce a sound which, mingling with the loud shouting of the furious dancers, added a curious effect to the wild and boisterous scene. —*Kerry Nicholls.*

How Opium is Smoked.

The smoker lies curled up, with his head resting on a bamboo or earthenware pillow about five inches high. Near him stands an opium lamp, the flame of which is protected by a glass shade low enough for the point of the flame to project above the top of the shade. The smoker takes a wire and dips it into a little box containing prepared opium. A small quantity adheres to the point of the wire, which is then held over the flame of the lamp until the heat has swollen it about ten times its original size. This is rolled over on the flat side of the clay bowl, the opium all the time adhering to the wire. When it has been rolled to a soft, solid mass, it is again applied to the lamp, and this alternate roasting and rolling is kept up for at least ten minutes, by which time it is in the shape of a pill and ready for use. The aperture in the pipe is so small that it can only receive the smallest quantity, and the most careful manipulation is necessary to transfer the tiny ball of opium from the end of the wire to the bowl of the pipe. The point of the wire is inserted into the hole of the pipe and worked round and round until the soft opium forms into a conical shaped ring around the wire. By twirling the wire the drug is gradually detached from it, leaving a hole through the opium about as large as the hole of the pipe bowl, with which it communicates. The pipe is now ready and the bowl is held over the lamp so that the opium comes in contact with the flame. A spluttering noise ensues as the smoker sucks at the pipe. After each successive draw he ejects from nose and mouth a volume of smoke, the very smell of which is enough to turn a horse's stomach. By the end of the fourth or fifth whiff the pipe is empty. The smoker scoops up another dose of opium, rolls it into a pill, and repeats the operation with the same patience as before, and smokes away until the pipe falls from his hands and he is lost in dreamland. If tobacco smoking were only half the trouble, tobacconists would soon have to shut up shop.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Wanderer's Fate.

"Stop!"

It was not a very loud voice, but the driver of a Philadelphia car slowed up and waited for the bell. It did not ring, so he went on again.

"Stop!"

The driver looked round the side of his car, but saw no one. The conductor heard the cry but only saw the driver. Again the car proceeded on its way and for the third time, the mysterious voice was heard:

"Stop!"

This time the conductor rang the bell, for the voice sounded close to him. They had just passed a saloon outside of which stood a group of striking weavers who, from their loud laughter appeared to be enjoying something mightily.

"Look on top o' yer car," cried one in a strong Yorkshire dialect.

The conductor got off his platform and followed the direction of the weaver's index finger. There perched on the edge of the skylight, hanging on like grim death, his wings fluttering helplessly, sat a gray parrot.

"Well, if that ain't a rum 'un," said the conductor. "We can't stop, Polly; we'll take you off when we gets to the depot." And off they started. When they reached Chestnut street, something in the network of telegraph and electric light wires must have irresistibly reminded Polly of her native forests. She walked sedately to the conductor's end of the car and in a plaintive voice said: "Wait for me!" flapped her gray pinions and, making a scarlet parabola in the air with her red tail, alighted on one of the electric light wires. She would have been wiser had she remained on the car.

The lamps were about to be lit. The current was turned on, and—perhaps it was the "back kick"—she was heard to shriek at the top of her voice:

"Stop!"

And she fell a helpless mass on the pavement—a dead parrot.

Some idea of the poultry interest of England can be obtained from the fact that at the recent Birmingham (England) fat-stock show there were 2,375 entries of different varieties of poultry.

Strange Vows.

The annals of chivalry abound in records of vows, more or less romantic or absurd, says the New Orleans *States.* For instance: Queen Joan, of Naples, at a grand feast at her castle of Farta, honored the Knight Galeazzo of Mantua by opening the ball with him. When the dance was finished the grateful knight knelt down before his royal partner, and to fitly express his acknowledgement of the honor he had received, he took a solemn vow to wander through the world, visiting every country where feats of arms were performed, and not rest until he had subdued two valiant knights and presented them as prisoners at his queen's footstool, to be disposed of at her royal pleasure. Sure enough, the doughty warrior, after a year spent in wandering over Europe, returned like a cat with a mouse in her mouth, and laid his two prisoners at the feet of Queen Joan. The queen took the gift very gracefully, and, the admiring historian tells us, "declined her right to impose rigorous conditions on her captives, and gave them liberty without ransom."

Often we have the letter with the vow evaded with some special reasoning, and the spirit then broken with impunity. For instance, a modern Rip Van Winkle vowed that he would never drink another drop of liquor as long as he had a hair on his head. A few hours later he was met coming out of a barber shop with a poll as hairless as that of a babe.

Damsels in love often make strange vows. We all remember the case of the poor young lady who was so overcome by her lover's failure to appear at the wedding that she ordered everything in the house to be kept unchanged as it had been on that hapless day. Years went by, the wedding feast remained set on the table, the rich cakes molded and were eaten by the mice, while the poor, half-demented lady flitted in and out of the deserted rooms of the house like a ghost, always wearing the white dress and veil which she had put on to welcome the faithless lover who never came. A similar case to this was that of a lady of high rank in England, who, being jilted by her lover, went to bed and vowed she would never get up again, and kept her word for twenty-six years. A less excusable case was that of a man who, finding that his wife was disposed to demand too much hard work from him, took to his bed with the avowed determination to stay there. And for twenty-two years this worthless old scamp stayed between the sheets, while his wife waited upon him and fed him with a persistent devotion.

Vows of perpetual silence are numerous, the only trouble being that those who need this vow most do not take it. Miss Caroline Brewer in 1840 vowed she never would speak another word to any human being because she had a quarrel with her lover. For thirty-five years, until the day of her death, she was never known to utter a word. Some years ago, three sisters lived together. Two of them quarreled and vowed never to speak to each other again. They did not speak for twenty years, when one of them died, the other refusing to speak to her even on her deathbed.

Weird Story of a Tree.

In front of the house, 1313 Steiner street, stands a weeping willow tree, to all outward appearances dead, in the first stages of decay. Every leaf has fallen from its boughs and twig, and it forms a striking contrast to a sister willow diagonally across the street, which is fully clothed in green and presents a most vigorous and healthful appearance. According to those who live in the vicinity the decay and death of the tree were marked by coincident features in the life and death of the man who planted it, which, to say the least, were very mysterious. Two gentlemen have communicated the facts in the case to the *Call*, each being unknown to the other, and therefore each being unacquainted with the fact that the other had so communicated. Their story is that some fourteen years ago B. J. Collins, a painter by trade, changed his residence from Bartlett street, in this city, to 1813 Steiner street, taking with him a small weeping willow tree. He set the shrub out on the outer edge of the sidewalk, directly in front of the house. He guarded and cared for it, and it grew and flourished and spread its branches wider and wider, and lifted its head higher and higher from the ground until it become a splendid tree and an ornament to the block. Collins took considerable pride in it, and often remarked tha the tree would die when he did, but thi was always accepted as a pleasantry, and no one paid any more attention to it than would be given to any other odd conceit which a person might have concerning something in which he took considerable pride. About two months ago Mr. Collins was taken sick and two weeks ago died. Attention was called to the tree during the latter part of Mr. Collins' illness, and it was found to be rapidly shedding its leaves. A little inquiry and comparison of notes showed that the leaves began to wither and fall about the time its owner took to his bed, and within a few days after his funeral it presented the appearance of being dead, and certainly looked so to a reporter of the *Call* when he visited the place. One of the gentlemen referred to above said that "the life of the tree went out with the life of Collins."—*San Francisco Call.*

An Interesting Irish City.

Limerick, says a correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, is a pretty city, pleasantly situated and possessed of a variety and wealth of odors that San Francisco can never attain by any neglect of the sanitary laws. Like most Irish cities, it is divided into an Irish and an English town, and both are rivals in matters of narrow streets and high rookeries, moldering with the damp of ages. Two of the most interesting objects in Limerick are King John's castle and the "treaty stone." They are more strikingly typical of the attitudes of the hostile parties in Ireland than anything I have seen. On one side of the Shannon at Thomond bridge stands the castle, which for six centuries has been a menace to the enemies of England. Renovated and strengthened into a commanding fortress by modern skill, the castle of King John exemplifies the position of the government which holds the restless spirit of Ireland in check by martial force. On the other side of the bridge stands the "treaty stone," which was but lately raised to the dignity of a granite pedestal through the influence of the national spirit so long terrorized by coercive measures. The contrast of the peaceful little monument with the war-like fortress that frowns on it across the river is one that cannot escape the notice of the most superficial observer. It indicates the disparity of the rival powers that are contending in Ireland, and points out the line of action on which each relies.

There are thirty-eight grain elevators in Buffalo, N. Y.

The Father at Home.

Some fathers fail to gain their children's confidence by an apparent lack of sympathy. On the other hand, few young people ever take the trouble to put themselves in their father's place—to imagine how he must feel this or that behavior, how a disrespectful word or look insults him, or how a voluntary confidence is prized him. There by are many things, no doubt, which boys and girls do not care to speak of before their father; but they do not know how hurt *pater familias* feels when a conversation is stopped upon his entering the room, when he is made to feel that he is not one of the circle—that he is a power to be respected and propitiated, but no more. Very often a man has himself to blame for this state of things, but not always. Often it is mere love of secrecy which make girls especially exclude their father as much as possible from a knowledge of their doings, their friends, their comings and goings, their fears and hopes. With some this reticence must be necessary. Confidences would only be met with suspicion or blame or ridicule. But most men have a tender spot in their hearts, even for the weakness and foolishness of "their own flesh," and feel pained when they are silently condemned as unworthy of confidence. *Pater familias* may be too proud to show that he feels hurt. He may wrap himself up in dignity and affect a contempt for the trifling concerns of the girls; he may even repel the first advances, but his heart may be exclaiming bitterly against the coldness and hardness which excludes him from the knowledge of his daughter's mind and heart which is given to half a dozen school girl friends. A girl owes much to her father, even if he has not been all to her that a parent ought to be. He has had to work hard, very probably, that her bread and butter might be secure. He has borne cares, anxieties, struggles, temptations, at which she can but guess—of which she can form no real conception. If he is hard and unsympathetic some allowance for the nervous irritation of an overworked or anxious man may surely be made. And a girl never, we believe, has any conception how precious she is in her father's eyes. Rough words and cold or angry looks may seem to disprove it, but it is true nevertheless. More even in a sense, than his wife, she appeals to his protective care. He may scold or slight her, but let any real harm threaten her and she will see that to touch her is to touch the apple of his eye. The day comes, no doubt, when her allegiance and sympathy are transferred to another, in right of a still higher claim. There is little wonder if poor *pater familias* looks askance on him at first and is slow to admit that he is the one at whose coming his reign must end. It is the way of nature, and it must be so. But it is hard. A father often loses more on his daughter's marriage than her mother does. "My daughter's my daughter all her life." But a father's right changes entirely when the ring is put on the finger. Till the fairy prince comes, then, let *pater familias* be considered and deferred to, and if necessary, humored. Let him not be made to feel that bare duty is to be paid to him. Let him not feel himself a stranger in his own house. For many a little sacrifice, many a gentle or patient word, unnoticed, unacknowledged at the time, and soon forgotten by her who renders it, lives in the memory of him who receives it.—*Waverly.*

Is There a Cure for Consumption?

We answer unreservedly, yes! If the patient commences in time the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," and exercises proper care. If allowed to run its course too long all medicine is powerless to stay it. Dr. Pierce never deceives a patient by holding out a false hope for the sake of pecuniary gain. The "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured thousands of patients when nothing else seemed to avail. Your druggist has it. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption with numerous testimonials. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

There is a class of men ever ready to pump you to any extent, if you only give them a handle.

Bad treatment or stricture often complicates the disease and makes it difficult of cure. The worst and most inveterate cases speedily yield to our new and improved methods. Pamphlet, references and terms sent for two three-cent stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Do not speak of your happiness to a less fortunate man than yourself.

American women are said to be the most clever, active, and energetic to be found: and well they need to be, considering the enormous demands made upon them by modern schools, housekeeping and society. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, in preparing her celebrated Vegetable Compound, had in mind all these countless demands on a woman's strength, and her well known remedy proves every day its perfect adaptation to woman's special needs.

If crying babies had any sense they would never take their mother's to matinees.

A happy combination of best grape brandy, smart weed, Jamaica ginger and camphor water, as found in Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-weed, cures cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery or bloody-flux, colic or cramps in stomach, and breaks up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks.

A man is called a confirmed liar when nothing that he says is confirmed.

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Ask for Wells' 'Rough on Corns.' 15c. Complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

LOOK OUT FOR YOUR HEAD.—No matter what parts it may finally affect, Catarrh always starts in the head, and belongs to the head. There is no mystery about the origin of this direful disease. It begins in a neglected cold. One of the kind that is "sure to be better in a few days." Thousands of victims know how it is by sad experience. Ely's Cream Balm cures colds in the head and Catarrh in all its stages. Not a snuff nor a liquid. Applied with the finger to the nostrils.

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Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness Indigestion, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties.* It contains blood-making force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., Proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

"Buchu-Paiba."

Quick, complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Scalding, Irritation, Stone, Gravel, Catarrh of bladder. $1. Drugts.

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Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bedbugs, ants, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. D'g'sts

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Scovill's Sarsaparilla, or Blood and Liver Syrup, for the cure of scrofulous taint, rheumatism, white swelling, gout, goitre, consumption, bronchitis, nervous debility, malaria, and all diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood. Certificates can be presented from many leading physicians, ministers, and the heads of families throughout the land, indorsing Scovill's Blood and Liver Syrup. We are constantly in receipt of certificates of cures from the most reliable sources, and we recommend it as the best known remedy for the cure of the above diseases.

Mothers, the best dressing for children's hair is Carboline, made from pure petroleum, thoroughly deoderized and delightfully perfumed. It makes the little ones hair soft, silky and glossy; it also eradicates dandruff.

A white lie often told makes a black story

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For Female Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It 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.

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No family should be without *LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS.* They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents a box at all druggists.

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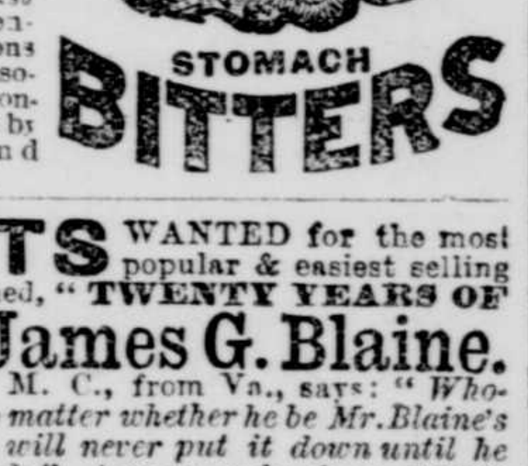


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a disease of the mucous membrane. It generally originates in the nasal passages and maintains its stronghold in the head. From this point it sends forth a poisonous virus along the membranous linings and through the digestive organs, corrupting the blood and producing other troublesome and dangerous symptoms. **Cream Balm** is a remedy based upon a correct diagnosis of this disease and can be depended upon. 50c. at druggists; 60 cts. by mail registered. Sample bottle by mail 10 cts. ELY BROS., druggists, Owego, N. Y.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the article for you, it stimulates the failing energies, invigorates the body and cheers the mind. It enables the system to throw off the debilitating effects of undue fatigue, gives renewed vigor to the organs of digestion, arouses the liver when inactive, renews the jaded appetite, and encourages healthful repose. Its ingredients are safe, and its credentials, which consist in the hearty endorsement of persons of every class of society, are most convincing. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

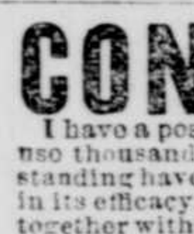
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STOMACH **BITTERS**

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* * * Pretty Wives,
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"My farm lies in a rather low and miasmatic situation, and

"My wife!"

"Who?"

"Was a very pretty blonde!"

Twenty years ago became

"Sallow!"

"Hollow-eyed!"

"Withered and aged!"

Before her time, from

"Malarial vapors, though she made no particular complaint, not being of the grumpy kind, yet causing me great uneasiness.

"A short time ago I purchased your remedy for one of the children, who had a very severe attack of biliousness, and it occurred to me that the remedy might help my wife, as I found that our little girl upon recovery had

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Her sallowness, and looked as fresh as a new blown daisy. Well, the story is soon told. My wife, to-day, has gained her old-timed beauty with compound interest, and is now as handsome a matron (if I do say it myself) as can be found in this county, which is noted for pretty womem. And I have only Hop Bitters to thank for it.

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Hoping you may long be spared to do good, I thankfully remain,

G. L. JAMES,

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Many a silk has been condemned because the common SILESIA or a poor waist lining has been used. You should also ask for the

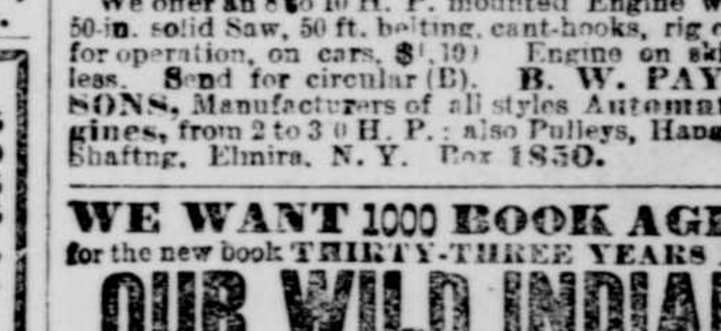
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You will find our initials on each yard, representing ¼ and ¾ yards, thus: G.—½—M.—1 yd., and so on; all other 3 Leaf goods are an imitation. Look for the letters G. & M. on selvage, none others are genuine.

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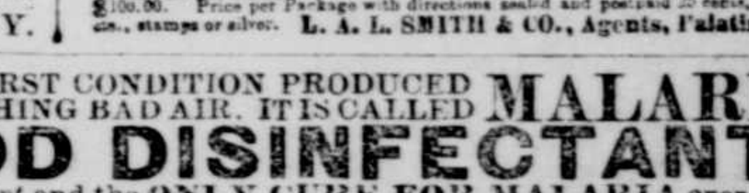
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