DAINTY DISHES.

Some Queer Articles of Food Among Various People.

Nothing is more difficult than to induce a man, be he civilized or uncivilized, to eat a new kind of food. A celebrated traveler relates a story of his first visit to the Sandwich islands, which illustrates this principle. The king of Owybee was invited to dine with him on board his ship, and, as a great dainty, his majesty was induced to inaugurate the feast with a mouthful of bread, which article of food, of course, was entirely novel to him. No sooner, however, had he tasted the bread than he spat it out with every symptom of disgust, and declining positively all further ventures of the kind, returned ashore to his customary repast of roasted dogs and decayed fish. So also the natives of Japan refuse milk and beef, but eat rats with avidity. The native Australian prefers stale sharks, whale blubber and earthworms to the white man's simple breakfast of bread and butter, tea or coffee. The negroes of the West Indies surfeit themselves on baked snakes and palm worms fried in their own fat, but regard with the greatest horror a rabbit stew. The Greenlanders drink train oil, the Russians eat tallow candles and the Barotse crocodile steaks. The quantity of food eaten as well as its nature is interesting. A gentleman on a visit to New Zealand relates that the natives of that island went out to the shore after what might be considered a most hearty supper, and finished the half-putrid carcass of a shark at one moonlight banquet. Twenty pounds of meat and a like quantity of oil per day are regarded by the Esquimaux as barely sufficient to sustain his nature. A Tougouse would consider himself on short allowance if on less than forty pounds of reindeer meat per day. A Russian admiral states that he saw three Yakutes devour a whole reindeer at one sitting.

It is generally admitted that the most civilized nations are the most liberal in their gastronomic tastes. Next to the Chinese, whose ultra civilization allows them to tolerate half-hatched eggs, shark's fins and birds-nest soups, comes the Frenchman. One is almost tempted to believe that this tolerance and liberality, which refuse not anything which is clean and wholesome, are evidences of genuine civilization. What prejudices have not modern travelers exploded? One vouches for the excellence of a dog, broiled or roasted; another eats boa constrictor and finds its flesh exceedingly white and firm, tasting like veal. A French traveler is loud in the praise of baked elephant's trunk and feet. The cooking of these is described as follows: A pit is dug, stones are heated in it, and when all is ready two men shoulder a foot and dump it in. When the hole is full (the four feet and a few slices of the trunk fill a good sized pit) the heated stones are put on the mass, leaves are placed over the stones, earth over the leaves, and the hungry hunter impatiently awaits the unearthing of his savory mess.

In Canton, rat tail soup is thought equal to ox-tail soup, and a dozen fat rats are worth two dollars. The British Indian province of Scinde had been, several years ago, so infested with grain-eating rats that the price of grain had risen twenty-five per cent. In this dilemma the government proclaimed a head-money on all rats and mice killed in the province of six cents per dozen, the slayer having the privilege of keeping the body and presenting only the tail.

The nests of the Hirundo esculenta, so much praised as a delicious morsel by the Chinese and Cambodians, are worth in Canton nearly twice their own weight in silver. The finest white nests are found chiefly in caves on the shores of Java and the adjacent islands. In color, the most prized is white with a red tinge. The following description is interesting: "These birds often build in rocks; these are rocks hollow within and pierced with a great number of openings, some large enough for a man to enter with ease, others very difficult of access. To the walls of these caverns the birds affix their nests very close to each other. They prepare these nests from the remains of their food, which consists of all sorts of insects, and they are two months in making them. To procure the nests is a difficult and hazardous business. The men whose employment it is make ladders of reeds and bamboos, by which they climb up to the holes and pull out the nests, which they sell at a very great price. These nests are not considered a great dainty, but are often used as a remedy in violent fevers. When boiled down to a kind of slimy soup, exposed to the night dews and mixed with sugar, they are very cooling." They are procured from the caves twice a year, and the opening of the caves on these occasions is performed with many singular, superstitious ceremonies. About 250,000 pounds weight are brought to Canton itself every year, and the best are sent to the capital for the use of the Celestial court.

From birds' nests we turn to eggs, which form an important article of food among almost all known races. The great object is to get fresh eggs, and many modes are resorted to to ascertain this important point. Some dealers place them in water, when, if fresh, they will lie on their sides; if bad they stand on one end. In many countries the eggs of lizards are eaten. In the West Indies the eggs of the guana are thought a delicacy, and in the Antilles the eggs of the alligators, which are said to taste very much like hen's eggs, which they also resemble in shape. Turtles' eggs are held in great esteem wherever they are found. They have a very soft shell and are about the size of a pigeon's egg. The mother turtles lay thrice a year at intervals of two or three weeks, depositing in one night as many as a hundred at a laying. An experienced eye and hand are required to detect the eggs, as they are always ingeniously covered up with sand, but when they are hunted very few escape. The Orinoco Indians obtain from these eggs a kind of clear and sweet oil, which they use instead of butter. In the month of February, when the high waters of the Orinoco have receded, millions of turtles come on shore to deposit their eggs. The certainty and abundance of the harvest is such that it is estimated by the acre. The yearly gathering about the mouth of the river above is about five thousand jars of oil, and it takes five thousand eggs to make a jar. The poor turtle itself, like its eggs, does not escape man's digestive organs. At the beginning of the last century the turtle was eaten only by the very poor in Jamaica; now, however, green turtle is a delicacy, known only by those who can afford it. Considerable cunning is required in hunting both the turtle and the iguana. The iguana is hunted with dogs, and when taken alive its mouth must be sewed up to prevent its biting. It has been known to live a month and even six weeks without food. The turtle is watched when it comes on shore at night, and merely tumbled over on its back, where it lies helpless until its captors have time to knock it on the head and carry it off. A soft-shelled turtle is particularly hard to catch, but when sunning itself on a log at the water side is often a fair shot for a rifle. However, when shot, it is unluckily prone to tumble into the water and make its escape even in death. But man's stomach is not to be disappointed; consequently his ingenuity must be pressed into its service. To prevent the prey escaping the following satisfactory plan has been devised by an ingenious epicure: A piece of wood an inch long was cut and so rounded as easily to fit into the tube of his rifle. To this a fine piece of stout twine, seven or eight inches long, was secured, the other end of which was run through a rifle-ball. The ball was then inserted in its place, the string and wood followed, and all was ready for the turtle. Getting a fair shot, the ball pierced the turtle through and entered the log on which it was lying, where it stuck. The string and "toggle" held the astonished beast firmly until his enemy could come in a canoe and make good his capture.

Ants are favorite delicacies in many countries. In Africa they stew them with butter. In the East Indies they are caught in pits, carefully roasted, and eaten by mouthfuls afterward, as our children eat candies. In some parts of Brazil the largest species are prepared with a sauce of resin. While lobster is a favorite dainty with Americans, no one ever thinks of eating locusts. Yet to many nations these last form a welcome meal, and all travelers who have tasted them bear witness that they make a savory dish. The chief difference between lobster and locust, considered as an article of diet, is that the first is the foulest feeder known, while the locust, though not dainty, lives chiefly on fresh vegetable substances. While indulging ourselves with filthy lobsters, it is somewhat inconsistent to reproach locust eaters, nor does it become us to be satirical upon those who eat horse and declare it to be palatable and wholesome.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Cowboy's Mistake.

"I have seen a good many daring deeds performed and coarse jokes perpetrated by cowboys," said the agent. "One morning a traveling man arrived at the depot by stage. He had a small sample case and satchel. He was below medium height and rather slight, but was very neatly dressed and wore a silk hat. He was traveling for a New York jewelry house. He was about an hour early for the train east, and he opened his grip on the platform, took out a brush, and dusted his clothing and shoes. He then drew out an old newspaper, leaned up against the side of the depot, with one foot projected in front of the other, and began reading.

"Meanwhile three cowboys had sauntered up to the depot. Then all eyed him closely and watched his operations. When he began reading they huddled together and talked a while in an undertone. Presently one of them—a big six-footer—left the group, and began to saunter carelessly about the platform with his head in the air, inspecting the posters on the building and the cornice. When he got around where the traveling man stood, he lifted his big brogan, and planted it firmly on the jewelry man's foot. No apology was made. The traveling man merely looked up, drew his foot back a moment, then placed it back where it was. The cowboy passed back to the other two. They all chuckled and joined in the conversation.

"Soon the cowboy started out again on a similar round, gaping at the roof. When he reached the traveling man he tried to bring down his coarse foot on the extended foot. The traveling man jerked his foot back suddenly, and the brogan came down with a thump on the platform. Another conference and chuckling followed. Finally the cowboy set out on the third round. Just as he was about to raise his foot to plant it on that of the traveling man, the latter looked up quickly and said:

"'See here, there is my foot, and it's going to stay there. You step on it, if you want to; but I want to tell you that before you can get off of it I will kill you.'

"Such a volley staggered the cowboy. He looked at the foot, and then at the small possessor, and finally moved off without stepping on it. Another consultation followed.

"The traveling man calmly read his paper a few minutes, and then took from his satchel three apples. He looked at them a moment and suddenly threw them a few feet into the air, and then quickly drew a revolver, fired three shots, splitting each apple into a dozen pieces before they reached the ground. He replaced the cartridges in the empty chambers of the revolver, and returned it to his pocket.

"The cowboys witnessed the act without saying a word, and soon, completely cowed, turned and left the depot. The traveling man told me after they left that he would have killed the three of them had the fellow stepped on his foot again, and I think he would, as he was quick as lightning. He then showed me a medal he carried, which he won as being the most rapid shot in New York."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Grant's Choice of a Profession.

"It was a mere accident that put me into the army," said Grant to an old comrade. "I hadn't much fight in me, and didn't want to go to war. I thought of being a farmer and I thought of going to sea; but of all the possible futures I dreamed of when a boy, being a soldier wasn't among them.

"I know that those who remember my boyhood tell about my firing a pistol without flinching when I was two years old, and crying for more of it, but I don't think such tendencies were strong. I never thought of being a soldier. Going to West Point was just the accident I have told you.

"If I was superstitious I should think there was some fatality in my going to West Point, for, when the war was over, I figured up, and as near as I could find out the little country village of Georgetown, O., from which I went—a place of a couple of hundred people—sent to the war one full (myself), three major generals, two brigadier generals, three colonels, three or four line officers, and one private soldier. The private deserted, I think.

"I had no very easy time of it at West Point. In a class of more than one hundred I was behind them in almost everything. I never succeeded in getting very near either the head or foot of the class. I was within three of the foot in languages, I believe, and within five of the head in mathematics, but that didn't count. I graduated as No. 21, and was glad to get it."

Mr. Grant Allen has given an interesting story as to the discovery of pottery. A savage carried some water in a calabash the hard shell of a tropical fruit—when it occurred to him to smear the outside with clay and put the calabash itself over the fire. This he did, the water boiled, and upon removing the calabash he found it encased and protected by a hard, red, stone-like substance.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

What we learn with pleasure we never forget.

The heart has always the pardoning power.

Presumption is our natural and original disease.

The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.

'Tis but a short journey across the isthmus of Now.

Break through this pretense of existence; determine what you will be and be it.

What is joy? To count your money and know that it does not belong to creditors.

Compliments of congratulation are always kindly taken, and costs nothing but pens, ink and paper.

When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch—in our families our tempers, and in society our tongues.

Nature is upheld by antagonism. Passions, resistance, danger are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome.

Everything is good which takes away one plaything and delusion more, and, drives us home to add one stroke of faithful work.

Our homes are like instruments of music. The strings that give melody or discord, are the members. If each is rightly attuned they will all vibrate in harmony; but a single discordant string destroys the sweetness.

Periodicity as a Disease.

A certain publishing establishment in Chicago has a peculiar class of employes, in that, with the exception of a young lady cashier and the office boy, they are all "periodical drinkers." The "periodical" is the drinker who abstains entirely for a time and then goes to a frightful extreme in a debauch lasting a week or two. These men are usually able and skilled men sober, and the ones employed by this publisher are brilliant writers and capable of earning good salaries in steady positions if it were not for their occasional lapse into dissipation. They are paid barely one-third the salaries their talents entitle them to, but he has to take all risk of their failure to show up when most wanted. One of these half-paid, struggling writers is a gentleman of classical education and great natural ability, who has held high positions in educational work, and who recently wrote a poem as brilliant as anything in the language.

"I always have two or three brilliant men about me," said the publisher, "but I never know on coming down in the morning if I shall find them here. I sympathize with them, and never refuse to employ a periodical if he can be of any use to me. I suppose it was in this way that my place got to be a sort of headquarters for them. It is painful to notice the number of brilliant men who are stricken with this disease. They come and go like driftwood in the currents. Every once in awhile we'll get a man who seems to be proof against drink's temptations. We think he never was a drinker and in no danger of ever becoming one. Suddenly some morning he is missing and isn't seen again for ten days or two weeks, when he comes in, wrecked in health and a wreck in appearance, and begs to be taken back. As a disease, inherited or acquired, I think periodicity is entitled to careful consideration by scientific men, as it is certainly becoming very common. We have fewer steady drinkers than we had years ago, but many more men who occasionally fall from respectability to the gutter at one swoop and stay there a week or two at a time, perfectly helpless.—*Chicago Herald.*

Where Women Gamble.

There are seven gambling places in the city into which none but females are admitted says a New York letter to the Philadelphia *News.* All of them are operated by men, whose wives or mistresses assist them in receiving their patrons. There may be many more, but these seven I know of. One on Fourteenth street is back of a very fashionable modiste's store, run by Hugh Simmons and Helen Davenport. This is patronized by the middle class. Another on Lexington avenue, not far from Twenty-sixth street, is a very quiet game, presided over by Phil Bloodgood and his wife, and so on down to one in Thompson street, which is for the lowest class. The most aristocratic one is on Sixth avenue, above Thirty-fifth street, run in the interest of Jennie Perkins and Norah Brooks, who own the one for gentlemen on West Thirty-fourth street. Even young misses scarcely seventeen years of age are welcomed here. The game is only played in the daytime. Hardly two years ago the wife of a prominent civil lawyer, whose office is in Wall street, and who lived in comfort and luxury on Madison avenue, near Forty-first street, became so infatuated with this game that after pawning all her jewelry and rich garments during the absence of her husband, who was arguing the case in the supreme court in Washington, sent her baby and her nurse to her sister's, at White Plains, to spend the day, and then deliberately sold all her houshold furniture to play. She lost, confessed to her husband, who attempted to regain the money from Mrs. Perkins, but she was obstinate, consulted a prominent firm of criminal lawyers on Centre street, and the unfortunate husband, fearful of a public scandal, dropped the matter. This is not an isolated case.

Before the surrogate not long ago a contested will case was being tried, a daughter being the contestor, and evidence was adduced showing that she had lost nearly $6,000 in this and other games in two years, and her father, knowing it, had simply left in trust for her use during lifetime a sum of money, the interest of which was to be paid to her every month.

Damage Done by Avalanches.

A statistical memoir lately issued by the Italian government enables us to form some idea of the great destruction caused annually by avalanches in the Alpine districts of Italy and the Tyrol. In the single district of the Val di Susa two avalanches fell on January 18; one at Devies, between Exilles and Salbertand, was estimated at about sixty meters long and six deep, and slid down the slope a distance of about a kilometer. Its volume is supposed to have been 360,000 cubic meters, and the weight of snow composing it was 45,000 tons. It destroyed sixteen houses and killed forty-three persons. The second avalanche of January 18 fell near Venaus, was 150 meters long, its volume was about 3,000,000 cubic meters, and it bore nearly a quarter of a million tons of snow. But although the slide extended to nearly four kilometers only twenty-four houses were wrecked by it and six persons killed. A third avalanche, which fell at Mafiotto, and was computed to contain little more than 1,600 tons weight of snow, was much more destructive, killing seventeen persons and destroying eighteen homes.—*London Times.*

A Clever Trick.

Dr. Hauffe, the celebrated physician of Vienna, one day received a telegram from Cracow, requesting him to repair thither with all haste, as Moses Abrahamson was very ill, and required advice. This Moses was known to be one of the richest men of his tribe. The doctor, who had an enormous practice and was very busy at the time, wired back:—

"My fee will be two thousand florins."

A second dispatch urged him to come without delay, but added that he might surely do it for less.

"Not a kreutzer less than two thousand florins," was the reply from Vienna; whereupon a final telegram came to hand, directing the physician to come at once.

It was the depth of winter and bitterly cold, so that the medical man was anything but pleased at the prospect of the long journey. But what was his disgust on being met at the Cracow railway station by a deputation of long-coated Polish Jews, bringing the tidings that he came too late, as Moses Abrahamson had died a few hours before.

As there was no train back to Vienna that day, he was perforce compelled to put up for the night at a hotel. Meanwhile the news of the great doctor's arrival had spread through the town, and sick people of every description, both Jews and Christians, besieged his door. So many afflicted persons touched his compassionate heart, and he freely gave them the advice they needed. When at last he got to the station, and was about to step into the carriage, a Polish Jew came sidling up to him with a knowing smile on his face, and whispered in his ear:—

"I say, doctor, I only wanted to tell you that Moses Abrahamson isn't dead. Not a bit of it; he was among those patients whom you just cured for nothing."

Blue Sky Somewhere.

Children are eloquent teachers. Many a lesson which has done our heart good have we learned from their lisping lips. It was but the other day another took root in memory. We were going to a picnic, and of course the little ones had been in ecstacies for several days. But the appointed morning broke with no glad sunshine, no songs of birds, no peals of mirth. There was every prospect of rain—even hope hid her face and wept.

"Shan't we go, mother?" exclaimed the child of five, with emphasis.

"If it clears off."

"But when will it clear off?"

"Oh, look out for blue sky."

And so he did, poor little fellow, but never a bit of blue skye gladdened his eyes.

"Well, I don't care, mother," he said, when at length the tedious day had drawn to a close, "if I haven't seen it, I know there is blue sky somewhere."

The next morning there was a blue sky, a whole sky full of it—clear, glorious blue sky, such as only greets us after a storm.

"There, mother, didn't I tell you so?" cried a joyous voice. "There is blue sky!" Then the little head dropped for a moment in solemn thought. "Mother," he exclaimed, when he again looked up, "there must have been blue sky all day yesterday, though I never saw a bit of it, 'cause, you see, there ain't no place where it could have gone to. God covered it up with clouds, didn't he?"

A Clever Rebuke.

A good story is told of a prominent member of society who has a habit of tying a knot in her pocket handkerchief when she wishes to fix anything in her mind which must be attended to. She was engaged in a desperate flirtation on a certain occasion, and in her abstraction dropped her handkerchief on the floor. This was noticed by her hostess, who endeavored to break up the flirtation by inviting her guest into another part of the house. As the latter rose from her chair she stopped and picked up her handkerchief, noticing, as she did so, the knot tied in one corner. "What have I forgotten to-day!" she asked audibly. "That you have a husband," replied the hostess. The story was repeated, and the lady, who is a well known member of the diplomatic circle, always keeps her handkerchief free from knots now.

The Significance of Rings.

It is understood that a gentleman who desires to marry wears a plain or chased gold ring upon the first finger of the left hand. When he becomes engaged the ring passes to the second finger. After marriage it passes to the third finger. If, however, the gentleman desires his lady friends to clearly understand that he is not "in the market" and does not wish to marry at all, he wears the signet upon his little finger. This will inform all the ladies that he is beyond reach. With the ladies a plain or chased gold ring on the little finger of the left hand indicates "not engaged," or "ready for an offer." When engaged the ring passes to the third finger of the right hand. When married the third finger on the left hand receives the ring. When a young lady desires to defy all suitors she places rings—one on the first and one on the fourth fingr.

A Neat Retort.

One of the neatest retorts ever made in Cambridge, Mass.—not a bad soil for good things—was a brief response lately given by a young lady to an under graduate who offered her with some hesitation, his seat in the horse-car. She got in with an old companion. The car was crowded, and two young men sat near. One gave his seat at once to the elder lady; the other kept his place. His friend asked him—disguising it, however, in German—why he did not give his place to the young lady. He answered in the same language: "Because she is not pretty enough." After a little reflection, however, he, too, arose and surrendered his seat. The young lady took it, and thanked him—in German.

Singular.

A seamstress carelessly left a needle in the back of a young lady's dress, and now her particular friend has his hand done up in arnica.

The distinguished U. S. Senator from Indiana, Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees, certifiies that in case of rheumatism in the back, he obtained instantaneous relief from St. Jacobs Oil. He says it is a remarkable remedy.

Three things to like—cordiality, good humor, and mirthfulness.

Side by Side in the Drug Store stand Vinegar Bitters and the health-blasting preparations fired up with bad rum. Take your choice between the *vital elixir* and the *deadly poisons.* The one cures every disease of the stomach, bowels, liver and nerves, the others aggravate all human ailments. Vinegar Bitters strengthens, the others weaken.

You never ought to judge a cigar by its scent. Many of them bring five cents

A Campaign Secret Given Away.

In the campaign of 1884 the two candidates for governor in a "pivotal" Western State arraigned for a series of joint discussions. Both men were popular, both of fine appearance and were so well matched in mental force and as orators that the contest between them promised to be a magnificent one. For several weeks the scales balanced evenly.

But one day the brilliant Republican candidate came up ailing. He seemed overcome and spoke laboredly. The next day he was even less effective. Later he was compelled to ask his opponent for a postponement of certain appointments, which was granted. Before the campaign ended he had abandoned the field altogether.

Meantime the Democratic candidate continued his canvass, seeming to grow stronger, cheerier and more effective with each succeeding week. He was elected. One evening in December while entertaining several gentlemen he said:

"I will tell you a campaign secret—which gave me the election. With the opening of my campaign I began caring for my liver. I knew that a disordered or torpid liver meant dullness and possible sickness. I took something every day. When my opponent began failing I knew his trouble to be his liver and felt like prescribing for him, but feared if I did so he might beat me! I grew stronger as the campaign progressed, often making two speeches a day. Even my voice, to my surprise, did not fail me once. All because Warner's safe cure kept me in A 1 trim." Ex-Governor Jacob, of Kentucky, also made a campaign tour under precisely similar circumstances and says he kept up under the exhausting strain by use of the same means.—*Rochester Union.*

The most delicate watch wheels are now made of paper pulp in Germany.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

Interesting Personal Experience of a Well-Known Philadelphia Lady.

From the Philadelphia Times.

The following remarkable statement, lately made to one of our reporters, is vouched for by Captain Harry Mitchell, residing at No. 316 Jarvis street, a prominent Republican of the First ward, and formerly Captain of the Watch at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Mr. Mitchell happened to know that we had lately devoted considerable time to the investigation of cases where bodily relief had resulted from the use of that now famous medicine, Brown's Iron Bitters, and meeting the reporter the other day in front of Independence Hall, said, "I can tell you of something that may interest you. I know an elderly lady down town who told me yesterday that she had been rescued from the very jaws of death by using Brown's Iron Bitters. She is an intimate family acquaintance of mine, and I knew she had been very sick and was hardly expected to live from hour to hour. Her name is Mrs. Margaret Springfield, and she resides at No. 812 Pierce street. She is the mother of a grown-up family of children, and is well-known in the southern section of the city." Captain Mitchell then offered a personal introduction to Mrs. Springfield, and an appointment was made. They accordingly met and proceeded together to Mrs. Springfield's residence. The lady was not at home, but was found at the house of her daughter, corner of Eighth and Tasker streets. Our reporter states as follows: "I found Mrs. Springfield a well-preserved, elderly lady of pleasing manners and good conversational powers. Learning the object of our visit, she made the following statement in the presence of Captain Mitchell and her daughter: 'I can say that I thought I was on my death-bed and none of my family or friends believed I would recover. People were calling at my house continually asking about me, and from day to day I was supposed to be dying. I am quite well now, and I can say that I consider my wonderful recovery entirely due to the use of Brown's Iron Bitters. I was bedfast for three weeks and for at least five weeks I could not eat anything. My greatest trouble was excessive pains in my side and breast, and I had the worst kind of malarial symptoms. I became so weak that I could not even lift my hand, and was completely prostrated all over. For some time I really felt more dead than alive. I know I contracted a very heavy cold, and it seemed to permeate every part of my system. I suffered terribly, and got so bad that I could not take anything at all. In sheer desperation I resolved to try Brown's Iron Bitters because I had read about them. I sent for a bottle and commenced taking it, and to my great delight and astonishment I began to feel a sense of relief at once. I continued using it, and it seemed to drive out the pains in my breast. I began to gain a little strength, and my appetite gradually returned. Brown's Iron Bitters appeared to be just the thing my prostrated condition required, and, as I have said, I believe it saved my life. Certainly I never took anything in my life that did me so much good, and I can certainly say that Brown's Iron Bitters brought me to strong life when everybody thought I was dying.'"

Mrs. Jenkins, mother of the well-known physician, Dr. Felix Jenkins, Cathedral and Mulberry Sts., Baltimore, Md., says: I am 85 years of age and naturally feel the infirmities of advanced life. I took Brown's Iron Bitters and can bear cheerful testimony to its virtues as a very reliable medicine. Its effect on me was almost magical.

Mr. P. T. Wyatt, 218 N. McDowell St., Raleigh, N. C., says: I suffered from indigestion and nervousness, and never enjoyed such good health as I have since taking Brown's Iron Bitters.

Mr. W. W. Massey (son and assistant of Parson Massey, formerly Auditor of State), Richmond, Va., says: Two bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters completely cured me of a severe attack of jaundice. I can and will cheerfully recommend it.

In these "shutting down" times it is evident that ten mills do not make a cent.

An Inventor's Advice.

George Stevenson, when advising young men how to get on, would finish by saying: "Do as I have done—persevere." For fifteen years he plodded and worked before giving the finishing touches to his locomotive. In as many days those persevering in the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" have experienced great relief and found themselves on the high road to health. Liver complaints, impure blood, chronic lung diseases and many others yield to its healing influences never to return. All druggists.

An ex-rink dude is driving a Cleveland express wagon.

Longfellow's Birthday Book

is a beautiful present to give any lady. But there is a little book published in pamphlet form, with no pretentions to literary merit, that would be as appropriate, and might be the means of saving a life. It is called Dr. R. V. Pierce's treatise on diseases of women, for whose peculiar troubles the "Favorite Prescription" is especially designed. It is profusely illustrated with wood cuts and colored plates, and will be sent to any address for ten cents in stamps, by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A little red pepper sprinkled in sparrow nooks will banish them.

If you are bilious, take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasand Purgative Pellets," the original "Little Liver Pills." Of all druggists.

Dilligence is the mother of good luck and success is her grandchild.

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.

Some youths shave against the beard, while others shave down only.

Frazer Axle Grease.

There is no need of being imposed on if you will insist on having the Frazer Brand of Axle Grease. One greasing will last two weeks.

The way to make an overcoat last is to make the undercoat first.

A cold in the head causes much discomfort and annoyance and if of frequent recurrence often produces serious results. The membrane of the nasal passages becomes inflamed and stopped up, an acrid and poisonous virus is formed, sores form in the head, deafness, headache and roaring in the ears ensue and the sufferer finally discovers that he has Catarrh. This loathsome disease is by many considered incurable but never fails to yield to the power of Ely's Cream Balm. This is an article of undoubted merit, not a liquid nor a snuff, but a pleasant, cleanly and efficacious remedy which a child can use. It is applied into the nostrils where it is absorbed. It opens the passages, allays inflammation, heals all sores, cleanses and soothes the membranal linings and restores the senses of taste and smell. It gives instant relief; and a thorough treatment will certainly cure. Price 50c. at druggists or by mail.
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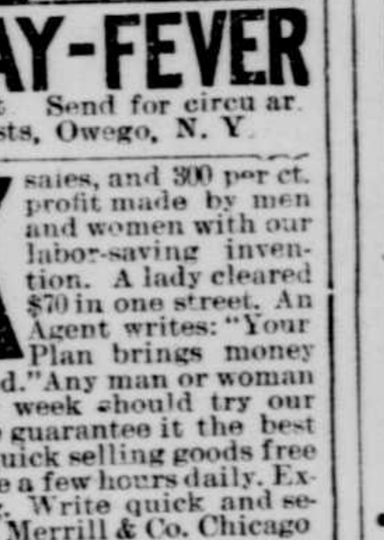
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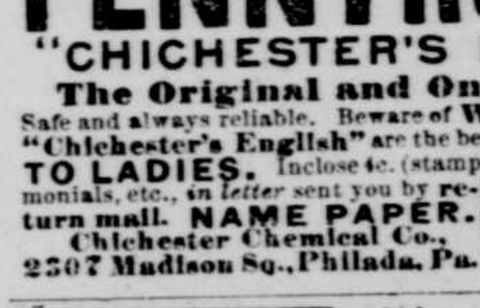
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