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FOR THE LADIES.

A Budget of Breezy Gossip Relating Exclusively to the Fair Sex.

Accompanied by Some Notes on the Ever Changing Styles in Feminine Attire.

[SPECIAL NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]

She was a buttermilk-maid at a garden party for sweet charity's sake. She was an idealization of the rural original. There was no tan on her face, nor a fleck of barnyard dust on her toilet. She sold buttermilk at ten cents a glass as fast as she could use a ladle with her gloved hands. A few soft words and a roguish glance went with each glass without extra charge. On her head was a hat of a shape that a real milkmaid might have worn, only in this instance the leghorn material had cost five or six dollars, and a bunch of fine white ostrich plumes added as much more to the toilet. The kerchief which was brought around her shoulders and crossed over her breast suggested country simplicity, if the observer was not expert enough to know that the lace-edged article was worth fifty dollars at a moderate valuation. The gloves were of the daintiest silk, and she was spoiling them in doing that one afternoon's duty with buttermilk. They were light violet in color and in perfume. It is a whim of the season to scent such gloves with the appropriate odor. The apron had been made for the occasion, of the same material as the kerchief, and, like the gloves, was being ruined by spatters of buttermilk. I reckoned that the service she was performing would cost her about fifteen dollars in perishable material, and, considering that fact, who shall say that the beverage she dispensed was dear at a dime a glass, notwithstanding

A BUTTERMILKMAID.

the same fluid can be bought in the streets for three cents?

Wash goods that can't be washed are a feature of the season, especially in toilets to be worn at the summer resorts. The wealthy belle aims at a sort of simplicity that cannot be cheap. Her lawn gown for the lawn may be made of a figured fabric quite within the reach of a shop girl, but she trims it so daintily and expensively with lace that the aggregate value makes it exclusive to the richly endowed belles. Moreover, the embellishments are of such a texture that they would be ruined by the wash-tub, and so the comparatively cheap lawn is worn only until soiled, and then thrown away, while the owner thinks she is making a concession to economy by having the lace transferred to another dress of the same kind.

A beach promenader is apt to carry a muslin parasol, and this may be trimmed with crepe lisse in overlying sections, producing a soft and feathery effect. Makers of parasols have taxed their ingenuity to produce novelties, and these usually take the form of embroidered muslin, white being the popular color. It is a unique fashion for the present summer to have a set of covers for parasols made detachable, and to match the various toilets with which the sunshade is to be carried. The form has an elaborate handle, either of modeled silver or gold, or carved ivory or shell, and these exquisitely and artistically embellished handles cost almost any price that anybody feels like paying, for they are sometimes set with jewels, besides representing a great deal of skilled handiwork. A handsome handle and form, with a set of twelve assorted covers, may easily cost one hundred dollars, although half that sum will buy a tolerable outfit. If the belle desires to be further extravagant, she may have as many handles as covers, and prove that they are inseparable by painting the former in enamel of colors and designs to match the latter. It is not often that the useful is combined with the ornamental where dress novelties are concerned, but I have just seen some new parasol handles which really do serve a purpose other than providing their owners with a formidable weapon. The knobs at the ends of these new sunshades are in the form of muzzled dogs heads of various breeds, and upon touching a conveniently placed spring the muzzle opens and discloses a safe receptacle for any small article, such as a railway ticket, a tiny scent bottle, or even a few stray silver coins and unwieldy coppers.

"Only a woman's hair" has been the subject of many a tender poem, and Pope himself tells us that "beauty draws us with a single hair." The Japanese have improved upon the little lame man of Twitham. They are making ropes of women's hair—a ton of this material having been used in building a Buddhist temple at Kioto. If they had left it on the heads of pretty women and induced them to go to this temple they would have found them a greater attraction than the whole ton of ropes, without the women, could ever be. A radical change in an accepted style of coiffure is always a matter of slow growth, but there is at last a chance of the fringe going out of fashion. The number of ladies who turn their hair up from the forehead is daily increasing. The hair in front is arranged in rolls, waved or slightly curled, and the back is either plaited or turned up to meet the front part. This innovation of bare foreheads is all well enough for women with low or only moderately high brows, but the real intellectual forehead is unfeminine, no matter what may be said of it as indicative of brain inside. If the hair grows evenly and rather low, and especially if it have a natural kinkiness, it can be becomingly brushed back; but seventy in a hundred women cannot afford to take away a shading of hair from above their faces, and so the majority of us will struggle for another summer to keep our bangs crimped in spite of the straightening humidity of seashore atmosphere.

Millinery grows to great dimensions under the summer sun, and hats which would be outlandish in the cities are reasonably picturesque in the country. Still, it will be seen that there is more of ornate shapeliness than usual, mere expansiveness of brim being less a feature than hitherto. I had a talk with an artist to-day about big hats. Said he: "It is a mistake to condemn them, if they be worn with artistic taste. The fundamental rule to be kept in mind in wearing a very big hat is to make that article appear as something separate from the individual. What I mean is, that when hat, hair, veil, etc., form one mingled mass, that makes the girl seem to have an enormous bulk of head, and a veritable monster is produced. But if such a hat rests on a symmetrical and simple head, it looks like a separate affair and is usually becoming." Another thing that he said was: "Why don't you publish a good sound doctrine about the wearing of veils in summer? Belles desirous of protecting their complexion from tan and freckles, or aiming to conceal imperfections of that sort, often hang a veil from hair to chin. Now, that may be well enough, so far as enhancing the beauty of complexion is concerned, but the trouble is that it hides the eyes, and thus robs a face of much expression. What do I propose? Why, I would have you wear your veils harem fashion, coming up to the eyes but not covering them. There never was a pair of unpresentable eyes, unless marred by accident or natural defect, and so why cover them? Let any girl try the experiment of a veil worn Turkish fashion and see if she doesn't multiply her powers of attraction."—*Chicago Ledger*

A BEACH PROMENADER.

The Isles of Salute.

The following episode was related to me recently by a United States naval officer, who was an eyewitness to the scenes, and whose phraseology I shall follow as closely as possible:

"In the year 1866 I was abroad in the United States steamship Vanderbilt, Commodore John R. Rodgers commanding, and we were acting as consort to a double-turreted monitor on its way around Cape Horn to a Pacific station. Running short of coal we put in at the Isles of Salute to obtain our supply.

"To the uninformed I must here state that the Isles of Salute are off the French Guiana coast, and are to France what Botany Bay is to England. There all noted French criminals are sent, and few, if any, ever return to ther native country. On being convicted of a crime the criminal is given a number, and by that number only he is known. His name becomes a thing of the past. If he has friends it would be an utter imossibility to trace him, as his name and number appear but once together, and that once upon the criminal records, which are kept perfectly secret. From this it can easily be imagined how easily he drops from the knwledge of the world when he is forwarded to the Isles of Salute to end his miserable and crime-stained life; for end it must in one year, perhaps two years. The climate does it, and what a terrible climate it must be.

"Good heavens! never before had I seen such an assemblage of careworn, hopeless, fierce and desperate countenances. I believe the only employment that could be found for them was coaling vessels. As we lay in the harbor one thing that struck me as being singular was the presence of such a large number of ravenous, man-eating sharks, some tremendous in size. The harbor was literally swarming with them and their sharp fins could be seen cutting the water in every direction. God help the one who was so unfortunate as to fall overboard there. I afterward learned that none of the convicts were ever buried upon the islands, but that the bodies of the dead had simply a weight tied to them, and were then thrown into the harbor. This custom, no doubt, explained the presence of so many sharks."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

'Twill All Come Right.

Oh, many is the sorrow we are called upon to meet,
And many is the bitter that is mingled with the sweet,
And many is the shadow stealing close behind the light,
But do your duty, lad and lass; 'twill all come right.
Oh, many is the kindness by ingratitude repaid,
And many is the trusting heart that finds its trust betrayed,
And many is the bud of hope whose promise yields to blight,
But do your duty, lad and lass; 'twill all come right.
For all our griefs and troubles are but blessings in disguise,
And fiercest storms leaves sweetest air, and calmest, bluest skies,
And brightest stars are always born of very darkest night;
So do your duty, lad and lass; 'twill all come right.

—*Harper's Young People.*

A Confession.

"And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." We all say it together at morning prayers, and then we separate. Sam and Ella go to school. Sam often quarrels with the boys, and Ella whispers a little to her dearest friend about some of the other girls. Nell and I are the two young folks of the house. Nell "can't bear" Miss Smith, the dress-maker, and Aunt Maria "sets her all on edge." But I am the worst one. Lots of people have offended me, and I have so many dislikes and aversions that, except I covered them up with my manners, I don't think half the people in town would speak to me. I sometimes wonder, when I am closing my eyes to sleep, whether God heard the morning prayer of my lips, or the all-day prayer of my life. I do not like to put the question. It puts itself.—*Well-Spring.*

Bert's Reward.

"I don't care if I did promise. I just can't, and that's all there is about it." And Bert's boyish face wore a look of sulky determination; and he looked out of the window with all his might, so that the sight of Bessie's tear-stained, pleading face might not weaken his resolution.

"Oh, Bert, I've been counting on it so all the week," entreated Bessie. "Can't you go with the boys some other day just as well, and show me how to skate to-day? I've never had my new skates on even once, and I could never wait another week."

"Well, it isn't likely the boys will ever try to skate up to Dobb's Mills again," answered Bert; "and I can't give up that fun just to watch a girl tumble around on skates. You won't like it, anyhow, Bess. You'll fall down about twenty-five times and hurt yourself, and your feet will get cold, and——"

"Well, I won't say a word about it if they do," said Bessie, eagerly, somewhat encouraged to hope for her promised lesson in skating, since Bert condescended to argue with her. "O, Bert, dear, do take me, and I'll do anything in the world for you."

It was pretty hard work for Bert to resist his sister's eager entreaty, especially when he knew how she had been looking forward all the week to Saturday morning, when he had promised to show her how to use her birthday skates; but he was the only one of the boys in his class who had been invited to accompany the seniors in the long trip they were going to make, and he felt as if he could not relinquish that honor for the sake of pleasing Bessie.

"There's no use teasing about it," he said, gruffly, pushing Bessie's clinging arms away. "I've said I won't, and I mean it, so there! I'll take you some other time, but there's no use making a fuss about it, for I won't go with you this morning. I want to go with the other fellows, and not be tied to a girl's apron-string."

He walked out of the room after this emphatic declaration, in what he thought was a very manly and dignified way, and began to make preparations for his skating expedition.

Somehow he could not feel very comfortable, as through the closed door he caught the muffled sound of Bessie's sobs. He tried to harden his heart, and assure himself that none of the other boys would stay at home to please their sisters, but he could not succeed very well in quieting his uneasy conscience.

"You promised her you would go, and you have no right to break your promise," something whispered, as he pulled on his boots.

Bessie would not have disappointed him in that way to gratify her own pleasure, he knew very well, and as he remembered what a loving, obliging little sister she was, he began to wish that he could in some way fulfill his promise to her, and yet go with the boys.

Everything seemed, strangely enough, to remind him of Bessie's kindness to him. The pretty skate-bag, with its silken initials, that all the boys envied, had been her Christmas gift to him, the prettily embroidered hat-band had been her patient work, and the red tippet that he wound about his neck had taken all her pennies and spare minutes for a long time.

Then another thought came to him. This was Lent, the season when he had been taught to follow our blessed Lord's example of self-denial; and was not this a golden opportunity to give up his own pleasure for that of his sister?

It cost a hard struggle between self and his desire to do right; but at last he won the victory, and, throwing open the sitting-room door, he called:

"Come on, Bess. I'll take you. Hurry up and put your things on, and I'll make a fine skater out of you before dinner-time."

The bright look that flashed over the tear-stained face almost repaid him for his self-sacrifice; and he submitted patiently to the hearty hug and kiss that Bessie could not resist giving him, as she rushed into the hall to get ready for her out-door fun.

No one would have known that Bert's thoughts followed half wistfully the merry party who were skating up the river, if they could have heard the shouts of laughter which mingled with Bessie's silvery peals, as she vainly essayed to imitate her teacher. He would not spoil his self-sacrifice by a grudging, reluctant manner; and Bessie thought to herself that none of her schoolmates had such a kind, patient brother.

Old Don seemed to enjoy the sport as much as the children; and, when Bessie found her treacherous skates slipping from beneath her, she would grasp his curly coat to save herself from falling.

"O, Bessie, I've got a splendid idea!" cried Bert, his brown eyes sparkling with delight. "Let's harness Don, and make him pull us over the ice. Won't that be fun, though? Come here, old fellow!" And he proceeded to bring out a varied assortment of strings from the depths of his pockets.

It did not take long to fasten two of the strongest of these to Don's collar; and, giving the wise old fellow Bessie's muff to hold that it might not be in her way, Bert took hold of the lines, and bidding Bessie hold tightly to him he cracked his whip, and Don started off.

This was delightful fun, and Don seemed to enjoy it as much as the children; for it required very little exertion on his part to make them glide swiftly over the smooth, glassy surface of the ice.

Bert enjoyed the novel sport so much that he was glad he had not gone with the boys. They were so absorbed in their fun that they did not hear the merry jingle of approaching sleigh-bells, until a chorus of merry voices hailed them. They looked up to see a sleigh-load of their cousins waving to them, and Bert guided Don toward the bank.

"We're going to give grandpa a surprise party, and we've come after you and Bessie!" shouted Cousin Archie, who was driving. "Your mother says you can go, so just jump in. Bring your skates along, for we're going to have a race after dinner."

It did not take many minutes for the delighted children to crowd into the already well-loaded sleigh; and presently they were skimming over the frozen snow as swiftly as the two horses could carry them, while the silver bells rang a merry chime.

"How nearly I missed all this fun," thought Bert, as Cousin Archie let him take the reins and guide the horses. "I'm glad I stayed home with Bess now, though I didn't know I was going to have all this good time."

The children were ready for the good substantial dinner that grandma had in readiness for them, for she had been in the secret of the surprise; and after dinner the boys had a race on the ice, grandpa promising a gold dollar to the winner.

No one was so happy as Bessie when Bert won the prize, for he was acknowledged to be the best skater among the cousins.

A ride home in the clear moonlight was the final pleasure of this happy day, and when Bert laid his head on his pillow that night he again rejoiced that he had conquered self, for he had not only the consciousness of having won a victory but his self-sacrifice had brought him a reward that he had little expected.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

A Visit to Walt Whitman.

A short time ago I went to see the 'old gray-haired poet" in his Camden home. A pull at the old-fashioned brass bell brought the pleasant-faced housekeeper, who ushered me, without ceremony, into the presence of the master of the quaint little brown frame house. I found him in his study, seated in a big arm-chair before the fire; enveloped in a loose, comfortable-looking dressing gown of dark blue; his slippered feet almost hidden from view in the huge gray fur rug. Altogether the room and its distinguished-looking occupant were well worth coming a long way to see. Papers, pamphlets, books and letters were strewn carelessly about the room; on the well-filled table stood a pitcher containing a solitary hot-house flower, while on a window sill was a glass which held a bunch of sweet blossoms sent by some thoughtful friend to cheer the poet's lonely winter-bound house.

A pot of yellow tulips hinting of the coming spring-tide stood on a chair at his elbow; and overhead his pet canary softly chirped.

On one end of the wooden mantel stood a bust of Carlyle; on the other, one of Emerson—or, as Miss Bilmer called him, "The Concord Sphinx"—who, by the way, was a great admirer of the Jersey poet. It was Emerson, I believe, who said of him: "Whitman is apparently the greatest democrat the world has seen."

As I gazed about the room I could not help wondering if the old gray-haired man ever felt lonely. "Has the winter seemed long?" I asked. He replied. "Yes, the days roll round monotonously." "What," said I, "with your books and friends and writing?" Very gently, he answered, "Time grows weary with years and the weight of sin." Struck with the words, I asked whose they were; he replied, "From an old song I used to hear, years ago, when I was a boy."

Here our conversation was interrupted by an expressman bringing in a big box. The poet greeted him cordially, calling him, "my boy," in his deep kindly tones, and in return the man addressed him most affectionately, as "Uncle Walt." After the expressman had taken his departure the old man said, "They seem to belong to me, to be part of me some way." Is it any wonder the soldiers and firemen, car-drivers and boatmen love him as they do?

After that we talked over one or two of his latest poems. I told him how much I liked his "Western Sunset," which appeared a short time since in the New York *Herald;* whereupon he wanted to know if I were familiar with sunsets of the far West, to which unfortunately I was forced to reply in the negative; but told him I admired the artistic way in which he laid on the colors! I then bade him good-by and left the house rather saddened, for the kindly old man seemed weary and, I thought, just a trifle sad. He may not feel it, but to me he seemed bereft of near and dear ones; and, as Byron truly says: "Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Fashion Fripperies.

ALPACA is much worn again.

RUSH shade hats are thought stylish.

WHITE moire is popular for wedding gowns.

LONG white plumes ornament summer hats.

COPPER trimmings adorn new dresses of white wool.

CHATELAINES of coin silver are worn with tea gowns.

GREAT latitude is allowed in the arrangement of skirt draperies.

A WHITE pilot-cloth jacket is a dainty and useful addition to a summer wardrobe.

SUMMER tea gowns are made of India mull, white, pink or pale blue, exquisitely embroidered.

PERISHABLE bonnets of natural roses are the latest fancy for bridesmaids at summer weddings.

LACE dresses are now shown in moss green, gobelin blue and cardinal, as well as in black and white.

FASHION prophets declare that silk is again to become generally worn, and that wool goods are to retire into comparative obscurity.

Samuel Boyer, of Liverpool, O., fell dead Sunday, as a fit finale to a six weeks' drunk, in which he had consumed just 48 gallons of whisky.

The Baby Anarchist.

Around the house all day he goes,
By baby fancies led;
He sometimes stands upon his toes,
And sometimes on his head.

He takes the flower, pot and all,
And puts it in his lap;
He spills the syrup in the hall—
This naughty little chap.

Your silk umbrella, spick and span,
He sticks in deep rat-holes;
And with his mother's rarest fan
Hammers your frailest bowls.

He ties the pendulum with a string
While singing baby songs;
He's always sure to put one thing
Where something else belongs.

He'll take a match and light the cat
He'll paint the poodle's head;
And pour frail crackers in your hat
And leave them in your bed.

Adown the register he'll throw
The spools with nimble wrist;
He's often wished in Jericho—
The Baby Anarchist.

But never war upon him wage,
Nor whip him till he roar—
Suspend him in a roomy cage,
Five feet above the floor.

—*Puck.*

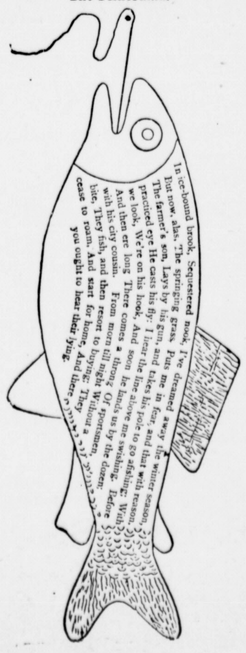
The Art of Kissing.

At the start the average man makes a botch of kissing, writes a New York correspondent. The beauty of a kiss lies in its impulsiveness and its impressibility, nor is it possible to make the first one too brief. There is danger in the attempt to make the initial kiss complete. The girl won't have it. There is too much audacious avarice about it. The thing to do is to go at the fair creature's lips slowly, so as not to frighten her. It is to be expected that she will draw them away from the point of attack; but instead of retreating the thing for heroism to do is to kiss her on some place—on the cheek, the temple, behind the ear or on the hair. A woman's fancies are as branching as the trees of a forest, and, however unsatisfactory to the swain the misplaced kiss may have been, it will, if left to itself, make the recipient wondrous indulgent next time. She will caress the spot where your lips have been, look at the place through a hand-glass and dream of the one who placed it there. When sufficient progress has been made in the love-making to warrant the ideal kiss, take it methodically, with both hands, and the "gentle touch that love can teach." Let the left arm go about—not her neck, to wrinkle a crepe-lisse ruche and muss a 72-cent coiffure, dressed for your special benefit, no doubt—but about her shoulders. Take her chin in the right hand, allowing the three fingers to touch the pretty white throat, holding the face with the thumb and forefinger, which will form a sort of vice for love's conquest. Move her head to one side and a little backward, and approaching so as to make the quartet of lips describe the diameters of an imaginary square, kiss her twice—the second double the length of its very short predecessor. This double kiss is a clew to a man's culture. Only the uncouth, ill-bred lover kisses as he learned to count—by units. The gentleman who has had the good fortune to be born in an atmosphere of refinement makes a duet of his first and final salutation, whatever may be the numerical value of the intermediates. The well-bred girl wants short sharp, snapping kisses, that pop inaudibly, but still that pop. A kiss on the hair is the kiss of a poet; tenderness is implied when the lips press the eyelids; reverence is spoken when the brow is caressed, and protecting love when the cheek is empearled.

Nothing can sanctify a kiss but love, without which the sweetest lips are unsavory and unwholesome.

R. J. Blount, of Bartow Fla., has in his possession an old-fashioned wash pot which is a curiosity on account of its age, which is unknown, although in 1775 it was buried to keep it from being taken by the British soldiers. It has been in the family of Mrs. Blount's mother since that time.

The Fisherman.



Two perfectly pure white birds, which were caught in Galena, Ill., have been examined by local ornithologists, who pronounce them genuine robins. These exceedingly rare specimens of the feathered tribe are about two-thirds grown, and were taken from a nest known to have been built by robins of the ordinary red-breasted variety.

A citizen of Dawson, Ga., has a photograph representing a group of Seminole Indians. Among them is Tallahassee, chief of the tribe. This old chieften took part in the Florida War of 1836, and on his person shows several wounds received at that time. He is still alive.

Indian Gratitude.

At the time when the Indians were scattered along the borders of the settlements in the neighborhood of Litchfield, Conn., a poor weary Indian arrived at a country in, and asked for something to eat. The landlady refused, when a white man told her to give the Indian all he wanted, and he would pay the bill. The Indian promised he would some time pay him, and went his way.

Some time afterward this man was taken captive by the Indians, and carried to Canada. After some time an Indian came to him, and told him to meet him at a certain spot at a certain time. The man, fearing a trick or some danger, neglected to go. The Indian again came, and asked him why he did not come, and kindly reproved him for want of confidence, naming another hour for meeting. The white man went, and found his Indian friend, who had a musket, a knapsack and provisions ready. Pointing to them, he told the white man to take them and follow him. After several days' travel the white man, wondering what would become of him—for the Indian said very little—suddenly came to the top of a hill. The Indian, stopping him, said, "Do you know that country?"

The white man looked, and at last cried out, "Why, that is Litchfield!"

"Well," said the Indian, "long time ago you give poor Indian supper there. Indian tell white man he never forget," and bidding the delighted and long-lost exile farewell, he turned and retired into the wilderness by the way they had come.—*Anon.*

THE number of the asteroids is now two hundred and fifty. No. 249 was discovered by the veteran Peters, at Clinton, N. Y., on August 16th, and No. 250 on September 2d, at Vienna, by Palisa.

From the Ex-President of the New York State Senate.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SENATE CHAMBER, ALBANY, March 11, 1886.

I have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in my family for the past five years, and can truthfully say they are a valuable remedy and effect great cures. I would not be without them. I have in several instances given some to friends suffering with weak and lame backs and they have invariably afforded certain and speedy relief. They cannot be too highly commended. EDMUND L. PITTS.

Two out of every ten New Yorkers are more or less bald.

A Woman's Confession.

"Do you know, Mary, I once actually contemplated suicide?" "You horrify me, Mrs. B. Tell me about it." "I was suffering from chronic weakness. I believed myself the most unhappy woman in the world. I looked ten years older than I really was, and I felt twenty. Life seemed to have nothing in it worth living for." "I have experienced all those symptoms myself, Well?" "Well, I was saved at the eleventh hour from the commission of a deed which I shudder to think of. A friend advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I did so. In an incredibly short time I felt like a new being. The 'Prescription' cured me, and I owe Dr. Pierce a debt of gratitude which I can never repay."

St. Helen's mountain, Ore., is smoking like a volcano.

A Pill in Time, Saves Nine!

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are preventive as well as curative. A few of these "Little Giants," taken at the right time, with little expense and no inconvenience, will accomplish what many dollars and much sacrifice of time will fail to do after Disease once has its iron grasp. Constipation relieved, the liver regulated, the Blood purified, will fortify against fevers and all contagious diseases. Persons intending traveling, changing diet, water and climate, will find invaluable, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. In vials convenient to carry.

The peach crop in West Tennessee is exceedingly fine, both in quantity and quality.

If all so-called remedies have failed, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

There are, in all, 401 electoral votes, and the winning ticket must get not less than 201.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

YOU SUFFER

from Biliousness, Constipation, Piles, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Colds, Liver Trouble, Jaundice, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, etc.— **You need Suffer no longer.**

WARNER'S SAFE PILLS

will cure you. They have cured tens of thousands. They possess these points of superiority: sugar coated; purely vegetable, contain no calomel, mercury or mineral of any kind; do not gripe; never sicken; easy to take; mild in operation; and for these reasons are **especially the favorites of women.** Ask for

WARNER'S SAFE PILLS.

To introduce, will send a pair of splendid (22x28 inch) 8-Colored **IDEAL CRAYON-LITHO. PORTRAITS** Cleveland-Thurman or Harrison-Morton with 1m. Oak Frame for 50c. Geo. F. Hopper, Cincinnati, O. Send 2c. for List of Campaign requisites. AGENTS WANTED.

COLLEGE N. E. OHIO NORMAL, Canfield, Ohio. All expenses $100 per year. REV. E. B. WEBSTER, Pres.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to sell mammoth line of Campaign Badges, Portraits, &c. CHAS. FRANK & CO., 26 Church St., N. Y. City.

A Berlin merchant, who advertised for a wife lately, received 277 answers. Of these, 87 were widows, varying in age from 25 to 52; forty-two of them had no children, and 21 possessed fortunes entirely under their own control, of from $500 to $20,000. Four ladies, who had been separated from their husbands, also wrote to express a desire to try their luck at marriage for a second time—one of them for a third time. Of the remaining 185, only two gave their ages as over 30; eighteen of them professed to have just turned 16. Seventy-one photographs were enclosed, and 31 of them are said to represent remarkably pretty girls.

DR. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS

CLEANSE the mucous membranes of the stomach and bowels of all slime and foreign matter, start the secretions, assist digestion and assimilation, nutrify the blood. They relieve the liver of congestion, give it a chance to extract bile poisons from the blood, to make them into good bile, and to secrete just what is needed. They do not tear their way and irritate like most purgatives, but they treat all the surfaces and organs, so that the entire system responds.

They are based on scientific principles.
They are entirely rational and natural.
They always do what is claimed for them.
They work on the system in the way claimed.
They work together for the greatest good.
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