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VULTURE FOOD.

HOW PARSEES DISPOSE OF THE DEAD NEAR BOMBAY.

A Visit to the Towers of Silence—Sacred Burial Place of the Parsee Dead—Strange Funeral Rites in India.

"I have just come," said a missionary in New York who had recently arrived from India to a Chicago *Herald* correspondent, "from your great City of the Dead—Greenwood. Do you know that somehow, while there, my thoughts strayed back to an eventful day in my life when I visited the sacred burial place of the Parsee dead on the heights of Malabar Hill, some distance out of Bombay. I mean the 'Towers of Silence.' I had heard so much about this strange resting place that my curiosity was aroused to know what it was like. But I soon found out that it was almost impossible for one not a follower of the great prophet Zoroaster to ever gain admittance inside of these towers.

INTERIOR OF A TOWER OF SILENCE.

"This strange sect, the Parsees," he continued, "are so scrupulous in their ceremonials and customs, and so strict in the observance of their rites, that you can readily see how reluctant they would be to allow an outsider, especially one who was teaching the doctrines of Christ, to observe the ritual they practice. Yet the very mystery of the thing piqued me, and I made up my mind that some time I should at any rate see the outside of the 'Towers of Silence,' even if I did not see the inside.

"My desire was gratified in a very unexpected manner. I had been the means of rendering a favor to an intelligent and well-educated Parsee gentleman living in Bombay, between whom and myself there sprang up quite a feeling of friendship. When I thought that I could safely make my request, I made known to him my desire to visit the 'Towers.' He said that he would see whether he could obtain permission for me from the priests who guarded the sacred portals. There the matter dropped. I did not hear from him for some weeks, until one day he came to me saying that permission had been granted and that we must be ready to start the next morning.

PRIESTS OF THE BURIAL RITE.

"I shall never forget," continued he, "the hot, cloudless day that we drove in our closely curtained vehicle or gharry out of the dusty, noisy streets of Bombay to the cool, shaded and silent place on Malabar Hill. Until you have seen the tropical luxuriance of Mother Earth, you can have only a faint idea of our journey through the rich groves of palms, and beneath the arches formed by the boughs of the brightly colored trees. When we finally reached the Parsee inclosure, I was on the qui vive to notice everything around me. I confess that I was somewhat taken back at the appearance of the things. The whole garden

A PARSEE CEMETERY.

seemed a veritable garden of the dead. Here jasmine, crimson hybiscus and beautiful roses were spread in bewildering profusion about the walks leading to the entrance. The heavy, languid air was filled with the most fragrant odors and the sweetest perfumes. I could hardly believe that I was in a burying-ground. After alighting from the gharry, we ascended the low stone steps, which lead to a closed iron gate. My friend then showed our permission to the old and venerable Parsee, who threw open the gate, and in a few moments we were within the sacred precincts. One of the first things that I noticed as I gazed around was some five or six solid-looking circular buildings, perhaps eighteen or twenty feet in height. The walls of these structures were built of heavy blocks of stone and covered with a kind of white cement or plaster. The buildings themselves stood in a shallow moat, surrounded by tall palm trees, heavy bushes of various kinds, and herbage growing wild and uncultivated. These, then, were the famous 'Towers of Silence.' Truly they were well named. Save for the clicking of our shoes on the smooth stones, the fitful swaying to and fro of the branches of the tall palms, and the occasional flapping of wings by crows and vultures on the trees, not a sound was heard in the languid, breathless air. The hot tropical sun beat heavily down on the bare white walls, and everywhere stillness and silence reigned supreme. I could not help but notice the sharp contrast between the beautiful beds of flowers in front of the other buildings and the wild growth around the 'Towers.'"

"How do the Parsees bury their dead?"

"Well, I will tell you the first part of the ceremony, as my companion explained it to me. The second part I will tell you as I saw it.

"When you reach the top of the 'Tower' you will find that the entire circular surface is divided into three smaller circles, and between each circle is a narrow pathway. The circles, again, are divided into a great number of small, shallow spaces, or receptacles, as my friend called them, also separated by narrow pathways for the bearers of the body to pass. The top of the 'Tower' is surrounded by a sort of parapet which hides the surface from outside view. Now comes the strange part of the Parsee burial custom. 'It was the teaching of our great prophet and master,' said my companion, 'that the dead should not defile the earth. Accordingly, no dead Parsee is laid in the earth, but his body is exposed to all the fowls of the air, to more quickly return to the dust and the elements from which it came. Here in the centre of our "Tower" you see a deep well, down which we put together the dry bones of all the dead—men, women, and children, rich and poor, great and small. For the dead there can only be equality.'

"We next went to what is known as the House of Prayer—a low stone, arched building with colonnades all around. This is the house where the friends of the deceased remain while the body is placed on the 'Tower.' It is here that the sacred fire burns day and night, year in and year out, always watched by a faithful priest whose duty it is to feed the flames with precious woods. The air in this House of Prayer is always redolent with the pungent odor of sandal-wood. The corpse-bearers live separate from the outer residence, and after each funeral they go to the bathing house, change their garments, and purify themselves from the defilement of having touched the dead. Just as we were on the point of taking our leave, I saw a small procession of white robed figures marching over the narrow stone bridge to one of the 'towers,' and disappear in the small square opening in the wall. My companion must have seen the procession; for I noticed that his whole demeanor perceptibly changed, as with bowed head he told me that a burial would take place only at sunrise or at sunset. Suddenly the place seemed to be astir with life and motion. The tall palms shook as under a sudden gust of wind. The black bodies on the trees, hitherto motionless, raised their heads, spread out their wings and with a whir and a whiz swooped down like avenging furies on the top of the 'Tower.' Although I could not see the dreadful sight I knew that these birds of prey were doing their ghoul sh work of picking the flesh from off the skeleton. Instinctively I put up my hands as if to shut out the sight, and taking hold of my friend's arm we quietly retraced our steps to the iron gate through which we had made an entrance.

"Since that memorable visit to the 'Towers of Silence' I have often asked myself whether my first feeling of partial dread and disgust was not one of sentiment rather than one of reason. I am frank to say that the impression of repulsion has almost worn off, when I remember that the birds only did quickly what the worms do so slowly; when I remember that everything is done with such care, tenderness and reverence by the clean, white-robed priests, amid the glorious garden of roses, when I remember the saying of my Parsee companion, that for the dead there can only be equality."

Not Wholly a Superstition.

Mrs Simdiet—"Before going for your trunks, Mr. Newboarder, you might as well sit down to dinner. I will have an extra plate put on. Of course, I did not expect you to-day."

Mr. Newboarder—"How many boarders have you, Mrs. Simdiet?"

"Twelve. You will make the thirteenth."

"Thirteen at table! I will wait until supper time. I fear if the thirteen of us sat down to table one of us would die. You have only arranged for twelve, you say?"

"Why? What would the thirteenth die of?"

"Starvation!"

A Dumpling's Disappearance.

—*Judge.*

An Exception to the Thankless Ones.

GRUFF OLD GENTLEMAN (to Howell Gibbon, who is buried in his newspaper.)—"Here, young man, get up, and give this lady your seat!"

(Gibbon, too astounded for utterance, jumps up and—)

"THE LADY (promptly taking vacant seat, sweetly to Gruff Old Gentleman, who beams on her from the double seat he fills.)—"Thank you, sir."

(Thus are the world's smiles distributed!)—*Puck.*

DAYS THAT ARE PAST.

JEFFIE FORBUSH HANAFORD.

How often we think of and long for the past happy days, gone never to return—vanished forever, yet "held to memory dear"—days when, in the old home, the children were gathered around your knee and you were so happy, yet did not realize it.

In imagination you can almost hear the familiar tones of the dear old organ your little ones used to practice on, and tears will fill the eyes and overflow; for those "little ones" are grown men and women now, filling homes of their own, and you are left alone.

It may be you are called "grandpa" and "grandma" now; if so, when you clasp your little grandchildren in your arms you think of that happy "long ago" when your children were small, and all together in the dear old home nest, and your heart will ache for them now, at the thought that they are scattered far away in different cities, to be seen only occasionally, and you realize how hard it is to be separated from those you love. Ah, if we could but recall the days that are past. But, alas, we can not.

Then let us all make the most of "To-day," for when it leaves us, it is forever. The "dim and mystic future" is ever before us, but "departed days" are beyond our recall.

An Exciting Moment.

"Ye see it was like dis: It wuz de nint' innings an' each wuz thirty-two runs. Jimmy wuz at de bat. He got onter Reddy's curve an' hit der ball a welt out ter centre-field. Tommy Scully giv' a jump fer it, but it went trough his fingers an' we winned de game."—*Life.*

He Suited the Old Man.

Beautiful Girl (at dog fancier's)—"Why, papa, there are no nice English pugs here."

Father—"I see; guess we have got into the wrong place. But what magnificent watch dogs they have here! What breed is that handsome animal, Mr. De Frute?"

Experienced Dealer—He is a cross between a bulldog and a tiger. That dog, sir, if given the word, would swallow a duck at one gulp."

Father (quickly)—"I'll—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Narrow Escape.

A young husband came home from his office tired and hungry, and the smell of the supper was delicious. Just as he was about to take a large bite of biscuit, his wife remarked, with a beaming smile:

"I made those biscuits all by myself, dear."

Placing it gently as far away as he could, he said, with heartfelt gratitude:

"My precious darling, you have saved my life."—*Epoch.*

A Score.

Hard-up Gent—"Say, Boss, can't yer give a feller a few cents to help him along?"

Mr. Delawney—"Why don't you do something faw yaw own living? You had better ask for brains instead of money."

Hard-up Gent—"Well, boss, I asked yer for what I thought yer had the most of."—*Life.*

An Amiable Girl.

Hopeful Youth—"Is your sister at home, Dick?"

Little Dick—"I guesso."

"I—I wonder if she'd like to have me call again so soon?"

"Of course. You ain't any different from all the other fellers, an' she never gets tired of them."

In the article entitled "From Gravelotte to Sedan," by General Phillip H. Sheridan, which will appear in "Scribner's Magazine" for November, the following incident of a ride which Sheridan took with Bismarck, after the battle of Gravelotte, is related: "Our route led through the village of Gorze, and here we found the streets so obstructed with wagons that I feared it would take us the rest of the day to get through, for the teamsters would not pay the slightest heed to the cries of our postilions. The Count was equal to the emergency, however, for taking a pistol from behind his cush on and bidding me keep my seat, he jumped out and quickly began to clear the street effectively, ordering the wagons to the right and left. Marching in front of the carriage and making way for us until we were well through the blockade he then resumed his seat, remarking: 'This is not a very dignified business for the Chancelor of the German Confederation, but it's the way to get through.'"

"OUIDA" denies that she smokes cigarettes. She has never resorted to the weed for stimulants, and tells the girls to let it alone.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

THE whisky trust—Getting a drink put on the slate.—*Exchange.*

"FEATHERS marked down," advertises a dealer. That is dishonest.—*Life.*

A "GRASS" widow always knows how to "make hay," whether the sun shines or not.—*Arcola Record.*

A DANCING master recently schottische his head off. He waltzed into the other world to quick music.

THE retired pianist, the retired pugilist and the retired minister are all expounders.—*Goodall's Chicago Sun.*

THE neatest little misprint we have seen lately was a young fellow kissing his girl in the garden last Sunday evening.—*Peru (Ill.) Call.*

HE (poetical)—But what is money compared with true love? She (practical)—Ah, now, I wonder whether my dressmaker would accept that sentiment?

"SAY, Mister," said a tramp to an artist, "gimme a dollar and I'll let ye paint me picture. You can put a dandy frame on it and call it 'A Summer Idyl.'"

BROWN—How do you like your new house? Smith—Well, there are some objectionable features about it. Brown—What are they? Smith—The landlord's.

A LADY who was greatly annoyed by the loquacity of her servants, being asked why she did not try dumb waiters, replied, "I have tried them but they don't answer."

MISS SONATA (to Western escort)—Do you know Wagner, Mr. Hamlard? Mr. Hamlard—No; but I'm well acquainted with Pullman. He lives in Chicago, you know.—*Life.*

SCENE—Husband, writing; wife, knitting. Husband—Elsie, oblige me by leaving the room. Wife—Why, Oscar? Husband—Your silence is oppressive.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"DON'T be afraid to praise your servants when they deserve it," advises a ladies' magazine. The minute the husband tries that on the pretty servant girl she has to hunt for another situation.

YOUNG ladies who wish to have small mouths are kindly advised to repeat this at frequent intervals during the day: "Fanny Finch fried five flounded frogs for Frances Fowler's father."—*Philadelphia Record.*

ELDERLY BELLE (languishingly)—How a shower of rain improves the appearance of the face of nature! Youthful rival (with a meaning glance)—Yes, indeed! And that is where the difference is between nature and art.

HUSBAND (contemplatively)—How true it is, my dear, that the good that men do is oft interred with their bones. Wife (not contemplatively)—Yes, I s'pose there's so little of it that it isn't considered worth saving.

CHRISTIAN Scientist—Have you ever tried faith for rheumatism? Patient—Yes; I am trying it now. I've got in my right pocket the left hind foot of a rabbit that was killed in the dark of the moon, and I do believe it is helping me.

"MISS SORREL possesses the faculty of matching her lace with her tresses, doesn't she, Fred?" "Why her lace isn't of the effulgent type, is it?" "How can you say so? Isn't it of the torchon variety, I'd like to know?"—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A VITAL question: Young wife—Doctor, I am about to prepare for a trip to Sorrento, and have come to ask your advice. Doctor—On what subject, madam? Young wife—You must tell me what is the proper complaint to go to Sorrento with!

GUS DE SMITH—What did you do with that letter that was on my table? Colored boy—I tuck it to de posiffice, sah, and put it in de hole. "Did you not see there was no address on the envelope?" "I saw dar was no writin' on de 'velope, but I lowed yer did dat on purpose, so I couldn't tell who yer was a writin' to. I's an eddicated niggah, I is, and I s'posed you knowed hit.—*Texas Siftings.*

PAN.

By the wandering river
For ever,
Where listless waters ran,
Would the reeds croon low,
When the wind did blow,
Underneath the tooth of Pan;
Great Pan,
Who played where the ripples ran.
At the edge of the river,
Oh! never
As yet surpassed by man,
From the reed-bed float
Those musical notes
Fresh from the lips of Pan;
God Pan,
So far from the haunts of man.
None by the dreaming river
Shall ever
His face or figure scan;
Yet they all may hear
A melody clear,
The rhythmic tunes of Pan;
Gray Pan,
In the wilds remote from man.

—*Ernest McGaffey.*

A Dangerous Thin Woman.

Thin women are dangerous. A fat woman has got to be good-tempered and easy-going. I think temper is all in the bones anyway, and when a woman is fat the temper becomes absorbed before it comes to the surface. But when a woman is thin the temper is right there on the surface. If ever a fat woman has a high temper it is awful. She never cools. A thin woman cools off quickly, but she heats up again just as quickly. A thin woman with a good temper comes just as near being an angel as anybody can on this earth—if she isn't too thin.

A thin woman can dress in a white robe, and if you put a harp into her hand she'll look exactly like an angel. Could a fat woman ever look like an angel in any dress? No. As for a man, the idea that they ever make men angels is absurd. They make statuary out of some of them, but not many, after all; and—well—how does the best-looking man in the world look when he gets out of bed to see where a fire is or to light the gas? But a thin woman is insidious. When a woman has a stout, full figure there's no expression to her. She's a series of curves that don't change. No. There is something about a thin woman you can't describe that is dangerous to the peace of man. Still, people do love fat women often.—*Exchange.*

The Buttermilk Cure.

Through the simplest remedies relief comes, and the new methods of medicating a patient by food chiefly were carried out by this formula in General Sheridan's case. Lactic acid, which is not far off from the beverage commonly termed buttermilk, accomplished peptic wonders, it was announced. A good many people who are "out of sorts" with liver troubles might try the buttermilk cure direct without waiting for an illness to have it prescribed for them. Especially old people and wornout people frequently find a fountain of youth in the churn's surplus.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Polite Japanese Children.

IN an account of his bicycle tour of the world, Mr. Thomas Stevens tells us that the most polite boys and girls that he saw were in Japan. "There are, of course," he says, "many polite children in this and other countries; but the Japanese children are *all* polite. It almost seemed to me that the boys of Japan were born polite; that they came into the world fully prepared to make their bows and say very nice things and do all sorts of polite acts without ever having to be taught. From one end of the Mikado's empire to the other—and I rode the bicycle over one hundred miles through that country—I never had a single stone thrown at me, nor a single rude name called after me. I think it would be difficult to say this of any other country I passed through. Instead of this, the troops of little Japanese children, whom I frequently used to overtake on their way to school, used to do the pleasantest things they could think of. Seeing me come riding along, they would range themselves in a row alongside the road, and as I rode past they would all bob their heads down almost to the ground, and greet me pleasantly with "o-hi-o; O-hi-ho?" (how do you do.) My recollections of the little Japs are very pleasant indeed."

At Work Beneath a River in a Pneumatic Caisson.

The pressure of air in caissons at 110 feet below the surface of the water would be fifty pounds to the square inch. Its effect upon the men entering and working in the caisson has been carefully noted in various works, and these effects are sometimes very serious; the frequency of respiration increased, the action of the heart becomes excited, and many persons become affected by what is known as the "caisson disease," which is accompanied by extreme pain and in many cases results in more or less complete paralysis. * * * The execution of work within a deep pneumatic caisson is worth a moment's consideration. Just above the surface of the water is a busy force engaged in laying the solid blocks of masonry which are to support the structure. Great derricks lift the stones and lay them in their proper position. Powerful pumps are forcing air, regularly and at uniform pressure, through tubes to the chamber below. Occasionally a stream of sand and water issues with such velocity from the discharge pipe that, in the night, the friction of the particle causes it to look like a stream of living fire. Far below is another busy force. Under the great pressure and abnormal supply of oxygen they work with an energy which makes it impossible to remain there more than a few hours. The water from without is only kept from entering by the steady action of the pumps far above and beyond their control. An irregular settlement might overturn the structure. Should the descent of the caisson be arrested by any solid under its edge, immediate and judicious action must be taken. If the obstruction be a log it must be cut off outside the edge and pulled into the chamber. Boulders must be undermined and often must be broken up by blasting. The excavation must be systematic and regular. A constant danger menaces the lives of these workers, and the wonderful success with which they have accomplished what they have undertaken is entitled to notice and admiration.

Mrs. Cleveland.

Mrs. Frances Cleveland, the wife of the President, is, if anything, more popular now than when she first came into the White House, nearly two years ago. A Washington letter writer says of her: I watched her as she stood at the first Presidential reception, after her marriage, when all fashionable Washington came by card invitation to shake hands with and to criticise her. She received all so cordially and with such unaffected grace that she captured the social world on the first night of her campaign, and since then her popularity has steadily grown. She looks a little more matured now than she did at her marriage, but she is fully as handsome and as winning. I do not think it right to call Mrs. Cleveland surpassingly beautiful. She appeared in Washington before any one outside of the White House thought of her marriage, and she did not attract attention in this respect. She is fine-looking. Her features are too noble and dignified to be characterized by the diminutive title of "pretty." The word "handsome" better expresses it, and if the adjectives "strikingly graceful" and "remarkably womanly" be added, they convey a better idea of Mrs. Cleveland as she is. Her social duties are greater than is generally supposed. She assists the President at his state receptions, and sits opposite him at the state dinners. She is considered the social head of the administration, and she is, indeed, the mistress of the White House.

Insult to Injury.

A fussy old customer who boards at a certain hotel in this city found fault with his soup the other day.

"Waiter," he said sharply, "this isn't soup, it's gruel."

The waiter looked at it a moment, then whisked the bowl away.

"Excuse me, sir," he said politely, "this is gruel. It was intended for another old woman," and he disappeared after the customer's soup.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE total number of prisoners at Andersonville was 49,485; largest number in prison at any one time (Aug. 9, 1864), 33,036; total number of deaths, 12,462; average number of deaths for each of the thirteen months, 958; largest number of deaths in one day (Aug. 23, 1864), 97; total number of escapes, 328.

The king of the Belgians hates tobacco, never wears gloves, and goes bareheaded as much as possible. He is fond of bathing, but does not swim. Geography and languages are his favorite studies, and he has travelled in almost every Asiatic country. He is a handsome man, slightly built, but muscular, with blue eyes, and a big brown beard touched with gray.

ANDREW SWENSRUD, a blind man, is a successful farmer seven miles north of Oconomowoc, Wis., where he has 110 acres. He has been totally blind for thirty-eight years, and yet succeeds in doing a great deal of work upon the farm, such as pitching hay and other labor that one would think would require sight.

Making Slow Time.

Customer (in restaurant)—You've been gone a long time for that ham sandwich, waiter.

Waiter—Yes, sah, it took some time; yo' said yo' wanted de ham shaved werry thin.

Customer—Yes; but you were gone long enough to cut its hair and shampoo it.

A teamster in Providence, R. I., who, like many other teamsters, thought that a bicycle was simply a plaything, with no rights to the road, and purposely rode against a wheelman, was almost shocked when fetched to trial in court and beaten. The League of Wheelmen are quite willing that he should appeal and will be glad of the chance to carry the matter up and secure the opinion of a higher court.

The average price paid the average Iowa "schoolmarm" by the year is $212.45. Presuming that her board and washing cost her about $3 per week and her clothing and incidentals $50 more, she will then have a surplus of $6.45 a year to build up a bank account, which in 20 years of hard work would amount to a little more than $120.

How to Overcome the Dangers of Exposure.

Francis O'Reilly, the well known livery man of No. 18 Prince street, New York, says of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS:

"For the last forty-two years I have been engaged in the livery and hacking business. I am greatly aided by my four boys. We are much exposed to the weather, and we have found ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS of very great service. We use them as chest protectors, placing one on the chest and one on the pit of the stomach. They not only ward off the cold, but act as a tonic.

"We are frequently affected with rheumatism, kinks in the back, and pains in the side; but one or two of ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS quickly cure us. My wife and daughter have been using ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS for weak back and think the world of them. I have now been using them for twenty years, and always have a box in the house."

German silver was not invented in Germany, and does not contain a particle of silver.

Jack and Jill each took a pill,
Old-fashioned kind—full grown;
Jack's went down—but with a frown—
Jill died from "cause unknown."

Smiles will supersede many frowns, and many discomforts will be unknown, when Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets entirely supersede, as they bid fair to do, the large and less efficient pill of our forefathers. Every day they gain new laurels! Most popular when mostills abound!

Unless you wish to be ridden by poverty never ride a air, for an old proverb says: "Lost hope is a fast disease."

Symptoms of Catarrh.

Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from Nasal Catarrh. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated, by physicians. Five hundred dollars reward is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. Remedy sold by druggists, at only 50 cents.

The English nobility began the use of surnames about 1000.

Woman's Modesty.

Many women are prevented by feelings of delicacy from consulting a physician in those disorders arising from functional derangement of her peculiarly delicate organism, and the most serious results are often caused by this neglect. To such persons Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is an especial boon, as it offers a sure and safe cure for all those distressing disorders to which women are peculiarly subject, while it saves a modest girl or woman from the embarrassment of a personal consultation with a physician. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

The diving-bell was invented in 1538.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest, Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists, 50c.

YOUNG TIP

LOG CABINS are fast going out of style as fashionable residences. Log Cabins will, however, always have a place in American history, as they were the most prominent feature of our country's early social life. The pioneers were strong, rugged, healthy. Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy is a reproduction of one of the best of the old time roots and herbs remedies, which kept them well. Everybody praises "Tippecanoe" as a stomach tonic.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH HAYFEVER

YOU will SAVE MONEY Time, Pain, Trouble and will CURE CATARRH BY USING ELY'S CREAM BALM. Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

AMUSEMENT FOR ALL. Write your friends on Post-Al Cards. Only those connected can read it. Send 15 cents for recipe. A. S. ALLUD CO., 132 Water St., New York.

OPIUM HABIT painlessly cured in 10 to 20 Days. Sanitarium or Home Treatment. Trial Free. No Cure, No Pay. The Homœo Remedy Co., La Fayette, Ind.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc., thoroughly taught by MAIL. Circulars free. Bryant's College, 437 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

The C. and O. Homœopathic Hospital College, Session 18--50; organized in 1876; 180 graduates. For catalogue address William T. Miller M.D., 66 Superior St.

Blair's Pills. Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, 34 round, 11 Pills.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

GOLD. Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

TEXAS LAND 5,000,000 acres best agricultural and grazing land for sale. Address GODLEY & PORTER, Dallas, Tex.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

ST. JACOBS OIL For Sciatica.

NEW CURRENT TESTIMONY.

7 Years. Chicago, Ill., May 21, 1888. I was given up by doctors 3 years ago and had to use a crutch for Sciatic Rheumatism; suffered about 7 years; first application, St. Jacobs Oil relieved; two bottles cured. GEORGE A. ROSS.

Bed-ridden. Beaver Dam, Wis., May 19, '88. Spring of 1887 was taken with Sciatica, suffered two months, was confined to bed, tried several doctors without benefit. Used St. Jacobs Oil and was cured. JANNETTE WEBER.

Lameness. Utica, Fulton Co., Illinois. Three or four years ago was taken with lameness in hip, was in bed part of time, tried several doctors without benefit, was cured by three or four applications of St. Jacobs Oil. WM. HARPER.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

P N U 38

DR. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS

Are the safest, surest and speediest vegetable remedy in the world for all Diseases of the Stomach and Liver,

BECAUSE

They clean the linings of Stomach and bowels,
Reduce congestion in all the organs,
Heal irritated and excited parts,
Promote healthy action and sweet secretions,
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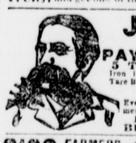

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