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THE CUTICURA TREATMENT, for the cure of Skin, Scalp and Blood Diseases, consists in the internal use of *Cuticura Resolvent*, the new Blood Purifier, and the external use of *Cuticura* and *Cuticura Soap*, the Great Skin Cures.

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Will McDonald, 2542 Dearborn Str et, Chicago, gratefully acknowledges a cure of Salt Rheum on herd, neck, face arms and legs, for seventeen years; not able to walk exc pt on hands and knees for one year; not able to help himself for eight years; tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced his case hopeles ; permanently cured by the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally

PSORIASIS.

H. E. Carpenter, Esq., Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by the *Cuticura Resolvent* (blood purifier) internally and *Cuticura* and *Cuticura Soap* (the great skin cures) externally. The most wonderful case on record. Cure certified to before a justice of the peace and prominent citizens. All afflicted with Itching and Scaly Diseases should send to us for this testimonial in full.

SKIN DISEASE

F. H. Drake, Esq., Detroit, Mich., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease which appeared on his hands head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes.—The most careful doctoring failed to help him, and after all had failed he used the *Cuticura Resolvent* (blood purifier) internally, *Cuticura* and *Cuticura Soap* (the great skin cures) externally, and was cured, and has remained perfectly well to this day

SKIN HUMORS.

Mrs. S. E. Whipple, Decatur, Mich., writes that her face, head and some parts of her body were almost raw. Head covered with scabs and sores. Suffered fearfully and tried everything. Permanently cured by Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures).

CUTICURA REMEDIES

are for sale by all Druggists. Price of Cuticura, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50 cents; large boxes $1. Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, $1 per bottle. Cuticura Medicinal Toilet Soap, 25 cents. Cuticura Medicinal Shaving Soap, 15 cents; in bars for barbers and large consumers, 50c. Principal depot,

WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

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Sanford's Radical Cure.

Head Colds, Watery Discharges from the Nose and Eyes, Ringing Noises in the Head, Nervous Headache and Chills and Fever instantly relieved.

Choking, putrid mucus is dislodged, membrane cleansed, disinfected and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste and hearing restored and constitutional ravages checked.

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One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, of all druggists, for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

COLLINS' PLASTERS **LIGHTNING** Is not quicker than Collin's VOLTAIC PLASTERS in relieving pain and weakness of the Kidneys, Liver and Lungs, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Female Weakness, Malaria and Fever and Ague. Price 25c. Sold everywhere.

A FULL LINE OF QUEENS, GLASS, WOOD and WILLOW WARE, at

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MEMORY AND HOPE.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

Memory has a sister fair,
  Blue-eyed, laughing, wild, and glad,
Oft she comes, with jocund air,
  When her twin-born would be sad;
Hand-in-hand I love them best,
  And to neither traitor prove,
Both can charm the aching breast,
  Scarce I know which most to love.

Memory has a downcast face,
  Yet 'tis winning, sweet, and mild,
Then comes Hope, with cheerful grace,
  Like a bright enchanting child.
Now, I kiss this rosy cheek,
  And the dimpling beam appears,
Then her pensive sister seek,
  She too smiles, through pleasant tears.

Thus the heart a joy may take,
  Else it were but hard to win,
And a quiet household make,
  Where no jealousies come in.
If thy spirit be but true,
  Love like this is sure to last,—
Happy he, who weds the two,
  Hopeful Future,—lovely Past.

GENTLE HAND.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

When and where, it matters not now to relate—but once upon a time, as I was passing through a thinly peopled district of country, night came down upon me, almost unawares. Being on foot, I could not hope to gain the village toward which my steps were directed, until a late hour; and I therefore preferred seeking the shelter and a night's lodging at the first humble dwelling that presented itself.

Dusky twilight was giving place to deeper shadows, when I found myself in the vicinity of a dwelling, from the small uncurtained windows of which the light shone with a pleasant promise of good cheer and comfort. The house stood within an enclosure, and a short distance from the road along which I was moving with wearied feet. Turning aside, and passing through the ill hung gate I approached the dwelling. Slowly the gate swung on its wooden hinges, and the rattle of its latch, in closing, did not disturb the air until I had nearly reached the little porch in front of the house, in which a slender girl, who had noticed my entrance, stood awaiting my arrival.

A deep, quick bark answered, almost like an echo, the sound of the shutting gate, and, sudden as an apparition, the form of an immense dog loomed in the doorway. At the instant when he was about to spring, a light hand was laid upon his shaggy neck and a low word spoken.

"Go in, Tiger," said the girl, not in a voice of authority, yet in her gentle tones was the consciousness that she would be obeyed; and, as she spoke, she lightly bore upon the animal with her hand and he turned away, and disappeared within the dwelling.

"Who's that?" A rough voice asked the question; and now a heavy looking man took the dog's place in the door.

"How far is it to G——?" I asked, not deeming it best to say, in the beginning, that I sought a resting-place for the night.

"To G——!" growled the man, but not so harshly as at first. "It's good six miles from here."

"A long distance; and I'm a stranger, and on foot," said I. "If you can make room for me until morning, I will be very thankful."

I saw the girl's hand move quickly up his arm until it rested on his shoulder, and now she leaned to him still closer.

"Come in. We'll try what can be done for you."

There was a change in the man's voice that made me wonder.

I entered a large room, in which blazed a brisk fire. Before the fire sat two stout lads, who turned upon me their heavy eyes, with no very welcome greeting. A middle-aged woman was standing at a table, and two children were amusing themselves with a kitten on the floor.

"A stranger, mother," said the man who had given me so rude a greeting at the door; "and he wants us to let him stay all night."

The woman looked at me doubtingly for a few moments, and then replied coldly—

"We don't keep a public house."

"I am aware of that, ma'am," said I; "but night has overtaken me, and it's a long way yet to——."

"Too far for a tired man to go on foot," said the master of the house, kindly, "so it's no use talking about it mother; we must give him a bed."

So unobtrusively, that I scarcely noticed the movement, the girl had drawn to the woman's side. What she said to her I did not hear, for the brief words were uttered in a low voice; but I noticed, as she spoke, one small, fair hand rested on the woman's hand. Was there magic in that gentle touch? The woman's repulsive aspect changed into one of kindly welcome, and she said:

"Yes, it's a long way to G——. I guess we can find a place for him."

Many times more, during that evening, did I observe the magic power of that hand and voice—the one gentle yet potent as the other.

On the next morning, breakfast being over, I was preparing to take my departure, when my host informed me that if I would wait for half an hour he would give me a ride in his wagon to F——, as business required him to go there. I was very well pleased to accept of the invitation. In due time, the farmer's wagon was driven into the road before the house, and I was invited to get in. I noticed the horse, as a rough-looking Canadian pony, with a certain air of stubborn endurance. As the farmer took his seat by my side, the family came to the door to see us off.

"Dick!" said the farmer in a peremptory voice, giving the rein a quick jerk as he spoke.

But Dick moved not a step.

"Dick! you vagabond! get up." And the farmer's whip cracked sharply by the pony's ear.

It availed not, however, this second appeal. Dick stood firmly disobedient. Next the whip was brought down upon him, with an impatient hand; but the pony only reared up a little. Fast and sharp the strokes were next dealt to the number of half-a-dozen. The man might as well have beaten his wagon, for all his end was gained.

A stout lad now came out into the road, and catching Dick by the bridle, jerked him forward, using, at the same time, the customary language on such occasions, but Dick met this new ally with increased stubbornness, planting his forefeet more firmly, and at a sharper angle with the ground. The impatient boy now struck the pony on the side of his head with his clinched hand, and jerked cruelly at his bridle. It availed nothing, however; Dick was not to be wrought upon by any such arguments.

"Don't do so, John!" I turned my head as the maiden's sweet voice reached my ear. She was passing through the gate into the road, and, in the next moment, had taken hold of the lad and drawn him away from the animal. No strength was exerted in this; she took hold of his arm, and he obeyed her wish as readily as if he had no thought beyond her gratification.

And now that soft hand was laid gently on the pony's neck, and a single low word spoken. How instantly were the tense muscles relaxed—how quickly the stubborn air vanished.

"Poor Dick!" said the maiden, as she stroked his neck lightly, or softly petted it with a child-like hand.

"Now, go along, you provoking fellow!" she added, in a half-chiding, yet affectionate voice, as she drew up the bridle. The pony turned toward her, and rubbed his head against her arm for an instant or two; then, pricking up his ears, he started off at a light, cheerful trot, and went on his way as freely as if no silly crotchet had ever entered his stubborn brain.

"What a wonderful power that hand possesses!" said I, speaking to my companion, as we rode away.

He looked at me for a moment as if my remark had occasioned surprise. Then a light came into his countenance, and he said, briefly—

"She's good! Everything loves her."

Was that, indeed, the secret of her power? Was the quality of her soul perceived in the impression of her hand, even by brute beasts! The father's explanation was, doubtless, the true one. Yet have I ever since wondered, and still do wonder, at the potency which lay in that maiden's magic touch. I have seen something of the same power, showing itself in the loving and the good, but never to the extent as instanced in her, whom, for want of a better name, I must still call "Gentle Hand."

FAMILY NEWSPAPERS.

Their value is by no means appreciated, but the rapidity with which people are waking up to their necessity and usefulness, is one of the significant signs of the times. Few families are now content with one newspaper. The thirst for knowledge is not so easily satisfied, and books, though useful, yea, absolutely necessary in their place, fail to meet the demand of youth or age. Our family newspaper is eagerly sought and its contents devoured, then comes the demand for national and foreign news. Next to the political come the literary and scientific journals. All these are demanded to satisfy the cravings of the active mind. Family newspapers are valuable to material prosperity. They spread before the reader a map on which may be traced character, design, and progress. If a stranger calls at a hotel, he first inquires for the newspaper; if a friend comes from a distance, the next thing after the family greeting, he inquires for your family paper, and you feel discomfited if you are unable to find a late copy, and confounded if you are compelled to say you do not take it.

Family newspapers are just as necessary to fit a family for its true position in life as food or raiment. Show us a ragged, bare-footed boy, rather than an ignorant one. His head will cover his feet in after life, if he is well supplied with newspapers. He will make his mark in the world if you gratify that desire for knowledge. Other things equal, it is a rule that never fails. A family newspaper is a family need.

SOLICITING ITEMS.

A Western publisher has the following on his letter headings: "Send us the news. When anybody dies, gets married, runs away, steals anything, builds a house, makes a big sale, breaks his leg, or gets the senses kicked out of him by a mule, or does anything that is any way remarkable, and you have reason to believe you know as much about the occurrence as anybody else, don't wait for some other person to report it, or trust to us to find it out by instinct, but come and tell us about it, or send the fact on a post card. See if you cannot improve this year; and let us know every item of news that transpires in your neighborhood.

A NEW INVENTION.

A new invention is reported from Torin. It consists in the application of light giving materials to printing ink, by which the print becomes luminous in the dark, so that, in future, it will be possible to read at night in bed, or during a journey, without the assistance of a candle or lamp. A new daily paper, in which this luminous material will be used, is, it is said, about to be published at Turin.

THE TURKISH LANGUAGE.

In the Turkish language there is no punctuation and no capitol letters are used. The gender of nouns is simple and natural, as in English, the names of inanimate objects being in the neuter. Nouns from the Arabic form an excpetion to the rule, as they, like French nouns, are all masculine ar feminine.

END OF "OLD IRONSIDES."

At last the tattered ensign of "Old Ironsides" has been taken down. The honored old frigate, Constitution, which has so long borne this title, has been put out of commission at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and will remain in what is styled "Rotten Row," beside the Susquehanna and Ticonderoga. The final retirement of this staunch fighting vessel recalls interesting reminiscences of her career in a century past. The Constitution's keel was laid in 1794, and she was the third vessel built for the navy of the new republic, the United States and the Constellation having preceded her. She was built in Boston at Ballard & Hart's yard, which was situated near the present location of Constitution wharf. The launching, which took place in the fall of 1797, was made an event of unusual interest in this city. "The Record of the Boston Stage' gives an account of the manner of its celebration in dramatic circles here. Mr. John Hodgkinson, Manager of the Haymarket Theatre, resolved to take advantage of the occasion for theatrical effect. The President John Adams, who was then at Quincy, was to be present; and thousands even in those days of family vehicles were expected to flock in to see the "pride of the Columbian navy" glide into the water. Mr. Hodgkinson conceived the idea of dramatizing the launch, and in forty-eight hours completed a very respectable production. Everything was put in readiness. President Adams, the Governor and other dignitaries of the State, proceeded to the yard; but the ship only moved about twenty feet. The papers stated that the contractor was unwilling to risk a second attempt that day from "motives of safety;" and others thought it a wise dispensation of an overruling providence, far if she taken to the watery element, thousands of small boats filled with anxious visitors would have been swamped. Another unsuccessful attempt was made subsequently to launch the noble frigate, but it was not until the 21st of October, 1797, that she finally "walked the waters," where she has since floated with such honor to the country. The launch at the theatre, however, came off on the first night of the proposed launch, and during its performance a patriotic song was sung, of which the Constitution was the refrain. The record of the ship fully justified the *eclat* with which she was sent forth. In 1805 she was the flagship of Commodore Preble in the war between the United States and the Barbary Powers. On the 19th of August she silenced the guns at Tripoli and destroyed the gunboats of the enemy. On the 19th of August, 1812, under the command of Captain Hull she won the famous victory over the British ship Guerriere. She carried the news of the victory into Boston on the 30th of August and was accorded an enthusiastic reception. "The Record of the Boston Stage" mentions that the event was announced ta the Boston Theatre by Manager Powell, creating a perfect hurricane of enthusiasm. On the 2d of October a patriotic effusion entitled "The Constitution and the Guerriere" was brought out at this theatre, in which graphic representations of the conflict were shown. Subsequently the Constitution defeated the Java, the Pictou and the Cyane. The spirited poem on "Old Ironsides" by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes on the proposition to dismantle the old ship has become familiar throughout the land.—*Boston Journal.*

F. H. Drake's Sufferings.

F. H. Drake, Esq., Detroit, Mich., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease, which appeared on his hands, head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes. The most careful doctoring failed to help him, and after all had failed he used the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally, Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally, and was cured, and has remained perfectly well to this day.

—Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads, let love through good deeds show.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

—A man conscious of enthusiasm for worthy alms is sustained under petty hostilities by the memories of great workers who had to fight their way not without wounds, and who hover in his mind, patron saints, invisibly helping.

—When a Boston policeman hits a malefactor over the head with his truncheon, the dying man observes in one of the deceased languages: "Peeler, moriturus te salutamo;" and the peeler not only understands him, but hits him another rap if he makes a false quantity.—*Com. Advertiser.*

—The following letter from a young man was lately addressed to a judge of probate: "Sir—My father departed this life not long hence, leaving a wife and five scorpions. He died detested, and his estate is likely to prove dissolved. I was left executioner, and being that you were judge of reprobates, apply to you for letters of condemnation."

—"We have taken wood, potatoes, corn, eggs, butter, onions, cabbages, chickens, stone, lumber, labor, sand, calico, saur kraut, second-hand clothing, coon skins, and bug juice on subscriptions, in our time, and now a man writes to us to know if we would send the paper six months for a large owl. There are few things an editor would refuse on subscriptions, and if we come across any fellow who is out of an owl and is in need of one we'll do it."

—An Irishman, having signed the pledge, was charged soon afterward with having drank. "Twas me absentmindedness," said Pat, "an' a habit I have of talkin' wid meself. I sed to meself, sez I, 'Pat, coom in an' have a dhrink.' 'No, zer,' sez I, 'I've sworn off.' 'Then I'll dhrink alone,' sez I to meself. 'An' I'll wait for yez outside,' sez I. An' whin meself cum out, faith an' he was dhrunk."

—A countryman upon coming to see the sights was taken by a town friend to the theatre. When the lights were down and the play had commenced he was offered the use of an opera-glass. Examining it as closely as the darkness of the place would permit, he placed it to his mouth and turned it upward. Finding that no liquor was coming out of it, he handed it back in despair, saying: "It's empty, John; there's no' a single drap in't."

—Dialogue on a North Carolina railroad train between a northerner and a native of the soil: "Say, stranger, I'll bet you were a Yankee soldier." "Why do you think so?" "You seem so mighty interested in the wa'. What did you belong to? War you a footman, or did you jine a critter regiment? We didn't mind so much 'bout them 'are walking men, but them critter soldiers war hell. Why, I have seem many a one on 'em that had got stealin' down so fine that he'd milk a cow on the keen run into the mouth of a canteen without spillin' a drop.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—A matter-of-fact young man from New York during a recent visit in Boston received an invitation from a lady—an old acquaintance—who had just blossomed out into a typical specimen of the Boston aesthete, requesting his presence at her house on a certain evening "to meet two minds." It happened that he had just accepted an invitation to dine elsewhere on the same evening, and so he replied, expressing his regrets that he could not avail himself of the opportunity "to meet two minds" owing to a previous engagement "to meet four stomachs."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The author of the Greyson Letters introduces a daft Scotchman, who claimed to be on terms of peculiar intimacy with the evil one. "Eh, mon!" said he, "but its sad to see that man will throw away life, weal, wife, childer, heaven and a', for a gill o' whiskey, or a bit rag o' painted wickedness. They say the de'il is very busy in tempting men; but he maun hae an easy time o't, I'm thinking. All of them meet him mair than half way. Ilk ane seems to gang to him, and say, 'Hae ye na *some dainty temptation for me to-day now*, Daddie Satan? I'm sair vexed for a coaxing temptation!'"

Guilty of Wrong.

Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this they are guilty of a wrong There are some advertised remedies fully worth all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of—Hop Bitters. The writer has had occasion to to use the Bitters in just such a climate as we have most of the year in Bay City, and has always found them to be first-class and reliable, doing all that is claimed for them.—*Tribune.*

—There is one stimulant that never fails and yet never intoxicates—duty. Duty puts a clear sky over every man—up into his heart, maybe, into which the skylark of happiness always goes singing.

A Smooth Complexion can be had by every lady who will use Parker's Ginger Tonic. Regulating the internal organs and purifying the blood it quickly removes pimples and gives a healthy bloom to the cheek. See Notice.

—Many men deem woman but a common thing, as common as the wayside flower familiar to the eye of the traveler.—*Sunny Clime.*

Brain and Nerve.

Wells' Health Renewer, greatest remedy on earth for impotence, leanness, sexual debility, &c. $1. at druggists. Prepaid by express, $1.25, 6 for $5. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.