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The Cuticura treatment consists in the internal use of the Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, and the external use of Cuticura and Cuticura Soap, the great skin cures.

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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,

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Sanford's Radical Cure.

Clear head and voice, easy breathing, sweet breath, perfect smell, taste and hearing, no cough, no distress, by using SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Sneeze until your head is ready to fly off, eyes and nose running water, throat parched and blood feverish or take SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE for Catarrh and be cured.

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Gentle, yet effective, united with Healing Balsam, render COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS one hundred times superior to all other plasters for every Pain, Weakness and inflammation. Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere.

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

J. M. BAYER'S,

Opposite the Market House,

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GOOD NIGHT.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

The sun has sunk behind the hills,
The shadows o'er the landscape creep;
A drowsy sound the woodland fills,
And nature folds her arms to sleep:
Good night—good night.

The chattering jay has ceased his din—
The noisy robin sings no more—
The crow, his mountain haunt within,
Dreams 'mid the forest's surly roar:
Good night—good night.

The sunlit cloud floats dim and pale;
The dew is falling soft and still;
The mist hangs trembling o'er the vale,
And silence broods o'er yonder mill:
Good night—good night.

The rose, so ruddy in the light,
Bends on its stem all rayless now,
And by its side the lily white,
A sister shadow, seems to bow:
Good night—good night.

The bat may wheel on silent wing—
The fox his guilty vigils keep—
The boding owl his dirges sing;
But love and innocence will sleep:
Good night—good night!

MISS PRUE'S PARTY.

BY HATTIE WHITNEY

"Thirty dollars and twenty-five cents—and I've 'arned it, mercy knows!"

Miss Merriweather glanced down at the little heap of fresh, new green-and-brown bills lying upon the whitely-scoured pine-table, in a retrospective manner.

"Just to think of the batches of turkeys I've rose—pampered 'em up like they was babies, too—an' the piles of yellar bellflowers and northern spies I've cut and dried, and the yards of domestic I've wove—yes, I do say I've 'arned it good!"

"An' you orto chuck it right straight into the bank, and it'll draw interest."

Miss Prue's sister, Mrs. Potter, a little wilted looking woman, with a small nub of dusty, flaxen hair pinned tightly at the back of her head, who was manufacturing pumpkin preserves in a big brass kettle, swung over the blaze in the fireplace, had one single idea of solid comfort—money at interest.

"Banks ain't always safe," remarked Miss Prue, half to herself: "an' I don't see as money's much use noways ef you keep it poked in a bank always, so you can't get it ef you want to. I reckon I'll hev some good outn' this, anyhow. I'm goin' to give a—"

"A party!" screamed Meg Potter, a bouncing, black-eyed girl, in a red jacket, that was watering a thrifty Wandering Jew that dwelt in an ancient coffee-boiler in the kitchen-window. "Oh, yes, do Aunt Prue! and I'll help you to make the cakes, and we'll invite those charming flashers that have just come from the city, and—"

"No, we won't!" said Miss Prue, decisively. "Hit ain't a goin' to be no sich a affair; an' I'll tell you once an' fer all its only a-goin' to be a party for poor folks—them as don't never have no turkey or plum-puddin'. I'm a-goin' to scratch roun' in all the highways and byways for the poorest and mizzablest, an' make 'em all come; an' I'm a-goin' to give 'em one good mess of frosted pound-cake, an' lemon pies, an' boned turkey, an' cranberry jelly, an' all sich."

"Fudge!" grumbled Meg, thumping her watering-pot down with emphasis, "that won't be nice!"

"Landy mussey!" groaned Mrs. Potter, "you always was quare, Prue Merriweather; but this here's the cap sheaf. They'll most likely git sick, an' blame you fer it, an' call you names, an' your money'll all be wasted, when you might save it up. Ef you're afraid of a bank, lend it out—"

"I'm a goin' to," interrupted Miss Prue." "'Whoso giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.' I'm a-goin' to lend this much to the Lord, anyway."

"But, you won't git no interest," mourned her sister, stirring up her preserves with much dejection.

"I ain't afraid of gettin' cheated, noway," said Miss Prue, drily.

And as there was no hope whatever of persuading her to change her mind, her sister and niece were constrained to make the best of it, and help along with the preparations.

"Looks like as if you was a-cookin' your weddin' dinner, Prue Merriweather," tittered Miss Jemima Jonquil, appearing in the doorway with a purple calico apron pinned over her head, and glancing critically at the row of lemon and cocoanut pies upon the cupboard, beside which stood a great cake studded with raisins and citron. "I come to fetch your pattern back; an' seemed like I smelt nutmegs an' things here, so I come this way."

Miss Jonquil was chunky and fair, and had a softly-insinuating manner and light-gray eyes.

"Law me!" she continued, gliding in, and plumping herself into a rocking-chair by the fire, "ef it ain't this way every day ten years ago that you was cookin' up things jest like you air now, 'cause you 'lowed Jim Griggs would be back from Idyho next day. We all tole you not to put no faith in his promisin'—like as not he wouldn't come, he was always so keerless; but you was jest that headstrong you would fix fer him, an' hev a party to welcome him, anyhow. Reckon you thought it might be your weddin' day ef he tuck a notion to suggest it—for I s'pose he *hedn't* spoke already."

"You needn't bother yourself none about whether he hed or not," said Miss Prue, flushing. "He *didn't* never come, so I reckon you was satisfied."

"Oh, now, Miss Prue!" said Miss Jemima, reproachfully, "you know I was awfully sorry when he didn't come, you looked so distressed like; an' I pitied you ever since. Seemed like you thought such a heap of Jim; ef he'd only returned, you might a-been Mrs. Griggs all this time. But sakes! he must be married long ago; an' I s'pose you don't expect ever to be nothing but an old maid now?"

Miss Jonquil, being fully six months younger than Miss Merriweather, could afford this fling.

"I don't expect nothing only what Providence sends," said Miss Prue, composedly, setting a plate of cranberry tarts in the window to cool.

A great fire roared in Miss Merriweather's parlor next day, upon the andirons, whose glittering brass heads flashed back the light in broken glints, and the strange guests were soon assembled, enjoying the novelty and exchanging greetings, comments and criticisms.

"Dear me!" said an old lady in a linsey shawl, who earned a scanty living by knitting socks for the village store, "ef there ain't Jane Higgs, that washes for them rough miners—and looking as if she thought she was as good as anybody!"

"And just see old Daddy Skifkins, with his wall-eyes and bristles! I know he'll spoil my appetite," remarked Mrs. Baker, who was almost helpless with dropsy. "I do think he might have had sense enough to stay away—the old ape!"

But Daddy Skifkins, far from suspecting himself of being an object of aversion, was bent on making himself agreeable to all, and trotted about from the fire to the dining-room door with gleeful exclamations of—"Crickey, what a hunkey fire! She's an angel, Miss Prue is! There's a turkey bigger'n a wash-tub! Bless her heart! don't it jest make a feller feel like goin' to church? What a cake! Ain't it a screamer!" etc., until Mrs. Baker requested him to shut his mouth and not make a fool of himself.

Miss Prue felt that she had an ample reward in the happiness she had the means of bestowing upon these poor creatures, into whose lives so few such gleams as this had fallen.

"If people would only seek happiness in this manner they would find it oftener," she thought.

Meg, who was helping her aunt set the table, found the affair rather an interesting experiment; and even Mrs. Potter conceded that lending to the Lord was not a bad investment.

Miss Merriweather was just finishing off her table arrangements with a great glass dish of oranges, when Daddy Skifkins came skipping out, in much excitement.

"Miss Prue," he exclaimed, "there's a feller outside says kain't he come in, 'cause it's a-snowin' powerful?' An' Mrs. Baker an' Granny Larkins says he shain't come in; but seems kinder rough on a feller to not hev no place to go, an' I reckon he ain't; an'—"

"Of course he can come in," said Miss Prue, settling the last orange. "Wait—I'll let him in myself."

As she opened the door, a tall form, in a rough, gray overcoat, all dappled with snow, walked in.

"Prue! exclaimed a deep voice, just a little tremulous.

And, without further notice, the tall and saucy stranger gave Miss Prue a very snowy hug.

"Jim—Jim Griggs—is it really you?" cried Miss Prue, returning the hug, in the face of all the guests, who had trooped into the hall, with Mrs. Potter and Meg close behind.

"It's Jim Griggs and nobody else!" returned the stranger, cheerily. "And every year for the past ten it's been my intention to come home on this very day of this very month, because it's the anniversary of that day I promised to come, when I got all but killed in a smash-up, and robbed afterward; and when I got into a traveling condition, come back I wouldn't, with never a cent, when I had made a fortune; and I vowed a vow not to come till I had it back—which I've done at last—and to come this night when I did. Letters we poor wretches couldn't send oftener than once in six months, and then they mostly went astray—all the mail agent didn't put in his pocket for safe-keeping—so I wouldn't risk it, not being any hand to write, anyway, and I always said *next* year I'll go sure. I knew you'd wait for me, Prue, my darling, and here you are, with everything and everybody, to welcome back the prodigal!"

Mr. Griggs finished his explanation before the bounteous fire, with Daddy Skifkins revolving around him in a perfect ecstacy, and everybody talking at once.

Miss Prue took the opportunity to indulge in a thankful little cry behind the dining room door. But it somehow happened that while the guests were enjoying their banquet—for which Mrs. Baker's appetite was not found to be seriously impaired by Daddy Skifkins presence—Mr. Griggs persuaded Miss Prue to take a little walk with him as far as the minister's residence.

"'Pears like it was her weddin'-dinner she was a-cookin', after all," said Miss Jonquil, when she heard the news. "But, law sakes!" she added, with a titter, "'tweren't a very stylish affair. I wouldn't have no sich a weddin'!"

Which remark did not trouble the late Miss Merriweather in the least.

A STORY OF WEBSTER.

Daniel Webster's centennial birthday was an occasion for many anecdotes in the New England papers. It is related that a friend from Nantucket once objected because Mr. Webster asked him for four thousand dollars to go to the island to argue a case. "I would as soon argue the whole docket," said Webster, who did not wish to make the trip. The friend said that he would give the great lawyer four thousand dollars if he would argue such cases as he should present before his own case was called. When Mr. Webster got to Nantucket he found that the friend's case was at the foot of the docket, and he was expected to argue the whole docket through. He did so, and received the four thousand dollars, but his client, who had "farmed" him out, cleared one thousand five hundred dollars beside winning his case.

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.

HOW JAPANESE WIDOWS WEAR THEIR HAIR.

My new friend, the teacher, writes a correspondent in Japan, was a widow, and meant never to marry again. But you say how did you know, when you couldn't talk together? I know by her hair. It is a science in Japan—this study of doing up the hair. The age and sex of a baby may be known by the tufts in the back of the neck, or the ring around the crown, or the bunch left in front while all the rest is shaved. A girl of 8 or 9 has her hair made up into a bow on the back and wound around with red crape, while the front is shaved bare and bangs dangle at the sides. A young lady combs her hair in front and arranged as a butterfly on the back of her head, and plumaged with gold or silver cord and gay hair pins of gilt balls. A married woman must keep the waterfall style, while a widow who is willing to think of matrimony wears her hair tied and twisted around a long shell hair pin placed horizontally across the back of her head. But when a widow firmly resolves never to change her name again she cuts off her hair short in the neck and combs it back without any part. This is the way my new friend, the teacher, wore hers.

AN ANCIENT LAND GRANT.

The Chicago *Tribune* prints an interesting old document, conveying to the whites from the Indians an immense tract of land, including the whole of Illinois and a large part of Wisconsin. The consideration paid for this territory is thus expressed in the deed: Two hundred and sixty strouds, two hundred and fifty blankets, three hundred and fifty shirts, one hundred and fifty pairs of stroud and half-thick stockings, one hundred and fifty stroud breech-cloths, five hundred pounds of gunpowder, four thousand ounces of lead, one gross of knives, thirty pounds of vermillion, two thousand gun flints, two hundred pounds of brass kettles, two hundred pounds of tobacco, three dozen gilt-looking glasses, one gross of gun worms, two gross of awls, one gross of fire steels, five hundred bushels of Indian corn, twelve horses, twelve horned cattle, twenty bushels of salt and twenty guns.

A MATTER OF EDUCATION.

It's a funny old world anyhow, and taste is only a matter of education. Your baby contentedly gums candy, the native African picaninny is joyous over a mouthful of salt, and the young Esquimau cries for tallow candle; we gorge ourselves on oysters, while the Digger Indian would not give you one long fat snake for all the oysters in Chesapeake Bay. We, or at least you, chew tobacco, the Hindoo, lime, and the unostentatious and not over tastidious Patagonian, when he wants a chew of something real good rolls a quid of guano into his cheek. That's the kind of a gum drop he is; and you could't hire him to chaw tobacco. Unless, indeed he may have learned the habit from the missionaries.

A CHILD'S TOYS.

I was present the other day, at Rome, when the cinerarium of a boy a certain Hyllus, page to Tiberius, was discovered. His poor little bones had been inclosed in a vase together with his favorite toys.—There was a small terra-cotta chicken, painted in bright colors, and a fragment of a puppet, in the shape of our pulcinellas, with clay bust, arms and legs of wood. The wood naturally was gone. Who would have thought that these miserable playthings of an obscure child should have, centuries after, the unexpected honor of being exhibited in one of the most famous museums of Europe?—*The Athenæum.*

Nearly all the Ills that Afflict Us can be prevented and cured by keeping the stomach, liver and kidneys in working order. There is no medicine known that will do this as surely as Parker's Ginger Tonic. See adv.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

—People's intentions can only be decided from their conduct.

—One of the inhabitants of Sodom wasn't such a bad lot after all.

—Sorrows that can be told have more of pride than pathos in them.

—Right after a pair gets into double harness they want to go on a bridal tour.

—Self-interest rules the world; but it makes as many purblind, as it does others farseeing.

—It is a difficult thing for a dog without a tail to show his master how much he thinks of him.

—The good intensions of a weak man are often more disastrous than anything else he could do.

—Nothing is a courtesy unless it be meant as such, and that friendly and lovingly.—*Ben. Johnson.*

—Few persons apprehend the value or importance of time so much as the man who keeps the minutes for a society.

—One man of exalted genius will keep a whole nation of talent employed in arranging and applying the ideas he creates.

—If a man whistles in the street as if calling a dog, from three to seven men will stop suddenly and look about them. Is Darwin right?

—With energy for the sails, discretion the helm, common sense the ballast, the good ship rides out the gale, and makes the port of success at last.

—A cold in the head is one of the best things that can happen to a lady with a lace handkerchief, and Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is decidedly the best remedy to cure that cold.

—At a fair in New York they got out a paper called "Satan." A religious young lady who got hold of a copy promptly made a bustle of it saying: "Get thee behind me, satan."

—The kind-hearted farmer can easily be detected. When it is very cold he takes the blanket off his wife's shoulders and puts over the horses when he comes to town in his wagon.

—History can be formed from permanent monuments and records; but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less, and in a short time is lost forever.

—A druggist of Belton Falls, Va., has been sent to prison for sixty days, "for selling liquor as a beverage." Wonder what they would have done with him if he had sold it as a liver pad or as a wash for removing freckles.

—Into what boundless life does education admit us? Every truth gained though it expands in a moment of time into an illimitable being—positively enlarges our existence, and endows us with qualities which time cannot weaken or destroy.—*Chapin.*

—Josh Billings' philosophy: When I was a young man I was always in a hurry to hold the big end of the log and do all the lifting. Now I am older I seize hold of the small end and do all the grunting. Wise men make the mistakes and fools the blunders, and this is about all the difference between them.

—"Mrs. Sage, I should like to know whose ferry boats these are I tumbled over in the hall?" "Ferry boats, indeed, sir? Those are my shoes. Very polite of you to call them ferry boats." "I didn't say ferry boats, Mrs. Sage, you misunderstood me—fairy boots, I said my dear friend."

—A two-foot rule was given to a laborer in a Clyde boat-yard to measure an iron plate. The laborer, not being well up in the use of the rule, after spending a considerable time, returned. "Noo, Mick," asked the plater, "what size is the plate?" "Well," replied Mick, with a grin of satisfaction, "it's the length of your rule and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick, and the breadth of my hand and my arm from here to there, bar a finger."

WORKINGMEN.—Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent an attack of Ague, Bilious or Spring Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time, much sickness and great expense if you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family this month. Don't wait.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Gazing at the silver crescent that hung like a glowing scimitar above an horizon still warm with the blushes of the departed day, he puts an extra stock of muscular energy into the arm that encircled her waist, and, turning her gently with her face in the direction of the West, said:

"See, darling, what sharp horns the new moon has."

"Yes," she added, quietly: "a sort of honeymoon, I suppose."

Mother Died of Salt Rheum.

J. W. Adams, Newark, Ohio, says: *Cuticura Remedies* are the greatest medicines on earth. Had the worst salt rheum in this county. My mother had it twenty years, and in fact died from it. I believe *Cuticura* would have saved her life. My arms, head and breast, were covered for three years, which nothing relieved or cured until I used the *Cuticura Remedies.*