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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

A Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAKNESSES, Including Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Flooding, PROLAPSUS UTERI, &c.

☞Pleasant to the taste, efficacious and immediate in its effect. It is a great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor and at regular periods.

PHYSICIANS USE IT AND PRESCRIBE IT FREELY.

☞FOR ALL WEAKNESSES of the generative organs of either sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been before the public; and for all diseases of the KIDNEYS it is the *Greatest Remedy in the World.*

☞**KIDNEY COMPLAINTS of Either Sex Find Great Relief in Its Use.**

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, at the same time will give tone and strength to the system. As marvellous in results as the Compound.

☞Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. The Compound is sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. *Mention this Paper.*

☞LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents.

☞Sold by all Druggists.☜ (3)

Cuticura

THE NEW BLOOD PURIFIER

Resolvent

Mr. Albert Kingsbury, Keene, N. H., troubled with bad humor on hands and neck, caused by lead poisoning. (He's a painter.) At times it would break out, crack open, and the skin separate from the flesh in large pieces, suffering great continual itching and stinging. Purchased your remedies; used Cuticura Resolvent internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally, and in less than three months effected a complete cure, and has not been troubled since. Corrroborated by Bullard & Foster, Druggists, Keene, N. H.

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J. W. Adams, Newark, Ohio, says: "Cuticura Remedies are the greatest medicines on earth. Had the worst case 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, breast and head were covered for three years, which nothing relieved or cured until I used the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally.

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H. E. Carpenter, Esq., Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by the Cuticura Resolvent internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap 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.

SALT RHEUM.

Those who have experienced the torments of Salt Rheum can appreciate the agony I endured for years, until cured by the Cuticura Resolvent internally and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally.

MRS. WM. PELLINGTON, Sharon, Wis.

CUTICURA.

and Cuticura Soap externally and Cuticura Resolvent internally will positively cure every species of Humor, from a Common Pimple to Scrofula. Price of Cuticura, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, $1.00. Cuticura Resolvent, $1 per bottle. Cuticura Soap, 25c.; Cuticura Shaving Soap, 15c. Sold by all druggists.

Depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

CATARRH

Sanford's Radical Cure.

A single dose instantly relieves the most violent Sneezing or Head Colds, clears the head as by magic, stops watery discharges from the nose and eyes, prevents ringing noises in the head, cures Nervous Headache and subdues Chills and Fever. In Chronic Catarrh it cleanses the nasal passages of foul mucus, restores the senses of smell, taste and hearing when affected, frees the head, throat and bronchial tubes of offensive matter, sweetens and purifies the breath, stops the cough and arrests the progress of catarrh towards consumption.

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

COLLINS' PLASTERS

100 Times more effectual than any other plaster or electric battery for pain and weakness of the lungs Liver, Kidneys and Urinary organs, Partial Paralysis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Female Weakness, Nervous Pains and Weaknesses, Malaria and Fever and Ague. Price 25c. Sold everywhere.

NEW BOOK **Practical Life,** { The Key to Fortune in all Avenues of Life. 600 pp. Clear type, finest binding and Illustrations. *Agents Wanted.* $75 to $150 per month. For Terms, address J. C. McCURDY & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Je30.—1y.

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Job Work,

SUCH AS

Circulars, Posters, Billheads, Letterheads, Cards, &c.,

Neatly and promptly executed at the lowest possible rates.

—A good story is told of an engineer who runs a locomotive on the western division of the Erie Railway. One day a squaw, holding a papoose in her arms, was standing on the depot steps at Salamanca. As the engineer was drawing his train up to the station, he, observing her, called, "Hello! have you got a little Injun there?" "No," said she, "its half Injun and half injuneer!"

A SENSIBLE WOMAN.—"Gracious alive," screamed Slumper the other morning, "Lucilla has got a bilious attack; send for a half dozen bottles of that mixture we had last, right away." "Indeed you shan't," replied his wife, indignantly "I'm just tired of buying so much, and all for nothing. Our boy was sick the other day, and couldn't eat, so I just gave him a dose of Swayne's Pills, and he pretty soon had an appetite like his father. I'll just try them again." No, that was a sensible woman. The pills she spoke of are the best medicine extant for the complaints alluded to; also constipation, dropsy, languor and fevers.

—Dr. Guthrie, in a recent address, told a very suggestive story to this effect: A friend of his, questioning a little boy, said: "When your father and mother forsake you Johnny, do you know who will take you up?" "Yes, sir," said he. "And who?" said the friend. "The police," was Johnny's answer.

Millions Given Away.

Millions of Bottles of Dr King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have been given away as Trial Bottles of the large size. This enormous outlay would be disastrous to the proprietors, were it not for the rare merits possessed by this wonderful medicine. Call at any Drug Store and get a Trial Bottle *free*, and try for yourself. It never fails to cure.

—"What would you do if mamma should die?" asked a lady of a little three-year-old girl. "Well, mamma," was the melancholy response, "I 'spose I should have to spank myself"

—ONE VOICE all over the land goes up from mothers, that says, "My daughters are so feeble and sad, with no strength, all out of breath and life at the least exertion. What can we do for them?" The answer is simple and full of hope. One to four weeks' use of Hop Bitters will make them healthy, rosy, sprightly, and cheerful.

—A little girl down East, who was impatiently waiting the tardy movements of her mother, a few Sabbath mornings since, cried out, "Come, mamma, the bell's a-tollin' and Dod's a-waitin'."

—The question is frequently asked: have you the Spring Fever? I feel lazy, stupid, a lack of energy, in fact entirely good for nothing. To counteract these bad feelings use Dr. Thomas' Mayapple Bitters. Sold at all Drug Stores.

—Americans are great scribblers. Even the lunatics on Blackwell's Island edit and publish a paper; and they are not the only lunatics engaged in the business.

—Women that have been bedridden for years have been completely cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

—Bulwer says that "death often changes aversion into love." Certainly it does. We may have an antipathy to swine, and yet love pork and sausages.

—What is more precious than good health? You can enjoy it if you will only try "Lindsey's Blood Searcher." Sold by all druggists.

—Dr South says, "The tale bearer and the tale hearer should be hanged up both together—the former by the tongue, and the latter by the ear."

—ALL LADIES KNOW their faces are more attractive when free from pimples. Parker's Ginger Tonic is popular among them, because it banishes impurities from blood and skin and makes the face glow and the eye sparkle with health.

—"Yes," said Fenderson, with energy, "that man has been the making of me." "Has he?" replied Fogg. "You are his first attempt, I suppose?"

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

—The most brilliant qualities become useless when they are not sustained by force of character.

A PURE, wholesome distillation of witch hazel, American pine, Canada fir, marigold, clover blossoms, etc., fragrant with the healing essences of balsam and pine.—Such is Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh. Complete treatment for $1.

—Which is the most difficult punctuation? Putting a stop to a woman's tongue.

PARENTS who allow their children to grow up with scrofulous humors bursting from every pore are guilty of a great wrong. Think of them pointed out as branded with a loathsome disease, and you will readily procure them the Cuticura Remedies.

—Good temper, like a summer day, sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.

PERSONAL! TO MEN ONLY!—The VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send DR. DYE'S CELEBRATED ELECTRO VOLTAIC BELTS and ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality and Manhood, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed. Nov. 4,—1y.

HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

I wrote some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A *sober* man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him,
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way,
I added, (as a trifling jest,)
"There'll be *the devil to pay.*"

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;
The fifth; his waist-band split;
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

"I WILL REPAY."

PART I.

He stood on the deck of a splendid ocean steamer, looking back on the great city of San Francisco, fading away in the distance; he was a young man, not more than thirty-five, at the most, but over his clear-cut features there reigned an expression better befitting one of twice that age, one of utter sadness and weariness of life.

The mammoth steamer glided steadily onward over the sparkling waters, clear and beautiful in the sunlight, their boisterous play tossing the great mass of iron and wood up and down, as through it had been but a straw.

"Pretty rough, Mr. Wallace," said a cheery voice behind our friend, "at least the passengers think so; I believe there is only one besides yourself, a lady,—who has not retired in disgust, to pay Father Neptune tribute. Ah! and here she comes to enjoy this splendid breeze; you two brave ones should know each other, especially as you have such a long voyage to make in company—Mrs. Chester, allow me to present to you our new minister to Japan. Mr. Robert Wallace. I must ask you to excuse me now, you can entertain each other."

And then the busy Captain hurried away, never stopping to notice the strange conduct of the two whom he had thus brought together.

The lady, scarcely more than a girl in years, turned very pale, and sank heavily into a chair, like one stricken by a sudden blow, her dark eyes fixed intently upon that other white slim face looking down upon her.

There was a silence lasting several moments, during which each seemed loth to be the first to speak; at length Robert Wallace advanced impulsively until he stood before the lady just introduced to him as Mrs. Chester.

"Clarice!" he raid, huskily, "He called you, Mrs. Chester! How is that? Can it be your faithless heart, after discarding the one man you had sworn to wait patiently for and marrying his richer rival, has so quickly recovered from the shock of your husband's death, as to take yet another in his place already?"

He spoke wildly, rapidly, and she gazed at him in silence with dilating eyes—the look of pain and terror—on her sweet face changing as he went on, into one of bewilderment.

"Answer me!" he exclaimed roughly, "I had hoped to never more look on your face, but now, that we have met, I would like to know the process by which you arrived at the point of jilting the man, who had left you, so hopefully, to win the fortune you were to share, and marrying the man you had always professed to despise! Martin Boyd was rich! that is your answer, is it not?"

He paused, his hands clinched, his chest heaving.

"I do not understand you, Rob—Mr. Wallace," she faltered; "You speak as if I had married Mr. Boyd."

"Dare you deny it?" he exclaimed bitterly.

"I certainly do deny it, as it is not true."

He laughed, a wild bitter laugh, as he drew from his wallet, a bit of newspaper crumpled and worn, and placed it in her hands.

"There is the printed lie to your denial," he cried, "I have kept it by me these two years, that I have been roving over the world to teach me to hate you; I have studied it over and over, till I know every word—

MARRIED.—In Washington, January 10th, by the Rev. John Watson, Clarice Lorton, to Martin Boyd.

There is the proof that just six months after I left you under a promise to your father—not to write to you for one year—you deliberately broke your solemn pledge to me, and married another!"

Clarice Chester had been looking from him to the bit of paper she held in her hand, a strange, wild look of pain, and fear deepening on her features; now she spoke slowly and with effort.

"This is a marriage notice of a cousin of mine of the same name; she went to Washington after you left and married Martin Boyd. I never broke faith with you, how dare you say it! when, before the stipulated year was out, you, yourself married a lady in Sacramento! Hush!" as he raised his hand impulsively. "I know it is true, for I saw your letter to John Chester, in which you boasted of your conquest of an heiress, and generously requested him to break the news to me gently, as I had really seemed to care quite a good deal for you! It was well done, nobly done, honorably done, Robert Wallace, thus to act towards one who—who trusted you, and then to convey the news of your baseness through another person."

No longer pale and trembling, Clarice Chester stood before him, her beautiful face all aglow with the fevor of the emotions her words had called up.

A moment Robert Wallace stood, gazing fixedly into the pain-stricken eyes, that had once made the sunshine of his life, then he spoke slowly and solemnly, with a tremble and quiver in his voice, which told but too clearly of the struggle within for calmness and self possession.

"Clarice, as you value your soul, answer me truthfully; was this that you have just told me, the reason you broke you plighted word to me? But for—for my marriage" he smiled bitterly as he emphasized these two last words, "would you have waited for me to come back to you?"

Some magic in his earnest tone and words seemed to compel her to answer in spite of her proud will.

"A Lorton's word is never broken! Yes, I would have waited ten times one year had you asked it. Even as it was I refused John Chester's pleadings for more than a year and yielded at last, only three months ago, because my dear mother (a widow now) needed the luxuries that I could give her in no other way." Her voice ceased in a long drawn, quivering sob.

Robert Wallace laid his hand on her shoulder, in a tender, pitying way, his own face white and drawn, with the fierce anguish he strove to stifle, for her dear sake.

"Clarice," he said solemnly, "the letter that was shown you as mine was a forgery. Married, I! why poor child, my heart broke when John Chester sent me that little scrap of printed paper, telling me,—the scoundrel—that in it, I would find evidence of the manner in which you had kept faith with me. He advised me to cast you from my heart, or, if I could not all at once, to seek forgetfulness in travel. I was stricken down with brain fever for weeks, but the doctors pulled me through it, and scant thanks I gave them. And then I went far away, to Africa, to India, then back to Washington, for I heard that Martin Boyd was dead, his widow had gone west to live; then I was appointed minister to Japan, and I accepted, hoping to work hard enough to forget. And now, now—Oh! Clarice, my darling, that bad man has deceived us both, and has gained his point and made wreck of our lives, I could curse him."

"Hush, Robert," she interrupted, in a voice full of sorrow, "remember, that no matter how he became such, John Chester is my husband. Until now I have found it easy to respect him, but that is all over; Robert, for my sake,—yes, for my sake do not punish him for his sin; it is too late to remedy its consequences now; let us leave it to God, and it will come out all right some day. You and I have done no wrong to each other, we have no longer the bitterness of that belief, let us not do wrong now! We must not talk together again, we must not! And Robert, do not speak one word to John Chester. I will tell him his falsehood is laid bare, and then we will leave him in the hands of Providence. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," saith the Lord."

With a stifled sob she turned hastily away, then moved by an irresistible impulse, came back and laid her hand on her companion's bowed head, as he sat in speechless agony.

"Be brave, dear; do your life's work well and cheerfully, that I may hear of and be proud of you in my heart."

And then, as he pressed one long, heart-broken kiss upon this little hand, she passed from his sight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DATE.

The date is the fruit of a tall and graceful palm, *Phœnix dactylifera*, which shoots up a single straight stem to the height of fifty or sixty feet, and then expands into a beautiful crown of leaves. It is abundant in Barbary, Arabia, Persia, and the adjacent countries, particularly on the confines of the deserts and in the oases. The fruit somewhat resembles a plum, but is rather longer in proportion; it contains a long oblong kernel, grooved on one side. The pulp is soft, sweet and slightly astringent; it is rich in sugar, gum, and other vegetable matter, affording the most wholesome nutriment.

Dates form a staple article of food to the inhabitants of many countries where they are grown, and the crop is as anxiously expected as our wheat harvest, or the vintage of southern Europe. The fruit, when gathered quite ripe, is often pressed into large baskets, and thus forms a hard solid cake called "adjoue," which is afterward cut up and sold by the pound. Date-stones are soaked in water and given to the cattle.

FEMININE DEVICES A CENTURY AGO.

It is not to be supposed for a moment that ladies of the present day resort to artificial means of increasing that native lovliness which 'when unadorned is adorned the most.' Their great-grandmothers, however, thought differently; and so numerous had female falsifications become a century ago, that it was deemed necessary to introduce an act into the English parliament in 1789, which provides as follows:

"All women, of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether they be maids or widows, that shall, from and after this act impose upon and betray into matrimony any of his majesty's male subjects by paints, scents, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law in force against witchcraft and misdemeanors, and the marriage, upon conviction, shall be null and void."

A CHIMAMAN'S FUNERAL.

Lee Poy Foon, president of the Ning Yung Tong, one of the oldest of the Chinese Six Companies, died a short time ago in San Francisco, and his friends immediately had the body embalmed for shipment to China. Before its departure an elaborate funeral ceremony was performed in public. A low booth, sixty by twenty feet in size, was erected on Commercial street, the body of the structure was draped in white, and four upright posts supported a white canopy. On the lower end of the booth were the roasted carcasses of four pigs and two sheep, each placed on a trencher with noses to the west. Above these was a stand, on which were numerous pyramids of confections, consecrated fruits, nuts, etc., each pile decorated with fancy paper streamers and surmounted by sticks of burning punk and greasy incense. Above these was an open space about twenty feet square, fenced in with ropes, and in the centre of this was deposited the raised rosewood coffin containing the mortal remains of Lee Poy Foon. The funeral exercises were conducted with great ceremony; and the chief mourners went through a variety of genuflections, but the only human utterances were mechanical sobs repeated during nearly two hours. Incense ointment, banners and sackcloth, gongs and fiddles, played an important part in the obsequies. The hearse was surrounded by sixteen pall-bearers in white, and was followed by a procession of priests in black robes. Two others were heavily loaded with braskets containing flowers and incense, and a score of friends followed bearing long poles surmounted with flowers. Other priests and members of the Ning Yung Company followed in a long line, interspersed by an occasional Chinese band of gongs and fiddles. Last of all passed an express wagon laden with baked meats for the regalement of the departed Foon in the next world.

STEAMBOATS IN VENICE.

Among the few existing relics of mediævalism which we imagined would continue to survive the attack of the practical and go-a-head tendencies of the age, we certainly reckoned the gondola. It is diffiult, in fact, to immagine Venice without this peculiar characteristic, so suggestive of the romance of its past history, and yet there can be little doubt as to what will be the result of the competition which it will be shortly called on to enter into with the new steamboats which we see are to invade the lagoons of the Adriatic. Travelers will, of course, lament the change, and talk bitterly about the vandalism of the age; but they will all the same take the steamboats as soon as they are put on, and leave the few leaky gondolas that may still ply to the undisturbed patronage of traveling æsthetes. The Company that is about to supply Venice with steamers will model its vessels upon those of our own rivers, we understand, and it is quite possible that the fares charged to passengers also may imitage the cheapness of of our "penny boats." And with "penny boats" on the water ways of Venice we think the climax of modern utilitarianism may be fairly considered to have been reached. They are a fitting supplement, in fact, to the railroad up Vesuvius, and the steam launches of the Nile.

CUTENESS OF AN EDITOR.

A Western editor offered a prize of fifty dollars and a year's subcription for the best written proposal of marriage from a lady. He picked out a nice proposal from a beautiful and wealthy widow, answered it, accepting the proposal, and, with the threat of a breach of promise suit, actually captured her. Editors may not acquire wealth by writing twenty-three hours a day, but when their genius takes the right shoot they procure the persimmons.