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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S

VEGETABLE COMPOUND,

Is a Positive Cure

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

A Medicine for Woman. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.

It revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the freshest roses of life's spring and early summer time.

Physicians Use it and Prescribe it Freely

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulant, and relieves weakness of the stomach

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of man woman or child. Insist on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. 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 3ct. stamp. Send for pamphlet.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists. (1)

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.

MOTHER DIED FROM IT.

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.

PSORIASIS.

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.

—An Indianapolis German had occasion to bury a large wife and squabbled with the sexton about his fee. "Dat ish not a big grave!" said the disconsolate husband. "Not a big grave!" indignantly responded the sexton, "why, that's a cellar!"

—An impudent lawyer, meeting a soldier with very full whiskers, said: "I say, my dear fellow, when are you going to piece your beard on a peace footing?" "Not until you place your tongue on the *civil* list," was the retort.

—He who hath ears to hear let him hear, Dr. Thomas' Mayapple Bitters was never known to fail in curing Dyspepsia and Headache. You will find it at all Drug Stores.

MORE NICE THAN WISE.—The lady who was a great sufferer for years from Itching Piles, and would not ask the druggist for a box of Swayne's Ointment, through fear that he might suspect she had the old-fashioned Itch, was certainly more nice than wise. It is no disgrace to have the Itch—but it is anything but nice to harbor it, and give it to all the neighbors. Swayne's Ointment effectually removes all Eruptions of the Skin, leaving it clear as a lily. Do not be without it in your family. Just as sensible to throw away your axe and saw as to go without the useful preparation.

—"What shall we name our little boy?" said a young wife to her husband. "Call him Peter." "Oh, no, I never knew anybody named Peter that could earn his salt." "Well, call him Salt Peter, then."

—Delays are dangerous in diseases of the liver, kidneys, and stomach. "Sellers' Liver Pills" are the standard remedy.

—Archbishop Whately was one day asked if he rose early. He replied that once he did, but he was so proud all the morning, and so sleepy all the afternoon, that he determined never to do it again.

—That wonderful catholicon known as Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has given the lady a world wide reputation for doing good. It is like a living spring to the vital constitution. Her Blood Purifier will do more to cleanse the channels of the circulation and purify the life of the body than all the sanitary devices of the Board of Health.

—A mean man put fifteen hornets in a whiskey bottle and gave it to a Texan man in the dark to take a drink out of, and though the hornets did their work as they went down, the Texan remarked that it wasn't real Texan whiskey, as it lacked fire.

Given Away.

We cannot help noticing the liberal offer made to all invalids and sufferers by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. You are requested to call at any reliable Drug Store, and get a Trial Bottle *free of cost*, if you are suffering with Consumption, Severe Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Loss of Voice, Hoarseness, or any affection of the throat or Lungs. It will positively cure you.

—A young lady being asked by a rich old bachelor, "if not yourself, who would you rather be?" replied, sweetly and modestly, "Yours, truly."

—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.

—If you wish to marry a lady whom it won't cost you much to support, don't select a burlesque actress under the impression that she won't cost-une much.

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

—Mrs. Rose named her daughter. "Wilde." It was pretty, so romantic—"Wilde Rose!" But when the young lady grew up and married a young butcher with the appropriate name of Bull, the lady was metamorphosed into "Madame Wilde Bull."

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.

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.

—An Illinois grave-digger, who buried a man named Button, sent a bill to his widow as follows:—"To making one Button-hole, $2 50."

—Malaria, Chills and Fever, and Bilious attacks positively cured with Emory's Standard Cure Pills—an infallible remedy; never fail to cure the most obstinate, long-standing cases where Quinine and all other remedies had failed. They are prepared expressly for malarious sections, in double boxes, two kinds of Pills, containing a strong cathartic and a chill breaker sugar coated; contain no Quinine or Mercury, causing no griping or purging: they are mild and efficient, certain in their action and harmless in all cases; they effectually cleanse the system, and give new life and tone to the body. As a household remedy they are unequaled. For Liver Complaint their equal is not known; one box will have a wonderful effect on the worst case. They are used and prescribed by Physicians, and sold by Druggists everywhere, or sent by mail, 25 and 50 cents boxes. Emory's Little Cathartic Pills, best ever made, only 15 Cents. Standard Cure Co., 114 Nassau Street, New York. 6-16-6m.

A WOODLAND BOWER.

Sequestered spot! here many a flower
Sheds round its rich and soft perfume;
Here smiles amid the summery hour
A loving, lingering springtide bloom.

Here 'mong thy sweets to idly dream,
Wooed by the soft Elysian breeze,
Transported far to Heaven I seem,
And every worldly care doth cease.

Around thy green leaves whispering,
To fancy's ear some love-tale tells;
The wild bee flits on flashing wing,
Or stops to sip from flowery bells.

Here cool ferns wave in graceful pride,
As summer breezes round them play;
Here doth the modest violet hide
Its sweet face from the gaze of day.

I hear dear Nature's alluring voice,
It hath no tones that are not glad;
She seems to bid each heart rejoice,
Tho' who indeed could here be sad!

Sequestered spot! dear woodland bower!
Where innocence and peace abide,
To dwell with thee but one bright hour
Were worth a thousand hours beside!

"I WILL REPAY."

PART II.

A week later two men sat in the Captain's cabin, each, in the pauses of conversation, casting furtive glances at a little instrument that hung upon the wall.

"You don't like the looks of that barometer, I see, Mr. Wallace," said the captain, "neither do I, to tell the truth. I don't like cyclones with a ship full of passengers to think of, and the glass is certainly hinting strongly at one. I must hurry off now and see all taut for a tussel with the stormking."

Two hours later the stout steamer began to feel the long, rolling swell, that presaged the approach of a yet rougher sea, and in five hours after the first warning had been given by the faithful barometer, she was pitching and tossing in the midst of such a fierce warfare of the elements, as even the veteran captain had seldom encountered.

All night, and all day the steamer battled bravely with the raging sea, and yet the storm showed no signs of abating, but rather grew more and more violent, and when the second night drew on, the heavy seas began to brake over the laboring vessel.

Lest the steamer should indeed plunge to her death, in the midst of the towering waves that rose before her, the engines were slowed, and each moment the captain feared, lest unhappily the report should reach him, that the waves had entered the engine room, and extinguished the fires, for that he knew would mean that the end had come.

And standing at the captain's side, stern, silent, with a face drawn and haggard, not with fear for himself, but for one dearer to him than his own life, one who sat in the great saloon, calmly waiting for the end of it all, was Robert Wallace; standing there, in the flying spray and whistling wind, that he might be the first to know when the end had actually come, so that he might try to save her, or failing at that to die at her dear side.

For he knew that the man who had so basely parted their two lives would afford her no help, even if help were possible; he had seen him cowering in abject fear, wringing his hands and moaning, while *she* sought in vain to impart to his cowardly heart some of the brave spirit that beat in hers.

Mr. Wallace had deemed that in their present extremity, her embargo of his silence might be broken, and from time to time he crept across the wave swept deck, had gone below to give her such words of comfort as he might, but he quickly saw that they were not needed, nor believed, and so he made his perilous way back again to the captain's side.

Ink black gloom surrounded the vessel on every side, save when the flashing lightning for an instant illumined the scene and revealed its horrors.

Stout hearts quailed as the wind roared through the cordage with a savage, relentless howl, and the ship shook and ground as if in an agony of fear.

Gallant hearts shrunk small and became almost still in the presence of the Creator, (feeling themselves to be in the hollow of His hand) to be crushed or delivered, as might seem best unto Him.

Still, all through the night the noble ship buffeted bravely with the mighty sea, and so the hours of darkness passed away, and the light of morning came stealing over the foaming waters like a ray of life and hope.

And that ray crept into the hearts of all on board the sorely tried steamer, deepening and widening as the first fear that the "wish was parent to the thought" died away in the certainty that the winds and the waves were actually abating at last, and that the worst was over.

The worst of the storm? ah, yes, but not the worst of their peril; for just as the warmth of hopes restored, had crept into all their hearts, there came to the captain from below, a man with a face white and ghastly, bringing the appalling tidings that the water was pouring in rapidly through the strained seams, and that the pumps would not work.

One instant the gallant sailor stood in silent horror; then he gave his orders quietly and calmly, and while some of the crew made what haste they could to collect provisions, and store them in the boats, others summoned the panic stricken passengers on the deck.

It was a forlorn hope, that of finding safety in those frail little shells of wood, albeit they were in reality good and stout, as all boats might well be, only they seemed so small to brave that tossing sea; but it was the only visible hope, so, as the order was given to enter the boats before lowering them, then was a mad, frantic rush, each one determined to be among the first to quit the sinking ship.

It was in vain that officers and men expostulated; the first boat was over-loaded, and even as she was being cautiously lowered to the surface of the angry sea, several more of the fear-maddened passengers leaped into her, and among them was John Chester, craven as well as base, giving no thought to the wife against whom he had sinned.

Slowly, slowly the boat crept down towards the foaming waters, a few moments of breathless suspense, and then as a huge wave came rolling along and lifted her on its crest, quick, deft fingers cast loose the lines, and so the little craft swept safely away from the ill-fated ship.

Safely, did we say? Alas and alas!

Even as the second boat was about to be lowered, there rose a fearful cry from out the sea, as a great wave leaped up, and poising for an instant on the little boat, came down heavily upon it, and then, as if satisfied with its work, the green, glittering monster rolled on, leaving in its track a few broken planks and a few struggling figures; that was all, and in a few moments more these too, had vanished in the foaming caldron.

An awful stillness fell upon those left on the deck, and then the captain spoke, slowly and solemnly.

"My friends, it is with you to choose whether you will die as those other poor creatures have done, or wait quietly here, and go down with the ship. I think we can best prepare to meet our God by staying here; it will give us more time, for the ship is settling more slowly now; still, it shall be as you decide."

And so it came about that, except for those in that one boat, every one remained on the poor wreck, waiting in agony for the final moment to come when she should plunge down into the depths of the ocean, with her human freight.

An hour passed on, another and another, and still the vessel floated, and still the waves ran too high for the boats to live in their midst.

Another hour, and yet another, and then the brave captain rose up, his cheeks flushing, his eyes sparkling, his voice faltering.

"My friends!" he cried, "go down on your knees and thank God for his mercy; He has granted our prayers for deliverance, and with his further help we shall be saved. The ship has not settled an inch more these last two hours; she is water logged, and will float until the sea is smooth enough for the boats. Thank God, I say!"

"Thank God, thank God indeed!" whispered Robert Wallace, as he knelt in reverent gratitude, his strong right arm holding his beloved one close to his side.

And afterward, when the poor, wrecked steamer had been left alone upon the waters, and the well-provisioned boats, sailing over a sunny sea for many days, were at last picked up by a homeward bound vessel, Robert Wallace felt that God was indeed a God of love and of justice, whose ways are not as our ways.

A year later, those two who had seemed to be put irrevocably asunder, stood together as husband and wife, and a strange look of awe crept over the bride's sweet face, as her thoughts went back to that other one who lay under the waves.

"'Vengeance is mine, I will repay' saith the Lord."

UNROMANTIC SIDE OF THE SLAVE MARKET.

An English lady was taken to a slave-dealing place at Stamboul, into which she walked without the slightest difficulty. When she entered the salesroom, a large, barely furnished, and very light apartment, the mistress of the establishment conducted her to a divan, and slaves fetched sweets and coffee. No astonishment was betrayed at the intrusion of a Giaour woman on such a scene.

A number of white girls, of ages varying from 12 to 18, were then led up to her, one after the other, each in her turn standing motionless before the sofa till signed to yield her position to her next fellow. They are described as for the most part coarse, clumsy and heavy, with cowed, sullen faces, and muddy, yellow complexions. Their dress consisted of a gauze cape and a loose frock, short sleeves, and reaching to the ankles, which was fastened down the front with strings. Declaring that her husband desired to present an *odalik* to a pasha, the visitor asked to see some prettier maidens, but was told there were none on hand, though a selection would shortly arrive, when she certainly could be suited. Two Turkish women were during this time choosing slaves. No sort of consideration was paid to the feelings of the poor girls. Under examination they untied their single garment, according to the requirement of the purchaser, or threw it off entirely if so wished. Their teeth were looked at and hair let down, their persons punched and pulled about. The buyers, wanting sound, useful articles, tested their strength and searched for blemishes in the same unconcerned manner as is done at a horse fair. As for the girls, their attitude was invariably that of absolute, uncomplaining submission. They stood with downcast eyes and drooping limbs, simply doing what they were ordered, and never losing for a moment their look of stupid, hopeless indifference.

THE DEAD OF CHINA.

In view of the myriads of human beings which have lived in China from time immemorial, scientists say that every ounce of soil must have passed through the bodies of human beings in that empire not only once but hundreds of times. China is a densely populated country and its records are very, very ancient. If all born were still alive they would cover the country completely and extend miles into the air. It is a suggestive idea that the soil of every populous country must represent the myriads of animated beings who once lived and loved.

A FINE AS PUNISHMENT.

In France it frequently happens that a murderer is not only sentenced to death but required to pay a heavy fine to the relations of his victim. These fines are inflicted by the Judges. A few years ago a man named Armand, of Bordeaux, was tried for attempting to murder his servant. The jury acquitted him, but the bench, having their doubts about the matter, sentenced him to pay 20,000 francs to the servant, and the Court of Cassadon upheld the curious decision. Prince Pierre Bonaparte, when acquitted of the murder of Victor Noir, the journalist, in 1870, was made to pay 20,000 francs damages to his victim's mother. Only a few months ago a man, who killed another in a duel, was obliged to pay his antagonist's widow 20,000 francs, besides undergoing a year's imprisonment.

SMOKING IN JAPAN.

Smoking is universal, followed by men, women and children, who smoke on all occasions. Do they transact business together, the bargain concluded, they sit down around a charcoal brazier and draw forth their pipes, which hold a piece of tobacco the size of a pea, and allows them about two good whiffs. The filling and refilling, the knocking of the little balls of lighted tobacco into their hands to relight the new pipeful with, affords them occupation for their hands while their tongues run unceasingly. Shopmen, book-keepers, travelers, workmen and officials, one and all must smoke, and one never sees Japs in the street or moving around anywhere, without their pipes and tobacco pouches, which look like wallets tucked in their girdles. The tobacco is native and very poor indeed.

THE COAL FIELDS OF AMERICA.

In America, at least, there need be no solicitude regarding the sufficiency of our coal fields for any possible demands to be made upon them for centuries to come. Of bituminous coal alone we have an estimated reserve of 60,000,000,000 tons—more than all the rest of the world possesses, and enough to last even if applied to its present uses, anywhere from five hundred to a thousand years. Long before it has all been mined other sources of heat and power will have superseded it in many of its most important relations to human life and labor.

GUM ARABIC.

In Morocco about the middle of November a gummy juice exudes spontaneously from the trunk and branches of the acacia. It gradually thickens in the furrow down which it runs, assumes the form of oval or round drops, about the size of a pigeon's egg, of different colors, as it comes from the red and white gum tree. About the middle of December the Moors encamp on the border of the forest, and the harvest lasts a full month. The gum is then packed in large leather sacks and transported on the backs of camels and bullocks to seaports for shipment. This is the gum arabic of commerce.

HOW THE BALL GETS IN THE SLEIGH-BELL.

This is the way the iron ball gets inside the shell of the sleigh bell: In making the bells the iron ball is put inside a sand core just the shape of the inside of the bell. Then a mould is made just the shape of the outside of the bell. This sand core, with the jinglet inside, is placed in the mould of the outside, and melted metal is poured in, which fills up the space between the core and mould. The hot metal burns the core so that it can be shaken out, leaving the ball within the shell. Ball valves, swivel joints and many other articles are cast in the same manner.