HELEN'S BABIES.

With Some Account of their Ways.

It was an enticing invitation from my only married sister, Helen Lawrence, that moved me, Harry Burton, salesman of white goods, bachelor, aged twenty-eight, to spend my fortnight's vacation at Hillcrest. Tom Lawrence's cigars and claret and horses, a splendid flower garden, plenty of handsome girls, and unlimited leisure for reading—these were the inducements offered me. Incidentally, as Tom and Helen were to be absent on a visit, I was just to keep an eye on the children, who, I was assured, would not give me "the slightest trouble."

Remembering Budge, the elder, as a boy of five, with a serious, noble face and great, pure penetrating eyes, and Toddie as a happy little know-nothing of three summers with a head of tangled yellow hair, I set out for Hillcrest without apprehension of impending woe.

At the end of the trip I hired a hack[illegible] to Tom's. On the way [illegible] violently, and the driver [illegible]

"P[illegible] one of the 'imps'—th[illegible] that scared the hoses. To[illegible] ain't. Wonder wh[illegible] ? We call 'em the 'imps,' [illegible] they're so uncommon likely at [illegible]!"

The offending youth was Budge, in a very dirty sailor suit, and the other "imp," who bore down on us in a cloud raised by thrasting a branch into the dust of the road was Toddie!

"They're my nephews!" I gasped.

The recognition was mutual.

"You're Uncle Harry," said Budge. "Did you bring us anything?"

"Bring us anything?" echoed Toddie.

"I wish I could have brought you some big whippings," said I, severely. "Get into this carriage."

In they climbed, each with a very dirty towel, knotted in the center.

"They're not towels," explained Budge, "they're dollies; we don't like buyed dollies; these is lovely."

"I want to shee yours watch," remarked Toddie, rolling into my lap, followed by Budge.

Obediently I showed them the dial of my three-hundred-dollar timekeeper.

"Want to shee wheels go wound," said Toddie.

"No," said I, fearful of dust.

"Want to shee wheels go wound," repeated Toddie; "want to shee the wheels go wound."

"I tell you I can't, Toddie; dust spoils watches."

"Want to shee the wheels go wound," murmured Toddie again.

Abruptly I pocketed the watch. Toddie's jaw dropped, and he cried:

"Ah—h—h—h. Want—to—shee—the wheels—go wou—ound!"

"Stop that noise this instant!"

"Yes—oo—oo—wants to shee"—

"Toddie, I've got some candy in"—

"Wheels go wound! Ah—h—h—h!"

"Toddie, dear, don't cry so. There are some ladies coming in a carriage."

"Ah—h—h—h. Wants to shee wheels!"—

Madly I snatched my watch from my pocket, opened the case, and exposed the works to view. The passing carriage stopped; my name was called, and, looking up, I saw—bright eyed, fair faced and smiling—Miss Alice Mayton, a lady whom for about a year I had adored from afar! The ease with which she greeted me, praised—actually praised! those dreadful children; and let me discover that a bouquet from the Lawrence garden would be an acceptable offering, converte my confusion into delight. When the carriage started again, Toddie murmured:

"Ucken Hawwy, does you love that lady?"

"No, Toddie, of course not."

"Then you's baddy man, an' de Lord won't let you go to heaven if you don't love peoples."

You may believe I was glad to get those children home and turn them over to the girl! At dinner they found fault with my blessing, and taught me the one their papa says. Then they condemned my version of Jonah, and Budge gave one certainly much more graphic. And finally, after requiring me to say my prayers first, that performance, too, was boldly criticised. Budge prayed with a face fit for an angel, and then Toddie closed his eyes, wriggled, twiste, breathed hard and at last began:

"Dee Lord not make me sho bad, an' besh mamma, an' papa, an' Budgie, an' doopity (grandfather), an' both boggies (grandmother), an' all good people in dish house, an' everybody else, an' my olly. A-a-men!"

"Now give us candy," said Budge, echoed by Toddie.

I gave them the candy and escaped at last to the parlor, where I passed a delicious evening with my books. That night Toddy howled for his dolly like a young demon, and made me get up and find it for him; and next morning, before he was fairly awake, I was appalled to hear him murmur:

"Want—to—shee—wheels—go—wound."

At breakfast he remarked:

"Ucken Hawwy, daysh an awfoo funny chunt up 'tairs—awfoo big chunt. I show it you after brepspup."

"Toddie's a silly little boy," said Budge; "he always says brepspup for brekbus (breakfast)."

"Oh! what does he mean by chunt' Budge?"

"I guess he means trunk."

A direful thought struck me. I rushed up stairs. Yes, he did mean trunk—my trunk—open! emptied. A blacking box in my dress hat, and rolled up tightly in my dress coat, one of those dolls! But worse was to come. I made an exquisite bouquet for Miss Mayton and put it in a box which I sent to her by the coachman. To my surprise he brought it back, and Toddie, shrieking with delight snatched it and exclaimed:

"Oh, darsh my dolly's k'adle! Somebody put nasty ole flowers in it; I froed 'em away!"

Opening the box he displayed—that infernal doll! I viewed him so sternly that he took refuge in sobs, wept plentifully on my shirt front, and murmured:

"I wantsh to love you, and wantsh you to love me."

Who could resist? I petted and kissed him till he was consoled, and resumed his sovereignty, with the infantile command:

"Kish my dolly, too."

I obeyed, but closed the interview abruptly, and wrote the best apology I could frame to Miss Mayton.

The next day was Sunday. In the morning those boys invaded my bed to "fwolic" and "wide horsie backen," and I sadly learned how it was that my brother-in-law had grown so flat chested. In the afternoon we tried the stories again, and Toddie told, with the most spirited gestures, how

"Dave, let ze sling go bang bequeen Bliaff's eyes, an' knocked him down dead, an' Dave took Bliaff's sword an' sworded Bliaff's head off, an' made it all bluggy, an' Bliaff runned away."

Then Toddie "runned away," and got himself stung by a hornet, and rushed in, sobbing:

"Want to be wocked. Want shing 'Toddie, boy, one day.'"

And I had to rock him and sing, line by line, after Budge, some absurd little doggerel about a basket, beginning:

"Where is my little bastik gone?"
Said Toddie, boy, one day.

When he was soothed, those children beguiled me out to a treacherous muddy brookside, in earch of jacks-in-the-pulpit; Toddie tumbled in, and so did Budge, and in pulling them out I was most horribly spattered! Hurrying home, a carriage overtook us with ladies in it. Could it be?—of course it was! —Miss Mayton herself!

"You seen to have been having a real good time together," said she, as the carriage passed. "Remember, you are all going to call on me to-morrow afternoon."

And so we did, Toddie bearing an expiatory bouquet. The children raced off to watch a grasscutter, and I sat down to a delightful chat with Miss Mayton. Men were scarce among the summer boarders at Hillcrest, and somehow the piazza gradually filled with the ladies of the house. Suddenly a shriek arose from the lawn; Toddie had pinched his fingers "in the little wheels of the cut grass," and rushed up to me, sobbing

"Sing, Toddie, boy, one day."

My blood seemed to freeze, but when Budge explained that "he always wants that song when he's hurt," all the ladies urged me, and I wrathfully picked Toddie up and hummed the detested air. But the little tyrant was not satisfied, and successively required me to "sit in a wockin' chair," to "sing the words," and to "sing louder," till at last, before that audience and her, I was obliged to sing that dreadful doggerel, line for line, as Budge repeated it. My teeth were set, my brow grew clammy. At last I heard some one whisper:

"See how he loves him! Poor man! he's in perfect agony over the little fellow."

But the agony was a prelude to a most unexpected rapture. An apprehensively accepted invitation to dinner, where Toddie titled his soup over Miss Mayton's dress, led to a twilight *tete-a-tete*, which Budge interrupted by informing the lady:

"Uncle Harry 'spects you, Miss Mayton."

The little rascal had, that very morning, demanded to know whether I didn't "love" Miss Mayton, and accepted with suspicion my assurance that I "respected" her very highly. Now, before I could stop him, he continued:

"Only what he calls 'spect, I calls love."

There was an awkward pause—something must be done.

"Miss Mayton," said I, "Budge is a marplot, but a truthful interpreter. I"—

"When I loves anybody," observed Budge, "I kisses them."

Miss Mayton gave a start. She did not speak; she was not angry. Could she be that—? I acted on Budge's suggestion, once, twice. She raised her head and I saw that Alice Mayton had surrendered at discretion. Then Budge and Toddie came in for a share of the kisses; two or three ladies appeared, and I calmly said:

"Come, boys. Then I'll call with the carriage at three to-morrow, Miss Mayton. Good evening."

I shall not tell you what I thought or did during that interval, except that I bought my angelic nephews everything they wanted, beginning with candy and ending with a goat and goat carriage. Nor shall I say a word about my ride with Miss Mayton, except that it was suddenly interrupted by a runaway goat and two boo-hooing boys; and that night Budge prayed:

"Dear Lord, bless just lots that lovely, lovely lady that comforted me after the goat was bad to me."

The next day was wet and those children led me a terrible life! Their only real comfort was Jonah, or rather, the 'whay-al," a picture of which Toddie tenderly caressed, murmuring:

"Dee old whay-al, I loves you. I finks 'twas weal mean in Djonah to get froed up when you hadn't noffin' else to eat, poor old whay-al!"

And Toddie amused himself for some time with a big box for a whale and a dead mouse for a Jonah, till a mishap occurred which he mournfully announced by saying:

"Djonah bwoke he tay-al!"

The next morning, I got a letter from Helen, inclosing one to her from Alice Mayton, from which I learned that I might attribute the sudden success of my suit to Miss Mayton's "seeing that a man who could be so lovable with thoughtless and unreasonable children must be perfectly adorable to the women he loved."

I have not time to tell you how Budge revealed to stately Mrs. Mayton the relations subsisting between her "little girl" and his "Uncle Harry," or how that awful Toddie disclosed our secret to the ladies of Miss Mayton's acquaintance by solemnly declaiming some "Lines to Alice" he had heard me rehearsing in the garden; or how the same Toddie swallowed a "whole bottoo full" of paregoric, and was hurried to the apothecary's with such wholesome results that he reported to his brother:

"Budgie, down to the village I was a whay-al. I didn't froe up Djonah but I froed up a whole floor full of uvver fings."

Tom and Helen came home in due time, and at lunch that day toasts were drunk to "Her" and to "the makers of the match—Budge and Toddie!" And Alice insists that when a certain ceremony takes place they shall officiate as groomsmen, nor have I the slightest doubt that she will carry her point.—*Illustrated Weekly.*

Coughing in Church.

The attendants of churches where coughing is liable to be followed by critical remarks from the minister, should know that coughing is not such a necessity as many imagine. It partakes of the nature of a habit. There is no need for coughing at every little irritation in the throat. You will be surprised on making an effort to suppress your cough to see how little coughing you can get along with. Were a man to stand threatening you with a club or pistol and offering to blow your brains out at the first cough you would find that the will power is most efficacious in suppressing these bronchial insurrections. A French surgeon used to say whenever he entered the wards of the hospital: "The first patient who coughs will be deprived of food to-day." And very few then coughed. Dr. Brown-Sequard says that coughing may be prevented by pressing on the nerves of the lips in the neighborhood of the nose, by pressing in the neighborhood of the ear, and by pressing very hard on the top of the mouth.

The wretched punster on the Boston *Traveller* says: It is so hot in the East Indies sometimes that people tan even indoors—which explains, probably, why they call that country "In-doors-tan."

MARRIED IN THE DARK.

A Michigan Matrimonial Mystery--Four Claimants for a Bride whose Second Bridal Ceremony was Arranged in Accordance with the Will of her Dear Departed.

About twenty years ago there lived in central Michigan a curious old Benedick named Dodsworth. At the age of fifty he married a girl of twenty, and when the burden of sixty years bore him down his wife was only half his age. Dodsworth was noted for his peculiarities, but the climax came when he found himself on his dying bed. He was worth about $30,000, and he hadn't a blood relative living, so far as he knew. He wanted to leave his property to his wife, as the pair had lived very happily, but yet he could not leave it without displaying some of his peculiarities in the provisions of the will. Some old men display a mean spirit when making their wills and draft in a provision cutting the wife off with a shilling, if she marries again. This old man wasn't of that stamp. His young wife was good looking, vivacious, fond of society, and it was folly to suppose she would mourn for her "late departed" any great length of time. Therefore Mr. Dodsworth turned heel on the usual custom and said in his will:

"In case my wife Celia does not take unto herself another husband within thirteen months from date of my burial all bequests otherwise made in this will are to revert to the State of Michigan, to be used for building and furnishing a home for old women."

Whether Celia was pleased or displeased at this provision deponent saith not, but the old man had not been under the sod more than six months when the widow was said to be looking out for another man. If it was singular for the dying Dodsworth to urge his wife to marry again it was still more singular that he should desire the ceremony to be performed under the following circumstances, viz.:

"And it is made incumbent on said Celia Dodsworth that in taking a new husband the marriage ceremony shall be performed in the big barn on my farm, on the H—— road. It shall take place at ten o'clock in the evening, on the main floor, without lights of any description, with all doors shut, and a free invitation shall be extended to all. The clergyman shall stand in the stables and the bride and groom on the main floor, and the principal parties to the ceremony shall be dressed in black throughout."

The widow announced her intention to faithfully obey in spirit and letter, the will was probated and the twelfth month had scarcely passed before she issued an invitation for the public to attend a wedding at the big barn. Just who the groom was to be no one could positively assert, as the widow had been keeping company with a widower, a bachelor and two young men, and as far as any outsider could judge she loved one as well as the other. Being good looking and talented and having a fortune behind her, it was not strange that she should have a number of suitors. She seemed to enter into the spirit of the affair with great zest, as also did the minister; and to further mystify the people in attendance the bride entered the barn alone at one door, the groom alone at another, and no one knew that the minister had arrived until his voice was heard in the stables.

There were at least two hundred people present, and each one understood that even the striking of a match would break the will. Many jokes were passed and considerable confusion existed, but at length the minister announced that all was ready. The ceremony was gone through with, and at its conclusion, the affair having been a "profound success," a rush was made for the bride; she was kissed by a hundred men, and was then carried home, a distance of a mile and a half, in a big arm chair.

Now comes the mystery. When the lady was set down at her own door the widower, the bachelor and the two young men each claimed to be her true and lawful husband. None of the crowd could say who was the lucky man, the minister was at sea and the bride herself seemed to have doubts. The widower was the man of her choice, but in the confusion he could have been hustled aside, and he did affirm that an attempt was made to choke him and get him out of the barn. The bachelor vowed that she had promised to marry him, as also did both young men, and each was sure that he held the widow's plump hand and was legally married to her. The four men had a fight, but that didn't mend matters. The crowd ducked two of them in a creek, but that didn't decide the question.

Just how it would have terminated had not the widower been a man of nerve no one can tell, as the other three had already appealed to the law, when the widower stepped in and took his place as husband and settled with the others for $2,000 each.

One of the young men, now over thirty years old, and having all the wife he wants (she weighs 230 pounds), is living in Jackson, Mich., and, during an interview had with him, he solemnly and earnestly assured the writer that he was legally married to the Widow Dodsworth that night in the big barn. Another of the parties lives in Clinton county, and he has time and again asserted that he is the woman's true and lawful husband, so help his God. The bachelor is dead, but were he alive and kicking he would renew his oft repeated protestations:

"I married her, by gum! and, by gum, I ought to have her!"

Sowing on Horseback.

Numerous as have been the instructions of late for preserving the almost "lost art" of sowing grain by hand, there remains one mode that has escaped mention, and which, when mentioned, will probably be derided by those who have not tried it. I allude to sowing on horseback. Sulky rakes, sulky rollers, etc., are regarded as useful contrivances for the saving of human labor; but none of your correspondents appear to have thought of making the horse perform the labor of walking, and carrying seed bag and sower to and fro across the field during the operation of sowing the grain. And yet, after a long experience, the writer has found that he could distribute seed grain more regularly from the saddle than on foot, and with far more ease and comfort—as any good seedsman will find after a short practice. Grass seeds, however, being lighter than grain, are best sown on foot.—*Country Gentleman.*

AND THAT'S ALL.—They have a "citizens' movement" in Pittsburgh, Penn., and it was all going on very smoothly till one man got up in the meeting and asked: "Ain't I nominated for mayor? "No," said the meeting. "Nor for treasurer?" "No." "Nor for comptroller?" "No." "Then, blast me, if I don't make it warm for this movement, that's all."

BLUE GLASS.

Some of the Results of the Blue Glass Treatment.

The excitement over the blue glass cure in Providence, R. I., has not been excelled anywhere else. The local papers have daily reports regarding the results of the treatment. We select the following from the *Press:*

Mr. Henry O. Wood, bookkeeper, in Wm. A. Wood's pork packing establishment, corner of Washington and Battery streets, has been afflicted with rheumatism for several years. The attacks came on at irregular periods and confined him to the bed for weeks at a time, and for one whole winter he was unable to get out. Medicines gave him but slight relief, and when the disease seized him he felt there was no escape from the torture except after weeks of pain and careful avoidance of the least exposure. Recently the dreaded disease attacked him in the shoulder, arm and foot. He had previously inserted six panes of blue glass in the office window, and he at once prepared for a bath. The foot was exposed to the combined rays of the white and blue light for an hour, when the pain and soreness disappeared. On the following day the pains left his shoulder and arm, and for the first time he had driven the disease away within forty-eight hours from the time it seized him, and within twenty-four hours from the time the treatment was commenced.

Mr. Samuel Boyd, an aged gentleman who lives at 72 Pearl street, has been afflicted for over two years with weakness of the limbs, resulting from heart disease, and during the last year his right foot became useless, dragging on the floor when he was assisted to and from his bed to his chair. The use of both limbs was very much impaired and latterly he had no control over them. He had three panes of blue glass placed in a west window. A sufficient trial has not been given yet to ascertain whether he will be permanently cured, but the good effects, thus far, after only two or three days bathing, convinces him that he will regain his strength. He is able, while sitting in his chair, to swing his legs at will in any direction as easily as he ever did. All he lacks is sufficient strength to bear the weight of his body (being a very portly man), to enable him to walk as formerly. His strength is returning slowly, and one person instead of two can now help him from his bed to his easy chair. One peculiarity in his case is that he cannot bear the bath for any considerable length of time, not being able to remain under the rays but a few minutes at a time. As his strength increases he is enabled to prolong his stay in the bath. In this case, as in most of the others, the bath produces drowsiness, and unless the pain is intense, the patient drops off into a peaceful slumber. Mr. Boyd's limbs were entirely useless for three weeks previous to taking the baths, and obtaining control of his limbs so soon may be considered very remarkable. The progress of the treatment of heart disease in this case will be watched, and it is to be hoped that the aged sufferer will be permanently benefited by the treatment.

Mrs. H. S., who lives at No. —— Bridgham street, has been taking blue sun baths for a chronic difficulty during the past two weeks with remarkable results. She had been under the treatment of physicians for months, but no relief had been obtained. She continued to grow worse and worse, and had to be assisted by her husband from the bed to her chair. The husband prepared a window with blue glass, and the sufferer began to grow stronger and is now able to walk about the room unassisted. She feels a great deal better and believes she will ultimately be cured.

A number of florists, horticulturists and gardeners are experimenting with blue glass, but sufficient time has not elapsed since the commencement of the trials to determine what will be the result upon vegetable life. Mr. Henry Randall, of Scituate, furnished a portion of his house with blue glass, and to give the theory a fair test he planted two beds with tomato seed, under exactly the same conditions, where one would receive the combined white and blue rays and the other the ordinary sunlight. The plants under the blue light germinated and made their appearance first, and to-day those under the blue glass are more than three times larger than the others and have healthier and more sturdy stalks. Mr. Randall is convinced of the effect of the blue rays upon plants, and will arrange blue glass throughout his hot houses.

Blue Glass in Chicago.

Are there "blue glass" devotees in the metropolis? asks a lady of Chicago, and then she goes on to say: Across the way from my room, which is in the heart of the city, stands a five-story brick block, nameless here, a fashionable tenement house. Up in the fifth story is a window composed of alternate blue and white. The first day of my arrival here being a bright one, I noticed, in addition to this, in several of the other windows squares of the azure transparency in gilt frames, either suspended by cords or held in the hand. I was looking at it curiously when a voice in the next room—which, by the way, is occupied by a couple of medical students—said: "By Jove! 'blue glass' in the upper left hand corner." Raising my eyes to the window containing the strips, I saw what? A lady, very much *en deshabille*, sitting directly in front of the said window; and then I saw before all these squares either man, woman or child. My wonder increased as to the meaning of these things; but the answer was not yet.

I was still more mystified upon going out upon the street, for as I passed a melancholy looking individual he murmured in low tones to his companion: "Yes, there's money in 'blue glass.'" A little further on a glazier's sign read: "'Blue glass,' all shapes and sizes, cheap." The newsboys screamed: "Daily papers! All about the 'blue glass' cure." Desperate at last, I purchased a paper and hastened home, determined to solve the riddle if possible. I found a column headed "Wonderful cures peformed; neuralgia cured in ten minutes;" and all by "blue glass." So the mystery was solved, and at the rate our city papers are multiplying cures, the physicians will have to remove their signs and go to some vast wilderness where "blue glass" cannot penetrate.

His Club Life.

After Commodore Vanderbilt joined the Union club and heard in the season, the talk of its most voluble members turn upon yachting he used to say that some day he would show them how to sail a boat by taking the slowest yacht in the squadron and winning a regatta cup. After thus bantering the nautical enthusiasts for several years he fulfilled his pledge, chose the Edgar yacht Cornelia, that had never approached a prize, and beat the whole squadron in the East river by his masterly management of the sluggish craft, standing at the helm from eleven A. M. until dark, when he brought her in a handsome winner.

The German word for life insurance company is lebensversicherungsgesellschaft. It has the great advantage that while the agent is pronouncing it, the victim is fairly warned, and has an opportunity to climb over the fence and hide under the barn.

Why Advertise?

People sometimes ask why does Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., spend so much money in advertising his family medicines, which are so well known and surpass all other remedies in popularity and sale. It is well known that A. T. Stewart considered it good policy, and undoubtedly it paid him, to spend many hundred thousand dollars in advertising his goods, yet nobody questioned the excellence of his merchandise. The grand secret of success lies in offering goods only which possess merit to sustain themselves, and then through liberal and persistent advertising making the people thoroughly acquainted with their good qualities. Men do not succeed in amassing great fortunes, establishing a thriving and permanent business, and founding substantial institutions like Dr. Pierce's Grand Invalids' Hotel at Buffalo, which cost over two hundred thousand dollars, unless their business be legitimate, their goods meritorious, and their services which they render the people genuine and valuable. Dr. Pierce does not attempt to humbug you by telling you that his Golden Medical Discovery will cure all diseases. He says: "If your lungs are half wasted by consumption, my Discovery will not cure you, yet as a remedy for severe coughs, and all incurable bronchial, throat and lung affections, I believe it to be unsurpassed as a remedy." The people have confidence in his medicines because he does not over recommend them, and when tried they give satisfaction. His Medical Adviser, a book of over nine hundred pages, illustrated by two hundred and eighty-two engravings and bound in cloth and gilt, is offered to the people at so moderate a price ($1.50, post-paid), that it is no wonder that almost one hundred thousand have already been sold. His memorandum books are on every druggist's counter for free distribution.

When You Go to New York.

It is desirable to stay at the best hotel. The best hotel at present is within the reach of the most moderate purse. It should be generally known that the Grand Central, the largest of the first-class hotels, has reached the lowest "hard pan" reduction yet made—that is the best first-class accommodations for $2.50 and $3.00, instead of $4.00 and $5.00 per day.

"A Slight Cold," Coughs.

Few are aware of the importance of checking a cough or "slight cold," which would yield to a mild remedy, but, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give sure and almost immediate relief.

A Good Place to Stop.

When you go to New York, the Tremont House, 665 Broadway, kept on European plan, is the place. You can have a comfortable room for 75 cents and $1.00 per day. You can get a good meal for from 30 cents to 50 cents. You will be near all the wholesale dry goods houses, and the cars and stages passing the door will take you to any part of the city. I was satisfied; I know every one will be who gives them a trial.

[From a Distinguished Jurist.].

"I have tried the Peruvian Syrup, and the result fully sustains your prediction. It has made a new man of me, infused into my system new vigor or energy: I am no longer tremulous and debilitated, as when you last saw me, but stronger, heartier, and with larger capacity for labor, mental and physical, than at any time during the last five years."

There are probably a hundred or more persons in this and neighboring towns, who daily suffer from the distressing effects of kidney troubles, who do not know that *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* is almost a certain cure. In severe cases, great relief may be obtained, if not a perfect cure.

If the board of health, which spent thousands of dollars in the general distribution of deodorizers to prevent the spread of contagious fevers, would be consistent, they should gratuitously distribute GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP to the victims of the contagious eruptions. Sold everywhere. Depot—Crittenton's, No. 7 Sixth avenue, New York.

Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c.

We notice that the agricultural papers all over the country recommend the use of *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders.—Exchange.*

Farmers and others in this section have long known and appreciated the advantage of these powders over all others.

Is there one reader of this paper suffering from rheumatism? If so write to Helphenstine & Bentley, druggists, Washington, D. C., for a circular of Durang's Rheumatic Remedy. This medicine is taken internally, and will positively cure any case of rheumatism on the face of the green earth. Price, one dollar a bottle.

Popularity.

The popularity of Messrs. James S. Kirk & Co.'s soaps, manufactured in Chicago, is shown by the unprecedented sale which their goods have reached during the year 1876. This by far is the largest soap manufacturing concern in the United States, producing and selling in all parts of this country, from the Red river of the North to New Orleans, and from Portland, Me., to San Francisco, 25,000,000 pounds annually. No so-called greases enter into these soaps. Only pure refined tallow and vegetable oils are used, containing no adulteration. Fair and square weights always reliable. This is why their soaps are so popular with all good and economical housekeepers.

Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, the Great New England cure for coughs, colds and consumption. Cutler Bros. & Co.'s, Boston, only genuine.

Patentees and inventors should read advertisement of Edson Bros., in another column.

HALE'S
HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR
FOR THE CURE OF
Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, and all Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs, leading to Consumption.

This infallible remedy is composed of the HONEY of the plant Horehound, in chemical union with TAR-BALM, extracted from the LIFE PRINCIPLE of the forest tree ABIES BALSAMEA, or Balm of Gilead.

The Honey of Horehound SOOTHES AND SCATTERS all irritations and inflammations, and the Tar-balm CLEANSES AND HEALS the throat and air passages leading to the lungs. FIVE additional ingredients keep the organs cool, moist, and in healthful action. Let no prejudice keep you from trying this great medicine of a famous doctor who has saved thousands of lives by it in his large private practice.

N.B.—The Tar-Balm has no BAD TASTE or smell.

PRICES 50 CENTS AND $1 PER BOTTLE.

Great saving to buy large size.

"Pike's Toothache Drops" Cure in 1 Minute.

Sold by all Druggists.

C. N. CRITTENTON, Prop., N.Y.

WANTED—Men to solicit orders for our goods; permanent employment; good salary. Traveling expenses paid by Company. Union Indust'l Works, Cincinnati, O.

OPIUM HABIT CURED AT HOME. No publicity. Time short. Terms mod erate. 1,000 Testimonials. Describe case. DR. P. E. MARSH, Quincy, Mich.

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OF A
BOSTON DRUGGIST.

Gentlemen,—I hereby certify that I have had Catarrh for ten years, and for the last six years have been a terrible sufferer. I was rendered partially deaf, had buzzing in the head, pains across the temple, dizzy spells, weak and painful eyes, swollen and ulcerated tonsils, hard and constant cough, severe pain across the chest, and every indication of consumption. My head ached all the time. The matter accumulated so rapidly in my head and throat that I could not keep them free. Frequently at night I would spring out of bed, it seemed to me, at the point of suffocation. I would then have recourse to every means in my power to dislodge the mucus from my throat and head before being able to sleep again. For a period of six years my tonsils were ulcerated and so much inflamed that I could with difficulty swallow. I finally consulted an eminent surgeon in regard to an operation on them, but at his request postponed it. The constant inflammation and ulceration in my throat, caused by the poisonous matter dropping down from my head, had so irritated and inflamed my lungs that I coughed incessantly,—a deep, hard cough. Meanwhile my system began to show the effects of this disease, so that I lost flesh, grew pale, and showed every symptom of an early death by consumption. When matters had reached this stage, or about six months ago, I began the use of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH. After using the first bottle I began to improve rapidly. The first dose seemed to clear my head as I had not known it to be for years. It seemed gradually to arrest the discharges. *It stopped my cough in three days.* By using it as a gargle I soon reduced the inflammation and swelling of my tonsils, so that they soon ceased to trouble me. The soreness across my chest disappeared, the buzzing noises in my head ceased, my senses of hearing and of seeing were completely restored, and every symptom of disease that had reduced me to the verge of the grave disappeared by the use of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH.

I have been thus explicit because, as a druggist, I have seen a great deal of suffering from Catarrh, and hope to convince many that this is a great remedy.

I am familiar with the treatment of Catarrh as practised by the best physicians, and have consulted the most eminent about my case. I have used every kind of remedy and apparatus that have appeared during a period of six years past, and have, while following their use, taken great care of my general health, but obtained no relief or encouragement from any of them.

Since curing myself with SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE, I have recommended it in over one hundred cases without a single case of failure, and have in numerous instances received wholesale orders from parties to whom I have sold one bottle. This is the only patent medicine I have ever recommended, never having believed in them before, although constantly engaged in their sale. Very gratefully yours,

BOSTON, Feb. 23, 1875. GEORGE F. DINSMORE.

SUFFOLK, ss. Feb. 23, 1875.

Then personally appeared the said George F. Dinsmore, and made oath that the foregoing statement by him subscribed is true. Before me,

SETH J. THOMAS,
Justice of the Peace.

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