RUINED HOMES.

Unhappy Marriages and Their Effects Described.—Why Marriages Will Become Unfrequent.

It is related of a certain old cynic that when one of his juniors was introduced to him he would ask, "Are you married?" If the answer was in the affirmative, his comment was: "Lucky dog!" If he received a negative reply, he ejaculated: "Happy dog!" It is needless to say that the old cynic was himself a married man. An old English poet has compared matrimony to a lighted lantern. The insects outside butt their heads against the pane to get in, while those inside butt their heads to get out again. How much cynicism there is in the old poet's figure, we cannot undertake to say. It is certain that unless things speedily mend, there will be a general and justifiable belief among young people in the infelicity of the marriage state. Now and then, as if by a flash of lightning, the public is shown the frightful skeleton which some unhappy couple have kept in their closet. Or a lawsuit takes the roof of a man's house and reveals a state off things inside which the shuddering observer likens to the place of the damned. Scarcely a day passes in which it is not the duty of the newspaper chronicle to record some event by which a jarring couple advertise their misery to the world.

It is a dreadful ending to a drama which opened with so much happy promise. There was a lovely young bride, for all young brides are lovely, crowned with the delicate flowers which were emblems of her sweetness and purity. She gave her trembling hand to the proud and happy bridegroom. Long, perhaps, had he pressed his ardent suit. And now he was like a young king just come to his majority. She was trusting, and he was so sincerely devoted that he knew that no wind of heaven should visit her cheek too roughly while he lived. What a charming picture they made as they stood at the altar—a rare combination of beauty and strength—joyfully entering upon the holiest covenant which humanity makes with humanity. How many good wishes follow them, what ripples of delight spread outward from the joyous event that makes them one. Wherever they go they carry their happiness with them, so impossible of concealment that even the most indifferent stranger takes a share in their benediction. Hard-featured old people look on with an unconscious relaxation of visage. The machine-like servants, railway people, and hotel clerks met on the wedding journey surrender a trifle of their official coldness, and look kindly on the gay, innocent pair. Not only is earth to these new beginners a rosy place to live in, but each has found the perfect companion for life.

In the nature of things, this cannot always be. No more is it possible that one should always bear the weight of grief which bows one at the side of a death-bed. The load of sorrow wears away before we are satisfied that we ought ever to be happy again. And the refined joy of the bridal time is tempered by the cares and responsibilities of married life. But when it happens, as it often does, that the drama that began with music, flowers, smiles, and sunshine, speedily ends in darkness and misery, the mournful conclusion is that there has been a terrible mistake. It is better, perhaps, that the world should never know just where the error lay. Perhaps it was in the beginning. Perhaps some fault of temper, some long concealed vice, some unsuspected weakness, came to the surface when all else was smooth and fair. Possibly, each of the partners was in fault, and, instead of bearing with each other, they were petulant, suspicious, exacting, or simply cold and indifferent. Whatever was the original cause of estrangement, things went on from bad to worse until the domestic trouble is bruited far and wide. The man and woman who tasted together the sweetness of love's young dream are hating each other. The husband who swore to love and cherish, (and meant it, too,) is trying to break his lawful wedlock. The wife who vowed to love and honor finds life a blank. She has lost her happiness forever.

This is all very miserable. It seems more miserable because we involuntarily contrast the conclusion with the lovely picture of the beginning. In all the wide world there is no place so horrible as a home in which husband and wife are at odds. It is no home. The woman is an alien under the roof of him who was to defend and protect her. The man, who should find rest and comfort in his home, shuts his door behind him with a sense of relief, and goes out into the streets to escape the horror that broods in his house. Is it any wonder that murder, suicide, drunkenness, and shame often hurry to drop the curtain on all this misery? And is it any wonder that young people who see this wretched end of a promising life are afraid to try the experiment? For it is an experiment, and, unfortunately, the failures are more conspicuous than the successful issues. No man can tell whether a majority of marriages are happy or unhappy; too many skeletons are kept securely locked in domestic secrecy. But there are so many woeful chapters of wedded misery unfolded to the public gaze that men say, "I may be singly unblest; but I may also be cursed double."

It is evident that many marriages are not founded on love and respect. Some are contracted like business partnerships; some are entered upon out of pique; and not a few marry without any adequate notion of the binding nature of the obligations so lightly assumed. We have gone far away from the old-fashioned homely idea of home. Unless we have more wholesome views of life and society, happy marriages will become more unfrequent.—*New York Times.*

Reminiscence of Nellie Grant's Wedding.

When Mrs. Sartoris, radiant with happiness, had gone from home and kindred to cross the ocean and find new ties with strangers, her wedding robe and veil were the last articles to be put away in one of those zinc packing-boxes that was used to preserve her silks from the effects of a sea voyage. An attache of the White House took a porter up stairs to bring down this last packing-box—it was in Nellie's room. He knocked; receiving no answer he entered. Mrs. Grant confronted him, and by a sign motioned him not to permit the porter to enter, and laid her finger upon her mouth to invoke silence. The man glanced about the apartment to divine the cause of this imposed quiet. Upon his daughter's bed, his face buried in her pillows, convulsed with suppressed emotion, lay prone and prostrate the grief-stricken father, who had gone through all the ceremonies of that marriage day with dry eyes and an unmoved countenance, but parent love for a favorite child had conquered the "belted sphinx" only in the privacy of his daughter's chamber.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Charity Green's Gifts.

"Double fold, and only five cents a yard. It was the cheapest piece o' plaid worsted I ever laid my eyes on!" exclaimed to herself Miss Charity Green, the old maid tailoress of Allantown, and she unfolded the three-dollar bank-note which she had received the day before for a week and a half's sewing at the Squire's, and smoothed the ragged corners, and looked at it affectionately.

"Six yards 'll make me a full dress, and I must have it to wear at cousin Nathan's, as they've sent me their usual invitation to Christmas dinner. I guess I'll step over and get the stuff at once and run up the breadths this evenin', as I've got all them buttonholes on Joseph Blake's new coat to make to-morrow, and I've no time to let grass grow under my feet."

Miss Charity Green was a very poor woman who lived by her needle, and rented the "middle room" in widow Blake's small one-story house. She had a thin, faded face, with nothing pretty or attractive about it, except when she smiled, and then little children would be sure to forget all about the wrinkles and the homeliness, and tangle her spools of thread and play with the scissors, which always hung around her neck, fastened with black ribbon, and never dream of stopping or being in the least alarmed by her frequent, "There, there, children! Dear me! I do believe little hands are the busiest in the world? Who ever did see!"

Poor Miss Charity Green! She was that very sad spectacle, a lonely, almost friendless woman, without father or mother, brother or sister, husband or children in the world. Her life was turning its face toward half a century of years; her health, never vigorous, was gradually failing her; and a cold, lonely old age rose up sometimes and appalled her with its chill and gloom. She had to work early and late, for the roof that sheltered and the bread that nourished her. Poor Miss Charity Green!

But as she tied on her straw bonnet that evening, there was a quick knock at the door, and the next moment a little brown curly head, with a pair of eager, bright, dancing eyes was thrust inside.

"Come in, Johnnie; what do you want?" said Miss Charity Green. And if you had heard her voice just then you would have understood something of the secret of her being so general a favorite with children.

"Mother wants to know, Miss Green, if you'll lend her a drawin' o' tea. She'll pay you to-morrow."

"O she needn't be in the least bit o' hurry about that are," answered Miss Green, as she took the little blue cup from the boy's hand. "Do sit down, Johnnie, and warm yourself by the fire."

And the boy sat down in the great arm-chair, while the woman measured the tea in the cover of her tin canister.

"Mother and sisters pretty well today, Johnnie?"

"Yes, ma'am, only mother said she felt a little o' rheumatiz in her right shoulder this mornin'."

"Dear me, suz! It won't do for her to let the rheumatiz get hold on her this time o' year. I'll jest step out into the shed and get her a little boneset. I al'ays lay up some every fall, for there's nothin' like it for rheumatiz, as my grandfather used to say."

And as the woman tied up the dried herbs in a piece of brown paper, it struck her that her little neighbor was unusually grave and silent; so half with the purpose of drawing out any concealed trouble which might possess him, Miss Green continued the conversation.

"Well, Johnnie, you all goin' to have a merry Christmas at your house?"

"I don't know," said the boy in a disconsolate tone of voice, twisting his brown fingers in and out of each other.

"What! you and sisters not going to hang up your stockings?"

"No, ma'am; mother said she couldn't afford to give us any presents this year. Ellen and Jane cried all the afternoon about it."

"Wall, now, I declare! That is too bad," answered the sympathizing voice of Miss Green, and she silently tied the paper and snapped the thread with her scissors, and as she placed it in the boy's hands she said to him, "Never mind. Johnnie, dear. Pluck up good heart. May be somethin' 'll turn up about them Christmas presents after all."

"If I was only a little better off now," murmured Miss Charity Green as she rocked herself back and forth in her great arm-chair, "them are children shouldn't go without hangin' up their stockings. I'd willingly sell my dinner to buy 'em some presents, for I know jest how much store children set by 'em. I shan't take a minute's comfort thinkin' o' the children's disappointment, and yet I don't see how in the world I can prevent it. If I didn't need that plaid dress now"—here the woman unclasped her bead purse and drew out the bank-note and looked at it wistfully.

"Them children must hang up their stockings; but if they do I must go without my dress, for it's just come to that. One thing's sartin, I couldn't take a minute's comfort there in a new one thinking on *Miss* Russell's children; no, not if it was the finest satin that ever stood alone," and here Miss Charity Green brought down her foot with solemn emphasis. "I must wear my shabby old silk, and those that don't like the looks must turn their heads t'other way; for as long as I hold three dollars in my hands them children sha'n't go without a merry Christmas."

"Oh! is that you? Do come in, Miss Green," and the little pale, sorrowful-faced, care-worn Mrs. Russell lifted her head from the child's stocking she was darning as her neighbor entered the room.

"Little folks all abed?" whispered Miss Green in a low, mysterious tone of voice, as she came into the room with something carefully concealed under her shawl.

"Yes, I sent 'em off an hour ago—poor things!" and a deep sigh heaved the heart of widow Russell—a sigh that was born of wearying cares, and baffled hopes, and fainting spirits.

"Wall, you see, *Miss* Russell," still preserving her low, mysterious tones, and slowly uncovering her red merino shawl, revealing several packages in brown paper. "I thought as it was about Christmas time when little folks would want some fixins—you know children ain't like grown folks anyhow; so I kinder thought I'd slip somethin' into their stockings, for I s'pose you'd ways enough for every penny."

"Oh, Miss Green, you are too good now!"

What a light it was that broke over the pale, worn face of the mother as her eyes fell on the bundles!

"S'pose you jest take a squint at 'em," said the old maid, breaking the small cords and tearing away the wrappers.

First, there was a blue drum with red stripes for Johnnie, which his mother knew would fairly throw him into ecstasies; then in a round pink box was a white china tea-set for Ellen, with the most diminutive cups and saucers, and the daintiest sugar-bowl, and cream-mug, and water-pitcher; and for little Jane there was a wax doll, with black eyes, and ruby lips, and small dainty rings of real brown hair; and a red-bird in a cage picking seeds out of a yellow trough; and added to all these was a purple horn-of-plenty tied with golden ribbons, and filled with sugar plums for each of the children.

Mrs. Russell's faded eyes gleamed with new light as she gazed at the gifts. She tried to speak, but the words choked themselves back in her throat, and she broke down in a sob of tears.

"Wall, I do say now, *Miss* Russell," said her neighbor, attempting in awkward but sincere fashion to comfort her. "Don't give up so. It ain't much, I know, but then we all had to be children once."

"Yes, Miss Green, and it's jest the thought o' that and the good times we used to have when I was a wild, careless gal at father's that's e'en a-most broke my heart ever since I told the children they mustn't expect to hang up their stockings this Christmas. You never did seen children so put down in your life; they ain't hardly smiled since, and it's seemed as though we'd had a funeral in the house when I put 'em to bed to-night."

"Well, s'pose now you jest get their stockings and we'll slip them in, and you can pin 'em up to the bed-post, you know."

Mrs. Russell went to her chest of cherry drawers and brought forth three small blue and white woolen stockings, and the hearts of the two women were full of a tune of gladness, as they crowded the playthings inside.

"The house won't hold 'em to-morrow mornin'," exclaimed Mrs. Russell. "They's be as proud as kings and queens."

"Bless their hearts!" said Miss Green. "There ain't no use o' tryin' to get this drum inside."

"No, I'll jest set it on the mantle. Dear me! I expect I sha'n't know whether my head's off or on to-morrow mornin' about seven o'clock."

And so Mrs. Russell's mother heart dwelt on the delight of her children, and Miss Green drank in her words greedily, with frequent ejaculations of wonder and sympathy.

"Ugh! how the wind does blow!" said the old maid as she gathered her shawl closer about her head and hastened down the road to her home, while a raw blast struck her in the face. The night was full of the moan of winds and the anger of black wintery clouds; but Charity Green did not mind this, for her heart was full of the last words of Mrs. Russell:

"I don't know how to thank you, Miss Green, but you have remembered the widow and the fatherless, and be sure God will remember it of you."

"Merry Christmas—merry Christmas, Miss Green!" The voices, the bright, eager, children's voices, were outside the door and inside the room all in a breath.

There was Johnnie with his drum, and Ellen whose blue eyes danced with joy over her tea-set, and little flaxen-haired Jane, who looked "cunning as a witch," Miss Green averred, as she hugged up in true motherly fashion her precious doll to her heart.

Then such a confusion of voices and running of feet, drowned frequently in the sound of Johnnie's drum, as went on for the next hour in Miss Green's solitary room.

"We're goin' to play company this afternoon," said Ellen, "and I'm goin' to set out my tea-set and"—

"And I'm goin' to be mother," broke in the sweet child-voice of little Jane. "And I shall bring dolly and the canary and act just like a big woman goin' a visitin'."

"And I'm goin' to be a soldier jest come home from the wars," said Johnnie; and here he struck on his drum so loud that Miss Green put her hands to her ears, exclaiming: "Oh, children, for all the world! What a clash you do make!" but her face was full of smiles all the time.

Miss Charity Green wore her old black silk dress to her cousin's Christmas dinner. It looked gray and shabby, it is true; but she would not have felt half so happy in the richest velvet that ever adorned the figure of an empress.

A Simple Method of Ventilating Rooms.

Dr. H. N. Dodge informs us that he has found the following plan very satisfactory for the ventilation of rooms that are much used during cold weather: Nail or screw a neat strip of wood, from one to two inches high, upon the window sill, just inside of the sash and extending entirely across from one side of the window frame to the other. Upon the top of this strip fasten a piece of ordinary "weather strip," so that there will be formed an air-tight joint between the "weather strip" and the lower sash of the window, whether the latter is shut down tight or raised an inch or two, the lower cross-piece of the sash sliding on the rubber of the "weather strip" as the sash rises. With this simple fixture in place, the lower sash may be raised enough to admit a stream of air between the lower and upper sashes, where they lap over each other at the middle of the window, without admitting the least air at the window sill. The air admitted between the sashes is thrown directly up toward the ceiling, and there mixes with the heated air at the upper part of the room. The room is thereby ventilated in a thorough and agreeable manner without drafts of cold air upon the persons in the room. The amount of ventilation may be regulated by the distance that the lower sash is raised. This arrangement is cheap, simple and effective.—*Scientific American.*

On a railway line, recently, a passenger stopped the conductor and asked: "Why does not the train run faster?" "It goes fast enough to suit us. If you don't like the rate of speed, get off and walk," was the rejoinder. "I would," replied the passenger, settling back in his seat, "but my friends wouldn't come for me until the train comes in, and I don't want to be waiting around the station two or three hours."

The heroic attack upon Fort St. Nicholas in the Shipka Pass, was led by an Englishman, Major Campbell. At the head of a battalion of 800 men he took the fort and held it for six hours, and then had to retreat. Of the 800 men only five, beside the major himself, returned to the Turkish lines. It is the pluckiest exploit of the present war.

Millions of bottles of Burnett's Cocoaine have been sold during the last twenty years, in every civilized country, and the public have rendered the verdict that it is the cheapest and best Hair Dressing in the world.

Ayer & Son's manual contains information of great value to advertisers. *Sent free* by N. W. Ayer & Son, Adv. Agts., Philadelphia.

Effects of Breathing Foul Air.

The air we breathe, which a great English physician calls gaseous food, may become impure to the degree of being indigestible to our lungs and utterly unfit for the performance of functions which are quite as important as those of our solid and fluid victuals. Dull headaches, nausea, loss of appetite and of the sense of smell, and the sadness produced by the unsatisfied hunger after exygen, are only incidental and secondary evils; the great principal curse of the troglodyte habit is its influence on the respiratory organs. In 1853, when Hanover and other parts of northern Germany were visited by a very malignant kind of small-pox, the great anatomist Langenbeck tried to discover "the peculiarity of organic structure which disposes one man to catch the disease while his neighbor escapes. I have cut up more human bodies than the Old Man of the Mountain with all his accomplices," he writes from Gottingen in his semi-annual report, "and, speaking only of my primary object, I must confess that I am no wiser than before. But, though the mystery of small-pox has eluded my search, my labors have not been in vain; they have revealed to me something else—the origin of consumption. I am sure now of what I suspected long ago, viz., that pulmonary diseases have very little to do with intemperance or with erotic excesses, and much less with cold weather, but are nearly exclusively (if we except tuberculous tendencies inherited from both parents, I say quite exclusively) produced by the breathing of foul air. The lungs of all persons, minors included, who had worked for some years in close workshops and dusty factories, showed the germs of the fatal disease, while confirmed inebriates, who had passed their days in open air, had preserved their respiratory organs intact, whatever inroads their excesses had made on the rest of their system. If I should go into practice and undertake the cure of a consumptive, I should begin by driving him into the Deister (a densely wooded mountain range of Hanover) and prevent him from entering a house for a year or two."—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Mars's Moons.

When the telegraph announced the discovery of Prof. Hall that our neighboring planet had two satellites, and the dispatch was read the next morning at ten thousand American breakfast tables, what think you was the effect upon the hearers? Some colloquy similar to the following was sure to occur: "Mars has two moons, hey? Pass me the milk, Kitty. Strange, isn't it, that astronomers never saw them before. Another chop, please. I wonder what they'll discover next? These corn cakes are excellent. What's the latest from Europe?" We have become so accustomed to startling discoveries and announcements, that we take them as a matter of course. Even truth must appear in flaming colors to make itself seen. The virtues of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets have been tested in ten thousand households, whose inmates will tell you that they consider the discovery and introduction of these remedies of far more importance to the world than the moons of Mars.

SHIPMAN, ILL., June 13, 1877.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—Last fall our daughter—aged 18—was fast sinking with consumption. Different physicians had pronounced her case incurable. I obtained half a dozen bottles of your Golden Medical Discovery. She commenced improving at once, and is now as hardy as a pine knot.

Yours respectively,

REV. ISSAC N. AUGUSTINE.

The Influence of Malaria Counteracted.

That the harmful influence upon the human system of malaria may be effectually counteracted has been demonstrated for years past by the protection afforded the inhabitants of vast miasma-breeding districts in North and South America, Guetamala, Mexico and the West Indies by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Used as a preventive, they have invariably been found to be a most reliable safeguard against chills and fever, bilious remittents, and still more malignant types of malarious disease, and when employed as a remedy have always proved their adequacy to the task of eradicating such maladies from the system. For disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, which in hot climates and miasmatic localities are particularly rife, the Bitters are a prompt and thorough remedy. They also strengthen the system, tranquilize the nerves, promote digestion and sound sleep, and impart unwonted relish for food.

Mrs. General Sherman, wife of the general of the United States army, says: "I have frequently purchased Durang's Rheumatic Remedy for friends suffering with rheumatism, and in every instance it worked like magic." Send for circular to Helphenstine & Bentley, druggists, Washington, D. C.

CHEW
The Celebrated
"MATCHLESS"
Wood Tag Plug
TOBACCO.
THE PIONEER TOBACCO COMPANY,
New York, Boston, and Chicago

The elegant company from Duff's Broadway Theater, New York city, are playing to a succession of crowded houses in New York State and Canada. In the hands of this talented organization the play of Pink Dominoes has made a decided hit, and is spoken of as a masterly performance.

Rheumatism Quickly Cured.

"Durang's Rheumatic Remedy," the great internal medicine, will positively cure any case of rheumatism on the face of the earth. Price $1 per bottle, six bottles, $5. Sold by all druggists. Send for circular to Helphenstine & Bentley, Druggists, Washington, D. C.

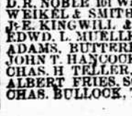
To Dyspeptics and Invalids.

Biscuits, rolls, cake or pastry, made with Dooley's Yeast Powder, can be eaten with impunity and relished by the most sensitive dyspeptics as healthy and nutritious.

Ireland to the Front!

if you are bilious take Quirk's Irish Tea. Sold by druggists at 25 cents a package.

A Good Well can be made in one day with our 4-foot WELL AUGER. Send for our auger book. U. S. AUGER CO., St. Louis, Mo. d



DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR WAS tested, and will do it on the SMOOTHEST FACE. Here than 20,000 young men ALREADY WEAR BEAUTIFUL MOUSTACHE AND BEARD, having used from 1 to 2 Pack'gs. E. Dykes's Elixir. Each pack'g. Certain to effect. Package, with directions post-paid 25 cts. 3 for 50 cts. SMITH & CO. Sole Agents, Palatine, Ill. This preparation is genuine. The public will use no other. Address as above.

TAKE NOTICE, WE have the LARGEST and best selling Stationery Package in the world. It contains 18 sheets of Paper, 18 Envelopes, Pencil, Penholder, Golden Pen, and a piece of valuable Jewelry. Complete sample package, with elegant gold stone Sleeve Buttons, Set Gold-plated Studs, Engraved Gold-plated Ring, and a Ladies' Fashionable Fancy Set, Pin and Drops, postpaid 25 cents. 5 PACKAGES with Assorted Jewelry $1. **A Splendid Watch and Chain free with every $50 worth of Goods you buy.** Extraordinary Inducements to Agents. BRIDE & CO. 11 Clinton Place, New York

PENSIONS—Soldiers suffering from wounds, injuries, or disease, can procure pension, and those who are pensioned can have their pensions *increased*, where their present rating is too low, as is the case in thousands of instances. Widows and children of soldiers who died in and out of the army of disease contracted in service, are entitled to pension. Full bounty is due all soldiers discharged for wounds, rupture, or injury other than disease. Soldiers who were prisoners of war can secure pay for rations, for the time so held. For full information, address with stamp, McNEIL & BIRCH, Washington, D. C.

No fee till claim allowed

"OUR ARTIST."

JUST OUT—A new comic book entitled

"OUR ARTIST IN CUBA, PERU, SPAIN, AND ALGIERS,"

with numerous new caricatures and sketches of travel in those tropical countries. By G. W. Carleton. Price—50 cts. Elegantly printed. CARLETON & CO., Publishers, New York.

HENS LAY if fed with EGYPTIAN EGG PRODUCER, scraps not needed: 1 lb. is enough for 10 hens a month. Grocers sell it, 4 lbs. $1; 1 lb. 35 cts. C. W. GUY, Manufacturer, 33 Bedford St., Boston. Circulars free. One pound sent, postage paid, for 50 cts. Agents wanted in every town in the United States. Agents, Jobbers and Retailers supplied by D. R. NOBLE 101 Wall St., N. Y. WEIKEL & SMITH SPICE CO., Philadelphia, Penn. JAS. KINGWILL & BRO., 134 So. Water St. Chicago. EDWD. L. MUELLER, 83 N. Main St., St. Louis, Mo. ADAMS, BUTTERFIELD & CO., Indianapolis, Ind. JOHN T. HANCOCK & CO., Dubuque, Ia. CHAS. H. TELLER, 44 Joy St., Detroit, Mich. ALBERT FRIES, St. Nicholas, Fla. CHAS. BULLOCK, Trenton, N. J.

MESSRS. TIFFANY & CO., UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY, the leading Jewelers and Silversmiths in the United States, have just prepared for complimentary distribution, a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, containing a condensed account of each of their several departments, practical suggestions relative to the selection of presents for Ladies, Gentlemen or Children, and lists of appropriate articles, that cannot fail to be of service to persons having gifts to select for Wedding, Holiday or other occasions. They will send it by mail, postage paid, on request.

ADDRESS AS ABOVE.

Books Old & New wanted and sold. Immense Catalogue. *American Book Exchange*, 55 Beekman St., N.Y.

PATTERNS *for Wood-Splint fancy work*; 40 designs. 12c post-paid. J. JAY GOULD, Boston, Mass.

JUST OUT! **Turtle Sleeve Buttons** A great curiosity and novelty, made of White Metal and plated with either silver or nickel. Each button contains a perfect imitation of a *Live Turtle* with moveable head, tail, and legs and so sensitive to the touch that no one can hold them still. Sample pair sent to any address, by mail, post-paid, on receipt of 50 cents in currency or postage stamps. Illustrated circulars of four other splendid novelties, mailed free to any address, on application. Rare chance for live agents to make money. Refer by permission to Indian Head National Bank of this city. Address, A. A. DAVIS, Nashua, N. H.

FOUND AT LAST! A Remedy for Catarrh, Asthma, and all Lung Diseases.

The wonderful healing qualities of **Dr. Judge's Oxy-Hydrogenated Air** has made it a family remedy all over the country. It is inhaled into the lungs, passing the tissues into the circulation of the blood. The process of inhaling is as simple as the act of breathing itself, and may be performed by the most delicate and feeble without exertion and fatigue.

Mr. Murray of the *Golden Rule* writes of it:

DR. JUDGE—*Dear Sir*: I was troubled last winter with an obstinate Catarrh, which invaded my throat and lungs, and caused a most trying cough. I have used your medicine with *perfect success*, every trace of cough and catarrh having been removed by your truly wonderful treatment.

Patients at a distance successfully treated. Send for Pamphlet.

Dr. JUDGE & CO., Physicians, 79 Beach St., Boston, Mass.

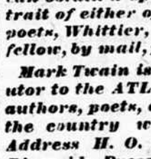
CANCER.

THE treatment of Cancer has become so interwoven with quackery that the progressive physician has appeared unwilling to enter into the arena against the deception; consequently the mass of the medical profession are almost totally ignorant of this fearful and most prevalent disease. They regard Cancer as incurable because they do not understand its origin or pathology, consequently they merely try to alleviate the excruciating pain which this disease entails upon its victims. We regard Cancer as curable in both forms—medullary and scirrhus. We have used our remedies in this country and Europe for the last twenty years with marvelous success, especially in cases of the womb, breast, and face. We earnestly solicit a call from those who have given up hope. One of the physicians of the institute will visit those in any part of the country who are unable to call. We use neither knife, plaster nor caustic, and cause no pain, depending entirely upon our specific. Patients on beginning treatment only pay for the medicines they receive until they are satisfied they are improving. Fee for examination and consultation $2.00 in all cases. All letters of inquiry must contain $1.00, as our time is valuable and cannot be given for nothing. Address all letters to the Superintendent, DR. ROBERTSON, at office of Institute, 94 Tremont Street, Boston.

"The Best Polish in the World."

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

BABBITT'S TOILET SOAP.



Unrivalled for the Toilet and for Bath. No artificial and deceptive odors to cover common and deleterious ingredients. After years of scientific experiment the manufacturer of B. T. BABBITT'S SOAP has perfected and now offers to the public **The FINEST TOILET SOAP in the World.** *Only the purest vegetable oils used in its manufacture.*

For Use in the Nursery it has No Equal. Worth ten times its cost to every mother and family in Christendom. Sample box, containing 3 cakes of 6 ozs. each, sent free to any address on receipt of 75 cents. Address, B. T. BABBITT, New York City. For Sale by all Druggists.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES — **FOR COUGHS AND COLDS**

A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat,

Requires immediate attention, as neglect oftentimes results in some incurable Lung disease. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are a simple remedy, and will almost invariably give immediate relief.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS and dealers in medicines.

IF YOU WANT

A First-Class Magazine,

Subscribe for the, ATLANTIC MONTHLY for 1878 now, and you will receive the November and December numbers FREE. Price $4.00. For One Dollar extra you can obtain a splendid life-size portrait of either of the world-famous poets, Whittier, Bryant, and Longfellow, by mail, postage free.

Mark Twain is a constant contributor to the ATLANTIC, and the best authors, poets, and story-tellers in the country write for its pages. Address H. O. HOUGHTON & CO., Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass.

BURNETT'S KALLISTON

FOR REMOVING

Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, Redness and Eruptions of the Skin, and for Rendering the Complexion Clear and Beautiful.

Of all the effects that exposure of the skin to the air or sun produces, the most disagreeable is called freckles, or tan. If spread over the entire surface of the parts exposed, it is called tan; if scattered at intervals, freckles. The finest skins are most subject to them. The KALLISTON, prepared by Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston, contains a peculiar erasive property which will remove these disagreeable stains. It is at the same time perfectly harmless, allays all tendency to inflammation, and renders the complexion clear and beautiful.

JONES' ASTHMA REMEDY — TRADE MARK —

FOR ASTHMA, ROSE COLD, HAY FEVER, Etc.

This remedy has been used in thousands of the worst cases, with astonishing and uniform success, and is offered to the public with full confidence in its merits. It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever, and an infant may take it with perfect safety.

Extract from the "Life of Washington Irving," by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving, Vol. IV., page 272.

"The doctor prescribed, as an experiment,—what had been suggested by Dr. (O. W.) Holmes on his late visit,—'Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma,' a teaspoonful in a wine-glass of water, to be taken every four hours. A good night was the result."

"I have had the spasmodic asthma fifteen years. I commenced taking 'Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for the Asthma' eighteen months ago, and have not had a severe paroxysm since." SARAH SEELY, Eddytown, Tioga Co., N. Y., to Editors *Rural New Yorker.*

"Have sold 'Whitcomb's Remedy' for nearly twenty years. I know of nothing so uniformly successful." THEODORE METCALF, Druggist, Tremont Street, Boston.

"I have derived very great benefit from 'Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy.'" G. F. OSBORNE, President Neptune Insurance Co., Boston, Mass.

"My mother had suffered eight years from the harvest asthma. The recurrence of this three-months' agony every year must soon wear her out. 'Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy' arrested the terrible disease, and has kept it off for the whole season, to the great joy of the family." Rev. JOS. E. ROY, Chicago Agent of the American Home Missionary Society, to the *N. Y. Independent.*

Prepared only by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston. For sale by all Druggists.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

Absolutely Pure.

All grocers authorized to guarantee it full weight and absolutely pure. To try it, send 60 cents for 1-pound can to ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., N. Y., sent by mail, free of postage.

Send for Reduced Price List of

Mason & Hamlin CABINET ORGANS.

NEW and SPLENDID STYLES; *PRICES REDUCED* $10 to $50 EACH, THIS MONTH (NOV. 1877). Address MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., Boston, New York, or Chicago.

KEEP'S SHIRTS.

KEEP'S Patent Partly-made Dress Shirts, best quality, only plain seams to finish, 6 for $7.

KEEP'S Custom Shirts to measure, best quality, 6 for $9, delivered free. Guaranteed perfectly satisfactory.

RED FLANNEL UNDERWEAR.

Undershirts and Drawers, best quality, $1.50 each.

White Flannel Undervests, best quality, $1.50 each.

Canton Flannel Vests & Drawers, ex. heavy, 75c. each.

Twilled Silk Umbrellas, paragon frames $3 each.

Best Gingham, patent protected ribs, $1 each.

Circulars and samples mailed free, on application. Shirts only, delivered free. KEEP MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 165 and 167 Mercer Street, New York.

For Consumption

And all diseases that lead to it; such as Coughs, Neglected Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, and all diseases of the Lungs, Allen's Lung Balsam is the Great Modern Remedy.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

Has proved itself to be the greatest Medical Remedy for healing the Lungs, purifying the Blood, and restoring the tone of the Liver. It excites the phlegm, which is raised from the Lungs, thereby paving the way for a speedy cure. Just try it once.

SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

The Best Truss without Metal Springs ever invented. No humbug claim of a certain radical cure, but a guarantee of a comfortable, sure and satisfactory appliance. We will take back and pay full price for all that do not suit. Price, single, like cut, $4; for both sides, $6. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price. N. B.—This Truss WILL CURE more Ruptures than any of those for which extravagant claims are made. Circulars free.

POMEROY TRUSS CO., 746 Broadway, New York.

Dr. Warner's Health Corset,

With Skirt Supporter and Self-Adjusting Pads.

Unequaled for Beauty, Style and Comfort.

APPROVED BY ALL PHYSICIANS.

For Sale by Leading Merchants. Samples, any size, by mail. In Satteen, $1.50; Coutil, $1.75; Nursing Corset, $2.00; Misses' Corset, $1.00.

AGENTS WANTED.

WARNER BRO'S, 351 Broadway, N. Y.

INHALATION

DR. GOLDENBERG'S REMEDIES — TRADE MARK REGISTERED

A POSITIVE CURE FOR

CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, AND ASTHMA.

Thousands have been cured by **Dr. Goldenberg's Inhalation**, who were pronounced incurable by physicians and friends. Patients living at a distance desiring to avail themselves of the advice of **Dr. Goldenberg**, can write their name and post-office address, and forward to **Dr. Goldenberg**, 916 Arch Street, Philadelphia, when he will return them a list of printed questions, the answers to which will enable him to determine the nature of their diseases and the probability of cure. He will consider to any address, his paper or book, giving full descriptions of the diseases he treats, etc.

2119 Mt. Vernon St., Philadelphia, Oct. 3, 1877.

I have used Dr. Goldenberg's Inhalation for Catarrh, Bronchitis, and Asthma, and am entirely cured.

ANNIE NEAL.

KIDNEY AND LIVER SPECIFIC

A RADICAL CURE FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE

KIDNEYS, BLADDER, AND URINARY ORGANS.

Persons suffering from these diseases should send for the list of questions, that the Doctor may give them an opinion concerning the nature and curability of their cases.

Consultations and examinations free. Send for Descriptive Paper to

Dr. GOLDENBERG'S Principal Office, 916 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY

CURES

Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Asthma, Difficulty of Breathing, Phthisic, Pain in the Side and Breast, Quinsy, Spitting of Blood, Liver Complaint, Bleeding of the Lungs, and all Diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, including even

CONSUMPTION.

FROM ELDER H. I. GILMAN, A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL IN GLOVER, VT.

"I have been troubled for several years with a difficulty of the heart and lungs; have applied to several physicians for help, and have tried almost every remedy recommended, without receiving any assistance, but had been growing weaker and weaker, until, hearing of WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY about a year since, I commenced using it, with immediate relief. It has not only restored my lungs to a sound state, but I am entirely relieved of the difficulty or disease of the heart. I have no hesitation in saying that it is the best lung medicine before the public, and I cheerfully and conscientiously recommend it to all persons suffering with pulmonary complaints."

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

FROM MRS. ISAAC MOORE OF RICHMOND, VT.

"Some three years since I was attacked with a severe cough, soreness and irritation of the lungs, to which was added asthma in a severe form. During the first year I tried several of the most popular medicines of the day, but received no real relief, and I had almost despaired of ever regaining my health, when I was induced to try DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, which very soon relieved me. My cough became loose, the soreness and irritation disappeared, and my general health began to mend. I continued its use, and a few bottles restored me to better health than I ever hoped to enjoy again. I believe the Balsam to be the most reliable remedy that can be found."

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

FROM BENJAMIN WHEELER, STATION AGENT AT SOUTH ROYALSTON, MASS.

"I was most severely afflicted with a hard, dry cough, with its usual accompaniment of night sweats, completely prostrating my nervous system, and producing such a debilitated state of health that, after trying medical aid to no purpose, I had given up all hopes of ever recovering, as had also my friends. At this stage of matters I was prevailed upon through the influence of a neighbor, to try WISTAR'S BALSAM, though with no belief whatever in its truly wonderful curative properties, and before using two bottles the effect was almost magical. My cough entirely left me, the night sweats deserted me, hope once more elevated my depressed spirits, and soon I had attained my wonted strength and vigor. Thus has this Balsam, as has often been remarked by persons conversant with the above facts in this vicinity, literally snatched me from the grave.