BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A Whole Volley—Various Opinions—Not on the Bench—A Medical Phenomenon—A Fast Train, Etc., Etc.

Wigwug—"That fellow with the long hair? Oh, he's a poet."

Filtrip—"His is a sriking figure—undoubtedly a man fired by high ambitions!"

Wigwug—"Ah? Well, I live in his neighborhood, and I happen to know that he has also been fired by his landlady!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Various Opinions.

Bobby was in the parlor when Albertus called, and Maud was up stairs getting ready to present herself.

"Good evening, Robert," said Albertus, briskly; "Miss Maud has not arrived yet, I see?"

"Nope," replied Bobby, carelessly; "she's makin' something, I s'pose."

"Industry, Robert, is a shining virtue. But what is Miss Maud making?"

"I dunno; they were talkin' about you at the tea table, and Maud said she was makin' a mash, ma said she was makin' hay while the sun shines, and pa said she was makin' a fool of herself."—*St. Louis Republican.*

Not On the Bench.

He was a worthy shoemaker, who, by diligence and thrift, had acquired quite a good property, and who had retired from his useful employment and was enjoying a mature age of leisure. From his dignified and judicial demeanor he had gained among his friends the title of "judge."

Once an eminent stranger was visiting the town, and the citizens were making an effort to show off the place and give a reception to the visitor.

The "judge" was on the committee of entertainment. The stranger, hearing him called "judge," thought to do a graceful thing by asking: "Judge, are you on the bench now?"

The "judge" turned on him a good-natured face, and replied: "Why, bless you, I hain't waxed a thread in twenty year!"—*Youth's Companion.*

A Medical Phenomenon.

"Helloa, Wigglesworth!" exclaimed an Austin man, meeting an acquaintance on the avenue; "you are as gray as a rat. What's the matter with you?"

"It's terrible, isn't it? Last night I experienced a severe fright, and my hair turned to its present silvery hue immediately."

A few days after this the Austin man again encountered Wigglesworth wearing beautiful, resplendent, coal black locks.

"Why, Wigglesworth, what's the meaning of this? The last time we met your hair was snow white, now it is dark as the raven wing."

"Yes; you see my hair turned gray from sudden fright. Yesterday a man paid me ten dollars, he had been owing me for a long time and the pleasurable emotions were so violent that they turned it back again to its original color."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Fast Train.

"Look here," said a traveling man to the conductor as he passed through the train. "You've made a mistake."

"In what way?"

"You told me when I got on that this was a fast train. I never traveled so slow in my life."

"I assure you that what I told you was correct. This is one of the fastest trains on the road."

"Well, come to think of it, I guess you're right. You've no objection to my going back to the rear platform, have you?"

"No, sir. But what do you want out there?"

"I want to see what the blamed thing is fast to."—*Merchant Traveler.*

He Got His Change.

One of those chronic dead-beats who habitually infest society, railway and street cars, boarded an Austin car, and proceeded to develop his little game. It was by no means a new one, and the driver immediately seized upon it, quietly collected his fare in the shape of a nickel, and for several blocks nothing was said. Then the fraud shivered the silence with:

"Am I going to have my change for that dollar I gave you?"

"You didn't give me a dollar," replied the driver, scowling darkly.

"Yes, but I did though, and if you don't pass me over the ninety-five cents, I'll report you."

"But you only gave me a nickel."

"I say I gave you a dollar, and I want some change," and the man stood upon the platform glaring defiantly. The passengers became interested, and the driver shifted his position.

"You are riding along all right enough now, ain't you?" inquired the railway jehu.

"Yes, I 'spose I am."

"Well," said the driver, suddenly removing his fist from the vicinity of the beat's nose, and shooting him off the car, "now you ain't, you see. Ain't that change enough for you?"—*Texas Siftings.*

Saving the Dog.

One day when the ice was going out of the Big Sioux river somebody cried out that a dog was going over the falls. In two minutes the nearest bridge was covered with people. It was a large black dog on a cake of ice fifty feet square, which was coming steadily down the current.

"Call him off!" yelled twenty men.

"Throw him a rope!" howled a dozen men.

"Can't we lasso him when he's going under the bridge?" called a small man.

"I'll give fifty dollars for him if he goes over and comes out alive!" yelled a fat man who put out poison for his neighbor's dog the night before.

He'll be worth it!" said another.

"For heaven's sake give me a pole!" shouted a long-legged man who had shot two dogs that morning, as he leaped off the approach of the bridge and waded through the old tin cans to the water's edge.

"Give that man a pole!" again yelled the fat man, getting red in the face and climbing upon the railing.

"Poor doggie, why don't those horrid men save the helpless thing!" said a lady who rode up in a carriage with her husband.

"A hundred dollars for the dog if he gets through alive!" whooped the fat man, recklessly raising his own bid and leaning out over the water.

"Hurry up with that rope!"

"Bring a pole!"

"Doggie, doggie, nice doggie! Come on!"

But the dog did nothing but look meekly around and occasionally wag his tail as if he was trying to explain he never expected to raise all this row. The ice reached the falls, and as the forward edge glided over the dog stepped back a little and then went over and out into the spray and foam.

"Some of you fools go below and pull him out!" screamed the fat man.

"I kin lick ther man what says thet air dog don't pull through!" remarked a rawboned man who had not spoken before.

"Course you can," said every one in hearing.

Just then the dog appeared some distance below the falls. He shot up out of an eddy and being near a rock, swam to it, leaped to the shore and ran back toward the crowd.

"He's all right!" cried every man on the bridge.

"Well, I'll be hanged," said the fat man, who had made the large offers, as the dog came nearer, "I'm a liar if it ain't the same blamed cur I've been trying to poison for two weeks!"—*Dakota Bell.*

Their First Meeting.

The Chicago *News* tells the story of how Louis James, a prominent actor, and Gus Mortimer, his manager, first met. Says our informant: On the night of the second day's battle of the Wilderness Mortimer was on picket duty. He had not eaten a morsel for over thirty-six hours, and he was nearly dead with hunger, and very faint, having but recently come from the hospital. It had been the wont of the soldiers to supply the place of food by copious chews of plug tobacco, and Mortimer's pockets were full of the weed, but the doctor had forbidden him using it. He was standing by a tree, faint and despairing, and in the agony of his situation he exclaimed aloud:

"I'd give the biggest plug of tobacco in the world for a piece of hard-tack!"

"I'll take you at your word, Johnny Reb!" exclaimed a hearty voice, and before Mortimer could bring his gun to his shoulder a form sprang out of the dusk and a stalwart zouave stood before him.

"I've been watching you for some time," continued the Northern man, "and I thought you saw me and was getting ready to pot me till I heard you speak." The zouave had unslung his knapsack and displayed before the famished rebel what seemed to him a banquet. "And now, young fellow," he said, "if you'll give me a plug of tobacco you can have all the hard-tack your jaws can crack. Fork over!" Such exchanges were common, and Mortimer clutched the food and passed over a plug of Virginia tobacco, which was as eagerly received by the zouave. They talked a moment or two and then, realizing their danger, prepared to part. Mortimer incidentally told his companion his name and calling. The other was surprised and said he was an actor, too.

"You are?" asked Mortimer, delighted. "You are a brick! When the war is over I'll come North and join you. What's your name?"

"Louis James," said the zouave, as he reslung his knapsack, picked up his gun, and disappeared in the words.

Jay Gould's Churchyard.

Jay Gould's project of establishing a railroad town in the West reminds the Philadelphia *Record* of the story of the summary manner in which he wrought vengeance upon a community that had incurred his displeasure. When the great strike was on one year ago on the Missouri Pacific and other Western lines controlled by Jay Gould the town of Sedalia, Mo., was a thriving place. It was what is commonly known as a railroad town. Car shops were located there, and Sedalia bore about the same relation to the Gould railroads in Missouri that Altoona bears to the Pennsylvania Railroad in this State. During the strike the storekeepers and traders of the town supported the railroad employes and called mass meetings in their aid. Travelers who now pass the place are told that Jay Gould thought the Sedalia people had gone further than the occasion demanded. He became incensed at their activity, and it is reported that when the story of their doings was laid before him he exclaimed: "Within a year I will turn that town into a churchyard." The strike ended in failure. Jay Gould ordered the removal of the car-shops and of all of his railroad property. Within a month the town of Sedalia began to show signs of decay. As the trains roll by and passengers note the absence of life, trainmen tell them that the place is Jay Gould's churchyard. The revenge of the great millionaire is complete.

Dwarfs of Plant Life.

In the far north we find low, bush-like plants creeping near the rocks as if for shelter, which, upon examination, are found to be identical with the great trees farther south, here reduced in size by the rigors of the Arctic winter. The Japanese delight in attempting improvements upon both animals and plants, and in the latter they have produced some remarkable results, one of the most striking cases ever seen being an apple tree four inches high, covered with ripe apples, each about as large as a currant. Both leaves and fruit were perfect in shape, color, and vigor, and only reduced in size.

Dwarfs are not always produced by extremes of cold. Near Cape Negro, in Africa, on a plateau about six miles wide and three hundred miles long, is found a curious tree, named after its discoverer, Dr. Welwitsch. The diameter of the stem is about four feet, but the entire tree is only one foot high, presenting a curious appearance, especially as it possesses only two woody leaves, that have to last during its life, as no others appear.

These dwarfs look like round tables scattered over the sandy plain, the two leaves, often six feet long, and broken up into ribbons, extending outward, and waving in the wind like signals of distress.—*Youth's Companion.*

Mrs. Nimrod.

Nimrod was a mighty hunter. He was probably that way from a boy, always hunting. He ran away from school to hunt woodchucks. Put him at work in the hay field, and, unless he was watched, he would hunt a cool, shady place to lie down. When he grew up he hunted a wife, we suppose, and every spring he had the usual experience in house hunting. And there has been a mighty sight of mighty hunters in that direction ever since Nimrod's day.

We hear nothing about Mrs. Nimrod, but we will bet anything her life was not a happy one. When there was house cleaning to do Nimrod would shoulder his gun and start off to hunt squirrels. And some day, after she had done a big washing, he would come home from the hunt at eleven or twelve o'clock at night and insist upon her getting up a game dinner for himself and a lot of brother sportsmen that he had brought with him, all of them more or less under the influence of "budge." How tired she must have got, too, of hearing Nimrod's big stories about the hunts he had been engaged in. Poor Mrs. Nimrod.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE WESTERN BOOM.

St. Joseph, Mo., Still Leading All Competitors in Real Estate Deals and the Acquisition of Substantial Enterprises.

The most noticeable real estate activity continues to prevail at St. Joseph, Mo., says a correspondent of an Eastern paper. Packing houses and other industrial enterprises, among them the Louisiana Tobacco Works, are going in at a lively rate; one of the chief evidences of the growth of the city being the granting of a franchise to a syndicate of Kansas City capitalists for the construction of an extensive system of cable lines, to be commenced at once, and to cost $300,000. The best evidence, however, is in the showing of actual transactions closed in one week recently: W. A. P. McDonald bought 99 lots in Eastern Extension for $10,500. He sold 54 of them for $10,700, and sold the balance at an advance of $20 per foot in cost. Sam Nave and J. S. Britton bought a lot in Patee's addition for $2,000 and sold for $3,000 in four days. W. H. Constable bought lot 2, block 54, St. Joseph Extension, for $300, and sold for $550. J. S. Blackwilder, of Chicago, bought eighty feet, southeast corner of Third and Sylvanie, for $14,000, and has been offered nearly double that for it and refused it. J. M. Hill paid $7,000 for northeast corner of Second and Francis, and has since refused $18,000. C. W. Brown bought two lots on St. Joseph avenue for $1,900, and sold in six days for $3,000. John Kelly bought two lots in Eastern Extension; he paid $600; in thirty days he sold for $900; it has since been resold for $1,200. J. F. Tyler bought a lot in Eastern Extension for $125 and sold to Hubbard for $500, who has since been offered $700. L. E. Carter bought a lot in January in Kemper's addition for $700. In three days after he was offered $1,000, and since then $2,000. He bought four lots in Robidoux addition for $4,000; sold for $6,000, and his purchaser sold for $8,000. Mrs. N. M. Brewster bought three lots for $500 and sold for $1,150 in three days, and in four days they were resold for $1,400. D. G. Griswold bought six lots in East St. Joseph for $200 and sold the next day for $750; also three others for $200 and resold in three weeks for $1,000.

One of the publishers of Hoye's Directory, speaking of the Western cities and the prevailing boom, writes as follows of St. Joseph, where he has just issued the Directory for 1887: "Not only has St. Joseph increased in population at a most satisfactory rate, there being an increase in one year of 5,846, while the total population in round numbers is shown to be 60,000; but she has undergone a spirited revival that augurs the outstripping of all competition. Ten years ago the city had scarcely a dozen manufactories, whereas the year '87 finds her with some 170 of all kinds, with thirteen railroads, the largest stockyards west of Chicago, some thirteen miles of streets paved with asphaltum, and as many miles more under contract, with the electric motor soon to be in operation on two of the car lines, and the cable line an assured fact, and new enterprises springing up daily on every hand. The demand for real estate has been steady and active. For the past year St. Joseph has led almost continually the other cities of the United States in bank clearances, the per cent. of increase over 1886 reaching in one case 140.7, and up to date maintaining an average of almost 100. Down to Dec. 31, 1886, St. Joseph's jobbing houses did a business of $110,539,000, showing an increase in the business of 1886 over that of 1885 of $23,111,028. A fair indication of the increasing business may be sought in the fact that St. Joseph now employs a force of commercial travelers numbering 1,013 men."

St. Joseph, more than any other Western town, offers the best inducements to men of small capital to commence a manufacturing business, and to mechanics and laborers to find employment and build desirable homes.

Horn-Books.

One of the rarest, and certainly one of the most interesting books in the library of the British Museum, is what our ancestors called a "horn-book." It was, in fact, their primer, the ordinary means by which they began their education; and down to the reign of George II. must have been very common, for we see by an entry in the account book of the Archer family that one was sold in 1729 for twopence. At present there is no book more difficult to obtain. The one in the British Musuia was found a quarter of a century ago in a deep closet, built in the thick walls of an old farm-house in Derbyshire. It is said a laborer engaged in pulling down the walls of an ancient house recognized it as that from which his father had been taught to read. Upon the back is a picture of Charles I. on horseback, giving some approximation to its date. It is a single leaf, containing upon the front side the alphabet, large and small, in Old English and Roman letters, ten short columns of mono-syllables founded on the vowels, and the Lord's Prayer: all set in a frame of oak, now black with age, and protected by a slice of transparent horn, hence the name horn-book.

There is a handle by which to hold it, and in the handle a hole for a string, so it could hang from the gridle. A picture of 1720 represents a child running in leading strings with a horn-book tied to her side. A cheaper kind of horn-book had the leaf of printed paper pasted upon the horn, and perhaps the greater number were made in this way. If so, it is not singular they should be scarce, for they would be very easily destroyed. Shenstone writes in 1742 of

"Books of stature small,
While with pellucid horn secured all
To save from fingers wet the letters fair.'

The alphabet upon the horn-books was always headed by a cross, and so was frequently called the Christ Cross Row, or in common speech, the Criss Cross Row, this being the title under which a very worn specimen is catalogued at Oxford.—*Christian at Work.*

The One He Forgot.

"John, I would like to invite my friend, Mrs. Smalley, this evening. Will you be able to be in?" "No, my dear: I must attend a meeting of the Knights of Honor to-night?" "Well, to-morrow evening?" "I have the Ancient Order of United Workmen, and you know—" "What about Wednesday evening?" "O, the Odd-Fellows meet that night, and Thursday I have a meeting of the Chosen Friends to attend; Friday the Royal Templars; Saturday there's a special meeting of the Masonic lodge, and I couldn't miss that; and then Sunday—let me see—what is there Sunday night, my dear?" "The Grand and Ancient order of Christian Fellowship." "Why I had forgotten; am I a member of that—let me see—" "But you have forgotten another society, John, of which you were once a member." "What's that?" "Your wife's."—*Boston Record.*

The most valuable of all American coins are two 1804 dollars, which are in well known collections. They are valued at $2,000 each. It has been determined, to the satisfaction of numismatists, that these two dollars were not coined until 1828, although they were struck from the original 1804 die. They were secretly made—although such a procedure is a penal offence—for some one high in influence and authority, who desired them for coin collections.

A Russian engineer has discovered a process of crystallizing petroleum so it may be transported more easily.

"DEAR, dear, how fashions do alter, to be sure," remarked old Mrs. Peachblossom. "I see that steerage rates are cut lower."—*New York Journal.*

Do Stove-Pipe Hats Make Bald Heads?

The habit of wearing warm coverings on the head is not of recent date; the armies of Europe, for instance, no inconsiderable number of men, with heads close cropped, have worn for a long period warmer and heavier head-gear than the modern dwellers in cities, without the same tendency to baldness. Nor are the heavy fur coverings of northern races incompatible with luxuriant hair. It is also difficult to understand what injury can result from close cutting, *per se.* The growth is in the hair-follicle, and in it alone; there is no vital connection between the hair outside the scalp and within: it is usually cut closest at the back of the head and neck, where baldness never occurs. Would not close cutting rather stimulate the growth by exposure of the scalp? Such at least is the popular belief. So, too, with indoor life; women, who ought to show it most, whether in the home or in the factory, are never bald as men are; on the contrary, it is most common with men in good circumstances, as Mr. Eaton's statistics show, men who spend a larger proportion of their daytime in the open air than the indoor worker.

I believe the common form of baldness is due entirely to the kind of hat that is worn, principally to the high hat and the hard felt hat, but also to any other head-covering that constricts the blood-vessels which nourish the hair-bulbs. To have a clearer understanding of this, we must remember that the scalp is supplied with blood by arteries at the back, sides, and front of, and lying close to, the skull, which diminish in size by frequent branching as they converge toward the top of the head. They are in a most favorable position to be compressed, lying on unyielding bone and covered by thin tissue. Consider what effect must be produced by a close-fitting, heavy, and rigid hat; its pressure must lessen to a certain extent the flow of arterial blood, and obstruct to a greater extent the return of the venous; the result being a sluggish circulation in the capillaries around the hair follicles and bulbs, a consequent impairment of nutrition, and final atrophy. This pressure is not trivial or imaginary, as any one will admit who has noticed the red band of congestion on the forehead when a hard hat is removed after moderate exercise.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

He Squared the Account.

No Montanian can have forgotten how at a dinner party one day Governor Green Clay Smith and a party of friends rose and left the room when Biedler was telling one of his yarns, thus intimating to him that it was a "chestnut." Biedler bided his time. Several days later (he was the High Sheriff) he sent an invitation to the Governor and his friends to visit the jail and inspect the horse-thief lately captured. They came, much elated. Biedler admitted them into the cage and then drew the bolts on them, and they were locked in. "Now, gentlemen," says Biedler, "I'm going to dinner, but when I return I'll finish that story I began to tell you the other day." Off he went to dinner and left them there. He was gone two hours, and when he got back it took another hour to finish his tale. Then he set them free, and they owned up that he had squared the account.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

Descending Wells.

M. Grehaut read a paper recently before the Paris Biological Society on "The prevention of accidents by suffocation while descending wells." After referring to the cause of the suffocation, namely, carbonic acid gas and the well known expedient of first lowering an animal into the well, he gave the following directions for ventilation: A stovepipe ten or twelve feet longer than the well is deep is to be secured by wires in the axis of the well; a grate on which a fire can be built is then to be placed around this pipe at the level of the ground, and a second pipe, larger than the first, is then to be placed upon the grate, with the first pipe inside, and on the grate and between the pipes a fire is to be built. The inner pipe being heated, a current is created, resulting in the ascent of the impure air of the well and its replacement by fresh air from without.

Evening Funeral Services.

Evening funeral services are becoming very frequent. It is urged in favor of the growing custom that it affords gentleman opportunities for attendance that they can hardly take during business hours. Besides this great convenience distressing scenes of parting with the dead loved are kept from the gaze of the curious and unsympathetic. Upon the score of economy, too, it is to be commended. The remains are kept over night and the next morning they are unostentatiously removed to the place of burial, followed by only a few carriages with the nearest relatives and family intimates. And carriage hire is a prominent item in an undertaker's bill. From Harlem to Greenwood the price for a coach is $10.—*New York Times.*

Spiller's Exploits.

John Spiller, of Crawford county, was in Macon, Ga., the other day, and told some of his army exploits over again. Spiller is the man who fired the last gun in Lee's army before that war-worn band laid down their arms at Appomattox. In speaking of Gettysburg, he said that he ran out a distance of twenty feet in front of the lines while the iron hail was darkening the air, and rescued a stand of colors in that great battle. One of his most remarkable exploits was when he was sent to carry a message to Judge Simmons on the field at Fredericksburg. "I tell you what," said he, "I did some tall dodging that day, and I'll be dogged if I didn't jump at least a hundred cannon balls that were ricocheting along the ground."—*Atlanta Conititution.*

1880, R. T. Leonard, Hamburg, Pa., wrote: "Had severe inflammatory rheamatism for weeks: a few applications of St. Jacobs Oil cured me." Oct. 19, 1886, he writes: "Confirm my statement; was entirely cured." Price fifty cents. Sold by Drug ists.

Juno, the huge dromedary which for a number of years in the Woodward Gardens in San Francisco has been the chief attraction to the children, who rode her in throngs, is dead. She was sixty-one years old, and left an interesting infant nearly a year old.

Mark A. Miller, Traveling Agent, Erie R.R. writes: "Suffered with pleuro-pneumonia; one bottle Red Star Cough Cure ensured my recovery." At druggists.

THE sole surviving representative of the revolutionary war is Abigail S. Tilton, of North Woodbridge, N. H. Mrs. Tilton is now a trifle more than 100 years old. Her husband, Benjamin Stevens, participated in the battle of Bennington.

The Most Remarkable Business in the Country.

Our citizens have ob erved notices in the leading papers, from time to time, of a little harmless food plant called Moxie, found in South America last year. Its fine taste as a beverage, and ability to restore nervous, weakly women, in a few days and help overworked people of both sexes to do two days' work in one with less fa igue, have made the demand so immense that 5,000,000 bottles have been sold in 17 months—what will the sale in five years be at this rate.

A CHARMING village named La Tour, in the department of Ardeche, in France, has become uninhabitable, owing to the number of crimes, and the people have migrated in a body to more peaceful regions.

'ROYAL GLUE' mends anything! Broken Chi na, Glass, Wood. Free Vials at Drugs & Gro

Russia's wheat crop of 1886 is reported at 198,135,000 bushels, against 177,753,300 bushels in 1885, but the quality of the 1886 crop is inferior.

We accidently overheard the following dialogue on the street yesterday:

Jones. Smith, why don't you stop that disgusting hawking and spitting?

Smith. How can I? You know I am a martyr to catarrh.

J. Do as I did. I had the disease in its worst form but I am well now.

S. What did you do for it?

J. I used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It cured me and it will cure you.

S. I've heard of it, and by Jove I'll try it.

J. Do so. You'll find it at all the drug stores in town.

A NEW railroad in Mexico uses steel ties, which, it is said, will last 40 years.

G. M. D.

Walking down Broadway is very pleasant when you feel well, and T— K— never felt better than when his friend asked him how he got rid of that severe cough of his so speedily. "Ah, my boy," said T—. "G. M. D. did it!" And his friend wondered what G. M. D. meant. He knew it did not mean a Good Many Doctors for T— K— had tried a dozen in vain. "I have it," said he, just hitting the nail on the head, "you mean Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,' or Gold Medal Deserved, as my friend J— S— always dubs it." Sold by druggists.

THERE have been in all 267 Popes of the Church of Rome.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is the debilitated woman's best restorative tonic.

THE summit of Mont Blanc was first reached by Saussure, August 2, 1787.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

HOOD'S
COMPOUND EXTRACT OF
SARSAPARILLA
TRADE MARK

This standard preparation has by its peculiar merit and its wonderful cures won the confidence of the people and is to-day the most popular blood purifier and spring medicine.

N. B. If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself.

Hood's Sarsaparilla sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS,

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury; contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients. Agent: C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

CATARRH

I was cured before the second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm was exhausted. I was troubled with chronic catarrh, gathering in head, difficulty in breathing and discharges from my ears.—C. J. Corbin, 925 Chestnut St., Phila.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 c s. at Druggists; by mail registered, 60 cts. Circulars free. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists Owego, N. Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH ROSE-COLD HAY-FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE PRICE 50 CENTS EASY TO USE ELY BRO'S, OWEGO, N.Y. U.S.A.

HAY-FEVER

35 MEDALS AWARDED TO BENSON'S CAPCINE PLASTER

Cures Pleurisy, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Backache, Weakness, Colds in the Chest and all Aches and Strains.

Beware of imitations under similar sounding names. ASK FOR BENSON'S AND TAKE NO OTHER.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD

SPARKS FROM THE RAILS.

What the Employees of the Central-Hudson Railroad have to Say about Dr. Pardee's Remedy.

Rochester, May 28, 1886.

Pardee Medicine Co:

GENTS:—I desire to express to you something of my feelings of gratitude for what your remedy has done for me. For fifteen years I have suffered greatly with neuralgia. At times the pain has been so intense that death would have been a welcome relief. It affected my eyes to such an extent that for a time I was totally blind and gave up all hope of recovery, no treatment I could procure affording me even temporary relief. I have used Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy for several months and to-day I am as well and as free from all neuralgic pains as when a boy.

Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy has cured me and I am positive it will cure any case of neuralgia or rheumatism, and I shall recommend it to all.

I would not again suffer what I have for five thousand dollars.

Yours respectfully, D. W. MILLER,
Engineer, N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.

MORE WORDS OF PRAISE.

Mr. Horton Knight, a baggageman on the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R., who resides at No. 9 Riverdale street, this city, says:

"I have been troubled with rheumatism for several years. This spring I had a very severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism and was compelled to leave my train. I suffered intense pain. My arm and hand were badly swollen and inflamed. I took various kinds of medicine, but obtained no relief. I was urged to try Dr. Pardee's Remedy, but it was with great reluctance that I did so, as I had no faith whatever in it. But I am fully convinced from personal experience that it is a positive cure for this dreaded disease, and I can recommend it as a remedy worthy the confidence of all. Am feeling better than I have for ten years, and attribute it all to Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy."

Pardee Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y.

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