The Great Spring Medicine.

It will be gratifying to all who realize the vital necessity of purifying the blood to know that Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup can be relied upon as a blood medicine. Mr. B. C. Robinson, of Marshall, Mich., says:

GENTLEMEN—I have suffered intensely from biliousness and rheumatism for over three years, and had tried so many remedies that I had lost all faith. Hearing of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup I bought a bottle and found it helped me. I have now used four bottles, and it has restored my liver and kidneys to healthy action, and done more to purify my blood than anything I have ever taken. I am pleased to recommend it as a wonderful blood medicine. Very truly yours,

B. C. ROBINSON, Marshall, Mich.

Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by The Charles Wright Medicine Company, Detroit, Mich.

How the Millennium Came.

Just out of Bennington, Vt., lived Deacon Tracy, and one day a brother of his died and willed him a horse. The animal came to him from a distance of seventy-five miles, and whether it was the change of scene or a streak of natural cussedness in him no one could say, but he "took fits." He would balk on the slightest excuse, and often with no excuse at all, and the Deacon would have to hold himself in and fool around until the beast got ready to go. He would have got rid of him, but nobody wanted the horse, and in hopes that he might have a change of heart the Deacon continued to drive him in and out of town.

One day he got notice that a clergyman of his faith was coming to spend a short vacation with him, and he drove in to meet the train. Instead of the clergyman, who was not very well known to him, he picked up a Boston drummer who was out on a vacation, and wanted to go to the next farm beyond the Deacon's. Neither had had time for any questions before the horse balked.

"What's up?" asked the stranger, as the rig came to a stop.

"He's balked," answered the Deacon.

"Well?"

"Wall, I can't do nuthin' with him. We've got to wait for him to git ready."

"That's a —— of a note!" growled the drummer.

"W-what!" gasped the Deacon.

"Why, —— him, the way is to get up and cut —— out of his hide," said the drummer.

"Say, say!" called the Deacon, as he chewed on his tobacco with fifty times the usual rapidity of motion; "you are swearing."

"Well, such a cussed, infernal beast ought to be sworn at. Git up and give him ——!"

"Lands! but there you go again. Say, has the millennium come?"

"I guess she has."

"And we can all swear?"

"That's what ails Hanner."

"Good! I've been holding in for two years on this —— —— beast, thinking it was wicked. If you, a minister of the gospil, can use profanity, it can't be wicked in me, and now you hang on to the seat, and I'll wollop —— out of him, so that he will remember it all his —— life!"—*New York Sun.*

A Woman Two Hundred Years Old.

A case is on record of a woman who lived to this advanced age, but it is scarcely necessary to state that it was in "the olden time." Nowadays too many women do not live half their allotted years. The mortality due to functional derangements in the weaker sex is simply frightful, to say nothing of the indescribable suffering which makes life scarcely worth the living to so many women. But for these sufferers there is a certain relief. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will positively cure leucorrhea, painful menstruation, prolapsus, pain in the ovaries, weak back; in short, all those complaints to which so many women are martyrs. It is the only *guaranteed* cure, see guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

CLEANSE the liver, stomach, bowels, and whole system by using Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

IN Switzerland and other mountainous countries the goat leads long strings of animals daily to and from the mountains, but it is in South Africa that it is regularly kept and employed as a leader of flocks of sheep. Should a blinding storm of rain or hail drive the silly sheep before it, or cause them to huddle together in a corner so as to suffocate each other, the trained goat will wake them up, and, by a method best known to himself, will induce them to follow him to a place of safety.

DR. L. L. GORSUCH, Toledo, O., says: "I have practiced medicine for forty years; have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with so much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

AN English literary statistician has discovered that of the 562 heroines in last year's novels 372 were blondes and 190 brunettes.

ST. JACOBS OIL

CURES PERMANENTLY

SPRAINS and STRAINS.

Athletes Praise it Highly.

656 Minna St., San Francisco, Cal., May 3, 1887.

Some time ago, while a member of the Olympic Athletic Club, I sprained my knee severely and suffered agony, but was speedily and completely cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

JOHN GARBUTT.

Jumped from Engine.

609 S. 17th St., Omaha, Neb., Sept. 22, 1888.

I jumped from an engine in collision, and strained my ankle very badly. I used cames for weeks. St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me.

G. ROEDER.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Ely's Cream Balm

is the best remedy *for children* suffering from

COLD IN HEAD

OR

CATARRH.

Apply Balm into each nostril.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c

Bermuda Bottled.

"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL.

I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of

CONSUMPTION, *Bronchitis, Cough or Severe Cold*

I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's but see you get the original SCOTT'S EMULSION."

SEVEN SEVENTEEN SEVENTY

To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy, SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL SIZE (40 little beans to the bottle). They are the most convenient; suit all ages. Price of either size, 25 cents per bottle.

KISSING at 7, 17, 70; Photo-gravure panel size of this picture for 4 cents (coppers or stamps).

J. F. SMITH & CO.,

Makers of "Bile Beans," St. Louis, Mo.

THE BLUE-LOOKING BIRD.

The Policeman Have no Control Over Wild Flowers.

A tired, worn-out mother, who had gone to the country with her little girl, sat under a tree. Soft air came down across a clovered slope, and silken grass hung over and fluttered on the dimpled surface of a rivulet. The yellow poplars were in bloom, and the humming bird, with her Easter dress still new, twittered in ecstatic vanity at a wood-pecker that sought to woe her. A handful of violets, held by the little girl, were yellowed by a dandelion. She was a pale child, with, it seemed, a premature growth of brown hair. She had never seen the country until that very day, and she could scarcely believe that she was permitted to gather the flowers.

"Won't the policeman come and take them away from me?" she asked, looking about timidly and then sitting down beside her mother.

"No, dear, there are no policemen in the country."

"Then why don't everybody live in the country?"

"If everybody did then there would be need of policemen."

"But we could live here, couldn't we?"

"No, for there would be no work for me to do."

"But you wouldn't have to work any if you lived here."

"Oh, yes, dear, I should have to work no matter where I might be?"

"Why?"

"Because I am poor."

"Who made you poor."

"Oh, don't ask such questions, Mary."

"You never did anybody any harm, did you?"

"Never in the world."

"And rich people have done harm?"

"Some of them have."

"And is that the best reason they are rich?"

"You must not talk that way, child. Go on over there, now, and gather some more flowers, for mamma is very tired and does not care to talk."

"I am too tired to gather flowers. Will I catch cold if I lie down here?"

"No," the mother answered, making a pillow of a shawl, "lie down and go to sleep."

"And if that big blue-looking bird comes back will you wake me up so I can see him?

"Yes."

"She was soon fast asleep. The tired woman bent over her. Cattle came down and drank at the brook. A farmer boy, breaking up the corn land in an adjoining field, cast glances at the sun, as though longing for the noon hour, and a foot-sore man, with a rusty bag thrown across his shoulder, trudged wearily down the road. A woman in a far-away door-yard stood with a bread-tray resting on a low gate post, and cheerily called the chickens.

The little girl awoke. "Where are my flowers?" she asked.

"Here they are, dear, just where you left them."

"I dreamed that the policeman came and took them. Did the blue-looking bird come back?"

"No, but he may be back after awhile. Do you feel rested?"

"Almost. I wish you would sing to me."

"Oh, I can't sing now, Mary, I declare I can't. It is almost as much as I can do to talk."

"Please sing just a little bit of a bit."

"Precious, I really cannot. Don't you know that I have not been able to sing since I had that awful cold in the winter? Come, let us go up to the house."

They went to a farmhouse not far away. A brusque woman was sweeping the yard. A lazy dog, with one eye shut, lay on the porch.

"I reckon you find it mighty lonesome out here," said the farmer's wife."

"Oh, no," the city woman replied. "This is the only resting place I have found for many a day."

"Well, I guess it does keep a body on the move in the city, havin' to go to so many balls and parties."

"I do not go to any. I work in a shirt factory."

"Why, I didn't 'low that city folks had to work at all. I always thought that the folks in the country have to keep them up in their idleness."

"And my little girl expressed the opinion just now that the people in the country did not have to work any. Her idea of work is that the laborer must be shut up in a house."

"Ho, that ain't no work a tall," spoke up a slouching boy that had left his plow and come to the well to get a drink of water. "If I didn't have nothin' to do but to stay in the house I wouldn't care whuther Sunday came or not. It's bein' out in the bri'lin' sun that makes a feller hump."

"Mamma, said the little girl, "I want to lie down. I am tired."

"I am afeerd," said the farmer's wife, "that you brought her here too late, and I don't know but you come too late yourself."

* * * * * * *

A little white face in a beautiful tangling of brown hair. A high, old-fashioned bed,—white plaster kittens on each corner of the mantel-piece and a clock ticking midway between them. It was late at night, and the tired boy snored in the "rafter" room just above. The mother and the farmer's wife sat beside the bed. The child had been sleeping. Suddenly she awoke.

"Won't you sing for me?" she asked.

The mother tried to sing, and then sobbed on the pillow.

"You can't sing, for you have such a cold," said the child. "Did the blue-looking bird come back, mamma?"

"No, angel."

* * * * * * *

The tired boy snored in the "rafter" room just above. The child was asleep—asleep for evermore. A handful of flowers lay on the bed beside her. The policeman did not come and get them.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Countryman's Education.

Sir John Lubbock, speaking at Bromley, Kent, lately, said: The existence of a townsman is one often of much monotony. The savage has a far more varied existence. He must watch the habits of the game which he hunts, their migrations and feeding grounds.

He must know where and how to fish; every month brings him some change of occupation and food. He must prepare his weapons and often see to his own clothes. Even the lighting of a fire, so easy now, is to him a matter of labor and knack.

The agricultural laborer turns his hand to many things. He plows and sows, and mows and reaps. He plants at one season, and uses the bill-hook and the ax at another. He looks after the sheep and pigs and cows. To lay a fence or tie up a sheaf is by no means so easy as it looks.

It is said of Wordsworth that, a stranger having on one occasion asked to see his study, the maid said, "This is master's room, but he studies in the fields."

The agricultural laborer learns a great deal in fields, and is far more learned than we give him credit for being; only it is field learning, not book learning—and none the worse for that.

This is a fact that townspeople do not always bear in mind. It is too often the habit to "look down" upon the countryman because he is ignorant of things with which they are well acquainted; but they forget that there are many branches of knowledge in which he is better informed than they.

Book knowledge is all very well, and it is not my purpose to decry it, but it is not everything, after all.

Wanted to Be Great.

An old fellow was lying on the gravel near the creek, groaning piteously. A man came along and, seeing the sufferer, approached and asked what ailed him.

"Nothin', only I'm a blame fool," he answered, writhing in pain.

"Well, but simply being a fool should not cause you to suffer so much. I have seen a great many fools, and they rather appeared to enjoy themselves."

"That mout be, but they wan't sich big fools as I am."

"But say, your leg seems to be broken. How did that come?"

"See that bunch of corn-stalks and trash up yander in that tree?" the old fellow replied, pointing to a tall sycamore.

"Yes."

"That was the cause. I come along here this mornin' and said to myself after studyin' awhile: 'Milton B. Joyner,' said I, 'you are gittin' along in life and you ain't never made folks open thar eyes yit, so it is high time, for I have noticed that a man that don't do somethin' outen the usual never makes no noise in the world nor never causes folks to talk about him. Now, I tell you what you do. You have heard folks talk about high water and have hearn a good deal of lvin' fust and last, so now if you want to take the breath outen all the liars, jest tote a lot of corn-stalks and trash way up in that tree and fix the stuff jest like the water had left it thar. Then folks in ginera, and liars in particular will come atter they have hearn about it, and of all the wonderment you ever hearn in your life you will hear it then, and not a man nor liar among them will dare to say that they have ever knowd the water to be any higher, and then, old man,' says I, still talkin' to myself, 'you can go on away a-knowin' that you have made folks open thar eyes.' Wall, I gethered up the trash and corn-stalks and toted them up to the top of the tree, and fixed them all nice and started down, but, my foot slipped and the fust thing I know'd I was layin' here with a broken leg and a-knowin' that I was the biggest fool in the whole country. Now you know."

"You were indeed foolish."

"The biggest fool in the country, tell you."

"Can I do anything for you?"

"Nothin', only if you feel kind toward me you may jest break this other leg for sich a man as I am oughtenter have no legs at tall."

"Oh, I couldn't do that."

"Then go on away and let me alone."

"But I don't want to leave you here to suffer alone."

"That's all right, poder. I won't be alone long. Old Jim Pitts will come along atter while and knock me in the head. Good-bye."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Got His Own Spoons.

The amount of shopping for wedding gifts that is going on is something tremendous, and the man who at the club the other day remarked that he had concluded to be married, so that he could shift to the shoulders of his wife the responsibility of making dinner calls and of buying wedding gifts, was answered by a groan of sympathy from all the bachelors present, says the Boston correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune.* And the mention of wedding gifts recalls one of the bits of light but somewhat amusing gossip floating here. "The tale tells," as William Morris says in beginning his new volume, "that in times" not "long past" there was a wealthy and artistic bachelor in Boston who sent to an acquaintance as a wedding gift a set of berry spoons of a fashion peculiar and unique. They pleased him much, but they did not please the bride at all, and she, therefore, quietly took them back to the house where they were bought and exchanged them. In the course of the winter the gentleman went to the same jeweler to procure a wedding gift for another friend, saw and recognized the spoons, bought them and presented them to the second bride. She liked them no better than did her friend, and, like her friend, she took them back to the silver-smith. But in the fullness of time the original donor of the spoons took unto himself a wife, and then one of his friends who had not heard of the first repurchase went to the jeweler and said to him:

"You know what Mr. J. would like. Tell me what to give him as a wedding present."

"I think," answered the jeweler with a smile, "that he would like these spoons pretty well, for he has bought them twice."

"Then he shall have them," was the reply; "but I really think it will be well to have them marked this time, so that they shall not come back again."

And so it came about that the unique and most artistically ugly spoons came into the possession of Mr. J., who declares that they are the handsomest berry spoons that he ever saw.

A Trick That Is Vain.

A blue-bloused Chinaman in turned-up slippers dropped something into the ticket-chopper's box at the Brooklyn Bridge yesterday afternoon, and was hurrying toward the steps when the chopper yelled out:

"Come back here, you heathen, and put in your ticket."

The Chinaman jabbered a protest that he had put a ticket in the box, but grabbing him by the arm the chopper insisted that he should drop a ticket or get out. The Chinaman, still jabbering away angrily, went back and purchased a ticket.

"That little heathen game is played out," said the ticket-chopper, when the Mongolian had passed through. "We've been finding all sorts of crumpled up bits of colored paper in the boxes of late and have kept our eyes open. Within a week we've caught a dozen Chinaman playing the game. They all kicked just like that fellow did; but we're on to them, and they ain't agoin' to come it over me any more, you can bet on that."—*New York Herald.*

NEVER touch a vine that has three-fingered leaves—that is, leaves divided into three parts. Vines that show five-fingered leaves may be handled with safety. Poison ivy has three fingers.

CATECHISM OF THE STATES.

A Very Ingenious Series of Questions and Answers.

Question—Which is the best State for fresh pork?

Answer—New ham, sure.

Q.—Which is the best for an early summer hotel?

A.—May inn.

Q.—In which should surgeons dwell?

A.—Connect-a cut.

Q.—Which furnishes the best writers?

A.—Pencil-vania.

Q.—In which should laundrymen prosper?

A.—Washing done.

Q.—In which do impudent people dwell?

A.—Can sass.

Q.—Which is the best for deer hunting?

A.—Collar a doe.

Q.—Which is the best to steal a walking-stick in?

A.—Cane took, eh!

Q.—Which is the best for locksmiths?

A.—New brass key.

Q.—In which would you look for a morning attire?

A.—Day coat, eh!

Q.—In which is one likely to fail in getting a drink?

A.—Miss a sip.

Q.—In which can you find a red letter?

A.—Florid A.

Q.—In which does the hustle make one sick?

A.—Ill o' noise.

Q.—In which is one likely to lose his farming implements?

A.—I'd a hoe.

Q.—In which can one acquire an estate by marriage?

A.—Mary land.

Q.—What would be the most useful in the event of another deluge?

A.—New (Y)ark, of course.

Q.—In which is one letter of the alphabet taller than another?

A.—O higher.

Q.—In which are bodies of land surrounded by water given a ride?

A.—Rhode Island.

Q.—What is called to your mind by beholding two five-dollar bills?

A.—Ten I see.

Q.—Which would a woman rather have if she can't get a new sealskin sacque?

A.—New Jersey.

Q.—Which does the farmers wife mention when she asks you to partake of apple sauce?

A.—Take sass?—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

London Shop Girls.

Strict discipline is usually the order, and, whatever advantages either sex may otherwise enjoy, a marked equality exists as to the fines imposed throughout the day. These "correctors" vary from 2 pence to 10 shillings, and to enumerate the multitudinous opportunities presented to the unwary would cover much paper. The list of "offences" may often be found in a draper's check-book, and sufficient food for long study is afforded to "fresh hands" in mastering its details. In fact, in some houses, 'tis said, all the regulations are never understood. Suffice it to mention a few stock offences, such as too long a meal, late arrival, incorrect bills, incorrect checking, taking bad money, giving wrong change, leaving one's department without a just reason, and many other misdemeanors which trip the unwary. To balance this net work of penalties a "spiff" system is usually adopted, spiffs being premiums placed on certain articles, not of the last fashion, indicated by a marvelous hieroglyphic put on the price-ticket. These marks are well known by the assistant, and the almost invisible mystic sigh explains why an article, wholly unsuitable, is foisted on the jaded customer as "just the thing." The price-marks themselves are often conundrums to "madam," because these too are written in unknown characters, often drawn from a motto card.

In some firms the girls, when not serving, are permitted to adjourn to a comfortable sitting and reading room, or are allowed to sit behind the counters, and, with respect to food, dainties are often provided in form of fish, fowl or pastry, which the less favored "fellows" fail to obtain. The average times for meals are half an hour, and twenty minutes for dinner and tea respectively, except through the hottest weather, when the tea-time is extended to thirty minutes, in consideration of the longer hours consequent to light evenings. Supper is usually provided immediately after closing time, and then a much-coveted span of freedom is enjoyed till 11 o'clock sharp, or 12 o'clock one night a week, for the convenience of playgoers. As any "fellow" who contemplates starting a business for himself usually chooses a wife from among the "girls" of the house, it will be seen that a real "trade-unionism" exists among the community, in a peculiar sense, and the so-called "rag-trade" is thus perpetuated by duly qualified assistants.—*Pall-Mall Gazette.*

One Trifling Error at the Funeral.

Not long since a young clergyman was called to attend a funeral in a neighboring town. Not being at home when the messenger called, he did not have opportunity to inquire concerning the deceased and by some means or other got the idea that it was the man's wife that had died.

When he addressed the mourners he spoke very feelingly to the afflicted husband and sympathized deeply with him in the loss of his wife. Our clergyman noticed several times, however, during the discourse, that the audience seemed a little uneasy and he was almost horrified once to think that he perceived some of them trying hard to repress a smile.

When the casket was opened and permission given to view the remains, our preacher stepped forward and—presto; it was an old gentleman, and, he soon learned, the father of the young man who came for him to attend the funeral, while the healthy-looking wife by his side had been listening to her own funeral sermon.—*Lewiston Journal.*

Punishing His Own Folly.

It was at the time of the reaction that set in after the grand rush to Cedar Creek in Montana a good many years ago. A gentleman was traveling along the road in a light wagon when he overtook a German with a heavy pack on his back, consisting of blankets, provisions, etc.

"Put your pack in the wagon and get in and ride," said the driver.

The old German shook his head by way of refusal.

"Why won't you ride in preference to walking and carrying that heavy load?" asked the gentleman.

"No, by Jiminy, I von't ride," said the German. "I is going to learn one tam fool Dutchman never to go on anuther sthampede, py gracious."—*Spokane Spokesman.*

A Veteran Now a Tramp.

The queerest pair of tramps that Philadelphia people ever looked upon stood at the corner of Ninth and Walnut streets yesterday afternoon and begged alms from the passing throng. Both men supported themselves on crutches. One had only a stump of a leg, and the other mendicant's right limb was minus the foot and ankle. Their clothes were desperately snabby, and they seemed so utterly woe-begone that the Italian bootblack offered them a dime, which was promptly accepted. Little else money came their way until the closing of the matinee at the Walnut Street Theater.

Presently there came along a tall and well-dressed man, who put a silver quarter into the palm of one whose leg was closely shorn off. He had hardly made the gift before he wheeled around and looked the recipient of it squarely in the face. "I ought to know you, my man," he said.

"And I know you, Colonel," was the answer.

"Were you not wounded at the battle of Charles City Cross Roads?"

"I was shot there, but I fought it through and got my serious wound under your command on the morning that Gen. Lee surrendered."

The Colonel plunged his hand into his pocket and drew out a pile of silver and some paper money. Selecting from the lot a $5 note, he pressed it into the hand of the veteran, who had turned mendicant, and wended his way up Walnut street.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

When on the High Seas,

On the rail, on a steamboat, aboard a fishing smack, or yachting on the coast, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will be found a reliable means of averting and relieving ailments to which travelers, mariners, and emigrants are peculiarly subject. Sea captains, ship doctors, voyagers, or sojourners in the tropics, and all about to encounter, unacclimated, an unaccustomed, or dangerous climate, should not neglect to avail themselves of this safeguard of well-ascertained and long-tried merit. Constipation, biliousness, malarial fever, indigestion, rheumatism, and affections of the bladder and kidneys are among the ailments which it eradicates, and it may be resorted to not only with confidence in its remedial efficacy but also in its perfect freedom from every objectionable ingredient, since it is derived from the purest and most salutary sources. It counteracts the effects of unwholesome food and water.

Sorry He Spoke.

Joneson—I am a very outspoken man myself. I generally say just what I mean, and want others to do the same.

Jackson—Glad to hear it. You recollect you borrowed ten dollars of me a year ago and failed to return it. I didn't like to ask you for it for fear of giving offense, but now your words have removed all scruples, and—what's that? next week? all right; don't hurry.

The Handsomest Lady in Town

Remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when other cough remedies had no effect whatever. So to prove this and convince you of its merit, any druggist will give you a Sample Bottle *Free.* Large size, 50c and $1.

On the Other Hand.

"This infernal dust nuisance must damage you a great deal," he said to the grocer as he dodged into the door to let a great cloud roll by.

"Oh, no, sir. Anything added to maple sugar, prunes, evaporated apples, etc., is paid for by the public at so much much per gound. I am not doing any kicking."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Six Novels Free, will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philada., Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

A matter of color: Is the blush a deep red? No; it varies on what is called the pink of propriety.—*Chatter.*

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

A BOX safety matches free to smokers of "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigar.

The Singing Voice.

That the voice is affected by tobacco is proved by the testimony of singers on the one hand and by the experience of physicians on the other. A very large acquaintance with vocalists of all grades, extending now over a longer period of years than I care to think of, enables me to say that, while a few consider their voices as improved, the vast majority think it is more or less injured by smoking, says Dr. Morell Mackenzie. I attach far more importance to the testimony of the latter than to that of the former, as singers have frequently the most eccentric notions of what is "good for the voice." As stout, mustard and melted tallow candles have each been vaunted by distinguished artists as vocal elixirs of sovereign efficacy, it is not surprising that tobacco should also have its adherents.

The example of Mario, who smoked incessantly, is often cited as a proof of the utility—or, at any rate, the harmlessness—of the practice. It is obvious, however, that an exceptional singer is so by virtue of possessing an exceptional throat, and no rule for general use can be safely founded on such an instance. Balzac used to say of great men who were victims of the tender passion that there was no knowing how much greater they might have been if they had been free from that weakness. In the same way we may say of Mario: How much finer might even his voice have been without his eternal cigar? It might at least have lasted longer than it did.

Syrup of Figs,

Produced from the laxative and nutritious juice of California figs, combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds and headaches, and curing habitual constipation.

THE fortress of Toul, it would appear from details given by the *Gaulois,* is to be made the chief place d'armes on the French frontier. New iron-cased turret forts are being constructed there, and as Toul commands the roads and railways from Metz to the northeast, and from Strasbourg to the east, the importance attached to it by the French military authorities seems justified.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of *Sick Headache,* Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

A simple ratification: "Well, papa has ratified our engagement, Josephus, dear." "Good! but what did he say?" "He simply said 'Rats!'"—*Puck.*

IN 1850 "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

ADVICE to an immoderate drinker—"Shake" the bottle before taking.

Your Blood

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