The joyous click of olden time Is like the silent mill, How often have I gazed with joy Upon its homely face,

In childhood view'd it as a toy With every charming grace. I think I see my mother's hand Take down the olden key, And raised upon the little stand Wind it up most cunningly.

And then announce with gentle smile, The bed-time hour is come. Retire, for now the midnight's oil Should always cease to burn.

How many scenes of childhood days Enwrap themselves around, The worn-out dial like the lays, In some old ballad found.

Cold and stiff in death's dark vale, That careful hand is laid, Those anxious looks have ceased to tell, The many cares they weighed. -Toronto Truth.

A WOMAN'S WAR.

THE ACTROR OF "LORA THORNE."

CHAPTER XLII .- CONTINUED.

Margarita raised her head with a sudden passion that almost startled them. Should her face-indignant words of denial sprang portant witness. You must go with us." to her lips, and then she sank back with a low cry. Let them say what they would, she would not disgrace Allan by saying that | she asked, in a faint, low voice. she was his wife.

not to steal. I am not a thief."

notes and all this gold about you!" said, wearily.

take them, why did you open the safe?" face, and the startled horror return.

like a thief in the night to the safe?" "I have nothing to say," she moaned-"I have no answer to give.

"Look at her," cried Mrs. Grame-" see | told them one word of her secret. how she is dressed, so that no one should see or hear her. I have baffled her. I knew she was after my lady's keys: I knew she she would get them, and would watch and wait until the house was all silent. So did I. I watched her. When she crept down here, I crept after her; when she had thought she had locked the library door, I looked in, and saw her at the safe. While she emptied it I fetched you, sir. Mercy or pity in her case would be out of place

Margarita, raising her despairing face.

"Yes you have," was the reply; "you fraud. In one fashion you have made me next best thing to death would be exile for betray my trust; you cajoled me into tak- her. ing you round the house of which I had charge. I wish I had been dumb before I said one half to you that I said that Beale, her dark eyes so full of persuasion

"You are pitiless," said Margarita. "Yes, to such as you-you who have stolen into the house, and have deceived my mistress-you, who have won her confidence only to injure her-you, who would steal her money and her jewels if you could. I am pitiless to such as you, who plan and maneuver and deceive."

"Let me see Miss Cameron," said Mar-"No," refused Mr. Beale; "you shall not see her. You have deceived her quite enough-you shall not impose upon her again. I take it upon myself to refuse you all access to Miss Cameron. I shall give you in charge for attempting a robbery. Mrs. Grame, we will not have these things touched; we will have a detective here the first thing in the morning, and he shall see for himself."

She made no effort to stop them as they went out of the room. She asked for no pity, no compassion, no mercy, as they passed out. She fell with her face on the ground, and lay there motionless and still.

"Has she fainted?" asked Mr. Beale. "Not wishing to be too hard upon her, I should say, sir, it does not matter whether she has or not, after using my mis-

tress so." "But we must have common humanity," observed Mr. Beale: and he went back to Margarita. "I-I hope you are not ill?" he

She did not raise her face. "I wish I were dead," she replied-"I wish I were dead !" "Comp away, sir," requested Mrs. Grame;

"this woman can act any part; "and they went, leaving her to her despair. Through the remaining hours of the night she lay crouching there, fighting over and

over again the battle of her own mind. Should she own who she was? Should she tell all to Miss Cameron, or should she let them punish her as they would? "They would not believe me," she said to herself. "Let the worst come, I will not me."

hold up my finger to save myself." All the jealousy, the bitterness, that had lain dormant in her heart rose into active life now; and with it there came sullen defiance--angry gloom.

"They may say what they will-do as they will-but I will utter no word." Meanwhile Mr. Beale and Mrs. Grame

discussed what, under all the circumstances it was best to do. "Don't you go near my lady, sir," said not impose upon me. imposed upon. She would be for letting

the housekeeper; "she is young and easily this woman go free. It would not be just. She would let her go, and say nothing. She perate than wicked. must be punished. Take my advice, sir -lock the door, and send Gregson off said. Get her a bonnet and a shawl. early in the morning, and give her in Yours are womanly hands, fit to touch her; magistrate, "that it was something of that charge."

"She is so young," observed Mr. Beale, hesitatingly, "and so beautiful." "Ah," rejoined the housekeeper, "that is if she had a plain face she would be punished for her sin; having a pretty one, she goes free. That is a man's idea of

justice. "Nay," said Mr. Beale, "I do not think herself: she ought to be spared. I have no thought of sparing her. It is false mercy to let a die, so that I might no longer stand in my crime like hers go unpunished. But I am | husband's light!'

sorry for her, as I said before. She is young "So is the mistress she would have robbed," observed Mrs. Grame; "and I love my

any one who would injure her.' library door was locked, and early in the savage satisfaction in suffering and humilia-

cold bleak dawn of September morning Mr. | tion-a something that seemed to appeare Beale sent to Lutdale for a detective.

CHAPTER XLIII.

It was not quite light when Mr. Beale opened the library door, and showed the detective into the room. He was a hard-faced man, who had grown callous and indifferent, because for long years he had seen only the worst side of life; but even he, ac- Henry Layston, Esq., was an intelligent course; after losing her situation and her customed as he was to sin and misery of county magistrate. He never sent a child character, the ruin of all her worldly preall kind, looked with something like compas- to prison for gathering a flower, but if a spects must follow; and that, I think, will sion on the prostrate figure of the beautiful man ill-treated his unfortunate wife, Mr. be punishment sufficient. Whatever wrong

But John Bayns did not think it was Beale, with the detective, his prisoner, and "play-acting;" he had seen a good deal, but he had never witnessed anything like the despair in the drooping face before him. Miss Avenel was discharged. The charge and seen a good deal, but the witness, drove in the cold, clear September, and ber morning, which had dawned with a gray mist.

CHAPTER XLV.

Miss Avenel was discharged. The charge wounds, sprains, bruises, callons lumps, blotches arising from impure blood. Burden wounds, sprains, bruises, callons lumps, dock Blood Bitters is the grand parifying.

Mr. Bayns, regretfully. "Was anything band's life. found in her possession?" "Not, perhaps, positively in her possession; she had them all here on the floor."

Mr. Beale stepped forward. "for obtaining illegal possession of Miss notice me." there is no need of making more paradethan to see her or hear of her again. we are obliged."

Margarita's face.

For the first time the white lips moved.

"I did not come here to steal," she said, would have told her secret to her rival. She cance—the secret of the will lost some of its she had disgraced? No, never! She would slowly. "I do not deny that I came into would, in the extremity of her fear, have horror. She, by her own act, had made her- die a hundred deaths first. She would go the house for a purpose of my own. It was owned to her that she was Lord Rylestone's self unfit to be acknowledged as Lord Ryle- far away. She would go where never a for the cure of coughs and colds and skilwife, and that her only object in visiting the stone's wife. "If you had no wish to steal," asked Mr. safe was to see a copy of the will. She would, Beale, "why have you obtained possession as her last and only resource against a prison, of Miss Cameron's keys-why have you have told her; but she would not part with strike her that the curse was the result of become insignificant as the beautiful face paration. opened the safe? What are you doing here her secret to those before her she would not acting upon impulse rather than upon prin- with its calm expression of despair was turnat this hour of the night with these bank- bring disgrace on Allan in such eyes as ciple, the result of studying the end rather ed toward him. theirs.

far above them. No word that asked for passion, the genius in the world could not to you that I was not guilty. You would not "That is a lame story. Where a person | mercy, no plea for pity should gratify them. is caught in the very act of crime such a They might do as they would. As for the defence is useless. If you did not intend to housekeeper, who pretended to have the honor of the family so deeply at heart, what He saw the indignant flush die from her | would she say if she ever knew that it was Lord Rylestone's wife she had hunted down? the taunts of underlings, disgraced by be- me.' "Answer me," he said. "If you did not What would Mr. Beale think when he knew | ing suspected of theft-that she had separatwant the jewels, why have you come down that it was Lady Rylestone he had given in ed herself from her husband as much as

Even as she stood there rolled over her again that terrible wave of anguish-the recollection of the will and the secret that was as bitter as gall to her, the remembrance that Allan's love for her had ruined him, and that it would be better ten thousand times for said to herself, "that would have been foolhim if she lay dead. She looked at the detective's face.

"What will they do to me? she asked. Will they send me out of the country?" "No-the case is not so bad as that," he "Have I ever done you any harm?" asked replied, wondering at the half-admission of

"I wish they would," she murmured; duped me-you made me the victim of your and in her heart she thought that the hunted me down." "We had better be going," said John

Bayns; and again she turned to Mr. and pitious pleading that he looked hastily "Will you let me see Miss Cameron?" she

asked faintly.

would only pain her, and could do no possithat the carriage was at the door. "You will have the good sense to go quietly with us, Miss Avenel, I am sure,

"No," he replied; "I will not, It

said Mr. Beale. She looked up at him with dim, dazed eyes, if she did not perfectly understand, and the detective made a step toward her. He put out his hand, as though he would touch her arm, and the glance she gave him made him quickly withdraw it again.

"Do not touch me !" she cried. "All right!" he said. "I have no such they stopped and looked at her.

for its safety fell in graceful folds around her, her face was marble white, her dark hair, all unfastened, fell like a veil around her, and caught her in the act of plunderher; her dark eyes were full of untold sor-row and untold fear. They never forgot her as she stood before them then.

"Will it make any difference," she asked, say. The dark dazed eyes were raised in a low voice, "if I swear that I had no slowly to his face, and she answered, thought-heaven pardon those who have "No. misjudged me !-of stealing?"

"It will make no difference," replied Mr. Beale ; "appearances are against you." ed in the dark beauty of Lady Rylestone's was "No."

"I might clear myself," she said. "A few words would shame you out of your shrewder than any one of the three arrayed able to sleep on account of terrible pains. will not speak: You have found me here and have chosen to believe that I must be self. "I know not what led her to the safe,

Mr. Beale could not tell how it was, but the calm, strange words made him uncom-

"If you can clear yourself by a few words,' he said, "speak them-let me hear

"I will not," she returned, "because you have called me a thiet.

John Bayns turned an impatient face to had done. He looked up suddenly. her; he was inclined to believe in the beautiful woman who seemed to him more des- jewels and money?"

"The lady cannot go in that fashion," he as though she were dazed with grief, or be-

wildered in some strange way. She stood mute and passive while the housekeeper did as she was told-fastened up the long hair, and put on her bonnet and cloak. She shrank a little when the unkindly hands touched her and then she said to

"What does it matter? If I could only

The terrible secret she knew at last. It had closed round her heart like a burning fire ; it had destroyed the sweet life with all its hopes, love, and fair promise; it had mistress best. I should have little pity on hardened her into stone. No matter what would, no idea of the real truth, or even of happened now, nothing could restore her The housekeeper's advice was taken, the happiness to her. There was a kind of half- across him.

> She uttered no word when Mr. Beale said mind however severe the sentence might be to look about. The demand for Briggs' Elecsomething about the carriage waiting; but that he passed upon her. She would not true Oil is truly wonderful. with her beautiful white face she looked care if he acquitted her. He spoke in an unmore like an accusing spirit than did those dertone to Mr. Beale. who had undertaken to punish her.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Layston knew how to punish him for it. may be contemplated, none was actually

more awful it became—the more she believed like a woman changed to stone.

out of the world-if I could go somewhere eyes-"I give this woman in charge," he said, where no one would know me, see me, or "You are free to go wheresoever you will, bert, Ga., writes: "The Golden Medical

I will go with you to Mr. Layston's," he con- Lady Rylestone began to imagine that her charge." tinued. "I will order a closed carriage; husband would be relieved if he were never He saw that it was quite useless speaking.

And then he turned to the despairing wo- her companions drove in silence. She made at him but did not see him, no complaint; she prayed no further prayer; "I am truly sorry, Miss Avenel," he said "Miss Avenel," he said, "I am very sorry she never noticed their solicitude to save her "that you placed yourself, by your own this has happened. I hope it will prove a from all observation; she sat silent, motion- folly, in this terrible position. I hope what lesson to you. You must pause in your less, her dark eyes fixed on the trees, her has passed this morning will prove a lesson bining the most valuable nervine properties. career. I am grieved to think that you have white, intent face never changing. The to you.' chosen a bad instead of a good one. You crowning sorrow had come to her-the cer- She made him no answer. She could must go before a magistrate and answer for tain conviction that, now that she had un- have laughed aloud in her bitterness and dergone this disgrace, she could never be despair. What mattered all such platitudes! ation, or from nervousness or neuralgic pains. "That is not the face of a thief," remark publicly acknowledged as Lord Rylestone's They could not touch her height of sorrow By druggists. ed the detective, involuntarily, as the white, wife. It dawned across her mind with a -they could not take one sting from the despairing, death-like features met his gaze. keen, sudden pain. She herself had raised pain that was killing her. Let those about He was accustomed to such scenes, but his the barrier between them; she had, to all her advise, counsel. Heaven knew all words practiced eyes detected no trace of guilt in intents and purposes, separated herself could not reach her grief. Something in the from him. Lord Rylestone could not show expression of her face made Mr. Beale kinder "That remains to be seen," said Mr. to the world as his wife the woman who than he had intended to be. Beale; and then, turning to the housekeep- had been tried for theft. She had ruined "You would like to return to Walton they call her thief? A hot flush crimsoned er, he added. Mrs. Graine, you are an im- herself; and the ruin was irretrievable. It Court," he said, "and get anything belongwas this certain conviction that had driven ing to you? You will not think of living MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y. her to the last depths of despair. She there again?" "Will you let me see Miss Cameron?' almost forgot the rest in remembering that; Return to where she had suffered? Go the terrible dilemma in which she had so back to the place where the will lay with In this hour of her most terrible need she rashly placed herself faded into insignifi- its secret-back to the house of the husband

than the means, the result of a certain defi- "You have charged me with theft," she "I never intended to take them," she Humiliated as she was, she seemed to rise clency in honor which all the beauty, the said. "I told you I was innocent. I swore

> -"it is my fate." to herself that she had been degraded by Heaven to judge you as you have judged death itself could have done. What mat-"They will suffer then," she thought - tered what followed? She never saw the Removal of Foreign Bodics from the and to have saved herself she would not have | sun disperse the clouds on that September morning, to shine forth in all its brilliancy; she never heard the song of the birds, she never saw the autumn foliage-she was like

"If a dagger had been put into my hands ish; but to have done what I have done is suicide more deadly still."

She was like a woman turned to stone. When Mr. Layston looked at her, he started back in amazement at the cold, dark loveliness of the once brilliant face-it was more like a mask than a face.

"They shall not see my heart bleed," sh said to herself-" these, my foes, who have She was taken to the magistrate's room, in

Mr. Layston's house. "Of what is this lady accused?" asked that gentleman; and the answer startled him as her cold, impassive beauty had done. to himself. "Whoever says so judges wrongfully. The woman is half mad with some great sorrow.'

Opposite the table where she stood was a tall window of stained glass. The sun shone through it now, and made the white And then Mrs. Grame came back to say hands crimson. He saw her rub them, as though they were stained with blood-rub them with a frightened expression—and again he said to himself—

"She is mad with some great sorrow."
And then he took his seat, and the official investigation began. He listened to the charge-listened to the witnesses-and saw how entirely indifferent she appeared. "She does not feel it," he thought-'neither the shame nor the sorrow that fol-

lows the detection of crime." Mrs Grame told her story-and a telling thought if you will come quietly. Is the one it was against the prisoner-how she lady to go as she is?" he added, turning to had come first in disguise, under the Mr. Beale. And then for a few moments pretence of seeing the Court — how she had returned again as Miss "The long black dress that she had chosen | Cameron's companion-how she had maneuvered to get the keys, and how, suspecting and mistrusting her, she had watched

The magistrate's voice was full of pity as he asked the prisoner had she anything to ages, where it may cause fatal mischief not dislodged at an early period.

Then Mr. Beale told his story, and it was against her. Again the kindly, pitying voice asked her had she nothing to say-no Something of half-scornful defiance flash- explanation to give-and the answer again John Bayns revealed her half-admission

of her own guilt, but the magistrate was "It is sorrow, not crime," he said to himhere for the sake of stealing. The time will but I am quite sure she did not wish to steal

come when you will know no greater from it, although she was found with the shame than this-that you have misjudged jewels and money on the floor. If she goes to prison there will be no justice in the land," he thought. "Was anything found in her possession?"

e inquired.

"Was anything missing from the safe!" And then the magistrate conversed for some little time with Mr. Beale. He told "All play acting," says Mrs. Grame. "It the lawyer his opinion that there was some will not impose upon a magistrate; it does | mystery about the case, that Miss Avenel

had some other design in doing what she "What is kept there," he asked, "besides 'Documents of all kinds-private papers

belonging to the Rylestone family." "Then you may rely upon it," said the fasten up that long hair of hers-she looks kind she wanted to see. If she had only cared to steal jewels or money, she had many | The first attempt was made upon the bees

startled by this new view of the case. which admitted of their being safely hand-"What can she want to see the Rylestone led. The next stage in the experiment was papers for?

"That I cannot explain. Every family has its own secrets. I can form no idea of what she wanted to see; but I will stake comb, and turning on the current, the bees my professional judgment and reputation were rendered inactive for about thirty minthat I am right-it was papers and not jewels utes, while no bad results appear to follow that brought her to the Court." Mr. Beale looked anxious. Could there

be any mystery in the Rylestone family unknown to him? Still, think, ponder as he anything approaching to it, ever dawned Mr Layston was shrewd enough to see

something else. Miss Avenel apparently did not care what happened her -she would not cine is causing the wise heads of the world "I think we must take everything into do and are not dangerous. Their stimulat-

consideration," he said. "She has stolen ing and recuperating qualities are truly nothing-nothing has been found upon her wonderful. -nothing has been missed. As a matter of "It is all play-acting," said Mrs. Grame; The county papers had nothing but praise done; but the social ruin that will follow is do not let yourself be imposed upon, Mr. for him—they called him a wise and upright certain. I think the justice of the case will magistrate. It was to Layston Park that Mr. be met if the prisoner be discharged."

house under false pretenses, how she had dead to all care for her character and fair where she would; the freedom was of no ternal use. Price 25c.

stealthily taken possession of Miss Cameron's name. The minutes and hours as they pass- use to her. The cruel accusation that had keys, and how she had been discovered at the ed only plunged her into greater grief; the darkened her life was withdrawn; the with- cured by the use of Dr. Pierces "Golden safe with the jewels and money all around longershe dwelt upon that terrible secret the drawal gave her no satisfaction. She was Discovery," though, if the lungs are wasted

impulse, would have detained her in the influence over all scrofulous, tuberculous, If only she could slip quietly out of the house-would have soothed and calmed her, and pulmonary affections as the "Disworld! "I will not take my own life," she and have won from her the story of her covery." John Willis, of Elyria. Ohio, said to herself; "it would be base and grief; but propriety forbade all such kind- writes: "The Golden Medical Discovery "That is a point in her favor," observed cowardly-it would be wicked. I will not ness. He could only repeat, looking at does positively cure consumption, as, after die a coward; but if I could only slip quietly the white face and wide open frightened trying every other medicine in vain, this

Miss Avenel. You should thank Mr. Beale Discovery' has cured my wife of bronchitis Camerou's keys, and for attempting to steal. In her strained, morbid train of thought for his leniency. He would not press the and incipient consumption." Sold by drug-

> She did not in the least comprehend. Mr Through the gray September mist she and Beale went up to her. The dark eyes looked

familiar face was to be seen-into the world fully combining them by chemical processes. "There must have been a curse upon of strangers. She looked at the lawyer. This all medical men are aware of, as they me," she said to herself; but it did not Keen and shrewd as he was, he seemed to are furnished with the formula of its pre-

believe me. You have done that which will "There is a curse upon me," she repeated cloud my whole life and darken it. I will hold no communication with you, I will After that she grew reckless. She said speak no further word to you, but I pray

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Windpipe. Eamsly Physician,

Foreign bodies in any part of the windpipe are always serious, and may be immediately fatal. The accident commonly happens from a child having some plaything, obey, or possibly from its disinclination to principles of this remedy are unequalled by do so being quickened by a cuff, the foreign any similar preparation in the world. body slips into the windpipe, and produces serious mischief. In the well-known case of the late Mr. Brunel, the eminent engineer, whose life was endangered by an accident of this kind, it arose from his performing a conjuring trick with a half-sovereign in his mouth, and the coin slipping into his wind-wipe. When the foreign body becomes fixed in the upper part of the windpipe, or larynx so as to obstruct the breathing, the patient becomes black in the face, and falls back ap-"It is not the face of a thief," he thought parently dead. This sometimes happens during a meal, from a child or grown-up person happening to cough while eating, and thus drawing a piece of food into the air-passages. Whatever the cause, a bystander should, without hesitation, thrust his fore-finger to the back of the throat, and endeavor to hook up with it the offending body, and this can often be done, when the patient will at once breathe again. If this method is not successful, the patient, if a child, should be held up by the legs and be smartly thumped between the shoulders when not improbably the foreign body will

drop on to the floor, and the child will then begin to respire and cry; but if respiration is still suspended, cold water dashed on the chest wilf probably rouse it, or, if not, recourse must be had to artificial respiration. Of course, medical aid will be summoned at once in any case of serious choking, if possible, but the majority of these cases do very well without it. If, however, the foreign body is not dislodged by the efforts of bystanders, an operation will be necessary to save life, and every moment will be of importance. Even if the urgent symptoms have passed off, and the child appears to be restored to health, yet, if the foreign body has not been found, the advice of a surgeon should, nevertheless, be sought at once, as it may still be lodged in the deeper air pas-

An Editor in Luck. St. Jacobs Oil cures rheumatism; of this am convinced. For years I suffered with rheumatism in my left shoulder and right arm, and last fall I was incapable of attend-A few weeks ago a severe attack of this trouble struck me, and this time I concluded to try the St. Jacobs Oil, I must acknowledge, with but little confidence in its merits. freely confess that the result has completely astonished me. The first application relieved the pain very materially, and the continued use of only two bottles has completely cured me of this chronic evil, and that, after the most eminent physicians and their prescriptions had been of no avail. I therefore consider it a duty to publish the above for the benefit of all sufferers with rheumatism and kindred complaints. G. A. HEIL-MAN, Editor Republican, Pittsburg, Pa.

Bad for the Boos. Among the many unexpected developments of electrical science is an application to the hiving of bees when they swarm, successfully tried by German experimenters. It was thought that by utilizing the electric force the bees might be stupified for the necessary period of time without being injured, and the result proved the correctness of the idea. that are gathered upon trees, the insects "But who is she ?" cried Mr. Beale, falling upon the ground in a kind of trance,

to capture the bees when they are about to swarm. By introducing the ends of two connecting wires into a fully occupied honey their awakening.

Over ten thousand boxes of Briggs' Indian Vegetable Life Pills are sold annually in the Dominion of Canada, which is the best proof of the estimation in which they are held by the public as a family medicine. The introduction of electricity as a medi-Of Private and Trust Funds, to loan on Mortgage

EDISON'S ELECTRIC ARSORBENT BELTS d

health becomes impaired the miserable dis-peptic may find prompt relief in Burdock Blood Bitters. It regulates the bowels, acts upon the liver and kidneys, purifies the blood, and stimulates all the secretions to a

even appear to listen when her accuser told her story of how she had been caught there, how she had introduced herself into the how are how are had introduced herself into the how are how are how are had introduced herself into the how are how and introduced herself into the how are how are how and introduced herself into the how are how ar health to the most sallow complexion.

Consumption in its early stages is readily no medicine will effect a cure. No known "I am afraid it looks like a plant," said herself to have been the bane of her hus- Mr. Layston, if he had followed his own remedy possesses such soothing and healing succeeded." Mr. Z. T. Phelps, of Cuth-

> In France nowadays brides have very few dresses in their trousseaux, the current modes being so variable, but they have more material in the piece than formerly.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a most powerful restorative tonic, also comespecially adapted to the wants of debilitat ed ladies suffering from weak back, inward fever, congestion, inflammation, or ulcer-

An experienced observer was once asked "What is the art of winning a woman?" and answered; "About the same thing as the art of driving a pig to market." Dyspepsia, liver complaint, and kindred

affections. For treatise giving successful self-treatment address World's DISPENSARY Folding screens for holding eight or ten photographs are handsome when covered

with velvet or plush.

Chilblains. These troublesome complaints may be

speedily cured by Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the great Rheumatic remedy, which, as an external application and as an internal remedy has a wider range of usefulness than any | with the signature of " I. Butts "on the wapper similar preparation in the world. A Friend in Need. - Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is a friend in deed. Who has not found it such in curing all diseases of

will always be maintained by the pro-

the high standard of excellence on which

the popularity of this preparation is based,

A Cure for Headache. What physician has ever discovered a cure for headache? Echo answers none. But such as a bean, small marble, bead, or nut- Burdock Blood Bitters by their purifying, shell, in its mouth, and being desired to invigorating, nervine properties afford a cure take it out, when, either in the hurry to in nearly every case. The healthgiving-

> A Good Filter. To have pure water in the house every family should have a good filter, the health and comfort depends largely upon the use of properly filtered water. The liver is the true tion of Solid Prarie Farm Land filter for the blood, and Burdock Blood Bit ters keep the liver and all the secretory or near a Railroad Station prefergans in a healthy condition. It is the

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seem to know of its coming by a kind of intuition, and prepare accordingly. The pennics, hitnerto dropped into the missionary-box with conscienti-ous regularity, are now faithfully di-verted into an old coffee-pot in the scrap-metal, old paper, etc., do sub-stantial service in the way of securing he amount of an admission fee. But for all that, we believe fully in the properly conducted circus as a means of amusement and diversion, and are happy to state the gratifying fact that the circus—or rather its proprietors and employes—experimentally be-lieve in St. Jacobs Oil, the Great Pale Bellever of the Great Hon B. T. Coup's Monster Show can be taken as typical cases. The former says: "We take great pleasure in stating that St.

JACOBS OIL is in use by many ring ar-tists now engaged with P. T. Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth, united with the Great London Circus, Sanger's Royal British Menagerie and the International Allied Shows. From its happy effect upon those who have occasion to employ it, we have no hesitation in pronouncing St. Jacobs Oil the best liniment which has ever been brought to our notice. It is wonderfully efficacious in subduing pain.
(Signed) BARNUM, BAILEY & HUTCHINSON."

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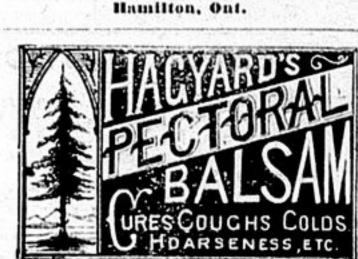
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