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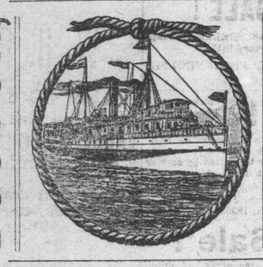

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Poetry.

Sa'id Ben Sa'id.

(From the Arabic.)

Sa'id Ben Sa'id with mirth was always filled,
And smilingly he greeted each new morn;
His friend Abdallah lived in sombre gloom,
As if all comfort from the world was shorn.

They met at mosque: the Sa'id beamed, Abdallah frowned at every passer by;
'A misanthrope,' said one, 'Allah forefend
That he should harm me with his evil eye!'

Sa'id straightway spoke: 'Friend, why is it thus
That thou forever look'st so sore displeased?'
'The world is vain,' Abdallah quickly said,
'And all its people's morals are diseased!'

Thereat Sa'id answered with a quiet smile,
'Look thou for good, and good thou'lt surely find;
The world believe, and thou wilt be obliged
To think much better of thy fellow-kind!'

—*Rev. Henry Cohen.*

Something Great.

The trial was ended—the vigil past;
All clad in his arms was the knight at last,
The goodliest knight in the whole wide land,
With face that shone with a purpose grand.
The king looked on him with gracious eyes,
And said, 'He is meet for some high emprise,'
To himself he thought, 'I will conquer fate,
I will sure die, or do something great.'

So fresh from the palace he rode away;
There was trouble and need in the town that day;
A child had strayed from his mother's side
Into the woodland dark and wide.
'Help!' cried the mother with sorrow wild—
'Help me, sir knight, to seek my child!
The hungry wolves in the forest roam;
Help me bring my lost one home!'

He shook her hand from his bridle rein;
'Alas, poor mother, you ask in vain;
Some meaner succor will do, may be,
Some squire or valet of low degree.
There are mighty wrongs in the world to right;
I keep my sword for a noble fight,
I am sad at heart for your baby's fate,
But I ride in haste to do something great.'

One wintry night when the sun had set,
A blind man by the way he met;
'Now, good sir knight, for our lady's sake,
On the sightless wanderer pity take!
The wind blows cold, and the sun is down;
Lead me, I pray, till I reach the town.'
'Nay,' said the knight, 'I cannot wait;
I ride in haste to do something great.'

So on he rode, in his armor bright,
His sword all keen for the longed-for fight,
'Laugh with us, laugh,' cried the merry crowd,
'Oh, weep!' wailed others, with sorrow bowed.
'Help us,' the weak and weary prayed;
But for joy, nor grief, nor need he stayed.
And the years rolled on, and his eyes grew dim,
And he died—and none made moan for him.

He missed the good that he might have done,
He missed the blessings he might have won,
Seeking some glorious task to find,
His eyes to all humbler work were blind.
He that is faithful in that which is least
Is bidden to sit at the heavenly feast.
Yet men and women lament their fate
If they be not called to do something great.

—*Florence Tyler, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Select Literature.

The Legend of Marguerite,

COUNTESS OF GODFRIED.

BY JULIA METCALFE.

We all want something in this world. No one is ever satisfied. Beautiful, rich, of high estate and well-beloved by her husband, Marguerite, Countess of Godfried, amented that she was childless.

In those days children were esteemed a blessing. After all, this seems more natural than the modern dread of their arrival, which grows stronger with every generation. The holiest longing in the world is that of a wedded wife for a pledge of her true love, and Marguerite, who was a Catholic, could not esteem it a sin to kneel often in the castle chapel and implore the Virgin Mary to listen to her prayer.

'Intercede for me,' she sighed, 'Thou, who has held thy Holy Infant dear! Thou, who knowest all the secrets of my heart.'

And often she thought the Madonna smiled upon her with her marble lips.

One day, as the countess knelt at the foot of the Virgin's shrine, a strange sleep fell upon her—a sleep that resembled a trance—in which a dream, or it may have been a vision, was vouchsafed her.

She was conscious of a curious drowsiness, which could not be shaken off. She remembered laying her head upon the step before the shrine. Then music, such as she had never heard before, filled the air. She opened her eyes; an angel band hovered about her, each playing some unknown instrument. The whole chapel was filled with a clear silvery light, and as she crossed herself the marble statue of the Virgin seemed to become a living woman, though lovlier than any human being could be. Her hair, fair, rippling, and soft as silk, fell over her shoulders. Her robes were of silvery white, and in the diadem upon her brow flashed many jewels more wonderful than those dug from earthly mines. With slow and graceful movement, she decended from her pedestal and stood at the lady's side.

'Thy prayers are answered,' she said, and put into her hand something which the lady could not at first see plainly.

Then the music died away, the vision faded, the marble Virgin sat once more within the shrine, and the Countess Marguerite saw that she held in her hand a fleshless human skull, in which was set a fresh white rose. A little after this, her husband, searching for her, found her in a deep sleep at the altar's foot. He found it hard to arouse her, and when she awoke she was so pale that she scarcely looked like one living. She told him her dream. It terrified him, and he resolved to ask a holy hermit, who lived in a cave hard by, to interpret the dream.

He sought the old man's dwelling-place, and told him his mission. The hermit replied that his interpretations only came to him after deep and earnest prayer; he retired into the shadow of the cave, where he knelt for a long while with his face buried in his hands. At last he arose and came forward.

'My son,' he said, 'prepare yourself for what blind mortals are apt to think are tidings. I have read the vision plainly: The skull implies that your wife must shortly slumber in the grave; the white roses are the joys beyond the gates of heaven. A great blessing will, after death be vouchsafed her; but of such things a mortal may know nothing. All that I can certainly tell you is that your wife must shortly die.'

The count, horror-stricken, placed in the iron box without the cave that alms for poor which was all the good hermit ever received for his prophecies, and returned home. His heart was heavy, but he did not tell his wife what he had heard. After all, it might be that for once a correct interpretation had not been vouchsafed. God was above all. He alone knows all things. But, alas! his lady faded slowly, and on the anniversary of their wedding she suddenly died, of what disease the physician could not say.

In all ages, in all climes, in all conditions, the grief of bereavement is the same. Why endeavor to describe that for which there can be no words? Enough that all that made life happy was torn from Count Godfried. He commanded that his wife should be laid in her tomb in her bridal robes, and wearing all the jewels he had given her. Crowds gathered from far and near. The poor wept; all bewailed the dead lady, who had been a good friend, a kind mistress, and generous to the needy.

Only the sexton, a strange, black-visaged man, crooked in mind and in body, muttered to himself:

'Why should the dead wear jewels that would make the living rich? Oh, the ostentation of these great folk! They carrry it with them even to their graves.

All was over. Marguerite slept in the tomb of her husband's ancestors, and Count Godfried determined to leave his home forever. It had become to him only a mausoleum of dead bones, and he detested it.

It was night; a fearful storm was raging in the valley of the Rhine. Forked lightning flashed across the hills; ever and anon an unusually terrible crash told that some monarch of the forest, or perhaps the tapering spire of some village church, had been struck. Flames over and anon sprang up athwart the blackness of the distance, but were speedily extinguished by the sheets of rain which deluged everything.

In the count's castle, the servants, trembling with terror, had deserted their beds, and were gathered in the chapel, praying for protection. Two candles burnt at the altar, and the alternation from the semi-darkness to a fierce red glare, which made the whole scene resemble a picture painted in fire, was incessant.

The count, however, was not with his dependents. Standing at a window, from which the church was visible, he watched the sky. In those days *savants* had not explained to all the world the cause of ectric storms. Each bolt that fell was supposed to be cast by an angry power upon the disobedient world. When it thundered, the chariot wheels of the Almighty rolled.

The count looked upward to the sky, and downward at the tombs of the house of Godfried. They lay there, side by side, at rest, and with them, his wife.

What if the bolt should strike him? He would welcome Death; that might unite him to his well-beloved. Life that must part him from her, was what he feared.

Beyond the park, where the minister lay amongst drenched willows, a human form was moving, even in this tempest. The sexton, who had coveted the jewels on the dead lady's bosom, had waited for a night like this to rob her grave.

His plans were all made. He knew a dealer in gems who never asked from whence thing of value came if he could buy them at a bargain.

Many a time before had he opened the grave of some poor wife, and taken from her cold hand her wedding ring—always buried with its owner in that part of Germany—and the old man had guessed well enough whence those sacred tokens came and had only laughed and bought them.

But to open the tombs of the Godfrieds, of which he held the keys and was guardian, to pass those coffins, lying each in its niche, and at the far end of the great vault find the iron coffin in which the last comer lay—to open it in such a storm—this was a harder task.

But the reward for his vile deed would be so much beyond the simple wedding rings of peasant women. He should be able to leave the poorly paid work which he had done all his life; first a boy at his father's side, then as a man, until now he had come to forty years; and he could live in idleness—in what to him would be luxury the rest of his days.

'It was a temptation too great for his soul. The storm which seemed to threaten him, and the ghosts who might arrive to drive the rash intruder from their resting place, was as nothing when compared to this.

And on such a night he feared no mortal eye. All were glad to be safe under their own roofs.

Without hesitation he closed the door of his little hut behind him, and bearing a closed lantern, took his way to the tomb of the Godfrieds.

The lightning lit the path, and the keys turned heavily but surely in their wards. The door opened. He dared not shut it behind, but fastening it open, proceeded slowly to the end of the vault. Not one of the dead Godfrieds stirred, no terrible thing appeared to affright him. His well accustomed tools hung in a bag upon his back; he emptied them out and seized th one he needed. The outer coffin was metallic, the inner of fine wood. He opened both, and then he saw, lying as one who was not dead but slumbered, Marguerite, Countess of Godfried, her hair bound in great flaxen braids upon her head, her face as pale and sweet as a lily flower, and all her jewels gleaming in the light he held above her pillow.

The man trembled so violently that he was obliged to cling for support to an iron column which supported the roof of the vault and ended in a great cross upon its roof; but even then he would not lose time. He stretched out his right hand and drew the rings from her fingers. He touched the clasp of the necklace, so rich that it was itself a fortune.

'Courage, courage,' he whispered to himself. 'Courage.'

But at that instant he thought the lady's eyelids quivered. Petrified with horror, he remained immovable.

'God have mercy,' he moaned; but these were his last words. At that instant a thunderbolt struck the iron cross upon the roof of the vault, the lightning sped downward into the tomb. Before the words died on his lips, the sexton's dead eyes stared horribly at nothing, and the leaden coffin melted into a molten mass, with which were mingled the jewels that the dead man dropped; but, marvel of marvels, that strange power which had in a second changed a living man to a corpse, had restored the dead to life.

The trance, which might have been eternal, was broken. Marguerite sat up in her coffin and stared about her, while with that last crash the storm passed and rolled away over the mountain.

Meanwhile, at his window, the count had seen the cross of iron bow beneath the stroke from heaven. He knew that beneath it his dead Marguerite lay in her coffin. Heaven, as he believed, was now her protector. He had no more part or parcel in her lot; but that dead body was still dear to him. To save it from injury might yet be in his power. Seizing a cap and cloak, he rushed down the staircase and out across the fields; the lightning, though now faint and far away, still lit him, and he saw the door of his family tomb open, and within, the lantern, strangely spared by the stroke that had done so much, and burning on. A strange blackened mass of he knew not what lay on the floor, and through the sobbing of the winds he heard a little moan:

'Godfried! Godfried! come to me! Godfried! Godfried!' and he knew his wife lived before he took her in his arms and bore her home to the castle; and it seemed to him that he had known all this before in some strange dream.

Marguerite lived. She told them tales of strange and beautiful visions, in which she saw the Virgin, who smiled upon her. And health returned to her, and happiness to both. And in Marguerite's heart lay a hope which was fulfilled, for soon a little girl was born to her—a fair and beautiful creature—whom she named Rose; for the hermit of the cave—that holy man who had interpreted the dream—said this:

'I saw the grave, and into it the lady actually entered; but the rose meant this child, and that I was not permitted to know. Give praise to Heaven, for your prayers are answered.'

The castle stands to-day, though centuries are past and gone. The marble Virgin smiles on those who come to look at her, and a strange offering, well protected from all dishonest persons; it is a mass of metal in which you may see the gleam of jewels. It is the leaden coffin melted into a great ball, with the necklace torn from the lady's neck. Within it are also the bones of the sexton's hands grasping the golden clasp.

Jared Perkin's Relic.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

One of the relations on my own side came here a visitin' week before last. She that was Arvilly Smith, or as she calls herself now, 'the relic of Jared Perkins.'

She staid twelve days and thirteen nights.

She had her young child with her—Lucilla Augusta Perkins.

And if Arvilly said, 'Lucilla Augusta, dont,' if she said that once durin' twelve days and thirteen nights she said it five hundred times. And I haint a settin' it too high.

Why, good land! I have sometimes thought I had seen a mouse hole watched close by a cat. But no place of any description was ever watched as that mother watched that child.

If Lucilla bit an apple off on one side, it was:

'Lucilla, don't! don't bite it in so far, you'll break off your teeth.'

If she drinked a glass of water, it was:

'Lucilla, don't swaller such big mou'fuls of water, you'll fill your little throat too full.'

Or 'Lucilla, swaller faster, or the water will run all over your little chin.'

'If she set down by the fire, it was:

'Lucilla Augusta, don't set so near the fire, or you'll burn your little face.'

And if she set away from it, it was:

'Lucilla, don't set away from the fire so far, you'll chill your little veins.'

And so it went on. If she talked with me and Josiah, it was:

'Don't talk so much, Lucilla, you'll wear out cousin Josiah and cousin Samantha!'

Or if she didn't talk, it was:

'Don't keep so still, Lucilla Augusta, or cousin Samantha and cousin Josiah will think you have lost your little tongue.'

And so Arvilly went on—a deep, anxious expression a-plowin' into her face from day to day; and little Lucilla not dastin' to speak a word, or move a move, without lookin' to her mother. Why, I got so wore out with it, that one day I up and told Arvilly what I thought on't. I argied (and it was from a deep sense of duty that I did it)—I argied that it spilt a disposition by keepin' it riled up all the time; it learnt her to be dependent on somebody else always. She didn't know what to do, bein' told so many different things at once; and, finally, I brung up a deep timely proverb I had heard Mother Smith use, and, says I, 'As it has been said, and well said, 'Watched pot never biles,' which I 'spose means, if you watch a kettle a little too clost, and keep it movin' back and forth, and pokin' at the coals under it, it won't bile. There is such a thing as a wise supervision, a overlookin' that don't annoy, or disturb, sort o' distant, and near, too, like the warm watchfulness of the sunlight a-bending over us on summer days, soothin' and comfortin', and yet guidin' and lightin' our pathways. But this constant and open taggin' after a child, or, as the poet would say, 'This taggin' and naggin' is enough to ruin any child whatsoever. It jest takes away any frankness and independence of character they may have set out with.'

'O, that is what I want to do! I want Lucilla Augusta to lean onto me always. I don't want her ever to move off independent of me.'

And then I says to Arvilly, with a sort of a deep look into her, 'You'll have to in the end!' And then I kinder looked right through Arvilly into great things, eternal truths, and consequences, and says I:

'No human soul can be helped only jest so fur. Lonely they come into this world, lonely they'll go out of it. And all along through life the lonesome soul though surrounded by watchfulest relatives and friends, yet in a certain sense it has got to live alone, dwell by itself in the deep places where no eye can foller it, no ear to hear what it says—no one but the One who made that soul, made the deep places into which it hides itself.

'Now, that independent individual life has it rights. It must have 'em; it is a separate bein'—mothers don't want to think so, but it is. A mother may want to take the hull child, clothes and all, and put it right in the middle of her own heart; but she can't; her heart haint big enough. Or, she may want to get right inside of her child's heart, and fill it full, so full that nothin' else can get in, and she weighin' as she does over a hundred; but she can't; she is too big.

'The best love, the truest and the tenderest, has to kinder hang round the outside; it can't get inside of the beloved heart and soul, it can't! It is a lonesome feelin' to contemplate it, but it is true. And so what remains for anybody to do is only to admit the fact. Own up that the little soul haint a part of our own life, but has a separate existence of its own—with its own duties, its own pleasures and cares, and rights. It has a right to its own little thoughts, its own little ways, and the best we can do for a child is to teach it to stand alone, and stand straight.

'No matter how much we love to have it lean on us, and O how passin' sweet it is to have it is to have the little fingers cling to us, and the dear little form lean on us, but we must put self back on us; we must stand in front of ourselves; as it were, and do right, and learn the little creeter to walk upright without our help, and once in a while we must let go of the little dimpled hands, a leavin' 'em free to grasp holt of life for themselves.

'A tough lesson for mothers to learn, one of the toughest and hardest sums that are set for one on the slate of life, set for 'em to work out.

'And what makes the sum more curious and difficult is that you can't seem to get no answer to it. You may add and substract, and use up every rule in the old 'rithmatic on it, but you don't seem to get no sure results, no certainty, that the answer will be a happifying and a sure one.

'But you have got to set there and figger away all the same—got to work it out the best way you can; the sum is set down in front of you, and you have got to do—or try to, any way.

'Good land! talk about educatin' a child! Why, if a mother is a true woman and mother, the child educates her more'n she educates the child, enough sight.

'She learns a divine patience through bearing with the childish little faults.

'Through fear of settin' a bad example in front of it, she learns to control her own temper and her tongue, and behaves herself more'n a good deal of the time.

'She learns a heroic courage from her love for the child that will combat all danger—'smile at Satan's rage, and face a frownin' world'—

'She mounts up onto the topmost height of self-abnegation and martyrdom (as I have said more previously) when she learns it to get along without her—like an old bird pushin' her young one out of the warm nest so it may learn to fly.

'O! how that old bird would love to keep it in the warm nest—how her love wants to brood over it always—how she yearns to keep it close to her own jealous, beating heart—how doubly lonesome the old nest is when the little one is gone; how happily sad, and how joyously mournful, is the thought that it is a-learnin' to fly alone—that it is a-learnin' to be happy away from her, away from the old nest—that the walls of the old home can never again be the bound of its joy and content.

'No, the wide horizon has now dawned upon it, the clear, far fields of ether, and it must soar and sing, and sing its own songs, build its own nest, live its own life, in its own world.'

(This was an allegory.)

An' I talked in this way to Arvilly from hour to hour, and from day to day, and episoded some.

But I don't know as it done much good. Sometimes I am afraid it didn't.

You can't give advice three times a day in a little sweetened water like bone-set tea or squills. No, you have to sort 'o hang around, and administer it the best you can, and when you can, and where you can. And then you haint sure it is swallowed.

I felt consider'ble depressed when they drove off, Josiah a-taken 'em to the train, the day they left.

For I heard Arvilly say, as she sat by the side of Josiah Allen in the Democrat, and a grey parmetty dress, I heard her say:

'Lucilla Augusta, don't set down on your little new gown, or you will muss it all up.'

And a minute arter, jest as they turned round the corner into the road:

'Don't stand up, Lucilla Augustus, in the wagon, or you will break off your little ankles.'

I felt depressed about it, and couldn't help it.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

—In a recent paper on education the Princess Christian says: Miss Forsyth has taken for her motto, and hung up in her classroom, the following motto: 'Be not simply good, but be good for something;' and I should like to add a sentence I found in a German book the other day: 'Do thoroughly whatever is given you to do, love thoroughly that which is given to you for your own, and help to work out the future according to God's will.'

NEW

Xmas Goods,

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IN PLUSH AND LEATHER.

B. J. Elderkin.

Why the Chickens Do Not Grow.

Several correspondents have written asking for information regarding young chicks. One of them has been feeding largely of corn meal, and states that the chicks do well enough until they begin to feather, when they then droop and become sickly. This is due to the fact that corn meal contains but a small proportion of the elements that assist in producing feathers. In developing feathers, and just when passing from the "downy" condition the chick must have suitable food, and often, or it will perish, even when surrounded by an abundance of food not required for feather growth. A feather contains nitrogen and the phosphates, the nitrogen (as ammonia) being made known to the organs of smell when the feather is burned. This nitrogen is that which is derived from meat, milk, the gluten of wheat and oats, blood and sometimes from green food, but most abundantly from meat, milk, and wheat grains. The phosphates are derived principally from ground bone, wheat, oats, and milk. The feather also contains sulphur, soda, magnesia, lime, and other mineral elements. To properly feed the chicks, they should have such a variety of food as will contribute to all the wants of the body, and corn meal, though imparting fat or heat, will be found insufficient. While feeding these concentrated foods the chicks require, also, something of a bulky character, such as cooked potatoes, chopped grass, cabbage, lettuce, or onions, which serve to assist the digestion. A complete food may be made as follows: Cook ground oats until well done in enough water to serve the purpose until a gallon of the porridge has been prepared. Then add a quart of fresh blood or two pounds of finely chopped meat, half a pound of linseed meal, an ounce of salt, one-fourth of an ounce of sulphur, a pound of ground bone, and enough water to allow it to cook fifteen minutes more. While hot, add half a gallon of milk and thicken the mass to a stiff dough with one part middlings and two of corn meal. Of course this will make a large quantity, but if it be baked as bread and crumbled for the chicks, it will be all they will require, while it will keep for quite a length of time. It should be fed four times a day, and in addition the chicks should have green food. If preferred, the mixture may be made in small quantities at a time by simply soaking the ingredients over night and allowing the mixture to boil in the morning, then thickening and cooking in the shape of bread.—*P. H. Jacobs, in Poultry in California.*

After Dangers of the "Grip."

Boston papers facetiously remark that "La Grippe is seldom fatal unless you use all the remedies recommended for it." They are correct. The writer fully believes that the end of the poor "grip" victim, if he tried all the patent medicines that have adorned (?) the pages of our leading newspapers as "sure cures for La Grippe," would be like Mark Twain, who for his famous cold tried every remedy advised by friends, until his stomach became so weak he began to vomit and continued until, as he avers, "he was like to throw up his immortal soul." We notice one of the leading advertisers of the day has been conspicuous at this opportune time by the absence of any claim to cure the "grip." They certainly deserves "chrono" and we feel like giving them a free "ad" for their compassion upon our readers. The more so for the reason that probably more people have used their remedy, that good old family medicine, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for this foreign influenza, than all others combined. And why not? Certainly no other will relieve catarrhal colds, coughs, bronchial troubles, or neuralgic pains, as promptly as that same old Anodyne Liniment, and the above are all symptoms or results of La Grippe. Herein lies the real after dangers from this epidemic of influenza; it leaves the mucous membrane linings of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes tender and very susceptable to the catarrh, bronchial troubles and pneumonia, which come with February and March in our northern climate. We shall still pin our faith to a remedy for this after danger which acts promptly to allay inflammation; for therein lies the chief dangers from throat and lung troubles. And surely a remedy that has the friends that Johnson's Anodyne Liniment has, after eighty years' trial by a critical public, and has been used for the "grip" more extensively than all the advertised remedies, deserves, as we said, a medal, and has before it we hope a prosperous year as an octogenarian. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., the manufacturers, will send a valuable pamphlet free.

Invented by Chance.

An alchemist, when experimenting in earths for the making of crucibles, found that he had invented porcelain; and a watchmaker's apprentice, while holding a spectacle glass between his thumb and forefinger, noticed that through it the the neighboring buildings appeared larger, and thus discovered the adaptability of the lens to the telescope.

A Nuremburg glass-cutter one day, by accident, dropped a little aqua fortis upon his spectacles, and, finding that it corroded and softened the glass, conceived the idea of etching upon it. He drew figures upon the glass with varnish, applied the fluid, and cut away the glass about the drawing. When the varnish was removed, the figures appeared, raised upon a dark ground.

The process of whitening sugar was never known until a hen walked through a clay puddle, and then strayed into the sugar-house. Her tracks were, of course, left in the piles of sugar, and when it was noticed that the spots where she had stepped were whiter than the rest, the process of bleaching sugar with clay was adopted.

PACE ON THE CAMEL.—As a matter of fact, and in spite of it's having carried Mohammed in four leaps from Jerusalem to Mecca, seven miles an hour is the camel's limit; nor can it maintain this rate over two hours, says a writer in the New York *Ledger*. Its usual speed is five an hour—a slow pace, beyond which it is dangerous to urge it, lest, as Asiatics say, it might break its heart and die literally on the spot. When a camel is pressed beyond this speed, and is spent, it kneels down, and not all the wolves in Asia will make it budge again. The camel remains where it kneels, and where it kneels it dies. A fire under its nose is useless.

Amherst Acknowledgments.

'I acknowledge the good I received from Burdock Blood Bitters. I had constipation, irregular bowels and accumulation of wind, causing severe pain in my stomach. Two bottles of B. B. B. cured me. It is all you claim it to be.' ALLAN A. CLARKE, Amherst, N. S.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.