

Queen Bee, and long before. Why, look ye here, Lamb, there's not a bog-trotting person can't lead the multitude by the nose to Hades, or where he will; and you, person, with the artillery of the glorious constitution to back you, can't drag the helots to their knees—how is it?"

Lamb, wincing beneath the fiery rebuke of the fierce-browed warrior, made deprecating response: "This truly inexplicable, my lord; the manna of the word seems powerless to sweeten the marrow of their bitter hostility;—and doubtless they are predestined to perdition."

Here an auxiliary, in the person of lively Sardanapalus Paret, bounced timely to his patron's side. "We have done our best, my lord, to Bible down their throats, and to make them *volens, nolens*, swallow and digest wholesome food than the abominable, beastly whole of the minister's path over the thorns of the vineyard, have not done your part through too great toleration, for which you have incurred the censure: 'Cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently, otherwise deceitfully.' Pray, my lord, have we not Scripture to show us that toleration is not acceptable to the Lord?"

"Faith, I can't boast I've made Scripture much my study," said Lord Carmichael, smiling on the self-conceited young gentleman; but if you tell me I've Scripture on my side, I'll pay up arrears with interest and good-will, albeit," he darted a glance, void of benevolence, at a venerable-looking minister close by, in conversation with Sir Ralph Abercrombie and Sir John Moore, the characters of Philip of Macedon and Pyrrhus—"It may please the philanthropic Sir John Moore, in the excess of his sympathy with the rebels, to impugn our zeal."

"Laxity term it—laxity and weak pandering to human respect," said Lord Carmichael, bending deprecating eyes upon him whom his patron held as a very Mordecai in detestation quite defiant of the austere gaze of Sir Ralph Abercrombie and the wrathful one of Sir John Moore, the latter of whom said, pointedly:

"Had not one out of ten of our chieftains the true Christian spirit of the philanthropic Sir John Moore, or one out of ten of our military leaders endowed with one grain of common human feeling and wisdom, it were not fate as to behold to-day the woful spectacle of a nation plunged into the horrors of insurrection and war."

"No," chimed in Sir Ralph Abercrombie, tapping the lid of his snuff box, "anything so deplorable as the condition of the unfortunate people trodden down under the heels of the Orange ascendancy, and their dogs let loose upon them, is, I am a verger who have witnessed it, without a parallel in the world. No man's home, family, or life is his own. What's the meaning of it, my lord?—what is the drift of this insurrection and butchery of the people?"

continued the veteran, addressing Lord Castlereagh, who, in the character of Achilles, came by with Lord Castlereagh, as Achilles, "For my honor, Sir Ralph," smiled his lordship, satirically eyeing, with expression not conspicuous for agreeability, the obtuse-witted soldier, "there be abstruse mysteries in which I should lack ability to initiate dunces; nor can I explain how it is that some spirits be so unruly; it takes all the canons of Church and State to exorcise and lay them in the Red Sea."

"Fie, fie, Sir Ralph," here interposed Lady Moira, who, in chat with Alphonse Fitzpatrick, Don Antonio, Hussey Burgh and O'Driscoll, was standing near; and a malicious twinkle in her eye spoke of caustic irony ready to sting; "how could you expect his lordship to throw open the doors of the cabinet, and interpret State policy to public comment, come to me, who am Willich of Ebor?"—her ladyship represented the character—"and I will read you by sign and augur the Book of Fate. Acting by counsel of the Oracle"—she turned and looked significantly at General Lake—"Lord Moira has removed his library and valuable effects from his northern estate to England, so that vindictive private malice, under cloak of loyal zeal, public good, calamitous necessity, venality accident, or a thousand other reasons large as plums, shall find no more than bare walls upon which to wreak mighty wrath, ha! ha! ha!"

And she laughed merrily, in derision, as she took the opportunity to acquaint the General that his threat to burn down Lord Moira's splendid mansion had been so far frustrated in its object by the timely removal of the property it contained. While, with cheeks glowing between shame and rage at the exposure of his malignity, the officer sneaked smiling upon Lord Castlereagh and her circle:

"Government is very candid; it disguises nothing; those who run may read its designs. Lord Clare made it understood that half a million of money had been placed at his disposal to buy votes for the Union. Didn't Macdonald say he should have five thousand guineas for his vote? 'Tis part of the programme, those who won't sell must be coerced into surrender. Hence, resisting they are rebels, and rebels must be crushed in blood. So poor Clonmel died last night!" she added, adroitly shifting the subject as the noticed red cheeks glowing the brow of the Chief Secretary. "I hope he had a tranquil end, poor soul!"

"And that he saw a minister," put in pious Miss Higgenboggan, inserting herself into the coterie of which, with envy that brooked no longer dalliance, she saw Alphonse Fitzpatrick make one. She looked as she spoke at Hussey Burgh, who, challenged to polite rejoinder, said:

"Among many virtues, one virtue his lordship had. He was not hypocrite enough to affect faith; which he had not, in the ghastly service or benefit of bishop or parson. As he lived so he died. Defiant of their ministry, and more intent in edifying poverty by leaving behind him a fair reputation, he spent his time, instead of retiring prayer for mercy, in burning papers that might have compromised his honor with the world. So let him rest."

As Hussey Burgh spoke all eyes were attracted, and all attention was arrested by some sudden commotion in the lower end of the crowded salon.

"What is it?—what has happened?" exclaimed several voices as the buzzing and hum of loud and louder, and a swirling crowd dressed round Lord Castlereagh, who had been beckoned away by a sign from Sir Rochester Porteous, just arrived from the castle. But soon, very soon the tidings spread, waking pale dismay and consternation. The long-impending storm had burst, the apprehensions which had made the preceding day an anxious one for the citizens of Dublin, changing the city into an armed garri- son, and compelling the judges to appear in military uniform upon the bench, proved to be no chimera. Couriers, jaded and weary, had just arrived with news that the insurgents were up, that the Belfast mill had been attacked and burned at Sandy, the Athlone at Lincan, and that from Cork at Nass, upon which place the enemy was concentrating in large force.

"Lord, defend us! what'll become of us?" cried Mrs. Pomfret, staring wildly around upon her interesting brood, male and female. "Toby, my dear;—where are ye, Toby?—dye hear?" she screamed to her husband, strutting about in the drapery of a mandarin. "We must fly to England, at once. The rebels are up, and one can tell the end of it. Go down at once and secure our berth in the Holyhead boat. Oh, dear Mr. Burgh! what'll be the end of it?"

"The racking of Dublin, of course, my dear madam," smiled Hussey Burgh, gently disengaging his arm from the nervous grip of the excited lady. "You do quite well to seize time by the forelock, and effect prompt escape from proximity to peril."

"Cook's soul! but it's fine news," vociferated Lycurgus Pomfret, the ensign. "Now we'll see some fun, and make strides up the ladder. What'll give for a squint at Captain Rock. I take it he's the leader."

"You mention how can you speak so, and we in such panic? Men have no sensibility in their nature," tittered Alicia Luttrell, giving him a little rebuking stroke with her fan, and casting a sidelong glance at O'Driscoll to observe how he took her sportive coquetry with the cadet, or could she discover any jealous apprehension of a rival. "But who is their leader Captain Rock?"

"Some say he's one, some say he's another; but say he's the man in the moon," grinned Lycurgus, charmed at his own wit and the condescending affability of Lady Alicia together. "And I shoot nearest the mark."

"Should your surmise be correct we are in worse plight than I had deemed," said Maurice O'Driscoll, regarding the youth with countenance more indicative of drollery than envy, "seeing that if the demi-god be enthroned so far beyond our reach, our hope of pulling him to his knees is moonshine also."

"I say," wheezed Lord Norbury, waddling into the circle, with glossy, rubicund disk, "the galleys will solve the problem one of these days, and introduce Captain What-d'ye-call him to us in propria persona. Regal! I'm glad the rebels are up. Now we'll have some pastime; and business on hands." He rubbed his own complacently.

By Jove! the very thing we wanted, an opportunity to demonstrate our valor and loyalty, and rid the land forever of the abominable," exultingly cried Lord Carmichael, stealing an underlook at Maurice O'Driscoll, whom he knew was wont to boast of his Milesian lineage; but Maurice, at the moment rapt in the beatific vision and absorbed in *le-ta-ta-ta* with Alphonse Fitzpatrick, took no heed of the shaft which fell idly by.

Lord Kingsborough supplied the void, exclaiming, with bosom elated as that of the carrion crow or vulture scenting slaughter: "By George and the dragon! we'll immolate whole hordes! We'll show as many scalps as Sioux warriors, and convert the land into a necropolis!"

"Nought else may avail save the wholesale extermination of this perplexing people," observed General Lake with grating harshness of tone. "It has been the worst to land Cromwell's policy and determined measures in the country, but I for one dissent from the general panegyric. Why did he leave a plague spot? why did he give the noxious refuse of the sword a choice between hell and Connaught to creep out again over the land and infect it as with leprosy. See, if I don't order things fall to me, if I don't make cleaner work. Cook's bones! I'll sweep so clean the race of Paddy shall become extinct, and his memory be as a myth in the land!"

"I'll be down on the Curragh to-morrow with my Fox-hunters," said Lord Roden, and sweep it like a hurricane. If man, woman, or child survive my onslaught, you may exhibit them as gifted with charmed lives."

"I'll lead the chase with my bloodhounds," barked in Lord Beresford; and if we don't outgo Pizarro, Herod, Nero, Holofernes, and all the celebrities of fame in deeds of havoc, call me a jackal. Ours! we'll have a free country to live in, or die!" he added, with bombastic peroration.

"Meanwhile, what's doing?" demanded Sir Compton Donville. "Lords Castlereagh, Tirowen, Ennisliken, Portlinton, and a lot more are gone off to the castle."

"Time we be at our posts," said Lord Carhampton and Kingsborough, navigating themselves through the throng, followed by Lord Roden, Beresford, and General Lake, Colonels Skerret, Le Hunt, and Le Strange, Major Lombard and Colonel Walpole. Whiskey, laying hold of the young man, who, acting in accordance with his own wish, had tucked himself to Don Antonio's party, much to the annoyance of Alphonse, who is the domino lounging about and so pertinaciously maintaining his *incognito*? Have you any idea of who he is?"

"A baboon, I wager," returned Colandisk, contemptuously, and with so little reserve of caution that it reached the ear of its object, who, facing sharply round, confronted him, saying:

"Be more guarded, friend. Baboons sometimes carry clubs."

"While Guildford, taken aback, stared dumfounded, the *incognito* vacated the spot, pursuing in the wake of Hugh O'Byrne, about whose skirts, not unobserved, he had hung all the while evening, dogging his steps from place to place with a persevering patience that finally achieved its aim."

Straggling apart, as if by accident from the concourse, when a more sequestered space was gained, Hugh wheeled about, and accosting the domino, abruptly exclaimed: "Shadow o' me! you've been pretty constant. May I know to what purpose?"

"Hugh O'Byrne," responded the domino, in solemn accents, "ruin and woe track thy steps yet more closely; and what dost thou, loitering the hours big with fate, where the misery of the wretched decks the banquet of the oppressor? Through peril and difficulty I've adventured hither to warn thee to thy post. The country is in arms. Miles your brother is in the field with your kinsman of Rollymann, and Byrne of Cabintely is in the hunters' toils. Pikes hidden by Government agents have been discovered on his demesne, and are snubbed in false witness against him. His doom is sealed. And thou, Hugh, wilt thou not stand aloof or follow me?"

"The speaker lifted his mask, and, with a shock of terror, Hugh O'Byrne recognised the features of one whom a hundred myrmidons of the law, eager as bloodhounds for the game, were after in full hue and cry, even the notorious Wicklow brigand highwayman, and outlaw, O'Dwyer of Donard."

"Madman! he ejaculated, with involuntary recoil of horror, then seizing his arm: 'Mask!' he cried, 'and come along.' Stealing a fearful glance on every side, he hurried him forth. In silence they made their way through swarming guards, lacqueys, grooms, porters, chairs, carriages and all the confusion of a motley concourse, seized upon a chaise standing for hire, and drove off at speed to Hugh's lodgings in South King street. Here, secretly ensconced from the world without and all its prying eyes, in a small, dingy chamber, lighted with a pair of mould candles, and presenting a dismal contrast to the sumptuous hall where glare yet dazzled their senses, the two

occupants, seating themselves, thoughtfully eyed eagerly surveyed each other. Hugh was the first to speak:

"How in heaven's name, Michael, did you penetrate through the battalion of Major Sir's spies, who infest in droves every quarter of the city, from the purlieus of lanes and alleys to the saloons of aristocratic mansions? It was a desperate venture—heaven send us well out of it!"

"Amén! It was a desperate enterprise, Hugh; but when all is at stake, what else was left? I could not risk a letter, I could not trust an envoy. But speak, for brief is my sojourn. You have heard the tidings—what is your purpose? No mid course is now open to you. In what ranks will you stand—'with Erin or her foes'?"

"Go to; go to, man! If it come to that, can you doubt a moment?" returned Hugh, as, fired with animation, he gazed upon the excited O'Dwyer. "You heard the speech of Roden, Beresford, and the pack to-night, and need we further argument to stimulate our spirit? I'm glad Miles is with us, but grieved to the heart for what you tell me of Byrne of Cabintely. It will go hard with him, I fear."

(To be continued.)

AN LARMING DISEASE AFFLICTING A NUMEROUS CLASS.

The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but, if neglected, it in time involves the whole frame, embracing the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and, in fact, the entire glandular system, and the afflicted stage of a miserable existence until death gives relief from suffering. The disease is often mistaken for other complaints; but if the reader will ask himself the following questions, he will be able to determine whether he himself is one of the afflicted:

—Have I distress, pain, or difficulty in breathing after eating? Is there a dull, heavy feeling attended by drowsiness? Have the eyes a yellow tinge? Does a thick, sticky, mucous matter gather about the gums and teeth in the mornings, accompanied by a disagreeable taste? Is the tongue coated? Is there pain in the side and back? Is there a fullness about the right side as if the liver were enlarged? Is there costiveness? Is there vertigo or dizziness when rising suddenly from a horizontal position? Are the excretions from the kidneys scanty and highly colored, with a deposit after standing? Does food ferment soon after eating, accompanied by flatulence or a belching of gas from the stomach? Is there frequent palpitation of the heart? These various symptoms may not be present at one time, but they torment the sufferer in turn as the dreadful disease progresses. If the case be one of long standing, there will be a dry, hacking cough, attended after a time by expectoration. In very advanced stages the skin assumes a dirty brownish appearance, and the hands and feet are covered by a cold, sticky perspiration. As the liver and kidneys become more and more diseased, rheumatic pains appear, and the usual cramp of the limbs directly ensuing against this latter agonising disorder. The origin of this malady is indigestion or dyspepsia, and a small quantity of the proper medicine will remove the disease if taken in its incipient stage. It is most important that the disease should be promptly and properly treated in its first stages, when a little medicine will effect a cure, and even when it has obtained a strong hold the correct remedy should be persevered in until every vestige of the disease is eradicated, until the appetite has returned, and the digestive organs restored to a healthy condition. The surest and most effectual remedy for this distressing complaint is "Seigel's Curative Syrup," a vegetable preparation sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, 17 Farringdon Road, London, E.C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.

Market Place, Farringdon, York, October 2nd, 1882.

Sir,—Being a sufferer for years with dyspepsia in all its worst forms, and after spending pounds in medicines, I was at last persuaded to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and am thankful to say have derived more benefit from it than any other medicine I ever took, and would advise anyone suffering from the same complaint to give it a trial, the results they would soon find out for themselves. If you like to make use of this testimonial you are quite at liberty to do so.

Yours respectfully,
R. TURNER.

Seigel's Operating Pills are the best family physic that has ever been discovered. They cleanse the bowels from all irritating substances, and leave them in a healthy condition. They cure costiveness.

St. Mary street, Peterborough, November 29th, 1881.

Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefit I have received from Seigel's Syrup. I have been troubled for years with dyspepsia; but after a few doses of the Syrup, I found relief, and after taking two bottles of it I feel quite cured.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
WILLIAM BRENT.

Hensingham, Whitehaven, Oct. 16th, 1882.

Dear Sir, I am, Sir, yours truly, I was for some time afflicted with piles, and was advised to give Mother Seigel's Syrup a trial, which I did. I am now happy to state that it has restored me to complete health.—I remain, yours respectfully,
(Signed) John H. Lightfoot.

15th August, 1883.

Dear Sir,—I write to tell you that Mr. Henry Hillier, of Yatebury, Wilts, informs me that he suffered from a severe form of indigestion for upwards of four years, and took no end of doctor's medicine without the slightest benefit, and declares Mother Seigel's Syrup which he got from me has saved his life.

Yours truly,
(Signed) N. Webb, Chemist, Calne.

September 8th, 1883.

Dear Sir,—I find the sale of Seigel's Syrup steadily increasing. All who have tried it speak very highly of its medicinal virtues; one customer describes it as a "Godsend to dyspeptic people." I always recommend it with confidence.

Faithfully yours,
(Signed) Vincent A. Willis, Chemist-Dentist.

To Mr. A. J. White, Merthyr Tydvil, Preston, Sept. 21st, 1883.

My Dear Sir,—Your Syrup and Pills are still very popular with my customers, many saying they are the best family medicines possible.

The other day a customer came for two bottles of Syrup and said "Mother Seigel" had saved the life of his wife, and he added, "one of these bottles I am sending fifteen miles away to a friend who is very ill. I have much faith in it."

The sale keeps up wonderfully, in fact, one would fancy almost that the people were beginning to breast the demand is so constant, and the satisfaction so great.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
(Signed) W. BOWKER.

To A. J. WHITE, (Limited) 67 St. James street, Montreal.

THE FARM.

A small feeding of potatoes, carrots or other roots to horses two or three times a week will be better than all grain. Carrots are probably the best roots for horses.

In localities where buckwheat is largely grown farmers find it an excellent plan to feed the bran from it to milch cows. It is not fattening, but makes a large quantity of milk, more and better than the feed from wheat.

Every year the proportion of grass-fed beef is decreasing, and this involves much larger use of corn as feed. At the Far West farmers are going into the culture of corn that they may finish off their grass-fed cattle.

On setting out fruit trees they should be bent slightly toward the prevailing winds and then well staked; but as the stakes are lifted by freezing and thawing they should be looked after in winter and spring and reset.

During open weather in winter the outlets of under drains should be looked after frequently to see that they are free from obstructions. When spring floods come it will be difficult to do this, and much damage will already have been accomplished.

Charcoal is often recommended for pigs and fowls, but it is not generally understood that it is good food for any kind of stock fed with corn or other heating material. There is a slight alkaline effect from charcoal which helps to correct acidity of the stomach.

A yearling colt as usually wintered is a sorry looking animal in the spring, and its owner is likely to be quite as sorry when the animal is sold. Giving four quarts of oats daily to a young colt the first winter, if the colt is what he should be, selling the oats at seventy-five cents per bushel.

A supply of lime and gravel should be kept in the henhouse during the winter. A good deal of small gravel will be eaten by fowls the stones in their gizzards helping to grind the food and make it more digestible. The lime is best given in the shape of oyster or clam shells slightly burned and then pounded into fine pieces.

The care of horses is at least as much as their feed in keeping them in good condition. At this season the brush and currycomb should be used freely but not roughly. The stimulus these will give the animal's hide will start the old coat of hair earlier.

The question whether fall pigs can be profitably wintered depends much on the breed. The small, fine boned varieties have less constitution, are not covered so well with hair and will not endure the winter without stinting unless kept extra warm and well fed.

Mr. Parsons, a Western tree grower, has sold \$2,700 worth of walnuts from seventeen acres of land. He will not be in a hurry to clear that land of its trees. A good hickory grove pays better in its fruit than any ordinary farm crop.

Farmers who intend to make butter for sale next season should now be laying in a stock of feed. It is essential for making rearing butter, which sells higher, and it does not pay to sell any but the best. This is more so with butter than any other farm product.

It is unfortunate when horses have bots, as they cause irritation and undoubtedly lessen the nutritive value of the food eaten. But bots do not kill horses, and when dead horses are found with their stomachs eaten through the injury is always done after the horse dies and the bots are seeking to escape.

Yellow corn generally brings one or two cents more per bushel than white flint corn. Yet the latter is equally good, and for feeding horses is probably slightly better, as it does not contain quite so large a proportion of oil. The chief use of corn, however, is for fattening, and for this the preference is for yellow varieties.

Many of the most valuable elements of stable manure are soluble in water and are washed out by rains. If the manure is on the field these elements are caught by the soil that needs them. As ordinarily piled, manure loses much of its value. If a shelter cannot be given it, cart it on to the field soon after it is made.

Consumers generally prefer a long rather than a round potato, probably from greater convenience in cooking through when baked. But the trouble with long potatoes is that they tend to become pointed at the end, and this is the beginning of their speedy degeneration in yield and quality. Farmers prefer to grow oval shaped potatoes, as they do not run out so quickly.

It is a great mistake to allow cattle to have the range of the fields for the trifling amount of frost-bitten grass they can pick up. They will sometimes apparently fill themselves full, but the cold winds and the exercise will do more harm than the feed does good. What herbage is left on the field is worth far more as a protection for the soil than for its trifling value as feed.

A horse with a high ridge on the top of his head will be balky unless carefully treated. This ridge is located on the phrenological bump of firmness, and in the horse, at least, this indication is to be avoided. A horse broad in the forehead will be generally intelligent and kind. Those experienced in judging horses can tell by their faces and heads what manner of beasts they are.

Wherever grain is largely grown grass is likely to be neglected until the soil has become too poor to be profitably productive. Yet if grass and clover are to do their best work in restoring fertility they should have a due proportion of the manure and of the labor used in fitting land for crops. Grass seed is very small, and a top dressing of manure on winter grain before it is sown will do much to insure a good catch.

Young turkeys require great attention up to the age of six weeks. A person of experience might not lose more than four or five out of fifty in a favorable season. No hard grain should be fed until they are five or six weeks old. Bread and milk, with hard boiled eggs should be fed at first. Afterward, the corn from clabbered milk is one of the best things for them, alone or mixed with ground oats. Scalded milk can be used for a change.

There is unusual interest just now in the subject of poultry farming. Many without much experience are going into the business, with the expectation of profits that are more apt to prove delusive than otherwise. Poultry pays those who know how to take the best care of it. Nearly all farmers can do something in growing fowls and producing eggs for market, and as we have of late years imported eggs to a large amount every season, it would seem that there is a call for greater attention to this branch of the farmer's business. But most of those who pursue it exclusively make it a failure.

Brewers and maltsters are needlessly particular about the color of barley. There are many things worse than the slight staining which the grain gets from rain or dew. Mustiness is far worse, and barley will sometimes become musty when it has been not in without rain and is bright in color. This is due to sweating in the mow or bin. Light weight is worse than a stained berry. The grain that will not weigh more than forty-six pounds per bushel is nearly worthless for

malting. Much of the grain will rise to the surface in the steep and be thrown away. Early sowing and the use of mineral fertilizers will do much to secure full weight. Cutting when partly green, and the use of ope to cover the barley in cock and in stack, will help to secure a bright berry.

COMFORT IN STABLES.

Remember that the grand secret of success in keeping all animals in comfort. The observant farmer who keeps a close watch over all stock will soon learn how they are to be treated, so that they will have that comfortable, quiet appearance which always indicates the thrifty animal, and will quickly notice when one is uneasy and restless by day or night. When he sees this he may know that something is wrong, and he must try to remedy it. There may be some animals that are habitually restless and uneasy under any treatment, but such will usually be found to be unthrifty and unprofitable animals, and should be weeded out if they cannot be reformed by better usage. The cow stables should be so arranged, by partitions or otherwise, that no cow can steal the food from her neighbor or can worry her by threatening with her horns. Cows are often complained of as being unprofitable and poor milkers when at the barn, for no reason excepting that they do not get enough food, as some "master" cow stands next to them and robs them of the half of their rations, or, at least, forces them to eat in fear and trembling all the time. Old farmers can recollect when young cattle were wintered in open sheds and fed at the straw or hog hay stack, and when the common excuse for their unthriftiness was the vermin that were on them. It was thought good treatment enough for calves and colts, and to give them better care was pampering and spoiling their constitutions.

IT IS A FACT

well established that consumption if attended to in its first stages, can be cured. There is, however, no true and rational way to cure this disease, which is really a scrofulous ulceration of the lungs, except through purifying the blood. Keep the liver in perfect order and pure blood will be the result. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," a purely vegetable compound does all this and more; while it purifies the blood it also builds up the system, strengthening it against future attacks of disease. Ask for Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Take no other. Of druggists.

During the next 250 years there can be only one total eclipse of the sun, that of Aug. 12, 1999, which can be seen in England.

A WISE CONCLUSION.

If you have vainly tried many remedies for rheumatism, it will be a wise conclusion to try Haysard's Yellow Oil. It cures all painful diseases when other medicines fail.

Examination has shown that a quantity of the Japan tea recently brought from Japan to this country is willow leaves.

REMARKABLE RESTORATION.

Mrs. Adelaide O'Brien, of Buffalo, N.Y., was given up to die by her physician, as incurable with Consumption, it proved Liver Complaint, and was cured with Burdock Blood Bitters.

A man in Nova Scotia has been sent to prison for lying at a horse trade.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

Investing twenty-five cents for a bottle of Haysard's Pectoral Balsam, the best throat and lung healer known. Cures coughs, bronchitis, asthma and all pulmonary complaints.

St. Louis speaks favorably of holding an international peanut convention.

SERIOUSLY ILL.

A person suffering with pain and heat over the small of the back, with a weak weary feeling and frequent headaches, is seriously ill and should look out for kidney disease. Burdock Blood Bitters regulate the kidneys, blood and liver, as well as the stomach and bowels.

One of the Washington Treasury clerks is able to count 4,000 new notes an hour for seven hours a day.

A DOUBLE PURPOSE.

The popular remedy, Haysard's Yellow Oil is used both internally and externally, for aches, pains, colds, croup, rheumatism, deafness and disease of an inflammatory nature.

John A. Seraphin, a Philadelphia policeman, can converse fluently in seven different languages, and is adding five more to his repertoire.

A PERFECT BEAUTY.

Perfect beauty is only attained by pure blood and good health. These requirements give the possessor a pleasant expression, a fair, clear skin, and the rosy bloom of health. Burdock Blood Bitters purify the blood and tone the entire system to a healthy action.

There is a Baptist Church in Pittsylvania County in which is kept a cradle. During a single sermon often as many as half a dozen babies are rocked to sleep in it.

In this country the degree of heat and cold are not only various in the different seasons of the year, but often change from one extreme to the other in a few hours, and as these changes cannot fail to increase or diminish the perspiration, they must of course affect the health. Nothing so suddenly or so seriously from heat to cold. Heat rarifies the blood, quickens the circulation and increases the perspiration, but when these are suddenly checked the consequences must be bad. The most common cause of disease is obstructed perspiration, or what commonly goes by the name of catching cold. In such cases use Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup.

An eagle kept in Vienna, Austria, died after a confinement of 114 years. Swans on the River Thames—about the age of which there can be no mistake, since they were nicked annually by the Vintner's Company, under whose keeping they have been for five centuries—have been known to survive for 150 years and more.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Diseases of the bowels.—A remedy, which has been tested and proved in a thousand different ways, capable of eradicating poisonous taints from ulcers and healing them up, merits a trial of its capacity for extracting the internal corruptions from the bowels. On rubbing Holloway's Ointment repeatedly on the abdomen, a rash appears, and as it thickens a derivative, this unguent draws to the surface, releases the tender intestines from all acid matters, and prevents inflammation, dysentery, and piles, for which blistering was the old-fashioned, though successful treatment, now from its painfulness fallen into disuse. The discovery of this Ointment having procured a remedy possessing equally derivative, yet perfectly painless, powers.

Twenty-five Per Cent. Stronger than any Other Butter Color.

BURLINGTON, VT., May 24, 1882.

I hereby certify that I have examined the Butter Color prepared by Wells, Richardson & Co., and that the same is free from alkali or any other substance injurious to health; that I have compared it with some of the best of the other Butter Colors in the market and find it to be more than twenty-five per cent. stronger in color than the best of the others.

I am satisfied that it is not liable to become rancid, or in any way to injure the butter. I have examined it after two months free exposure to the air in a place liable to large changes of temperature, and found no trace of rancidity, while other kinds similarly exposed became rancid.