

Jackson, turned to Irene and drew from her the relation of all that had happened to her since the evening she had left. When she had concluded with her forced marriage, she burst into tears.

"The reason," said Uncle Dan, with energy, "Both a reason and a fool. Where energy," he asked, after a moment's pause.

"I do not know," said Irene, weeping softly. "He left a few minutes after, and I have not seen him since."

"I don't know much about law," said Uncle Dan, after a few minutes' reflection, "but I know that ain't no wedding worth a cent."

"I did not agree to it, I did not consent, but the clergyman pronounced us man and wife," sobbed Irene.

"I don't care if he did, I heard a lawyer once say that marriage was a civil contract, and if any one was induced to marry by fraud, it was no good. Now, although I ain't a lawyer, I know you ain't married, unless you want to be."

Irene still sat sobbing before the fire by the broad fireplace, which Uncle Dan's own hands had built.

At this moment a soldier looked in and said: "The robbers are comin' down the mountains re-inforced."

"Be quiet, honey, an' I'll see you are protected. Don't leave the cabin unless I tell you to."

Uncle Dan hastened out snatching his rifle from the door, as he went, and looked up towards the mountains. Twenty-five or thirty Confederates, headed by Oleah Tompkins, were riding a gallop toward them.

"They mean business, Uncle Dan," said a young man, who stood by the old man's side.

"Yes, an' 'twouldn't surprise me if some of them git business," replied the old man. "That is Oleah Tompkins at their head."

Uncle Dan. You'll not shoot at him to hit?" said the youthful soldier.

"I never thought the time would come when I would harm a hair of his head, but things are changed now, and as Randolph said about Clay, 'if I see the devil in his eye, I'll shoot to kill,'" replied Uncle Dan, examining the priming of his rifle.

"Fall in," commanded Uncle Dan. The line was formed.

"Now wait till I fire an' then follow suit." Oleah presented a tempting mark for any rifle, as he approached so fearfully with his revolver in his right hand. Uncle Dan, though not without a twinge of conscience at what he was doing, leveled his deadly rifle at that head, which, when a child, had so often nestled on his breast.

Uncle Dan was a certain shot at that range and every step Oleah took was bringing him to snare death. Unconscious of his danger, or perfectly reckless of consequences, the young Confederate urged his powerful black horse on. The old man held his heavy rifle in the palm of his right hand, the breech was balanced against his right shoulder, and his aim was as steady and true as if he were sighting a deer, instead of a human being he had known for years and loved from childhood.

"The d-d rascal!" he hissed between his clenched teeth. "He's ruined the gal, and now he shall die."

Just as his finger touched the trigger, Irene sprang from the doorway and struck the rifle from its intended mark. The ball whizzed two feet above the head of the Confederate captain.

"What do you mean?" said the old man, turning, in sharp surprise.

"I mean that if you don't stop, you'll be shot, and if you don't stop, you'll be shot, and if you don't stop, you'll be shot."

Oleah had escaped the deadly bullet of the old scout, but some of the many shots, that immediately followed, struck him. The revolver dropped from his hand, his horse reared and plunged in terror, and then both rider and steed fell, a helpless mass, to the ground.

Then all eyes were astonished at the sight of a slender figure, with loosened hair streaming in the wind, hastening through the deadly shower of bullets to the fallen man's side; and all ears were astonished by her wild cry: "Spare, oh, spare his life! 'He is my husband!'"

CHAPTER XXV. AT HOME AGAIN.

When their leader fell, the Confederate cavalry wheeled about and galloped away toward the mountains.

Uncle Dan ordered his men to cease firing, as Irene was directly between them and the flying enemy, and her life would be endangered by every shot.

Stunned, confounded and nonplussed by Irene's sudden and unexpected action, the old man, without loading his rifle, hurried after her. She was kneeling by the side of the insensible soldier, holding his bleeding head on her knee. The horse was struggling in the last throes of death, the blood streaming from two wounds in his breast. Oleah had fallen clear of his horse, and had struck his head in falling on a large stone.

"Speak to me, oh! speak to me, Oleah!" cried Irene, bending over him. "Oh, my love, it is I who have killed you. Save him, Uncle Dan. He must not die!"

"I fear he'll never speak again," said Uncle Dan. He said no more, for with one wild, long shriek the poor girl swooned on the breast of him whom not even the avowal of her love could thrill.

"Come here, some of you fellows, what's a load!" about their "commanders" the old scout, as half a dozen soldiers approached the place.

The men were soon at his side.

"Now, some of you pick up that gal, and the rest of ye that fellar and take 'em to the house. Lift 'em gently as though they were babies. This has been a sorry job."

The soldiers obeyed, and Uncle Dan followed the group with both sorrow and amazement plainly visible on his features. They carefully laid Irene on the bed and called Mrs. Jackson to attend her, while Uncle Dan and another member of the company examined the injuries of Oleah. They found a gun-shot wound in his right side under his right arm. A rifle-ball had passed through the muscles of his right arm, between the elbow and the shoulder, but no bones were shattered and the wound was not a dangerous one. The out on the head, caused by being thrown against the stone as he fell, seemed more serious, but an examination soon convinced them that it might not be fatal. They dressed the wound, and washed the blood from his head, and he began to show signs of returning consciousness just as Irene, recovered from her swoon, started up, crying:

"Where is he, where is he?"

"Here he is on the floor beside you," replied Mrs. Jackson. "Life still until you are better."

"No, no," she replied, putting aside Mrs. Jackson's restraining hand. "Let me go to my husband! Lay him on the bed," she said to the men.

"What kind of a doped change has come over that gal?" thought Uncle Dan. "She hated him like pizen afore he got hurt, but now she loves him to distraction."

"Please, Uncle Dan," pleaded Irene, "have him put on the bed, he must not lie on that hard floor when he is wounded!"

"Beyah, lift him up on the bed. She shall have her way."

Oleah, still unconscious, though breathing

more freely, was placed on the bed. His head had been bandaged, and a soldier stood by his side dropping cold water on the wound from a cup.

"Give me the water," said Irene. "I am his wife."

(To be Continued.)

THE HOUSEHOLD.

NICE FINE GRATED CAKE.—One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar; beat to a cream; five eggs beaten into that, one or two at a time, until the whole number are added. Beat very thoroughly. Then add one cupful of milk, with a little soda dissolved in it—a quantity equal to a medium-sized bean. Salt and flavor to taste. Use, to mix this, about three cupfuls of flour, according to the brand. Use lard in tins, and flour them thoroughly. Bake in a moderate oven until it rises; then use more heat.

DRIED APPLE CAKE.—Three cups of dried apples, soaked over night and chopped fine. Pour over them one cup molasses, one cup sugar, half cup butter, one teaspoonful of all kinds of spices, and half a nutmeg. Set on the stove and let stew until the apples are well done, stirring frequently to prevent burning. Let cool, and add half a pint of buttermilk, two teaspoonfuls soda, and flour enough to make it moderately stiff. Bake with a steady fire, not too stiff.

FARMER'S GINGERBREAD.—One teaspoonful of New Orleans molasses and two tablespoonfuls of water boiling hot. Stir into the water a teaspoonful of soda and turn into the molasses. Add a teaspoonful each of ginger and salt. Take one-half cup of brown sugar, one beaten egg, and when the molasses is cool mix. Put one teaspoonful of cream tartar into enough flour to make quite stiff, mix and bake in a hot oven.

JUMBLES.—One and a quarter pounds of flour, one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, five eggs, a gill of milk, a teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake one-half of this in small tins in a quick oven. In the remainder put a quarter of a pound of currants and bake the same. Frost or not at pleasure by leaving out the whites of one or two eggs.

BAKED CABBAGE.—Fill a pudding-dish with boiled, sliced, or minced cabbage, and pour over it two well-beaten eggs added to milk enough to cover it; sprinkle with cracker-dust, and bake.

BAKED EGGS.—Break each into a cup, and put the eggs on a buttered dish strewn with cracker crumbs; cover with seasoned crumbs, and bake till the crumbs are brown.

LOTTERY TICKETS FURNISH A WEDDING OUTFIT.

PORTLAND, Me., Oct. 19.—South Portland, just across the harbor, is all agog over a bit of romance. For months Louisiana State Lottery tickets have been extensively dealt out here, and a few persons have had windfalls of fortune. A young man named Cole and his betrothed, Miss Jackson, in somewhat poor circumstances, concluded to try their luck, and each paid fifty cents for one-tenth of a whole ticket. At the October drawing they found, by reading the schedule of winning tickets, that theirs had drawn \$5,000. It is understood that their wedding cards are now in the hands of the printer.

New York Sun, Oct. 20.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT MARRIAGE.

Three young society ladies whose weddings had been announced to take place within the past fortnight were obliged to have the propriety of their marriages indefinitely postponed on account of their illness. It is no wonder that many young ladies become ill as the great day for them draws near, as the great amount of work they have to do in preparing for the event is enough to wear them out entirely. The worry and bother of dressing and constant shopping and the incident excitement might make a delicate bride. Just think of the dresses the young woman of moderate ideas generally starts off with! Of course, there's the wedding gown, upon which no end of work is expended, then the travelling frock for the tour, and say four morning dresses, with a like number of tea gowns and reception toilets; then house dresses and two tailor made walking suits with one slightly more elaborate for special occasions. This is only a part of the outfit, for undergarments, household linen and the thousand and one extras must be prepared.

As the fall is the rushing season in the marriage mart, it is well to remember that the wedding superstitious that were religiously noted in the time of our grandmothers. In the first place, according to an ancient and reliable chronicle, there are thirty-two days in the year that are especially unlucky for marriages and journeys. They are as follows: Jan. 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 10 and 16; Feb. 7, 13 and 18; March 1, 6 and 8; April 6 and 11; May 7, 8 and 9; June 7 and 15; July 5 and 19; Aug. 15 and 19; Sept. 6 and 7; Oct. 7; Nov. 15 and 16; and Dec. 15, 16 and 17. Everybody knows that Friday is the most unlucky day for a wedding, while Wednesday and Thursday are the luckiest.

Our grandmothers believed that it was a most unfortunate thing if the bride, after finishing her toilet and leaving her looking glass, should turn around again for a glance at herself. It was also bad for her to see the man she was about to marry after dressing and before the time had come for the ceremony.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator deranges worms and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs twenty-five cents to try it and be convinced.

Sluth will eat the kore out of every man and leave him nothing but a shell to inhabit. It envelops like a dream, and eats like a kanker. It has destroyed more hopes than misfortune has, and wherever it settles it leaves its mark like a cloud at noonday. Sluth is a syren, and he who listens to her songs will wake up to despair. —Josh Billings.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds, and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

Men will not appreciate the truth presented when they are repelled by the spirit in which it is presented. Let the reformer be careful to have plenty of oil. Let him speak the truth in love. —Dr. Dabb.

SINCE LAST OCTOBER I have suffered from acute inflammation in my nose and head. For a week at a time I could not see. I have used a number of remedies, also employed a doctor, who said it was impure blood—but I got no help. I used Ely's Cream Balm on the recommendation of a friend. I was faithless, but in a few days I was cured. My nose now, and also my eyes are well. It is wonderful how quick it helped me. —MRS. GEORGE S. JUDSON, Hartford, Conn.

"Without any weapon save that of her cold, cheerless household arrangements any wife may play all the attractions of a home circle." —J. Dew, Talmage.

MUST NOT BE CONFOUNDED with common cathartic or purgative pills. Carter's Little Liver Pills are entirely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

Don't say things, what you are stands over you the while and thunders so I cannot hear a word you say to the contrary. —Emerson.

Said a dapper little lawyer the other day, "There is a restaurant in Fleet street where I can get twenty-four kinds of meat and vegetables for eightpence." "How do you do that?" asked a friend. "I order hash."

A LIVING BY DYING was made by the Crosby girls, heroines of a prize story, which tells in delightful style the merits of Diamond Dyes and the advantages of using them. Send for Diamond Dye book to Wells, Richardson & Co., Montreal, P.Q.

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POPPING THE QUESTION.

HOW MAN PROPOSES AND WHAT INDUCES HIM TO DO SO.

This popping the question is a funny business. Another queer thing is that almost any girl will freely consent, with a little urging, the number of proposals she has had, and a goodly proportion of sobered matrons even are not averse to recounting the conquests of their youth. But ask a married man how he happened to propose to his wife, and in nine cases out of ten he will only answer with an uneasy laugh and look as sheepish as if you had found him out in the one inexcusable folly of his life; and as for unmarried men, who have ever known one who would acknowledge how many times he had been induced to offer himself and his more or less tempting prospects in a matrimonial way?

To a woman a proposal very rarely comes unexpectedly. Not that women, as a rule, are given to looking upon every eligible man in the right of a possible lover or husband, and a young lady declared to be the case with herself; but for the reason that the majority of men very naturally dread a refusal, and consequently postpone the critical moment until confidence is inspired by a kindly encouragement of the guarded advances they venture to make.

A little diplomacy is often employed to bring a cautious admirer to the point, and clever is she who to skillfully manages the delicate task that the effort is not manifest. All the world knows how Ruth schemed to captivate Boaz; and she was a right modest and proper damsel, too. But Ruth was a widow, and had had experience, and was level-headed enough besides to see the advantage of standing by her mother-in-law; so her success is not to be wondered at. Maud Muller tried very much the same dodge later on, but it didn't work quite so well; and all the feminine world has been devising other and equally harmless little schemes ever since Ruth's triumph.

Probably before—down to the famous French woman who revolved before her partner at a ball and frankly said: "Monieur, I desire a husband. Do you not find me beautiful?" "Mademoiselle, we will be married to-morrow."

This is about as direct a proposal as that of a promising man in the North-West, whose courtship had been rather long drawn out. "I am going to the Rocky Mountains," he abruptly remarked one evening, "and if you want to go as my wife be ready next week." And she was ready.

Equally matter of fact was the following, written by a Yale man on a gilt edged invitation card:

DEAR—You will probably not be greatly surprised at receiving a proposal from me. The fact is it is the proper thing to be engaged junior year, and as it has always been understood that we should be married at some day, we may as well come to an agreement now. Of course you know that I love you and all that, and if you accept me I shall write to you regularly, initiate you into the class secrets and tell you about all my affairs. Anxiously awaiting a favorable reply, yours devotedly.

The depth of devotion which prompted this remarkable epistle may be questioned, but it stands as a unique example of a college boy's first effort.

Very few people fall in love at first sight, and propinquity is doubtless the commonest cause of marriage, though occasionally an unpremeditated act of heedless jest develops into a serious attachment. Master Cupid has a roguish eye, even on the watch for unwary game, and frequently sends his arrows in unexpected directions.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all other ailments, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing the writer, naming the paper.—W. A. NOYES, 119 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y. (9-1350w)

After all there is more in what we are ourselves than in what we teach to ring out the best from those entrusted to our care, and should be a constant incentive to us.

IN BRIEF, AND TO THE POINT.

Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature. The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order.

Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flowers has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy. Remember—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flowers brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist or a bottle. Seventy-five cents.

It isn't what you put into heads, but what you draw out. Suppression from without is never culture.

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION.

The medical profession, the clergy, the press and the public alike acknowledge the virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters as an unequalled remedy for chronic diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys and blood. Its popularity increases with its years of trial.

The world is slowly discovering that it is not what a woman does, but what she is that makes home a possible creation.

VALUABLE TO KNOW.

Consumption may be more easily prevented than cured. The irritating and harassing cough will be greatly relieved by the use of Haysard's Pectoral Balm that cures coughs, colds, bronchitis and all pulmonary troubles.

A well educated gentleman may not know many languages, may not be able to speak any but his own, may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly; above all, he is learned in the peacage of words; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood at a glance, from words of modern coinage. —Ruskin.

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LETTERS ON RECEIVING FATHER'S PICTURE FROM IRELAND.

There is always something sent to cheer The exiles banished from their homes, And driven by hard fortune here, Amongst the strangers far to roam.

Forced from that land beloved by them, To seek the broad Atlantic crossed, To labor in old Ireland's name, That poor old Ireland long has lost.

But what has come my heart to cheer, An exile numbered with the rest; It is a treasure that's to me more dear Than any earthly wealth possessed.

It satisfies the keen desire, That in my aching heart doth burn, Whose flames of love shall not expire So long as I thy absence mourn.

It is the picture of an absent friend, But what a dread change appears, Since last I gazed upon that form, Though few in number are the years.

That form with youth once stood erect, Now the weight of years does seem to sway, And thy hair, that once was raven black, Appears to be fast turning gray.

Oh, Father, when I think of thee, And of my childhood's happy home, Those visions wait me o'er the sea, Visions that too quick have flown.

Yet all I ask is one request, And oh, what honor it will be, To let me gild thy feeble days, As thou didst guard my infancy.

ROSA NNA MCCONVILLE.

WHAT A DUNCE!

I suffered with fever, hot head and foul breath, With stomach disordered—was sick unto death.

I bore it a week—surely I was a dunce— Then I took a few "Pellets"—they cured me at once.

What a dunce, indeed, to neglect such a remedy and suffer a week, when quick relief could have been found in Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.

When you see a man on a moonlight night trying to convince his shadow that it is improper to follow a gentleman, you may be sure it is high time for him to join a temperance society.

FOR FROST BITES.

There is no better remedy for frost bites, chilblains and similar troubles than Haysard's Yellow Oil. It also cures rheumatism, lumbago, sore throat, deafness and lameness, and pain generally. Yellow Oil is used internally and externally.

Lady—And so you left your situation through having words with your mistress. Swell cook—Well, m, not words—not exactly what you might call words, m. I only spoke to 'er as one lady might to another.

MOTHERS!

Castoria is recommended by physicians for children teething. It is a purely vegetable preparation, its ingredients are published around each bottle. It is pleasant to taste and absolutely harmless. It relieves constipation, regulates the bowels, quiets pain, cures diarrhoea and wind colic, allays feverishness, destroys worms, and prevents convulsions, soothes the throat, and gives it redness and natural sleep. Castoria is the children's panacea—the mother's friend. 35 doses, 35 cents.

Young ladies are painting pictures of frogs. They are so suggestive of leap year.

The brightest flowers must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, in short, all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sores, bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most economic.

A young student preaching his first sermon the other day thought he would be original in his language; accordingly, instead of the phrase "from the cradle to the grave," he spoke of our journey from the "bassinette to the sepulchre."

O. E. Constock, Caledonia, Minn., writes: "I was suffering the most excruciating pain from inflammatory rheumatism. One application of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil afforded almost instant relief, and two bottles effected a permanent cure."

"Ah, Sam, so you've been in trouble, eh?" "Yes, Sam. 'Well, cheer up, man; adversity tries us, and shows up our better qualities.' Ah, but adversity didn't try me; it was a solemn old judge and he showed up my worst qualities."

A lady writes:—"I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

Councillor's wife (to invited member of the Chamber of Deputies)—After dinner, Taste-greifer, the pianist, will give us some music, after which you will perhaps oblige the company by delivering a political speech."

MOST EXCOURAGING are the twinges which rack the muscles and joints of the rheumatic. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, by promoting increased action of the kidneys, by which the blood is more effectually depurated, removes through the natural channels certain solid elements in the circulation which produce rheumatism and gout. The medicine is also a fine laxative, antibilious medicine and general corrective.

A burial society has been recently commenced in a northern county, the first article of which runs thus:—"That, whereas many persons find it difficult to bury themselves—"

Mrs. A. Nelson, Brantford, writes: "I was a sufferer from Chronic Dyspepsia for eleven years. Always after eating, an intense burning sensation in the stomach, at times very distressing, caused a drooping and languid feeling, which would last for several hours after eating. I was recommended by Mr. Popplewell, Chemist, of our city, to try Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and I am thankful to say that I have not been better for years; that burning sensation and languid feeling has all gone, and food does not lie heavy on my stomach. Others of my family have used it with best results."

Landlord—Come, Sepp, that is the tenth match I've seen you strike. What have you lost? Sepp—I'm looking for a match that I've dropped on the floor.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—This Ointment affords the shortest, safest, and easiest path to soundness in all kinds of skin diseases, scrofulous affections, scrofulous malady, ulcers, eruptions, and inflammations. There is nothing deleterious in the composition of Holloway's Ointment, but on the contrary, its ingredients possess the most soothing, purifying, and strengthening qualities, so that it can be used with perfect safety by persons of all ages. The delicate skin of infants is not irritated by its application, and it is equally adapted for subduing the tedious ulcerations attacking the aged. In all constitutional, chronic, and complex affections, Holloway's Pills should be taken whilst the Ointment is being used, in order that all baneful matter may be expelled from the system.

A CHAPTER OF "DON'T" FOR PARENTS.

Don't laugh at and deride your children's hobbies. Remember how much brighter life has seemed to you, when you could realize some cherished dream, and treat them accordingly.

Don't forget that youth needs amusement. Your children have not only bodies but minds. Rest for the body and amusement for the mind are demands of nature which too many parents ignore. If you do not provide for your children healthful and sufficient amusement,