THE DEATH OF LOVE.

And is he dead at last? He lingered long,
Despite the fever fits of doubt and pain;
It seemed that faith had wov'n a web so strong,
'Twould keep him till his pulse beat true again;
Centre of so much youth and hope and trust,
How could he crumble into common dust?

Cold blew the icy winds of circumstance,
Prudence and penury stood side by side,
Barbing the arrow shot by crafty chance,
Snatching the balsam from the wounds of pride;
Slander spiced well the cup false friendship gave,
And so love died. Where shall we make his grave?

Scatter no roses on the bare, black earth,
Plant no white lilies; no blue violet bloom.
Weak in his death as feeble in his birth,
Why should life strive to sanctify his tomb?
Even gentle memory is by truth forbid
To honor aught that died as light love did.

Let the rank grasses flourish fearlessly,
With no fond foote-tep brushing them away;
While the young life he troubled, strong and free,
Turns to the promise of the world's new day,
Leaving the darkening skies to close above
The unhallowed burial place of shallow love.

A Tale of the Gulf Buccaneers.

Whoever may have sojourned, if for a few days only, in the island city of Galveston, any time since its occupancy by Americans, up to 1853, must have had his attention called to an eccentric and singular looking individual to be met with in the streets and market-place of the town. The oddity was known as *Crazy Joe*, and was sometimes called *Pirate Joe*.

Joe was morose and taciturn; was rarely known to address himself voluntarily to any one; and, when spoken to would invariably answer in a surly monosyllable. There was a mystery hanging about the man's history, which no one had ever been able to penetrate, save that he had been a resident of the place since it was an establishment of the buccaneers, under the famous Lafitte.

Among the eccentricities of this strange being, it had been observed, for years, that, at a certain period, he would suddenly disappear from his regular haunts, and, after an absence of about ten days, as suddenly return with a supply of antiquated suits and rusty coins. Where he went no one could learn; and though when the time for his annual absence approached, there were curious persons who would watch his motions, and try to dog his steps, Joe was invariably too shrewd, for them, and would elude all their vigilance.

The only rational explanation that could be given for these periodical absences was, that he had somewhere on the island a deposit from whence he thus supplied his necessities. But what was somewhat extraordinary, was the fact that only once a year these pilgrimages were made, and always at a stated period.

During a residence of a few weeks in Galveston, where I had been detained awaiting the arrival of a friend from New Orleans, who had arranged to join me in a journey to the interior of Texas, it became my good fortune to make the acquaintance and gain the good will of this extraordinary character, by rendering him important service, at a critical moment.

One evening, shortly after our 'friendly relations' had been established, I invited Joe to take a ramble with me on the moonlit beach, where by degrees I drew him out to narrate something of his history. His language was a medley of Spanish, French and English, with a sprinkling of Italian, lingua Franca, and Low Dutch. I succeeded, however, in gathering the sense of his story, which was of such an extraordinary nature that, on my return to my hotel, I reduced it to writing. I shall not, of course, attempt to give anything like his words, but, using the first personal pronoun, give the substance of his narrative, as briefly and correctly as possible.

After extorting from me a promise of secrecy, at least till I had heard of his death, the old man commenced:

'Where I was born, and when, I have never yet ascertained with any certainty, although from the facts I have in my possession, there is little doubt that I may claim Spain as my native land. But the earliest recollection is of the sea. I can remember being a pet of a crew of rough and reckless sailors, among whom were spoken all the languages I have ever heard, but the French and Spanish were the most common. No one of these men seemed to have any particular charge of me, for I occupied exactly the same position as a large, shaggy spaniel, my especial friend and playfellow, who had the liberty of the deck, receiving kicks and caresses from all, with the same good nature and indifference.

'When I became large enough, I was taken from the forecastle, and employed as a waiter in the cabin, where I was initiated into the mystery of punch making, and polishing the buttons and sabres of the captain and his lieutenants. Shortly after I had entered upon this duty, the captain presented me with a golden locket, suspended from a chain of rare workmanship, which, I was informed, was my property, and was found on my person when I first came on board his vessel. This locket, which contained the picture of a beautiful woman, I was directed to take great care of, now that I was old enough to be entrusted with its keeping. Upon the back of the locket were inscribed certain initials, which I, being ignorant of letters, could not decipher. I, however, continued to wear it in my bosom, as if it were a rare charm, and even to this hour, it has never left my person.

I had not long been in the cabin when I heard enough from the officers' conversation, coupled with what I had always previously observed, to convince me that there was something wrong in our pursuits. I had witnessed many scenes of violence and robbery, and even of bloodshed, from which my young heart revolted. It was true I had no knowledge of anything other than the life and circumstances about me, yet I had a certain instinctive perception of right or wrong. I had also observed that, while we attacked and plundered all unarmed vessels we came across, there was a certain class which we always sedulously avoided; and when lying within the bayous and little harbors of the Gulf coast, our upper spars were invariably lowered to the deck, and other measures adopted for concealment; while the shoremen who visited us to purchase our cargoes always evinced a peculiar shyness and secrecy in their intercourse with us. All these circumstances satisfied my young mind that our business was not strictly honorable.

'I had never, up to the age of fifteen or twenty, (I had no current idea of my age,) been on shore, except at our principal rendezvous, or on some of the desolate islands where our business sometimes made it necessary to land. I had never yet seen a town except the Havana, and that at a distance; and when I heard my shipmates tell of their adventures in the various *cities* they had visited, I could form no idea of them, except by comparing them with my impressions of that Cuban port, and its Moro Castle. This Island of Galveston was our favorite resort, and here we had a village, with warehouses where we stored many a cargo of plundered goods, and disposed of them to the shoremen, who visited us from abroad. At this place, which, to my unsophisticated mind, was one of the largest cities of the world, were a good number of shanties occupied by the wives and women of the officers and crews of our fleet, for I have counted no less than ten sails of fore-and-afters in the harbor at once, all under the command of the commodore of the squadron, who was none other than Mons. Lafitte, of whom you may have heard. I was sometimes—particularly when our vessel was undergoing repairs up in the Sabine Lake—permitted to spend weeks at our Rancho, as we called it, where the town of Galveston now stands.

'Our voyages were not confined to the Gulf, but were frequently extended to the Carribean Sea, and the West Indian Islands, as well as along the Spanish main. Up to the age I have previously named, I had never stained my hands with the blood of those whom we had plundered, but I became inured to scenes of carnage and violence, and only waited for a favorable opportunity to show my training at the bloody business. I only regarded a specified number of *murders* on my hands to entitle me to promotion from the cabin to the quarter-deck, and I determined, on the next opportunity, to take that initial step.

'One day—I remember it as if it were only yesterday and yet with the recollection of the horrid scenes that were enacted then, in which I acted the part of an incarnate fiend. We had been lying inside one of the little bays of Cayo Romano, on the north side of Cuba, and the lookout discovered a large Spanish merchant ship becalmed off the shore, while endeavoring to make the harbor of the Havana. Disguised as peaceful fishermen, a boat's crew was ordered to board the stranger with a supply of fresh fish, which they were instructed to sell, while at the same time they were to ascertain if the vessel possessed sufficient armament to defend an assault, and if possible, to ascertain the nature of her cargo. I begged to accompany the party, and on reaching the deck of the ship, ascertained that she was bound to Vera Cruz, with a rich freight of merchandize and a number of passengers, among whom were several ladies. One young girl in particular struck me with her beauty, and as I looked upon her face, it seemed that I had seen and known her before, or had dreamed of her at least, for every feature appeared familiar to me. I knew not why it was, but from the first moment I looked upon her, I felt that there was some mysterious connection between us; and when she approached the basket on which I was leaning, to examine its scaly contents, our eyes casually met. I experienced a peculiar emotion, which it is impossible to describe. It seemed like the recognition of long parted friends, for I am satisfied that she shared my feelings. I had before been brought in contact with beautiful women, among the passengers of vessels we had taken, but never before had I experienced similar emotions. Mingled with all was a presentment of coming evil to myself; I knew that evil was intended to her and her companions. But I determined, if in my power, to shield her from harm. As I went over the side of the ship, the eyes of the young lady followed me, and remained fixed upon me till we pulled away toward the shore.

'We reported the character of the vessel to our officers, and it was determined to capture her as soon as the night fell over the waters, should the breeze not rise before. But the calm continued. The sun went down and the full disc of the moon, rising over the long undulating swells of the ocean, lighted up the tapering spars and taught rigging of the graceful ship as she rolled idly on the waters, and mirrored her form on the polished sea.

'The crew was mustered, and plied abundantly with brandy to inflame them for the bloody work before us. I was induced to drink with the others, being unaccustomed to the maddening stimulus, I forgot everything but the promised promotion; and by the time we had reached the deck of the doomed ship, we were prepared to enact the fearful scenes that followed. For a while the brave Spaniards fought desperately, but we outnumbered them three to one, and soon covered the deck with their blood. Cutting my way through a little knot of gallant fellows who defended the entrance to the cabin, I leapt with one bound to the floor, and found myself in a crowd of shrieking women, who in vain begged for mercy; for, maddened with the fiery drink, and the blood I had already shed, I was beside myself. The order had been to give no quarter, for the pirate's motto then was—'Dead men tell no tales,' and most fearfully and literally did I obey the murderous mandate. In my drunken frenzy, I had forgotten even the fair young creature whose face had so singularly affected me in the early part of the day, nor did I recall her to mind till a wild, agonized shriek, which resounded above all the other horrid sounds, struck upon my ears, and a form that I had stricken to the floor, with my murderous knife, essayed in its dying struggle to clasp my knees. I was about to spurn it from me with a kick, when, on looking down, I recognized the same lovely face, which had awakened such strange emotions in my heart. Never shall I forget the dying look. It sobered me instantly, and I gazed upon the murdered girl—murdered with my own hands—with horror. I fell upon my knees by her side, and endeavored in vain to stay the red fluid that gushed hotly from her bosom. In the effort a golden locket fell from the folds of her dress. Its gleam caught the eye of the dying girl, and tearing it from her neck, she pressed it upon my hands, while her bloodless lips moved with a scarcely audible sound; but my quick ear detected the *mi her mano!* (my brother!); and with her eyes upon a haggard face, and a hand placed upon my own, she ceased to live. Laying the inanimate form upon a cushioned locker, I rushed to the deck with a sensation of suffocation, a deadly sickness came over me, and the consciousness of a fearful crime pressed with a crushing weight upon my throbbing brain.

'I know not how many days had passed by, when I found myself in my accustomed berth in the cabin of our old craft, with the old familiar faces about me. I had been sick, they said, with a wild delirium, and had raved about a sister murdered, and a mother; and about a golden picture I had lost. It was, no doubt, the effect of too much drink, I had taken on the day of the capture of the Spanish ship, and too much excitement; for I had done wonders, and had bathed my hands in more than blood enough to entitle me to the promised promotion, which now only awaited my recovery.

''And to satisfy you that your pretty toy is all right, my boy,' said the man, 'here it is, and another that was found in your hands, when you were taken up from the deck of the Spaniard, insensible.'

'I took the picture in my emaciated hands, the whole bloody scene of that awful massacre rushed upon me; and turning my face to the pillow, I gave myself up to a flood of bitter, repentant tears, the first I had ever shed, and I believe the last.

'At length I ventured to open the lockets,—and there was the verification of my previous suspicions. They were duplicates, exact in every point, chains, inscriptions and all. They were both executed by the same artist and at the same time. The pictures were those of a beautiful lady—the very counterpart of the murdered girl, only the features were those of one who had seen some twenty-five or thirty summers. By an intuitive perception I had before suspected that the locket my captain had given me, contained the picture of *my mother*,—and now I was convinced of the horrid truth that I had been the *murderer of my own sister!* That conviction has been impressed upon my brain, as with a hot iron, and the terrible knowledge haunts me day and night.

'From that day I became useless to my pirate associates. I had a horror of blood, and its sight would make me frantic; till at length I was permitted to remain on shore at the rancho, among the women and the sick of the pirate fleet; and we had a hospital here with its attendant surgeons and nurses; and after our chief, with his vessels and crews, united with General Jackson at New Orleans, during the war with England, he returned to the island, and after revealing to me a hidden deposit of goods, and money, parted with me for the last time. What became of him or my old associates, I know not; only I know that Lafitte struck his red flag for ever, and running up the stars and stripes of the United States, did good service for the country, by molesting the British cruisers, and also that he took part in the battle of New Orleans, for which service he received the full pardon of the American President, and after the war, disappeared from the Gulf.'

Such was the strange tale that Crazy Joe narrrated to me as we wandered along the shores that had been the scene of the greater portion of his life. The poor fellow is now no more—he died a few years since, in the hospital of the Sisters of Charity, in Galveston, the same unhappy misanthropic, and friendless being he had lived—and with him died the secret of his hidden wealth of rusty coins and strange old uniforms.

The Lime Kiln Club.

THE PICNIC PASSES OFF QUIETLY—THE GAMES WINNERS AND PRIZES.

Delegates to the seventh annual election and picnic of the Lime Kiln Club began to arrive at midnight on Wednesday night. The first one to put in an appearance was Col Dodo Rockafellow, of Covington, Ky. He made the trip afoot, in exactly twenty days. By midnight on Friday, 207 honorary members and delegates had appeared and been furnished quarters. Among the very prominent delegates present were thirty-four colonels, seventeen majors, fourteen judges, twenty-one professors, thirty elders and six sirs. The most commanding and the best dressed delegation was from South Carolina, and consisted of Judge Prehensile Smith, Col. Dasforth Gore, Professor Oscillation Baker and the Rev. Carmine Pathfinder.

As each delegate arrived at the hall he was dusted off with a horse brush, given a pint of iced tea and assigned to quarters with some local member. The only case of attempted fraud was on the part of a stranger claiming to be a delegate from the White Rose branch club, at Sandusky, O. The credentials he submitted proved to be a recipe for mixing a horse liniment, and when flung down on his back and stepped on, he admitted that he was one Samuel Davis, of Toledo, who wanted to learn the inside workings of the club and go about personating Giveadam Jones. The way he was hustled down three pairs of stairs will live in his memory for a hundred years to come.

A business meeting was held in the library Friday evening, at which all committees reported. The thanks of the club are extended to the many Detroiters who came to the front to make the banquet a grand success.

At eight o'clock Saturday evening, preceded by a band which threw off sweet strains at every step, the procession marched to the foot of Eighteenth street and embarked on a barge to be towed down to Fighting Island. Most of the local members were accompanied by their wives and children. Among the members in the procession were noticed those bearing legends as follows: "Never let go of a spring chicken to look for an old hen." "Five hundred years hence the black will be on top." "The man who poisons a watermillyon deserves the rope." "We have got our heads above water."

At the island everything had been arranged for a good time. Before beginning the games which were to test the strength and agility of the members, Brother Gardner mounted a barrel and made a brief speech. He referred to Cleopatra, the siege of Troy, the New Orleans exposition and the recent trouble with Mexico, and expressed an earnest wish that every member should stand ready to lay down his life in case the United States decided to go in and give France, Germany, Austria, Roumania and Russia a gentle drubbing. His remarks were received with such enthusiasm that Major Powhatan Green, a delegate from Virginia, fell in a fit and had to be soaked in the river eighteen minutes before he came to enough to miss his Waterbury watch.

The following is a list of games, winners and prizes:—

Throwing an anvil—Prize, an oil painting of a canal boat going ashore in a dreadful storm. Won by Captain Behemoth Smith, who succeeded in throwing it on Elder Toots' left foot.

Standing jump—Prize a kerosene lamp with a green body and warranted not to explode. Won by Professor Serious White, who broke a pair of six shilling suspenders in so doing.

Foot race of 100 yards—Prize, a decorated wall basket, which can also be used to hold potatoes, carry game or knock burglars out. Won by Shindig Watkins, whose divorced wife was present, and felt so elated over his victory that she returned home with him.

Boxing match—Prize, a lithograph of John L. Sullivan. Won by Giveadam Jones, who knocked out three aspirants in such a manner that they inquired what year it was when they had been revived.

High jump—Prize, a fine large bottle of cement to mend crockery and glassware. Won by Snowball Cotton, who cleared the stick held at five feet, but came down on his head and drove his neck back three inches.

Wheelbarrow race—Prize, four bunches of celery with hand painted stalks. There were eight contestants, and the prize was carried off by Truthful Taylor.

Playing the harmonicon—Prize, a tune out on which was the word "Welcome." About forty members contested for the prize, and during the half hour in which the struggle took place passing schooners were driven ashore and a cyclone just missed the island. The winner was Samuel Shin, but he lay exhausted for the next half hour.

What True Merit Will Do

The unprecedented sale of *Boschee's German Syrup* within a few years, has astonished the world. It is without doubt the safest and best remedy ever discovered for the speedy and effectual cure of Coughs, Colds and the severest Lung Troubles. It acts on an entirely different principle from the usual prescriptions given by Physicians, as it does not dry up a cough and leave the disease still in the system, but on the contrary removes the *cause* of the trouble, heals the parts affected and leaves them in a purely healthy condition. A bottle kept in the house for use when these diseases make their appearance, will save doctor's bills and a long spell of serious illness. A trial will convince you of these facts. It is positively sold by all druggists and general dealers in the land. Price 75 cents, large bottles.

Random Readings.

A labor-saving machine—inveterate laziness.

'Rents are enormous,' as the vagabond said on looking at his pants.

It is said that Mount Vesuvius never sleeps; and yet it must be sleepy, as it is always yawning.

Boys who want to arrive safely at the Isle of *Man* should be careful how they steer their life-boats.

A Spanish paper calls the conduct of the Cuban patriots atrocious. It probably means *revolting*.

Laughter is not always a sign of good nature; it is when people laugh most that they most show their teeth.

Whoever imagines that he can keep food on a weak stomach by *bolting* it down, will find himself mistaken.

The crow is not so bad a bird, after all. It never shows the white feather, and never complains without caws.

An indiscreet person is like an unsealed letter which every one may read, but which is seldom worth reading.

'There is no change in gentlemen's pantaloons,' says the bulletin of fashion. 'That's so!' sighs the impecunious dandy.

A shark usually attacks his prey as if he were in a passion, and yet it is a scientific fact that he does everything in cold blood.

'Why, Mary! are you going to marry Mr. ——? You have always said you hated him!' 'I did, but he last provoked me into loving him.'

An old poet, in introducing Winter, one of his characters, made a good pun when he said:

"Lastly came Winter, clothed all in *frieze*."

'I must marry that girl,' said a disconsolate young man. 'She whistles; and it'll never do to trifle with the affections of a girl that whistles.

'It is difficult,' said a lawyer, 'for an honest man to make his way on the sea, it is so pervaded with *craft*.' 'But there is a deal more *craft* on the land,' retorted an old sailor.

The photograph business cannot very well help growing, as new features are constantly introduced in it.

'It's colder than blazes, this morning,' said John, breathing upon his fingers. 'Blazes!' exclaimed Tom; 'did you ever see any weather that wasn't colder than blazes?'

If mortals would only look at the subject rationally, they would see that it is enough happiness to be free from sorrow, and not bring sorrow upon themselves by pining for happiness.

A horse-thief named Snow was lately driven from his native town, in a Western State; and a counterfeiter indicted in the same county denied the charge, and declared that he was as pure as the 'driven Snow.'

"Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high," is transposed by the Boston maiden into all things are just as we would wish them to be, and the fowl is suspended at an altidude that dwarfs all our previous experience.

Two ladies were conversing on the qualities and demerits of their own fair sex. Said one, with a twinkle of her beautiful eyes, "I have never known but two women who were really perfect.' "Who was the other?" asked her companion, with a smile on her thin face.

"I won't get my life insured," declared a husband in response to his wife's suggestion that he should get it insured, adding, "It would be just my luck to live forever if I should take out a policy." "Then, by all means, don't do it, dear," meekly replied the wife.

"The kind of woman that I particularly abhor," says an old bachelor, "is the one with a spirit of disputation in her soul, who picks me up on the point of a sharp sentence as though I were a dropped stitch in her knitting work."

'Well,' said an old lady, on hearing of the execution of a man who had formerly lived in her neighborhood, 'I knowed he'd come to the gallows, 'cause the knot of his neck-er-chief was al'us a slippin' around under his left ear.'

The Merchant Traveller tells of a small boy whose nose had been put out of joint by the advent of a baby brother with tremendous lung power. "Did little brother come from heaven, ma?" he asked. "Yes, dear." He listened to his brother's yells, and said: "I don't blame the angels for bouncing him. Do you, ma?"

A RUINED MAN.—A much abused keeper of a toll bridge is in distress. He tells his story in these words: "Well, you see I had charge of a bridge not far from here. The owners are very particular about receiving every cent that is due them, so they put in one of those registers. It is a sort of fool arrangement sunk in the foot passageway of the bridge, and makes a mark with a clicking punch every time anybody steps on it. Well, everything was all right until the other day. A big Newfoundland dog got on the blamed thing and began to scratch himself, and, sir, before I noticed him, he had charged me up $275. Yes, I am a ruined man."

Horace Greeley used to write a miserable scrawl. One day he sent the following to the Iowa Press Association: "I have waited, till longer waiting would seem discourteous, and now decide that I cannot attend your Press meeting next June, as I would do. I find so many cares and duties pressing on me, that, with the weight of years, I feel obliged to decline any invitation that takes me over a day's journey from home." Out of this, the recipients, in consultation assembled made: "I have wondered all along whether any squirt had denied the scandal about the President meeting Jane in the woods on Saturday. I have hominy carrots, and R R. ties more than I could move with eight steer. If eels are blighted dig them early. Any insinuation that brick ovens are dangerous to hams gives me the horrors."

Local and Special News.

A Chicago woman's hair turned from deep black to yellow blonde in a single day, but she had swapped wigs; that was all.

"Isn't that Mrs. Holmes? I thought the doctors gave her up. She looks well now." "She is well. After the doctors gave up her case she tried Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and began to get better right away. I heard her say not long ago, that she hadn't felt so well in twenty years. She does her own work and says that life seems worth living, at last. 'Why,' said she, 'I feel as if I had been raised from the dead, almost." Thus do thousands attest the marvelous efficacy of this God given remedy for female weakness, prolapsus, ulceration, leucorrhœa, morning sickness, weakness of stomach, tendency to cancerous disease, nervous prostration, general debility and kindred affections.

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York City.

Golden Medical Discovery.

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption, or Wasting in Flesh, when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Lung Balsam, a wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-Bilious and Cathartic. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

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Sept. 22, 1886—tf Charlottetown.

Notice to Purchasers of PUBLIC LANDS.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the Government on account of the purchase of their Lands, are hereby called upon to come forward and make suitable payment during the present autumn.

A list of names of those whose term of credit has expired, and of other defaulters, will be published early in November, pursuant to law.

D. FERGUSON,
Commissioner of Public Lands.
Public Lands Department,
Charlottetown, Oct. 6, 1886—6i

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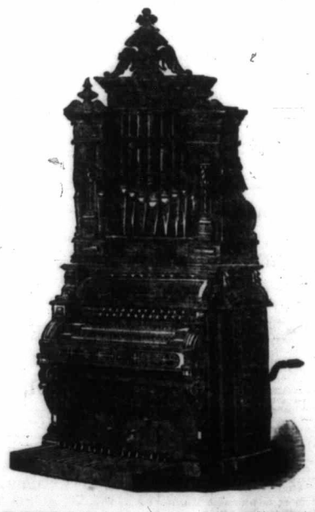

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