

Brought up to Help Himself.

It was the first time she had ever traveled alone, and all the family came down to the station to see her off.

"Now, Pheeb," said her father as he helped her on, "don't let any of them young fellers come foolin' you; mind what me an' your mother has allus told you, an' don't have nothin' to say to strangers."

"I won't, father," chirruped Phoebe.

"Where's the box with my best hat? And the bag with the dried raspberries for Jim's wife? O, where's the poor little cat?"

"Here she be," said the mother, showing up with the rest of Phoebe's belongings, "and here's the six pairs of stockings I knit Reuben, and the yarn towels, and the—"

"All aboard!" yelled the conductor.

"Good-by, Pheeb! Don't forget the new cheese in the hand basket! Tely Jim's wife to send me the racket for dyeing cotton yarn a primrose cast. Take keer of Kitty, an' be sure an'—"

"Good-by, Pheeb! Don't make no 'quaintances with annybody. As your graa'father used to say, 'the Lord helps them as helps themselves.'" There was a lot of them—brothers, sisters and cousins—who watched us until the train and "Pheeb" were out of sight. Then the young traveler settled down to business. And we all watched her, for she was a very pretty girl.

First she heaped all her things in the seat facing her. Then she concluded to put some of them in the bracket above.

"Allow me," said the spruce traveling man with a mashing smile.

"Thank you," said Phoebe coolly, "it's kind of inconvenient going anywhere alone."

"Going far?" asked the traveling man as he sat down, and we all glanced at him with envy.

"Only to visit my brother Jim in Newton Centre. I get there after dark, though, and am awfully afraid they won't meet me."

"I'm going that way myself," hazarded the untruthful traveling man.

"Why how nice! I wouldn't be a bit afraid of you."

"Mew! mew! mew!" came from a remote corner of the car. Miss Phoebe made a dive for her kitten's basket.

"O, won't somebody catch the kitty for me? O, dear, it will be lost, and it's a real Maltese. O, where's the conductor? Won't somebody please ring for him?"

We all started to hunt the wicked kitten, while its excited mistress pulled the bell-cord and stopped the train.

When peace was restored, and four traveling men had returned the kitten to its owner, the conductor seated himself by Miss Phoebe to explain that a passenger must never under any circumstances touch the bell-cord.

Meanwhile all the onerous duties of answering questions and reassuring frightened old women devolved on the brakeman.

Then the boy with peanuts came in and she snared him into getting some milk for kitty from the restaurant-car.

The book fiend dropped an armful of burning novels into the seat at last left vacant by the conductor.

"Have you 'How He Won Her' or 'Love on a Rail-Car'?" she asked sweetly.

He sat down to explain that he was just out of that, but had "Divorced at Sight," or "A Romance of Chicago."

Then the only man in the car who had not been down on his knees, a cold, haughty, soulless man, with a cynical sneer, opened his valise and handed her "How He Won Her."

When the train reached Newton Centre the young lady left it, followed by a meek and submissive crowd. The conductor carried the cat. The brakeman had the satchel. The rest of her luggage was apportioned to the male passengers, each of whom received a sweet smile and a cordial "good by" as Brother Jim hove in sight to claim his fair relative. As we scrambled back to our train we heard Jim ask: "How in the world, Pheeb, did you get along with all these traps?"

And her musical laugh as she answered: "O, you know, Jim, father brought us up to help ourselves."—*Detroit Free Press*

An Indian Wake.

At midnight we were present at a kind of "wake" over the daughter of an Indian Chief who had suddenly died and was to be cremated the following day. Clad in high top boots, each person carrying a lantern, we tramped over a pathless bit of country some distance back from the shore, through a muddy, slimy soil. Some time before we reached the spot the groans and shrieks of the mourners could be heard. Arriving at the Chief's hut, our guide first crawls in, crouching low, and disappears. Soon emerging, he leads us in single file through the opening, only two feet high. A weird sight presents itself. In the centre is a fire of loose logs and brush; the smoke, after

filling the hut as well as the lungs of the occupants, passes out through a hole in the roof. Seated around the fire on the ground are the wives and relatives of the Chief. At the further end, on a kind of bed, lie the remains of the Chief's pretty daughter, a girl of 18. Her black hair lay loosely over the pillow. A tiny red handkerchief encircled her pretty throat; a deer-skin was laid over her body, and over it her exquisitely molded arms were gracefully crossed; at the head and foot of the body a pine knot was burning, sending flashes of light over the scene. The Chief stood at her head. A huge fellow with a hard, villainous countenance embraced us warmly, much to our discomfort. After this ceremony we all squatted about the fire, enlarging the circle of mourners, and fell in with the general chorus as best as we could.—*Alaska Letter.*

Slaves to Their Corsets.

The Lancet: It has always seemed to us to be somewhat of a satire on the work of nature that the female form should be thought to require the support of a corset in order to make it graceful. We observe, therefore, with satisfaction that ladies, and even young ladies, are here and there to be found who have, with equal courage and good sense, dispensed with this unnecessary article of dress. Among the majority who continue to wear it there are also signs, though less pronounced, of the same healthy tendency. Tight-lacing is viewed with much less favor than formerly. Women as well as men are coming to see that artificial slenderness is not beauty, and indeed the sham and unreason apparent in a figure wantonly contracted must create in all thinking persons a feeling of repugnance which effectually prevents the possibility of admiration. Victims of this hurtful practice and grievous error in taste are still, however, not uncommon. Only a few days ago an inquest on the body of an elderly female revealed the fact that death was due to the direct consequence of her having the stays too tightly laced. This is by no means the first instance in which the coveted fineness of waist has been thus dearly purchased. It is, in fact, impossible that this custom can but injure health, for what are its effects? By tight lacing, which forces together the elastic ribs and narrows the space within the thorax, free action of the lungs is obviously rendered impossible; the liver and heart are displaced, and the great blood vessels unnaturally stretched. The unfortunate worshiper of a false ideal loses with free respiration the due effect of the most powerful force which aids the heart in driving its blood through the body—the force of thoracic suction. Displacement of the heart, moreover can only result in palpitation or severer cardiac troubles. Thus it comes to pass that every organ and tissue is undernourished, digestion is little more than a meaningless term, and healthy life in any part of the body is unknown. This may seem to be forcible language, but it is nevertheless the clothing of facts which it does not merely envelope, but in many cases fits with a strictness not incomparable to the firm embrace of the most fashionably strait corset.

About Good Manners.

Books on etiquette are staple literary wares. Just at present there seems to be more than the usual demand for them, and some recently published treatises on manners are having a great run. This is a good thing, for it is a moral and civilizing process for people to give thoughtful consideration to their duties to their fellow-beings. If the study does no more than to teach them not to perform knife-swallowing tricks at the table, it will be beneficial. There is, however, a danger that in learning rules of conduct without understanding their underlying philosophy a slavish pedantry may be the result, or even that worst form of snobbery which consists in having "lady" and "gentleman" on the brain.

Blood Will Tell.

There is no question about it—blood will tell—especially if it be an impure blood. Blisters, eruptions, pimples and boils are all symptoms of an impure blood, due to the improper action of the liver. When this important organ fails to properly perform its function of purifying and cleansing the blood, impurities are carried to all parts of the system, and the symptoms above referred to are merely evidences of the struggle of Nature to throw off the poisonous germs. Unless her warning be heeded in time, serious results are certain to follow, culminating in liver or kidney disorder, or even in consumption. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will prevent and cure these diseases, by restoring the liver to a healthy condition.

The sampler has an exceedingly trying time of it.

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

Ministers are about the only servants who do not have "Sunday out."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Raised Check.

A pension check, originally drawn for \$2, dated May, 1885, which had been raised to \$2,450 and had passed through several banks and private hands, was recently presented at the cash-room of the Treasury for payment by one of the city banks. The paying teller, Mr. W. H. Gibson, at once detected certain irregularities in the check, and reported the facts to Treasurer Hyatt. The latter communicated with the Pension Agent, who informed him that no such check had been issued by him. It was subsequently ascertained that the name of the payee and the number of the check had been changed, and also the date to May 31, 1887. The check had been so cleverly manipulated that no suspicion had been aroused by the local bank officials, and it is the opinion of the Treasurer that had the check been presented to an inexperienced person at the Treasury Department, it would have been cashed without question.

To dream of a ponderous whale,  
Erect on the tip of his tail,  
Is the sign of a storm  
(If the weather is warm),  
Unless it should happen to fall.  
Dreams don't amount to much, anyhow.  
Some signs, however, are infallible. If you are constipated, with no appetite, tortured with sick headache and bilious symptoms, these signs indicate that you need Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They will cure you. All druggists.

"How in the furnace fire this morning,  
John! "Well enough to be out, I think,  
your honor!"

Offer No. 170.

FREE—TO MERCHANTS ONLY: A three-foot, French glass, oval-front Show Case. Address at once, R. W. TANSILL & Co., 55 State St., Chicago.

The modern fates—the car stove, the wooden bridge and the grade crossing.

No Opium in Pico's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

A capitalist who lends money without security is a soft money man.—*Texas Sittings.*

When all so-called remedies fail, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

Epicures like to travel via the lake route because every vessel has a pilot.

Drunkenness in Summer and Winter.

Boston Post: I have learned lately to my surprise that there is much more drunkenness in summer than in winter; and I should be glad to hear that some social philosopher had undertaken to tell us why. Is it because hot weather produces a lassitude that tempts people to resort to stimulants? If this be so a good many sunstrokes might be accounted for. I observe that in St. Louis, where the heat has been almost intolerable this summer, people have found out that much beer drinking in the hot weather is dangerous, and that in consequence, the vendors of soda-water have enjoyed a "boom" at the expense of the saloonkeepers. A friend of mine, who has a mania for railroad information and statistics, informed me that the number of drunken men in suburban trains on summer nights is almost double what it is in winter. One cause may be that in summer the craving for amusement increases. In cold weather man has a tendency to hibernate; but in the spring and summer when nature awakes and rejoices, a restless desire for pleasure and liberty comes over the human mind; and with some men the pleasure of getting drunk and the liberty of intoxication are probably more easily got at than any others.

It seems to have recently been discovered that three-fifths of the horses are bow-legged or pigeon-toed. In New York fifty-three differently shaped horseshoes are required to fit the hoofs of the horses.

Care for the Children

Children feel the debility of the changing seasons, even more than adults, and they become cross, peevish and uncontrollable. The blood should be cleansed and the system invigorated by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Give it a trial.

"Last spring my two children were vaccinated. Soon after, they broke all out with running sores, so dreadful I thought I should lose them. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured them completely; and they have been healthy ever since. I do feel that Hood's Sarsaparilla saved my children to me." Mrs. C. L. THOMPSON, West Warren, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla  
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.**

In a Facile Cure

For All of those Painful Delicate Complaints and Complicated Troubles and Weaknesses so common among our Wives, Mothers, and Daughters.

It will cure instantly all ailments connected with the system, such as Indigestion, Flatulency, Displacement of the Uterus, Prolapsus, and other ailments, and is particularly adapted to the treatment of the Female System.

It is a blessing to OVERTHEWORN WOMEN, PAINTERS, STRAYERS, ALL GRAVING FOR SCIENTISTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH, CURVES LUMBERGERS, NEURALGIC PAINS, PALLED AND PALE. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1 per bottle.

**OPIMUM Habit Cured** satisfactory before my eyes. Prof. J. E. BARTON, 12th Ward, Cleveland, O.

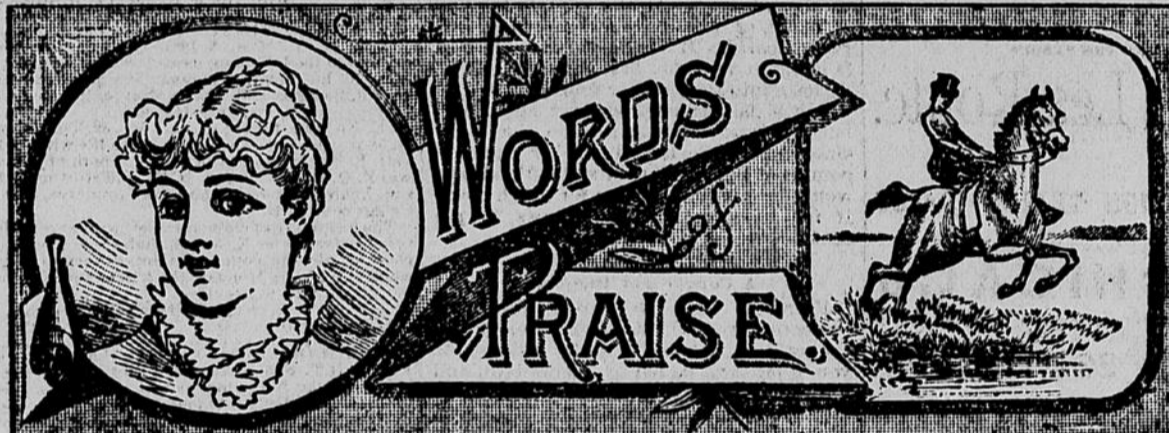
**OPIMUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 14 Days. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Mo.

**AGENTS! MAKE \$5.00** a day during your spare time. It is a rare opportunity for a person to make a profitable business, exclusively in connection with any other business. Particulars free. Address, ALPINE SAFE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

**PSYCHICURE FOR CONSUMPTION** CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

**WINTER** Suits and Overcoats, Heavy Underwear, all kinds of Furnishing Goods, Latest Blocks of Hats, all kinds of Fur Caps, Fur Coats, Fur Lined Coats, Fur Robes, Fur Gloves and Mitts, Blankets, Afghans, etc., etc. Our entire new stock at prices lower than in any other store in the west is now ready at the Big Boston, Minneapolis, Send in your orders and be happy.

**Ely's Cream Balm** Is worth \$1000 to any Man, Woman or Child suffering from CATARRH. Apply Balm into each nostril.



**WORDS OF PRAISE.**

The following words, in praise of Dr. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION as a remedy for those delicate diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such maladies. They are fair samples of the spontaneous expressions with which thousands give utterance to their sense of gratitude for the inestimable boon of health which has been restored to them by the use of this world-famed medicine.

**\$100 THROWN AWAY.** JOHN E. SEGAR, of Millbrook, Va., writes: "My wife had been suffering for two or three years with female weakness, and had paid out one hundred dollars to physicians without relief. She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did her more good than all the medicine given to her by the physicians during the three years they had been practicing upon her."

**THE GREATEST EARTHLY BOON.** Mrs. GEORGE HERGER, of Westfield, N. Y., writes: "I was a great sufferer from leucorrhoea, bearing-down pains, and pain continually across my back. Three bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' restored me to perfect health. I treated with Dr. —, for nine months, without receiving any benefit. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to us poor suffering women."

**IT WORKS WONDERS.** Mrs. SOPHIA F. BOSWELL, White Cottage, O., writes: "I took eleven bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Pellaea.' I am doing my work, and have been for some time. I have had to employ help for about sixteen years before I commenced taking your medicine. I have had to wear a supporter most of the time; this I have laid aside, and feel as well as I ever did."

**IT WORKS WONDERS.** Mrs. MAY GLEASON, of Nunda, Ontario, O., Mich., writes: "Your 'Favorite Prescription' has worked wonders in my case. Again she writes: 'Having taken several bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' I have gained my health wonderfully, to the astonishment of myself and friends. I can now be on my feet all day, attending to the duties of my household.'

**TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.** Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and poisons, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause, would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

**3 PHYSICIANS FAILED.** Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass., says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room. I was advised to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was perfectly cured, and have had no trouble since. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters, stating that they had overcome the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the \$1.00 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

**JEALOUS DOCTORS.** A Marvelous Cure.—Mrs. G. F. SPRAGUE, of Crystal, Mich., writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, leucorrhoea and tearing of the womb for seven years, so I had to keep my bed for a good part of the time. I doctored with an army of different physicians, and spent large sums of money, but received no lasting benefit. At last my husband persuaded me to try your medicines, which I was loath to do, because I was prejudiced against them, and the doctors said they would do me no good. I finally told my husband that if he would get me some of your medicine, I would try them against the advice of my physician. He got me six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' also six bottles of the 'Discovery,' for ten dollars. I took three bottles of 'Discovery' and four of 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have been a sound woman for four years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who was troubled in the same way, and she cured herself in a short time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost four years."

**THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.** The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalidee Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in ably adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus or womb and its appendages, in particular, for overworked, "worn-out," run-down, debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon being unequaled as an appetizing, nourishing and restorative tonic. It promotes digestion and assimilation of food, cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating and eructations of gas.

As a soothing and strengthening nerve, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and dependency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effect in any condition of the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppurations, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

In pregnancy, "Favorite Prescription" is a "mother's cordial," relieving nausea, weakness of stomach and other distressing symptoms common to that condition. If its use is kept up in the latter months of gestation, it so prepares the system for delivery as to greatly lessen, and many times almost entirely do away with the sufferings of that trying ordeal.

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturer, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years. Large bottles (100 doses) \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large, illustrated Treatise (100 pages) on Diseases of Women.

Address, **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 633 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.**