

I saw the poet to the best advantage, under his own trees and walking over his own domain. He took delight in pointing out to me the finest and the rarest of his trees, and there were many beauties among them. I recalled my morning's visit to Whittier at Oak Knoll, in Danvers, a little more than a year ago, when he led me to one of his favorites, an aspiring evergreen which shot up like a flame. I thought of the graceful American elms in front of Longfellow's house, and the sturdy English elms that stand in front of Lowell's. In this garden of England, the Isle of Wight, where everything grows with such a lavish extravagance of greenness that it seems as if it must bankrupt the soil before autumn, I felt as if weary eyes and overtasked brains might reach their happiest haven of rest. We all remember Shennstone's epigram on the pane of a tavern window. If we find our "warmest welcome at an inn," we find our most soothing companionship in the trees among which we have lived, some of which we may ourselves have planted. We lean against them, and they never betray our trust; they shield us from the sun and from the rain; their spring welcome is a new birth, which never loses its freshness; they leave their beautiful robes at our feet in autumn; in winter they "stand and wait," emblems of patience and truth, for they hide nothing, not even the little leaf-buds which hint to us of hope, the last element in their triple symbolism.

This digression, suggested by the remembrance of the poet under his trees, breaks my narrative, but gives me the opportunity of paying a debt of gratitude. For I have owned many beautiful trees, and loved many more outside of my own leafy harem. Those who write verses have no special claim to be lovers of trees but so far as one is of the poetical temperament he is like to be a tree-lover. Poets have as a rule, more than the average nervous sensibility and irritability. Trees have no nerves. They live and die without suffering without self-questioning of self-reproach. They have the divine gift of silence. They cannot obtrude upon the solitary moments when one is to himself the most agreeable of companions. The whole vegetable world, even "the meanest flower that blows," is lovely to contemplate. What if creation had paused there, and you or I had been called upon to decide whether self-conscious life should be added in the form of the existing animal creation, and the hitherto peaceful universe should come under the rule of Nature as we now know her, "red in tooth and claw"?

Are we not glad that the responsibility of the decision did not rest on us? I am sorry that I did not ask Tennyson to read or repeat some of his own lines to me. Hardly any one perfectly understands a poem but the poet himself. One naturally loves his own poem as no one else can. It fits the mental mould in which it was cast, and it will not exactly fit any other. For this reason I had rather listen to a poet reading his own verses than hear the best elocutionist that ever spouted recite them. He may not have a good voice or enunciation, but he puts his heart and his interpenetrative intelligence into every line, word, and syllable. I should have liked to hear Tennyson read such lines as "Laborious orient ivory, sphere in sphere," and in spite of my good friend Matthew Arnold's *in tororem*. I should have liked to hear Macaltray read, "And Atlas the Dictator Smoothed Auster's raven mane," and other good mouthable lines from the "Lays of ancient Rome." Not less should I like to hear Mr. Arnold himself read the passage beginning, "In his cool hall with haggard eyes The Roman noble lay."

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in Atlanta Jay and Eddy. Young Eddy Gould, a son of Jay, just from college, and not yet of age, is the object of much admiration in New York at this time, because in one week, he has cleared \$100,000 for himself in Wall street. "A chip of the old block," everybody says, approvingly and the youth begins life well satisfied with himself, and with all his associates well satisfied with him. "He's a chip of the old block," some one said when young William Pitt made his maiden speech in the House of Commons. "Not that," Fox replied; "he is the old block itself." Possibly Eddy Gould is the old block itself to this extent—that the remarkably successful deals which he has made during the past fortnight have been engineered by his father. Men who want to know what Jay is up to will be guided to some extent by the operations of his hopeful.

A few months before his death, W. H. Vanderbilt had the pleasure of settling losses of one of his sons in Wall street which mounted into the millions. No one would be much surprised if Gould should have the same experience. He is electioneering for it evidently.

The wily autumnal politician, like the street Arab, stumps it for suckers.

Why Laura Lost Her Beau.
Laura once had an affluent beau, Who called twice a fortnight, or Now she sits, Sunday eve, All lonely to grieve, Oh, where is he, her secret beau, And why did he leave Laura so? Why, he saw that Laura was a languishing, delicate girl, subject to sick headaches, sensitive nerves and uncertain temper; and knowing what a life-long trial is a fretful, sickly wife, he transferred his attentions to her cheerful, healthy cousin, Ellen. The secret is that Laura's health and strength are sapped by chronic weakness, peculiar to her sex, which Ellen averts and avoids by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weakness and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturer, that it will give satisfaction in every case or money will be refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

The game of life is played with a limit.—N. O. FICAYANE.

Strong physic will knock out the strongest physique.

Offer No. 178.
FREE!—TO MERCHANTS ONLY: An elegant silver-plated Water Pitcher, frosted and richly carved; height 18 inches. Address at once, R. W. TANSILL & CO., 55 State Street, Chicago.

The real estate agent is not necessarily qualified to act as "property" man for a theatre.

He ate green cucumbers: They made him quite sick But he took a few "Pellets" That cured him right quick An easier physic You never will find Than Pierce's small "Pellets," The Purgative kind. Small but precious. 25 cents per vial.

The moonshiner's conscience would, of course, be a still small voice.

The latest style of Dude is wildly, devotedly, and intensely English in every particular except one. Having still a faint glimmering of brains left, he still cures his colds with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

When the dog-pound man makes a big haul at so much per head, he puts it down as a red-setter day.

A Flat Contradiction. Some one has told you that your catarrh is incurable. It is not so. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure it. It is pleasant to use and it always does its work thoroughly. We have yet to hear of a case in which it did not accomplish a cure when faithfully used. Catarrh is a disease which is dangerous to neglect. A certain remedy is at your command. Avail yourself of it before the complaint assumes a more serious form. All druggists.

A man with a wheelbarrow on the sidewalk is not very popular, but he generally carries every thing before him.

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.

Many a man who has not a penny in his pocket owns a corn he would not allow you to step on for the world.

Catarrh Cured. A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 213 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

When a man is lost in love he can generally be found by sending a belle after him.

Dyspepsia
Does not get well of itself; it requires careful, persistent attention and a remedy that will assist nature to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Among the agonies experienced by the dyspeptic, are distress before or after eating, loss of appetite, irregularities of the bowels, wind or gas and pain in the stomach, heart-burn, sour stomach, etc., causing mental depression, nervous irritability and sleeplessness. If you are discouraged be of good cheer and try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured hundreds; it will cure you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
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After eating, persons of a bilious habit will derive great benefit by taking one of these pills. If you have been DRINKING TOO MUCH, they will promptly relieve the nausea, SICK HEADACHE and nervousness which follows, restore the appetite and remove all gloomy feelings. Elegantly sugar coated. SOLD EVERYWHERE. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

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The most elegant Blood Purifier, Liver Invigorator, Tonic and Appetizer ever known. The first Bitters containing iron ever advertised in America. Unprincipled persons are imitating the name; look out for frauds. See that the following signature is on every bottle and take none other.
ST. PAUL, MINN. Druggist & Chemist

Why the Crow is Black.
The Indians of the extreme Northwest had some very remarkable legends about the creation, in which the crow takes the leading part, bringing order out of chaos. Perhaps the most curious was that which accounted for the raven coat of the crow. One night, while making a tour through his dominions, he stopped at the house of Can-nook, a chief, and begged for lodging and a drink of water. Can-nook offered him a bed, but on account of the scarcity of water, refused to give him anything to drink. When all the rest were asleep the crow got up to hunt for the water but, but was heard by Can-nook's wife, who aroused her husband. He, thinking that the crow was about to escape, piled logs of gun wood upon the fire. The crow made desperate efforts to fly through the hole in the roof where the smoke was denser and denser, and when the crow finally regained the outer air he had black plumage. It was previously white.—Z. L. White, in *The American Magazine*.

Look here, upon this picture, and on that. One a happy boy, dancing and jumping with his little friends. The other bent with suffering and pain. The happy child's mother uses Salivation Oil. All druggists sell it at twenty-five cents a bottle.

Tip the waiter heavily if you would heavily tip the scales.

FREE TO F.A.M. Fine Colored Engraving of Ancient York, England, where the first G. Lodge of Masons was held, A. D. 1717. Also large illustrated Catalogue of Masonic books and goods with better prices. Agents wanted. For terms, circulars, etc., apply to W. W. REDDING, 701 Broadway, New York.

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"The Greatest Cure on Earth for Pain" will relieve more quickly than any other known remedy. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Migraine, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Lumbago, Backache, Gout, Sprains, Stiffness, Sore Throat, Sore Eyes, Stomachache, Hoarseness, Croup, Whooping Cough, Infantile Colic, and all other pains. Price 25 cents a bottle, sold by all druggists. Caution.—The genuine is sold in a glass bottle, with the name "Calvation Oil" blown in the glass, and our picture trade mark on surrounding buff wrapper. Take no other preparation. Proprietors, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

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For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 cents.

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Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.
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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 Millenbeck, 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 three months, without receiving any benefit. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to poor suffering women."

3 PHYSICIANS FAILED.
Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of No. 11 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 walk with difficulty across the room alone. I began taking 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. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, and enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. 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 commenced 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."

THREW AWAY HER SUPPORTER.
Mrs. SOPHIA F. BOWELL, White Cottage, O., writes: "I took eleven bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Pellets.' 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 Nunica, Ottawa Co., Mich., writes: "Your 'Favorite Prescription' has worked wonders in my case. Again she writes: 'Having taken several bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' I have regained my health wonderfully, to the astonishment of all. I can now be on my feet all day, attending to the duties of my household."

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A Marvelous Cure.—Mrs. G. F. SPRAGUE, of Crystal, Mich., writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, leucorrhoea, and bearing-down 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 medicines, 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."

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 prey alike to themselves and their country-going and indifferent, or over-tusy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, which he prescribes his pills and potions, 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.

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 Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in wisely 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 unequalled as an appetizing, cordial and 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 tonic, "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 effects 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 suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteverision, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

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