



SPACE	1 line	2 lines	3 lines	4 lines	5 lines	6 lines	7 lines	8 lines	9 lines	10 lines	11 lines	12 lines	13 lines	14 lines	15 lines	16 lines	17 lines	18 lines	19 lines	20 lines	21 lines	22 lines	23 lines	24 lines	25 lines	26 lines	27 lines	28 lines	29 lines	30 lines	31 lines	32 lines	33 lines	34 lines	35 lines	36 lines	37 lines	38 lines	39 lines	40 lines	41 lines	42 lines	43 lines	44 lines	45 lines	46 lines	47 lines	48 lines	49 lines	50 lines	51 lines	52 lines	53 lines	54 lines	55 lines	56 lines	57 lines	58 lines	59 lines	60 lines	61 lines	62 lines	63 lines	64 lines	65 lines	66 lines	67 lines	68 lines	69 lines	70 lines	71 lines	72 lines	73 lines	74 lines	75 lines	76 lines	77 lines	78 lines	79 lines	80 lines	81 lines	82 lines	83 lines	84 lines	85 lines	86 lines	87 lines	88 lines	89 lines	90 lines	91 lines	92 lines	93 lines	94 lines	95 lines	96 lines	97 lines	98 lines	99 lines	100 lines
1 inch.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100

Cards in Business Directory, \$2.00 with paper.
Local Notices, eight cents a line first insertion and five cents per line each subsequent insertion.
Notices of Marriages and Deaths, 50 cents.
Advertisements not under contract will be charged and charged for until ordered out.

THE SONG OF THE SOWER.

The farmer stood at his open door,
Looked north, and south, and east, and west.
"Good wife, the swallows are back once more,
Back to their last year's nest.
I'm off to the fields to sow the seed,
The birds are singing on every bough.
"The skies are dreaming of summer blue;
There are a dawning of rustling leaves,
And I have a dream—God make it true!
Of a morning corn, and of golden sheaves,
Of meadows green, and of new-made hay,
And reapers singing at dawn of day.
"Call all the boys, we must go a field,
To plant the seed and cast the seed,
God bless the seed, and make it to yield
Fruit, both here and here to feed!
God bless the seed, and speed the plow,
For birds are singing on every bough.
Then out with his boys the farmer went,
For the birds were singing on every bough,
Sowing the seed with a golden sheaf,
Singing, while sowing the good seed of corn,
"God bless the seed, and speed the plow,
The corn the wheat, and the barley mow."

APPRECIATION.

"Just what I have expected for about seven years," said Pauline Worthington, looking up from an open letter in her hand with a frowning brow.
"Is not your letter from Herbert, Lina?" questioned Mrs. Worthington, a silver-haired old lady with a gentle expression.
"Yes, mother. Essie is very ill with low nervous fever, and they want me to come and stay until she is better. The carriage will be sent at three o'clock. Mother," and Miss Pauline's eyes snapped, "I think it is about time Bert's tyranny over that little martyr was ended. He's killing her."
"Lina! he is your brother."
"I can see his faults if he is."
"I never heard Essie complain."
"She never would. But look at her. Nine years ago, when she was married, she was a lively sunbeam, so bright and pretty. Now, pale, quiet and reserved, her voice is seldom heard, her smile seldom seen. A wintry shadow of her former summer brightness! Now she is broken down. You have never seen her at home, but surely when she is here you see the change."
"Yes, dear, she has changed; but family cars, and—"
"Has Louie changed so? She has been twelve years married."
Mrs. Worthington was silent. Louie was her oldest child, and presided over the home in which her mother had been a crippled prisoner for fifteen years. She took up the household care, and had five children, and yet Louie had gained in beauty, and certainly in cheerful happiness, since her marriage, even if the gray of age was upon her.

"Henry says," said Lina, "there lies the difference between her happiness and Essie's dejection. If there is any domestic trouble, Henry and Louie share it, while Herbert shifts it all upon Essie. He is an habitual fault-finder."
"Perhaps, dear, Essie is not so good a housekeeper as Louie. Herbert may have good cause to find fault."
"Once in ten times he may. I never saw a faultless house or housekeeper; but Essie and her house are the nearest approach to perfection I ever did see."
"You never spoke so before, Lina!"
"Because Louie and I thought it best not to worry you with a trouble beyond your help. But firmly believing, as I do now, that Herbert is actually worrying his wife into the grave, I intend to give him a lesson, that is if you can spare me to go."
"You must go, dear. I shall get along nicely."

So when Herbert Worthington sent his carriage, Lina was quite ready for the fourteen-mile drive to her brother's house. It was a house wherein an evil spirit of repining for fault-finding should not have found an abode. Spacious, handsomely furnished, with well-trained servants, and all the comforts wealth could furnish, it seemed a perfect paradise on earth to visitors. But a very demon lurked there to poison all, and this demon Lina had come to exorcise.

For the first fortnight Essie took all her time and care, the gentle spirit hovering very near the portal of the eternal home. There was a babe, too, six months old, and its wants filled all the spare moments. Herbert snarled and fretted over domestic shortcomings, but Lina peremptorily forbade all mention of these in the sick-room, having the patient's authority for saying that the patient's very life depended upon quiet.

But when convalescence commenced, Lina sent Essie and the baby to visit old Mrs. Worthington, and took control of Herbert, the older children and the household, fully determined to show her brother how far he had carried his absurd habit of fault-finding.

The first dinner saw the beginning of the lesson Lina meant to teach, by practically illustrating some of Herbert's absurdities. Herbert entered the dining-room, his handsome face disfigured by a frown.

"Soup," said Herbert, lifting the tureen cover; "perfect dish-water!"

"Susan," said Lina, sharply, before Herbert could lift the ladle, "take that tureen to the kitchen and tell Jane the soup is not fit to eat."

Susan promptly obeyed. Herbert looked rather ruefully at the vanishing dish. He was especially fond of soup, and the savory fumes of the delicious dish were tantalizing. Essie would have had some gentle excuse—never whipped off his dinner in that way. All dinner-time Lina kept up a ding-dong at Susan about that abominable soup, till Herbert wished he had said nothing about it.

But his indignation had detected a burnt flavor in the pudding, and before he could remonstrate that dish had followed the soup.

"I'll get this house in some sort of order before I leave it," said Lina, emphatically.

"Before you leave it," said Herbert,

sharply. "Do you suppose you are a better housekeeper than Essie? Why, I have not a friend who does not envy me the exquisite order of my house and my dainty table."

"Herbert, you surprise me. Only yesterday I heard you say you did wish there was ever any thing fit to eat on the table."

"One don't expect every word to be taken literally," said Herbert, rather sulkily. But an hour later, finding a streak of dust in the sitting-room, he declared, emphatically, "it was not fit for a pig to live in."

Coming into it the next morning he found the curtains torn down, the carpets taken up, the floor littered with pails, soap and brushes, and Lina in a dismal dress, her hair tied up in a towel, directing two women scrubbing vigorously.

"Good graces, what are you doing?"

"Cleaning this room."

"Why, Essie had the whole house cleaned till it shone, in the fall, and didn't make half the muss," he added, contemptuously.

"Well," said Lina, slowly, "I thought this room a marvel of neatness itself, but when you remarked it was not fit for the pigs, I supposed you wanted it cleaned."

"The room was well enough," was the curt reply. "For mercy's sake don't turn any more of the house upside down."

At breakfast a tiny tear in Louie's apron caught her father's eye, and by his own angry statement, "She never had a decent stitch of clothes, and did wash somebody would see to her."

Two days later a formidable dry-goods bill was presented at the store, and Lina explained it in this wise:

"You said, Herbert, that Louie hadn't a decent stitch, and you wished somebody would see to her, so I thought her a complete outfit. I could not see any fault myself, but of course I got more expensive articles, as you did not like those already provided. I am glad you called my attention to the poor, neglected child."

"Poor, neglected child!" echoed astonished Herbert. "Why, Lina, Essie fairly slaves herself out over those children. I am sure I never saw any better dressed or neater."

Lina merely shrugged her shoulders. A month passed. Essie gained strength in the genial atmosphere surrounding Louie and her mother, while Lina ruled Herbert's home with a rod of iron. Herbert began to experience a sick longing for Essie's gentle presence.

"Henry says," said Lina, "there lies the difference between her happiness and Essie's dejection. If there is any domestic trouble, Henry and Louie share it, while Herbert shifts it all upon Essie. He is an habitual fault-finder."

"Perhaps, dear, Essie is not so good a housekeeper as Louie. Herbert may have good cause to find fault."

"Once in ten times he may. I never saw a faultless house or housekeeper; but Essie and her house are the nearest approach to perfection I ever did see."

"You never spoke so before, Lina!"

"Because Louie and I thought it best not to worry you with a trouble beyond your help. But firmly believing, as I do now, that Herbert is actually worrying his wife into the grave, I intend to give him a lesson, that is if you can spare me to go."

"You must go, dear. I shall get along nicely."

So when Herbert Worthington sent his carriage, Lina was quite ready for the fourteen-mile drive to her brother's house. It was a house wherein an evil spirit of repining for fault-finding should not have found an abode. Spacious, handsomely furnished, with well-trained servants, and all the comforts wealth could furnish, it seemed a perfect paradise on earth to visitors. But a very demon lurked there to poison all, and this demon Lina had come to exorcise.

For the first fortnight Essie took all her time and care, the gentle spirit hovering very near the portal of the eternal home. There was a babe, too, six months old, and its wants filled all the spare moments. Herbert snarled and fretted over domestic shortcomings, but Lina peremptorily forbade all mention of these in the sick-room, having the patient's authority for saying that the patient's very life depended upon quiet.

But when convalescence commenced, Lina sent Essie and the baby to visit old Mrs. Worthington, and took control of Herbert, the older children and the household, fully determined to show her brother how far he had carried his absurd habit of fault-finding.

The first dinner saw the beginning of the lesson Lina meant to teach, by practically illustrating some of Herbert's absurdities. Herbert entered the dining-room, his handsome face disfigured by a frown.

"Soup," said Herbert, lifting the tureen cover; "perfect dish-water!"

"Susan," said Lina, sharply, before Herbert could lift the ladle, "take that tureen to the kitchen and tell Jane the soup is not fit to eat."

Susan promptly obeyed. Herbert looked rather ruefully at the vanishing dish. He was especially fond of soup, and the savory fumes of the delicious dish were tantalizing. Essie would have had some gentle excuse—never whipped off his dinner in that way. All dinner-time Lina kept up a ding-dong at Susan about that abominable soup, till Herbert wished he had said nothing about it.

But his indignation had detected a burnt flavor in the pudding, and before he could remonstrate that dish had followed the soup.

"I'll get this house in some sort of order before I leave it," said Lina, emphatically.

"Before you leave it," said Herbert,

or praise to Essie. I never saw one look of approbation or appreciation of any effort she made for your comfort upon your face. Continual fault-finding, constant blame, have changed her from a happy, winsome girl to a pale, careworn woman. Even her last illness was but the unbroken despair of a heart crushed under a load of daily censure and constant striving for the approbation never given. And you tell me now she has never failed in her duty to you. There is a grave error somewhere."

The sadly earnest tone, the face of thoughtful gravity, sent every word home to Herbert Worthington's heart.

He spoke no word of self-defense. He found silence that followed, conscience reviewed the past, and he knew that his sister had only spoken the truth.

The habit of fault-finding, meeting no resistance in Essie's gentleness, had gained in force, till all its monstrosities stood plainly revealed in the experience of the past month.

In the days when Essie lay dangerously ill, there had been no self-reproach like this in her husband's sorrow. He had given his wife a fair home, an ample income, frequent social pleasure, many costly gifts, and loved her faithfully while poisoning her whole life.

"God help me," he whispered, "to conquer this fault. Essie shall hear no more fault-finding, and if I see her drooping, I will send her to mother and have Lina back again."

Never had wife and mother warmer welcome than greeted Essie. The children were unchecked in their loudest demonstrations of delight. But Lina had to rush into the hall to hide her merry eyes when Herbert, kissing Essie, said:

"We must let mother have Lina now, dear. She has been very kind, and worked hard for my comfort; but there is no home fairy like my Essie."

The quick glad look in his wife's soft eyes told Herbert that one step had been taken in the right direction. As the days glided by, and Essie found appreciation meeting every effort to add to home comfort, a word of praise for every little triumph of cookery or needlework, her pale face grew bright with untold happiness. Gradually the careworn expression was obliterated by one of content, and Herbert found his own heart lightened by the cheerful voice, the sunny smile, the bright eyes of the Essie he had wooed years before.

And Lina making a visit six months later, told her mother on her return, "Herbert has learned his lesson by heart, mother. He appreciates Essie now at her value, and he lets her know it."

How Squirrels are Killed in California.

At the Laurel Hill Cemetery, yesterday morning, the agent for a new squirrel, and mole exterminator gave a test of his apparatus. The machine consists of a furnace constructed of galvanized iron, lined with fire clay, about twelve to twenty-four inches in size. On the inside of this furnace is a discharge pipe, passing from near the top down through the bottom. To this furnace is attached an air-pump by means of sectional tubes and elastic hose, which can be instantly adjusted for operation. A fire having been made in the furnace, and a poisonous compound dropped in, the top is securely closed, the chamber placed over the gopher or squirrel hole, and the air-firing machine started, when all the smoke and poisonous vapors are forced down into the hole, killing it, it is claimed, every thing animate with which it comes in contact. During the experiments at the cemetery yesterday sulphur was used, being dropped in the furnace in half-pound packages. When the apparatus was put in operation over one of these gopher holes, the ground for a radius of several hundred yards seemed animated by a series of miniature volcanoes, the sulphuric vapors belching forth from numerous undiscovered holes. About ten minutes' pumping served to thoroughly impregnate the burrow and its connecting drits with the poisonous fumes, and it is presumed, to totally annihilate its inhabitants.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Big Elms in New England.

In Deerfield, Mass., the Williams elm measures in circumference, at one foot from the ground, 26 feet; at four feet, 19 feet; at seven feet, 20 feet.

Another elm measures, at the same elevations, 27, 18 feet, and 19 feet.

Another measures 22 feet 1-2, and 13 feet 1-2. This last-named tree has a spread of 100 feet. The Williams elm measures in its spread at least 150 feet.

At Wethersfield, Conn., there is an elm tree which measures, at three feet and three inches from the ground, 22 feet 6 inches. The girth of this tree where the roots enter the ground is 55 feet 6 inches. Its main limbs are great trees in themselves. Thus, the circumference of the south branch is 16 feet 8 inches; of the east branch, 11 feet 6 inches; of the north, 11 feet; northwest, 10 feet 3 inches; of the west, 8 feet 7 inches. From north to south the diameter of the spread is 150 feet; from east to west, 162 feet; and the circumference of the spread is 429 feet.—Hartford Times.

PROF. A. GRAHAM BELL has deposited with the Smithsonian Institution a sealed package containing an account of the first results obtained by him with an instrument which he conceived two years ago, and by which light can be transmitted just as the telephone transmits sound. Who knows but with a telephone at our ear and an electro-telephone at our eye, we may converse with and see a friend a hundred miles away!

PITH AND POINT.

WHERE to go when short of money—Go to work.

SPARKING across a garden-fence admits of a good deal being said on both sides.

"I HAVE not the biggest show on earth," said Barnum to a caller recently. It was a tax assessor.

The man who was hemmed in by a crowd has been troubled with a stitch in his side ever since.

THERE are no auctioneers in Italy. That's why all the big-voiced men sing in operas instead.—Detroit Free Press.

CLERGYMAN. Of course, eloquence is a great advantage. Don't you know you can't play it without putting up stakes.—Boston Post.

DUDLEY BUCK has composed a new song, entitled "The Proposal." It is probably written in the key of "Be mine, ah!"—American Queen.

"THERE," said a charming lady, with a naive expression, that made her face radiant, pointing to an ebony case of chinaware, "that is my brick-bat cabinet."

FIGURES can not lie; but the New Orleans Picayune suggests that if a bad man knows how to use them they will help him cover up an embezzlement for a long time.

WHAT is the difference between a stylish young lady's cianium and a hammock? One is a hanged head and the other is a hanged bed.—Quincy Modern Argosy.

AN FOO WOO is a Boston Chinaman. His name sounds like the shivering of a woman when she gets out of bed on a winter morning and steps her bare feet on the oil-cloth.—Rockland Courier.

SOCIAL amenities: Papa (to Mabel, who has been to a juvenile party)—Did any one pay you any attentions, Mabel? Mabel—I don't know. Papa—I mean, did any one talk to you, or dance with you? Mabel—Well, there was a little boy who made faces at me.—Harvard Lampoon.

A LITTLE fellow of five going along the street with a dinner-pail is stopped by a kind-hearted gentleman, who says, "Where are you going, my little man?"

"To school." "And what do you do at school? do you learn to read?" "No."

"To write?" "No." "To count?" "No." "What do you do?" "I wait for school to let out."—Albany Times.

A CHURCH County boy, aged twelve years, while returning from Sabbath school, fell from the top of a fence and broke his arm. And this is the second time he had the same arm fractured, in falling from the same panel of fence, and in returning from Sunday-school. There is a moral in this—but bad little boys mustn't think it teaches that it is wrong to go to Sunday-school. The probabilities are that if this unfortunate boy had been returning from a game of base-ball or from fishing, instead of breaking his arm at each fall he would have broken his neck each time. The moral is, that he should creep under the fence instead of climbing over it.—Norristown Herald.

Do Animals Resist Temptation?

TEMPTATION frequently begets in the dog, cat and other animals the same kind of mental or moral agitation, and the same sort of result as in man. Sometimes we can see—in the dog, for instance—the whole play of the animal's mind, the battle between its virtuous and vicious propensities, its promptings to the right and its endeavor to stick to the right, its longing for the wrong—for the tit-bit which it would be improper to steal—and the final triumph either of virtue or temptation. The poor animal, knowing or feeling the weakness of the flesh, sometimes has the moral strength, the force of character and good sense to avoid temptation altogether. But dogs, like men, are apt to have the most trying temptations thrust unexpectedly upon them, and then comes the tug of war of appetites and passions—the moral turmoil that may make shipwreck of, or that may strengthen, virtue. Sometimes, then, by a dog, as by the man, temptation is successfully resisted after perhaps a series of protracted and painful moral struggles that have been very apparent to the onlooker. Unfortunately, however, equally in dog and man, the resistance of temptation is less common by far than non-resistance or non-success in resistance, the result of which is various forms of degrees of wrongdoing.

Locusts in Virginia.

THE seventeen-year locust is filling the hills and rich bottom lands of Western Pennsylvania and Virginia with its droning thunder, which is almost deafening at noon on a sunny day. The farmers have plenty of reasonable theories to account for its mysterious appearance and long absence. It has, they say, to make a journey to China and back, which takes eight years each way; or it is a part of the Egyptian host, lost in the Red Sea, which still live in some nether world, but are allowed every seventeen years to revisit these glimpses of the moon, and cry "Phar-a-oh! Phar-a-oh!" to arouse the remorse of their buried leader; or, it comes to foretell war, as may be seen by the most incredulous in the W on its wing. But the sole outcome of all impending disasters will be a downfall of dead limbs in August.

This locust eats neither fruit nor vegetable, so far as can be discovered; it simply riddles the green new wood of the tapering limbs of trees to deposit its eggs. If these branches are buried and the ground plowed up our visitor will be longer in making his journey from China or the Red Sea.—New York Tribune.

Stirring the Soil.

A SUFFICIENT estimate is not usually placed in the importance of stirring the soil for growing crops. Trunkers understand its necessity, but perhaps most grass and grain farmers, with many who assume to cultivate fruit, are woefully ignorant or negligent on this point. Even in growing corn most farmers appear to think the object of cultivation is merely to keep down the weeds, and not that frequent stirring of the soil in itself does any good. It is even claimed sometimes that frequent stirring, especially in hot and dry weather, dries out the earth still more rapidly. But clearly this conclusion is unsound, because below the soil is a vast reservoir of moisture which no drought can ever exhaust, and which comes to the surface more or less abundantly in proportion as we stir the soil.

Farmers generally have more land under culture than they can properly cultivate, and hence it is that drouths sometimes make such sad inroads on their profits. Now and then a drouth may be so excessive as to shorten a crop in spite of all possible exertions, but ordinarily if a crop intended for cultivation is cultivated from the start every day or two without reference to the weeds, it is possible to almost defy a drouth. Of course, the full amount of moisture which the crop might advantageously absorb can not be had, but the comparative effect will astonish any one who has not observed it before.

Instead of a pinched and stunted growth and premature ripening of the crop, the tree or plant will show vigor and vitality, and mature the crop almost as well as if rain had been abundant. It increases the expense, of course, to cultivate a cornfield or a berry patch every day or three times a week; but the compensation for such effort is that, other conditions being right, you will be reasonably certain to have a fair crop, while it is equally certain that those who fold their hands and wait for the rains to come, will have a very light and poor crop, if any at all, to market after an excessive drouth. Every body knows that a calamity which reduces a given crop to half the average, or less, greatly enhances the price for the half which does go to market; and therein the wide-awake farmer finds his reward.

Those who have misgivings on this subject ought to experiment a little. Cultivate a strip of the cornfield say six times a week during the growing season; go over another strip three times a week; another, once a week; another, say once in the season; and another not at all; and then at harvest time note the results. Weigh the crops—don't guess at it—and then see if frequent culture does not pay. Of course, the other conditions should be as nearly alike as possible; and to make it entirely conclusive the drouth should not be interfered with by rain. But rain or no rain, frequent stirring has an excellent effect, not only as regards the supply of moisture but also in graduating weeds, and in a dry season these are far more damaging than at other times.

The farmer who plants young orchard-trees in grass shows scarcely less wisdom than he who should plant corn, wheat or potatoes in grass. In each instance the grass seeks to monopolize all the moisture and all the fertility, and being established it generally succeeds. Or if we plant in a well-prepared field and then leave the orchard or the plants to take care of themselves, the result is much the same, because weeds will take the place of grass, and the neglect of culture in addition, when there is little or no rain, soon finds the soil without moisture which thorough and frequent stirring is sure to bring close to the surface.—Cor. Examiner and Chronicle.

Russian Folk Lore.

THE rich poetical treasure, buried in the tales, songs and skazkas of Russian folk lore has of late attracted the attention of many of the ablest European philologists and poets. Among these, Rimbault and W. R. S. Ralston have published standard works on the subject. And in order to give the reader some idea of the lyric tales of Russian folk lore we copy here one of the latter, selected from Mr. Ralston's book, "The Songs of the Russian People."

In a certain country there lived a King; and this King had a daughter who was an enchantress. Near the royal palace there dwelt a priest, and the priest had a boy of ten years old, who went every day to an old woman to learn reading and writing. Now it happened one day that he came away from his lessons late in the evening, and as he passed the palace he looked in at one of the windows. At that window the Princess happened to be sitting and dressing herself. She took off her head, lathered it with soap, washed it with clean water, combed its hair, plaited it in long black braid, and then put it back again in its proper place. The boy was lost in wonder.

"What a clever creature!" thinks he. "A downright witch."

And when he got home he began telling every one how he had seen the Princess without her head.

At a sudden, the King's daughter fell ill; and she sent for her father, and strictly enjoined him, saying:

"If I die, make the priest's son read the psalter over me three nights running."

The Princess died; they placed her in a coffin, and carried it to church. Then the King summoned the priest, and said:

"Have you got a son?"

"I have, your Majesty."

"Well, then," said the King, "let him read the psalter over my daughter three nights running."

The priest returned home, and told his son to get ready. In the morning the priest's son went to his lessons, and sat over his book looking ever so gloomy. "What are you unhappy about?" asked the old woman.

"How can I help being unhappy when I am utterly done for?"

"Why, what's the matter? Speak plainly."

"Well, then, granny, I've got to read psalms over the Princess, and do you know she's a witch?"

"I knew that before you

[illegible]

ASTHMA

THE WOMAN'S FRIEND
Will Cure that Sick-Headache.
For Sale by All Druggists.

at crews are in charge of the rear
rive. About seventy-five men are
handling the cant-dogs and eating baked
beans along the banks of the upper river
at now.--*Lewiston (Me.) Journal*.

The Hartford (Conn.) *Courant* tells a story of a watch carried by a gentleman of that city, which was set October 1, 1878, and whose variation from standard sun time up to May 27, was only forty-five seconds.

And over disease for thirty years victorious.
The world's well-founded confidence retains.
TARRANT'S DIFFERENT BEETTER APERIENT.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

AMERICAN SAW COMPANY
All the LATEST
IMPROVEMENTS.
Trenton, N. J.
Send for Pamphlet.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED

[illegible]