A Lucky Number Makes a Bloated Bondholder of a Kalamazoo Man.

Kalamazoo (Mich.) Telegraph, March 25: The stroke of luck that placed $5,000 in cold cash in the hands of Gody Phillips of this city from the treasury of the Louisiana State Lottery, has created considerable stir. Mr. Phillips held one-twentieth of ticket No. 14,794 that drew the second prize, of $100,000 in the drawing of March 11. Mr. Phillips is 26 years of age and a member of the firm of Richmond & Phillips, saloonists, of this city. When questioned as to whether he had tried his luck before, replied that he had regularly invested one dollar each month for the past three years and had drawn three smaller prizes during this time.

"Shall you retire from business, Mr. Phillips?"

"Oh, no; I shall watch for a good opportunity to invest this money, and keep trying my luck until I strike another bundle."

A REMARKABLE ANIMAL.

He Was Only a Dog but He Knew a Thing or Two About Human Flirtation.

A contributor to the prize-dog story department of the New York *Morning Journal* tells this instance of sagacity of a Newfoundland dog:

"Two or three years ago a friend of mine, a very pretty young wife, was the happy possessor of a fine Newfoundland dog called Druid. The common tricks of fetching, carrying and seeking for hidden articles were as child's play to the magnificent brute, and it was not by such every day canine tricks he had won his name for great intelligence.

Every now and then he would display such wonderful reasoning power by the performance of some act untaught or unsuggested by any outside influence that wonder as well as admiration was excited.

There was one performance of Druid's which, unfortunately from the nature of it, could not be boasted of by my friend Mrs. A. accept among her most intimate lady friends, and the circumstances of which are certainly without parallel among canine acts of intelligence.

Mrs. A., like several other young married ladies of a romantic turn of mind, was carrying on a lively but harmless flirtation with a young bachelor in the same city, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Unknown to her husband, she used to send and receive letters every day to the young gentleman in question, and, as the post could not be trusted, to prevent discovery, Druid was pressed into service.

Every morning he was sent off to the house of the young gentleman with a letter safely tucked underneath his collar, and in the course of an hour or two he would return with the reply.

The letters were in themselves harmless, though harm might have been made out of them, especially by a jealous husband, which Mr. A. most assuredly was. They consisted of mild billets doux, making appointments to meet at the theater or party, and, on receiving the reply, my friend would persuade Mr. A., her husband, to take her to the appointed rendezvous.

Druid evidently knew what he was doing was not quite above board, and always watched his opportunity to let Mrs. A. take her letter from underneath his collar when her husband was not present. In the event of his presence, the dog always laid quietly down at a respectful distance until the desired opportunity arrived.

One day when Druid had returned with his letter he came sedately walking across the lawn to where Mr. A., his wife and I were sitting underneath the trees, and noticing that his mistress was not alone, he sat down and awaited developments.

After he had been waiting about half an hour Mr. A., who was a sceptic as to Druid's powers of reasoning, began to tickle his nose and ears with a straw, and gradually woke the Newfoundland from the dozing state into which he had fallen. The tickling at last proved too much for Druid and, as he arose he gave himself a big shake, just as if he had come out of the water. The shake was a good one, in fact too good, and what was the horror of Mrs. A. to see the letter fall from out its hiding-place to the ground, fortunately with the addressed side down.

She was lying in a hammock and, with a terrified look, blushed a rosy red, which, fortunately for her, Mr. A. did not notice as he sprang up to get the note.

Quick as he was, Druid, however, was quicker, as he snapped it up off the ground and calmly chewed it up and swallowed it, with a look at his mistress that said perfectly plain: "Trust to me, and it will be all right."

Druid, by his prompt action, saved his mistress all explanation, as Mr. A. could make nothing of the affair, never for a moment suspecting that the letter was for his wife, and contented himself by remarking: "I wonder what was in that letter and who it was from."

My friend, however, got a lesson and cut short her flirtation, but used to say that it was the first time a dog had ever saved a woman from a possible divorce action and a certain scolding from her husband.

What Everybody Says

must be true, and the universal verdict of those who have used Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Strengthening Plasters is that there is no doubt of their curative qualities. E. Larzelere, agent M. C. R. R., Albion, Mich., says he "was cured of Bright's disease" by the use of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup.

Mrs. M. E. Jones, Prairie City, Iowa, says: "For three years I have been afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism and kidney and liver troubles. I have taken Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and applied their Plasters over my stomach and am entirely cured. It is the greatest remedy that I have ever used."

First ask your druggist, should he not keep it we will send on receipt of price, $1.00 per bottle or six for $5.00.

RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO., Jackson, Mich.

Returns show that 82 presbyteries have voted in favor of revision.

The Presbytery of Troy, N. Y., has voted in favor of creed revision.

To Restore Tone and Strength to the System when weakened by La Grippe or any other Illness, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is positively unequalled. Get the BEST.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

DRINK LION COFFEE

A True Combination of MOCHA, JAVA and RIO.

Picture Card Given With every pound package. For Sale everywhere. Woolson Spice Co., Toledo, O.

Bushels of Wisdom.

Strike the iron when tis hot
Is a maxim often taught:
Put not off until to-morrow what can be done to-day;
Be sure you're right, 'tis said,
Then travel right ahead;
And when the sun is shining is the time to make your hay.

But with equal wisdom fraught
Is another often taught
And one the youth should keep in mind—'twill lead him on to dare;
'Tis a splendid maxim, too,
And 'tis daily proven true,
And it is, Faint heart never yet did win a lady fair.

He who would a maiden win
Must not bashfully begin,
But tell his love at once and take her little heart by storm;
For there's danger in delay;
In the sunshine make your hay;
It is the early bird, you know, that always gets the worm.

If she flies when you pursue,
Then the best thing you can do
Is to chase her, and to clasp her to your heart, and keep her there.
If you're timid she'll be cold;
She will love you if you're bold;
Remember, faint heart never yet did win a lady fair.

—Boston Courier.

LOST IN A MINE.

They were talking about the recent mining disaster at San Leandro, that brought the conversation around to mining accidents generally, and finally one of the party recalled the Comstock horror of two years ago, when a cave in the Gould & Curry buried nine men alive.

"I had a pretty ugly experience in the mines myself eight years ago," said one of the party, an ex-Nevadan. "I was a boy of fourteen or fifteen then, with about as little sense of prudence as most boys of that age, and I had a chum about as old who was as careless as myself.

"We lived toward the north end of Virginia City, and had a big back yard in which we always planned our expeditions. One day, in poking around that yard, we found near an old shed a big iron ring. This was fastened to a heavy plank cover that hid the mouth of an old shaft. This cover was hid by a couple of inches of dirt.

"When the first big excitement struck the Comstock everybody went to digging, and now the whole side of Mount Davidson is as full of abandoned shafts as a Swiss cheese is of holes. Within the town limits all the abandoned shafts are filled up or covered so as to keep belated pedestrians out of them. The mine we discovered in the corner of the yard had been too extensively worked to allow of its being filled up, and therefore had been covered as described.

"We didn't lose much time in prying up that cover and beginning the exploration of what we found. The shaft was evidently an upraise from some drift of the lower mines, for it went down at an angle of about forty-five. As soon as we had descended fifty feet we saw the working had been very extensive indeed, for drifts and winzes went off from the main shaft in every direction. We went into several of these, but always found ourselves stopped by a cave, for the workings were very old. Some shovels and picks that we discovered were almost gone with rust, and the timbers where they stood were bent and crushed and rotten. By guarded inquiries we found that it was in the ground of the Ophir Mining company, and a drift had probably been extended to this place in an attempt to strike a ledge to the west. We knew that the old working must connect with it somewhere, for the air was good and there was a steady up draught.

"Finally the idea took possession of us to go from our mine into some of the working ones, and come up that way.

The Andies shaft was only a few hundred yards from our mine, and we knew they must be connected. We knew enough about the mines to take what we thought were sufficient precautions against getting lost. The grain of the rocks showed us the directions as surely as a compass, so we were not all apprehensive. We thought that we might be down several hours, however, and so took along a number of extra candles and some lunch. Thus fixed, we began to clamber down the old shaft. A hundred feet below the surface we found some drifts, and spent an hour or so in them, but all were either blocked with caves or else stopped in the solid porphyry. So we had to go on clambering down the incline.

"Ben was ahead, and I saw him stop, and then he shouted back to me:

"'This is the bottom.'

"He stood clear of the walls and lifted up his candle to examine the place.

"'This is the bottom,' he repeated.

"'Are you sure?' I called back.

"'Yes; I—'

"I saw his candle disappear amid a crash. He called to me that it was all right, and to come down, and I cautiously followed, though I could not see his light anywhere. Soon I found out what was the matter. The miners had built a platform across the shaft, probably to prevent things from rolling down, and my companion's weight had broken through the planks that had been placed in position so long before. He had only slid a few yards down the incline, and, barring a few scratches, was unhurt. A very little way below the old platform we struck the 200-foot level of the mine, and started off to explore the tunnels. After following a crooked old tunnel we came to a point where it forked.

"We entered the left-hand tunnel, but found that it extended less than twenty yards. When we came to a standstill against the wall of rock Ben put his candle close to the wall to observe the grain of the porphyry. He made an exclamation of surprise. By the grain of the rock we had been traveling almost north, when we thought we were making progress to the south. When or how we had got turned around we could not tell, but there was no possibility of doubt about it.

"We lost no time in retracing our steps, but to our surprise, when we came to the crooked tunnel again we saw the mouths of three drifts instead of two. We took the tunnel that led to the right and were gratified to find that it turned to the south after a few yards. It ended in an incline something like the one by which we had entered the mine. Down this went Ben, while I waited above, so as to be able to direct him back with my voice. Soon I heard him calling to me, and I followed.

"'Look here,' said Ben, putting his candle close to a clammy timber.

"I looked and saw a chalk mark.

"'We've gone round in a circle somehow,' said Ben. 'There is the wheelbarrow you fell over. We had better follow our marks back and try it again some other time.'

"I was willing, and we walked back, occasionally stopping to see the marks on the timbers.

"'I didn't notice those things before, did you?' said my companion, as we passed half a dozen rusty picks that must have been lying there a decade, at least.

"I hadn't noticed them, either, and soon we bumped our heads against an old lantern hanging from the top of the drift. We hadn't met this before. Then we saw more unfamiliar things, and we noticed that there was water beside the old car track, while the drifts by which we had come were all dry as a bone.

"We look at one another and evidently our fears were realized. The tunnel ended in what had been years before, a cooling station, a place where the miners ate their lunch and rested and cooled off when they were in the neighboring drift. We had followed some one else's chalk marks, and we had now no idea of our whereabouts.

"'We can't get out the way we came,' said Ben, 'and no work is being done in the upper levels, so what we've go to do is to get down as far as we can, and we're bound to run across some miners,' then we began trying to find ourselves. We took the nearest tunnel and followed it until we came to a shaft with ladders in it. These ladders were crumbling and had evidently not been used for years, but we were not heavy and they did not break. Down we climbed to another level. This we followed as before.

"Whenever we came to a new shaft we threw a fragment of rock down to ascertain how deep it was. Then we would climb down as far as we could. We had just reached one level when a rushing sound broke the stillness. The noise startled us for an instant, but hurrying ahead we saw hundreds of rats coming out of a small tunnel, at the mouth of which stood a mouldering old ore car.

"This cheered us, for we decided that men must frequent some place near there, or the rats, which in mines live on the remains of the miner's lunches, could get nothing to eat. But though we hunted until we had to stop and cry again, we could find no one. Down an incline we went and struck a tunnel that had evidently been used more lately than the others. As we turned into it we saw a spark away off. Soon we saw that it was a candle carried by a miner. We let out a shout but to our amazement and horror the miner dropped his candle and ran as though forty devils were chasing him. We hurried after him and picked up his candle, but he must have turned into some other drift for we could not find him, and our weary search soon became as hopeless as before. We had by this time been in the mines a good many hours and had cried ourselves sick. No matter which way we turned, there were the same dead cold walls of rock. The passages were endless, they seemed to lead nowhere. We passed several old cooling stations and at last we got to one and stopped. We were utterly exhausted, and with all our misery choking us we swallowed some of our lunch, blew out our candles and, holding each other's hands, fell asleep.

"I remember that my last thought before I became unconscious was that a long time afterward they would find our bodies. And I think I even composed my face and arranged my limbs so as to make a more effective corpse. Nothing about this struck me as being funny. Indeed, I fell asleep crying. We must have slept a good many hours, and my next recollection is of our lying there together, sobbing, in the dense darkness. Suddenly I became conscious of a low, continued roar as of water running a long way off. My companion heard it and we listened, dully wondering what it could be. We finally lit a candle, ate the last of our lunch and started to find out. We both had been down the mine frequently before and had no fear of the darkness or the rats, so we went without hesitation. It was not hard to follow the noise. Along tunnels, down short upraises and up inclines we went until we struck our corridor. We followed on toward the noise. It was louder here, and as we advanced it grew into a perfect roar that filled the tunnel.

"Soon we ran into a wall of wood, from behind which the noise came. We peered through a chink in the partition and saw a broad moving line. It was the cable that hoists the cage, and that is what made the noise. We watched through the chink in the boards until we saw a cage loaded with rocks go up, and then began to think how we could reach the point from which the cage had started. We knew that we were very far underground; for the rocks that we threw down the frequent shafts splashed in the water at the bottom. It was not long before we found a deep shaft, and down that we clambered. As we neared the bottom we heard another tumbling—an ore car running the tramway. We shouted as we went down the ladders and the carman answered our cry. Soon we were standing by him, while he looked us over with wonder.

"'Where are we?' we both shouted, as soon as we could speak.

"'This is the 1,500-foot level of the Crown Point,' he answered.

"We had gone a mile and a half under the ground and nearly a third of a mile down. We were sick and bruised and hungry and our clothes were torn almost off of us. It was 10 o'clock in the morning when we entered the old incline, and it was nearly 4 o'clock the next morning when the carman found us. In no time at all we had been fed and sent in charge of a miner on the cage to daylight again."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

The Right Kind of Pen.

"The only capital needed to embark in the profession of literature is a bottle of ink and a versatile pen."

She had read the words and pondered over them more deeply than usual, knitting her white brow until the golden curls on her forehead peeked down into her eyes to see what it all meant. Visions of a future spangled with plaudits and bright with fame rose before her.

Yes, she would adopt this fourth profession.

Putting on a love of a hat and a dear, dainty little wrap that hugged her close, she started out to purchase the necessary outfit. Reaching the book store she looked out from under her drooping plumes and coquettishly asked for a bottle of very best ink. When placed on the counter before her it was like an elixir, so many grand possibilities flashed through her head.

"And now I want a pen." On being asked if there was any make she preferred, she hesitated and then said:

"Yes, but I most forgot what it is. It's like vermicelli, or varioloid. No that isn't it. Could it be verdigris or verdancy, now?"

"Really, I don't know," replied the puzzled clerk. "You must be looking for something quite rare."

"Yes, I am; but I've got money to buy it if I only knew what it was."

"By the way," questioned the inspired clerk, "could it be versatile?"

"Yes, that's it. I knew I'd find it. A versatile pen is what I'm looking for."

"I am sorry, miss, but we have none in stock. They are very rare and we have little call for them. You see the points are all dipped in grey matter and attic salt, and——"

"Grey! Well, then I don't want one. Grey isn't becoming. I never have it near me," and turning she walked away unconscious that she was robbing the world of a literary gem.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Boycotted Executioner.

The hangman in New South Wales is looked upon with such horror that he recently found himself completely boycotted on reaching Wagga-Wagga to perform an execution. The cabmen refused unanimously to drive him from the railway station, the porters also declined to carry his luggage, and the unlucky executioner was obliged to trudge off on foot, struggling with his various traps.

The hair around a lion's neck is his mane protection.

NO SECTION OF CANADA BETTER FOR BUTTER AND CHEESE.

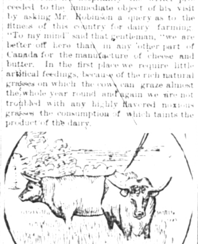
Farming Under the Rocky Mountains—Land That Produces 60 Bushels of Oats and 300 Bushels of Potatoes to the Acre—A Short and Mild Winter Around Calgary—An Alberta Ranche.

Since the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the consequent opening up of the Western country tributary to that line, the district lying along the Foot Hills of the Rocky Mountains has attracted a great deal of attention. Reports have been given us telling of the natural wealth of this country, both as regards its minerals and the richness of its pasturage lands. While it was known to possess these advantages, it is practically only within the last year or two that the attention of farmers, bent on establishing homes for themselves in the far west, has been directed to this section of Canada. Since the year 1881, the country has been to a great extent monopolized by the cattle men. Grazing leases covering large areas were secured from the Dominion Government, and herds of cattle were driven from the worn-out grass-lands of the United States to fatten on the juicy bunch grasses that are characteristic of the Western Plains.

Of late years it has been felt that while the country was eminently fitted for fattening stock and raising horses, the qualities it possessed for the successful carrying on of dairy farming were overlooked. With the nutritious sweet grasses everywhere to be met with, a climate that gives no anxiety to the farmer as to the care he should take of his stock, an abundance of cold, pure and ever-running water, fed by the mountain lake or glacier, a high market in the mining country to the west, and extending down to the seaport of the Pacific coast, the views held by some of the influential farmers of Alberta, that this Province was in a position to manufacture the products of the dairy of a high grade and at a minimum price, were well founded. On a recent visit to Calgary, which is the chief market town for the district we have now under review, the writer made a visit to some of these farmers who have turned their attentions to mixed farming, and gives this account of what he saw, in hopes that it may be of interest to readers. Immediately after crossing the Elbow River, a stream of mountain water that forms a junction with the Bow, within the limits of the City of Calgary, we drove through well stocked farms. The well built fences with which the farms were enclosed made it quite evident that a different style of farming prevailed here to what we have seen in Manitoba.

AN ALBERTA RANCHE.

A drive of about four miles to the south west of Calgary brings us to the Elbow Park Ranche and Dairy Farm comprising about 1,600 acres of rich grass land. The manager Mr. R. G. Robinson who runs the ranche for his brother Mr. Isaac Robinson who resides in England, informed us that he would be happy to afford any information as to the manner of working it. Having accepted of Mr. Robinson's hospitality the writer proceeded to the immediate object of his visit by asking Mr. Robinson a query as to the fitness of this country for dairy farming. "To my mind" said that gentleman, "we are better off here than in any other part of Canada for the manufacture of cheese and butter. In the first place we require little artifical feedings, because of the rich natural grasses on which the cows can graze almost the whole year round and again we are not troubled with any highly flavored noxious grasses the consumption of which taints the product of the dairy.



GRAZING ON THE PRAIRIES.

During last summer we milked 60 cows and next year we hope to increase that number to 150. We have no difficulty in disposing of our cheese and butter, in fact the supply is almost short of the demand. We get 12 cents per lb for our cheese in summer and butter fetches from the Hudson Bay Co. and other leading merchants in town, prices ranging from 25 cents to 40 cents according to the season of the year. Beside the dairy farm we have 300 horses out in the range. The cost of raising horses here is decidedly low; there is a vast supply of nutritious grasses, and by providing corrals, and winter sheds, and a small quantity of hay one need not fear any losses during the most severe winter. Horses have thriven well on the ranges round here without any food or shelter other than they could provide for themselves, but we find it well to provide in some degree for young stock and brood mares. As to the market there are various ways of disposing of our stock. Horses are are daily required by moving settlers and by the North West Mounted Police, and already agents attend Calgary at regular intervals to secure horses for shipment down east. Any one who possesses a good animal may readily dispose of it. Then again we have on our hands about 400 range cattle in the vicinity of Fish Creek which we expect will repay us well. We have now ninety acres under cultivation, and hope to have at least two hundred next year. We raised oats and barley principally for which we could easily get from 50 to 75 cents per bushel if we were disposed to sell. 1889 was our first year of operation in this direction and we have found it highly successful."

Having been shown by Mr. Robinson over his commodious frame dwelling house we proceeded to visit the out-houses which we found a model of cleanliness and practical utility. The cheese and dairy house, a fine building with a continual stream of spring water passing through, contains a patent separator and churns of the most approved pattern. The stables 100x30 are three stories high and contain every convenience and there is also provided shedding for 300 colts. The stables contain shire and coach stallions and short horn and Hereford bulls, all splendid specimens, while last though not by any means least, we noticed in a corner a group of Berkshire pigs which presented the appearance of good living.

The visit terminated after a most enjoyable afternoon had been spent, with an assurance by Mr. Robinson that he would only be too happy to assist and advise any intending settlers as he felt confident that any man with small capital and "a head on his shoulders" was bound to make mixed dairy farming a success.

Leaving Elbow Park Farm we drove on to Midnapore, Mr. Shaw's homestead. Mr. Shaw is one of the first settlers in the District. The Province of Alberta would be well off indeed if it had many such farms as that of Mr. Shaw's. He has met with great success in raising grain and is enthusiastic as to the future of his province. But it is as well that we should allow him to tell his own story:

A SUCCESSFUL FARMER'S STORY.

I have had seven years experience in the country and each year confirms the impression, that the district around Calgary, extending for many miles North, South & East is one of the best in the whole Dominion of Canada. I produced in 1888 on an average to the acre, oats 60 bushels wheat 30 and potatoes 300, with very rough cultivation and with a rainfall much under the average. In fact since 1885 every year has been a dry one. The production in 1889 with scarcely any rain at all, land dry like powder where one would imagine nothing would grow, and which in most other countries would constitute a total failure, was on an average, oats 25 bushels, wheat 33, potatoes 150. Perhaps I had better give the actual weights sown and the actual weights raised of the various grains, on this farm:

2420 lbs of Canadian Trump oats, produced 33,600 lbs.

340 lbs of Canadian Banner oats produced 6360 lbs.

2040 lbs of Welcome & Black Champion produced 26,100 lbs.

900 lbs of	Barley	11,700 lbs.
450 „ „	Scotch fyfe Wheat	10,930 lbs.
180 „ „	Mars „ hard	3860 lbs.
180 „ „	Magayr „ „	3650 lbs.
130 „ „	Early Puritan potatoes	5400 lbs.
480 „ „	Thorburn „	18,000 lbs.

Cabbages all weights from 1 lb. to 20 lbs., each, and no water given to them except for the first fortnight after planting out. Carrots, Beets, Onions, Turnips, all equally good. Of Buckwheat and Flax, we had also a very good crop, put in for experimental purposes, and merely mentioned here, to show that we are not bothered with summer frosts—if we were Buckwheat would not ripen.

The 1888 crops were splendid both in quality and yield—the 1889 ones could not be beaten in quality but the yield was short. It may be asked, how could anything grow when there was no rain? The fact is, the salvation

of the crops in a year like this last, lies in the heavy dew caused by cool nights, which are invariable. I have gathered a cabbage in the early morning, when there has been no rain for 3 months, and turning it up have poured out half a cup full of water. It must not be imagined from these remarks, that this is a country in which no rain falls; it is like any other country, sometimes too wet. In 1884 and 5 the rain fall was excessive. The usual rainy season commences about the middle of May, and continues during June, after which except for an occasional thunderstorm, one may calculate on fine weather.

Slight frosts of 2 or 3 degrees may be looked for up to May 31st in the nights and the same may be expected again the first or second week in September, the farmer governs his actions accordingly, sowing wheat about March 31st, oats middle of April, barley a little later, potatoes for main crop by May 20th and so on. These dates have generally secured good crops. The samples of wheat, since I have been here have been first-class, every year but one. Wheat is however very little grown, because there is no grist mill in the neighborhood.

With regard to horses and cattle, they thrive well here; many winters they can feed out all the time, but as however this winter since Jan. 8th, there is a foot and a half of snow on the ground, the cattle have to be fed.

This is where the mixed farmer has a great advantage over the cattle rancher, for whereas the latter has to provide hay for his cattle, the farmer has his surplus straw which materially lightens the expense of feeding.

The winters are short, one may say that six or seven weeks is the longest duration of bad weather. These may be altogether or divided up between December, January and February, with warm days in between.

This year has been cold nearly the whole of January, and judging from the past we look for a moderate, perhaps mild February. The average prices realized for farm produce is oats 35 cents per bushel, other grain in proportion, for potatoes about 40 cents, (this year they are 90 cents) for butter about 30 cents, for cheese about 14 cents, for steers about 3 cents per lb live weight. It will more ver be some considerable time yet before the supply is equal to the demand in Alberta. In fact if a man wishes to strike a good farming country he might go farther and fare worse than by settling in Alberta.

It is impossible in a letter like this to give more than a faint idea of the country of which we have been speaking, and the methods adopted by the farmers to secure the most profitable results from the land. The ground gone over is only a small corner of that vast district that lies along the base of the Rocky Mountains. Should the reader feel a desire to know more of this delightful country I would advise him to write to the Land Commissioner of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Winnipeg. The Railway Company have published several extremely interesting pamphlets with maps giving the latest information as to the lands available for settlement. One of which a folder map of the Calgary District, should be in the hands of every farmer about to visit the North West.

PEN AND PLOUGH.

How Brignoli Was Made to Sing.

Max Maretzek, in one of his recent "Sharps and Flats" contributed to the *American Musician*, has this good one on Brignoli. The company were in Havana, and at a critical juncture in the manager's affairs Brig took it into his head that it would be the swell thing to fall sick. The marques de Aguas Cearas, president of the Ayuntamiento, sent a doctor to visit the distinguished tenor and to report the result of his investigations. Unable to discover any alarming symptoms except an insatiable appetite for macaroni and a sentimental longing for a dolce far niente, the gentlemanly young doctor ordered Brignoli to take a substantial dinner and in the evening a drive to the opera, and to sing his part in the usual manner, and predicted to him a full restoration of health by following the advice.

The silver-voiced tenor shared the doctor's opinion as to the prescription of a good dinner, but demurred from the order of singing in the evening. The judge, upon hearing the doctor's report, sent a gentle warning to Brignoli, who, however answered that the doctor who had visited him seemed, like Crispino, to be more a cobbler than a doctor, and did not understand his illness, whereupon the magistrate dispatched another doctor from the military hospital with two attendants.

After having felt Brignoli's pulse, looked into his throat, and examined his eyes the new doctor solemnly declared, with a shake of his head, "Really some precursory symptoms of yellow fever," but added that by employing 200 leeches immediately on the shoulders of the patient the great evil might be averted.

"Mama mia!" screamed Brignoli, with his clear, beautiful tenor voice, reaching with ease on that occasion the high B. "200 leeches! You are a fool, but not a doctor! I am perfectly well."

"No," replied the doctor, "you are sick and can not sing to-night," giving at the same time instructions to his attendants for the operation.

"Clear out," vociferated Brignoli. "I will show you whether and how I can sing this evening."

And he did sing better than ever.

Harvard intends to erect a monster club house for the use of all clubs connected with that university.

It is said that the locks on the government vault are so weak that most any burglar could pick them.

Mme. Castanet, a lion-tamer, entered the cage at Brussels recently to separate a lion and a hyena who were fighting, and although the lion had formerly been much attached to her, he then threw himself upon her and mangled her terribly and probably fatally before the attendants could rescue her.

cause she always seemed so well and happy. "She enjoys life and I don't," said the discontented woman. "How I would like to change places with her!" At last she made the acquaintance of the object of her envy, and this is what the lady told her: "Happy! Of course I am, for I enjoy perfect health. My dear Mrs. W., your face tells me why you are not happy. You are suffering from functional derangements. I was a martyr to female weaknesses for years, but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cured me, as it will you if you will try it. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case or price ($1.00) returned.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, one a dose. Cure headache, constipation and indigestion.

The total number of souls who have professed salvation at the Salvation Army penitent forms for the five months ending with April 1 is 90,000.

A pocket match safe free to smokers of Tansill's Punch 5c Cigar.

Herbert Gladstone will visit the United States and Canada during the coming summer.

Home-Seekers' Excursion via the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway.

On Tuesdays, May 20, September 9 and 23 and October 14, 1890, agents of the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway will sell Home-Seekers' Excursion Tickets to principal points in the West, Northwest, South and Southwest at rate of one fare for the round trip, tickets good returning thirty days from date of sale. For full particulars call on or address agents of the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway.

Lackawanna presbytery decides in favor of revision by a vote of 16 to 25.

The sheep killed in Tennessee in one year by dogs were valued at $80,000.

A Pontoon Bridge

at Pierre, the capital of South Dakota, is the only wagon and foot bridge on the Missouri river between Sioux City and Bismarck, 5,000 miles. Homesteaders going to the Sioux lands recently ceded to the government should go by way of Pierre. These lands are very fertile, the stock-growers' paradise. Horses, cattle and sheep grow to perfection. The farmer may do as well growing corn, wheat and flax. Now is the time to get a free home. Address the Homesteaders' Union, Pierre, South Dakota, for full information free.

Two rather strong shocks of earthquake were felt at Rome a few weeks ago.

Six novels free, will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

A New York canoeist has started on a canoe voyage from the statue of Liberty and will end his voyage after 7,000 miles of paddling at Ft. Canby, Washington.

Deafness Can't be Cured

by local applications, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we can not cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The prince of Wales recently appeared in public with a yellow waistcoat and green gloves.

WYOMING'S CAPITAL.

In the Congressional report upon the admission of Wyoming, many facts were given going to show her as richer in resources than any of her sisters, and no territory ever applied for admission so thoroughly qualified. This report shows the CAPITAL, CHEYENNE, to be one of the wealthiest cities of its size in the world, and certainly the most favored and prosperous. The Union Pacific Railway is now constructing shops there to cost $6,000,000, and employ 2,500 men. This fact, coupled with the early admission of the State, assured, is causing a rush to CHEYENNE, but her realty is still low, offering the best investment in the West. We have the best unimproved residence property in the city, and our prices are even lower than that immediately adjoining. We are offering only alternate blocks, and to induce a quick response we will, to a limited amount, take two fifths in clear lands or chattles, a small cash payment, balance in one and two years, at seven per cent semi annual interest. Call at our Cheyenne office or address THE INTERIOR LAND AND IMMIGRATION CO., Department B, Denver, Colorado.

The empress of Austria is devoted to yachting now that she is no longer able to ride a horse.

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.

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KISSES.

(A la Romeo and Juliet.)

A prominent physician calls the kiss "an elegant disseminator of disease." He says, "fever is spread by it, so are lung diseases." He maintains that if the kissing custom were driven out of the land "it would save one-tenth of one per cent. of human lives" which are now sacrificed. Out upon the gnarled and sapless vagabond! Evidently kisses are not for such as he, and the old fox says the grapes are sour. Let him devote himself to making our women healthy and blooming that kisses may be kisses. This can surely be done by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription which is simply magical in curing diseases peculiar to females. After taking it for a reasonable length of time there will be no more irregularity, backache, bearing-down sensations, nervous prostration, general debility and kindred ailments. "Favorite Prescription" is an invigorating, restorative tonic and as a regulator and promoter of functional action at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, it is a perfectly safe remedial agent and can produce only good results. It is 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 any condition of the system. It imparts strength to the whole system. 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 cordial and restorative tonic. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggist, **under a positive guarantee** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been faithfully carried out for many years.

A Book of 160 pages, on "Woman and Her Diseases," and their Self-cure, sent, post-paid, to any address, *securely sealed* in a plain envelope, on receipt of ten cents, in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets — DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS

Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless.

Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, Cheapest, Easiest to Take. One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cents, by druggists.

Francis Wilson, the famous comedian, is a very nervous man. A first night is a source of dismay to him.

Tested by Time. For Bronchial affections, coughs, etc., BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have proved their efficacy by a test of many years. Price 25 cts.

Mrs. McKee gave a dancing party at the White house to the younger element of Washington society.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of Sick Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

Two California fisherman caught a shark weighing 4,000 pounds.

A rich strike of gold ore is reported at Tintic, Utah.

Worth Hundreds of Dollars.

My wife used only two bottles of "Mother's Friend" before her third confinement. Says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars. Had not half as much trouble as before. DOCK MILES, Lincoln Parish, La. Write The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

The republican state convention of Pennsylvania will be held at Harrisburg June 25.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

is endorsed and prescribed by leading physicians because both the *Cod Liver Oil* and *Hypophosphites* are the recognized agents in the cure of *Consumption*. It is as palatable as milk.

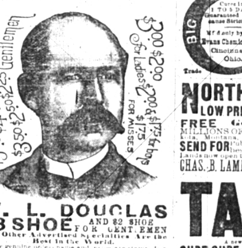
Scott's Emulsion *is a perfect Emulsion. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy for* CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.

Ask for Scott's Emulsion and take no other.

DR. OWEN'S ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY.

PATENTED AUG. 16, 1887, IMPROVED JULY 30, 1889.

DR. OWEN'S ELECTRO-GALVANIC BODY BELT AND SUSPENSORY will cure All Rheumatic Complaints, Lumbago, General and Nervous Debility, Costiveness, Kidney Diseases, Nervousness, Trembling, Sexual Exhaustion, Wasting of Body, Diseases caused by Indiscretions in Youth, Age, Married or Single Life. SENT TO RESPONSIBLE PARTIES ON 30 DAYS TRIAL. DR. OWEN'S ELECTRIC INSOLES $1 PER PAIR. Also an Electric Truss and Belt Combined. Send 6c postage for free illustrated book, which will be sent you in plain sealed envelope. Mention this paper. Address OWEN ELECTRIC BELT & APPLIANCE CO. 306 North Broadway, ST. LOUIS, MO. 826 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY.



$5.00 $4.00 $3.50 $2.50 $2.25 for Gentlemen. $3.00 $2.00 for Ladies. $2.00 & $1.75 for boys. $1.75 FOR MISSES.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE AND $2 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN

And Other Advertised Specialties Are the Best in the World.

None genuine unless name and price are stamped on bottom. SOLD EVERYWHERE. If your dealer will not supply you, send postal for instructions how to buy direct from factory without extra charge.

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CATARRH

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best, Easiest to use, Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

ST. JACOBS OIL CURES PERMANENTLY SPRAINS and STRAINS.

Athletes Praise it Highly.

658 Minna St., San Francisco, Cal., May 3, 1887. Some time ago, while a member of the Olympic Athletic Club, I sprained my knee severely and suffered agony, but was speedily and completely cured by St. Jacobs Oil. JOHN GARBUTT.

Jumped from Engine.

609 S. 17th St., Omaha, Neb., Sept. 22, 1888. I jumped from an engine in collision, and strained my ankle very badly. I used canes for weeks. St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me. G. ROEDER.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

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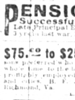

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$60 WILL BUY THE BEST 5-Ton Wagon Scale Tare Beam and Beam Box Free. Send for circulars. Jones he Pays the Freight, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

BIG G Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. Trade Mark $1.00. I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y. We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill. Sold by Druggists.

NORTHERN PACIFIC. LOW PRICE RAILROAD LANDS and FREE Government LANDS. MILLIONS OF ACRES in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. SEND FOR Publications with maps describing the best Agricultural, Grazing and Timber Lands now open to settlers. SENT FREE. Address CHAS. B. LAMBORN, Land Commissioner, ST. PAUL, MINN.

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One Million Farms FOR FREE ENTRY And For Sale at Nominal Prices in the CANADIAN NORTHWEST. Magnificent Wheat, Grazing, and Farming Lands. For Maps, Pamphlets, Freight Rates and Fares, and Full and Complete Details, Write at Once to Agency Canadian Pacific Railway, 232 South Clark Street, Chicago.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS. The address of all soldiers who homesteaded a less number of acres than 160 and made final proof on same. MOSES & FERGUSON, Denver, Colorado.

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