Petite (?) Tarantula Call, Mar. 8.

Money is pouring into Peoria from most every quarter of the universe, and among the many contributing to the general fund is The Louisiana State Lottery Company that of late has poured into the pockets of many of our humbler and poorer citizens thousands of dollars. A little over a month ago one of the Apple street lives a young Irish American, Sixth and Fitzpatrick, who last month held one-ninetieth of a ticket received $7,968 that drew the second capital prize of $100,000. A representative of the Herald called on him on Tuesday with the following result.

"I returned from Mexico about four months ago, and at each Drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery since that time have purchased one-twentieth ticket. In April I held one-twentieth of ticket number 27,994, which drew the second capital prize of $100,000, and received my share of the money, $5,000, through the American Express Company. I have invested my four dollars in tickets and the returns received have, of course, been very satisfactory.

"It is my intention to continue to buy tickets every month since I have struck a streak of luck."

## "Catt' pillars."

The catterpiular is a crealling thing and hears all over his back and fanny found out he was a bug. I don't mide me crall like everything, birds dat catterpiulars and give them to their children to eat. I don't see dem! They hide very well. I know I could not eat them, they are such horrid things, they look so soffy and feel I don't know how. Anyhow, I was walking the other day I saw a big, big catterpiular and he was so horrid that I took a stick and kild him with 19and threw it away so dat the ant will not pick it up and take it home period catterpiulars have 1,000 or more legs, he may not have so many, and he may have more the big one has to spread them like little ones I guess that but I don't know.

Catterpillars eat flies and other insects such as mosquitos and others like that. Also they eat leaves, plum leaves and in short all kinds and some flowers to some have baby catterpillars. In short all of them are good for drinkin water, in short evrything they can get. Catterpillars I can not say much more about catterpillars, but one good tool is never have a catterpillar at a man or anybody for it gives them such a fright. I have told you all they eat, drink how many legs it has and the food. A catterpillar can climb, can not. Ma be some of you can, I cant, but most of the things I have say can not.—*Quoted by the Buffalo Express.*

## Paul Smith Has the Right Idea.

Paul Smith has been known as a remarkably successful and prosperous hotel keeper in the northern part of the Adirondack wilderness ever since Murray set the tide of fashion drawing toward the woods. It may be that he is entitled to a still more honorable reputation. Mr. Smith owns 28,000 acres of woodland, including Spa and Regis lakes, and many ponds, having added 4,000 acres last spring at an expense of $25,000. Mr. Smith's purpose in purchasing is described by himself as follows:

"I brought to keep out the lumbermen and have the woods remain as nature intended it. I have in view the intention to make a large preserve and give everybody opportunity to enjoy its benefits, to be as free to the public as it is to that little bird in the tree. Notice 'Bidding trespass will be posted on my property.' I will protect it from desecration and ruin, and put into a magnificent park which people will be welcome to enjoy. I trust when I am dead and gone Old Paul Smith will be remembered with gratitude for this action by thousands of people who will come here and enjoy happiness in roaming through the forests, camping by lakes and ponds, and fishing in streams. I consider this good will of the public a priceless heirloom to hand down to my children.—*Syracuse Christian Advocate.*

## Aunt Mary Flarelty, of Jopesboro, Ma., Agrees Entirely.

Aunt Mary Flarelty, of Jopesboro, Ma., agrees entirely. She says her servant girl problem. She refuses to have help and does her own work.

During a storm which recently raged in the canton of Neuchatel, Switzerland, a shower of living caterpillars fell on the hill of Creiteln.

Physicians recommend Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.

A discovery of ancient subterranean tombs similar to the Roman catacombs has been made on the Mount Olives. They appear to have been used in some parts by Jews and partly by christians.

For strengthening and clearing the voice use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." "I have commended Brown's Troches wherever public speakers, and they have invariably expressed appreciation."—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

A Jackson county, West Virginia, school teacher of 30 the other day equipped with and was married to one of her pupils of the mature age of 16.

**In General Debility, Emaciation,** Consumption and wasting in children, Scott's Emulsion is a most valuable food and nourisher. It is pleasant to the taste, strengthens the nervous system and builds up the body. "Have been wholly pleased with it in consumption, scrofula and wasting diseases, bronchitis and throat troubles."—A. Jones, M. D., Gonzerville, Tenn.

A lion cub at the Cincinnati Zoo is being raised with a kid.

Cat novels free. Will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., on receipt of 25 cts. S. or Canada postage paid, upon receipt of name and address. Also, on request, a list of novels on circulars around each bar Soap for sale by all grocers.

The champion pug of England weighs but five pounds.

## The Great Spring Medicine.

It will be gratifying to all who realize the vital necessity of purifying the blood to know that Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup can be relied upon as a blood medicine. Mr. B. C. Robinson of Marshall, Mich., says:

GENTLEMEN:—I have suffered intensely from rheumatism for a period of over two or three years and had tried so many remedies that I had lost all faith. Hearing of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup I bought a bottle and found that it helped me. I have now used four bottles, and it has reached my liver and kidneys to healthy action, and done more to purify my blood than any things I have ever taken. I shall always recommend it as a wonderful blood medicine. Very truly yours,

B. C. ROBINSON, Marshall, Mich.

Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by The Charles Wright Medicine Company, Detroit, Michigan.

Lotta is said to be by all odds the richest actress in America.

Australia is sending 1,000 hogsheads of wine to Amsterdam.

# WAVERLAND.

## A Tale of Our Coming Landlords.

BY SARAH MABIE BRIGHAM.

*Copyrighted, 1886.*

CHAPTER IV.—THE HEATHEN LANDLORD.

Going home one evening after a weary some day, I found the house in unusual commotion. The servants were running here and there, and things were in disorder generally. On the stairs I met Miss Everett. Her cheeks were red, and her eyes had a new fire in them.

"What is it?"

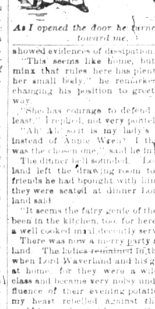
"Lord Waverland has come," she sighed, and in a hoarse whisper, passing on, "Then you have seen him," I said, as she passed.

Her looks betrayed feelings of deep indignation, as she said:

"Yes, he is in the drawing room."

Miss Stella Everett had seen my father, and from her manner, I knew that he had said something to offend her. He could say or do most anything. I went to the drawing room, where, seated in an easy chair before the fire (it was a damp, cold day in September), surrounded by his dogs, sat my father. His fine, manly form seemed as erect as ever, and his dark, eagle bright eyes had lost no fire.

"Ah, Paul, I don't see that you have had few threads of grey. As I opened the door he turned his face toward me. It showed evidences of dissipation.



*As I opened the door he turned his face toward me.*

"This seems like home, but the little minx that rules here has plenty of fire in her small face. I have noticed, by the changing his position to greet me in any way.

"She has courage to defend herself, at least." (implied, not very politely).

"Ah Alice! is my lady's governess instead of Annie West? I thought she was the favorite of the house in Italy."

The dinner bell sounded. Lord Waverland left the drawing room to meet the friends he had spoken of, and when they were seated at dinner Lord Waverland said:

"It seems the fairy genie of the place has been in the kitchen, and here we have a well cooked and decently served.

There was now a merry party at Waverland. The Italian governess became friend when Lord Waverland and his guests were at home, for they were a wild, reckless class and became very noisy under the influence of the wine and spirits, which my heart rebelled against this." There could be no pleasant hours in the drawing room my sweet sister Alice, if I had been our habit. Miss Everett was quite a musician and Annie and I would join her in singing, while my mother and her West relatives would sit by the window. But this rude, boisterous crowd of counts and beggars that composed Lord Waverland's party had taken possession of the house. The sheriff, with his band of armed soldiers, was in constant demand, evicting tenants who would not or could not pay the rent. Some of Lord Waverland's fellows made themselves very familiar about the place.

Many of the tenants could not pay, and some of them were afraid of incurring the displeasure of the Land-League and dare not pay the rack rent demanded by Lord Waverland. He was very lenient with them so when the warrant was read it was a severe struggle of eviction. Men were sent out to without work, or any means of saving their family from the cold world.

During the month the Lord Waverland was at home, as I after ward learned, more than two hundred families were made homeless. Some tenants were more afraid of eviction than of the Land League and paid rent. One tenant, Patrick O'Neil, who had a large holding on his father's estate, paid his rent. A few days after I saw him and he had a bandkerchief tied about his head.

"What is the matter, Pat?" I asked.

"Och, and it's a bad cold I have."

"That will never do, Pat. Let me see your ears."

After some demurring I persuaded him to take off the kerchief. When, as I had been told, he was deaf in one ear.

"How did it happen, Pat?" I asked, sorry for the poor man.

"Yes, see, the rules of the place there that is too, I guess, for one to be found out, and then yes a have to pay the penalty. But what is a mon to do. He will be turned out of his home, and he will lose his ears if he does. I thought I had rather keep my home and lose my ears."

"It's a bad state of affairs when a man must choose between the two." I said, feeling very much grieved for the poor tenant.

"But," said Pat, "the worst was when our baby, that was sick at the time, died. Not one of our friends, not even my father and mother, dare come to see. But for the swate lady at the house no one would have come to wash and dress our dear dead baby."

"Who did you say came?" I asked, for I could not think of any one at Waverland that would care for the poor tenant's sorrow.

"Why, the young lady in black."

"Miss Everett?" I asked in astonishment.

"Yes, she always knows when any of us are in trouble, and comes to help us if she can."

"Did no one come to help bury your child?"

"No one but the priest. They dursent! "These things are too good to bear," I said, soliloquizing to myself.

"Yez may well say so, sorr. I could stand my own part of it. But one is not alone," said Pat, with a rude, but not rough face. "There's me wife and children that are dearer to me than my own life. I cannot bear the thought of seeing them starving and freezing by the roadside. I have given up my ears to save them. Do you blame me, sorr?"

"No, Pat," I said, laying his hand in mine. "You are a noble man to sacrifice so much for your family. May you receive a just reward."

I went home after my visit with Pat. Lord Waverland gave a grand reception. The suite of rooms opening into each other were brilliantly lighted. Lady Ida, assisted by Miss Everett, came into the drawing room to receive the guests. My mother had on a black velvet dress trimmed with rich old lace, and wore the family diamonds. Miss Everett, also was dressed in black, but her only ornaments were a few flowers. The guests were received and passed off to the hall.

When Lord Waverland entered the room with two or three of his companions, he stood and gazed at my mother and Miss Everett a moment, then said:

"Mon Dieu! whom have we here!" making a mocking bow to them. My mother did not speak, but bowed her beautiful head, but remained calm. His scorn changed to admiration.

"Why Lady Waverland, you are indeed a beauty! Where did you get your fine toilet?" he asked, as he stood carelessly leaning against the broad mantel, looking at my mother and Miss Everett with bold admiring eyes.

"From my wardrobe, sir," said my mother, inspired with some of the independence of her ancestors.

"I see her governess is here!"

"I came to assist Lady Waverland, sir," said Miss Everett, as she took a step nearer to my mother's side.

Lord Waverland turned and walked away, but it was evident that he had been defeated in something which he had intended. As he turned from us, I followed. He passed to the club room with his friends. As they entered the door the count said:

"She is a rare beauty when roused."

"Yes, and she has given my lady some of her overbearing nature. But I'll bring her to time yet." See if I don't. She being crowed in my own house by a woman is more than I will stand."

But those idle, careless fellows were quiet and well behaved throughout the evening. The old hall so long unused was bright with light and fragrant as the summer air with flowers and music. The assembled guests were in a cheerful mood. The stringed instruments sent forth their sweet melodious strains that echo the hall in years long ago. With hurrying feet that longed to echo back the melody of music, youths and maidens sought their places, awaiting to ask Ida in the glad ecstacy of joy and tenderness.

Sir Wren, with a beautiful lady on his arm, formed a part of the dancing throng. Soon the dance ended he came to where I stood with Alnine by my side.

"My niece, Lady Irving," said Sir Wren as he presented her to me.

"I will leave her in your care," he said, politely, and walked away. Johnny O'Hare, a young man from the neighboring estate, came to claim his promised dance with Annie. Lady Irving begged to rest awhile, so we returned to the drawing room to join my mother and Miss Everett.

After a little general conversation I asked Lady Irving to play for us and gave us some grand music. While she was playing I watched Miss Everett's expressive face. The love of music was displayed in her lovely face, and she had found good music, it seemed to thrill her very soul.—Soon Lady Irving was claimed as a dancer, and was led away by Sir Wren. I went to Miss Everett, who refused all partners and had remained by my mother's side during the evening. But seeing Alice's exclamation I said:

"You seem charmed with music."

"Yes, Sir Lord, if I could always hear such music I should be happy. I could banish all thoughts and be content.

"Why, are you ever troubled with unpleasant thoughts?" I asked. "You always look like a happy child."

"Yes, sir, I have disputations hard to overcome. I have often thought that people who have lived in the world, Lord Byron and others, I think Lady Irving would always charm me," she said, looking toward the hall where youth and beauty were moving in the dance with the stranger.

"Will you dance with me?" I asked, offering her my arm.

"I have never danced anything but the simple country dances," she said, placing her hand upon my arm. As we were passing through the crowd I heard some one say:

"There shells now. Fine airs she puts on for a governess. I wonder if she thinks she can marry the heir and become his mistress instead of her?" I looked at my companion's face. The glad light had faded from her eye, her lips trembled with a high color. She was very sensitive. We turned to the conservatory, which was lighted with colored lamps.

"You remain here, Miss Everett," I said, "while I seek some refreshments for you." As I left the conservatory I met Lady Ida and Annie West. Annie was fresh from her long ride in the park, and I left them visiting like old acquaintance. They talked of Dickens, that scary author, and Annie was surprised to hear the whole world of authors, and were at home in each other's presence. When I returned to them I saw they were laughing and talking like old friends.

"Far away in the night, when the dawn began to break," the house was left deserted. The last of the guests had departed. I found Miss Everett and said:

"How did you like your new beaux?"

"O, you mean Lady Irving." She is delightful! I should certainly always be my sister's guest. Sad as a widow and yet so young. I wonder if she thinks she can ever find a congenial companion in such a place as Lord Waverland?" said Miss Everett with a suppressed sigh.

"Why, what ailed you, Alice?"

"I was thinking how nice it would be if she like Lady Irving," she said, looking down and blushing a little impatient more at with my jest.

"And travel," she said. "O long to see something of the great world that I have read and heard so much about. Sometimes I think I could be happy in such a life. Nay, I am sick at heart to sight and will not tex you with my troubles."

"Look out! Our sunlight hid behind a cloud!" I said, stepping toward her and would have taken her hand, but she glided from my side to the long, good night. What was thyne in her clear brown eyes said, low, sweet voice that had such a thrill in my heart. This upon was often in my thoughts.

CHAPTER V.—MY NEW RESPONSIBILITIES.

One evening not long after the reception when Lord Waverland and his friends were enjoying a game of billiards, a sudden cry of "fire" rang out on the air. It filled the house with a strange, weird sound. From every room the inmates in their nightmare hastened to the hall. Lord Waverland, in his dressing gown, came down the hall from the billiard room, with a burning candle. All round the house and yard a throng of people crowding and screaming after excitement, were calling loudly for Lord Waverland.

The party left the billiard hall and Lord Waverland, as he passed down in a corner of the hall, took a long, bright sword from the wall and with a terrible shriek. His countenance fell, but too truly, what was in their minds. Many of these wives had on their uniform below. Terrified, they crowded into the hall.

Every face in the room was white with fear. Lord Waverland, with his sword in the wind, and threw open the sash, as if did seem to have whizzing and lodged in the wall. Lady Ida, pale, relieved, half fainting, was in the hall. Some fellows were carrying large torches of blazing fire.

"What will you do?" Lord Waverland answers yourself. I asked.

"Have ship mates to reduce our rents and force the air waits, or we'll show him the blaze!" replied a voice from the crowd.

"Bring him out, or we'll burn him out!" again cried the voice. The crowd became people, and, they began throwing rocks against the door, something must be done, for they were so very near escaping from the house. My all went to Lord Waverland and stepped and entreated him to go to the window. He sat gaun and made no reply to our pleas. At last Miss Everett went to him and said:

"Sir, if you do not answer we must appear."

He sat for a moment undecided, then rising, he took her by the hand and led her to the window. I made a movement to keep her back, but she waved me off with a smile of her beautiful face. I followed, and when they reached the open window, she called out in her clear sweet voice:

"Here is Lord Waverland!"

In a moment the house cry changed to a triumphant shout for the "Swate Lady." For some moments the cheering continued. When there was a few silence, the guests were

"Lord Waverland will speak to you!"

"What do you want?" he asked in a trembling voice.

"We want our rent reduced, our homes restored and a promise of protection!" cried a voice from below.

"Come to me in the morning, and I will grant you anything and everything, only spare us now!" he said trembling, his teeth chattering as with an ague fit.

"O, yes, yez can plade for mercy now, but when wepled for our wives and children what mercy did yez grant?" called out a voice.

The men gathered in a group and held a short consultation, then left the yard shouting, "Ireland and liberty forever!"

With a thankful heart I went to Miss Everett, and taking her hand I said, "We owe you a debt of gratitude, my dear."

"The Queer Drilling of Holland's Happy-Go-Lucky Militia.

Holland is becoming exceedingly fidgety about her militia affairs, says a letter in the N. Y. *Tribune*. The national defenses are in a disorganized condition, and the Dutch would be unable to offer much resistance to any invasion. Reform is the cry on every hand, and universal conscription is advocated on all sides; but no one seems to feel disposed to carry the matter through. As things now are, no Dutchman need serve in the regular army if he can pay for his substitute. The consequence is that the rich are opposed to universal conscription, because they do not want to serve, and the poor are against it because they would no longer receive the large sums which their children earn by serving as substitutes. Every man, however, between the age of 25 and 40 is forced to belong to the militia, or schutterij, as it is designated in Holland. The schutterij numbers about 2 per cent of the entire population. But it is quite harmless, and partakes to a certain extent of the nature of the opera comique.

Nothing can be more amusing than to watch the schutters on their way to to drill late in the afternoon of sunny and pleasant summer days. They can scarcely be described as presenting a martial appearance in their blue and red uniforms, with their shakoes perched jaunty on one side of the head, the chin strap barely reaching down to the nose, a cigar or pipe in the mouth, and an antediluvian-looking old musket carried over the shoulder, butt end upward. At the close of his drill the bold militiaman, whose portly figure gives him to dignified an violent exercise, sends his gun and bayonet home by a porter or dientsman, who is often as not his corporal or sergeant, and then adjourns to a beer-garden. There he spends the remainder of the evening with a number of equally martial blades, washing down the accumulated dust of the mimic battle-field with copious libations, and consigning the founder of the schuttery to "the darkest depth of Hades."

In winter when it rains or snows the monthly drill at Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and other important cities, usually takes place in-doors in the evening after the business of the day is over. The drill sergeants, however, dislike this, for it doubles their work, since the schutters generally far more attend to the figures of the afternoon stock quotations, still chalked upon the board, than to the figures of drill. Thus, for instance, when the sergeant shouts out: "Schutter Jansen! What do you mean by standing there like that? Keep your feet together and your stomach in!" Jansen, who is lost in the contemplation of the board, exclaims in the way of response: "Herr Sergeant, Kinderjas and a half per cent! I am in a nice hole!"

The officers of the militia regiments are exceedingly gorgeous creatures, with long, curling, sinking sabres, plumed hats, and their profusion of gold lace. Their knowledge of things military is but one degree superior to that of their subordinates, inasmuch as for they have been forced to drill for two hours a week during a period of six weeks with the regular line regiment. Nevertheless, notwithstanding they manage to fulfill their duty after a fashion, but during the annual maneuvers they are subjected to great trials. A colonel, perhaps, is standing in front of his company, when a corporal acting as orderly approaches with the following message: "The colonel's wife is ill in bed, and he orders sends you his very best compliments and wishes to know if you would oblige him by leading your men to attack." The colonel, who is a retired general and military ardor of the captain blaze forth. He draws his sword, and calling on his soldiers to follow him, rushes to meet the imaginary enemy. Suddenly his advance is checked by a shallow ditch filled with muddy water. This causes his fierceness to abate, for he would be ashamed of a bath in his uniform. He pauses for a few seconds. All at once a hoarse thought strikes him. "Fire by volley!" he cries to his men. Immediately the musketeers are heard to rattle in all the enormous barrels of the old muskets, and a minute later the hammers fall with a clicking sound. The colonel and all the militiamen are not only forbidden the use of gunpowder, but are even denied percussion caps. In the middle of all this the captain of the regiment, who is invariably an officer of the regular army, dashes up on horseback and exclaims in frantic tones to the colonel:

"Good heavens! man, don't you know that in case of volley firing the officers must not stand in front of the muzzles of their men's guns?"

Nowise disconcerted, the captain pulls his handbook of military regulations from his pocket, and, after carefully glancing over several pages, replies in a nonchalant manner: "Well, I don't see anything about it in here. Let me see, I'm in the adjutant's place."

"Blockhead! Bertoen, in Harper's Magazine.

## What a Hostess Wants.

A hostess who wants to make her dinners popular may have them as simple as she likes, but there are some laws she must observe as strictly and with as much fear as were those of the Meder and Persians.

She must not have tepid oysters, neither must ice be served about them. Nor must she let the napery slide about until the man with a young mustache feels that every time he gets his napkin to his lips he is risking the destruction of half the oil in his hair.

She must not bake what ought to be roasted, not serve a fillet until nobody knows whether it is a rubber shoe or a piece of leather.

She must not have a servant who is interested in anything except good service. He should be subtle if the wittiest man, or stupid if the stupidest man, or should he appear interested it a political secret on which hinged the future of Ireland was heard him.

She should count the sweets of the least importance, and not believe that the most dinner can be bolstered up by a very much decorated cake and pudding.

She should see that her coffee is as clear as her conscience, and as strong as her nerves.

She should not ask anybody whether they will have cream or not, for people who go out to dinner should learn to do without cream.

She should not attempt to elaborate a menu, for she wishes each dish to reach the height of perfection, and when she is successful in her endeavor she should give the cook a large dose of encouragement, a medicine pleasant to take.

The woman who understands the art of dinner-giving is the woman, who is past mistress of the art of keeping her husband at home.—*N. Y. Sun.*

**Paps Dress's Grumble Now.**

Miss Gush—We are living in a splendid house now. There is an electric light in front of a store on the other side of the street.

Miss Rush—What advantage is that?

Miss Gush—Don't you see? Charley can stay ever so late now, and paps can't grumble over the gas bill.—*Philadelphia Item.*

**Old Mules.**

A. S. Clough of Prescott, Ariz., drives a team of mules that are 33 and 35 years old, respectively, and are still in good condition. Mr. Clough says they are the best mules he ever had, and he would not part with them for any consideration.

**Fighting The Apaches.**

James Payne of Arizona can tell more about the bloodthirsty Apaches in a minute than any other man. The Apaches have raided Mr. Payne's ranch five times and stolen any amount of stock.

"You can't depend upon them," said the rancher. "Just as soon as they get back Geronimo will lead them to San Carlos and the Apache Indian tribe will begin. At their feasts they drink a grain whisky which makes them crazy. They start out on plundering expeditions. If the Apaches moved it will be against the wishes of the people of Arizona and New Mexico."

With Mr. Payne is J. B. Shepard. He is the champion Indian story-teller of the West. Speaking of Gen. Crook, he said: "I never forget what I fought beside Gen. Crook in a Apache battle. We had been in the saddle for 48 hours. Crook was behind the throne. A woman's influence over the man who loves her is often absolute. To wield so great a power, to guide strength into her husband's, a woman's mind should be clear and healthy. It can be if she is suffering from any form of dreadful derangement. How many a home is made unhappy because she who should be the cheerful light is worn, nervous, weak, morbid invalid. Women who are suffering from "female complaints" which are sapping your lives away, when Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will restore you to health and gladden those about you? In its special field there never was a restorative like the "Favorite Prescription."

To cleanse the stomach, liver and system generally, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets. 25c.

The supreme court of Saxony has decided that boycotting is equivalent to disorderly conduct in the first degree, and punishable as such.

**Confirmed.**

The favorable impression produced on the first appearance of the agreeable liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs a few years ago has been more than confirmed by the pleasant experience of all who have used it, and the success of the proprietors and manufacturers the California Fig Syrup Company.

Charles Miller of Huneme, Cal., has made a table of ornamental woods that contains 5,000 pieces.

A tree was felled recently at Tillamook, Oregon, that was 120 feet long, while the butt only measured one foot through.

**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 aperitiver, they excel any other preparation.

Sir Charles Ross, ninth baronet of that famous house, is a famous short distance runner. He is only 19 years old and is a student at Eton.

**How's This!**

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

The Empress Frederick of Germany will win spend the fall and late summer in Athens.

**Ladies Have Tried It.**

A number of my lady customers have tried Brown's Iron Bitters and would say without it for many times its cost. They recommend it to all who suffer from Become nervous, Weak, or Low Spirits.—Mrs. Neville, Ala. Write Hrdford Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga. for particulars. By all druggists.

The Spanish queen's two daughters aged nine and seven years, are strong and healthy children. The mind she has its attractions for them, too.

**WYOMING'S CAPITAL.**

In the congressional report upon the admission of Wyoming, many facts were given showing the wealth of the new state, sources than any of her sisters, and the territory now ranks first in population and prosperity. This report shows the CAPITAL, CHEYENNE, to be one of the wealthiest cities in the new state, and certainly the most thriving and progressive. The Union Pacific Railway is now constructing shops here, and will employ and employ 2,000 men. This fact coupled with the great Government Stock Yards insured, is causing a rush to CHEYENNE, light her reality is still low, offering the best investment in the West. Cheyenne is the 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 purchase have made the unusual offer of two-fifths in clear lands or chattles, a small cash payment, balance in one, two and three years, at seven per cent. Send for circular. Call at our Cheyenne office or address THE UNION PACIFIC LAND AND IMMIGRATION CO., Department B, Denver, Colorado.

George Bancroft, who was secretary of the navy under President Polk, is the oldest cabinet officer, both in age and date of service.


**AN OPEN LETTER.**

From a Well-known Druggist. "Positive" Cure for Stomach Troubles.

To WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

In the summer of 1884 I was first afflicted with that distressing disease, Dyspepsia, in its worst form. I was so nervous that I could not sleep, and was so nervous I could every second expect my heart to stop beating, and I was so weak I could not walk a mile. I was induced to try Electric Bitters, and I must say, I do, determined to keep myself of it, for the power of my recovery, I ought to do so. I feel like a new man, and I cannot say too much in their praise. I would advise any one who suffers as I did to give them a fair trial, and they will be convinced that they are on the road to health. I will gladly answer any inquiries in regard to my case, if addressed to me at my residence, 1000 Market St., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Yours truly, W. M. CRAIGHEAD.

Sold at fifty cents a bottle by all druggists, and I do not hesitate to say that Electric Bitters is the most decided blessing to sufferers from Dyspepsia and Indigestion that has ever been discovered. Indeed, many claim that it cures Dyspepsia and Indigestion when all other remedies have failed. Regular size bottles only fifty cents at druggists.

**SICK HEADACHE**

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these little pills. They also relieve Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, and Pain in the Side, &c. Compare them to the Other Kinds. Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

**WYOMING** CAPITAL, CHEYENNE, Capital City, Wyoming Territory. Best investment in the West. Full information and reliable maps furnished free. Address Board of Trade, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

**It Costs Money,** and time to cure **Rheumatism.** Not so with Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. Relief in half an hour. Sold by druggists. Dr. MILES MEDICAL CO., PORTLAND, Oregon.

**WANTED! SALESMEN.** We pay salary or commission. Permanent position. Every week to introduce our Specialties. Best selling specialties. Without or home. Write quick. Address, Allen Nurseries Co., Saginaw, Mich.

**KEYSTONE MORTGAGE COMPANY,** Aberdeen, South Dakota.

Offers 8 per cent. Guaranteed Mortgages. Best security. Best locality. Best people. Correspondence solicited.

**HYDRAULIC,** Double Acting, Force and Lift Pumps, Cistern and Well Pumps, Hydrants, Water Wheels, Wind Mills, Steam Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills, Shingle Mills, Lath Machines, Etc. C. S. HAMPTON, Detroit, Mich.

Jelly Experiments Illustrated and Other Valuable Information Free. Send 2c. stamp. Address, Mrs. Ida Ellen Gaylord, Lansing, Mich.

**PIANOS** Manufactured and Sold on Time, or CLOUGH & WARREN ORGANS Sold for Cash or Easy Payments. Catalogue Free. CLOUGH & WARREN, Detroit, Mich.

**FLINT COLLEGE,** Flint, Mich. On the line of the Michigan Central Railway. Thorough preparation for business, scientific and classical courses. Tuition, $5 per term. Board, $2.50 per week. Address, Rev. J. H. Lockwood, President.

**OPIUM** Habit. The only certain cure. Dr. Jno. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

**KIDDER'S PASTILLES.** A sure cure for ASTHMA and Catarrh. Sample by mail, 50 cts. Kidder Pastille Co., Boston, Mass.

**PENSIONS** Prosecuted, Attorney, Washington, D. C.

DO YOU WEAR **SHOES?** SEND TO THE CATARACT SHOE CO. FALLS CITY, NEB. Catalogue FREE from our factory.

**BABY CARRIAGES.** New Styles. Lowest Prices. Schmidt & Bro., Cincinnati.

**DETECTIVES** Business and Evidence. Address, Grannan Detective Bureau Co. 444 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

**$20 IMPROVED HIGH ARM SINGER FOR $15.** 15 days' trial. Warranted 3 years. Self-threading, self-adjusting, self-regulating, self-lubricating. Illustrated Catalogue Free. THE A. WOOD CO. Chicago. Ill. 178 Lombard, Phila., Pa. circular.

**DYE TO LIVE.** Dyeing Silk, Velvet, Feathers, Ribbons, Shawls, Dresses, Coats, Pants, Vests, Gloves, Hosiery, Yarn, Zephyr, Cloaks, Curtains, Lace, Linen, Cotton, Wool, Carpets, Rugs, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Ulsters, Sacques, Dolls, Toys, Feathers, Ribbons, Flowers, Gloves, Kid, Silk, Satin, Velvet, Ribbons, Feathers