WAVERLAND.

A Tale of Our Coming Landlords.

BY SARAH MABIE BRIGHAM.

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CHAPTER XXI CONTINUED.

I could make no reply. I knew my mother's words had caused the thought. Her quick eye discovered the feeling and silently she placed her hand upon my arm as though asking forgiveness. I reassured her by placing my hand upon hers where it lay upon my arm, as we stood waiting for Melvorne to sign the papers. At last the papers were signed, sealed and delivered, ready to be sent to the proper recording office. Miss Everett, the unknown governess, was now a rich heiress of noble birth. For myself I could not say I was glad. But for her, with her proud, sensitive nature, I was more than glad of her good fortune.

We went back to the hotel where we talked over the events of the morning. Not one in the party seemed as merry as when we left the breakfast room. There was a deeper feeling than mirth in each heart. Melvorne had shown himself to be a noble man in giving of his own to provide for his cousin, who had no claims upon him. In any we slept through the hours of his heart. But he had tasted a joy wealth alone can never bring. He seemed well pleased with his discovery, and could not resist the pleasure of drawing comparisons between his new found relative and his responsibilities of his uncle. He could not remember his uncle, Stella's father, but could answer all her eager questions about his old home.

I thought, as I sat looking at the Duke of Melvorne, that there was another side to his character. Truly

"The heart has many passages,
Through which the mind may roam,
But the middle aisle is reserved
To the old, old home."

"Yesterday's doings were not on my list," said Mr. Lollard the next morning at breakfast. "Shall we continue our programme or mark out a new course?"

"Oh, continue," exclaimed the Lady Irving. "I am so in love with Colorado that I want to see every noted place."

"There are dozens of them yet," said Melvorne. "Some I have visited when I have been here before."

"You been here before!" asked Lollard. "I thought we were all strangers in the land."

"Why, I told you yesterday morning that I wanted you to see my stock ranch not ten miles from here," answered Melvorne.

"I remember your speaking of your ranch, but I supposed an agent had bought it and held it for you," said Lollard.

A servant handed Melvorne a telegram. He read it, then said:

A second hundred Melvorne's telegram.

"I have a message calling me back to England immediately. But you can all remain and enjoy your tour," he said, looking wistfully at Lady Irving.

There was evident disappointment in the camp upon this news. "We had a second vacation. It was discovered that Lady Irving and Stella had rather return to England with us. So, as the Lady Irving decided to remain and finish their original plan and return home about Christmas time.

With many regrets for the unexpected call, and solemn promises for exchange of letters, Mr. and Mrs. Lollard left with the glorious scenes yet unexplored, and started for Denver. From there we were soon on our homeward journey.

We passed through Kansas, that rich and beautiful garden of America in the day time. Nature has done her part in making Kansas all that her heart can desire. The Western portion is used chiefly for grazing. There, cattle by the thousands roam over the wild prairies that are covered with luxuriant and nutritious grasses. The great fields of growing corn and stacks of gathered wheat bespeak the beautiful harvests, while all along the line of railroad were prosperous cities which told of thrift and enterprise.

"For Hope!" called the porter as we stopped at a little station by the side of a large city.

"Where?" asked all the ladies.

"There on the hill," said Melvorne. "Hope is the geographical center of the United States. The river to our right is the Kansas, formed about a half a mile from here by the union of the Republican and Smoky Hill rivers.

"Are there any soldiers in the post now?" I asked of a gentleman sitting in front of us."

"Only a few companies now. But I believe General Sheridan is considering the plan of making a cavalry school in the near future," he answered.

"This is the State that has for its motto, 'A school house on every hill top and no saloons in the valley,'" said Stella.

"Yes, Miss, this was the first State in the West to make prohibition a live issue," said the old gentleman in answer to her questions.

"Has it accomplished any good?" asked.

"Yes, sir," he said. "I believe it has done a great deal of good. It has made saloons unpopular. And any young man that has an ounce of self respect will not visit them and thus violate the law of his State."

"Do you believe it will ever become a perfect success?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he answered, "when public sentiment has been educated up to it, and we have the women's vote to help enforce it."

"Will that time ever come, do you think?" I asked.

"I believe it will. There is considerable agitation, and public sentiment in that direction now."

In one way and another we were deeply interested in our journey through Kansas. The season of the year was in its prime, the farming country, with fine homes, beautiful groves, good hedges and bearing orchards. Large barns, fields and pastures indicate a country of agricultural wealth. The various breeds of live stock are equal to any in the world.

In Kansas City we had a little time to spend. And, having our curiosity excited by the description of the cable line of street cars we mounted into one of the platform ready for a ride. The car travels up an inclined plane of about forty-five degrees with perfect ease.

"O, look down!" said Lady Irving, "It makes me dizzy!"

"What if the cable should break?" said Stella.

"We would land near the depot or down among the trellises," answered Melvorne.

"No," said a man on the car, "those brakes between the wheels have clamps like grab irons which hold the car fast, and can even lift the car clear from the track in case of accident."

"That is a protection then, aside from the cable!" asked Melvorne.

"Yes, sir," said the man, "the cable parted once, and the brake saved the car."

"Thank you," said Melvorne. "One feels greater safety in traveling when they understand the workings."

Turning to come down, Lady Irving said: "I feel as though I was sinking. How strange that we go no faster coming down than we did going up."

"It is like the belt to a machine moving equally fast at every point. The car is fastened to the cable, not running on it," explained Melvorne.

We were glad to stand on *terra firma* once more. Then we went back into the great waiting room of the depot to get ready for our train.

"Such a hum of activity! Such a hurrying to and fro! Such a crowd of the trains! Such crowding for lunch, and such a disregard for everything but self. I never saw in all my travels!" said Melvorne.

"It makes me think of a hive of bees," I said, looking at the moving mass of human beings. "Where can they all be going?"

"There, our train has moved down," said Melvorne, and we gathered up our bundles, crossed the intervening tracks, produced our tickets, and took our seats in an elegant palace car. The quiet was a luxury after the noise and confusion of the busy waiting room.

In a short time we were speeding away towards the rising sun. On, on, we went with feelings of content and joy. Our little party seemed as merry as when we left the breakfast room. There was a deeper feeling than mirth in each heart. Melvorne had shown himself to be a noble man in giving of his own to provide for his cousin, who had no claims upon him. In any we slept through the hours of his heart. But he had tasted a joy wealth alone can never bring. He seemed well pleased with his discovery, and could not resist the pleasure of drawing comparisons between his new found relative and his responsibilities of his uncle. He could not remember his uncle, Stella's father, but could answer all her eager questions about his old home.

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CHAPTER XXII—BUSY DAYS.

We drove to the depot as arranged, ready for a visit to Haven's Park. It was a delightful day. Every blade and leaf quivered with the gentle breeze, and in the air was a hazy light very different from the wonderful blue of a Colorado sky.

About noon we reached the mansion, which through Melvorne's generosity, was now the property of Miss Stella Everett, grand-daughter of the earl of York. It had been built in the olden days when British peers were fond of palatial mansions. It stood in a park surrounded by a royal forest. As we walked up the avenue lined with majestic oaks and lindens, Stella said:

"Then this was the childhood home of my simple, loving father, who never gave me a hint that he belonged to the English nobility." He was content to live a life of usefulness among the humble tenant people," and tears rolled down her cheeks from thinking of the past.

"Yes, cousin, this was his childhood home," said Melvorne. "It was almost my home too. I have passed many happy hours here with your grandfather. He never tired talking of Charlie. He was his father's pride and joy until, in a moment of passion, that father had disowned his son and sent him away, henceforth to be a stranger from his home. I was the only one that my grandfather would permit to mention Charlie's name in his presence. I was so small when Uncle Charlie left home that I cannot remember anything about him, but I believe my grandfather was always sorry for his hasty action, and if it had not been for his ungovernable pride, he would have called him back."

"I fear you may regret your hasty action, Cousin James," said Stella.

"I shall never regret that, but I would like to add a clause to the transfer," said Melvorne.

"What would it be?" asked Stella.

"That this shall be your Winter home, as it is near to Blue Ridge."

"I will grant your request," said Stella, offering him her hand as a pledge for its fulfillment. Then she turned to me, saying, "You agree with me in keeping this promise?"

"Most surely! I could not help agreeing to live in such a beautiful place," I said, putting her hand from my arm. We started to leave the fountain, where Lady Irving had been watching the little fishes, while we had been talking. As we entered the hall Lady Irving said:

"I think Stella and I might command quite a large fortune if we should offer an add much pleasure and enjoyment to all these fine arrangements."

"I am only too happy to introduce the Duchess of Melvorne to a large circle of friends," said Melvorne.

[To be Continued.]

Thackeray's Great-Grandmother.

The little old house was as pleasant within as without; big blue china pots stood in the opening of the fireplaces in rooms and of the carved staircase with its low steps. In the low-pitched front parlor hung the pictures (a Sir Joshua Reynolds among them) of generations not so far removed in my childish days as they are at present, being now buried away by the generation of the jeune sous son perte ou retrouve, encore son perte comme l'onde sous l'onde dans l'oubli sur sans fond.

My father's great-grandmother, Mrs. Becher, had sat to Sir Joshua in her youth—she died in 1825 at eighty-nine years of age. Her daughter, to whom the writer has inherited, was Anne Hayshaw before she married, and we have a copy of the Sir Joshua portrait, representing a stately dame in the flowing draperies of her period. She lived in the old house at Fareham, after her husband's death, was the mother of many daughters and tempestuous sons. The gerner ruled of those Spartan times did not always quell the wild spirits of their rising generations. My grandmother has often told me that Mrs. Becher never called her eldest daughter Lucy (that Miss Mitford, her little granddaughter was "Miss Nancy. She used to come and go running on a beautiful tortoise-shell, headed cane. I have played with the cane, though its owner died long before I was born; as for the great-aunt, I remember her perfectly well, a little old lady in a flaxen front with apple cheeks and a blue shawl, holding out her welcoming arms to the third generation of her brother John's descendants. When she died, she left her brother's picture out of the parlor to her grandmother, his only surviving daughter, and now in turn it hangs with its red coat upon our parlor wall. We are all very proud of our great grandfather, with his nice coat and lace ruffles. He is, in the portrait, a young man of some twenty-five years of age with an oddly familiar face, inquisitive, inquisitive—so he strikes me at least. His name was John Harman Becher, and he has went out to India and made good work there, and died young, as did so many others—in those days. He was born in April, 1764, and died about 1800.

Fareham itself, with its tall church spire and peal of Sunday bells across the rich cultivated downs, was a Miss-Ann-ten-like village, peopled with retired naval officers and spirited old ladies who placed their very blight of their lives and kept up the traditions of England, and without some asperity, as I well remember. Among other things which my grandmother has described to me was the disastrous news of Nelson's death coming to them all, in that same little parlor where, a few years later, Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray sat, laboriously writing to his mother in India.—*Anne Thackeray Ritchie, in St. Nicholas.*

Tea Culture in Natal.

Natal, South Africa, is now looked upon as the great tea producing country of the future. None of the tea has yet appeared in this country. The first plants were brought from Ceylon in 1877. In 1887, the first pioneer, now has nearly three hundred acres under cultivation, and his crop is from eighty to ninety thousand to one thousand pounds annually. His plant cost but $5,000. The land lies about one thousand feet above sea level, the soil containing a fair proportion of sand and decomposed granite, vegetable and other organic matter. The tea farm is open, level and is well ploughed. The rows are laid out five feet apart, and the plants are set four or five inches apart. A crop is obtained after the first year, and increases up to the sixth year, when the plant matures, after which it bears for an indefinite period. Great care has to be taken to keep the ground loose and clear of grass and weeds. The picking begins in September and continues every ten days until June—twenty to twenty-two pickings in all. Nothing could be done with the native Kaffir, but coolies are plentiful, and are exceedingly employed. They are able to pick from thirty-five to forty pounds of green leaves daily. The crop is sold to Dunnat at from eighteen to twenty-eight cents per pound, fully twenty-five per cent cheaper than the foreign product can be laid down in London duty free. The withering is done on large floors, the leaves being lifted and constantly stirred by boys and girls, and dry temperature is needed. The rolling is done by machinery, and has the effect of breaking up the juice. The fermenting process is the most particular of all, and upon it depends the quality of the product. The drying is done in a large iron pan, with fire. The sorting is accomplished by the use of sieves, the top one containing the lowest grade of tea.

Sam Jones on Infidels and Society.

From a recent sermon: I'd rather be a low-down white or black negro than one of your little infidels. You wipe 1776 hell two minutes before you'll be hopping around in the fire and yelling, "What a mistake I have made!" I have some respect for Bob Ingersoll, because he can get $200 a night for his lecturing. Ever heard a lot of fellows are infidels for nothing, pay $2 to hear Ingersoll, and board themselves.

I understand you are all running "society" here pretty lively. Society! A pair of 70-cent slippers and a $1.25 wash tub will get you in it. There is no manhood, no womanhood in it. The fruits of society, so called, are the kids and dudes. If you don't like what I'm saying, just get up on your hind legs and slide out.

Amelia B. Edwards, the famous English woman now lecturing in this country, divides with the Princess Dora d'Istria of Italy the honor of being the most learned woman in the world.

HEROISM OF MISS PARSONS.

A Nurse Who Is Frightened Neither by Heat Nor Disease.

Miss Louise Parsons, head nurse of a ward in Johns Hopkins hospital, Baltimore, and acting superintendent of nurses pending the arrival of Miss Isabel A. Hampton of Canada, has an interesting history. She is descended from one of the nursing sisters, a Nightingale nurse, trained in 1879 at St. Thomas's Hospital, London. Florence Nightingale, after the Crimean war, started this school of instruction under the name of St. Thomas Training School for Nurses. Miss Parsons in Egypt during the Soudan war. Miss Parsons has been highly commended and handsomely decorated. She arrived from Queen Victoria the Royal Red Cross, which the queen, the princess of Wales and other members of the royal family of England wear; a silver medal from the English war office, and a bronze medal from the khedive of Egypt.

Miss Parsons, as described by the Springfield *Union*, is an Englishwoman of medium stature and active movement. She graduated from London in Soudan March 3, 1885, and landed at Suez from which place she had a two and a half days' trip to Suakim. The steamer stopped on the return trip at Cangues, fitted up as a hospital. The boat received its complement of patients from the wreck of the Mahdi and fever-stricken. There were about four hundred on the Ganges when Miss Parsons was assigned to that post. During the return trip the steamer the ship was cleared of all who could be moved. They were transferred to the Iberia and sent to London. Cangues is said to be the hottest place in the world—so hot that flies cannot live there. The last popular belief, Miss Parsons says, is a mistake, for she saw and fought millions of flies here and all the plagues of Israel. Miss Parsons with two other sisters took back to England 400 patients on the Iberia and only lost four on the way. She returned overland from Brindisi and crossed the Mediterranean to Alexandria, whence she went to Suez by rail, passing the battlefield of Tel-el-Kebir, where it is said 2,000 Arabs were killed. The journey is described as terrible, on account of the heat. With three other sisters she was stationed at Suez, and received all sick forwarded from Suakim. As soon as convalescent they were put aboard homeward bound steamers.

It was intensely hot at Suez and Miss Parsons had a thermometer, from excess of heat, burst in her pocket. The hospital yard was gorgeous with beautiful flowers, but they had to be gathered before 5 o'clock in the morning or after the atmosphere had killed all their fragrance. In some of the marshes the men, suffering with dreadful thirst, would drink water that had been lying in the sun for days. The result was always a largely increased number for the hospitals. She was herself attacked with typhoid fever at Suez, suffered a relapse on the homeward voyage on the steamer Ganges, and had a second relapse after she reached home. Her sisters urged her resignation to the war office before coming to this country. She came to the United States on a visit, but circumstances caused her to remain longer than she expected, and finally to accept a place in the Johns Hopkins hospital. She has never spoken of her experiences in the hospital in the United States.

MARRIED THREE SISTERS.

Remarkable Experience in the Life of a Georgia Legislator.

The Hon. Alfred Herrington—Herrington of Emanuel—is married, says the Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution*.

He married three sisters, and popular members of the last legislature, and a great many friends here and in other parts of this state will be interested in the story.

He will be most readily recalled to *Constitution* readers, perhaps, by his speech against the Olive bill, which was given by the political bosses of his section to control his vote on the Olive bill.

The incident was the subject of a lot of comment, and sequied him many friends.

It was known among his intimate acquaintances that he had been twice married and was again a widower. His two wives were sisters.

While his first wife was living he had contributed toward the education of his sister-in-law, then a young girl.

Then in time he married the second sister—the one he had educated.

The second wife's place in school was taken by a third sister. It was after Herrington's pride that the children should grow up cultured and refined, and he spared no expense in giving the third sister as he had given the second the best of educations.

Now he has married the third sister, and the world is told briefly in this special from Savannahoro.

The most interesting occurrence that has taken place in our town in some time is the marriage of Hon. Alfred Herrington to Miss Annie Lee Wilkins at the residence of Mrs. E. E. Flanders. The contracting parties are among the most prominent and popular young people of this section. Mr. Herrington is our present very efficient representative in the legislature. He is a young lady of many natural gifts and enviable accomplishments. For some time she has been editing the *Southern Girl*, and many young people in this and other southern states are familiar with her writing. Another interesting feature of the occasion was that this is the third sister Mr. Herrington has married. He has educated and given a home to the two orphan children that money could contribute, having educated her at one of the best female colleges in the south.

She Was Mistaken.

"I called here two weeks ago to report that my husband was missing," said a woman at the police central station recently, according to the Detroit *Free Press*.

"Yes?"

"I expressed a fear that he was drowned."

"And you did?"

"And I asked you to have the river dragged."

"Yes."

"You refused, and I went away believing you a heartless wretch."

"Exactly."

"I now return to beg your pardon. You are no wretch. Your heart is all right."

"Thanks."

"My husband has returned. He is alive."

"Glad to hear it, ma'am."

"So far from drowning himself, he never went near the river. He has not even washed his face in the two weeks, but was lying drunk in an old barn. I'm settle matters with him, and now I'm square with you. Good-day, sir."

Cannibalism Among Alligators.

"Arkansaw," the alligator slayer of East Orange, N. J., "is the home of the 'varmints' that had three of its legs bitten off, a portion of its jaw had been eaten by a strange Indian, and holes were found in him where he had paid the penalty of a pound of flesh simply because his opponent was the stronger. "Arkansaw" states that alligators feed upon each other to the extent that regulates the supply to the demand, and that if they were to cease from their cannibalistic habits they would soon abound in sufficient numbers to pile alligators four deep all over the St. John's river country.

WINGED MISSILES.

A Buckeport, Me., man paid his taxes in cow's horns the other day.

A colored man was the first one in Georgia to market a bale of cotton.

Atchison Globe: "A man's reformation always dates back to the last time he was caught."

French school boys wear uniforms, and every institution of learning has its distinctive cap.

The barbers of New York are renting out the ceilings of their shops for advertising purposes.

A man who phonograph has caught the politician he can not deny the remarks of the previous day.

John Sherman is a financier. It is said the bulk of his wealth is invested as to bring him 12 per cent.

The Countess Tolstoi is a tall, beautiful woman and very fond of society. The count prefers the plow.

France has a salvation navy. It is an annex of the Salvation army and has a boat on the river Seine.

The Milwaukee Journal thinks when living becomes a mere matter of habit our days of usefulness are over.

Mr. Bancroft from London: Little by little the dog's pedigree for 20 million years.

The publishers compliment Stanley's manuscript. He sends in only and accurately. No changes to make.

Chicago philanthropists want to pension school teachers after they have been in the service for twenty-five years.

John Johnson and all his namesakes live in Chicago. According to the late directory 530 of the name live there.

Jos. Grubb: Women who say they have "no time to read" usually have plenty of time, but they squander it.

The people are always talking about the rights of the Indians. Let us try to scare the rodents away has been invented.

Carlyle: The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that in logical words can express the thoughts it awakens?

Nockamixon township, Bucks County, Pa., boasts of a four-legged duck which uses them all in a way that is a sight to see.

Mrs. Anna Garland Spencer has charge of a church in Providence, R. I. She has the reputation of being the best speaker here.

Senator Stewart of Nevada is always enveloped in a cloud of smoke. He is the closest world to the weed than Grant.

A railroad is to be built from Archangel to Vologda to unite the extreme habitable north of the Russian empire with the interior.

Mrs. Regan, wife of the Texas senator, learned shorthand without a teacher, in order to become her husband's private secretary.

Miss Louise Imogene Guiney, the poetess, is a remarkable pedestrian. She thinks nothing of walking twenty miles a day by way of pleasure.

A new medical school in Germany, which has been built at a cost of $2,000,000, contains a large dome room where 250 poor children can be fed in winter.

The czar of Russia has forbidden any plays to be performed in St. Petersburg. He is liable at any time to issue an order against babies crying.

A sum of $50,000 has been collected by American ladies for the furtherance of the higher medical education of women at the Johns Hopkins University.

Nobody ever likes to meet the "Hold you up" man, but Russians would them in this world and they hope not to meet them in either of the other worlds.

A large redwood tree is sawed in Eureka, Cal., for exhibition at the world's fair. It is of redwood, twenty and a half feet long, six feet wide and four inches thick.

Commodore Vanderbilt's daughter Gertrude's summer excursions for little girls who are changed to take care of younger children which their parents are at work.

A Kansas man who was given a glass in the hope for being drunk, and awoke in the morning he discovered that he had been sleeping with a corpse all night.

A farmer at Warwick, R. I., being unable otherwise to disperse a gang of tramps in his yard, overturned a hive of bees and the tramps disappeared, but not till many had suffered.

Men who have to carry fly of the bald variety know the true quality of their stomachs. A fellow in New York is willing to wager that he can eat more molasses than any other man.

Hiram Maxim's idea of a portion of ice cream, a large slice of watermelon and a cup of coffee, was an order given at a cafe on Broadway. The consumer lived to smoke a cigarette after the meal was over.

A Hunt sunk an artesian well 150 feet two miles from San Bernardino recently. The water rises thirty inches above the top of the casing, and stones of eighteen pounds weight are occasionally thrown out.

Herbert Gladstone is 38 years old. He is in parliament on the position of his father's name more than on his own merits. He is considerably overshadowed by young man, a tennis player and a double or a whole team."

J. m. McGlynn, a shoemaker of Hingham, Mass., suffering from a severe attack, died suddenly on Sunday evening. At noon he said to his wife, "I want a good dinner, for I do not I don't want to die hungry."

This is the way the great beast of Africa goes to his estimation. An ordinary, well fed lion, is a very extravagant feeder. It quotes Uncle Sam as saying: "Two hundred pounds for that little island of Cuba! Why, I can lick it right down to business. Watch me take it."

The emperor of Russia's suite at present consists of 1 chamberlain, 9 aides-de-camp, 1 master of the ceremonies, 1 chief of the imperial family, seventeen persons of high military rank, 1 chief of counts, 1 ne barons and 11 other noblemen.

The feature jack rabbit is a strict vegetarian and will not touch grass of any kind, nor will he tackle vegetables that are surrounded with grass. Occurrences in Colorado have shown that the jack rabbit and prairie dog have learned to climb trees by gnawing the body of the tree with a bowie knife.

Down in Florida a negro tried to steal a rail on a cowcatcher. The engineer did not see him until the train ran into a low place in the track and the cow fell on one side and the negro on the other, exclaiming, "Oh Lordy!" forty times before he got the crack. He was left to keep the bovine company.

Patsy Mitchell, of Thomasville, Mass., promised that he would never drink another drop of liquor—as long as he had hair on his head. When his thirst became so unpreventable he sold his lusty head of hair to Rod Crosby, a barber, for a pint of gin, and when his hair was removed with a razor and the gin in his possession he went off and got drunk.

Harvest Excursions.

On September 7th and 21st, and October 14th, the Chicago & Northwestern Railway will sell excursion tickets from Chicago to Northwestern land points in the Dakotas, at the low rate of one fare for the round trip, and tickets will be good for return at any time within thirty days from date of sale. This favorable arrangement affords an excellent opportunity for personal inspection of the productive country reached by the Chicago & North Western Railway and connecting lines. For full information apply to Thos. Sanford, Agent, or address W. A. Thrall, General Passenger and Ticket Agent C. & N. W. R'y, Chicago, Ill.

Benjamin Peterson's $15,000.

Hartford (Conn.) Times, July 28.

Out of $15,000 in his pocket, Mr. Benjamin F. Peterson, colored sexton of the First Baptist church, who lives at 34 Barbour St., has $15,000 in the Phoenix Bank, and he is as happy as a clam at high tide. The big sum of money ben received by express from the Louisiana State Lottery company the other morning. He had drawn in the July output, and instead of swelling his head to an unusual degree, it has made him a better Christian person than he was before. The Baptist church people have tendered him a testimonial on his success and said they hope his turn of good luck would not cause his to leave them. A Times reporter called on Mr. Peterson this morning, to whom he said he had only bought tickets for the Louisiana State lottery the twentieth of ticket 92,541—was the winner. A new house, good clothes for himself, wife and children, plenty to eat, home comforts, and good schooling for his little ones, is what this drawing means to him. His friends while offering their good wishes, hope the lightning will strike again in this city but a little nearer home.

The sun must be a suspicious character to be so often spotted.

AN OPEN LETTER.

From a Well-known Druggist. "Positive" Testimony of a Standard Druggist.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Seeing the advertisement of Dr. Bull was first affected with that most dreaded disease, dyspepsia, and for over fifteen years I suffered from the disease in the most aggravated form, tried every so called remedy imaginable, without finding any relief, and was finally given up by my physicians to die, I determined to help myself if I had in the power, and I commenced to study the nature of my disease, and discovered that it was caused by a disordered liver, for possibility of doubt however, I kept my mental faculties all the time, and I discovered that out of a few of my newly installed friends every one of whom had died, I was the only one left to tell the story of my cure, and have dined, lived, and slept on the market ever since, and I attribute my success to the use of Dr. Bull's Liver Pills, which I have used in my family and recommended to my friends, and believe them to be the best medicine in the world. I have no other testimonial than the testimonial which affected parties may be interested in.

R. BRUNER, 411 Lemon Ave., East Saginaw, Mich.

Sold by druggists, 25c. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, 25c.

MEN WEAK from Nervous Debility, Wrong Treatment, Exposure, Indiscretion, Sent free Book of Remedies and cure yourselves at home. Address Mr. Wm. Wallace, Box 1, Detroit, Mich.

PENSIONS OLD CLAIMS Under New Law. Pensions for Soldiers, Widows, Parents, Minors, Dependent Children. Patents, Claims, Patents Procured. Patrick O'Farrell, Pension Att., Washington, D. C.

INVALID LADIES. Dr. S. HILLER'S home treatment is guaranteed to cure FEMALE WEAKNESS. Send 6c (stamps) for sample. Address Dr. S. HILLER, 1 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

FAT FOLKS Reduced 8 to 10 ounces per day. Harmless, Sure, Simple, Cheap. Sent on trial. Address Dr. Bunting, 1 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

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