Swedish Asthma Cure never fails; send your address. Trial package mailed free. Collins Brothers Drug Co., St. Louis, Mo.

A courting match generally results in a tie.

Garfield Tea; harmless herbs, accomplishes benefits resulting from cathartics, and avoids unpleasant and often injurious effects of purgative pills.

A fat snap—When a stout man breaks his arm.

Throat Diseases commence with a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cts.

Bound to please—The Russia leather book.

Pure soap is white. Brown soaps are adulterated with rosin. Perfume is only put in to hide the presence of putrid fat. Dobbins' Electric Soap is pure, white, and unscented. Has been sold since 1865. Try it now.

What kind of rifles are used on a toboggan chute?

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

It is easier to make others happy than to be happy yourself.

Female Weakness Positive Cure.

To The Editor:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any lady who will send their Express and P. O. address.

Yours Respectfully,

Dr. J. B. MARCHISI, 183 Genesee St., Utica, N. Y.

Do not play enchre with a pawnbroker. He always has a loan hand.

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

Foot ball is an infant industry—it consists of kicking and yelling.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not 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, Ohio. 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 Ohio oil company has increased its capital from $3,500,000 to $8,000,000.

Winter Excursions to Warmer Climes.

Excursion Tickets to Mexico, California, Georgia, North Carolina, Florida, the Gulf Coast, Texas, Hot Springs of Arkansas, and Excelsior Springs of Missouri, now on sale by Agents of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Apply for rates and other information to the nearest agent, or address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger agent, Chicago, Illinois.

Fine Playing Cards.

Send ten (10) cents in stamps or coin to John Sebastian, Gen'l T'kt. and Pass. Ag't, Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry., Chicago, Ill., for a pack of the latest, smoothest, slickest playing cards that ever gladdened the eyes and rippled along the fingers of the devotee to High-Five, Seven-Up, Casino, Dutch, Euchre, Whist or any other ancient or modern game, and get your money's worth five times over.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little 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.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

MAGIC CURE FOR MEN ONLY.

$500 for a case of LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General or NERVOUS DEBILITY, weakness of body or mind, the effects of errors or excesses in old or young that we cannot cure. We guarantee every case or refund every dollar. Five days trial treatment $1, full course $5. Perceptible benefits realized in three days. By mail, securely packed from observation. COOK REMEDY CO., OMAHA, NEB.

Bermuda Bottled.

"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL.

I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of

CONSUMPTION, Bronchitis, Cough or Severe Cold

I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's, but see you get the original SCOTT'S EMULSION."

Posied Pitfalls.

Oh, the garden of girls now it fairly runs over
With Blossoms, with Violets, Lilies, and Roses,
With its Hyacinths, Mignonettes, Fuchsias, and Myrtles,
Its Daisies, and Pansies, and all sorts of Posies!

And I'm fain to confess—there's no use denying
Plain facts—that these sweet-sounding flower names are pretty;
Yet, in face of the future, I can not help viewing
The girls they're tacked onto with something like pity.

Though I love the dear Daisies I never behold one—
In the flesh—without fear as I think how Time passes!
For their fresh, fair young faces but conjure up visions
Of garrulous, gray-headed Daisies with glasses.

You may say yonder shrinking, shy, azure-eyed beauty
Bears the right to her name, 'neath those long, drooping lashes;
But the thought of a Violet, fair, fat, and forty,
And a yard 'round the waist, through my scared fancy flashes.

There's that pretty, poetic young person just passing!
To say that she is properly named now is easy;
For today she's 16. But, oh, can you imagine
A Pansy that's palsied, asthmatic, and wheezy?

And, tho' fair as her namesake, as white and as stately,
The sight of that other young creature, it touches
Me almost to tears, as I picture a Lily
Grown jaundiced and jaded, and going on crutches.

Oh, what's more like a Rose than a young girl, just budding
To womanhood? Prithee, tho', would it e'er strike one
That a shriveled and shrunken old woman of eighty
Or ninety was—honest, now!—very much like one?

Then, tho' now she's a soft little rosy pink blossom,
Fond parents, bethink you, when naming the baby,
How the name you like best would suit somebody's grandma,
Since—if baby should live—that is just what she may be!

—M. N. B. in Boston Globe.

A THREE-SIDED STORY.

Extract from the Diary of Algernon Stokes.

I have found her! The maiden of my dreams—the fair, sweet girl of my soul! The poetic, tender embodiment of my heart's aspirations! I have written three sonnets, two madrigals, and a poem since midnight, all addressed to Marjorie! Marjorie! What tender visions arise at the name! Let me record the happy event!

The utter abomination, Tom Grey, came into my studio yesterday afternoon in his usual blustering, vulgar way, and with the voice of a huckster calling "Watermelons!" shouted:

"Hullo, Dick!"

I suppose I have told Tom Grey 1,000 times that I have had my name changed to "Algernon" by act of the legislature, but the brute persists in calling me "Dick," because, when we went to school together, my name was "Richard." The "Stokes" I can not drop, as my uncle Bob left me his fortune on condition that I did not drop the family name in what he called my "confounded nonsense." Uncle Robert had no poetry in his entire composition.

But I wander from my subject. Tom Grey rushed into my studio, shrieking:

"Hullo, Dick!"

I was deeply absorbed in the shadows of my group of "Lilies of the Lake," and although my sensitive nerves quivered under that horrible voice as if I had received a blow, I painted on without answer.

But a staggering blow upon my shoulder, almost paralyzing my right arm, compelled me to look up.

"Come!" shouted my friend(?).

Tom never speaks—he always shouts.

"Come! I want you to go to the fair with me."

"What fair?" I asked. "I never go to fairs!"

"But you must go to this one! Tiptop girls! Lots of fun!"

"I despise fun! I abominate girls!"

"Oh, bosh! Come along! Stop whitewashing those old snowballs in a puddle and come!"

"Will you leave me in peace?" I cried, desperately.

"No; I am going to sit right here until you take off that velvet monkey-jacket and put on a presentable coat to go with me. If I were you, Dick, I would give that coat to an organ-grinder."

I only looked my scorn! That coat, made upon the strictest rules of art, was one of my triumphs over the commonplace. I hoped the day would come when I could wear it in the street, with Venetian ruffles of lace at the wrists. But Tom was not to be daunted by a look, and, finding I should have no rest until I complied with his request, I reluctantly left my work.

Under his ridicule I dared not assume my full æsthetic costume; but I ventured upon my ruffled shirt-front, my loosely knotted tie, and low Byron collar. To my surprise he made no comment, and even pinned in my button-hole a boquet of valley lilies with his own clumsy fingers.

But I forgave Tom all past sins when, after walking about in a great hall filled with fancy fair-tables, he said with a start:

"Why, there is my cousin Marjorie!"

I followed the direction of his eyes. Can I calmly write down a description of that vision? Marjorie! Locks of gold, half-curling, floating down from fillets of classic shape that confined them above the ivory brow, but suffered their luxuriance to fall unrestrained far below the slender waist. A robe of pale-blue cashmere, confined at the shoulders by cameos, fell in long, loose folds to form a sweeping train that gave majesty to the perfect form. Lilies were broidered on the edge, lilies rested upon the bosom. Bands of gold upon the white arms were the only ornaments Marjorie wore.

It was disgustingly conventional to be introduced to "my cousin, Miss Grey," and to bow in society form, when I was longing to throw myself at her feet and devote my life to her service. Could I have drawn a sword and vowed to be her faithful knight till death, it would have been some relief. But, alas! I could only bow and murmur something about my pleasure in meeting my dear friend's cousin. Tom grinned like an ape. But Marjorie recognized a kindred soul. She clasped her hands and spoke in low, sweet words, her delight in meeting the author of "The Faded Jessamine." Our souls met and mingled. She quoted lines from my "Drooping Daisies," and blushingly confessed to having all my poems collected in an album. She had seen my "Maiden by Moonlight" at the picture dealer's, and the one dream of her life was one day to possess a gem from my pencil. Tom had sense enough to leave us, and we talked of art, of poetry, of music, and of flowers.

Then she showed me a tiny vase, an antique gem that had been donated to the fair by a famous collector. She told me the agony she had suffered lest this priceless treasure should fall into unappreciative hands. She implored me to add it to my store of gems, and I drew a check for the amount with ecstasy. It stands before me now, my inspiration, until I once more gaze into the soulful eyes of Marjorie! Another sonnet presses upon my brain. I write to the sunny locks of the maiden, Marjorie.

MAG'S LETTER.

Dear Sue: It was too bad, altogether too bad, that you could not be at our fair last evening. Tom had an idea. You would hardly believe that of Tom, would you? His idea was to have a "high art" table, covered with plaques, tiles, statuettes and old-fashioned bric-a-brac. I was to take charge of it, in an æsthetic dress. We are not quite educated up to high art in Downingville yet, but Tom and I went up to Aunt Mary's in New York and "studied up."

I wish you could see my dress! Pale blue, with a broad border of needlework flowers—like those the "twenty maidens" wear in "Patience." They may laugh at it as much as they please, but those dresses were simply lovely. Mine was a success. I never dreamed I was half so good-looking. You know my hair is very long and thick, and I let it fall loosely waved, with gold bands on the head. My shoulders and arms were bare, and the dress fell from a band across the shoulders, unconfined at the waist.

But Tom's idea was not solely centered upon me or the table. You have heard often enough of his great chum and friend, Dick Stokes, who considers himself a poet-painter, and, Tom says, has "gone to soul" for lack of brains. Tom, between ourselves is half jealous of him, for he is very handsome, and the girls rave about him. I had never seen him, and Tom brought me a lot of newspapers with his poems in them and took me to see the picture he had painted, exhibited in a store on Broadway. Tom says the Academy would not have it.

I was pledged to captivate Mr. Stokes, and O Sue! Didn't I roll up my eyes? didn't I "attune" my voice to its most melodious accents? Didn't I quote the horrible trash I had committed to memory for the purpose, with such emphasis that I fairly pounced upon the telling words? Didn't I make an idiot of myself all around, as Tom says?

It was great fun, but the best of it was that I actually made Tom believe that in playing with edged tools I had been wounded. All the way home from the fair I raved about Algernon's beautiful eyes—true poet's eyes! I quoted his remarks. I expressed a desire to see the last exquisite production of his gifted pencil.

Sue, Tom was not green with jealousy, but purple. I thought he would have a fit on the porch! And so—well, no matter about that! It was all right when he left me.

But to-day's mail brought me a proof of my conquest—poem—not one but half a dozen—to my eyes, to my hair, to my smile! Never, never would I have believed such fearful stuff could have been written with such rapidity, but for the proof before me. Fancy some twenty effusions such as this:

"Soulful doleful, mystic maiden,
With thy fair brow genius-laden,
Maid of beauty, maid of song,
Leave the uncongenial throng;
Priestess of a poet's theme,
Goddess of an artist's dream,
Bend to listen to my lyre,
Deign my pencil to inspire;
Tune my soul to ecstacy,
Doleful, soulful Marjorie!"

I was "Marjorie" for that evening, and I can not deny that I was doleful. But—did you ever?

The fair was a great success, and I have carefully packed my lovely, lovely dress for some future occasion. Mr. Stokes has asked permission to call. Come and make me a long visit, Sue, and you may wear my blue cashmere and try to captivate him. His uncle left him a handsome fortune, and Tom says he is a first-rate fellow, but he does act like an idiot just now. At any rate, you can have a bushel or two of sonnets written to your eyebrows, for you are fifty times prettier than I am, and in that blue cashmere you would captivate a heart of stone. I know it all! Come and try! Lovingly.

Mag.

TOM'S SIDE.

Mag wants me to tell my side of that swindle we played on poor Stokes. Dick's a good fellow, with too much money. If Dick had to work he'd not run off into fal-lals.

Mag and I wanted to tease him, so Mag made herself bewitching—and oh! how bewitching she was! I introduced Dick, and Dick fell in love on the spot, head over heels, heels over head. But I didn't calculate upon being pestered to take Dick to call on Maggie, and I—well, I didn't want him hanging around her. Dick's a superbly handsome fellow, and somehow, though any other man would look like a fool in the artistic(?) dress he wears, he looks like a poet and an artist.

Mag said I was very rude not to bring him, and declared he filled her ideal of manly beauty to a dot. Between them they badgered me so that at last I sat an evening and Mag promised to be at home.

Mag says I am jealous, and perhaps I am, but I confess to a desire to choke Dick when I went to his room to accompany him to my aunt's house. Such a get-up! I can't describe the dress in the æsthetic jargon, but I was not too blind to see that Dick was simply stunning. Then I imagined Mag in that "bewitching" costume—rolling her eyes at him, quoting his doggerel, raving about his daubs—and working myself up to a savage frenzy by the time I rang the door-bell.

The piano was crashing under heavy, horrible banging, and Mag was singing—no screeching a comic song—in the voice of a fisherwoman. I never imagined that Mag could make such ear-splitting yells.

We went in. Was that—could that be Mag at the piano, I asked myself. Her hair was frizzled and banged and up to an outrageous height. Her dress was of pea-green silk, short, trimmed, fringed, bugled, and made in the latest fashion. A scarlet bow at the throat, blue ribbons at the hair, and a yellow belt completed the bewildering rainbow. I could have fallen at Mag's feet to tell her how I admired her line of strategy.

"Why, how d'ye do?" she cried. "I'm awful glad to see you! Sit down, do! My! wasn't it awful at that fair, Mr. Stokes? You see I was to do the—what-d'ye-call-'em—esthetic girl, and oh, my gracious, what up-hill work it was. You don't catch me in that scrape again!"

Dick fairly gasped, but Dick is a gentleman, and, with a fine courtesy that belongs to him, made himself agreeable, though I am sure he was groaning in spirit.

But he gave way when he saw upon the center-table a half-dozen vases that were left over from the fair. Mag saw his eyes resting upon them and laughed heartily.

"The last of the fair relics," she said.

"But," Dick said, reproachfully, "you told me——"

"I told you they were antique, unique—priceless gems, or one was! But you see they were manufactured by the dozen for the fair! Any little fiction is permitted at a fair-table."

But when we returned to Dick's room he hurled his priceless, antique vase through the window, with two words not admitted to polite society.

Still, Dick's wedding-present to Mag a month later is one of the greatest ornaments of our house!—*Anna Shields in N. Y. Ledger.*

The Chewing Gum Habit.

A prominent New York physician told me a few days ago that the constant chewing of gum has produced weak minds in fourteen cases of young girls now under treatment, the constant movement of the mouth causing too great a strain on the head.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Plymouth, Mich., has three factories turning out toy air guns.

KILLING WILD TURKEYS.

RARE SPORT IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

General Sheridan's Diplomatic Ambuscade and Its Magnificent Results—Fun Only for the Officers—Troops Camped in a Turkey "Roost."

Twenty-two years ago, the whole region, which includes the Wichita, Canadian and Beaver rivers, in the Indian territory, was the habitat of our noblest indigenous bird, the wild turkey. To employ a slang phrase—for the wild turkey makes its haunts in the timber—the woods were full of them. During the winter expedition against the Indians in 1868–9, writes Major Inman, portions of the command, particularly those companies which escorted General Sheridan on his mission to Fort Sill, lived for days on them, and shooting them by moonlight afforded an immense amount of sport to the officers, in which the general indulged largely.

On the North Fork of the Canadian, is a place still known as "Sheridan's Roost." The general was an old sportsman. After going into camp at this place, on the evening of the 27th of December, the command found themselves in a "turkey roost."

Sheridan had himself made the discovery, and he immediately gave orders that no one, either officer or man, should leave the camp without his permission, because, if anyone commenced to prowl around, the birds would not come back to their accustomed resting place at night. Just as the last rays of the setting sun sunk behind the low mountains on the west of the camp, the general and about seven officers, whom he had selected as companions, left their fire and wandered slowly into thick woods where he had discovered early in the afternoon the coveted birds were in the habit of congregating to roost. Each of the officers, at the suggestion of the general, took a position on the ground to watch until the time should arrive for the birds to seek their sleeping place.

They did not have long to wait, as, before it had grown fairly dark, two or three magnificent flocks came walking down the ravines leading to the valley. At the head of each flock, as they unsuspectingly advanced, was a fine, male bird, upon whose bronze plumage the moonlight glinted as it sifted through the interstices of the trees. When he had arrived at the place at which the flock under his charge had been accustomed to roost, he stopped, glanced all around for a few seconds and then, apparently satisfied that everything was all right, he gave a signal—a sharp, quick, shrill whistle. At that instant every bird in the flock with one accord raised with a tremendous fluttering of their wings and alighted in the tops of the tallest trees. At this juncture all the various flocks having become settled in their several roosting places, the general gave the word and every man commenced to fire on his own account. The turkeys fell like the leaves in the fall, but did not seem to have sense enough to get away from their doom; they flew from tree to tree at every shot, but persistently remained in the immediate vicinity of their "roost" with all the characteristic idiocy of a sage hen, which appears, according to my observation, to have less sense than any bird that flies.

It was time that all honest men, whether "in camp or court," were in bed before the general and his party left the ground, so exciting was the rare sport. After counting the number of birds that had fallen, it was discovered that they had bagged nearly 100, of which the general had killed the lion's share. The now historic spot was called "Sheridan's Roost," which name is retained to this day.

Another turkey shooting occurred previous to the one above referred to, in which the whole of General Custer's command took part. It was about eighteen days after the terrible battle of the Washita, and Custer was chasing the fugitive savages towards Fort Cobb. The weather had been very disagreeable—cold, snow and a furious wind. The troops had been wading through about a foot of snow, and the horses were nearly starved, because it was impossible to get at the grass lying so deep under the snow. That night the command went into camp on the Washita, and it was soon discovered that accidentally they had pitched upon an immense turkey roost. It was not yet sundown when the picket line was stretched and preparations for the men's scanty supper begun. Eagerly expecting that the birds would come to their haunts at the usual hour, the cooks were a little perfunctory, anticipating that the bill of fare would, that night, vary materially from the customary sow-belly and hard-tack.

So sure enough, just about sundown, the turkeys began to return from their search for food, and it was a most remarkable sight to watch the evident surprise of the birds as they approached their roost to discover that their ground had been usurped. Several flocks "rounded up" in full view of all, and it could be noticed that they were bewildered and did not know what to do. They stood still, apparently paralyzed, for some time, and as other flocks soon arrived they all began to fly up into the trees right in the middle of the camp. At this moment everyone seemed to be imbued with the desire to shoot and a fusillade began, resulting in the tumbling off the trees of fifty or more of the bronzed beauties; and, of course, driving all the remainder from their roosts until the air was full of the frightened birds. As night drew on, not knowing or failing to seek another roosting place, back they came, but in increasing numbers, determined, apparently, to roost there or nowhere. The air and the ground were filled with turkeys; they were dazed by the turn affairs had taken and great flocks ran right among companies and the wagons.

Then was enacted a scene such as, perhaps, was never before witnessed, nor has it since, in all probability; all the dogs in the command—and there was every breed and size, for the average United States soldier loves a dog—joined in the pandemonium that followed the chase for the bewildered birds.

There was feasting in camp that night, and never before did turkey taste so delicious as the magnificent birds, served up in every conceivable style, at that supper in camp on the Washita, to the half-famished troopers of the famous Seventh cavalry, and the gallant boys of the Nineteenth Kansas; and that there were many cases of riding that subjective brute known as the nightmare, before the morning, I have not the slightest doubt.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Climatic Effects Upon the Habits and Temperament of the People.

It has been said that this land of the sun and of the equable climate will have the effect that other lands of a southern aspect have upon temperament and habits. It is feared that Northern-bred people, who are guided by the necessity of making hay while the sun shines will not make hay at all where the sun always shines. It is thought that unless people are spurred on incessantly by the exigencies of the changing seasons they will lose energy, and fall into an idle floating along with gracious nature. Will not one sink into a comfortable and easy procrastination if he has a whole year in which to perform the labor of three months? Will southern California be an exception to those lands of equable climate and extraordinary fertility where every effort is postponed till to-morrow"?

I wish there might be something solid in this expectation; that this may be a region where the restless American will lose something of his hurry and petty, feverish ambition. Partially it may be so. He will take, he is already taking, something of the tone of the climate, and of the old Spanish occupation. But the race instinct of thrift and of "getting on" will not wear out in many generations. Besides, the condition of living at all in Southern California in comfort, and with the social life indispensable to our people, demands labor, not exhausting and killing, but still incessant—demands industry. A land that will not yield satisfactorily without irrigation, and whose best paying produce requires intelligent as well as careful husbandry, will never be an idle land. Egypt, with all its *dolce far niente*, was never an idle land for the laborer.—From "The Winter of Our Content," by Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.

Wholly Indefencible.

In southern archipelagos he fought the bloody cannibal;
He skinned and tanned the crocodile and found him very tannable;
Not a word of fear he'd uttered, not a word and not a syllable,
When he killed the Bengal tiger, and he found him very killable.

He claimed his strength was very great, for bears and lions suitable;
He used to boot the grizzly bear, and found him very bootable;
He claimed in killing monstrous snakes that he was very capable,
No boa-constricter could escape, for he was unescapable.

In fighting hippopotami, he said he was inconvincible,
No jaguar could make him wince, because he wasn't winceable;
He made the ramping elephant no longer recognizable,
And pulverized the roaring bull, and found him pulverizable!

Just then his wife came in and said, "I'd think it quite commendable
If you'd come and tend the baby; and you'll find him very tendable."
The way she took him by the ear will make this poem readable;
She pulled him out and led him home and found him very leadable.

Obedient to the Sun.

It would almost seem as if our globe were always trying to escape from the thraldom of the sun, who, knowing how fatal to us such an escape would be, incessantly interferes to prevent it. If only the sun were to withhold that attractive power by which the earth is maintained in the course at present followed, dire calamity must result. This globe of ours is now hurrying along at a pace of eighteen miles a second, and if the sun's attraction no longer restrained us we should not continue to revolve in a circle, but would at once start off in a straight line through space. Every minute would take us more than a thousand miles, and by the time a hundred days had elapsed we should be twice as far from the sun as we are at present. His light and his heat would be reduced to one-fourth part of what we now enjoy. With every successive minute the sun's influence would still further abate, and it is almost needless to add that all known forms of life must vanish from the globe. It is, therefore, satisfactory to know that we possess every security that the sun's attraction will never decline from what it is at the present moment, and therefore there is no ground for any apprehension that life shall be chased from this globe by a dissolution of the bond of attraction between the earth and sun.—Good Words.

"Accident Case."

An "accident case" has been introduced in which is provided in convenient form and ready for use every appliance likely to be required in the event of an accident of almost any nature, and the absence of which often causes permanent injury, and sometimes fatal results. The case is filled with rolled bandages, dressings, ligatures, absorbents, tourniquet, etc., together with a few necessary instruments and a book of instructions for their use. Similar instructions are printed on the outside of the case. The case is recommended for use on all trains, as well as at all stations where a large amount of switching is done, so that in the event of injuries to train hands, which are constantly occuring, there will be at hand some ready means of providing temporary help.

Which Will You Take?

A Berlin chemist claims to have discovered a chemical preparation which will turn a living person to marble in six months, the petrification being complete one month after death. You can have your choice of white, black or mottled marble, and if a good figure you will be worth $500 as a piece of statuary.

It Was Contributory.

An Iowa farmer was going away on a train. His wife and children went to the depot to bid him good-bye. While talking to them he let a freight car back over him, and in the suit for damages which followed he got nothing because he ought to have had eyes in the back of his head.

If the average play were as dry as many of the men who witness it seem to be the drama might indeed be regarded as in a very bad way.

SECOND-HAND SHOES.

Where They Come From, Where They Are Sold, and What They Cost.

Nearly everything is sold at second hand in New York says the *Sun*. It is easy to understand why there is a market for finery, for pianos, for jewelry, and for clothing, for which prices are high, and vary a great deal, but shoes are sold so cheaply when new that trade in shoes at second hand should be small. Yet it is a fact that there is a very large trade in second-hand boots and shoes, mostly shoes, because boots are worn by few at present. The second-hand shoe stores are in basements in the poorest quarters of the city. They are generally in the neighborhood of second-hand clothing stores, but are distinct from them. Sometimes however, bargains in second-hand shoes are to be found in second-hand clothing stores, but they are odd pairs, and an assortment is seldom supplied. On the east side and in the First ward are many second-hand shoe stores, and in the bend at Sixth avenue and Carmine street is quite a colony. Many of them are kept by Hebrews, and almost invariably the proprietor is a cobbler, who occupies his time mending shoes, either for his own customers or some other shop. All sorts and sizes of shoes, representing the fashions of the past ten years or longer, may be found for all ages and both sexes. They are kept cleanly blacked.

Many of these shoes are from ash barrels and garbage boxes, having been discarded as past the worth of mending. About the first of May there is a harvest of old shoes, thrown out by tidy housekeepers and picked up by the ragpickers, who send them to the second-hand shops. Many men buy cheap shoes purposely, because they do not like to wear shoes a long time. They discard them without half soling. As long as shoes are repairable on the uppers they are of service to the second-hand men, who patiently patch and mend them and make them worth selling.

Some of the second-hand shoe shops are patronized by Hebrews, others by Italians, and some by colored people. Many servants get shoes from their employers and have them mended, thereby getting better articles than they could afford to buy new.

The prices of these second-hand shoes are low. It is almost a rule that the price shall be only a trifle more than the cost of mending. Twenty-five cents a pair is not an unusual price. A dollar a pair is a large price. The cost of shoes is one of the heaviest burdens to poor families. Old clothes may be handed down from one generation to another, or made over, but the shoes require cash outlay all the time, and the amount of shoe leather that can be stamped out by healthy youngsters is appalling.

There is a steady trade in second-hand shoes among peddlers. They eagerly bargain for old shoes as they travel through the country. Many of the best shoes in the second-hand shops are bought by colored people, who are inclined to be particular about their footwear. In the best second-hand stores may be found soiled fancy shoes for women, relics of the stage, or the cast-off finery of the rich. Such shoes often reappear in east side ballrooms. Most of the customers of the second-hand shoe shops are thrifty persons who have fair incomes, but are saving money for some purpose, and do not disdain to economize by buying second-hand articles.

Rev. Mr. Baxter on Fishing.

The last sermon by Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter is thus reported by Alex E. Sweet in *Texas Siftings*: Berlubbed Bredderen and Sistern: De inspired psalmist has said dat a fishin' pole has a fool at one eend and a fish at de odder eend, and from what I knows about fishin' I ain't prepared to dispute his word.

I hears a great deal of talk about catchin' black bass, and some membrums of dis heah brillantine assemblage spends most of der time when dey hain't loafin' around de saloons hunting for black bass, and when dey comes home dey hain't got none. Dey don't seem to understand how easy it am ter find black bass. If dey had any sense dey would know dat you kin generally find a black bass in de cultured church quire. Heah! heah! heah!

Goin' fishing am fery dangerous. Dar's no telling how many perils you encounters when you goes fishin'. In de fust place dar's de danger of being drowned, or gittin' sun-struck bekase de bate am too strong. But de danger don't stop dar. Dar's de danger ob eatin' de fish. Most ob de fish am fuller ob bones den dar am discrepancies abou Sam Johnsing. De most wonderful ding about de fish am how de meat ebber got between des bones. Eatin' fish am more dangerous den callin' a perliceman a liar in New York.

Dar's lots ob fishin' goin' on all ober dis country durin' de summer munfs. I read in a paper one day last week dat no less den one million fishing poles am imported inter this country ebery year by one firm alone, and also that in Ohio, where dar's prohibishun until yer can't rest, no less den five million jugs am 'manufactured ebery year, all of which shows what a mania dar am ter pull fish outer de water.

De guberment at Washington encourages de stocking ob de streams wid fish. Hit's a mighty easy job for de guberment agents ter put ten million small trout or German carp inter a small lake or creek, but Lawd, how debblish hard it am ter pull one ob 'em out wid a fishin' line.

De quire will now sing in B flat dat oratorio beginnin':

My son, go ketch de finny tribe,
And try bring home a plenty,
But should one weigh five or six pounds,
Don't swear it weighed jest twenty.

Tennessee Superstition.

The greatest excitement ever known is being created in this (Weakley) county by the appearance of a witch in the family of Frank Hays, living three miles southeast of this town in the ninth district. Mr. Hays' granddaughter, about fourteen years of age, being the object upon which the wicked phantom has centered, writes a Tennessee correspondent of the Memphis *Avalanche*.

The young lady is prostrated, and hundreds are flocking there to see the effects of the attack, which, strange to say, no one can explain. She is perfectly sane until she hears them coming, when she goes into violent spasms and declares she can hear roaring as like distant thunder, and she can see animals making their way to her.

Now comes the strangest part of the story, and a number of the most reliable men in the county can vouch for this as a fact, there being eye witnesses to the same. After each attack a small roll or bat of cotton is found clinging to the victim's neck just above her breast, and the most incredible ones have held their hands very lightly against her neck and found, after the spell is over, beneath their hands the mysterious cotton. When the rumor first went out that this strange case was in the country the people all ridiculed such, but the excitement is now at its height on account of all being at a loss to account for the whole affair.

The family stated to your correspondent that they have been threatened by so-called witches in the past. Notwithstanding how purely absurd this may seem to any one who has not seen the entire affair, it is certainly a mystery, to say the least.

Still Ahead!—Mrs. Belle Cole, the singer, has made a favorable impression as a concert singer in London. The celebrated Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup made a favorable impression in London several years ago.

A knight errand—Going for the doctor.

"Thus am I doubly armed, my death and my life, my bane and antidote are both before me." I have got a miserable attack of rheumatism and a moderate spell of sciatica but I have also a bottle of the celebrated Salvation Oil to cure both.

A perfect auricular organ is ear-regular.

In the "Guide to Health and Etiquette" will be found much useful advice on both subjects, this book is sent free for two 2c. stamps, by the Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Don't repeat damaging stories.

Takes 1000 people to buy Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, at 50 cents a bottle, to make up $500.

"One failure to cure would take the profit from 4000 sales.

Its makers profess to cure "cold in the head," and even chronic catarrh, and if they fail they pay $500 for their over-confidence,—

Not in newspaper words but in *hard cash!* Think of what confidence it takes to put that in the papers—and *mean* it.

Its makers believe in the Remedy. Isn't it worth a trial? Isn't any trial preferable to catarrh?

After all, the mild agencies are the best. Perhaps they work more slowly, but they work *surely*. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are an *active* agency but *quiet* and *mild*. They're sugar-coated, easy to take, never shock nor derange the system and half their power is in the mild way in which their work is done. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One a dose. Twenty-five cents a vial. Of all druggists.

LADIES write for terms. $1 Sample Corset free to Agts. Lewis Schiele & Co., 361 B'way, N.Y.

LADIES can have smaller feet. Solid comfort. Pamphlet free. Sample pkg., 10c. The Pedine Co., New York.

MARRY Thousands of persons have been married through the oldest Matrimonial bureau in this country. Terms and hundreds of advertisements from rich and poor in the largest matrimonial paper published. Send stamp for sample, latest number securely wrapped in cover. THE AMERICAN MESSENGER, Chicago, Ill.

FLORIDA FREE INFORMATION. Cheap homes for all. Send stamp for illustrated "Home-seeker." O. B. Crosby, 99 Franklin St. N.Y.

ASTHMA DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE CURED never fails; send us your address, we will mail trial BOTTLE FREE. THE DR. TAFT BROS. M. CO. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure relief for Asthma. 35c. by mail. Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

PAYS well on small investments. Magic Lanterns, Stereopticons and Views of all grades and prices, for Public Exhibition and Home Amusement. Send for 208 page Catalogue free. McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., New York.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U S Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

MANHOOD RESTORED. A victim of youthful imprudence, causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, &c., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send (sealed) FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, Esq. Box 3290, N. Y. City.

LADIES ONLY MAGIC FEMALE REGULATOR, Safe and Certain to a day or money refunded. By mail $2. Securely sealed from observation. COOK REMEDY CO., Omaha, Neb.

St. Jacobs Oil The Great Remedy for Pain Is the Best.

TACOMA $100 or $1000 Carefully Invested here bring ANNUALLY from twenty to 100 ... TACOMA INVESTMENT CO., TACOMA, WASH.

STEREOPTICONS MCINTOSH Battery & Optical Co. CHICAGO, ILL. MAGIC LANTERNS

MARVELOUS DISCOVERY MEMORY Mind wandering cured. Books learned in one reading. Testimonials from all parts of the globe. Prospectus post FREE, sent on application to Prof. A. Loisette, 237 Fifth Ave. New York.

CORNS CURED FREE. For 10 days from date of this paper, a box of Mexican Corn Salve for quickly removing corns, will be mailed FREE to all who promise to read my Pamphlet on the humane treatment of Cage Birds, Dogs and domestic Animals. Afterwards the Salve will be 10c. delivered to any P. O. in the U. S. or Canada. Sample of Fronefield's Horse, Cattle and Poultry Powder, the best, FREE to all who send for it. Dr. FRONEFIELD, No. 400 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

BORE WELLS! MAKE MONEY! Our Well Machines are the most RELIABLE, DURABLE, SUCCESSFUL! They do MORE WORK and make GREATER PROFIT. They FINISH Wells where others FAIL! Any size, 2 inches to 44 inches diameter. LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO. Catalogue FREE!

"Down With High Prices." THIS SEWING MACHINE ONLY $10! Only $10

Top Buggies, $55.00 Harness $7.50
Road Carts.... 10.00 Wagons, 30.00
$5.00 Family or Store Scale, 1.00
A 240-lb. Farmers' Scale.... 3.00
4000-lb. Hay or Stock Scale.... 40.00
Forge and Kit of Tools.... 20.00
1000 other Articles at Half Price.
CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

BIG G Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. 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. Trade Mark $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

BOILING WATER OR MILK. EPPS'S GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. COCOA LABELLED 1-2-LB. TINS ONLY.

VASELINE.

FOR ONE DOLLAR sent us by mail, we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United States, all the following articles carefully packed in a neat box:

One two-ounce bottle of Pure Vaseline	10 cts.
One two-ounce bottle Vaseline Pomade	15 cts.
One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream	15 cts.
One cake of Vaseline Camphor Ice	10 cts.
One cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented	10 cts.
One cake of Vaseline Soap, scented	25 cts.
One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline	25 cts.
	$1.10

Or for stamps any single article at the price.

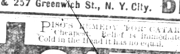
If you have occasion to use Vaseline in any form be careful to accept only genuine goods put up by us in original packages. A great many druggists are trying to persuade buyers to take VASELINE put up by them. Never yield to such persuasion, as the article is an imitation without value, and will not give you the result you expect. A bottle of Blue Seal Vaseline is sold by all druggists at ten cents. CHESEBROUGH M'F'G. Co., 24 State St., New York.

W. N. U., D.—9.—1.

When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this Paper.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH, RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND PENNYROYAL PILLS

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse Substitutions and Imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send us 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Sold by all Local Druggists. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Madison Square, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



This Picture, Panel size, mailed for 4 cents.

J. F. SMITH & CO., Makers of "Bile Beans," 255 & 257 Greenwich St., N. Y. City.

CURE Biliousness, Sick Headache, Malaria. BILE BEANS.

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.

CATARRH

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.

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF

THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,

Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Atchison, Leavenworth, Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Dodge City, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Kingfisher, El Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, in COLORADO. Traverses new areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and to Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS,

Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, between CHICAGO and DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS and OMAHA, and between CHICAGO and DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS and PUEBLO, via KANSAS CITY and TOPEKA or via ST. JOSEPH. Through Coaches, Palace Sleepers, NEW AND ELEGANT DINING CARS, and FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS. California Excursions daily, with choice of routes to and from Salt Lake City, Ogden, Helena, Portland (Ore.), Los Angeles and San Francisco. Fast Express Trains daily to and from all towns, cities and sections in Southern Nebraska, Kansas and the Indian Territory. The Direct Line to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Cascade, Glenwood Springs, and all the Sanitary Resorts and Scenic Grandeurs of Colorado.

VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE.

Fast Express Trains, daily, between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, making close connections for all points North and Northwest. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Kansas City. The Favorite Line to Pipestone, Watertown, Sioux Falls, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota.

THE SHORT LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN