"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfading, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes sure you feel the same way. **—August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—**August Flower the Remedy.**

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

BY "THE SCORCHER."

Author of "Monica," "Mona Scully," "Phyllis," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

The night passes; the next day dawns, deepens, grows into noon, and still nothing happens to relieve the terrible reality that it is for all within the castle as to the fate of its missing master. They wear by themselves in wondering, fitful, incessantly, what can have become of him.

The second day comes and goes, so does the third and the fourth, the fifth and the sixth, and then the seventh dawns.

Florence Delmaine, who has been half-distracted with conflicting fears and hopes, and who has been first sitting in her room apart from the others, with her head bent down and resting on her hands, so that no one might see her eyes, sees Dora standing before her.

The widow is looking haggard and hollow-eyed. All her pretty freshness has gone, and she now looks in years and ugly, for she is also growing thirty-five. Her lips are pale and drooping, her cheeks colorless; her whole air is suggestive of deep depression, the result of sleepless nights and days filled with grief and suspense of the most poignant description.

"Alas, how well she loves him too!" thinks Florence, contemplating her in silence. Then she rises, and, laying a hand upon the table near Florence, and, says, in a hitherto impassioned tone:

"Oh, Florence, what has become of him? What has been done to him? I have tried to hide my terrible anxiety for the past two miserable days, but now I feel I must speak to some one or go mad."

She smites her hands together, and, sinking into a chair, looks as if she is going to faint. Florence, much alarmed, rises from her chair, and, running to her, places her arm round her as though to support her. But Dora repulses her almost roughly and motions her away.

"Do not touch me!" she cries hoarsely. "Do not come near me; you, of all people, should be the last to come to me for my assistance! Besides, I am not here to talk about myself, but of him. Florence, have you any suspicion?"

Dora leans forward and looks scrutinizingly at her cousin, as though fearing, yet hoping to get an answer to her affirmative. "But Florence shakes her head.

"I have no suspicion—none," she answers sadly. "If I had should I not act upon it, whatever it might cost me?"

"Would you?" asks Dora eagerly, as though impressed by her companion's words—"whatever it might cost you?"

Her manner is so strange that Florence pauses before replying.

"Yes," she says at last. "No earthly consideration should keep me from using any knowledge I might by accident or otherwise become possessed of to lay bare this mystery. Dora," she cries suddenly, "if you know anything, I implore, I entreat you to say so."

"What should I know?" responds the widow, recoiling.

"You led him too," says Florence piteously, now more than ever convinced that Dora is keeping something hidden from her. "For the sake of that love, disclose anything you may know about this sad matter."

"I dare not speak openly," replies the widow, growing even a shade paler, "because my suspicion is of a horrible character, and may be altogether wrong. Yet there are moments when some hidden instinct within my breast whispers to me that I am on the right track."

"If so," murmurs Florence, falling upon her knees before her, "do not hesitate; follow up this instinctive feeling, and what you know I will never, may come of it! Dora, do not delay. Soon, soon—if not already—it may be too late. Alas! she adds, wringing her bitter tears, "what do I say! Is it not too late even now? And oh! hope even there be after six long days, and no tidings!"

"I will do what I can, I am resolved," declares Dora, rising abruptly to her feet. "If too late to do any good, it may not be too late to learn the truth from him, and bring the murderer to justice."

"From him? From whom—what murderer?" exclaims Florence, in a voice of horror. "Dora, what are you saying?"

"Never mind. Let me go now; and to-night—this evening—let me come to you here again, and tell you the result of what I am now about to do."

She quits the room as swiftly as she entered it, and Florence, sinking back in her chair, gives herself up to the expectation of the most awful and overpowering her. There is something else, too, in her thoughts that is puzzling and perplexing her; in all Dora's manner there was nothing that would lead her to think that she loved Sir Adrian; there was fear, and a desire for revenge in it, but none of the despair of loving one who had lost the man to whom she has given her heart.

Florence is still pondering these things, when Dora, going swiftly down-stairs, turns into the side hall, glancing into library and rooms as she goes by, and finally in search of something or some one.

At last her search is successful; in a small room she finds Mr. Morris, who is apparently reading, as he sits in a large arm-chair, with his eyes fixed intently upon the book in his hand. Seeing her, he closes the volume, and, throwing it from him, says carelessly:

"Pshaw! what conceited trash they write nowadays!"

"How can you sit here calmly reading," exclaims Dora vehemently, "when we are all so distressed in mind! Don't forget—don't you remember—"

"You gain by his death; we do not."

"No, you lose," he retorts coolly. "Though, after all, even had things been different, I can't say I think you had much chance at any time."

He smiles pleasantly at her as he says this. But she pays no heed either to his words or his smile. Her whole soul seems wrapped in one thought, and at last she gives expression to it.

"What have you done with him?" she breaks forth, advancing toward him, as though to compel him to give her an answer to the question that has been torturing her for days past.

"With whom?" he asks coldly. Yet there is a forbidding look in his eye that should have warned her to forbear.

"With Sir Adrian—with your rival, with the man you hate," she cries, her breath coming in little suppressible gasps. "Confess, I say, and at once. I speak the truth, and say what has become of him."

"You rave," he says calmly, lifting his eyebrows just a shade, as though in pity for her foolish excitement. "Confess the man was no favorite of mine, and that I can not help being glad of his absence; but has presented itself in his extraordinary disappearance, or in inheriting his place and title; but real my dear cousin, I am not conscious of what has become of him, as—I presume—you do yourself."

"Oh, Cyril!" cries Dora, losing all control over herself. "You have murdered him, to get him out of your path! Oh, fiend! Oh, wicked, wicked man!"

She points her finger at him—as though in condemnation as she utters these words, but still he does not flinch.

"They will take you for a Bedlamite," he says, with a sneering laugh, "if you conduct yours. If like this, with such your proofs that I am the cold-blooded villain you think me."

"I have none"—in a despairing tone.

"But I shall make it the business of my life to find them."

"Then I shall devote your time to some other purpose," he exclaims savagely, laying his hand upon her wrist with an amount of force that leaves a red mark upon the delicate flesh. Do you hear me? You must be mad to go on like this to me. I know nothing of Adrian, but I know a good deal of your designing conduct, and your wild jealousy of Florence Delmaine. All the world saw how devoted he was to her, and—mark what I say—there have been instances of a jealous woman killing the man she loved, rather than see him in the arms of another."

"Tyrant!" shrieks Dora, recoiling from him. "You would fix the crime on me?"

"Why not? I think the whole case tells terribly against you. Hitherto I have spared you, I have refrained from flinging even an idle hint that your jealousy had been aroused of late; but your conduct of to-day, and the wily manner in which you have sought to accuse me of being implicated in this unfortunate affair, in order to screen, for my unhappy cousin, have made me forget my forbearance. He warned in time, cease your persecution in this matter, or—wretched woman that you are—I shall certainly make it my business to investigate your conduct, part in the last, and bring you to justice."

He speaks with undue air of truth, of thorough belief in her guilt, that Dora is dazed, bewildered, and, falling back from him covers her face with her hands. The fear of publicity, of having her late intrigue brought into the glare of day, fills her with confusion. And then, what will she gain by it? Nothing; she has no evidence on which to convict him, save her own supposition. She bitterly feels the weakness of her position, and her inability to follow up her accusation.

"Ah, how like a guilty creature you stand there!" exclaims Dyneourt, regarding her bowed and trembling figure. "I see plainly that this must be looked into. Miserable as you are, you know aught of my cousin, you had better declare it now."

"Traitor, coward!" cries Dora, raising her pale face and looking at him with horror and defiance. "You triumph now, because, as yet, I have no evidence to support my belief; but"—she hesitates.

"Ah, a, been it out to the last!" says Dyneourt laughing, "and I will tell you can. To-day I shall set the bloodhounds of the law upon your track, so beware—beware!"

"You refuse to tell me anything?" exclaims Dora, rising to her feet, and treating them as though they are unheard. "So much the worse for you."

She turns from him, and leaves the room as she finishes speaking; but, though her words have been defiant there is no kindred feeling in her half to bear her up.

When the door closes between them, the flush dies out of her face, and she looks even more wan and hopeless than she did before seeking his presence. She can not deny to herself that her mission has been a failure. He has openly scoffed at her threats, and she is aware that she has not a shred of actual evidence wherewith to support her suspicions. The bravado with which she has sought to turn the tables upon herself both frightens and disheartens her, and now she stands bewildered, half she knows not where to turn for counsel.

CHAPTER X.

In the meantime the daylight dwindles, and twilight descends. Even that too departs, and now darkness falls upon the distressed household, and still there is no news of Sir Adrian.

Arthur Dyneourt, who is already beginning to be treated with due respect as the head of the household, has quietly hinted to old Lady FitzAlmont that perhaps it will be as well, in the extraordinary circumstances, if they all take their departure. This the old lady, though strongly disinclined to quit the castle, is debating in her own mind, and, being swayed by Lady Farringdale, who is secretly rather bored by the dullness that has ensued on the strange absence of their host, decides to leave the morrow, to the intense distress of both Dora and Florence Delmaine, who shrink from deserting the castle while its master's fate is undecided. But they are also sensible that, to remain the only female guests, would be to outrage the conventionalities.

Henry Villiers, Ethel's father, is also of opinion that they should all quit the castle without delay. He is a hunting man, an M. F. H. in his own county, and is naturally anxious to get back to his own quarters some time before the hunting season commences. Some others have already gone, and Arthur sees it seems to Florence that there is no other course open to her but to pack up and desert him, whom she loves, in the hour of his direst need. For there are moments even now when she feels herself that he is still living, and only waiting for a saving hand to drag him from his watery graves once again.

A silence has fallen upon the house more melancholy than the loudest expression of grief. The servants are conversing over their supper in frightened whispers, and conjecturing mournfully on the fate of their late master. To them Sir Adrian is indeed dead, if not buried.

In the servants' corridor a strange dull light is being flung upon the polished boards by a hanging-lamp that is burning dimly, as though oppressed by the dire evil that has fallen upon the old castle. No sound is to be heard here in this spot, remote from the rest of the house, where the servants seldom come except to go to bed, and never indeed without an inward shudder as they pass the door that leads to the haunted chamber.

Just now, being at their supper, there is no fear that any of them will be about, and so the door in question stands ajar, is wrapped in an unbroken silence. Not quite unbroken, however. What is this that strikes upon the ear? What sound comes to break the unearthly stillness? A sound, surely, of a cautious tread, a slinking, halting, uncertain motion, belonging surely to some one who has an enemy to fear, a very flitting shadow. Nearer and nearer it comes now into the fuller glare of the lamp-light, and stops short at the door so dreaded by the castle servants.

Looking uneasily around him, Arthur Dyneourt—for it is he—unlocks the door, and, entering hastily, closes it firmly behind him, and ascends the staircase within. There is no halting in his footsteps now, no uncertainty or caution, only a haste that betokens a desire to get his errand done as quick as possible.

Having gained the first landing, he walks slowly and on tiptoe again, and, creeping up the stone stairs, crouches low as he nears the long corridor on a level with the lower chink of the door.

Alas, all is still; no faintest groan can be heard! The silence of death is all around. In spite of his hardihood, the cold sweat of fear breaks out upon Dyneourt's brow; and yet he tells himself that now he is satisfied, all is well, and there is no peril, beyond the power of words or kindly search to reveal him to life. He may be discovered now as soon as they like. Who can fix the fact of his death upon him? There is no blow, no mark of violence to criminate any one. He is safe, and all the wealth he had so coveted is at last his own!

[To be Continued.]

Everything on a Small Scale.

The third peculiarity of the small scale of everything, is one that runs through all things Japanese. The men are small, the women are small, the babies are the smallest things in all nature. Their homes are apparently children's play-houses, seldom over one story high, and they are constantly shocking one's head in passing the doors. Their tableware looks as though made for dolls; the tea-cups are not over an inch high and the saucers holds about two ordinary American cups. It is almost needless to add that they have a narrow-gauge railway, small locomotives and cars and a small force of guards. In fact one may say that everything is small, except the kites and prices they charge for them. The former are sometimes high affairs and the latter prove that the Japanese have a keen appreciation of art. I know of a case where a Japanese demanded $600 for an article he afterwards sold for just 20 cents. At a flower show one is never sure but one may offer more than a third or fourth of the first price. The dealers in curios are another matter. They are generally glad to get one half to one-fourth of the original price, and sometimes even less. Then they get more than the article is worth.—*Boston Letter.*

The monotony of life in a Saccarappa (Me.) undertaker's rooms was relieved, when a man was found wanted to make arrangements for his own funeral, saying that he contemplated suicide.

A STRANGE STORY OF A DREAM.

The Remembrance of a Scar Seen While Asleep Saved Her.

A certain lady of letters in company with a number of congenial companions was passing the summer at a mountain resort in the East. She and her companions, who were also ladies of letters, had become well acquainted each morning they would meet and relate their dreams of the night before, both for the purpose of making sensational sketches and for the interest of the thing itself.

The symposium was held regularly every morning, and was a source of considerable interest to them all. One morning, however, the lady first referred to, who may be called Miss Gale, came down with a troubled countenance, and when her friends demanded the reason of her sleepless hours she refused to tell them. She had a dream of a very bad omen, and did not wish to depress them as she had been depressed by the recital. There was a flutter of excitement, of course, but the refusal was final.

On the morning after Miss Gale appeared still more disturbed, and in answer to the questions of her friends she said that the dream had been repeated. She still refused to reveal it, but when it appeared a second time on the third successive night she became quite nervous about it, and was persuaded to make it known.

"The dream is this: I have had three times now," said Miss Gale, "is this: I seemed to be sitting at my window in the upper story of the house where my room is watching the passers in the street below. Soon a line of carriages appeared coming up the street, and when I looked more closely I saw that it was a funeral procession. I regarded it idly, but became more interested when it halted in front of the house where I was. I noticed distinctly the appearance of the train, the drivers with their black hats and gloves, and the hearse. The hearse backed up in front of the door, and the undertaker's assistant, who was sitting up in the seat with the driver, jumped down and opened the door. Then he looked up at me and I saw that in the front of his cap was the number 9. He had a deep scar across one cheek. 'Are you ready?' asked the man. I was greatly startled, and while I was trying to say something in reply to the question, I awoke."

The effect of the story upon Miss Gale's listeners was depressing, but after awhile one of them remarked upon the saying that "dreams go by contraries," and the unpleasant thoughts were laughed away. The dream was not repeated again. The vacation passed pleasantly and the remembrance of the dream grew indistinct, and when Miss Gale returned to her home and the cortege of her vision did not materialize, she quite forgot it. Several months later she had occasion to visit Chicago, and while there took advantage of an opportunity for sight-seeing some of the public buildings. One day she left her friends on the first floor of one of these buildings, and went up to the fifth story to see some particular object of interest. Having finished her inspection she waited with several other people for the elevator to take her down again. When it came the others got in quickly enough, but the man who had charge of the elevator thought that Miss Gale was too slow.

"Well," he said "are you ready?"

Like a flash the memory of her dream came back and she looked at the man astonished. Then she saw the scar upon his face and the number 9 in his cap.

"No, no, not yet," she said, involuntarily.

The man slammed the door impatiently and the heavily laden elevator started downward. It had not reached the next floor before the steel cables parted and the whole machine crashed to the basement. Four persons were taken out of the wreck dead.

A PLEA FOR MUSCLES.

A Woman Who Believes in a Righteous Means of Offense.

"If it be possible, live peaceably with all men." Now, the Lord knows that there are some people in this world so altogether mean and "meachin" that it would be no impossible thing to live peaceably with them that it would be to eat aloes in mistake for honey and cream, says "Amber" in the Chicago Herald. Given certain conditions, and a man down in the very deepest hell a fool. No colt on training day was ever more excusable for kicking up his heels and running away than we poor mortals are for losing our temper on a day when the mercury is at par, and the devil in his own peculiar stress of provocation. For my part, I despise a man or a woman who has no fight in his or her composition, and believe with Shakespeare that summer needs thunder-gusts to clear the air. If I had a dozen boys to bring up I'd train 'em all to fight. Nowadays counter-jabbers fights, brutality developing muscle and biceps for no other purpose than to pound the breath out of an unoffending opponent, but to fight to the death, early and late and ever, lustily and loud, for the right and the truth. Wherever they saw might browbeating right, wherever they saw cruelty rampant and helplessness at the mercy of brute force, I'd have those boys sail in and make windmills and battering rams of their fists in the name of the Lord, Amen! I am tired, oh, so awfully tired, of cowards and paltry peacemakers who, to serve an end, or to preserve a hollow sham of respectability, fill their ears with cotton against the cry of the downtrodden and the oppressed and smile in the face of hypocrisy and sleek-stomached sin. Give me your fighters any day in preference to your cowardly peacemakers, who preserve an unrighteous peace only to avoid the unpleasantness and the scandal of a row.

Practical Hypnotism.

"I guess," said Johnnie Daly, "that hypnotism's a good deal like the mesmerism we used to have in Ireland when I was a boy. There was a mesmerical palace in the county Clare—"

"I remember your ancestral palace," chipped in a sister. "I could stick my arm out at the chimbly and unlock the front door."

"Faith and ye could. Well, we'd have a big pot of praties for dinner, and the mesmerist would make a few passes, for he'd learned the mesmerism tricks, d'ye mind; and he'd say, 'Childer fall onto th' ham.' And we poor children'd pitch into them praties and think we were livin' high on mesmerism meat. Can your hypnotism beat that, now?"

Body Servants of Supreme Justices.

Each of the justices of the United States supreme court is allotted a body servant, who is paid out of the contingent fund of the court. These servants report promptly every morning at 9 at the residences of the justices, whom they attend during the hearing of the day. They shave the justices, do their errands, and occasionally act as coachmen for them. Each justice is also furnished with a private secretary.

California pedestrians are all right when they strike the Golden Gait.—Texas Siftings.

TEXAS FLORA.

A Spicy Natural History Lesson by a Woman.

There is something singularly attractive about that flora of West Texas, says a bright woman in a letter to the St. Louis Republican. It is difficult for the most indifferent, if they come in close personal contact, to avoid getting stuck on it. In this line the 47 varieties of cacti, those floral outlaws whose talonned hands are against every man, hand off. Now, what I object to in the cacti is their lack of discrimination. They don't care whom they hit, and would as soon implant a handful of their fangs in the person of an ardent admirer as in that of their bitterest enemy.

When they have deposited their stickers in you they take no more interest in them; simply let go and allow you to take the interest. They are intended, I think, as a sort of visiting card, and I am told they will travel unconsciously through your system (factious) and present themselves before your inner consciousness.

The mesquite is a very ingenious tree. It masquerades as a peach, and the counterfeit is perfect to the eye of the tenderfoot or newcomer. It is very wary about growing to much height or girth, and should be cut down and made use of. It is also careful to be crooked in stem, limb and twig that you could not get a piece out of it anywhere three feet long going all the time in the same direction, yet in spite of itself it is a useful and beautiful tree. Its crookedness does not interfere with its use as firewood; it has feathery, graceful foliage, great clusters of pendant bear pods, which are very nutritious and fattening for horses and cattle, and a thorn about two inches long and sharper than a serpent's tooth.

Then there is the cat-claw and its cousins and aunts, that are all thorns and have neither leaf, bud, berry nor blossom, and appear to be of no use on earth. But this is not so. They have an office; their task is a necessary but most ungrateful one. Out in this beautiful pastoral country the air is like champagne, the skies smiling and cloudless as those of Italy, the climate so kind, the soil so generous, it is so easy to get a horse, one that will go, and everything conspires to make one forget, while on his back, that man is mortal, and that he is born to a destiny higher and sadder than mere enjoyment. It seems possible to always ride on and on, leaving behind every pain and failure of this cumbrous yet frail garment of humanity that we call the cares that sadden, the disappointments that gnaw, the griefs that benumb, the doubts and fears which corrode the pure gold of our happiness.

To ride! To ride! Endless miles unrolling behind you, new beauties opening before; the wind ringing in your ears, the blood in your veins, your heart exulting in your bosom! That is then, as you skim across the plains, dreaming you are a swallow and that you will at the next bound dart away in rejoicing flight to some more fruitful object of interest. Having finished her inspection she waited with several other people for the elevator to take her down again. When it came the others got in quickly enough, but the man who had charge of the elevator thought that Miss Gale was too slow.

"Well," he said "are you ready?"

Like a flash the memory of her dream came back and she looked at the man astonished. Then she saw the scar upon his face and the number 9 in his cap.

"No, no, not yet," she said, involuntarily.

The man slammed the door impatiently and the heavily laden elevator started downward. It had not reached the next floor before the steel cables parted and the whole machine crashed to the basement. Four persons were taken out of the wreck dead.

IRRIGATION IN AUSTRALIA.

Her Pastoral Areas More Valuable than Her Many Mines.

Australia just now is vast pastoral areas sources of wealth as great and more permanent than those of her mines. Already she has nearly one hundred millions of sheep, which in the mild climate and under the dry sky of the country require no shelter throughout the year and no food beyond what they get on the open plains. It is true that the sunny sky may change to a sky of brass, and that drought is the dread of the Australian shepherd, herdsman and farmer. Occasionally there is a succession of dry seasons, and then sheep have perished by the millions and cattle by the thousands on the more remote stations. To master recurring droughts is the great problem of Australia's inland future. Here, as elsewhere, nature challenges man's free advance, and places some special obstacle in his way. Australians are facing their task with energy, confidence, and the promise of much success. They have learned the art of drawing wealth even from scrub land of which a single sheep requires seven acres for its support. Irrigation works on a large scale have been begun in Victoria and South Australia. The storage of water in reservoirs is being carried out in a large way by municipalities and private companies. Throughout New South Wales and Queensland the rainfall is more than matched by the wonderful possibilities.—Century Magazine.

No Use Voting.

At a local election in a town in Louisiana I was in a grocery when an old negro came in to fix his ticket. There was only one in the field, but he got out his pencil and looked it over and said:

"I reckon dat first man on heah is Mars Wheelock. He called me nigger 'tother day an' I'll scratch he off."

He ran his pencil through the name and went on.

"Nex' I make out dat second name, but I reckon it's Mars Tobias, who's allus running fur office. Trowed a club at me once an' I can't vote for him."

He drew the next two names on the ticket, and though he couldn't read he followed the list down one by one and scratched out each name in succession, alleging some excuse in each case. When done he gave no more to scratch he scratched his head instead and said:

"Why, dey is all done gone off de ticket, an' so dey ain't no use to put it in an squabble around."—Free Press.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A silver fox rule, doubled up, is among the oddest of match boxes.

Quite handsome are misses' rings, composed of double heart centers.

The bottle for Hall's Hair Renewer is of silver and cut glass tablewear consistency.

Massive silver specimens represent tree trunks with young ape clambering upward.

HERE AND THERE.

About ten salmon canneries in British Columbia intend running the coming season.

The Florida hotels get their supplies of meat and vegetables, and even fish, from New York.

A nugget of gold weighing forty-seven ounces was taken out of a mine at Forest City, Cal.

The Comstock lode has been worked to a depth of 2,200 feet and had produced about $105,000,000.

A mining ditch sixteen feet wide at the bottom and twenty-five miles long is being constructed in Utah.

It is a fact that the fat from wild ducks makes leather pliable and thoroughly waterproof.

It is said that underground wires covered with palmetto fiber have stood remarkable tests without failure.

There are more than thirteen thousand marriages entered in the old Swedes' church at Philadelphia.

Philadelphia possesses a youth of 22 who can subsist on $2,000 on a dinner for twenty-four of his friends.

The question whether sheep and goats shall be allowed to pasture within the city limits is now agitating San Diego, Cal.

It has just been discovered that the green sands which are very plentiful in Georgia have valuable fertilizing qualities.

Fifty-four families left San Francisco, Cal., lately to locate as colonists at Agua Caliente, the Colorado river, Lower California.

FARMS IN CENTRAL MICHIGAN

Extend south-east and northern Michigan in yield and value of crops per acre. Peabella county is the center county of the lower peninsula. Choice bargains can be had in wild lands, farms or village property on very reasonable terms. Send for Pinkham's descriptive pamphlet and sample price list to C. M. C. Cook,

Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

Numbered among the latest queer charm fancies is a music portfolio in gold with polished handle.

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

A brooch of white enamel is shell-shaped, and is inlaid with slender gold points tipped with pearls.

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.

A surety in ring stands for show window display in a scoop in plush, with gilded handles, of a rolling-pin.

For Cure of Sprains & Strains use St. Jacobs Oil. Cures Stiffness, Stiff Neck, Soreness

A sure Asthma KIDDER'S PASTILLES, Sc. by mail. Sc. will a Co., 10 Dey street, New York.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED 10 to 15 lbs. per month by harmless herbal remedies. No starving, no inconvenience. Book free. Dr. W. Hall, 1133 Broadway, N. Y. Dr. W. F. SYKES, Electrician and Instrumentalist. Address Dr. Sykes, 1133 Broadway, New York City.

CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P.O. address. T. A. Slocum. M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE NEWCOMB Fly Shuttle Rag Carpet LOOM. Weaves 10 yds. an hour Send for Circular. C. N. NEWCOMB, Davenport, Ia.

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 charge, to any part of the United States, all the following articles carefully packed and labeled:

One teaspoonful bottle of Pure Vaseline 10 cts.
One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream..... 10 cts.
One jar of Vaseline Camphor Ice..... 10 cts.
One cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented..... 10 cts.
One cake of Vaseline Soap, perfumed..... 10 cts.
One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline 25 cts.

Total..... $1.00

Or for sixteen cents in single article at the price.

If you have never used Vaseline in any form be careful to buy only genuine Chesebrough goods in original packages. Vaseline is prepared only by CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., and is never sold in bulk by them. Never yield to such persuasion, as the druggist has a larger profit on other goods. Be sure you get the result you expect. A bottle of Blue Vaseline, for gentlemen, 15 cts. Illustrated book free.

CHESEBROUGH M'F'G. Co., 24 State St., New York.

PLEASE READ—IT MAY INTEREST YOU!

DR. OWEN'S ELECTRIC BELT

Cures Diseases Without Medicine.

OVER 1,000 TESTIMONIALS RECEIVED THE PAST YEAR

Invented Nov. 1, 1883. Covering all forms of Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Impotency, etc.

Dr. OWEN'S ELECTRIC BELT Is Complete, Genuine and Reliable and will cure all parts of the country where all others fail. Illustrated Book, 100 pages, sent sealed, free. Call or address DR. OWEN'S ELECTRIC BELT CO., 201 S. Main St., St. Louis, Mo.

Beware of Imitations and Worthless Catarrh Remedies. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is sold by druggists, or sent by mail, for 50 cents. Complete treatise and Inhaler, $1. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The hope of the traveler is realized in THE new mileage book of the C. H. & D. that is sold for Twenty Dollars. The UNLIMITED RAIL ticket between Cincinnati, Chicago, Indianapolis, Toledo, Niagara Falls, St. Louis, Salamanca, Ann Arbor, Buffalo, Ft. Wayne, Cadillac, Peoria and Cleveland.

MILEAGE BOOK to a thousand best points at the low rate of two cents per mile. Buy it.

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

W. N. U., D.—9-12.

The brusque and fussy impulse of these days of false impression would rate down *all* as worthless because *one* is unworthy.

As if there were no motes in sunbeams!

Or comets among stars!

Or cataracts in peaceful rivers!

Because one remedy professes to do what it never was adapted to do, are all remedies worthless?

Because one doctor lets his patient die, are all humbugs?

It requires a fine eye and a finer brain to discriminate—to draw the differential line.

"They say" that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have cured thousands.

"They say" for a weak system there's nothing better than the "Discovery," and that the "Favorite Prescription" is the hope of debilitated, feeble women who need a restorative tonic and bracing nerving.

And here's the proof—

Try one or both. If they don't help you, tell the World's Dispensary Medical Association so, and you get your money back again.

SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose, Small Price.

CURE Biliousness, Sick Headache, Malaria. BILE BEANS.

This Picture, Panel size, mailed for 4 cents.

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

SPRAY YOUR FRUIT TREES & VINES With Warner Fruit and Leaf Blight of Apples, Pears, Cherries, Grapes and Potato Rot, Plum Curculio prevented by using EXCELSIOR SPRAYING MACHINES. PERFECT FRUIT AS WELL AS FULL CROPS. Catalogue showing all Injurious Insects in Fruit Growing, and Spraying Calendar, Free. Address WM. STAHL, Quincy, Ill.

HAWKEYE GRUB and STUMP MACHINE Works on either standing timber or stumps. Will pull an ordinary Grub in 15 minutes. Makes a clean sweep of the Toughest Land. Clears 5 acres a day and 5 a week. A man, a boy and a horse can operate it. No land with a rock to handle. The stump on a farm across the first year will pay for the Machine. Send postal card for Illustrated Catalogue, giving full terms and testimonials. MANUFACTURED BY HAWKEYE MFG. CO., South Grove, Iowa.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH. RED CROSS PENNYROYAL PILLS. DIAMOND BRAND. THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable PILL for sale. Ladies, ask your Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous counterfeits and imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all Local Druggists.

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 rival.

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.

GREAT MEN are like Sapolio.—They waste themselves to make the world bright. SAPOLIO is the electric light of house-cleaning.

THE OLD RUT and old methods are not the easiest by far. Many people travel them because they have not tried the better way. It is a relief from a sort of slavery to break away from old-fashioned methods and adopt the labor-saving and strength-sparing inventions of modern times. Get out of old ruts and into new ways by cake of SAPOLIO in your house-cleaning.

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, Kewanee, Geneseo, Rock Island, Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Albert Lea, Austin, Owatonna and Minneapolis, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Atchison, Leavenworth, Holton, Topeka, Manhattan, Abilene, Salina, Junction City, Ellsworth, Kinsley, Dodge City, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Kingfisher, El Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver, in COLORADO. Reverses 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 transcontinental Steamports.

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, St. Joseph and TOPEKA or via ST. JOSEPH. Through Coaches, Palace Sleepers, NEW DINING CARS, and FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS. California Excursions daily, with choice of routes and stop-overs at Salt Lake City, Ogden, Helena, Portland (Ore.), Los Angeles and San Francisco. Post 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 at these points for all points in Minnesota and Dakota, and selling 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 Lows, 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 Pictorial Matter, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Ticket & Pass Agent. CHICAGO, ILL.