"August Flower"

For Dyspepsia.

A. Bellanger, Propr., Stove Foundry, Montagny, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower for Dyspepsia. It gave me great relief. I recommend it to all Dyspeptics as a very good remedy."

Ed. Bergeron, General Dealer, Lauzon, Levis, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower with the best possible results for Dyspepsia."

C. A. Barrington, Engineer and General Smith, Sydney, Australia, writes: "August Flower has effected a complete cure in my case. It acted like a miracle."

Geo. Gates, Corinth, Miss., writes: "I consider your August Flower the best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia. I was almost dead with that disease, but used several bottles of August Flower, and now consider myself a well man. I sincerely recommend this medicine to suffering humanity the world over."

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

"A YOUNG WOMAN AT FIFTY."

Or, as the world expresses it, "a well-preserved woman." One who, notwithstanding the rules of health, has followed them, and preserved her youthful appearance. Mrs. Pinkham has many correspondents who, through her advice and care, can look with satisfaction in their mirrors.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound goes to the root of all female complaints, removes the wasting vitality, and invigorates the entire system. Intelligent women of middle age know well its wonderful powers.

All Druggists sell it as a standard article, or send by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00.

Send stamp for "Guide to Health and Etiquette," a beautiful illustrated book.

Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose stamp for reply.

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use | Thompson's Eye Water.

AGENTS more than 100 PER CENT. profit. 60 my Concentrated Mable Brushes, Dusters, Polishers & mediciness. Sam ples FREE. Write quick. Address, Dr. Bridgman, Box 5, N. Y.

Laws and Advice Free. PENSIONS Experience 26 years. Write us, A. W. McCORMICK & SONS, Washington, D.C.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure relief for ASTHMA. Druggists, or Dr. Kidder, Dorchester, Mass.

OPIUM MORPHINE DISEASE, or anything else, without pain. TRIAL TREATMENT FREE. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, La Porte, Ind. Ref. Any Bank. NATIONAL MINERAL ASSOCIATION, Chicago.

PENSION (LATE U. S. SOLICITOR, WASHINGTON, D. C.) Successfully Prosecutes Claims. 3 pair Principal, 2 pair Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 15 adjudications, atty since.

MEN & WOMEN MAKE $5.00 A DAY Working for us. Send for Catalogue and Terms. Send reference and we will ship you $10 worth of goods. Write quick. Address, Standard Silverware Co., Box 488, Boston, Mass.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED Mrs. Allen Maple, Oregon, Mo., writes: "I weighed 210 lbs. and after using Allen's Anti-Fat 3 months I weighed 150 lbs." For circulars address, with 4c. stamp, Dr. W. F. ALLEN, 30 N. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

$3.50 A DAY An Exceptional Chance Clear Profit! for energetic men or women. Special inducements. Write at once for territory and agents. Send 10c. for Sample and Catalogue. Address, EQUITABLE & CO., 45 & 47 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Patents! Pensions Send for Inventor's Guide or How to Obtain a Patent, Copies of PENSION and BOUNTY LAW, 32 page. PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THIS IS THE ONLY SCALE 5 TON. $60.

RELIABLE, ACCURATE, DURABLE, BEAMBOX-BRASS-BEAM-IRON-LEVERS, ADDRESS JONES, JR. PAYS THE FREIGHT FOR TERMS. BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

DONALD KENNEDY Of Roxbury, Mass., says

Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep Seated Ulcers of 40 years standing, Inward Tumors, and every disease of the skin, except Thunder Humor, and Cancer that has taken root. Price $1.50. Sold by every Druggist in the U. S. and Canada.

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address, P. Farrell Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox.

A HUNTED HEIRESS.

A TALE OF FACTORY LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

By Major MacNamara.

CHAPTER X. CONTINUED.

Gertrude seemed terribly anxious—Madge never saw her so frightened before in her life; and she asked: "Did you recognize him Gertrude?"

"Yes!" was the brief reply.

"Who is he? I'm sure I've seen him somewhere."

"I will tell you when we are at home—Be watchful now, and tell me if he appears."

They had now arrived at the millinery store which they entered, and in a short time Gertrude, having completed her purchases, came forth; her fleet foot had hardly touched the sidewalk when she uttered a loud shriek; and, throwing down her bundles, she rushed into the middle of the street, and just in time! a carriage—a double team was dashing madly down the street, driven by a driver mad with fright; and a little child of exceeding beauty, was toddling across the street, of course, unconscious of danger, and as well as utterly incapable of avoiding it. Like a lioness, Gertrude leaped in front of the frightened horses, and before the child in her arms sprang to the walk, the hoofs of the plunging horses brushing her dress as she reached the curb. She delivered it in her arms as she reached the sidewalk, and, overcome with faintness, she was falling to the ground, when a fine gentleman who had just appeared in the crowd caught her in his arms; and then, lifting her up as if she were a child, he carried her across the street, and into an apothecary store—where the child and another lady were already receiving attention from the clerks.

The lady already there was the mother of the child whose life had been thus so gallantly saved; and the young gentleman was Sir brother—Tom Arkright—it appeared from the eager cry of the young man that they—Mrs. Bascombe and himself—were walking quietly along, leaving the little fellow to run after them, when the child was never missed until their attention was called to him by our heroines shriek of horror—a horror which continued for itself to them when they beheld her throw herself before the infuriated animals, but which changed to thanksgiving and joy when they beheld their little darling safe in the arms of his beautiful preserver.

Mrs. Bascombe had recovered from her faint, and was now assiduously attending on Gertrude, who soon recovered from her shock.

Our heroine blushed with pleasure and embarrassment under the thanks of Mrs. Bascombe's gratitude, and the eloquent silence of young Mr. Arkright—whose eyes, filled with admiration and adoration, gazed upon her with gratitude—and—and an indefinable something which, at this time, we can't explain, but which I have no doubt is very evident to the reader!

After much beseeching on the part of Mrs. Bascombe—seconded by Madge and a part of Tom Arkright, Gertrude informed them where she resided. She had no false pride, but many of our young readers will, in turn, a warm invitation to visit Bellville park, just a mile or two outside the city; and Mrs. Bascombe said she would call for her, herself, in a day or two, whereupon Miss Weldon and her companion left them and returned to their home to their boarding house. Tom's eyes following Gertrude all the way—not that you know—but looking brightly in Miss Weldon's mind, as it were!

CHAPTER XI.

THE SORROWS OF BARBARA GLENDON—MUSIC WINS HER HEART AND SHE CONFIDES HER WOES TO MR. BLAKE.

Barbara Glendon, who used formerly to be a leader in all the fun and mischief perpetrated among the boarders, of late lays seemed greatly changed, so much so that many of her companions noticed and commented upon it.

Her joyous laughter was no longer heard ringing through the house; her rich, strong voice was silent; and since her interview with Phillip Blake, a week or two previous to the commencement of our story, she had scarcely been outside the door of her own room, except to take her meals in the boarding house.

Her secret meetings with Phillip Blake were continued and regular. She fully believed in his protestations of love for her—yet an invisible something seems to whisper, "Beware!"

Her love for the man was fond—devoted—intense. When she was in his company her heart was all his own. Her will seemed to vanish—she had no power over her feelings—and it was *then* that she felt that her whole needful was her idol to her existence.

At such times she never questioned his love for her—not then!

It was only when alone with herself, serenely communing with her own thoughts, that she felt compunctious visitings of doubt and tried to judge his actions.

It was then that doubt and misery took possession of her heart—for at no instant did she contemplate breaking off her engagement with him or disappointing him by staying away from their nightly trysts.

One evening she was passing the door of Gertrude Weldon's room and, by mere chance, Gertrude was playing a sweet hymn tune, and singing to the air. Barbara paused on her way, involuntarily, to listen, and these words clad in melody, floated to her ears from within.

"There is a shadow bridge in the angel land
Over the sea; and he took her hand,
And led her on through a golden mist,
Over the bridge to the Eden land."

Bright forms she saw, as a shower of light,
Fell from their wings, like sunbeams bright
"Oh see she heard—and she knew them too—
'Come to us, mamma, we are waiting for you.
Here, on the shore of the sunset sea!'"

The eyes of the listener filled with tears as the sweet song went on—every word, over her cheeks, and, ere it was concluded, she was sobbing as if her poor heart would break. She had forgotten that she was, when the door opened, and Gertrude Weldon stood before her.

Our heroine instantly comprehended the cause of Barbara's emotion. She had observed Blake, a great change in the conduct of the girl toward herself—and other changes which commanded her interest and sympathy—she felt that some secret trouble preyed on the heart of Barbara Glendon, and she would, if it were in her power, willingly try and assuage her sorrow.

She said not a word, however, but took her friend gently by the hand and led her silently into the room—a single look passed between her and Madge Holly, as she led the latter out—a moment more, and, slipped from the room and went below to the parlor where a coterie of damsels were congregated, and were pouring over a late fashion book containing the newest styles and latest plates. There was such a chattering about it! "Bell sleeves!" "Chenille fringe," "rice plaiting," "strained skirts in colors," and, oh, ah! that style—that—and, oh, my as alive, ain't that dowdy!" that Madge's entrance was scarcely noticed, except by little Miss Daisy, the pretty little brown she had taken quite a fancy, which was fully reciprocated.

When the door closed behind Madge, Gertrude Weldon led Barbara to a seat, and throwing her arms about her, besought her to try and confide to her that which bit of advice only caused Barbara to sob more than ever.

In a little while, however, the poor girl managed to control herself; and, wiping her eyes, she turned to our heroine with a sad smile, saying:

"Perhaps, you are wondering at my tears—but I could not help it—when I heard you singing, I paused to listen, and a strange feeling came over me, and I seemed to see home, and my mother—dead, oh, for ever so long; and I scarcely remembered where I was, and hardly knew the song had ceased, or the child had gained fill I felt your hand on mine—I beg you will excuse me, Miss Weldon!"

Barbara arose as she concluded—but our heroine pressed her back into her seat, saying:

"No—you don't Barbara! I have you in here now, and I am going to keep you for a while. You have never visited me before—so, while you make yourself at home, I'll make some lemonade."

Barbara glanced at her beautiful face with pleased delight, and looked about the room, daintily furnished with a score of nick-nacks, a nice carpet, handsome chairs, a shelf of books—why, it looked like a little palace, compared to the rooms of the other girls—such were the thoughts that passed through the mind of Barbara while Miss Weldon was engaged in the closet concocting the lemonade.

In a few moments it was prepared, and the two young ladies sat down together, partaking of a glass, and chatting upon subjects furthest from the thoughts of either.

"Barbara," exclaimed Gertrude at last, unable longer to repress her interest in her companion, "you have been greatly changed of late—what is it that worries you—tell me, for I may be able to assist you—tell me!"

"I hardly know what to say Miss Weldon—you are so good—"

"Never mind all that Barbara—and you mustn't call me *Miss* Weldon, call me Gertrude—never mind about my kindness but tell me what grieves you! I know what a great relief it is to unburden one's heart at times of little sorrows—for we all have them you know, and will to the end of time."

"I hardly know whether mine is a blessing or a curse!" replied Barbara, shaking her head thoughtfully and gazing vacantly on the floor.

Our heroine was startled at the tone of the answer she received—but she said nothing; merely putting her arm about the neck of her companion she pressed Barbara; confide in me—you surely do not doubt my sympathy—"

And Barbara did confide in her.

She told the story of her meetings with Phillip Blake; how she had encountered him the summer previous at a place of pleasure party of some kind—how the acquaintance gradually progressed into a declaration of love, and the latter's acknowledgment on hers that she reciprocated his affection.

Then came the recital of the doubts and fears that assailed her—how sometimes when away from him she seemed to doubt his truth—and that—that—

Here the poor creature again burst into tears, and leaving her head upon the shoulder of Gertrude, wept as if her heart would break.

"Do you know anything about this man Barbara, beyond his name?"

The girl could only shake her head in reply.

"Not even where he lives in his business—nor—"

No, nothing—only that his name is Phillip Blake and—that he does not—"

Gertrude at once realized the dangerous position of this poor and friendless girl—she knew somewhat of the villainies of the world, and the unscrupulousness of certain of the creatures it contained—but she knew not how to advise; so she only put Barbara on her guard by saying:

"Barbara, before you have any further meetings with that man you must ascertain who and what he is, what his business—if he be rich or poor, part of the largest firms in Broadway refuse to carry an old children's jewelry set with stones, for the reason, the manager said, "that we can not afford to sell cheap designs, and the trade will not pay for the best." He added, laying aside a tray of tiny rings set with coral, "Diamond jewelry, madam, or what would permit a young child of mine to wear jewelled ornaments until he was old enough to appreciate their value."

An old West Side specialist of children's diseases, whose book of baby patients contains the names of many of the public records of a small town, considers the baby ring an idiotic species of woman's vanity.

"I am opposed to them and always have been, for the reason that they shackle the child. If the mother feels that the infant has a right to be comprehend, but it is not safe to leave a baby and a gold ring alone with a nurse girl.

"In a convulsion I have seen children bruise and tear themselves with a ring, and I also know that ornaments of this sort often work a serious injury to little ones. They may do no harm, but they can do no good, and for that reason only I am opposed to suggesting and away with the bib and tucker period until the nursing child is old enough to enter compliant against the enormity and discomfort of maternal vanity."

The Cave-Dwellers.

At a New York residence may be seen a curiosity the like of which has never been exhibited in this country. It is a troglodyte, a perfect specimen, found in the "Bad Lands" of South Dakota. Before the Sioux was driven to refuge in a cave when our white brothers for their cattle, which had been stampeded from their own cowpens were employed by Frank Lee, of Deadwood, near Rapid City, South Dakota. They had gathered their stampeded cattle in a gulch at the bottom of a canyon and, night coming on, they sought the best shelter they could find. In crawling into a natural cave one of them found the remains of a dead Indian. In attempting his partner to his assistance they unearthed and brought it to the light. The remains of a full-blooded Sioux buck, about three feet in length, of a rudiblishbrown color, and one of its characteristics being the great length of the arms, which reached below the knee. Passing from out of one of them on his pony, they carried it to Deadwood, where Dr. Durell of Mitchell, saw it and, realizing its value as a natural curiosity, at once closed a bargain for it, giving in exchange a quarter section of land.

Naturalists who have examined the petrifaction say that it is probably the remains of the first man, and that he was a prehistoric race of men which peopled America ages ago. It certainly answers to the description of troglodyte. The teeth are the same in number as those of men, the fingers and toes long and deeply separated, the thumb opposite the fingers, the feet very long, legs short and not in the same line with the thighs, with the knee projecting. The skull was found in a perfect state of preservation, except the cap of the left shoulder, where a bullet lodged.

Some who have examined the petrifaction think that it may be for no means of a deformed Sioux Indian, but those who have studied the habits of Sioux say a deformed individual is never to be found among them, they following the Spartan custom of killing all deformed infants. However that the petrifaction is evidently that of an adult.

Mr. Durell has recently been offered $1,500 for the specimen, but declined the offer, and will exhibit it as a great natural curiosity.

A Barbarism.

To pierce a child's ears is now regarded as a piece of bad form. Of old no sooner was the little one christened and vaccinated than straightway the fanatical mother whisked her daughter off to be operated at the ear-boring. Fashion has completely reversed these ideas, and to-day even the school girl whose pretty pink lobes have been preserved intact looks with contempt upon the mutilated ears of her less fortunate companions. Pins and earrings are now rarely sold in sets for young people, and it begins to look as though one relic of barbarism had been definitely laid aside.—N. Y. Sun.

In the city directory of Dubuque are found the names of Longbody, Longnecker, Longlasher, Longman, Longbeard, Longley, Longland and Longfoot.

DIED CLUTCHING HIS GOLD.

The Miserable End of the Once Noted Fred Herman Kottinger.

One of the best-known men in California died lately in a squalid hut on Colfax street, says a San Francisco correspondent to the New York World. He was Prof. Herman Kottinger, who up to twenty years ago, was the leading violinist on the Pacific coast, and well, known as a writer of prose and poetry, of a "World's Hymn" and also a text-book on free thought. He was worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, acquired by a lifetime of miserly frugality. At the time of his death $1,600 in gold coin was found secreted in his bed.

But one child, William Kottinger, a farmer, was present at his death. When the old man, in his death throes, raised himself up in bed, the son rushed to his side. His father, mistaking the act, with a frenzied yell, waved him back, and clutching the bed clothes pulled them back, disclosing to view the gold. He made a grab at it with both hands, and, with bright pieces in his fingers, fell back with a gasp and expired.

Prof. Kottinger was once a doctor in Heidelberg university, and was 90 years old. He was so wasted in body and anger and want that his body weighed less than forty pounds, and was in a disgusting condition. His bed and clothing were rotting with filth. Over the head of his bed hung a violin of great value, for which the "old miser," as he was called, has repeatedly refused $1,200. It is 200 years old, and descended to Kottinger from his grandfather.

The deceased has a brother, John W. Kottinger, a ranch and mine owner, who is worth $2,000,000. He has also other wealthy brother in Milwaukee, where he formerly lived, and a son, Dr. Galena, Ill.

So miserly was the old professor that fifteen years ago he drove his wife and all his children from home, saying that it cost too much to feed and clothe them. Every one but the old man died, and when the end was approaching, not one of his relatives had come near him.

Two big, fierce Danish mastiffs, gaunt and half-starved, have for years been the old man's only companions, and they guard the shanty so well that only one of the faithful dogs could approach. They had to be killed or starved before the undertaker could get into the house.

When it was learned that Kottinger was dead a number of relatives hastened to his hut. All day and all night long there was a shameful scene of the most shocking and indecent character. The relatives could not agree as to how he is to be killed. Before the undertaker could get into the house.

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A VORACIOUS FISH.

He Eats Everything from Other Fish to Mice, Sparrows and Cheese.

In a net-rough in front of Sullivan's store on Union avenue, Greenpoint, there is a black fish that has attracted the attention of hundreds of people because of his peculiarities and the wonderful intelligence exhibited on many occasions, says the Philadelphia Times. The fish is the only inmate of the trough and has occupied it for two years, with the exception of 200 others which had been put in it for experimental purposes but the bass killed them one by one until the entire number had been given to his voracity. He not only killed them, but ate them. The ravenous fish by the dozen, which the loss of the neighborhood gather for the sport and the more they give him the better he enjoys it. He has a decided preference for cheese, lobsters, and boiled beefsteak, and after he receives his generous complement of the latter he will swim to the surface and splash the water, fiercely with his tail. This is supposed to be his method of returning thanks.

He also eats mice, and several times John Leithead, of engine No. 3, provided him with this quality of bait, only to be swallowed with the greatest economy. He likewise eats birds and hardly a day passes but he does not dispose of at least two sparrows and two chippies. The fact that these are upon the bodies of the birds makes little difference, and it is only when the legs have been removed that he refuses to touch them. Otherwise he gulps them down with great gusto. Although he measures eighteen inches in length and weighs about five pounds he has no trouble to horses at the morning and noon feeding hours. A modest one of them, excepting Joe Hadley's gray mare, and several times upon rest of the water and was snapped at her while she was drinking.

AFFIXING THE SEAL

The United States Has Worn Out One Seal Already.

The secretary of state has no right to take the great seal of the United States with him when he goes "a-wooing" from the president's house, but to do so says the St. Louis Republic. This warrant is always filed with the document so sealed and reads as follows:

"I authorize and direct the secretary of state to affix the great seal of the United States to any and all papers whatever the document may be affixed this day, and signed by me, and for so doing this shall be his warrant.

"President of the United States."

The great seal is affixed to nothing but treaties, proclamations, commissions and passports. The latter, which have been in use since the foundation of the government, was recast and replaced by a new one in the year 1884. It is a curious fact that the old seal which was used so long was imperfect and never did answer for the description set down in the statutes. The wording of the seal is supposed to be a motto of the United States, but the inscription is so tremendous it is difficult to read it. The seal is supposed to be a motto of the United States, but the inscription is so tremendous it is difficult to read it. The seal is supposed to be a motto of the United States, but the inscription is so tremendous it is difficult to read it.

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FANTASTIC FACTS.

A flea can jump over a barrier 500 times his own height.

A Boston boy recently defined a wedding as nothing but a prayer meeting with a sociable after it.

The savings banks of the country show a deposit for the last year of $18 for each of the people of the United States.

The depth at which some of the Belgian coal mines are worked is something prodigious. In a pit at Flenu the work is now done at 3,700 feet.

Straight streets are unknown in China. They are all made crooked in the confuse Satan, as the Chinese believe the devil travels in a straight line.

The Malay farmer who believes in a strict observance of the Sabbath went out and killed a lamb which persisted in bleating on a recent Sunday afternoon.

Land has reached an enormous value in London. A piece of crown land on Pall Mall has just been leased at a rate based on a selling price of $1,500,000 per acre.

A fireman at Myerstown, Pa., wore a celluloid collar to a fire, wasn it became so heated from the intense exposure to the h t and burned his neck and discolored his face.

A Saratoga letter tells of a woman there whose hair has turned within a year from gray to black—its original color. She is 70 years old, and her hair has been gray for ten years.

The scientist of the Boston Herald has discovered a remedy for snoring. "The snorer," he explains, "who hears it says, 'that merely pressing a carbolic acid pad to the nostrils is going to free it from the annoyance."

A West Chester (Pa.) man who went to his stable yard early one morning to inhale a quiet noose found that a horse had broken loose and that he was holding on to the halter to prevent the animal leaving the premises.

There is a baby in Chester, Pa., whose diminutive size may be inferred from the fact that its arms are about the thickness of an ordinary lead pencil. Nevertheless it is thriving and might in time become president or one United States were it not of the wrong sex.

Capt. Maletta, of the bark G. C. Goss, vouches for the story that one of his officers, a Japanese, fell overboard and was swallowed by a shark in the Pacific ocean, but was presently ejected—cast on deck in fact, a petroleum covered oil suit the sailor wore having shark proof, and the shark disgorged him.

The oldest church in Europe is said by some who are discussing the question to be St. Sophia's, at Constantinople. It was built as a church before the end of the fourth century. St. Mary in the Castle, Dover, was built about this time, but for nearly 200 years it was used as a garrison fuel depot.

According to the Scientific American, the earliest Connecticut patent found on record was granted in October, 1717, to Edward Hinman, of Stratford, for the exclusive right to make shoes of moose hides from the stalks of Indian corn, in Fairfield county, for ten years, which invention was highly lauded for the service provided the said Hinman make as good molasses, and makes it as cheap, as comes from the West Indies."

FAMILIAR NAMES.

It is said that Senator Stanford has provided in his will an endowment of $20,000,000 for his university above all that has already been given for it. This would make it by far the most liberally endowed institution in the world.

Justice Field is the scholar of the Supreme bench. Besides his Greek and Latin he is thoroughly versed in modern languages, and can converse fluently in French and Italian. His library is one of the finest in Washington.

Wade the oldest daughter of the present czar is named after the bridegroom at a wedding present the superb set of opals which the czarina of the late Emperor Alexander II always wore in her hair, to prove the inaccuracy of the old superstition that opals were unlucky.

The Duke of Argyll—a great silver plate the German kaiser saw on his recent trip was in Amsterdam where he was dined by the queen regent of Holland. The plate, which is worth $150,000, was originally made in London for William and Mary, but was carried to Holland after that king's death over a century ago.

A German woman in a steam car at Newport, Ky., last summer was much incensed at the rudeness of a conductor with the rather shabbily dressed woman and the girl who had just entered the compartment. She called the girl to her with the intention of hiring a cab, she feared that the woman was the queen of Belgium, while the girl was the Princess Clementine. They had been rambling along the seashore hunting shells and had strayed too far to walk back.

It is not surprising that nearly every household in the United States is acquainted with the merits virtues and the health properties of Hires Root Beer. For years it has been the standard drink of those who enjoy a delicious temperance beverage, composed entirely of roots of nature, and is just what all need in hot weather. A 5c. package makes five gallons. Sold everywhere.

The past and future are veiled; but the past wears the widow's veil; the future the virgin's.

Three Harvest Excursions.

The Burlington route, C., B. & Q. railroad, reaches all principal stations on its lines, on Tuesdays, Aug. 28 and Sept 18 and 29, Harvest excursions, which will be sold to principal cities and points in the farming regions of the West, Southwest and Northwest. Call at ticket office for their information concerning these excursions, call on your nearest C., B. & Q. ticket agent or address P. S. Eustis, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

As many as 1000 people are said to be "plucked" in the United States yearly.

Hires Root Beer is here again, and we thank those that call the attention of our readers to that well known drink. It is made from the genuine roots barks and herbs, and is a grand temperance drink that are doctored imitations of it. One of the best things for a hot day. Only one cent a glass. Directions simple, and if you need, the most sparkling, cooling and refreshing drink you ever tasted, is produced. It is time to lay in a stock, and we recommend an order from your wholesale house at once.

The hand that gives pleasure to a child does something that is added in heaven.

That style with propriety can be styled refinement which, by enlightening the intellect, purifies the manners.

3 Grand Excursions.

On Aug. 25th, Sept 15th and 29th, ticket agents of the Chicago & Northwestern railway system will sell excursion tickets to points on the Union Pacific system in Nebraska, Kansas, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Montana, at one fare for the round trip, good for thirty days from date of sale. For a pamphlet on any of the states, send to E. L. Lomax, G. P. & T. A., Union Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.

It is hard to understand how some people can profess so much and do so little.

We often excuse our own want of philanthropy by calling it economy and fanaticism to the more ardent zeal of others.

There are Millions

of acres of the best land to be found in the fertile belt along the line of the Union Pacific System in Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Montana, and can be bought at exceeding low rates and on long time.

Excursions will be run to points in the states mentioned above on Aug. 28th, Sept. 15th and 29th, and tickets will be sold at rate of One and One-third Fare for the round trip with stop-overs on the going trip of the first and a return limit of thirty days from date of sale. For a pamphlet on any of the states, send to E. L. Lomax, G. P. & T. A., Union Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.

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There are Millions

of acres of the best land to be found in the fertile belt along the line of the Union Pacific System in Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Montana, and can be bought at exceeding low rates and on long time.

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