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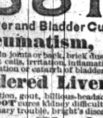

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Common Soap
Rots Clothes and Chaps Hands.
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DOES NOT.

HUGH KENRICK'S WILL;

Or, The Story of a Posy Ring.

BY MARGARET HUNT.

CHAPTER I.

"After all, Lucy, it is not such a very difficult journey. It is only a hundred miles or so, and there is no changer and if you only sit still and take care not to get your fingers jammed in the doorway, I really cannot see what harm can happen to you."

"Hush, Auntie! Do, please; I am not quite a baby!" And as she said this, the speaker, a pretty, shy-looking girl of 18, glanced anxiously at an old gentleman who was sitting in the corner of the carriage, to see if he had heard her aunt's counsels and fears, and if he thought them [illegible]-women not fit to travel, and not very well able to take care of themselves. The old gentleman had his head in his *Saturday Review*, and *Spectator* on his knee and looked placidly benignant. It was doubtful if he had heard Aunt Esther's hints—if he had, they were lost on a year to stir any emotions of contempt—Lucy turned back to the window and Aunt Esther, who was now gazing earnestly and anxiously in her face.

"Dear child," said she, "I am feeling very uncomfortable, I do so wish I had just left everything and gone with you. I shall not know a happy moment till I hear that you have got there safely and well. And, Lucy, have you got the stamped envelope I gave you?—the one I addressed for you, you know?" recommenced Aunt Esther, and then a look of great relief as Lucy produced it. "Ah, yes, you have it; but Lucy, darling—here—give a porter this shilling to put the envelope in the post for you. There is sure to be a letter—but in the hurry, don't mind, you watch him do it; stand and watch him, dear, and see the letter drop in."

"Yes, yes, Aunt," whispered Lucy, "But how can you be so anxious! Everyone will think—"

"I am anxious, I can't help it; and Lucy, you promise me faithfully you will write every—"

"The train is going," cried Lucy. "Oh, do take care! Good-bye! Yes, I will write." And in a minute more it started, and all that Aunt Esther could do was to stand and look after the great train monster as it shrieked and tore away with her treasure.

Lucy looked down, and for some time she thought of no one but "poor, dear Aunt Esther," then she enjoyed the prospect of the happy days and weeks which lay before her; and then, before settling down to her journey, she looked at her fellow-companion, but to her horror and amazement his eyes were fixed on her face and they were full of kindness and interest. Lucy blushed. She felt as if she had been detected in trying to carry some secret of his. He did not turn away —he looked encouraging.

"You have not made many journeys alone, lady," said he.

"No, not even one until to-day."

"If I can be of any service to you, you must command me," he continued. Lucy looked at him again. She felt sure that he would not be quite fair if she higher bright, youth were to impose many tasks on his seventy and odd years.

"I am going only as far as, perhaps I think," said he, "but still I am not to do it to do anything you may ask me."

"But how do you know what I was thinking?" inquired Lucy, very simply.

"You were thinking, my child, that he is seventy, at least; but, lady, I am seventy-eight; and the reason that I know what you are thinking is because you are the first person whom I have met for [illegible] understand a little—I mean better than I understand the thoughts of most people."

Lucy drew back. She thought this was an odd way to talk, and that it was not very nice to be shut up in a railway-carriage for more than a hundred miles with a person who talked in an odd way.

"Lady," said he, "closed lids are signs of what I say. I will not speak. When you say I saw a great deal of—I mean I was very intimate with—a young lady of your age, and you are much more like her than anyone I have met during my whole long life."

Lucy was interested, much interested, but had the uncomfortable feeling that it was wrong to be so, and that the old man was "very strange and rude, and talked in a way that, no one who was not an old, old friend, or a relation ought to talk to a girl of her age. How could he know?" but here she was interested to know.

"You are wrong again," said he. "I speak in a way you perhaps think strange but it is only because I talk frankly and naturally. I do not mean to shock or annoy you."

"Oh, no," began Lucy.

"Would you like to see the *Spectator*?" asked the stranger, "I will lend it you." And put in her place as a good, little girl she was not quite grown up enough to be entitled to talk for any length of time to gentlemen, especially to very old ones, but who was not on that account to be cut off from all the tender charities of life. So she took her *Spectator* meekly, and turned its pages one by one, and tried to make herself think she liked the political articles, and was interested in the middles, and did not dislike the reviews; but being at that time not very fond of reading, she had but poor success. After about an hour, and not till then, she again looked up, and again saw the old gentleman's eyes scanning her face with an expression of intense but most melancholy pleasure. "I beg your pardon," said he, "I do, indeed, but I cannot help it; you really are so like her."

"Like whom?" said Lucy, rather impatiently.

"Like the young lady we were speaking of just now," said he, as if that were quite enough.

"But who was she?" inquired Lucy with increased, but off the whole well-concealed impatience.

"I was engaged to her," he replied.

Lucy was silent. She did not like to say, "Then why in the name of all that is sensible did you not marry her and leave me in peace?" but that was what she thought. He was quite silent, and as this silence lasted, she looked interrogatively into his face (he was now opposite). "She died," he said, and Lucy felt miserable.

"I do so beg your pardon," she stammered.

"No, no; it is altogether my fault, or would be if there were any fault. It does not hurt me to talk about her. I like it. It does me good—now, I mean. Twenty years ago I did not much like to speak of her; forty years ago I could not have done it for the world; but I am old enough now. Why, consider, it won't be long before I see her."

Lucy wondered if he were mad. She was afraid he was—almost sure that he was.

"No, lady," said he, "I am not mad—don't start, or be vexed. It is because you are so like her—so truly like her, that I know what your thoughts are—other people may think what they like, or do what they like, it makes no difference to me. I know and care nothing about it; but old as I am, I can read your thoughts—you are of her sort."

"I do so wish I were not," was Lucy's first thought, for he expressed her; then she was ashamed of herself. "I must have been a great grief," said she, and then she despised herself for her commonplace and imaginative thoughts.

"A grief! Yes, of course it was a grief, but it happened fifty years ago!"

"Fifty years ago! Lucy sighed. Fifty years hence where would she be? Now she was whirling along on a pleasant visit, and her life had known no sorrow. When she looked backwards her thoughts dwelt on happy, tranquil days, unclouded by any shadow—but fifty years forward there was a prospect of happiness without end, for she was going to her sister's at Hazlewood, near Litchfield, and when there she would have two balls, and some picnics and archery meetings, and best of all, she would often see Robert Merivale, and she sometimes ventured to think that Robert Merivale cared very much to see her. While sighing [illegible] she remembered the old gentleman opposite and his lost love of fifty years ago, and that there was much pain and misery in this world of ours—what if some of it came to her? She felt very sorry for him —and said kindly, "Will you tell me something about her?" Whereupon he told her in perfectly simple words the story of his love and loss.

As he spoke she liked him more and more, and before he had finished she found herself wishing she was his daughter, or anyone who might have the privilege of comforting him. Lucy was very silent, very quiet, but two or three big tears rolled down her face. He made no apparent demand on her sympathy; he told his story quietly, and it was only she felt for him; she said he, "all that was left for me to do, was to go patiently through life, trying to make some other lives happier than mine had been. I spend most of my time in London, which I like being there." Then he described his home there, until Lucy felt as if she had never seen such scenery before; and then, half by this time they were quite old friends, he said, "Now tell me something about yourself."

"I seem to have so little to tell," said Lucy. "I live with the aunt you saw—We live at Highgate. I have been orphaned her nor mother nor anyone but aunt Esther and one sister. My father and my mother died in India when we were infants, and my sister Ethel has been a practice married three years ago. She is very nice; not exactly as you would expect though, for she says such very odd things, and when you look at her she is looking on everything just as you do."

"What kind of things, lady? I like to have everything explained."

"Oh, hardly blow—worldly things, or worldly wise things—as she wins she calls tact, too; but she is older than I am, and knows all about what the world or society, or whatever it is which makes itself disagreeable sometimes, expects you to do on all occasions. I like her husband immensely."

"And does he know all about the world?" asked the old gentleman, smiling, for a deep way; but he likes not go on about it as well as he is always trying to be kind to everyone. He knows I am dull at home, so he has been planning all kinds of pleasures for me."

"But are you dull at home?" he asked, for this was the very first sign of dissatisfaction with the world as it was that Miss Lucy had shown.

"I dull! Certainly not! Lettice and her husband are always telling me I must be dull, and when I stay with them and find dances and picnics and garden parties going on every day, I begin to think myself I must have had a very dull life at home, but when I go back I have no time to think of such nothing."

"Child," said he, "you do not."

"I draw and paint and garden—for we have a great big garden, three times the size of our drawing-room—and I practice and work, and we have books from Mudie and [illegible] tell you what I do, but I am very happy."

"And you have no anxieties, no disappointments?"

"I was very anxious a week or two since when we lost our dog, but it came home three days afterward with a bit of rope tied round its neck; that is the only anxiety I can now think of. But I have plenty of disappointments, for nearly everything I plant in the garden dies."

Lucy was becoming more and more confidential, when all at once she heard a cry from the railway, with trees behind it, and gardens and shrubberies in front, and on this she fixed her gaze so earnestly that she entirely forgot to finish one of her sentences.

"We are very near Litchfield now," half she, when this pause was cut straight, "for that house is only six miles off."

The old gentleman's eyes were watching her eager little face all the while with an amused smile. "Whose property is that?" he asked.

Simple Miss Lucy looked up quite surprised that he had noticed her interest in it and said—"Sir Richard Merivales."

"And he is one of your best partners, then, is he?"

"Sir Richard Merivale! Why he is old and ugly and the crossest man in the world!"

"Then his son is his nephew is?"

Lucy flushed. The old man was too clever by half. "Hush," he continued, "if we are so near Litchfield I am afraid I shall soon lose the pleasure of your company. How long, child, you say you were going to stay here?"

"Exactly three months—in just three months from this very day, I am, if all goes well, to return home to Aunt Esther."

"This is the 15th of June."

"Yes, and I am to go back on the 15th of September. The time is fixed so exactly because Ethel, the old man's wife, mine—is to be married on the 17th, and I am to be one of the bridesmaids."

"The 15th of September!"—repeated the old gentleman. "Well, it is quite possible that I may be returning from Cumberland about that very time—if so, I'll remember the day and come then. We should no doubt travel by the same train. What time do you start?"

"At three o'clock in the afternoon, generally."

"Keep to your day, lady. I'll remember it, and if you're alive to wish you a safe journey so much the better. I should like to see her too."

"She is almost certain to be with me—she and Katie are great friends."

The old gentleman took out his notebook and wrote "September 15." Then he said "My name is Hugh Kenrick; I have the disadvantage of having two homes, one in London, which I hate, but little, and the other at Calderwater. That's where I am going—go where I will though, I am alone."

Lucy looked up—she did not like to say it, but she was thinking, "It is odd that you should be so much alone when you are so very free about making acquaintances."

"No, he said, "I am always alone. If I have spoken to you I do not speak to everyone. I've told you why I was drawn to you. Now, child, I have told you, are ready, tell me your names—I have told you mine."

"My name is Lucy Ellerton."

"Daughter of——"

"Daughter of Major-General Lewis Ellerton, who died when I was a baby—oh, I told you that before."

And you live——"

"At No. 6 Beatrice Villas, Highgate, with my aunt, Miss Esther Moore."

All that went down in the note-book—"Well, said he, if we do not travel home together this day three months, perhaps I may some day see you in London—that is if good Miss Esther Moore will permit it but who knows what may happen in three months?"

"Who, indeed?" thought Lucy; but her wonders were sent in a brighter direction than his.

They bade each other farewell. The train stopped, a pretty young matron of one-and-twenty clasped Lucy in a sisterly embrace, and when, after a minute or so devoted to the joy of this meeting, Lucy remembered Mr. Kenrick, and said—"Oh, Lettice, I should so like to introduce you to an old gentleman I have traveled with from London."

Mrs. Lettice Boyle said hurriedly—"But your luggage, Lucy—ought we not to think of that?"

"Indeed, yes," cried Lucy, and with a glance at that venerable white head, in token of farewell, she hastened to the van.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BURIAL OF KNICKERBOCKERS.

Funeral Customs Among the Dutch Residents of Old New York.

Funerals in the early days were never held in the churches, says *Harper's Bazar*. The attendance was usually so large that the morning of the funeral choirs were carried in from the houses of families living near. Mourning was generally worn by the women of the family, and the men wore a crape band encircling the hat from the crown to the brim, a long piece being allowed to hang almost to the shoulder. As time passed on this was shortened by plaiting into a knot at the back, which itself stood out at right angles to the hat, and finally cutting off all the superfluous length it appeared as the band now is worn at present day. The blinds of the house were kept at first tightly closed, and then were partially opened till the days of mourning were over.

The Dutch could hardly be called a superstitious people, and yet they had many peculiar notions. One was hanging glasses in a house of mourning were usually draped in black, and the coffin was never placed near one. If a new family moved into a house it was always customary to announce the death to each hire, else, it was said, the hens would not lay. The funeral was always held the third day after death, and in summer the second day, as no means were then known to preserve the body. Chairs were placed around the coffin, those at the head being occupied by the members of the family, and those at the foot by the more relations. Dutch ladies were famous for their attendance on such occasions, though no woman attended the body to the grave, but after the corpse was borne out remained to eat cake and drink wine. If the deceased was of their sex burnt wine was served instead of Dutch gin. Pipes and tobacco, even in those days, were often served, and sometimes more. Burnt or mulled wine was served only in winter, a sort of sangaree being substituted in summer. Burnt wine was Madeira slightly sweetened with refined loaf sugar, which gave it a peculiar flavor. The wine and cake were carried before the men returned, who then resumed the feast.

Within the coffin was removed from the house it was placed upon a bier at the door and covered with a pall of black cloth. The church usually owned two palls, which were sent to the house on these occasions. The bier was then borne upon the shoulders of the bearers to the grave, followed only by the family and invited guests, for as it was not convenient to carry the dead great distances, those who had lands in were generally buried near their homes. Rich persons who were living to pay liberally were allowed to bury under their seats in the church, the scale of prices being a part of the family property, and such willed. Those who coveted the honor of a grave in church had to pay about twenty times the price of a common grave. Private burying-grounds within the village or town were rare, so those without lands were usually buried in the old church burying-ground. No headstones are found at the graves of the earliest settlers; the graves of the old dead were only noted among them and the markers and granite had not as yet been quarried.

After the interment the mourners and guests returned to the house for a dead (feast), on which the good-wives's skill had been spent to the utmost to load her table with the choicest delicacies, and not long since the old dainties dear to the Dutch heart, in addition to pies, cakes, and cheese, the most prominent dish being one of doughnuts and three were placed, about four inches in diameter, and similar in ingredients to our New Years' cakes. They were kept for years as mementoes of the departed, often being handed down as heirlooms. These editions were supplemented by an enormous supply of spiced wine and tobacco and pipes.

Many gifts were made by persons in anticipation of death to the family, were accustomed to procure large casks or pipes of wine, which were quaffed at and put carefully away in the cellar to be used only for the purpose intended.

Most of the friends coming from a distance ample justice was done to the viands.

How the Prince Died.

I have recently had a very interesting interview with an English gentleman who was present in Zulu land at the time of the death of the prince imperial, and who knew the young gentleman well, besides being personally acquainted with all the details of the catastrophe, says a writer in the Philadelphia *Telegram*. He was not much impressed by the character and manners of the ill-fated prince himself, describing him to me as a very full-fledged specimen of the most obnoxious type of the young English society man. Besides which, he was impressed with an overwhelming idea of his own importance, and insisted always on talking to the natives in every expedition in which he was included.

The fatal fray in which the unfortunate youth lost his life owed its whole success for the Zulus to the fact of the prince's party being taken by surprise, and before they had time for the sudden attack of the savages, and it was owing to a broken girth that the prince failed to make his escape with the others. There was one Zulu who observed in the attack and they all belonged to one family—a father, his three sons and a son-in-law, who had stripped the body of their victim, leaving nothing behind but a gold locket suspended around his neck, and which the Zulus thought contained a charm.

My informant told me that, for him, the most trying part of the whole business was the interview which the Empress Eugenie insisted upon having with him after he returned to England. She asked the most minute questions about the private details, being especially anxious to know if the nature of wounds were not dealt him in front. But, unfortunately, they were all in his back. "I was wanted to say that he had died fighting for England, and the Englishman was compelled to assure her that such was not the case. "But at least, Mr. X., you will say it was," was the unhappy mother's suggestion. It did not occur to her, poor lady, that an English gentleman has a natural objection to telling lies on any subject whatever.

Italy is at last beginning to economize in her army and naval expenditures. She promises to spend $6,000,000 less the coming year on her army and navy.

BITS OF BIOGRAPHY.

The heaviest woman in Europe has died in Bavaria. She weighed 350 pounds.

Mad Anthony Wayne's old powder horn has not been preserved, but is in the Rockwell, of Honesdale, Pa., to the local collection of Valley Forge relics.

The first clock made by David Rittenhouse, the famous clockmaker of Philadelphia, is in the possession of Mrs. Robert Herberton, of Chestnut Hill.

A statue of Charles Dickens has been cast in Philadelphia representing the novelist in his latter years, sitting in his study chair gazing at a figure of "Little Nell."

Miss Olive Risley Seward, adopted daughter of the late William H. Seward, and his private secretary during his journey around the world shortly before his death, is now contributing frequently to the newspaper press.

Queen Victoria must have a very dreary time of it in private as well as public life. Her maids-in-waiting follow her about the castle like so many pet kittens and not one of them has the bravery to speak above a whisper in her august presence.

Hume has it in England that Gen. Booth of the salvation army will designate his own daughter to be his successor in command. By the constitution of this organization he is permitted to bequeath his office to whomsoever he pleases. His son is already his chief of staff.

While the late Bishop Crowther, a native of Africa, was at dinner one day an inquisitive little English girl, who sat next to him, was observed to be wetting her finger and rubbing it upon the bishop's hand to see if the black came off. He was a great humorist and appreciated the little lassie's curiosity.

Mrs. Henry K. Updegrave, of Tower City, Pa., is a great grandmother at the age of forty-seven. She was married when she was fourteen and her eldest child followed in her hymeneal footsteps at fifteen. She became a grandmother at the age of fifteen. The granddaughter died in due time and was wedded when sixteen.

Eugene Richter, the leader of the Liberal party of Germany, has the most remarkable memory of any member of the Reichstag. He is able to commit long tables of figures to memory, and when Prince Bismarck was in power often corrected him when he attempted to use figures in illustration of his speeches. Herr Richter is a good speaker, and had he wished it, might have been a cabinet minister. He is editor of one of the principal journals in Berlin.

JUST FOR FUN.

A tumble-down affair—a wrestling match.—Texas Siftings.

He—"They married in haste." She—"And repented at leisure, I suppose!" He—"No, their repentance was quite as hasty as their marriage."—Truth.

Lord d'Masse—"They have some singular marriages in Chicago, Bond Lee—"Ah, happens now and then, but as a rule they're plural."—New York Herald.

Housekeeper—"Why don't you go to work and earn money?" Intelligent Negro—"They'd be apt to pay me in bank bills, mum, an' I'm afeared of bacteria."—Good News.

Guest—"Waiter, bring me some rice pudding." Waiter—"Boss, I can't jess remember no rice pudding to-day." "What's the matter with it?" "Nuffin' 'cept dar ain't none."—Texas Siftings.

Bobby—"Ya, what does it mean when it says a man's estate was divided according to law?" Pa—"It means, Bobby, that the heirs of the dead man get what is left and the lawyers get enough."—Judge.

"They really fear she will go insane. You see, she found a diary he kept before he met and married her—" "Oh, I see and the woful record—" "Was locked, action nothing! It was in cipher and she couldn't read a word of it."—Indianapolis Journal.

"So that is an umbrella lamp?" said Mrs. Homespun. "I don't see how any one could take that lamp along with an umbrella. An umbrella is all a woman can manage without being bothered with one of those cumbersome things."—Boston Gradgrind.

For a while at least I think almost every man or woman is interesting when in love.

I've used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in my family for two years. It has saved me hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills. Baby can't be vaccinated. I'm never backward in recommending it. I know what it is.—C. N. Bell Hill, Ed. Weekly Item, Schwenksville, Pa.

One of the principal exports of Hayti is the banana, and the area under this crop is steadily increasing.

If you are offered a bottle of Salvation Oil, never accept it, or anything else in its favor, don't buy it at any price, you may be sure that there is something wrong—it may be a counterfeit, or a substitute, and is meant upon getting a *perfect, unbroken, genuine* article, in a yellow wrapper.

The wheat crop of Italy has exceeded that of last year by 40 per cent, and is 15 per cent above the usual in maturing.

Catarrh--Remove the Cause.

I was afflicted from infancy with Catarrh, and for ten years with eruptions on my face. I was attended by the best physicians, and used a number of remedies with no permanent relief. *MY LIFE BECAME A BURDEN TO ME*, for my case was declared incurable. R. W. S. advertised, and took eight bottles, which cured me entirely, and I feel like a new person.—Miss JOSIE OWEN, *Hampshire, Ohio.*

I was the victim of the worst case of Catarrh that I ever heard of. I was entirely deaf in one ear, and all the cartilage of my nose, including part of the bone, sloughed off. No sort of treatment benefited me, and I positively said "I would never lay any better." At a last resort I took Swift's Specific, and it entirely cured me and restored my hearing. I *Due Weil, S. C.* S. S. S. cures Cancer, like it does Catarrh and all blood diseases, by eliminating the poison which causes it. Treatise on Blood and Skin mailed free.
SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE

IS TAKEN INTERNALLY, and acts directly upon the Blood and mucous surfaces.

TESTIMONIALS:

E. B. WALTHALL & CO., Druggists, Horse Cave, Ky., say: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures more cases than all others."

CONDUCTOR E. D. LOOMIS, Detroit, Mich., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it.

REV. H. P. CARSON, Scotland, Dak., says: "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl."

J. C. SIMPSON, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh."

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is Sold by all Dealers in Patent Medicines.

PRICE 75 CENTS A BOTTLE.

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Lucas Co., }
State of Ohio. }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Frank J Cheney

Sworn to before me, and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

NOTARIAL SEAL
LUCAS CO., O.

A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE IS TAKEN INTERNALLY, and acts directly upon the Blood and mucous surfaces.

CATARRH

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

To be famous when you are young is the fortune of the gods.

"I have been occasionally troubled with Coughs, Colds and Hoarseness. Ayer's Brown's Bronichial Troches, which I find to be excellent, and I must say they are second to none in the world."—*Felix A. May, Cashier, St. Paul, Minn.*

In feeding the first purpose is to make the animal fat; the best fat is will.

BEECHAM'S PILLS have been in popular use in Europe for 50 years and are a safe, sure and gentle remedy. 25 cents a box.

Neutrality in religion is impossible.

I have used Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills for Dyspepsia and Constipation, and have found them to be very beneficial. I cheerfully recommend them to all who suffer from the same.—Sexton Wayne St. Ref'd Church, Jersey City. Write Dr. J. A. Deane & Co., Catskill, N.Y.

Shelton, Conn., makes 2,500,000 postal cards daily.

ANY LADY,
Suffering with Blind, Bleeding, Itching or Protruding Piles that don't get relief in 15 days, by using Hill's Pile Pomade, can get her money back by returning package to her druggist. Satisfaction in every case or no pay. Try it to-night! At all druggists.

Idleness is both a great sin and the cause of many more.

TO CLEANSE THE SYSTEM

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, cold or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

Vanderbilt paid a doctor $10 a day to go to Europe with him.

ARCADIA, MANISTEE CO., Mich., Oct. 31, 1891.
MINARD'S LINIMENT MFG. CO.,
GENTLEMEN,—I spend one dollar's worth of your Minard's Liniment. I have had a lame back for years and it has entirely left me since I used your Liniment. I have only been using it about seven weeks ago and I used it for [illegible] and I have been free from pain since I used it. I had tried and thought it was broke ready to express you [illegible]
ROBERT S. LAWRENCE.

Hamburg bakers lost a seventeen weeks strike and $100,000.

Bad taste in the mouth or an unpleasant breath, usually results from Catarrh, overcome, and the nasal passages which have been closed for years are made free by the use of Ely's Cream Balm. I suffered from catarrh for twelve years, expectorating an unsightly dropping in the throat peculiar to that disease. Good judgment led me to try Ely's Cream Balm. Its remedies without benefit until last April, when I saw Ely's Cream Balm advertised. I procured a bottle and after using it a few days have had no more bleeding—the soreness is entirely gone.—G. W. Hawley, with the Boston Budget, formerly with Boston Journal.

Apply Balm into each nostril. It is quickly Absorbed. **Gives Relief at once.** Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York

The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen has [illegible] members.

Superb playing cards. Send ten 1[illegible] cents in stamps for one pack. Just the thing for "high five" parties. Use a postal note if fifty cents or more is ordered. Address, Passenger Department, and you can compliment your friends. Send to John Sebastian, G. P. & P. A., C. B. & Q. R'y, Chicago, Ill.

Ability involves responsibility. Power to its last particle is duty.

California.

California is the most attractive and delightful country in the United States, if not of the world, and its many beautiful resorts will be crowded with the best families of the East during the entire winter. The Santa Fe Route offers the best open opportunity for safe and large returns from its fruit lands. It offers the kindest terms, and is the road to the feeble and debilitated, and it is reached in the most comfortable manner by the Limited Vestibule Santa Fe Railroad. Pullman Vestibule Sleeping Cars leave Chicago by this line every day in the week, go without change or transfer through La Junta and