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THE OLD LOVE SONG.

Play it slowly, sing it lowly,
 Old familiar tune!
Once it ran in dance and dimple,
 Like a brook in June.
Now it sobs along the measures
 With a sound of tears:
Dear old voices echo through it,
 Vanished with the years.

Ripple, ripple goes the love song,
 Till, in slowing time,
Early sweetness grows completeness,
 Floods its every rhyme.
Who together learn the music
 Life and death unfold
Know that love is but beginning
 Until love is old.

Play it slowly, it is holy
 As an evening hymn;
Morning gladness hushed to sadness
 Fills it to the brim.
Memories come within the music,
 Stealing through the bars;
Thoughts within its quiet spaces
 Rise and set like stars.

—The Campus.

IN IVORY AND BLACK.

"Gracious me, Eda! how came you with Polly Mitchenson's fan?"

A question so unexpected, so surprising, that Eda Norris could not answer it. She had been displaying her birthday gifts to an old school friend, reserving till the last the present received from her betrothed, when Mamie's sharp black eyes had fallen upon it, and a brief, very brief scrutiny evoked the above exclamation.

"I do not know what you mean," said Eda, a little stiffly, when the inquiry was repeated. "I have not seen Miss Mitchenson half-a-dozen times since I left school; my mother did not wish me to keep up the acquaintance."

"And no wonder, for Polly is an awful flirt; makes herself notorious with the number of her lovers. But she is an attractive little thing, no one can help liking her; and she was always fond of you, Eda; that's why she remembered your birthday."

"But she did not remember it," was the response. "Nor should I have accepted a present from her if she had. The fan you are looking at was given to me by Laurie. It is very pretty, is it not?"

"Very," said Mamie, picking it up and laying it down again, with such a peculiar smile upon her face, that provoked Eda to ask the cause.

"Why do you look at me so oddly? And what made you think this fan had ever belonged to Polly Mitchenson? Laurie bought it for me at Blanks, in Regent street; you can see their name upon the box."

"Oh, yes, I know it came from Blanks'," replied her friend, in the same curt manner;and then she would have launched into raptures over a dainty little lady's companion, if annoyed Eda had not prevented it.

"I wish you would speak out plainly, Mamie. What is it you know, or fancy you know, about this fan?"

"My dear, I would not, for worlds, make mischief between two fond lovers, so don't catechise me. I wish I had not recognized the thing. And, after all, what matters? It was Polly's, but it is yours; and it proves that she is not as unscrupulous as she is represented."

"Explain yourself. I am as much in the dark as ever," cried Eda, now growing red and angry. What was Polly Mitchenson to her, or, rather, to her intended husband, the clever rising young fellow, of whose abilities and affections she was so proud?

"Nonsense, Eda; you know, and everyone knows, it is reported that she accepts everything that is offered at her shrine, and never returns the gifts of her votaries. A foolish cousin of mine, who fancied she meant to marry him, presented her with a very valuable ring. She almost broke his heart, and he went abroad, but she still wears the ring. Isn't it heartless of her?"

"And do you mean to imply that this fan was originally given to her by—by Laurence Hayward? Returned to him, and then presented to me?" queried Eda, very slowly.

Mamie hemmed, hesitated, and finally said:

"Well, really,dear, it looks like it, doesn't it?"

"No!" was the passionate response. "It is false! it is a cruel slander! Laurie is incapable of such meanness. What! deliberately offer to me, his promised wife, a gift that had been bestowed on such a girl as Polly Mitchenson? I never, never will believe it."

Eda burst into angry tears, and Mamie ran for water and salts, and did her best to soothe the weeper.

"Pray drink this, dear, and think no more about my foolish revelations. How could I be so silly! Mother often says I talk too fast, and so I do; but indeed and indeed I hadn't a thought of making mischief, and I couldn't help recognizing the fan, could I? You see it was always in Polly's hands at one time, and she never would say who gave it to her, though I was very curious to know, because she made such a mystery of it."

Eda sat for some minutes with her face buried in her handkerchief, then started up and dashed away her tears.

"You are a goose, Mamie, and I am a greater one for listening to you. Of course you are deceived by a fancied resemblance. There are plenty of ivory and black ostrich feather fans imported from China and Japan every year, and the one you saw in that girl's possession was, I daresay, broken and spoiled long ago."

"Polly did break one of the sticks," Mamie admitted; "but she took it to Blanks', and they mended it so neatly, that it was only by the most careful examination that you could detect the flaw."

"Then here," cried Eda, snatching up the pretty toy and unfurling it—"here you have a convincing proof of your mistake. Look for yourself and acknowledge that you have done Laurie the greatest injustice."

But even as she spoke her color faded into a ghastly white, and her trembling fingers relaxed their hold of the fan; for Mamie had singled out one of the slender and delicately carved blades of ivory, and was pointing to it. Carefully though the damage had been repaired, it was but too visible to the eyes now riveted upon it.

"I'm most awfully sorry that this should have happened, and that I should have had anything to do with it grieves me still more," Mamie protested. "And I'm sure I couldn't have credited that Mr. Hayward—I'll never call him Laurie again, or be more than commonly civil to him—that Mr. Hayward was so deceitful, so dishonorable, so——"

An imploring cry silenced her.

"Pray don't say any more—I cannot bear it just yet. I'd rather be left to myself."

"And so you shall, poor dear, and if you think it would be too much for your nerves to see Laurie—Mr. Hayward—I don't mind writing to him for you, and you may depend on my giving him the scolding he deserves."

But Eda would neither be helped nor consoled—in fact, the presence of Mamie with her glib chatter only made the wound more painful. No one else should be allowed to see how much she was suffering, though enough of her old faith in her sweetheart still lingered to make her cherish a faint hope that he would have some explanation or at least some excuse to offer for what he had done.

They met that evening, but it was in the presence of others, and it was not till Laurence Hayward contrived to draw his betrothed aside to bid her a more particular adieu, that she was able to wing a shaft at him.

"Am I expected to thank you for the lovely fan you sent me yesterday?"

"Not here," he laughed. "If I am to take my thanks from your lips——"

An imperative "Hush!" broke in upon the sentence.

"I did not know till to-day that you used to be numbered amongst the admirers of Miss Mitchenson."

"I have always thought her a very pretty girl," Laurie admitted, his color rising a little under the scrutinizing gaze Eda fixed on him.

"And you have made her presents."

"Have I? I do not remember anything more than a——"

But he was not allowed to finish. By this half-confession he had confirmed Mamie's tale, and Eda, wrenching her hand out of his, went home to make a packet of his gifts and letters, and then cry herself into a state of exhaustion.

With swelled eyes and aching head her mother found her in the morning, and in her arms, with many sighs and sobs, Eda related the story of the fan.

"Do not tell me I have acted too hastily—do not plead for him," she entreated. "Perhaps I have loved him too well and felt too firm a trust in his honor, but how could I trust or love him now as devotedly as a wife ought to do? I know that I have not been first in his affections, and that he has stooped to an act that even you who make allowances for everyone must condemn."

Now Mrs. Norris never scolded or argued and contented herself with bathing her daughter's burning temples and making her swallow a few drops of a simple sedative. When this and her mother's sympathetic caresses had had a soothing effect, she was induced to dress and exchange the chamber that was too near the nursery for the drawing-room, where darkened windows and comparative quiet lulled her at last into sleep.

When she awoke it was not her mother who was watching beside her but Laurence Hayward.

"Why am I here?" he echoed, as she raised herself and indignantly accosted him, "because your dear mother Eda, had that faith in me which with you seems to have failed all too quickly. She has given me what you denied—a chance of exculpating myself, of declaring to you, on my sacred honor, that I never saw this fan until half an hour ago."

"Oh, Laurie, dare I believe it?" she exclaimed, alternating betwixt hope and fear.

"As you please, Eda," he retorted. "I should have thought you had always found me as worthy of credence as the gossiping girl who has told you these abominable falsehoods. I could find it in my heart to be very angry with you for listening to her, if you did not look so ill and miserable."

"But Mamie believed it herself; she was certain that this fan is the one you gave to Polly Mitchenson."

"The fan may be hers, but it never was mine. The only gift I ever wasted on that arrant little coquette, was a reading lamp, at the time that I, with many others, was led to think she was on the point of marriage with my old chum, Mamie's cousin. And it was for his sake, not for hers, that I bought it."

"But I am assured that this fan was Polly's, and yet it came from you as a birthday gift."

"Not this one," answered Laurie, now examining it with interest. "The fan I selected at Blanks' was made of the delicate gray and rose-colored feathers of some rare bird only found in Ava, and I had the three letters that form your name engraven on the tiny clasp of the golden cord attached to it. How and when the exchange was made, I know not, but intend to find out as soon as you feel equal to a drive with me to Regent street."

Eda threw her arms around her lover, crying, remorsefully:

"Oh, Laurie, if I have wronged you!"

"If! Do you, then, still suspect me?"

But he was soon appeased, and the visit paid to Messrs. Banks' emporium of foreign curiosities.

On reference to the books of the firm, an entry was found of the purchase of the gray fan; but how the other had been substituted for it, and whether it had vanished, would have remained a mystery, if a shopman had not recognized Polly Mitchenson's as having been entrusted for repairs on two occasions.

The first Mamie had adverted to, the second, by some odd chance, occurred on the day Lawrence Hayward visited the shop to select his birthday gift for his bride-elect. The conclusion of the story may soon be told; in the hurry of packing up these two fans to send them home, they were dropped into the wrong boxes.

And Polly Mitchenson—had she not discovered the error?

"Oh, yes," she replied, when the question was put to her. "I knew that some good creature had sent me a lovely new fan, instead of the one of which I was getting tired, and I guessed that someone had blundered. But then, I had the advantage, and if anyone lost by the transaction, I expected it would be Blanks', who can very well afford it."

"The loss might have fallen upon a poor shopman," she was reminded, and might have cost him his place."

"But it didn't, so what signifies?" said Polly, with her careless laugh.

"Of no consequence," thought one of her indignant hearers, "when it might have severed two young lives?" But acting on the advice of her good, gentle mother, Eda endeavors to forget an episode that cost her such intense if fleeting pain, and touched by her forbearance, Polly Mitchenson has had the grace to feel ashamed of the part she played with regard to the black and ivory fan.

Globe Fish.

The celebrated "globe fish" is not always globe shaped. They have the power of distending themselves into a globular form by inflating a large air sac in the abdomen. When this is blown out they assume a normal shape.

Our leisure is the time the devil seizes upon to make us work for him.

Like No Other Love.

By Charlotte M. Braeme.

CHAPTER IX—CONTINUED.

"My dear Carlos, you would tire of her in a few weeks. I admit that a beautiful face has great power to charm; but you, a Carew of Firholme, could never present such a girl to the world as your wife. She cannot speak English correctly, she does not pronounce her words properly, she drops her 'h's'; moreover she does not understand the most common forms of good breeding. You can hardly introduce her to your servants much less your friends and your equals. You could not, in justice to your own name and race, make her mistress of Firholme."

"I could, and I would!" he exclaimed. "Oh, mother, I thought you would have been more anxious to please me! My heart is set on this marriage."

Her lips trembled and her face grew paler. She summoned all her courage to her aid.

"I must stand between you and your heart's desire, Carlos," she said gently. "In the years to come you will thank me for it."

He rose from his lounging position, and stood looking earnestly at her.

"Do you mean that you refuse your consent to my marriage?" he asked curtly.

"Yes," she replied, "I do, Carlos. It gives me great pain; but I must refuse it."

"I do not understand," he said slowly, his voice hoarse with anger. "This is quite a new thing, mother, between you and me. Do you know that this is the first time in your life that you have refused me what I ask?"

"I am afraid it is, Carlos," she answered. "It would doubtless have been better if I had refused you many things before."

"Why should you begin now," he cried, "when it is the one great wish of my life that you are opposing?"

"Because it is needful," she said. "I have always granted your requests and tried to please you, and to refuse you now gives me great pain; still I cannot see you rush on to your ruin and make no effort to save you."

"You have no right to refuse me!"

"I have the right of a mother over her son," she replied.

"I do not think it just or fair," he said, with darkening brows. "You have given me all that I wanted all my life—all that I did not care for; now that I really want something and ask you for it, you refuse to give it! Oh, mother, how can you do so—you, who have loved so well yourself—you, who understand what true love means?"

"If I were sure that it was true love, Carlos, you should have my advice and assistance; but I do not believe it. I know in my own heart that it is a boy's first fancy. How many men have wrecked themselves on such a rock! Oh, be warned, Carlos!"

"What would you suggest," he asked, "if you believed it to be true love?"

"I should say, put it to the test. The girl is quite uneducated. My dear Carlos, imagine living always with a person who forgot the letter 'h'—imagine the sneers of your servants, the smiles of your friends, and your own torture every time she spoke. If it be really true love—and only time can prove that—you must educate her before you marry her. She must be taught to speak properly, and she must acquire the rudiments of good manners; at present she would simply disgrace you!"

"You are hard, mother," he said angrily.

"I am just," she replied calmly. "Suppose you marry her next week, and bring her home here in a month—picture yourself sitting down to table with her, ashamed every time she spoke, nervous when any visitor called. You would be compelled to shut yourself up from all the world."

"I should be proud of her!" he said hotly.

"Your marriage is quite impossible. How could she take the head of your table, how could she entertain your visitors—this underbred girl who has no other charm than a fair face? Carlos, I know you better than you know yourself. You would be ready to die of shame. I believe there is nothing a man tires of so soon as a vulgar, uneducated wife."

"Maggie is not vulgar, mother; how can you persist in saying so? She is one of Nature's queens."

"She has a beautiful face and is graceful in her gesture, but she is vulgar in mind. I estimate her correctly. I am not in love with her. You would be utterly wretched if you were compelled to live with her for three months."

"I should die without her!" he cried passionately.

"If yours be true love, you need not fear the test," said Lady Carew. "You are but twenty-two, the girl is not much more than seventeen. What I propose is this: Let six months pass, Carlos; spend the time as you please—travel, study, amuse yourself—but mix with the world. If at the end of that time you still with all your heart wish me to entertain your proposal, then the girl must be properly trained and educated. After that I will think of what had best be done."

"You refuse your consent then, mother?" he said gloomily.

"Yes, I stand between you and the wish of your heart, because, if granted it would prove a curse instead of a blessing to you. I have never exercised my authority over you. I have studied to please you; but now I expect obedience to this my most imperative command."

"My dear mother, you should have made me obey you as a child if you expected obedience from me as a man;" and the words, lightly spoken, filled her heart with anguish.

"You are the last creature on earth who should reproach me for my excessive kindness to you," Lady Carew answered. "I have devoted my life to your welfare."

"It seems easier to you to make any sacrifice than to lay aside your prejudices, mother."

"They are for your sake, Carlos. No one cares less for a fortune than I do; but you must marry a refined, well-bred girl. You cannot make a girl who is inferior to your own servants mistress of Firholme. Do what I suggest, Carlos. Wait six months, and then, if you are still in the same mind, begin by educating her—two or three years in France or Germany might do much for her."

"Mother, you talk nonsense!" he cried. "When every hour is an age, how can I wait six months and then two or three years! I could not. Once and for all, mother, will you give your consent?"

"No, I cannot."

"Remember, I need not ask you," he said. "I am master here. Firholme is mine. I can bring a wife here when I choose; but I would not do so without your consent, for the sake of the love there has been between us. I prefer to please you if I can."

But Lady Carew would make no compromise. She was firm and would not give her consent to her son's marriage unless he complied with the conditions laid down.

CHAPTER X.

When Sir Carlos went back to Hatton he found that Lord Stanleigh was on the point of going to Spain. He had received important letters about some mining property he had there, and was compelled to start at once. In another three days the old mansion would be empty.

Hiram West had made one last appeal to beautiful Maggie, which she had laughed to scorn, and now he had to leave her to accompany his master to Spain.

"I shall never give you up," he said to her. "You can treat me with scorn, and laugh at me as you will; but while I live I shall never give up the hope of winning you. We shall be absent three months. The first thing I shall do when I return to England will be to come and see you."

She smiled to herself as the handsome face of her young lover came before her. If all went well with her, this man, who seemed to think he was superior to her, would be standing behind his master's chair while she dined with him. What would he think of his presumption then?

She laughed as he laid on the table the magnificent bouquet he had brought for her, laughed as he took leave of her, and she watched him down the lane—laughter soft and sweet, laughter which delighted while it piqued him, and which made him resolve to repay her some day for her scornful treatment.

Sir Carlos was greatly vexed at his frend's determination. If Lord Stanleigh left Hatton, he could not remain there, for the house would be in charge of servants. Then how could he see Maggie? And he would not admit the possibility at present of living without seeing her. He went over to the cottage at once and found the girl in the garden.

"Come with me into the woods, Maggie," he said. "I have something to say to you."

She looked more beautiful than ever that morning. John Waldron had bought her a pretty dress—white, with pink rosebuds in it; and she had gathered roses just like them from the hedges—some she wore in her bodice and some in her dark hair. Her dark face shone with happiness, and a lovely bloom was on her face.

As Sir Carlos looked at her he wished his mother could have seen her as she was—simple, natural and graceful. Who would have believed that an ill-made dress and tawdry ornaments could make such a difference! When they reached the cool shade of the woods, Maggie looked up at her lover, her dark eyes bright with mischief and fun.

"I could see yesterday," she said, "when you brought Lady Carew over to see me, that her verdict was against me. She did not like me, I know, from the very way in which she looked at me."

"You are right and wrong, Maggie," replied Sir Carlos. "I have been hoping for some time to win you for my wife, but my mother has been so much to me, and I owe her so much that I thought I would dutifully ask her advice and consent, at the same time asking her to see you; however, it did not answer."

"No, for I could see that your mother did not like me."

"My darling, who could see you and not like you?" he cried. "It is not that; but listen, Maggie. My mother thinks that my love for you may be a boy's fancy of which I shall soon repent; she thinks I ought to give it the test of time; and she wants me to go away for six months, and try if I can forget you—forget you, my darling!" he repeated, bending and kissing her passionately.

"That is not very kind of her," said Maggie, with a pretty pout.

"No—nor is it the worst of it. If at the end of six months I still love you as I do now, she wishes you to be educated."

"To be what?" cried Maggie, her face flushing, her eyes sparkling. "To be what, Carlos?"

"To be educated, my darling," he replied.

"Educated!" and she tossed her pretty head. "Does Lady Carew think I wouldn't know how to read and write? I went to school for five years, and Miss Pierson knew how to teach, I should hope; hers was considered the most genteel school in the town, and she always said I was the most genteel girl in it. Want education! Why, Carlos, I knew all the maps, I had my grammar by heart, and as for sums and history— How cruel of Lady Carew to say such a thing! My aunt always said I had been educated above my position."

He took her hand in his, caressing the dark hair and kissing the sweet lips as he spoke.

"You see, my darling Maggie, it is this—every class has its manners, habits and customs. If my mother were to come here and take your place she would be as much at a loss as you would be if you were suddenly to take hers."

Maggie did not look very pleased.

"No person can be more than genteel," she said, "and I have always been considered so." The lovely lips quivered, and the dark eyes looked more beautiful than ever as they filled with tears. "I think Lady Carew is very unkind," she went on. "I am quite sure that I had as much education as any one in this world wants."

He said to himself that he must explain, that he must make his mother's meaning clear to her.

"It is in this way, my darling," he said. "There are little niceties of speech and manner that women like my mother consider almost second nature; no voice on earth is sweeter than yours, but my mother would forget its sweetness if you omitted the letter 'h' from certain words or used it unnecessarily in others."

"I don't do that!" cried Maggie. "You do not love me, or you would not think of such things. I should not care how you spoke. What should I think of a few mistakes? Suppose that I cannot be just like Lady Carew, what does it matter? You pretended to like me just as I am."

At the sight of her tears, at the sound of her sweet voice, all prudence left him. That his peerless Maggie should cry, should think that he found fault with her, was not to be endured; he kissed the tears from her eyes—kissed the sweet, quivering lips, and hated himself for having spoken of these things to her. What were a few shortcomings in the way of grammar, when the mouth that uttered the words was beautiful as that of Venus.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

There are lots of wives in the world who never know that their husbands are "jovial and whole-souled" except when they see it in the papers.

For Summer Cookery

Royal Baking Powder will be found the greatest of helps. With least labor and trouble it makes bread, biscuit and cake of finest flavor, light, sweet, appetizing and assuredly digestible and wholesome.

GENERAL AND PARTICULAR

Iceland is a contented country; it has only two lawyers.

In the rock at Gibraltar there are seventy miles of tunnels.

"Typescript" is the new word proposed for typewritten manuscript.

Massachusetts has a man who breaks grindstones and such like with his skull.

Two Georgians have gone to law over the ownership of a tack hammer of the cost price of fifteen cents.

It is said that in the history of Missouri no man ever lived out a sentence of twenty-five years in the penitentiary.

A Mr. Talbot of Tacoma, Wash., who recently returned from Lake Chelan, says that the miners about the lake catch all the trout they wish with their shovels. He saw a man with one push scoop up four fish, not one of which weighed less than a pound.

One of the tragic episodes of official life is found in the account which comes from Maine of a postmistress in that state who resigned her position several months ago so that she could be married. As her successor has never been appointed, the wedding is indefinitely postponed.

A Buffalo amateur photographer saw two boys tipped over in a boat. So devoted to his art was he that during the rescue of the lads by some laborers the kodak fiend got five plates of the incident in its various phases.

The emperor of Austria is opposed to capital punishment. On one occasion he was called upon to sign a death warrant, when an unbidden tear fell and marred the signature. "See, I cannot sign it," said he, and tore the document to pieces.

It is related of Bishop Phillips Brooks that when in England he was requested to preach before the queen, and was jocosely asked if he felt afraid to do so. He replied: "No, I have preached before my mother."

Mr. Hankinson lifted the girl's little brother in his arms and tossed him up in the air. "Say, Irene," cried Johnny, after this performance had been repeated several times, "he's got a little place on the top of his head just like my china saucer!" And then Mr. Hankinson put little Johnny down.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure sick headache, disordered liver, and act like magic on the vital organs. For sale by all druggists.

Self-respect—that cornerstone of all virtue.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chilblains, Piles, &c. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

There is no malice like the malice of the renegade.

Karl's Clover Root. The great Blood Purifier gives freshness and clearness to the Complexion and cures Constipation. 25c. 50c.

The absence of temptation is the absence of virtue.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 25 cents.

No nation can be destroyed while it possesses a good home life.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Heaven is a restless activity, the abode of never-tiring thought.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure Is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25cts., 50cts. & $1.00.

Out of clothes, out of countenance; out of countenance, out of wit.

FITS—All fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fit after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

He who observes the speaker more than the sound of his words will seldom meet with disappointments.

The Modern Beauty Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasant liquid laxative Syrup of Figs.

Hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

A politician weakly and amiably right is no match for a politician tenaciously and pugnaciously in the wrong.

$100 Reward $100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. ☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Men seldom, or rather, never, for a length of time and deliberately rebel against anything that does not deserve rebelling against.

Cheap Excursions to the West. An exceptionally favorable opportunity for visiting the richest and most productive sections of the west and northwest will be afforded by the series of low rate harvest excursions which have been arranged by the Northwestern line. Tickets for these excursions will be sold on August 22, September 12 and October 10, 1893, to points in northwestern Iowa, western Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Manitoba, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming and Utah, and will be good for return passage within twenty days from date of sale. Stop-over privileges will be allowed on going trip in territory to which the tickets are sold. For further information call on or address ticket agents of connecting lines. Circulars giving rates and detailed information will be mailed free upon application to W. A. Thrall, general passenger and ticket agent, Chicago & Northwestern Railway, Chicago.

In Windham county, Conn., lives Hulitt Hazewell, who for twenty-five years has made his home among the branches of an ancient chestnut tree on a farm owned by him. He has the reputation of being well off, and his residence in the treetop is the result of a bet made in 1848 that Horatio Seymour would be elected president.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY. If any one doubts that we can cure the most obstinate case in 20 to 60 days, let him write for particulars and investigate our reliability. Our financial backing is $500,000. When mercury, iodide potassium, sarsaparilla or Hot Springs fail, we guarantee a cure—and our Magic Cyphilene is the only thing that will cure permanently. Positive proof sent sealed, free. COOK REMEDY CO., Chicago, Ill.

MASCULINITIES.

Fussy Old Gentleman—There's a fly on your nose,mum. Irascible Old Lady—Well, he ain't yours, is he?

"What is a house without a baby?" asked a lady writer, and an old bachelor replied: "It is comparatively quiet."

An old man was never as young when he committed the follies of youth as he says he was when he recalls them.

I Cure Dyspepsia and Constipation. Dr. Shoop's Restorative Nerve Pills sent free with Medical Book to prove merit, for 2c stamp. Druggists 25c. DR. SHOOP, Box W. Racine, Wis.

As soon go kindle fire with snow as seek to quench the fire of love with words.

I have used Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills for biliousness and liver troubles, and found them to work like a charm. Anyone thus troubled and using them will give the same testimony. J. P. KEATOR, Pullman Conductor Pa. R. R. Write Dr. J. A. Deane & Co., Catskill, N. Y.

The lowest people are generally the first to find fault with show or equipage.

Thousands walk the earth today who would be sleeping in its bosom but for the timely use of Town's Elixir.

For a mild cathartic and efficient tonic, use Baxter's Mandrake Bitters. Every bottle warranted.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend; his praise is lost who waits till all commend.

Three Harvest Excursions Via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway to all the best farming sections of the West and Northwest September 12, 1893, October 10, 1893. Return tickets good for twenty days. Low rates. All coupon ticket agents sell tickets via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway. GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago. City Ticket Office, Chicago, 207 Clark St.

What is becoming in behavior is honorable, and what is honorable is becoming.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL, **Annual Excursion to Petoskey and Traverse City.** The Michigan Central annual $5.00 excursion to Northern Michigan summer resorts will leave Detroit from station foot of Third St., Tuesday, August 29th at 8:00 a. m. by special train composed of first class coaches and parlor cars, running via Grand Rapids and the G. R. & I. R. R., arriving in Petoskey at 8:30 p. m. Tickets good to return until September 7th on all trains except limited trains. For tickets and other information apply at Union Ticket Office, 66 Woodward Ave corner Jefferson or Depot foot of Third St.

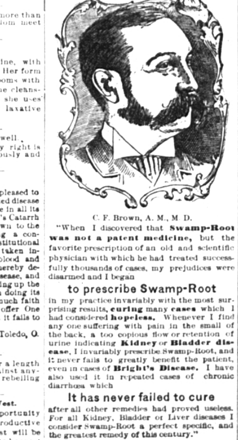
It is vain to trust in wrong; as much of evil so much of loss, is the formula of human history.

Sixty-five Bushels Per Acre. This remarkable yield was reported to the John A. Salzer Seed company, La Crosse, Wis., by Frank Floss of Iowa, on a field of Salzer's World's Fair Winter Wheat. Speaking of wheats, this new variety takes the cake. Several farmers who tried it during 1893 believe they can raise 100 bushels per acre. His northern grown wheat sorts, as also his grass mixtures, can be sown with success as late as Nov. 10. Salzer will send free a package of World's Fair Winter Wheat and his fall catalogue if you will cut this out and send same to John A. Salzer Seed company, La Crosse, Wis.

Peddler—Is the head of the family in, sonny? Sonny—No, sir; she's just went out, but the next in command, my grandmother on my mother's side, is in. Would you like to see her?

What A Noted Physician Thinks of Swamp-Root.

"GREATEST REMEDY OF THE CENTURY." An Effectual Cure for all Kidney, Liver and Bladder Diseases.



C. F. Brown, A. M., M. D.

"When I discovered that **Swamp-Root was not a patent medicine,** but the favorite prescription of an old and scientific physician with which he had treated successfully thousands of cases, my prejudices were disarmed and I began

to prescribe Swamp-Root

in my practice invariably with the most surprising results, **curing** many **cases** which I had considered **hopeless.** Whenever I find any one suffering with pain in the small of the back, a too copious flow or retention of urine indicating **Kidney** or **Bladder disease,** I invariably prescribe Swamp-Root, and it never fails to greatly benefit the patient, even in cases of **Bright's Disease.** I have also used it in repeated cases of chronic diarrhœa which

It has never failed to cure

after all other remedies had proved useless. For all Kidney, Bladder or Liver diseases I consider Swamp-Root a perfect specific, and the greatest remedy of this century."

C. F. Brown, A.M.M.D.

Suspension Bridge, N. Y.

At Druggists, 50 cents & $1.00 size, or of DR. KILMER & CO., Binghamton, N. Y.

Burlington Route **HARVEST EXCURSIONS** Will be run from CHICAGO, PEORIA and ST. LOUIS via the **BURLINGTON ROUTE** **AUGUST 22, SEPTEMBER 12, OCTOBER 10,** On these dates ROUND-TRIP TICKETS will be SOLD at **LOW RATES** To all points in NEBRASKA, KANSAS, COLORADO, WYOMING, UTAH, NEW MEXICO, INDIAN TERRITORY, TEXAS, MONTANA. Tickets good twenty days, with stop-over on going trip. Passengers in the East should purchase through tickets via the BURLINGTON ROUTE of their nearest ticket agent. For descriptive land pamphlet and further information, write to P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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