One dose of Beecham's Pills relieves sick headache. Sold by all druggists. Ask for sale by all druggists. 25 cents a box.

During the Salem hysterics murder was punished only by death.

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

The bastinado is still a favorite punishment in Turkey and Egypt.

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Justice of the Peace, George Wilkinson, of Lowville, Murray Co., Minn., makes a deposition concerning a severe cold. Listen to it. "In the Spring of 1888, through exposure I contracted a very severe cold that settled on my lungs. This was accompanied by excessive night sweats. One bottle of Boschee's German Syrup broke up the cold, night sweats, and all left me in good, healthy condition. I can give German Syrup my most earnest commendation." ⑥

LADIES ATTENTION For the best Female Pennyroyal Pills ever made. Ask druggists for Dr. Daniel's Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other. Price $1 per box, or 6 boxes for $5, sent by mail on receipt of price. Address DANIEL'S PENNYROYAL PILL CO., Detroit, Mich. Strictly confidential. AGENTS WANTED.

WORN NIGHT AND DAY. Pain in the Side, Back or Hips with cause cured by the Excelsior Elastic Truss. Adjustment. Comfort and Support. New Patented improvements. Illustrated catalogue and rules for self-measurement, sent free, securely sealed. O. A. BROOKS, MFR. Office, 704 Broadway, New York City.

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IRON SHELL DISH CLEANER. Sells at sight. Agents wanted. IRON SHELL FACTORY, MONROE, MICH.

GIRLS READ THIS! FREE RINGS. Send your address and we will send you 12 pieces of jewelry to sell at 10c. each. When sold return the money and we will send you a ring. Address, J. P. MFG. CO., Dept. 8, Chicago, Ill.

PISO'S CURE FOR Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not yet failed in a single case. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

CONSUMPTION.

LEWIS' 98% LYE PURIFIED AND PERFUMED (PATENTED). The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being in powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. It will make the best perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleansing water pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, making bottles, pails, tubs, etc. PENNA. SALT MF'G CO. Gen. Agts., Phila., Pa.

View of the World's Fair FREE Send two cents in postage to F. H. Brown, General Northern Passenger Agent, ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD, 194 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., for a free copy of a large, colored bird's-eye view of the World's Fair and vicinity. It is mounted on cloth, ready for hanging up, and will be found of value as a souvenir, and for reference.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER The Best Waterproof Coat in the WORLD! The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect fitting coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. Don't buy a cheap article. Sold by all Leading Hatters. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies — OR — Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of **W. BAKER & CO.'S BreakfastCocoa** which is absolutely pure and soluble. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and easily DIGESTED. Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

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 stopover on going trip. Passengers in the East should purchase through tickets via the BURLINGTON ROUTE at their nearest ticket agent. For descriptive land pamphlet and further information, write to P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill. Pass 45 ill 6

WORLD'S Columbian Exposition OFFICIAL SOUVENIR—1893 In beautiful and bright colors, and the Designs handsomely etched on steel, taken from Oil Paintings and the celebrated, world-renowned made now on exhibition at the World's Fair. On the top is the famous portrait, after Mora, of Christopher Columbus, in the center is an exact representation of the Santa Maria in full sail, showing the brave crew that assisted in discovering the New World. On the bottom is a design showing two Globes—the old and the new worlds—on one side is Christopher Columbus, surrounded by his crew, representing the first landing on our shores, and on the other a complete bird's eye view of the Exposition. It is pronounced one of the handsomest and most attractive mementoes yet issued as a Souvenir of the great Exposition. Can be used as a Badge, Book-Mark, or as an ornament for the parlor. Adopted by Societies, Clubs, Churches, and the public in general. Price, 25c. each, or two for 40c. AGENTS WANTED everywhere. Prices per Doz., $1. Special terms for large lots. Mailed and delivered free to any part of the U. S. on receipt of price. J. MILLER & CO., 157 S. CLARK ST., CHICAGO.

WORLD'S FAIR.

MY LOVE OF LONG AGO.

I met a woman wan and old,
Bent beneath the weight of grief and years;
Her hair was robbed of all its gold,
Her eyes were dimmed by stealing tears;
Her hands were roughened, hard and brown,
Where jewels had once gone white and fair.
I stopped and kissed her—do not frown—
I loved her, loved her long ago.

The faded and the withered flower,
Bare both not beauty for its part;
Who can say it looks the prettier
To take fond echoes of the heart?
Who can say that on that summer day
I stopped to press and kiss her so,
Ah, but, the woman old and gray,
My rose, my love of long ago.

HIS CONSCIENCE.

"I do not suppose," said Ivison, speaking very slowly and distinctly, and looking straight into his other man's eyes, "that you knew exactly what you were doing; but I say again, that is no excuse for you. We have been friends long enough to warrant your taking sides with me in almost anything, and even to—even to lying for me if it were necessary."

The other man shifted his position a little and wet his lips with his tongue.

"You did not remember, did you," Ivison went on, gripping and unglving the back of the chair behind which he was standing, "that it was I who put you on your feet, not only this last time, but once or twice before? I am going to believe you forgot this—forgot that to me you owe even what little you have; for I don't want to think of you as an ungrateful man. No you are not ungrateful, you are simply a fool. You say that when he asked you, you were taken by surprise that you could only acknowledge I had been willful, and wild, and mixed up in one or two affairs not greatly to my credit as a gentleman? And yet you ought to have known and remembered that your words were my death-warrant with her father. You did know it, but you didn't remember it? What have you to say for yourself?"

The other man swallowed once or twice, but he did not speak. Ivison, growing paler every moment, turned the chair aside and moved toward the door.

"I am going," he said, "because I do not care to trust myself with you longer. If I did, I might forget, and if I forgot, I would try to kill you. Wait, when you get your senses again, you will see and understand just what you have done for me. You have ruined my life, and hers, for she loved me through it all—and I am the man who made you. I am going South to-night, and it will probably be for a long time. My only wish is that, in the years to come—until you are dead—you will think at least once a day that it was you who wrecked the happiness of two people—who broke her heart and brought the old man back into mine; and it is you who will pay for it in the end."

At last the other man found his tongue.

"My God, Ivison," he cried, hoarsely, "don't leave me now—let me think, let me think! I—I—how could I know what he wanted? He only asked me if you had been up years ago, and I said—passing his hand quickly over his eyes—"what did I say? It could not have been much, for he was here but a minute. But I can fix it, Ivison—I can—it is some way! How could I know it was her father?"

"You couldn't know, answered, Ivison, in the same clear, even tone, though the other man knew that back of this forced calmness the devil himself raged in the other's soul, "because, as I told you, you were a fool. Until then you had been passably sane, and it would seem that you ought to know enough to keep your mouth shut, but you didn't. On the contrary you told him more than he asked for. You told him that I was a friend of yours, but you thought—no, you knew—I had sown my wild oats and then you told him what they were and what kind of a crop they were yielding. You told of the other woman, and—and the rest. Could any man alive have given his daughter to me hearing that? And yet all the time you were talking, you knew I had changed; that I had buried the past a straight, long grave behind me, and had kept it in its grave for years. But you weren't content to let it remain there; you dragged it out and showed it to him—enjoying doing it, doubtless. And I made you."

The other man looked straight before him, but he did not speak again. Ivison took up his hat, drew in his gloves from his pocket, and began slowly putting them on.

"I did not come here to preach to you," he said, presently, "for I am not at that sort of thing. I came for your own good, as well as to tell you just what I thought of you. I have done that, and now I say to you, I never want to set eyes on you again. I have kept my hands off your miserable body to-night because I am not a rough; but I warn you now that if I ever see you again, it may be different; for it is in my heart to kill you—to kill you, do you hear?"

"Why don't you do it then?" said the other man suddenly, turning his sunken eyes upon his scourger, his voice still hoarse with emotion; "I wouldn't stop you. I know all you say, and more, is true—that you made me, and that I have ruined you. You couldn't possibly think any less of me than I do of myself. If putting an end to my unhappy life will make reparation for what I have done, I say do it! Don't stand there and review the whole cursed thing, though, for what is passed can't be helped. In God's name, Ivison," he cried, fiercely, throwing his arms above his head in his wild, dramatic way, "what can I do now?"

"Nothing; you couldn't convince him that you had wronged me; and I cannot deny what you said. All I can say to him is the past is dead and buried; and he shrugs his shoulders and says it is a very convenient one. You did not lie; no, you did what is sometimes much worse and a good deal harder to do—you told the truth. When you left, there is now in saying anything else. Good-night," and Ivison closed the door softly behind him.

The other man stood still until he heard him pass out into the street. Then, with a groan, he sank into his chair and buried his head on his arm. From his earliest boyhood he had been sensitive, painstaking creature; careful and conscientious to such a degree that he became a byword in his own family; of highminded and extremely nervous organization; and with a temperament as changeable as the weather and often affected by it. He was not a handsome man; he was tall, and thin, and stooping; his eyes, deep and hollow, were always feverishly bright; his chin was pointed and his lips thin—giving one the idea of a cruel streak in the man which he in nowise possessed.

All his life he had had to fight his way slowly from one position to another—so slowly that even he became impatient at times; and when Ivison, taking pity on him one day, had brought over the books at his father's office, recommended him for an easier place and a larger salary, the poor fellow was so overcome that he quite lost his head and nearly fainted where he sat with astonishment. As nervous and as given to details as a sick woman, he magnified every small thing that came to him, and jumped at conclusions with a rapidity that would have put to shame any member of the opposite sex. But in a moment of forgetfulness he had spoken; and in two minutes he had ruined the life of almost his only friend.

For a while as he lay there after Ivison had gone, he could hardly understand it all, but gradually through the distorted lenses of his scrupulous nature, he saw what he had done, and he wondered dimly how God would punish him. Not for a moment did he think of blaming Ivison or asking himself why the man had not made his life purer, so that he would have had nothing to disclose to her father; with characteristic unselfishness, he told himself the fault was entirely his, and that the sin he had committed was unpardonable; and hardly knowing what he was doing, he pulled the little bible which lay before him under the light and turned to the commandments to see if it was there. But before he found the place, he came to a passage which seemed to burn itself into his brain: "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life." A life for a life! He started to his feet as if some one had spoken his name, and turned to his desk. There he drew a sheet of paper to him and wrote:

"What I told you of Ivison yesterday is a lie, from beginning to end. I write you then in hearing false witness, against him, for I love your daughter, and, in a moment of wild madness, I thought it might win her for me. It is a lie, I repeat, the man is as pure as yourself, and she never knew a friend's stain. That you take him back again at once is the prayer—the command—of the man who tried to ruin his life. Show this to him, and remember that these are the last words of one who, before you read them, shall be expiating his crime in the other world."

To this strange note he signed his name and put it in an envelope.

"It will please him," he mused, "it must," he said, turning to a small drawer and opening it. "Ivison shall be restored, but I—"

He took from the drawer a tiny, pearl-handled revolver, and, going to the fire-place again, stood looking thoughtfully into the blaze.

"I have lied," he whispered to himself—"lied about her. 'A life for a life!' 'A life for a life!'"

Then he pulled the hammer of the revolver slowly back and cocked it.

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As Ivison started home from the theater that night, he hesitated at the corner of the street, and then turned back and walked slowly toward the office rooms. A curious feeling had come over him while he sat watching the play—a feeling as if he had done something wrong, or had left something undone for which he could never make reparation. As the performance went on, the feeling became stronger, until he found himself restless, and disturbed, and wishing he were out of the place, in the cool night air. Why he should feel so, he could not think, and he stopped trying to, after a few minutes of mental anguish. When he had got through the crowd and into the street, the strange sensation left him somewhat; but when he reached the corner, instead of going home or to the club, as he had intended doing, he found himself hurrying toward the other man's little bachelor apartments, with no plausible reason. Perhaps it was curiosity to see him once more before he left the city; perhaps only the desire to look upon him and think what a pleasure it would be to choke the miserable wretch's life from his body; perhaps—and this was the true reason, as he felt later on—his own troubled spirit bring him compassionate for the man, and he would speak kindly to him and try to forgive him. He soon came to the Nth Street house, and the other man lived, and down this street he turned.

Several men, half-dressed and stupidly excited, it seemed to him, were talking among themselves in the hall as he came in; but as it was a large house, and those who roomed there were constantly going and coming, he did not stop. With a nod in answer to a merely recognition by those he knew by sight, he pushed by them and up the stairs to the other man's room. He turned the knob and the door was closed, and a queer feeling, an intensified return of that he had experienced in the theater, came over him. He threw his weight against the door quickly, and the lock gave way.

Upon the bed, with his eyes open and staring at the ceiling, as they had been for the last five minutes, lay the Man With a Conscience—dead. The Argonaut.

The Vanishing of Spirit.

When one comes to think of it, it is just as strange that a spirit should disappear as that it should appear. How is it managed? Out of three ghosts which I have viewed none disappeared. All had past or round the corner, and I did not know they were ghosts till later circumstances made that theory highly probable. If not precisely capable of exact demonstration. One of them certainly was not anybody; could not have been, but was in a dress different from the dress actually worn at the moment by the lady whose form of whom it was a phantom. If we may sleep suddenly for a minute we may dream in that minute; but how is one to know one was asleep? Some cases of contradictory evidence, may have arisen from these queer physiological conditions. A seer may be in for perjury with the best desire to tell the truth. —Andrew Lang in Longman's.

Painted White.

A surprising number of new restaurants of the cheaper sort are painted white. Probably their proprietors are following a fashion set by a New Yorker, whose bill of fare consisted largely of milk, who intended to imply as much by the cream-colored front of his place. The so-called "dairy" restaurants are painted white that are scattered about the land and that are painted white are numbered by hundreds.

Heartless, Indeed.

"I think our teacher of composition is charming, don't you, Emily?"

"Pie, Bertha; that heartless monster? Captivated by his blue eyes the other day, I slipped a little affectionate note into my copybook!"

"And what did he do?"

"He gave it me back with all the spelling mistakes corrected in red ink!"

Like No Other Love.

By Charlotte M. Brame.

CHAPTER XI—(Continued).

Sir Carlos had a stormy scene with his wife about going home; the chains he wore galled him so much that he must be free from them for a time. The member for Lynn Mavis, the county town of his shire, was dead, and he had been asked to take his place. This was what Lady Carew had always desired. She wrote to him, telling him that he should return at once on account of the election. He knew that to take Maggie home and introduce her to the county grandees would ruin all his Parliamentary prospects. He would lose not only the votes but the interest of all his father's old friends; they would never forgive such a mesalliance.

How he hated his folly! What could have possessed him to marry a girl like Maggie? His mother had been right. If he had waited, six months to think of it, she would never have been his wife.

"I have spoiled my life," he said, "but I must not make Maggie miserable."

He felt that he must leave her for a time. He could endure this life no longer. She should have everything she wanted; but he must have some respite from what was a life of torture to him.

There was not one scene, but many between husband and wife; it was the first time in his life that the master of Firholme had seen all that a coarse nature is capable for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life." A life for a life! He started to his feet as if some one had spoken his name, and turned to his desk. There he drew a sheet of paper to him and wrote:

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"And what did he do?"

"He gave it me back with all the spelling mistakes corrected in red ink!"

I have loved you, Carlos. Some months ago I was afraid, for I thought my over-indulgence had spoiled you; but you came out nobly from the ordeal, and I shall never fear for you again."

Her face softened, and her eyes, bright with love, were bent tenderly on him. She wondered a little why he caught her in his arms and kissed her so fondly, unmitigated that she was his beloved mother, his dearest mother. He felt that he could sooner have smitten her dead at his feet than have destroyed her innocence by pride in him. He turned from her with a groan.

"I am very tired, mother," he said. "I will say good-night."

He could not have borne another word. He had not reached Firholme until late in the evening, but Lady Carew had sat up for him. She believed that he was tired. If she had known what he was suffering, of his anguish, his remore, his despair, her heart would have broken of grief for him.

CHAPTER XII.

It was late when Sir Carlos came down on the following morning; he had not thought of the visitors. All night he had been fighting a hard battle with himself. Although he had deceived his mother with respect to his marriage, he was naturally frank and open. It was the only secret between them. It was torture to him to have to live under the same roof with his mother and keep up the deception; and yet he could not bear to put an end to her innocent pride in him by telling her the truth. Another reason was that it was not that he feared her reproaches, but he dreaded to distress her. He had never known before how much he loved her, and he would do anything rather than pain her. He must wait, he thought, until he had her all to himself away from Firholme, and then he would tell her everything.

He had forgotten all about the visitors. It was a surprise to him, when he entered the breakfast-room, to see a tall, handsome, stately lady there talking eagerly to his mother—a lady who looked up when he entered, and said:

"Is this your son, Mildred?"

"Yes, my mother—heaven help her!—with her face all aglow with pride and happiness, introduced him to the Baroness Cawdor.

Sir Carlos liked her at once. She was an his mother had said, a most charming woman; and she talked to him so brightly, so gayly, that he forgot some of the bitterness of his troubled spirit for a time.

Then there was an interruption. A man, who sent in his name as Hiram West, wanted to see him.

Sir Carlos at once went to the library, and found Lord Stanleigh's ex-valet there. Lord Stanleigh was still in Spain, he was told, but the climate had not suited his valet, so he had returned to England. He had heard that Sir Carlos wanted a well-trained servant, and Lord Stanleigh had recommended him.

As a favor to oblige Lord Stanleigh, Sir Carlos engaged the man. Hiram West had been to Armytage, and had been told that Maggie had obtained a situation in London; but he did not believe in the truth of the story. If he wanted to find her, he told himself, he must seek out Sir Carlos Carew. This was the purpose of his coming; her whereabouts that he had engaged himself as valet to Sir Carlos.

Sir Carlos did not quite like this new servant, but he disliked the associations connected with him; but Lord Stanleigh wished him to take the man, and he was one who would do much to please a friend. The young baronet knew nothing of Hiram West's love for Maggie, or he might have been on his guard.

The man came in the course of a few days, and he suffered from those troubles, as they are doing for me what all other remedies failed to do.

E. G. PETTIT, 1st Asst Engineer, Fire Dep't, Kansas City, Kan.

Write J. A. Deane & Co., Catskill, N. Y.

Several thousands of hair pins, in many styles, have been recovered from Pompeii.

Through to Galveston.

The Missouri, Kansas & Texas railway is now running sold trains with sleepers to Galveston, Texas. The "Katy Vestibuled Flyer" is a solid vestibuled train through, without change, from Chicago to Galveston.

JAMES BARKER, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

When your son a beard is grown It is time for you to shave your chin.

Three Harvest Excursions

Via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway will be held on Tuesday, August 22, 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.

Don't have money transactions with your friends if you can avoid them.

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 a 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, Wyoming, Colorado and Utah, and will be good for return passage within twenty days from date of sale. Stop-over privileges will be allowed within the territory to which the tickets are sold. For further information call on or address ticket agents, or address the undersigned, giving rates and detailed information will be mailed free upon application to W. A. Thrall, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Chicago & Northwestern Railway, Chicago.

Afflicted with Sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water.**

BALD & HAIRLESS people are not obliged to go without hair. Please send for circular. Seneca County Med. & Comp. Co., Tiffin, O.

Patents, Trade-Marks, Examination and Advice as to patentability of invention. Send for "Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent." PATRICK O'FARRELL, Washington, D. C.

THE KANSAS CITY **VETERINARY COLLEGE,** Incorporated by the State. For Catalogue address, J. H. Wattles, Secy., 510 E. 15th St., K. C., Mo.

$100 A MONTH commission—Wanted in every county in the United States to sell our pure teas, coffees, spices, baking powder and extracts. Send 10 stamps for our wholesale price list. American Tea Co., 207 Michigan Ave., Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS WANTED—$75.00 per month clear easily made. We want a reliable young man in every county to sell our specialties. Goods are staple and sold to every family. If you want a nice respectable, permanent situation, with no competition, address WESTERN & LITTLE M'F'G CO., 46-48 W. Jackson Street, Chicago.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY. If any doubt as to the cure, we can give the most positive proofs. Cure in 10 to 35 days, let him write for proofs, testimonials, and price, which will be fair and within your reach. Cure guaranteed. Our specialty, Blood Poisons only. Some cases cured in 5 days. When necessary, we guarantee a cure, and our Medicine (pillules) is the only thing that will cure permanently. Enclosed, good sealed, free. COOK REMEDY CO., Chicago, Ill.

W. N. U.—D.—XII—37.

The United States Government reports ROYAL a pure cream of tartar baking powder, highest of all in leavening strength.

"The Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public." Dr. H. A. Mott, Late United States Government Chemist.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

TREES AND THEIR ENEMIES.

It is asserted that the best, strongest and most fibrous material in the shape of wood now used as pulp for paper, is made from spruce logs.

The mountains of Guatemala (meaning full of trees) are covered with magnificent forests, and the country takes its name from them. One of its principal products is gutta percha; dye-woods and other tropical trees abound.

A curious tree growth has been noticed in Key West, Fla. The date palm is growing from the hollow of an Indian fig or banyan tree, and is apparently supported by the roots of the fig tree, which clasp the date for some distance. The banyan is a small one, having only three trunks.

Thirty years ago a small pine on the farm of Tom Davis, in Johnson county, Georgia, being cut down, lodged against another small pine about twenty-five feet above ground and four feet from the top. The tree rotted and the tree that was cut down is growing as finely as ever to within a foot of the butt. The stump has rotted away, but still the tree thrives through the roots of the stump.

The elm tree beetle, a greedy black worm, is doing great mischief to the stately old elms, with which the streets of all Connecticut towns are shaded. The worm speedily strips the trees of their leaves, which turn yellow and often fall in showers. Many handsome elms have already been almost ruined by them, and the daily press teems with editorials and letters from correspondents, arboriculturists, telling how the pest may be destroyed.

FINS AND FEATHERS.

A large fish hawk lately captured a trout from the creek at Seaberry Settlement, N. Y., and while devouring the fish was attacked by a mink. A terrific fight ensued, which resulted in the death of the mink.

A gasoline stove exploded in Norristown, Pa., and a 5-year-old child was burned to death. A faithful dog tore all the child's clothing off in his efforts to rescue its child, and the dead body of the animal was found by the child's side after the fire.

Two hundred and sixty-two thousand recruits for the Russian army are to be drawn from conscription this year.

An idol collector in London who has just died had a collection of 500 little gods, all of which had been actually worshiped.

The rudder of the monster British iron-clad Vulcan alone weighs twenty-two tons, about six tons heavier than the one formerly used on the Great Eastern.

The centenary of Claude Chappe, the inventor of the semaphor system of signaling, has been celebrated in Paris by the unveiling of a statue to his memory in the Boulevard St. Germain.

There is a Sabbatarian wave passing over Belgium. It manifests itself most strongly among the printers. Their "chapels" have made resolutions to discourage the issue of Sunday papers.

The prince of all Hungarian gypsies Ignas Erdelyi committed suicide a few days ago in Budapest. He was one of the most famous violinists of his race, and in his lifetime appeared in every country of Europe and in the United States.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Proprs. of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer $100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by druggists, 75c.

Charity (and money) cover multitudes of sins.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. Sold by druggists, 25 cts., 50 cts., Sets. & $1.00.

Satan is afraid of water.

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

Love is the unknowable.

FITS—All fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Happiness is a result of what we are, not of what we have.

Home Seekers' Excursions Via the M. K. & T. Ry.

Remember that on Sept. 12 and Oct. 10 home seekers' excursions will be run via the M. K. & T. Ry. to all points on the line in Missouri, Kansas and Texas at rate of one fare (plus $2) for the round trip, tickets limited to continuous passage in each direction and good twenty days from date of sale.

For further information call on or address,

JAMES BARKER, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

French criminals were condemned to the galleys as late as 1650.

I Cure Dyspepsia and Constipation. Dr. Hoopp's Restorative Pills are sent free with Medical Book to prove merit, for 3 cents. Druggists 25c. Dr. Hoopp, Box W, Kalamazoo, Mich.

The downright fool doesn't know it.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to kill corns. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Covetousness is the chrysalis of theft.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

Dividends are the legs of investments.

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

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

Love, like religion, must be accepted very largely on faith.

The Modern Beauty

Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. She is glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing influence of a laxative remedy, she is the gentle and pleasant liquid laxative Syrup of Figs.

The witchcraft laws in England were not repealed until 1736.

Michigan Day

at the World's Fair. The Michigan Central "The Niagara Falls Route," will run special excursion trains from Chicago to Chicago, from all stations in Michigan, at one fare for the round trip. Tickets to be sold ticket, free special announcements, and apply to Ticket Agent for particulars.

Ancient Persians did not punish murderers for the first offense.

I had suffered with indigestion and constipation in the worst form for a number of years, and tried many so-called remedies without success. I finally was advised to use Dr. Lemas's Dyspepsia Pills, and although having used them but a short time I have been greatly benefited. I cheerfully recommend them to all who suffer from these troubles, as they are doing for me what all other remedies failed to do.

E. G. PETTIT, 1st Asst Engineer, Fire Dep't, Kansas City, Kan.

Write J. A. Deane & Co., Catskill, N. Y.

Through to Galveston.

The Missouri, Kansas & Texas railway is now running sold trains with sleepers to Galveston, Texas. The "Katy Vestibuled Flyer" is a solid vestibuled train through, without change, from Chicago to Galveston.

JAMES BARKER, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

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Embroidery Silk, 25 skeins for only 25 cents. Sent free. Catalogue free. All the colors. Finest quality. Fast colors. Warranted to stamp taken in exchange for any Patchwork Silk. Sent free. Catalogue free. Agents wanted everywhere. Address, ROYAL SILK MFG. CO., Dept. 8, Chicago, Ill.

IMPROVE your opportunities and you will secure unusually explicit item, and be able to work in spare time or all time. The work is pleasant, easy, and honorable, and the attraction of all who are willing to work. Some have made large pay by their efforts. Work adapted to all ages and both sexes. You can live at home and do the work in your own locality. Reader, it is a royal chance, and such as one as may never come again. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

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