Young People

The Little Heroine.

By a schoolyard where the children played
I paused a while to see;
Among them was a little maid
Who sweetly glanced at me.

While others laughed and raced and danced
With many a graceful air,
She stood aside alone and glanced
With glad eyes at them there.

Her face was beautiful and sweet,
But, hapless little one,
She stood on twisted, withered feet,
That ne'er were made to run.

I thought of God's mysterious way,
And watched her where she stood;
I wondered if she gave Him praise
And deemed Him wise and good.

Her playmates joined their hands ere long,
And, hedging her about
Danced around her with a merry song
And many a happy shout.

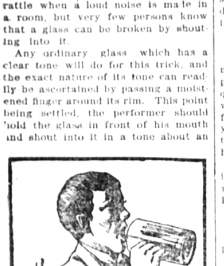
I saw her clap her hands, her voice
In gleeful accents rang,
She had the courage to rejoice
With those who danced and sang.

I left them where they gladly played—
A sweet voice seemed to cry
"While she can laugh, poor little maid,
Why should you ever sigh?"
—The Chicago Record-Herald.

Shout Breaks a Glass.

Every one knows that windows will rattle when a loud noise is made in a room, but very few persons know that a glass can be broken by shouting into it.

Any ordinary glass which has a clear tone will do for this trick, and the exact nature of its tone can readily be ascertained by passing a moistened finger around its rim. This point being settled, the performer should hold the glass in front of his mouth and shout into it in a tone about an



octave higher than that of the glass. The result will be that the glass will break immediately, and for the reason that it will not have strength enough to resist the force exerted against it by the waves of air.

The thinner the glass is the more easily will it be broken. A common beer glass, however, is the one which is generally used.

The Tables Turned.

There were two things that made all the trouble. First, little Bill wanted to be a hunter and had asked his father for a real Flobert rifle, and his father had made a great mistake and bought it. Oh! how Bill loved that gun. He blew down the barrel and snapped the trigger and "shouldered arms" and made great boasts of all the rabbits he would kill next day, and then at last he went to sleep with the gun under his pillow. The other thing was that Bill had eaten too much mince pie at dinner. Suddenly he found himself at the edge of a dark wood. Bill shivered and felt lonely—wished he hadn't come. But there in front of him was a sure-enough track—it was a rabbit track. Bill was certain of this. Now he would use that much-loved gun. He crept slowly on, following the tracks. His hand trembled; he was just a little scared. "Brace up, Bill," he said; "you're a bold hunter—don't forget." But just as he spoke there was a whirring sound; he felt his feet fly out from under him; he felt himself pulled hard by one leg. The world seemed to be turning upside down. His knife and marbles were falling out of his pockets. He was hanging head down with his leg caught in a noose and his gun lay on the ground.

Just then a great Jack Rabbit, who looked to Bill as big as a bear with staring eyes and a wicked grin, came toward him. What was he carrying? The precious gun. Bill struggled and kicked and tried to cry out.

"How does it feel when you try it yourself?" said the Rabbit.

"Try wh-wh-a-a-?" shivered Bill.

"Try being hunted and trapped and hung by the leg," grinned the Rabbit. "I guess I have you now, cruel boy. You'll make good stew," he laughed.

"Stew!" screamed Bill.

"Yes; I shall shoot you with this gun," and lifting it to his shoulder he fired—Bang!

"Billy! Oh, Billy!" cried his mother, "you've fallen out of bed!"

Bill rubbed his eyes.

"It ain't no fun when you try it yourself," he said, slowly. And he was right.

It Blackens.

There is an old story about a Greek maiden named Eulalie; she wanted to be friends with Lucinda, a very gay and worldly woman. One day she said to her father, Sophronius, "I would like to call upon Lucinda; may I go to-day?"

"I cannot allow you to do that, my daughter," replied Sophronius.

"But, father, you must think me excessively weak if you suppose I should be injured by going," said Eulalie, crossly.

Her father stooped down and picked up a piece of dirty coal and held it out. "Take that in your hand, my child. It will not hurt you."

She did, her fingers became smudged. Eulalia did not understand "Why," she said, "did you give me this?" It blackens."

"Yes," came the reply. "Coal, when it does not burn, blackens."

Do you see the lesson of the old Greek? Bad company will blacken if it does not burn.

To Decorate Candles.

Candles can be decorated by rolling pictures tightly round them and warming the backs of the pictures by passing the flame of a match or another candle over them. To get the best

results the engraving should be newly printed on thin paper with plenty of ink, and, if they are half tones, should be coarse grained. Effective designs can be found in great variety in many illustrated periodicals.

The Flour Merchant.

The one who personates the flour merchant will try every way to dispose of his stock of flour, by asking question after question of the others, who must, in their answers, be careful not to use these words: Flour, I, yes or no; as they are forbidden, and the one who is caught using them will have to pay a forfeit.

The flour merchant must persevere in his endeavors to make the players use one of the interdicted words. For instance:

"Do you wish any flour to-day?"

"There is none required."

"But you will surely want it; let me persuade you to take some."

"That is impossible."

"Why so? It is the very best of flour; just look at it; it is so very fine and white."

"The quality is a matter of indifference to me."

"But it will make such good, sweet bread. Do take some."

"You have had my answer."

"Have I? I must have forgotten it. What was it?"

"My answer was, decidedly not any."

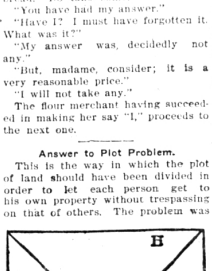
"But, madame, consider; it is a very reasonable price."

"I will not take any."

The flour merchant having succeeded in making her say "I," proceeds to the next one.

Answer to Plot Problem.

This is the way in which the plot of land should have been divided in order to let each person get to his own property without trespassing on that of others. The problem was



given last week. How many of you solved it?

Magic Rings.

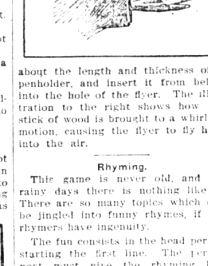
Either large beads or rings may be used in this trick, which is of classic origin, as it was performed long ago by Greek jugglers. Prepare beforehand by getting two ribbons exactly alike and the same length; double each so the ends come together; tie the ribbons at the folds with a thread exactly the same color. Slip on the rings and give two of the spectators the ends to hold. They will believe that each is holding the ends of the two different ribbons. Have them hold the ribbons slackly, and then ask each of them for the ends they hold and exchange with them the ends they before held. Take hold of one of the rings at the centre, dexterously break the thread that holds the ribbons and slip off the rings.

Dickens' School Pets.

When Charles Dickens was a boy at Wellington House Academy it was the secret pride of the students there that they owned more white mice, red polls and linnets than any other set of boys within their ken. These they kept in hatboxes, drawers and even in the school desks. A small but very accomplished mouse, which lived in the corner of a Latin dictionary, in Dickens' desk, and could draw Roman chariots, fire paper muskets and scale pasteboard ladders, fell at last into an overfull inkpot and lost both its white coat and its life. Dickens nevertheless, won a prize for his Latin, and a well thumbed and blotted Horace which he once presented to his coach recently fetched a high price at an exhibition in England.

The Japanese Flyer.

A very simple flying machine can be made from a piece of cigar box wood. Cut a rubber-like strip of wood, and bore exactly in its center a small hole, the size of a slate pencil. On one half of the strip the right, on the other half of the left side, taper down to a knife-like edge (see illustration). Cut a round stick of wood



about the length and thickness of a penholder, and insert it from below into the hole of the flyer. The illustration to the right shows how the stick of wood is brought to a whirling motion, causing the flyer to fly high into the air.

Rhyming.

This game is never old, and for rainy days there is nothing like it. There are so many topics which can be jingled into funny rhymes, if the rhymers have ingenuity.

The fun consists in the head person starting the first line. The person next must give the rhyming line before a given number of seconds have passed. Usually one minute is the allotted time. Then, if he is not ready, any one in the company may call it out and change places.

In this way a number of clever rhymes may be forthcoming, and the game may be kept up till the ingenuity of the players is exhausted.

Telling Drawn Cards.

A clever way is here given in which to discern one or more drawn cards. Turn unperceived the bottom card of a pack face upward; then let several of the company draw a card. Reverse the pack rapidly, so that the bottom is now the top card, and thus all the other cards are turned face upward unseen by the spectators.

Hold the pack firmly in your fingers and request those who have drawn to replace their cards in the pack. Thus all the drawn cards will lie with their faces downward, while all the other cards will lie with their face upward. You now step aside, select the drawn cards, and show them to the company

A Universal Prefix Puzzle!

In the above picture are objects illustrating five one-syllable words. These words rhyme, and by beheading all of them and prefixing the same letter to each, you will find that they all have suddenly become the same word. What are the five words?

PRAISES CHILDREN OF JAPAN

Writer Enthusiastic Over Infants of Flowery Kingdom.

A recent book on the children of various countries says: "A baby Japanese girl is the most delightful creature you can possible imagine; a radiant, happy, beautiful butterfly. She is rarely known to cry, for she is rarely slapped. What mother could have the heart to touch so dainty a blossom as the childdower of this land of flowers? The baby girl loves fun; she loves toys, sweets and tea in little cups; she loves to smoke, with a funny pipe made of brass and kept in her sleeve; and, above all, she loves her big, round-headed doll. She is wonderfully playful and gentle, this child, always ideally dressed and always self-possessed. She has the loveliest mouth and teeth and twinkling black eyes, and she knows it, too. The smallest Japanese wants to be beautiful; each baby girl has her dainty lacquer box of rouge and powder, she is like some wonderful fantastic tropical blossom, some dear little dragon fly. And her hair—how black it is, with blue lights, and shining where it is stiffened and gummed in loops and bands till it seems to reflect the gold lacquer and coral-tipped pin that briefly around her head! Great competition goes on between girls as to whose hair shall be most becomingly arranged, whose the smoothest and most glossy, whose girdle shall be the most gracefully tied and whose dress shall possess the most harmonious effect."

WAS NOT A CANNIBAL.

But For a While the Fat Man's Neighbor at Table Feared the Worst.

A fat man walked into the restaurant and, after knocking down a few hats while hanging up his own, sat as much as himself down as the only vacant seat in the room would hold.

He grabbed a piece of bread that had come with his right hand neighbor's order and began to munch on it.

Then he looked for the bill of fare. The ministerial looking man on his left was reading it. The fat man leaned over on him and began reading it, too.

"Ooh's them pork chops and apple sauce?" he mumbled between mouthfuls of bread.

Just then the waiter appeared with a bowl of bean soup for a patron on the other side of the table.

"Here, waiter," bawled the fat man, "bring me a couple of chops, and hurry up about it, will you?"

The ministerial looking man heaved a sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness, sir," he said, turning to the fat man. "I was so afraid you were going to order pork. I detest a cannibal."

Would Not Touch the Pig.

A recent traveler in Somaliland gives the following curious incident showing the Mohammedan hatred for pigs: "We shot two wart hogs, one a particularly big boar. Alan wished to keep the tusks, but, of course, none of the Somalis would touch the unclean animal. At last a bribe of 2 rupees induced the Midgan woman to chop the tusks out with a hatchet. Even then she would not touch them and with the help of two sticks, which she used like a pair of tongs, put them on a camel. Then there was a long dispute about the hatchet. No one would touch it; it had been defiled. Of course this was pure affectation and playing to the gallery on the ayah's part. At home with her native tribe she would have gorged all the pig she could get. But the fathers of the Somalis and we marched off, the ayah holding the hatchet at arm's length as if it were going to bite her."

Two Views of a Marriage.

These couplets to be read in pairs once as printed, then the first and third and second and fourth lines. It will be seen that they give quite opposite meanings accordingly as they are read:

The man must lead a happy life
Who is directed by his wife,
Who's freed from the internal chains
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam of old could find no peace
Until he saw a woman's face;
When Eve was given for a mate,
Adam was in a happy state.

In all the females' hearts appear
Truth, artifice by turns sincere;
Hypocrisy, deceit and pride,
Ne'er known in woman to reside.

What tongue is able to unfold
The worth in woman we behold?
The falsehood that in woman dwell
Is almost imperceptible.

Fooled be the foolish man, I say,
Who will not yield to woman's sway;
Who changes from his singleness
Is sure of perfect blessedness.

An Old Proverb Revised.

Col. John S. Flaherty was advising a friend who had a grievance not to go to law about it.

"What's the use?" demanded Col. Flaherty. "What difference does it make if you have right on your side if the law is against you? Ethical problems and facts are useless when they can't be substantiated."

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again," quoted the friend who felt that he had been wronged.

"That may be," retorted the colonel, "but it does not always get up before the referee has counted ten."—New York Times.

Dry District Ruse.

Rodrick—That druggist had a great scheme for putting a "stick" in his soda fountain.

Van Albert—What was it?

Rodrick—Why, he soaked the straws in liquor and all his customers tasted it and thought it was the glass.

Privations of the Poor.

A slum inspector told the Glasgow Municipal Commission on the Housing of the Poor that on some occasions he had found families sleeping in tiers—the parents on the floor, then a mattress, and a layer of children on the top.

Returning Youthfulness.

The hair and beard of Walter Craig of Cadiz, O., were in 25 years of age, and which has been snowy white several years, is rapidly turning black

CAMPFIRE TALES

The Lost Key.

For fifty years he turned the key,
And always paused to say,
"I wonder who will wind the clock
When I am gone away?"

It was a habit second grown,
When he would reach the shelf,
To say it out aloud—more times
To whisper to himself.

Through all the years when babies played
Upon the kitchen floor
The aged man used to wind the clock
And question as before.

Threw all the years when babies grew
To man and woman state,
The good man wound the old clock up
Precisely ten to eight.

It was his habit in the days
Of peace and joy and bliss;
Ah, he was sure of where to stop
A moment ere he miss.

For fifty years, in storm and peace,
Held sure as clock and sun
Obedience exercised his every law—
"When I am gone away."

The man is dozing in his chair
I never knew so well
Je ceased to wind the old clock up,
And, like it, was so still
—Carlton Kendall Pierce, in New York Herald.

An Honorable Quarter.

"A good many officers," said the doctor, "crowded to keep out of a fight. It was easy, but not many who deserted to get to a fight, and his story is worth telling. Peter Mayville quit fed in the Ninth Vermont Regiment, which, with the Second Vermont under Colonel Lord, reached the Confederate under Early, Sept. 15, 1864, at Harpers Ferry. Under the terms of surrender all the soldiers in garrison at once paroled and the Ninth Vermont was sent to Camp Douglas, Chicago, to guard rebel prisoners, while exchange was effected.

"This was a great disappointment to Peter Mayville, and as exchange was delayed, the Vermonter became restive and then conditions. One day's night he slipped out of camp and never returned. He was recruited a sergeant and was commended by the men who knew him best. Mayville made his way to Pennsylvania, and enlisted, under the name of Peter Burry, in a regiment on its way to the front. He saw much service as once and got a corporal's chevrons. Next he got back to Vermont, and he told his story to the governor, and in the end was sent back to Vermont in as good condition as was possible under the circumstances.

"Mayville had been something of a character in his native neighborhood, and was very generally known as Peter Newcome. This name was given him because his mother was a Canadian wife, in the year they came from Quebec to Vermont, was constantly complaining to the neighbors when her husband was off carousing. 'Dot no-me Pete,' Pete was so persistent an offender that the neighbors came to call him Peter Nocome, or Newcome, and this clung to him after he reformed, and he was better known as Peter Newcome than as Peter Mayville. So when he returned, as Peter Burry, he was given a pension of $72 a month, there was less comment than there would have been under other circumstances.

"Barry did not deny that he had deserted from the Ninth Vermont, but he made it clear that he deserted because, with fighting going on in front, he could not bear the thought of idling away his time at Camp Douglas. As he could not be exchanged, and as he would not get into a fight as Peter Mayville, because Mayville was a paroled prisoner, he took the bull by the horns, and deserted into a fighting regiment. The pension officials conceded that Mayville's notions as to oath and parole were a little loose, but there was no doubt about the success of his plan to get into a fight. Barry has only a few years ago, a well-preserved, prosperous Vermont farmer, an armless hero to a people who didn't care under what name he drew a pension."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Appomattox Apple Tree.

"Gen. Gordon," says a veteran, "in a recent article said: 'The apple tree incident at Appomattox is a romance. The only connection between the surrender and the apple tree is the fact that Gen. Lee and Gen. Grant met there for a few moments and agreed upon a place for formal meeting.' Gen. Gordon is misquoted or is mistaken. The famous apple tree was across the Appomattox from the courthouse and inside of Lee's lines. The Confederate skirmish line was parallel to the Appomattox and between the apple tree and the stream, and that skirmish line was maintained until the Confederate commands moved out en route for their homes after the surrender.

"Now, the truth is, Grant was not within the Confederate lines at Appomattox. He came through the Union skirmish and battle lines from our rear, and at no time was he beyond the McLean house, which was between the lines of battle, although our line after the surrender was advanced beyond it. The apple tree was on April 9, 1865, but where Grant and Lee could meet.

"As Lee rode forward to meet Grant, however, he stopped at the roadside to await the return of his staff officer, sent through the lines to Sheridan, and to avoid the confusion on the road led his horse up the bank inside an orchard and sat down a few minutes under the famous apple tree. There Col. Marshall, his chief of staff, returning with Col. Babcock, found him. Receiving their report, he mounted his horse and rode forward with them to the McLean house. This is the true story of the apple tree."

Cavalry Charge at Gettysburg.

A cavalry charge met by a counter-charge of cavalry is still, perhaps, the most terrible spectacle witnessed in war. If the reader has never seen such a charge, he can form little conception of the awe-inspiring fury. Imagine yourself looking down from Gettysburg's heights upon the open, wide space between the lines, where five thousand horses are marshalled in battle line. Standing beside them are five thousand riders, armed, booted and spurred, and ready to mount. The bugles sound the "Mount!" and instantly five thousand plumes rise above the horses as the riders spring into their saddles. In front of the respective squadrons the daring leaders take their places, the fluttering pennants or streaming guidons, ten to each regiment, mark the left of the companies. On the opposite slope of the same plain are five thousand horsemen clad in different uniforms, ready to meet these in counter charge. Under those ten thousand horses are their hoofs, tramped and trodden, beneath whose furious tread the plain is soon to quiver. Again on each slope of the open field the bugles sound. Ten thousand sabres leap from scabbards and glisten in the sun. The trained bugles sound their commands, and as the bugle notes sound the charge their notelle dilate and their flanks swell in sympathetic impulse with the animal's pulse. "Forward!" shout the commanders down the lines and the bugles in quick succession sound "Forward!" "Charge!" "Forward!" As this order rolls through the ranks cavalry and artillery spur the planted in palpitant flanks. The madly flying horses thunder across the troubling field, filling the air with clouds of dust and the rattle of sabres. Their iron-tinned hoofs shake the earth, and each division comes in louder and crashy thunder as they charge. Then the two columns, like two great waves of fearless riders, who glisten to fall. As front against front these columns rides plunge, their sweeping sabres slashing edge against edge, continue a way through opposing ranks, and then, wheeling, arms and sabering heads, it is a scene of wildest war, a whirling tempest of battle. Short but terrible.—Gen. John B. Gordon in Scribner's.

Kept His Battle Flag.

Dennis S. Truitt died a few weeks ago in Abbeville, S. C. He was a member of the Nineteenth South Carolina regiment, and was conspicuous for his bravery in the battles around Atlanta.

In one of those battles he was the seventh man to take up the flag, six men having been killed or wounded within a short while, and he advanced the standard to the top of the enemy's earthworks in the face of a galling artillery fire.

It was at one time during the progress of this battle that the Confederate lines were badly broken, and Gen. S. D. Lee, riding up to Truitt, demanded the colors, but Truitt refused to surrender them.

Gen. Lee said to him: "Do you know who I am?" The reply was: "Yes, I know you are Gen. Lee, but it is my duty to carry the flag, and I will carry it wherever you order, but you cannot take it!"

Gen. Lee passed on to another regiment and upon demanding the colors they were delivered to him.

Several years ago, while Gen. Lee was visiting this place, Mr. Truitt called at his home and the incident just related being mentioned, Gen. Lee asked him: "Were you the man who gave me the flag or the one who did not?"

The answer being in the negative Gen. Lee replied: "Would to God there had been seven more there just like you, and a different story would have been told of those fearful battles."—Columbia Star.

Loss of Horses in War.

Deaths due to wounds received in battle constitute but an insignificant part of the losses of cavalry horses in war. It was only after an experience of two years that a cavalry bureau was established in 1863. This resulted in economy and increased efficiency, for an enormous number of horses, temporarily disabled through fatigue, wounds and lack of forage were turned in at the general depots and recuperated sufficiently to be again issued. The number turned in was but a fraction of the whole number issued, owing to the difficulty of returning worn-out horses from distant and isolated points.

Some idea of the dimensions of the remount business may be had from the statement that 188,718 horses were purchased during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1864. During the first eight months of that year the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac was supplied with two complete remounts, which required 40,000 horses. The total number of mules and horses required to keep up the supply for all armies was 500 each day, and the data collected showed that for every two men of the whole force employed one animal was required in the ranks or trains. The recent experience of the British army in South Africa indicates that the loss of animals in the civil war was not exceptional, and that whenever campaigns are undertaken in a sparsely-settled country history will repeat itself.—United States Service Review.

"Grant's Luck."

"I did not go out to see the surrender of Gen. Lee. I remember well the event of Gen Grant's return after the surrender. I think there were not more than three persons present when the general came in and took a seat at a table to write. He looked up with some expression of animation, and remarked:

"More of Grant's luck!"

This was an allusion to the newspaper critics who had been in the habit of calling his success luck.

This little comment on the surrender of Lee was the only word of exultation I ever heard from the victorious soldier.

It was a very slight expression of triumph to follow such a stupendous achievement—but wholly characteristic.—The National Magazine.

Do You Want a Hippo?

One wishing to import a hippopotamus must have a government permit

DINNERS COOKED WITHOUT FIRE

Norwegian Idea That Has Many Very Good Points.

Fireless dinners are made in vessels named Norwegian kitchens, which are an old idea imported from the peasants of Norway. The kitchen is a box with an interior packing of felt or other non-conducting material, into which a heated saucepan with side handles is set, after first being put upon the fire thoroughly to boil. The tight fit of the pan or pans, for two or three may be set one upon another, must be fitted firmly so that no steam can escape when the transfer of the saucepan is made from the fire to the cooking box; an inner padded cover to the Norwegian kitchen prevents any waste of heat, just as the inner firebox cover prevents the escape of cold air. The peasants in Norway and Sweden start their food cooking at their earliest rising, wind many bands of hay around, and pile hay on top until it is fairly buried. When noon time comes dinner is ready and is eaten in the fields with their buckwheat breads and home-made liquors.

Melbourne's Industrial Exchange.

Melbourne has an industrial exchange which is conducted for the benefit of the unemployed. For example, the needy shoemaker takes a pair of shoes to the exchange and receives a certificate equivalent to their estimated value. This he can offer at any time in return for its value in such other goods as may be deposited at the exchange by other members. These members are said to include accountants, architects, bakers, dentists, engineers, printers, authors, artists, journalists, geologists and piano tuners. It is a curious reversion to the primitive system of barter.

An Old Soldier's Experience.

Dennard, Ark., Sept. 7th. Mr. F. J. Hicks, merchant of this place, has written for publication, an account of a personal experience, which is very interesting.

"I am an old Federal soldier," writes Mr. Hicks, "and shortly after the close of the war I was taken sick. I had aches and pains all over me, fluttering of the heart and stomach trouble. I just simply was never a moment without pain. I could not sleep at night, and I was always tired and fearfully weak.

"I took medicine all the time, but for a long time I was more dead than alive. Altogether I suffered for over twenty years, and I believe I would have been suffering yet, or in my grave, if I had not read of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I got an almanac which told me of this remedy, and I bought some of it. I started with three pills a day, but increased the dose to six pills a day. I had not used many till my pains began to disappear. I kept on and now I can sleep and eat as well as ever I could, and I feel like a new man, with no pains or aches left.

"I will always recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills, for they are a wonderful remedy."

Whistler's Eccentricities.

Here is a story illustrating the peculiarities of Whistler: A gentleman went to Whistler with a letter of introduction and sent up his card with the letter. The servant presently brought down the card with a note in pencil on it, "Who is the greatest painter?" The visitor promptly wrote "Whistler," and was immediately shown upstairs. An amusing scene followed, arising out of the fact that the visitor was wearing a red necktie. Whistler declared that it interfered with the color scheme of his room and "put him off," declaring he never could paint in quite a different key. Finally he obliged the visitor to take off the offending cravat before he would condescend to exchange another word with him.

Inducing Drowsiness.

There are hundreds of persons in New York who take a long trolley ride in the evening simply to produce a feeling of sleepiness. If a man looks straight ahead of him or reads a newspaper, he will not do him little good. He might as well remain at home on the front stoop. But if he looks about him, constantly shifting his gaze from one scene to another, he gets into a state of drowsiness such as is brought by artificial means, when it is called hypnotism.—Correspondence, Pittsburg Chronicle.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is 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.
A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Gently I took that which ungently came, and without scorn forgave; do thou the same.—Coleridge.

On an average, there are more laughters born to royalty than sons.

MANY CHILDREN ARE SICKLY.
Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Summer Complaint, Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders and Destroy Worms. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

If liberty with law is fire on the hearth, liberty without law is fire on the floor.—Hillard.

To Cure a Cold in One day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The church without a responsibility for lost society has no relation to the Savior.

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