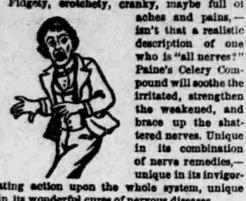
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description of one who is "all nerves?" Paine's Celery Compound will soothe the rritated, strengthen the weakened, and brace up the shattered nerves. Unique in its combination of nerve remedies,unique in its invigor-

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mage, Contains Gross Quantities of It.

The Dark Recesses of Ancient Times Were Delved Into by

An Unhappy Feeling Existed in Society in Days of Old as Now.

David.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 24.-The audience that crowded the immense auditorium of the Brooklyn Tabernacle and the sdjoining lecture room and parlors to-day united in

Sun of my soul. Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near. Dr. Talmage preached on the subject: Psalm of David, verse 4: "I will open my

dark sayings on a harp." The world is full of the inexplicable, the impassable, the unfathomable, the insurmountable. We cannot go three steps in any direction without coming up against a hard wall of mystery, riddles, paradoxes, profundities, labyrinths, problems that we cannot solve, hieroglyphics that we cannot decipher, anagrams we cannot spell out, sphinxes that will not speak. For that reason, David in my text proposed to take up some of those somber and dark things and try to set them to sweet music: "I will open my dark sayings on a harp.'

So I look off upon society and find people unhappy conjunction of circumstances and they do not know what it means and they have a right to ask, why is this! and why is that! and I think I will be doing a good work by trying to explain some of these strange things and make you more content with your lot, and I shall only be answering questions that have often been asked me, or that we have all asked ourselves, while I try to set these mysteries to music and open my own dark sayings on a

A OUESTION THAT IS OFTEN ASKED. Interrogation the first: Why does God take out of this world those who are useful and whom we cannot spare and leave alive and in good health many who are only a nuisance or a positive injury to the world? I thought I would begin with the very toughest of all the seeming inscrutables. Many of the most useful men and women die at thirty or forty years of age, while you often find useless people alive at sixty and seventy and eighty. John Careless wrote to Bradford, who was soon to be put to death, saying: "Why doth God suffer me and such other caterpillars to live that can do nothing but consume the alms of the church, and take away so many worthy workmen in the Lord's vineyard?" Similar questions are often asked. Here are two en. The one is a noble character and a Christian man: he chooses for lifetime companion one who has been tenderly reared and she is worthy of him and he is worthy f her; as a merchant, or farmer, or professional man, or mechanic, or artist, he toils to educate and rear his children; he is succeeding, but he has not yet established for his family a full competency; he seems absolutely indispensable to that household, but one day before he has paid off the mortgage on his house he is coming home through a strong northeast wind and a chill strikes through him and four days of pneumonia end his earthly career and the wife and children go into a struggle for shelter and tood. His next door neighbor is a man who, though strong and well, lets his wife support him; he is round at the grocery store or some general loafing place in the evenings while his wife sews; his boys are imitating his example and lounge and swagger and swear; all the use that man is in that house is to rave because the coffee is cold when he comes to a late breakfast, or to say cutting things about his wife's looks when ne furnishes nothing for her wardrobe The best thing that could happen to that sites of society have great vital tenacity.

family would be that man's funeral; but he declines to die; he lives on and on and on. So we have all noticed that many of the useful are early cut off while the para-I take up this dark saying on my harp and give three or four thrums on the string in he way of surmising and hopeful guess. Perhaps the useful man was taken out of the world, because he and his family were so constructed that they could not have endured some great pro perity that might have gone down in the vortex of worldliness which every year swallows up ten thousand households. And so he went while he was humble and consecrated, and they were by the severities of life kept close to Christ and fitted for usefulness here and high seats in heaven; and when they meet at last before the Throne, they will acknowledge that though the furnace was hot, it purified them, and prepared them for an eternal career of glory and reward for which no other kind of life could have fitted them. On the other hand, the useless man lived on to fifty, or sixty, or seventy years, because all the ease he ever can have he must have in this world, and you ought not, therefore, begrudge him his earthly longevity. In all the ages there has not a single loafer entered heaven. There is no place for him there to hang around. Not in the temples, for they are full of the most vigorous, alert and rapturous worship. Not on the river bank, for that is the place where the conquerors recline. Not in the gates, because there are multitudes entering, and we are told that at each of the twelve gates there is an angel, and that celestial guard would not allow the place to be blocked up with idlers. If the good and useful go early, rejoice for them that they have so soon got through with human life, which at best is a struggle. And if the useless and the bad stay, rejoice that they may be out in the world's fresh air a good

Interrogation the second: Why do so many good people have so much trouble; sickness, bankruptcy, persecution, the three black valtures sometimes putting their fierce beaks into one set of jangled nerves? I think now of a good friend I once had. He was a consecrated Christian man, an elder in the church and as polished Christian gentleman as ever walked Broadway. First his general health gave out and he hobbled around on a cane, an old man at forty. After a while paralysis struck him. Having by poor health been compelled suddenly to quit business, he lost what property he had. Then his beautiful daughter died. Then a son became hopelessly demented. Another son, splen-did of mind and commanding of presence, resoived that he would take care of his fa-ther's household, but under the swoop of vellow fever at Fernandina, Fla., he suddenly expired. So you know good men and women who have had enough troubles, you think, to crush fifty people. No worldly philosophy could take such a trouble and that dark saying on a gospel harp.

many years before their final incarcera-

set it to music, or play it on violin or flute or dulcimer or sackbut, but I dare to open You wonder that very consecrated people have trouble? Did you ever know any very consecrated man or woman who had not had great trouble? Never. It was through their troubles sanctified that they were made very good. If you find anywhere in this city a man who has now and always has had perfect health, and never lost a child, and has always been popular, and never had business struggle or misforspecific for the certain cure of this disease.

G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D.

Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has and never will be. Who are those arrogant, self conceited creatures who move about self conceited creatures who move about without sympathy for others and who think more of a St. Bernard dog, or an Alderney cow, or a Southdown sheep, or a Berkshire pig than of a man! They never had any trouble, or the trouble was never sacrificed. Who are those men who listen with moist eye as you tell them of suffering and who have a pathos in their voice and a kindness in their manner and an excuse or an alleviation for those gone astray? They are the men who have graduated at the Royal Academy of Trouble and they have the diploma written in wrinkles on their own countenances. My! my! What heartaches they had! What tears they have wept! What injustice they have suffered! The mightiest influence for purification and salvation is trouble. No diamond fit for a crown until it is cut. No wheat fit for bread till it is ground. There are only three things that can break off a chain-a hammer, a file or a fire; and trouble is all three of them. The great st writers, orators and reformers get much of their ington Irving that exquisite tenderness and

Out of that lifetime grief the great author dipped his pen's mightiest re-enforcement. "Calvin's Institutes of Religion," than which a more wonderful book was never written by human hand, was begun by the author at twenty-five years of age, because of the persecution by Francis, king of France. Faraday tolled for all time on a salary of 80 pounds a year and candles. As every brick of the wall of Babylon was stamped with the letter N, standing for Nebuchadnezzar, so every part of the temple of Christian achievement is stamped with the letter T, standing for trouble.

Wher in olden time a man was to be honored with knighthood, he was struck with the flat of the sword. But those who have come to the honor of knighthood in the kingdom of God were first struck not with the flat of the sword but with the keen edge of the cimeter. To build his magnificence of character, Paul could not have spared one lash, one prison, one stoning, one anathema, one poisonous viper from the hand, one shipwreck. What is true of individuals is 'Dark Sayings on a Harp." Text-xlix | true of nations. The horrors of the American revolution gave this country this side of the Mississippi river to independence, and the conflict between England and France gave the most of this country west of the Mississippi to the United States. France owned it, but Napoleon, fearing that England would take it, practically made a present to the United States-for he received only \$15,000,000-of Louisiana, Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, Colorado, Dakota, Mon-tana, Wyoming and the Indian Territory. Out of the fire of the American revolution came this country east of the Mississippi, out of the European war came that west of Mississippi river. The British empire rose to its present overtowering grandeur through gunpowder plot, and Guy Fawkes' conspiracy, and Northampton insurrection, and Walter Raliegh's beheading, and Bacon's bribery, and Cromwell's dissolution of parliament, and the battles of Edge Hill, and Grantham, and Newberry, and Marston Moor, and Naseby, and Dunbar, and Sedgemoor, and execution of Charles the Frst, and London plague, and London fire, and London insurrection, and Rychouse plot, and the vicissitudes of centuries. So the earth itself, before it could become appropriate and beautiful residence for the human family had, according to geology, to e washed by universal deluge, and scorched and made incandescent by universal fires, and pounded by sledgehammer of icebergs, and wrenched by earththat split continents, shaken by voicanoes that tossed mountains, and passed through the catastrophes of thousands of years before Paradise became possible and the groves could shake out their green banners and the first garden pour its carnage of color between the Gihon and the Hiddekel. Trouble a good thing for the rocks, a good thing for nations, as well as a good thing for individuals. So when you push against me with a sharp interrogation point, Why do the good suffer! I open the dark saying on a harp and, though I can neither play an organ, or cornet, or hautboy, or bugle, or clarionet, I have taken some lessons on the gospel harp, and if you would like to hear me I will play you these: "All things work together for good to those who love God." Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth all possible fruits of righteousness unto them which dure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." What a sweet thing is a harp, and I wonder not that in Wales, the country of my ancestors, the harp has become the national instrument, and that they have festivals, where great prizes are offered in the competition between harp and harp; or that weird Sebastian Erard was much of his time bent over this chorded and vibrating triangle, and was not satisfied until he had riven it a compass of six octaves from E to

E with all the semi-tones, or that when King Saul was demented the son of Jesse came before him and putting his fingers among the charmed strings of the harp played the devil out of the crazed monarch, or that in heaven there shall be harpers harping with their harps. So you will not blame me for opening the dark saying on

the gospel harp. Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake!

Interrogation third: Why did a good God let sin and trouble come into the world when He might have kept them out? My reply is, He had a good reason. He had reasons that He has never given us. He had reasons which He could no more make us understand in our finite state than the father starting out on some great and elaborate enterprise could make the 2-year-old child in its armed chair comprehend it. One was to demonstrate what grandeur of character may be achieved on earth by conquering evil. Had there been no evil to conquer and no trouble to console, then this universe would never have known an Abraham or a Moses or a Joshua or an Ezekiel or a Paul or a Christ or a Washington or a John Milton or a John Howard, and a million victories which have been gained by the coasecrated spirits of all ages would never have been gained. Had there been no battle there would have been no victory. Nine-tenths of the anthems of heaven would never have been sung. Heaven could never have been a thousandth part of the heaven that it is. I will not say that I am glad that sin and sorrow did enter, but I do say that I am glad that after God has given all his reasons to an assembled universe He will be more honored than if sin and sorrow had never entered, and that the unfallen celestials will be outdone and will put down their trumpets to listen and it will be in heaven when those who have conquered sin and sorrow shall enter, as it would be in a small singing school on earth if Thalberg and Gottschalk and Wagner and Beethoven and Rheinberger and Schumann should all at once enter. The immortals that have been chanting ten thousand years before the throne will say, as they close their librettos: "Oh, if we could only sing like that!" But God will say to those who have never fallen and conequently have not been redeemed: "You must be silent now; you have not the qualification for this anthem," so they sit with closed lips and folded hands and sinners

Bible says "no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thous-and which were redeemed from the earth." A great prima donna, who can now do any thing with her voice, told me that when she first started in music her teacher in Berlin told her she could be a good singer, but a certain note she could never reach. then," she said, "I went to work and studied and practiced for years until I did reach it. But the song of the sinner redeemed, the Bible says, the exalted harmonists who have never sinned could not reach and never will reach. Would you like to hear me in a very poor way play a snatch of that tune? I can give you only one bar of the music on this gospel harp: "Unto him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood and hath made us kings and priests unto God and the Lamb, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever, n." But before leaving this interroga-Why did God let sin come into the world! let me say that great battles seem to be nothing but suffering and outrage at the time of their occurence, yet after they have been a long time past we can see that it was better for them to have been fought, namely, Salamis, Inkerman, Toulouse, Arbeila, Agincourt, Trafalgar, Blenheim, Lexington, Sedan. So now that the great battles against sin and suffering are going on we can see mostly that which is deplorable. But twenty thousand years from now, standing in glory we shall appreciate that heaven is better off than if the battle of this world's sin and suffering had never been projected. But now I come nearer home and put a

saved by grace take up the harmony, for the

dark saying on the gospel harp, a style of question that is asked a million times every year. Intercogation the fourth: Why do I have it so hard while others have it so easy? or, why do I have so much difficulty in getting a livelihood while others go around with a full portemonnaie? or, why must I wear these plain clothes while others have to push hard to get their wardrobes closed, so crowded are they with brilliant attire? or, why should I have to work so hard while others have three hundred and sixty-five holidays every year? They are all practically one question. I answer them by saying, it is because the Lord has his by saying, it is because the Lord has his favorites and he puts extra discipline upon you, and extra trial, because he has for you extra glory, extra enthronement and extra felicities. That is no guess of mine, but a divine say-so: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." "Well," says some one, "I would rather have a little less in heaven and a little more here. Discount my heav-enly robe 10 per cent, and let me now put it, on, a fur lined overcoat; put me in a less gorgeous room of the house of many mansions and let me have a house here in a betforce from trouble. What gave to Wash-ington Irving that exquisite tenderness and to rob heaven, which is a be your residence pathos which will make his tooks favorites for nine hundred quadril ion of years, to fix while the English language continues to be up your earthly abo le, which you will occuwritten and spoken? An early hearthreak py at most for less than a century, and that he never once mentioned: and when, thirty years after the death of Matilda Hoff-man, who was to have been his bride, her more. Now you had better carefully set

father picked up a piece of embroidery and said. "That is a piece of poor Matilda's workmanship," Washington Irving sank from hilarity into silence and walked away. "God have his way, for, you see, he has been taking care of folks for near seven thousand years, and knows how to do it, and can see what is best for you better than you can what is best for you better than you can yourself. Don't think you are too insignificant to be divinely cared for. It was said that Diana, the goddess, could not be pres-ent to keep her temple at Ephesus from burning because she was attending upon the birth of him who was to be Alexander the Great. But I tell you that your Goa and my God is so great in small things as well as large things that he could attend the cradle of a babe and at the same time

the burning of a world. And God will make it all right with you and there is one song that you will sing every hour your first ten years in heaven and the refrain of that song will be: "I am so glad God did not let me have it my own way." Your case will be all fixed up in heaven and there will be such a reversal of conditions that we can hardly find each other for some time. Some of us who have lived in first rate houses here and in first rate neighborhoods will be found, because of our lukewarmness of earthly service, living on one of the back streets of the celestial city, and clear down at the end of it at No. 80s, or 909, or 1505, while some who had unattractive earthly abodes, and a cramped one at that, will, in the heavenly be in a house fronting the Royal plaza right by the imperial fountain, or on th Heights overlooking the River of Life, the chariots of salvation halting at your door while those visit you who are more than conquerors, and those who are kings and queens unto God forever. You, my brother, and you, my sister, who have it so hard here will have it so fine and grand there that you will hardly know yourself and will feel disposed to dispute your own identity, and the first time I see you there I will cry out: "Didn't I tell you so when you sat down there in the Brooklyn Tabernacle and looked incredulous because you thought it too good to be true!" and you will answer: "You were right, the half was not told me!" So this morning I open your dark saying of despondency and complaint on my gospel harp and give you just one bar of music, for I do not pretend to be much of a player. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." But I must confess I am a little perplexed how some of you good Christians are going to get through the gate, because there will be so many there to greet you and they will all want to shake hands at once and will all want the first kiss. They will have heard that you are coming, and they will all press around to welcome you and will want you to say whether you know them after being so long parted. Amid the tussle and romp of reunion I tell you whose hand of welcome you had better first clasp and whose cheek is entitled to the first kiss. It is the hand of Him with-

out whom you would never have got there at all, the Lord Jesus, the darling of the skies, as he cries out, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love and the fires could not burn it and the floods could not drown it." Then you, my dear people, having no more use for my poor harp on which I used to open your dark sayings and whose chords sometimes snapped, despoil ing the symphony, you will take down your own harps from the willows that grow by the eternal water courses and play together those celestial airs, some of the names of which are entitled "The King in His Beauty," "The Land That Was I'ar Off," "Jerusalem, the Golden," "Home Again," The Grand March of "The Life Everlasting." And as the last dark curtain of mystery is forever lifted it will be as though all the oratorios that were ever heard had been rolled into one and "Israel in Egypt" and "Jeptha's Daughter" and Beethoven's "Overture in C" and Ritter's first sonata in D minor and the "Creation" and the "Messiah" had been blown from the lips of one trumpet or been invoked by the sweep of one bow or had dropped from the vibrating chords of one

But here I must slow up lest in trying to solve mysteries I add to the mystery that we have already wondered at; namely, Why the preachers should keep on after all the hearers are tired? So I gather up into one great armful alt the whys, and hows, and wherefores of your life and mine which we have not had time or the ability to answer, and write on them the words "adjourned to eternity." I rejoice that we do not understand all things now, for if we did, what would we learn in heaven! If we knew it all down here in the freshman and sophomore class, what would be the use of our going up to stand amid the juniors and seniors? If we could put down one leg of the compass and with the other sweet a circle clear around all the inscrutables if we could lift our little steelyards and weigh the throne of the Omnipotent, if we could with our seven day clock measure eternity, what would be left for heavenly revelation? So I move that we cheerfully adjourn what is now beyond our comprehen sion, and as according to Rollin, the historian. Alexander the Great, having obtained the gold casket in which Darius had kept his rare perfume, used that aromatic casket hereafter to keep his favorite copy of Homer in, and called the book, therefore, the "edition of the casket," and at night he put the casket and his sword under his pillow. so I put this day into the perfumed casket of your richest affections and hopes this promise, worth more than anything Homes ever wrote or sword ever conquered 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," and that I call

the "edition celestial." Concerning Donnelly. Ignatius Donnelly attempted to get into the United States senate, but the Shakesperian students arose in a wave of wrath and defeated him. If Mr. Donnelly's genius were half so broad as his industry he might, without impudence, claim ascendency over the great man whose immortality he has attempted to despoil. But, unfortunately for Mr. Donnelly, he is an iconoclast withtear down a palace, but who cannot build a corn-crib. At one time it was thought that Donnelly's book would be a great success. Several Englishmen who laid claim to distinction declared the "Cyphergram" to be a work of great insight, but a careful examination by less excitable men showed it to be not only weak, but nonsensical.

It is unfortunate that some of Shakespeare's contemporaries did not give a sketch of his life. That they did not, however, is perfectly natural. Shakespeare, during his life, was not regarded as a great man. In fact, he was not looked upon as a great poet until Dryden proclaimed him a master of verse. It is easy for the half-educated man to say that Shakespeare did not write the plays that are attributed to him. It would be equally easy to say that Burns, unacquainted with the college, did not write some of the finest verses

that are accredited to him. The greatest poets, it seems, are doomed to be obscure, so far as history of their lives is concerned. That is easily accounted for. Poets, as a rule, are not great until many years after they have passed away from the scene of their work. The obscure man of to-day may be forgotten when a few y

rolled away. Ignatius Donnelly has one merit. He has a deep-seated admiration for the that burns with a bright blue flame. Shakespe rean plays. The man who She burned a bit of it to amuse her litloves Shakespeare is never a fool. He may be a rascal, but he knows beatuy; he may be a crank, but his mind knows liberality.-Arkansaw Traveler.

Advice from a Solid Man.

"Young man, I have one piece of advice to give you," said a benevolent and generally comfortable-looking old gentleman to his seatmate on a train coming into Boston Thursday. "What-ever you do, make it a point to have a little more money the first of next January than you had the first of this.' The satisfied and substantial air of the maker of the maxim indicated that he had made the piece of worldly wisdom the rule of his life.

It is hard to tell at this time of year whether a man has care on his mind or a piece of mince pie in his stomach.-Merchant Traveler.

There can never be any objection to a cigar manufacturer puffing his own goods .- | bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Detroit Free Press.

Shrowd Advice to a Stutterer. Tom Merritt is on deck again. If the gentleman from Marion did not bob up at such times the legislature would lose one of its quainest characters.

Merritt's stutter gives a peculiar spice to his stories. Several years ago, desiring to achieve distinction as an orator, he sought to have the impediment cured. He heard of a man who, it was said, could cure stuttering, and consulted him. Being informed that the impediment could be removed, he was so elated that he made known the fact to all his friends, one of whom was Sam Buckmaster, who used to run the old Alton penitentiary. "Don't do it," was Buckmaster's ad-

"W-wh-why?" ejaculated Merritt, in astonishment.

is to you. Don't do it," rejoined Buckmaster.-Chicago Tribune.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland will live at the Victoria hotel when they retire to New York.

Mr. Sewall Makes a Ten-Strik Chicago (Ill.) Arkansas Traveller, Feb. 9. A Traveller representative, lear ing that Mr. George W. Sewall, of Auburn, Park, Ill., had held a lucky number in the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, interviewed that gentleman. It was found that Mr. Sewall had one tenth of ticket No. 40,789, which drew the second capital prize of \$100,000 in the company's drawing of January 15th. Mr. Sewall said: "I was asked incidentally by a friend to purchase a ticket in this drawing. I did so, paying one dollar for the same, and gave the matter no further thought until, to my great surprise, I was notified that my ticket had drawn a prize. I received my money through the Adams Express company, five days after the date of the drawing. The \$10,000 was handed me without question and without the slightest inconvenience or annovance to me. The one dollar which I paid for the ticket is the first and only money I have ever in-

vested in the lottery. Mr. Sewall has already invested the proceeds of his lucky draw in Cook county (Ill.) bonds, an investment which is regarded as perfectly safe, and which will bring him a comfortable income.

Cranberry sauce differs from mercy in

that it should always be strained. Conversation enriches the understanding

but solitude is the school of genius.

"If a woman is pretty, To me 'tis no matter, Be she blonde or brunette,

So she lets me look at her.' An unhealthy woman is rarely, if ever beautif d. The peculiar diseases to which so many of the sex are subject, are prolific causes of pale, sallow faces, blotched with unsightly pimples, dull lustreless eyes and emaciated forms. Women so afflicted, can be permanently cured by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; and with the restoration of health comes that beauty which, combined with good qualities of head and heart, makes women angels of loveliness. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers. that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

Dies hard-the man who has frozen to

Nothing Like It! Every day swells the volume of proof that as a specific for all Blood diseases nothing equals Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Remember, this is an old established remedy with a record! It has been weighed in the balance and found fulfilling every claim! It has been tested many years in thousands of cases with flattering success! For throat and Lung troubles, Catarrh, Kidney disease, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache and all disorders resulting from impoverished blood, there is nothing like Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery-world-renowned and every growing in favor!

Dr. Gatling's latest invention is a police gun or street piece for use in riots.

How's Your Liver. The old lady who replied, when asked how her liver was, "God bless me, I never heard that there was such a thing in the house," was noted for her amiability. Prometheus, when chained to a rock, might as well have pretended to be happy, as the man chained to a diseased iver. For poor Prometheus, there was no escape, but by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the disagreeable feelings, irritable temper, constipation, indigestion, dizziness and sick headache, which are caused by a diseased liver, promptly disappear.

There are people who feed themselves with their grief until they get fat on it.

For Rickets, Marasmus, and all Wasting Disorders of Children Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is unequaled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength is wonderful. "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing. In every case out creative ability-a man who can the improvement was marked."-J. M. MAIN, M. D., New York. Sold by all drug-

It is the fellow with the sand who lays siege to the girl with the rocks.

Consumption Surely Cured. To the Editor: - Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

An electric car line to the top of Missionary Ridge is proposed.

When Raby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Casteria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

A Young Philosopher. Mrs. Rice, wife of the ex-governor of

Massachusetts, recently brought home some of that curious New Bedford wood tle son and then hid away the rest. Next dry she found him playing with one of the forbidden sticks. "Why, where did you get that?" she asked "how did you know where it was?" "Mamma, dear," replied the 7-year-old philosopher, "miraculous intuition is not the result of forethought."—New York Tribune.

HOW'S THIS! We offer One Hundred Dollars Rewar

for any case of Catarra that can not be eured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Chency for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Tole-

do, Onio. Walding. Kinnin & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. E. H. Van Hoesen, Cashier, Toledo Na

tional Bank, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Price, 75 cents pe

I suffered for two weeks with neuralgia of the face, and procured immediate relief by using Salvation Oil

MRS, WM. C. BALD, 433 N. Carey St., Balto., Md. A Chicago lover bet his girl that be could tell what she was thinking of. He thought she was thinking of him, but she wasn't; it was about Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, which had just cured her of a dreadful cough.

When a little man is hopelessly in love i greatly increases his sighs.

The State of Texas on coming into the Union reserved to itself its public lands, and afterward devoted the alternating sections to promote schools and aid railroads. The Houston and Texas Central R. R. Co. was the first to build and select from the then public domain. For some years it has been at the mercy of its creditors, but has recently been reorganized "Because your stuttering is all there and is now ready to part with its landed estate, and make title thereto. By an announcement, to be found elsewhere, it will be seen that settlers can have time in which to complete purchases.

The man who invests in a worthless mine is a hole-sold fellow.

FOR THROAT DISEASES, COUGHS, COLDS, etc., effectual relief is found in the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Price 25

cts. Sold only in boxes. The busy chimney sweep appears in a



Guts, Swellings, Bruises, Sprains, Galla, Strains, Lameness, Stiffness, Cracked Heels, Scratches, Contractions, Fiesh Wounds, Stringhait, Sors-Throat, Distempar, Colic, Whitlow, Poll Rvil, Fistula, Tumors, Splints, Ringbones and Spavia in its early Stages. Directions with each bottle.

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KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Price 35cts, by mail. STOWELL & CO.

W. N. U., Omaha, - 455-10.



Strictly PURE, It contains NO OPIUM in any form. Among the best remedies Allen's Lung Balsams stands pre-eminent. The drugglets speak of it in highest terms, as giving entire satisfaction wherever it is used.

Price 25cts., 50cts., and \$1 per Bottle. The 25-CENT BOTTLES are put up for the accom-modation of all who desire simply a COUGH or CROUP REMEDY. Those desiring a remedy for CONSUMPTION or any LUNG DISEASE should secure

the Large \$1 Bottles. Mothers. Read! Gentlemen.—The demand for ALLEN'S LUNG BAL-SAM is increasing constantly. The ladies think there is no medicine equal to it for croup and Whooping-Cough.

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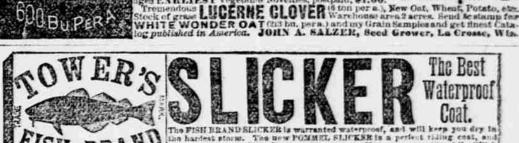


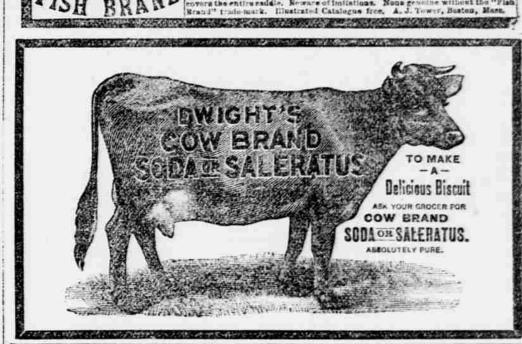
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A DELIGHTED YOUNG WOMAN.

Look at my face and my hands-not a pim- | My face was all blotches-complexion like Such as you saw there some time

See my fresh cheeks, and I'm getting a dim-

I don't look at all like I used to, I know.

No wonder they thought me and called me a fright; No one need have pimples and skin gray and sallow.

If she'll take what I took, ev'ry morn, noon, and night. I asked the delighted young woman what she referred to, and she answered.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the best beautifier in the world, because it purifies and enriches the blood, and pure rich blood gives good health, and good health-beauty. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is guaranteed to cure all Blood, Skin and Scalp Diseases, as Blotches, Eruptions, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema,

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