A Strange Incident. A curious accident, which unhappily has since proved fatal, befell M. Boutet, an artist residing in the Avenue Victor Hugo on Sunday morning. M. Boutet was working in his studio when, inconvenienced by the sun, he asked his bonne to get on the roof and pass a light linen covering over the glass. As the woman was arranging the awning she slipped and, falling through the glass, alighted on the table at which her master was seated. Oddly enough she sustained no injury worth mentioning. M. Loutet, however, was not so fortunate. A piece of the broken glass struck him on the neck, severing an artery He tried to staunch the blood, and fail ing, ran out of the house in the direc tion of a neighboring druggist's shop but he fell down fainting ere he reached the place, and two hours afterward he

The American Coach Horse. National Stockman thinks it is a misnomer to adopt this name for the larger horses now brought forward for market by breeders of trotting stock. It leads to a confusion of names. The coach class is a name that belongs to such horses as the best French coachers and Cleveland bays represent. The overgrown trotter or large sized trotting bred horse approaches them closely in size, but is . horse of a different type and a very different step. He is by breeding, conformity and inclination trotter, and the coach step is but an ar tificial one to him. Rather it is to hi advantage. Instead of being a coach horse he is a carriage horse, and there is a big place for him to fill. Call them earriage horses and demand a class for them. Let the coachers have the place that belongs to them and which they fill

All who use Dobbins' Electric Soa praise it as the best, cheapest and most economical family soap made; but if you will try it once it will tell a still stronger tale of its merits itself. Please try it. Your grocer will supply you.

Sources of Light Called Phosphores

Sailors upon the ocean sometimes see at night pale, yellow gleams of light in the water. A firefly or glow worm imrisoned under a glass will show, in the dark, bright spots of light on his body. A piece of salted fish or a chip of decayed wood will sometimes give a pale cold light in the night. Then there are certain chemicals like phosphorous and compounds of sulphur, lime, strontium and barium, if placed in the sunlight in glass vessels and then taken into the dark, will give out dull colored lights. All these—the drops of fire in the sea, the glow worm, the bit of decayed wood light called phosphorescence.

The Women of Sweden.

At the women's congress now in progress at the Paris exhibition, presided over by Mlle. Deraismes, the "greatest woman speaker in the world," an interesting paper on the "Industrial women of Sweden" was read by Mme. Fries. They are bank clerks and managers, even professors in boys' high schools, working jewelers, watchmakers and engaged in every sort of wood carving. The education of nearly every Swedish girl who was not born to fortune was, the lecturer said, in a great degree industrial. There is no doubt, the speaker added, that the Swedish woman will soon receive equal political rights.

Use of Oils in Heavy Seas. Many hundreds of reports have been published on the "Atlantic Pilot Chart," and elsewhere, relative to the great benefits derived by means of the use of oil to prevent heavy seas from breaking on board vessels. By far the greater number of these reports have been received from merchant vessels, very many of which have undoubtedly been saved, with all on board, by the use of a few gallons of oil in the manner recommended by the United States hydrographic office. But, says Science, reports from the United States naval vessels show that even aboard men-of-war the use of oil is regarded as of the great-

est value.

Interesting Music Reading. You can tell pretty well how a girl feels toward you by the way she takes you arm. If she doesn't care a cent you know it by the indifference of her muscles. If she has a great confidence in you the pressure tells it, and friendship is as distinct from love in that mode of expression as in words or looks. A woman can take the arm of a fellow she likes very much with perfect comfort, even if she is six feet high and he is four. But even if the two are just matched, she can make him feel disdain. contempt, discomfort, dislike, anything she likes, by the way she does not hold on to him. I am told there is a great deal of difference, too, between the way a girl fits her waist to one man's arm as compared with another, but I hardly believe it.—San Francisco Chronicle.

For two two-cent stamps we will send you one of the handsomest almanacs in the country. "Homestead," Omaha, Neb. Fifty colored men are studying for the priesthood in Rome.

Taking it altogether there never was a time when our country was enjoying greater prosperity than at the present mo ment, and yet there are thousands of people in the land who are fussing and fuming about hard times. No doubt but what many of them are honest in their complaints, and it is often because they have not found the right kind of work or the right way to do it. Now, if business is not moving along with you satisfactorily, take our advice and write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va. It is more than likely that they can help you, at any rate is would cost you nothing but a postage stamp to apply to them.

The nineteenth century will end at the close of the year 1900.

When Baby was cick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

The Cherokee Indians support over 100 public schools, with over 4,000 pupils. The New York Grant monument fund

now amounts to \$130,000. The total life insurance of Johnstown

vitims amounted to \$287,360. The Princess Growing Old-I noticed for the first time these many years a change in the looks of the princess of Wales. It is sad to have to say so, but the "sea king's daughter from over the sea, Alexandra," is get-ting old. She has for years looked like the sister of her daugthers, only fairer than they. But, now? Well, now, she is beginning-at last-to look like their mother. I do not go so far as to say that the foot of the crow has marked the eve corners, but she is thinner and more worn in appearance and older looking an she was last Ascot. It may be at the cares of the season are telling oon her. The prince is as jolly as ever. Nothing seems to affect him. -London Letter to Philadelphia Bulletin.

J. A. JOHNSON, Medina, N. Y., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

LOVE THAT LIVES.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHYOP. Dear face, bright, glittering hair-Dear life, whose heart is mine-The thought of you is prayer, The love of you divine.

In starlight, or in rain; In the sunset's shrouded glow; Ever, with joy or pain, To you my quick thoughts go.

Like winds or clouds, that fleet Across the hungry space Between, and find you, sweet Where life again wins grace.

Year that so softly drew My heart to where it clung, I long for, gladden in you. And when in the silent hours I whisper your sacred name, Like an altar-fire it showers

My blood with fragrant flame

Now, as in that once young

Perished is all that grieves; And lo, our old-new joys Are gathered as in sheaves, Held in love's equipoise.

Ours is the love that lives: Its Spring-time blossoms blow 'Mid the fruit that Autumn gives; And its life outlasts the snow. -Century Magazine

MR. JOSEPH CHILBLUD

From the London Truth. Mr. Chilblud-Mr. Joseph Chilblud you will understand, not John, the happy, good-hearted ne'er-do-well-entered the breakfast-room on a chilly

Autumnal morning, and glanced criti-

cally at the table laid for the morning meal. Yes, it was arranged as it should be and as Mr. Chilblud always expected to find it-spotless cloth and china, the coffee-urn bubbling and steaming, the little silver spirit-stove boiling the water ready to receive the eggs, napkins properly folded, and finally the newspaper, ready cut and aired and spread across the arm of his easy chair. Everything being satisfactory, Mr. Chilblud crossed over to the fire, and his position on the hearth-rug causing him to front a mirror, he naturally glanced at his reflection neatly trimmed whiskers, no moustache to hide the wide, thin lips, light, penetrating eyes, an aquiline nose,

and carefully brushed dark hair, formed a tout ensemble which, to one person at least, was altogether pleasing, and that person was Joseph Chilblud. It may be said with truth that Mr. Chilblud entertained a very high opininon of himself, both physically and morally, and it is equally true that he had grounds for doing so. Born in a somewhat humble position, he had, by steady perseverance and determination, raised himself gradually until he held at the age of 42, the post of inspector of elementary schools, with a salary of between £400 aud £500 per annum. And from boyhood to manhood his life had been exemplary, no temptations having had power to move him from the paths of virtue Whether this was due to the coldness of his disposition or to the severe and extreme rectitude of his conduct, it is hard to say, but certain it is that Mr. Joseph Chilblud of 19

Propriety Square was deemed a pattern in the squadruple character of | least. husband, father, house-holder and inspector. His marriage, too, has been perfect as a stroke of business and a proof of good taste. For the lady whom he honored with his hand was pretty, rich and good-tempered; and moreover she retained after seven years of matrimony the same respect for her husband and awe of his stupendous talents that she had carried in her fluttering little heart to the

Mr. Chilblud was on the point of opening his watch when Mrs. Chilblud entered the room. He replaced it in his pocket and took his seat at the table, while his scrutinizing eye involuntarily turned to survey his wife's gown. Observing that it was in her usual correct taste, he gravely deposited the eggs in the boiling water and placed his watch on the table to mark the time.

"Joseph," said Mrs. Chilblud, while the meal was proceeding, "I wish you would look at Ethel before you go out; she seems a triffe feverish."

"I suppose she has been running and overheating herself again," said the gentleman in a voice which was a natural concomitant of his whole person -clear, cold and searching. "I told Sarah that for the next offense of the sort she would receive her dismissal; the children must not be permitted to overtire themselves with exercise." "No; it is not that; I am afraid it is

Ethel's own fault. She will try to learn Arthur's lessons, though Dr. Sinclair, as you know, strictly forbade her touching a book for another year at least. He said: "Give her plenty of exercise and play, but no lessons until she is 5;' and yet she knows the whole alphabet, and can read little words!" Mrs. Chilblud's face was a mixture of dismay and maternal pride in her child's capacity.

"Do you use your authority in the matter, my dear?" "I endeavor to, but it is impossible to tell how or when she picks up her knowledge. And she asks me such strange questions sometimes I scarce-

ly know how to answer her." Mr. Chilblud pushed back his chair, and took up his former position on the hearthrug-only with his back to the fire this time. A little frown of uneasiness marred the customary serenity of his aspect.

"Marian," he said; after a lengthened pause, "we shall have to be extremely careful with Ethel. The child is preternaturally quick, her brain-power preponderates unduly over the fragility of her body. must be kept back; as Sinclair says, nothing must be allowed to excite the activity of the mind, but every aid given to strengthening the delicate little frame. How is her appetite now?"

"Wonderfully good; in fact, as a rule, she appears to be in very fair health. I sometimes wonder at the constant surveillance we exercise is not as harmful as allowing her to learn what she can by herself.'

. "My dear Marian in a case of this | afraid my call is rather inopportune.

description a medical man must be the | May I ask, do the children often disjudge; and my own opinion entirely coincides with that expressed Sinclair. We must not allow Ethel's intellect to be forced, or grave consequences may ensue. With Arthur it is entirely different. He is of a quiet, unexcitable, somewhat phlegmatic temperament, and will plod steadily on without making a particularly brilliant show. I think the wisest course we can take is to send Ethel into the country. It is, of course, impossible for me to leave London just now, so that we can not remove the household; but we can send the child to your sister's. The place is extremely pleasant and healthy, there are little ones near her own age, she would be out of doors the greater part of the day, and the food-fresh milk, eggs and fruit-is highly desirable. What do you say? Suppose you write to Mrs. Cole, and we can talk the matter over this even-

"But Joseph," interposed Mrs. Chil-blud, anxiously, "you do not think she is going to be ill?"

"Certainly not," answered her husband in his smooth, precise tone, "only I am a great believer in the old adage, 'Prevention is better than cure,' and with a child of Ethel's caliber one can not be too vigilant and careful. Now, my dear, we will have the children down; for I must go in ten minutes. I will try and see Sinclair later on to discuss our plans; iu the meantime, let there be a truce to all lessons to-day; and could you not invite the little Howlands over and let them all have a good romp to-gether in the nursery? It would do Ethel good."

"Well?" said Miss Burton, in answer to the uplifted hand. "Please, teacher, Tommy Carter's

Brought thus plainly under her notice, the teacher was compelled to see what she did not wish to observe at the moment.

"Tommy Carter, come here;" and at the sound of his name the boy sat up and rubbed his eyes. "Why, Tommy, what is the meaning of this?" said Miss Burton in a kind voice, for the boy was one of her brightest pupils, and she knew something about his home life. He was a tall boy for his age, a little under 7 (all the children in Miss Burton's room were under 7), with a face that might have been any father's pride; such a handtherein. A long, broad face with very some, open countenance, in spite of its griminess, and the thick locks of matted unkempt hair which fell over

"Please, teacher, I didn't mean to go to sleep, but I wor so tired!" "How is that?" "I didn't go to bed till long past 12 last night, and father he woke me at

5 to light the fire, 'cos mother couldn't get up, 'cos she ain't well.' "What kept you up so late?" "I had to mind the baby."

"Where was your mother?" "Please, teacher, mother went to the Dolphin to fetch father, and they didn't come out till they was turned out, and then father and mother had a row, and he knocked her spinning, and she's bad to-day, she is.'

"And was there nobody to look after the baby but you?' "No,'cos the lady what lives in the

next room she's gone away, and the baby cried so I took it and sat on the door-step till mother come in, and then it didn't stop. Father said he'd chuck it out o'window if mother didn't quiet its row."

The boy spoke in a quiet, matter-offact tone. Why not? He was used to his life; such scenes were of daily occurrence, and if the previous night's experiences had been a trifle worse than usual, there was one comfort to be derived from them-his mother was too ill to get drunk that day, at

"You may go to your place," said the teacher quietly. "I am going to give out the sums. Annie Blake, what are you crying for?"

The little girl addressed vouchsafed no reply, but after little hesitation the child who occupied the next seat volunteered the information that Annie Blake felt sick.

Miss Burton called the little gir to her side. "What is the matter. Annie? Have you had anything to disagree with you?"

The child shook her head. She was very clean and tidily dressed, though in woefully patched garments. "What did you have for breakfast?"

"Nothing, teacher," said the little girl, looking up with timid eyes. "Mother couldn't give us any this morning, because all the bread was gone."

"Is your father out of work?" "Yes, teacher, he's got a bad foot." Miss Burton led the child into the head-mistress' private room and gave ner a roll out of the bag that contained her own lunch. "Sit down and eat that, and if I can manage it I will go round and see your mother after school.'

The teacher's heart ached as she returned to the school-room. It was horrible to think of a child, little more than a baby, sent breakfastless to school.

She knew well the extreme destitution there was among many of the children, for the school was situated in a very poor neighborhood. She did what she could to relieve the most pressing cases in her own room, but it was only a drop of kindness in an ocean of distress. Many a parcel of old clothes and boots she collected among her friends and distributed to the children, but there were some to whom it was worse than useless to give—the children of idle, depraved parents, who would strip every tidy article of apparel off their own and their children's backs and pawn them for a few pence, to obtain what was more than decency or natural affec-

tion to them-drink. The teacher did her best even in these cases. "Now, Mary," she would say, fastening a warm petticoat on a little girl, "tell your mother if you come to school without this to-morrow that I shall send you back. You are to wear it every day." Occassion-ally the hint had the desired effect,

but not often." Returning to the school-room, Miss Burton stood still for a moment at the open door. The children had taken advantage of her temporary absence to vacate their places, and were amusing themselves in various ways. And worse than all, at the other door, leading from the main corridor, stood the inspector, the man whom they all dreaded because of his influence in high quarters, and because of his cold, calculating nature, which regarded the maintenance of discipline as the first law of the universe. There he he stood, his light, inquiring eyes calmly taking in the whole scene.

"Good morning, Miss Burton. I am

port themselves in this manner? Miss Burton colored at the sarcas-

tic tone, but replied quietly: "It is very unusual. I had occasion to take a child awap who felt ill, and I am sorry to see that the others have behaved badly during my absence." "Hum! Perhaps it would have been better if you had sent a monitor, in-

stead of leaving the room yourself. Kindly place the children; I wish to examine them. That is right. Now, children, attention! Wait! Do I see a boy asleep?"
Miss Burton once more roused Tom-

my Carter, at the same time endeavoring to explain soto voce to the Inspector the reason of the little fellow's "Yes, yes," he said in his lofty but

polite voice; "one hears so many of

these kinds of stories-generally excuses for idleness, you know." "But, I believe, I am almost posi-tive, this boy's story is correct, for his parents are both-

"Pardon me, but I should never get through my duties if I stayed to listen to all the stories the children bring. The way to do the work in a place of this kind is to go straight on, regardless of obstacles, and, above everything, to discountenance chatter."

"But we are bound, in fairness, to listen to any reasons the children may have to account for their absence, late arrival, etc." objected the teacher, with a shade of warmth, "otherwise I should have punished a little girl just

now for crying because she had had no food since yesterday."
"I am really afraid, Miss Burton," said Lr. Chilblud, impressively, "that you are a little too sensitive for your post. Think of the cause in which you are enrolled as one of the workers. the education of the masses-a truly noble work. Do not I pray you, sharpen your feelings on the woes. real or imaginary, of iudividual cas-

"But." said the teacher, bravely. "It is with individual cases one must deal. How can I compel a child to work whose eyes are heavy and limbs weary for want of rest and proper nourishment? What can one expect from the exhausted systems of these habits?"

"Madam, you know the schedule. It was arranged with a proper knowledge of what can be and is done by children under 7."

school. You should see what is provided for them. I would venture to assert that in this room there are pretty well twenty chifdren with the same fare to-day-a thick slice of bread, with a disgusting-looking compound they call dripping, but which more resembles cart-grease. I have frequently seen the dtlicate ones turn almost with loathing from this-their customary mid-day meal."

"Very sad, of course; but because a child has not proper food is no argument why it should also remain ignor-

"Will you allow me to ask you one question, Mr. Chilblud? Would you force your own children, who have every advantage, to do what is required by the School Board?"

The Inspector looked at this daring teacher much as one regards an impudent menial who has the effrontery to

dictate to a superior. "The cases are not parallel, he said icily, and then proceeded to his work of examination. This he conducted in a manner one would have expected from him. Going the most roundabout way to ask the simplest question, and thereby puzzling the little brain needless, was Mr. Chilbluq's notion of discovering how much the children really knew. But, to do him ustice, he could, as a rule, in spite of his supreme egotism, form a tolerably correct idea of how they had been taught disciplined, although he had never yet met with a teacher who fully satisfied his requirements—God be

thanked. School over, Miss Burton hastily donned her walking attire, and hurried round to a dismal, dirty street not a stone's throw from the school. Quickening her way through groups of loud-voiced, gossiping women and miserable, squalid children playing amid the dirty bones and garbage of all sorts that filled the gutter, until she reached the house where little Annie Blake lived. Finding the child's tale was perfectly true, she left with her mother what money she could spare, and went on hea way again. But a sudden thought striking her as she was nearing the top of the wretched alley, she retraced her steps and knocked at the door of a house about half-way down. It was opened by a thin, pale women with a baby in her

"Good faternoon, Mrs. Collier; 1 just called to aak why Bobby has not been to school to day.' "I am very sorry, mlss, but I could

not get him to go.' "He would not go without his boots,

and they won't hang on any longer.' "Is your husband still out of work? "Yes, miss," said the women, sadly: "it's just over three months now since he earned a penney."

"But you get help from the parish!" "Not a farthing-they say we must go into the House; they will not give out-door relief; and Jim, he's set against taat. He can't bear the idea of breaking up the home, poor as it is; besides, we don't want to make paupers of our children."

There was quite a flash of pride in the poor moman's white, hungry face as she spoke. "But you can not go like this!" said

Miss Burton gently. "Jim's got hopes of a job in a week or two-he has been half promised, and it may lead to something constant. I go out washing and charing four days a week, so if we can only hold out a little longer things may get a bit brighter soon. If it wasen't for the little ones I should not mind, but it's hard to see them hungry and the cupboard empty." The mute suffering in the woman's face was far more painful to witness than a demonstrative grief.

Miss Burton laid her hand on her arm and said: "Try and bear up, Mrs. Collier; you have at least the consolation of knowing you do your best. As to Bobby, tell him that he is to come to school to-morrow. I will arrange about some new boots. I mean we will see to it among us." Not waiting to hear the woman's thanks, the teacher hurried away.

Dinner was over in Propriety Square. The children, who always came down to dessert, had been captured and carried off by their nurse. Mr. and Mrs. Chilblud had indulged in a quiet con versation about the arrangements for Ethel's departure: for Mr. Chilblud

had managed to see the doctor, who highly approved of the country plan. Consequently, it was to be put into execution without loss of time. "We shall miss her dreadfully,"

said Mrs. Chilblud, with tears in her "Of course we shall," asserted her husband, "but it is a case in which we must make our feelings subservient to the child's benefit," and with what sounded like a sigh he took out his

tablets to look over some memoranda penciled on them. Mrs. Chilblud bent over her work, and there was silence, save for the crackling of the fire and the subdued

ticking of the timepiece.

It was a cold, chill evening, and the room looked very comfortable with its handsome furniture, rich, soft

carpet, and heavy plush curtains, on all of which the firelight threw a thousand dancing gleams.

"Joseph," said Mrs. Chilblud, suddenly looking up from her work, "I want to ask you something."

"I am all attention," replied her lord and master. "I was reading in the paper this morning about a child dying from

overpresure. Is it true? Do they really make them work so hard in these Board Schools?" Mrs. Chil-kiud's eyes were full of pitying woncer, which her husband's cold orbs quickly quenched. "My dear, pray do not you indulge

in the absurd, mock sentimentality that is so much in vogue at the present time. These people—the parents whose children can for a nominal sum receive an excellent education-hate to be dragged from their wretchedness and ignorance. Born in vice and darkness themselves, they would rear their offspring the same way— they put forward every obstacle to prevent the children's attendance at chool, and when forced to send them, they make complaints about the amount of work. Those cases of which you speak are rank impositions to work on the feelings of the public.' "But there was a letter the other day, signed 'A Teacher,' stating that far to, much is expected from young

children. Did you see it?" "I can not say I did not; but I know the style of the thing. I came across a young woman only this morning who is, I should imagine, just the one to air her foolish notions in that way; but probably she will "Yes, but it is right to expect so have leisure for reflection presently, much from these ill-fed, ill-clothed, for I doubt if she will be retained on and in many cases, diseased children? | the staff after I send in my report. I Many of them bring their dinners to am determined—fully determined—to do all I can to crush out this abominable spirit of resistance to the advauce of education and the upholding of discipline."

"Yes Joseph," said Mrs. Chilblud, returning to her work, convinced that her husband was, without exception, the wisest, most far-seeing and learned of men.

Killing of a Great Grizzly.

The largest grizzly bear ever killed on this coast was shot by old Trapper Hendrix, near the source of Battle creek, in Tehama county. The bear was famous throughout Northern California as old "Clubfoot," and was the terror of the Sierra. For 20 vears he had seemed to bear a charmed life. Many human beings and hundreds of cattle, sheep and hogs have fallen victims to his appetite. Many parties started out to bag him. but returned without his hide. The beast weighed when dressed 2,300 pounds, the largest animal of this species ever seen on the continent. Hendrix feels justly proud of his achievement, and a purse of \$500 has been made up for his benefit by the residents of eastern Tehama county. The bear was in rather poor condition when slain, as old age had clogged his blood somewhat, and time had commenced to paralyze his former supple limbs, so that he was not able to capture his prey. The hunter is tanning hide, which he pro-

Special.

poses to use as a cover for his winter

hut in the foot hill.—San Francisco

The Only Two Who Stood Up. The illiterate whites in the mountains of Tennessee and Georgia, said President Spence, of Grant university, Sunday evening, have a keen sense of humor, and, despite their ignorance, are at times witty. It was related that Sam Small at the end of one of his breezy sermons requested those of his hearers who wanted to go to heaven to rise. Every one in the house but one man rose. Then Sam asked those who wanted to go to hell to get up. A tall, lean mountaineer rose and improving the opportunity for a joke, pointed a long, bony finger at Small and said: "It' pears, parson, that you and me's the only fellers standin.' "

President Spence asked Small what he said in reply. "What'd I say?" replied the whoop-it-up-like-fury preacher, "Why, I couldn't say a word. It took fifteen minutes to get the crowd quieted down." Probably only a few of the audience knew what Small had been preaching to them, but every man had just enough intelligence to appreciate the joke .-Buffalo Express.

Electrical Engineering.

The profession above all others for a young man now is that of electrical engineering. It is the great profession of this century, and it will be for another century. It offers a young man opportunities for original investigation and distinction that are afforded by no other profession. As for the money, while I don't want to encourage a young man to enter a profession merely for the money there is in it, yet I can say that electrical engineers will be in the future the wealthiest of professional men.-Interview in Globe Democrat.

Wilhelm and Umberto.

The route along which the emperor of Germany, accompanied by the king of Italy, went from the Anhalt station to the Schloss, via the Brandenburg gate in Berlin, on the occasion of the late royal reception, is a mile and a half long. It had been softened with sand and carpeted. thickly with evergreens, interspersed with flowers. Then it had been converted into a living lane of splendid troops of all arms, who stood ranked up in motionless array as the monarchs came abreast of them .- Chitago Times.

There is a man in our town

And he is very wise, sir,
When e'er he doesn t feel just right
One remedy he tries, sir,
It's just the thing to take in spring The blood to purify, He tells his friends, and nothing else

Is he induced to try nuse, having taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to clease his system, tone it up, and enrich the blood, and finding that it always produces the desired result, he considers that he would be foelish to experiment with anything else. His motto is, "Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good." That's why he pins his faith to the "Golden Medical Discovery."

Walking advertisements for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are the thousands it has

Thirty-three years is reckoned the average of human life.

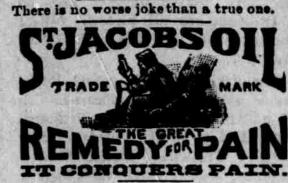
August 6th and 20th, Sept. 10th and 24th, and October 8th, the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad Co.. "The Northwestern Line," will run a series of "Harvest Excursions" to points on that line in Nebraska, the Black Hills and Cen tral Wyoming at one half regular rates, and if you desire some further information, communicate with J. R. Buchanan, General Passenger Agent, at Omaha, Nebraska, who will fully advise you.

Peach stones are used in the place of coal in California.

Old smokers prefer "Tansili's Punch" 5c. Cigar to most 10 centers. A 340-mile railroad is to be built across

Virginia from Parkersburg. We call the attention of those suffering

with dropsy to the fair proposition of Dr. H. H. Green & Sons in their advertisement on this page. Try them; it costs you nothing to do so.



Relieves and cures | HEADACHE. RHEUMATISM. Toothache, Sprains NEURALGIA. Sciatica, Lumbago. Burns and Scalds-

At Druggists and Dealers. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Battimere, MA. CARTER'S Positively eured by **CHILL FILD** Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side. TORPID LIVER. They gulate the Bowels urely Vogetable. Price 25 Cents:

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK. Small Pill: Small Dose. Small Price



Are invaluable for Liver and Stomach disorders Act on the bile, drive away the blues. They are the great Anti-Bile Medicine or

Cure for Biliousness, Sickheadache, Dysentery, Sour Stomach, Dis-tress after eating, Pains in the back and sides, Malaria, Costiveness, Chills and Fevers, Drow-siness, Offensive Breath, Gall Stones, &c.

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But people say:

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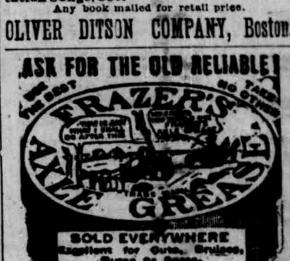
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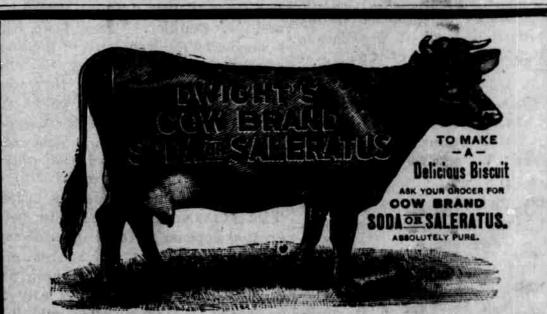
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