proud old commonwealth. Some executives have been more lavish than others in the distribution of these gilded honors. That kindly old gentleman, Gov. Luke Blackburn, M. D., was fond of creating colonels. During his term he made some sixty colonels in the city of Louisville alone, if I remember the figures correctly. There are various reasons which entitle a man to this gubernatorial compliment. Col. Will Hays is a colonel because he is such a gifted poet, while Col. Albert Dietzman was given his title by Gov. Knott because he was the greatest business manager on earth.

I trust the facts will make it somewhat clearer to the wondering Northerner why colonels are so plentiful in Kentucky. But there are other reasons. Many prominent citizens are honored with this complimentary title simply as a recognition of their merit by the community. Thus every man who conducts a large distillery is ipse facto a colonel; for instance, Col. John M. Atherton, or Col. Tom Sherley. Every prominent railroad officer is also a colonel; for instance, Col. Milton H. Smith. Every congressman is a colonel, as Col. Asher G. Caruth. Every man with a government office is a colonel; as Col. George Du Relle. Every great editor is a colonel, like Col. Hendepartment is a de facto colonel, as Col. Wood. Then there other gentlemen who are colonels because no other title fits them. But the law on the subject is a little vague and has never been formulated by the legislature. If a man has been a captain in the

war, never call him captain; call him colonel. He is entitled to this promotion twenty-four years after the war closed. The only men proud to be called captain are the commanders of steamboats, the captains of fire companies, the conductors of railroad trains and the officers in a Salvation army. The title of major is comparatively rare, and, therefore, is really more of a distinction than colonel. Only prominent people who have seen actual service wear the title; for instance. Major Ed Hughes and Major J. Washington Wann. But still if you call a major a colonel he is not likely to get mad at you. By the observance of these few rules I have jotted down, the stranger can get along in Kentucky without committing any serious breach of etiquette. -Louisville Post.

IN TWENTY-EIGHT BATTLES And Can Freely Say That He Never Got "Used to It."

Colonel James M. Thampson gave his opinion as follows: "The quality of courage in battle I regard as being to a large extent a physical attribute. I have heard a good deal of talk about the nonchalance of men in action and their ease and composure after the first gun was fired, but I never took much stock in it. I went through the war in the army, and it was my fortune to be in a portion of the service in Virginia, where there was a good deal of hard fighting to do, and there wasn't any creditable way to get out of it, either. I saw service in twenty-eight battles and I can freely say that I for one never got 'used to it.' I never went into a fight without an all prevading sense of danger and was always glad when it was over. Of course moral courage, high patriotism and the military spirit kept the great majority of men right up to the mark, but there were notable instances of men whose physical natures simply failed to respond when called on. They could not possibly go into a fight. A clear head and a full conception of the enormous consequences of cowardice to themselves failed to spur them to the staying point, and on the first whiz of a bullet their signals of distress were visible to all in sight. A well known New York colonel, a perfect gentleman, a scholar, a patriot, and a really noble fellow, was so weak in point of courage and his humiliation so great at really being afraid to face danger that be was forced to retire from the army, went to Washington, pined away and died in a few weeks. I knew another prominent officer whose friends, out of consideration for his well known failing, used to manage, on one pretext or another, to keep him out of engagements and thus shield him from exposure. Men like that are to be pitied, not blamed. They want to fight, but their bodies actually refuse to obey their will."-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Salt For Moths.

For moths salt is the best exterminator. The nuns in one of the hospital convents have tried everything else without success, and their experience is valuable, as they have so much clothing of the sick who go there; and strangers, when dying there, often leave quantities of clothing, etc. They had a room, full of feathers, which were sent there for pillow making, and they were in despair, as they could not exterminate the moths until they were advised to try common salt. They sprinkled it around, and in a week or ten days they were altogether rid of the moths. They are never troubled now. In heavy velvet carpets sweeping them with salt cleans and keeps them from moths, as particles of salt remain in the carpets and corners. Salt is not hurtful to anyone, and has no bad smell. Here is a little hint I add, which, perhaps, everyone does not know: For cleaning wash basins, bath, etc., use the same thing, common dry salt. Rub a little of the salt with your fingers on the basin. Often a sort of scum is noticed in the basins in a marble washstand in the ' hroom; the salt takes it off easily ar I leaves the basin shinning and clean.-Philaaelphia Press.

SUB ROSA.

Under the rose is a thorn, we know, And ever in life we find it so, Under the sweetest flowers that blow, Hides the thorn that hurts us so.

Under the rose, but the rose is sweet; Fairest of all the flowers we meet, And never in life will it seem less sweet, For the thorn that pierces unwary feet.

Under the rose that we plack in joy,

Is the sharpest thorn—its one alloy, So—pain and pleasure, grief and joy, If it were not so would sweetness cloy?

Under the rose that we pick today,

The rose that the months are speeding away, The thorn lies hidden safely away, Will we find that thorn some other day? -Emma S. Thomas

A PAIR OF BRACELETS

New York Epoch.

Mrs. Horshaw was unusually fond of her diamonds. Why not? She had not worn them long enough for usage to rob possession of its first sweet flavor. The power, pleasure and insipidity of her new life were, so to speak, in the swaddling clothes of novelty as yet. In fact, about the only relic of old times left to Mrs. Horshaw was Mr. Horshaw, and he did not count for much in society's husband of opinion, except as Mrs. Horshaw.

Scarcely a year since the new lead in the "Little Jule' silver mine had developed its Alad in-like qualities. Scarcely a year since the modest cabin in Red Wood Gulch had been exchanged for the brown-stone sar cophagus on Prairie Avenue, whence Mrs. Horshaw, after a few brief preliminary flutters, had burst upon society like a golden butterfly, a little crude and glaring perhaps, yet genuzae, very genuine. "Little Jule" was disgorging a five thousand in silver bullion per week. The mine had been named after Mrs. Horshaw by her husband.

Late in the morning after the Prophet's ball, Mrs. Horshaw was ry Watterson. The chief of the police surveying the contents of her jewelrycase in the privacy of her boudoir. There was a ring at the front door and a house maid announced: "A man from Jacard's Mum,"

> "Jacard's" was the well known jewelry, house. Mrs. Horshaw was handling a diamond bracelet with tender solicitude. She glanced at her rose colored morning gown, felt her lace cap, and was conscious of a state of chaste and direct deshabille that might be exhibited with effect before a mere clerk or messenger.

"What can he want?" she said wonderingly. "However send him

Presently a gentlemanly young man entered, his hat in one hand and a small portmanteau in the oth-

"Pardon," he said, "but Mr. Horshaw left word that you might want to make a selection, and as we had only a few of this style left we-at his suggestion-concluded to submit them to you for inspection at once." He had opened his satchel and

taken out several sets of pearl jewelry of a rather unique design. Mrs. Horshaw seemed astonished. "But I do not care for pearls," she

said. "I cannot see why my husband should have left such direcknow my preference for diamonds."

"Perhaps there is some mistake," said he, with a Chesterfieldian bow. "It is no matter. And yet-these pearls are really quite the-a-go, I assure vou."

"O, they will do-for pearls, I sup-

Mrs. Horshaw fingered them carelessly, then looked fondly at her really find diamonds. The man adjusted an eyc-glass and examined them critically.

"I can easily see," he said gallantly, "why Madam does not care for pearls. These are indeed perfection. But, if I mistake not, these bracelets now-to be sure! That reminds me. Your husband desired us to match them with some earrings we have in stock."

"Yes-I do need another style of earring. But it was very good of Mr. Horshaw to think of that him-

Mrs. Horshaw looked at the man dubiously, whereupon, with another bow, he presented one of Messrs. Jaccard's business cards.

"I-er-suppose you wish to take one of these bracelets back?" "With Madam's permission, yes.

For comparison, you know. As it will take but a short while to match them, I will leave a set of the pearls until my return. Not necessary, of course," this with a fine renunciatory gesture, "yet there is no harm, and giving security is always more busines-like."

Such grandiloquent demeanor was quite overpowering to Mrs. Horshaw's still virgin conceptions of eastern polite requirements. She declined to receive the pearls, but he, having pockected the bracelet, would not hear of it and departed with a final bow and flourish, leaving her with a titillating sense of satisfaction, as of one before whom the great of the ingly.

earth have unbent themselves. Two hours later, Mr. Horshaw, coming home to lunch, was thanked by his wite for "being so unusually thoughtful."

"Why, I haven't been near Jacard's," said he, when he caught the drift of her remark.

Mrs. Horshaw felt a tringe of alarm; then she remembered the pearls. "It is all right I guess. The man is to be back directly; besides he left a lovely set of pearls as security. Thought I'd be more apt, to buy

them, I suppose." "Left pearls, eh!" Mr. Horshaw, though insignificant

as an adjunct of fashion, had certain business instincts, and this procedure

struck him as unusual, if not queer. "Well-we'll see when he comes back." But he did not come back. They waited until four o'clock, then Mr. Horshaw, taking the pearls along went to Jacard's with many misgivings. One of the salesmen looked at the set and then shook his head.

"The poorest grade of imitation. Hope you did not think them genu

Mr. Horshaw gave his wife's version of the whole affair. "Evidently a case of gross swindling," said the salesman. "We have

no such man in our employ, and goods like these," he eyed them contemptuously, "we never handle on any pretense."

There seemed nothing for it but to inform the police, which Mr. Horshaw did forthwith. Then he went home and lectured his wife who, aside from grief over her loss, felt quite humiliated at having given her husband such good grounds for asserting himself, a privilege he seldom acquired in his present position as an appendage of a woman of lashion.

"Women are too easily imposed upon," he said. "Now what man. I'd like to know, would have entrusted such a bracelet to a rank stranger, unintroduced at that?" Mrs. Horshaw faintly reminded him

of the pearls. "Paste, you mean," Hr. Horshaw ecolly lita cigar in his wife's boudoir, a thing he never had the temerity to do before. "Very inferior imitations, too. What do you suppose would

become of you without a husband to

keep you straight?" Is a man ever more odious, she thought to herself, than when so shabby a small triumph inflates him? She sought consolation by shrouding herself in a cloak of icy indifference. Yet the loss of the bracelet

pricked her sorely. On the following morning Mr. Horshaw was in the library writing letters, when a servant handed him this card:

"J. GRUMLEY, "Detective.

"POLICE HEADQUARTERS." "The great Detective Grumley! Wants to see me, does he? Well, show him up. Ha, Mrs. Horshaw!" he soliloquised, "you've lost your bracelet-we'll see who gets it back."

Then a tall grim looking man, rather stylishly dressed in plain black, with an air something between a clergyman and a hotel clerk, entered the room. He looked at the wall, at the books, at the window, and finally at Mr. Horshaw.

"Mr. Horshaw, I believe," he said briskly. "My card informs you who I am. Your wife has lost a diamond bracelet. I am detailed to work up

Mr. Horshaw offered him a chair. Mr. Grumley seated himself, casting a keen glance under the library table, as if, perchance, the thief might have got entangled between the legs some-

"I suppose I can see the lady," continued he. "Must have full description of property and details of loss. "Mrs. Horshaw is out. She says

the man has a slight cast in one of "Cast in one eye. Good!" Mr. Grumley checked that point off on

"And-a-I think she said his mustache was waxed-"Mustache waxed-good!" Mr.

Grumley checked off finger number "Let me see. I think he drawls his words-had also a slight lisp, and

then his nose-his nose, now-"Drawled - lisped - good!" Grumley exhausted his two remaining fingers with a check apiece, and then slapped his thigh. "I think I tions. At Jacard's they certainly know the fellow, sir-well known crook, too. Now for the property. Must know what the bracelet looked like, vou see.'

"Ah-yes-to be sure." Mr. Horshaw cogitated and Detective Grumley, producing a formidable note book, jotte, a few points. "Now-you'd hardly think it, yet

though I've seen those bracelets a hundred times-I can hardly describe them, except that they are all spagle and glitter. If my wife were only here now.'

"I have it, sir," said the detective, "there's a mate to that lost bracelet. If I could take a squint at it now

"Certainly." Mr. Horshaw rose with a smile. "It takes a detective to think of ways and means. By looking at one you can spot-that's the word, isn't it? Yes you can spot the

other." Mr. Grumley leaned back with a Napoleon like nod of approval, while Mr. Horshaw bursted up stairs, muttering to himself: "Sharp man that. Lucky I was at home to help him out." He rummaged about his wife's bureau and dressing case until he found the object of his search. "Now, Julia," he thought, as he returned to the library. "we'll see who recovers

your bracelet." 'A very peculiar make," said th well known detective, handling the article very much as it it were a handcuff. "Very fine, too. Gad sir! I wonder the lady let the tellow walk off with it, but-ahem!-women are-

rather-"Gad, yes! They are weak and pasily imposed upon. But we men can't heip that. If we get them out of these scrapes, that's all we can

"Precisely. But this bracelet, now -the pattern is quite complex. Difficult to remember all the points-unless-" The detective, scrutinizing it closely, shook his head discourag-

"I see," said Mr. Horshaw, "the police will need this one to-as I might say-detect and verify the oth-

Mr. Grumley's brow cleared instantly.

"It will facilitate matters," he said. 'Makes the recovery almost certain, in fact. Shall I give you a receiptin behalf of the a-the a-force?" "Not necessary. Detective Grumley's name is an ampleguarantee."

Mr. Grumley bowed his thanks, deposited the bracelet in a capricious

little doubt but you will then behold, not only the their, but the plunder, too. By the way." He ap-

peared to reflect severely. "These movements are sometimes necessari ly costly. In short, we may have to use some money—not for ourselves, understand"—this with a grim renunciatory air-"but to inveigle the rascals into a trap of our own setting;

Mr. Horshaw saw, or thought he saw, which amounted to the same thing pecuniarily. The pleasure of triumphing over Mrs. Horshaw must not be delayed for a few paltry dol-

"How much?" "Two tens will do I think." Detective Grumley stored away two of Mr. Horshaw's bank notes, much as it they were waste paper. then took his leave with a mighty show of official ceremony, after which Mr. Horshaw rubbed his hands and

smiled shrewdly to himself. When Mrs. Horshaw returned, her husband rose to the heighth of the occasion and his own dignity, thereby impressing her with such a sense of her own wifely weaknesses as she had not felt since the primitive days of Red Wood Gulch.

"You may regard yourself as a shining light, my dear," said he, "yet how egregiously you were imposed upon. Grumley intimated that such verdancy was accountable only because you are a woman. He's the most noted detective we have. His name alone will give a kind of colat to your—a—silly lapse of discretion."
"And you let him have the other

bracelet? "Of course. I likewise have his word that the stolen one is quite as good as recovered." "I hope so," said the lady weakly,

yet dubiously.

Hope so!" Mr. Horshaw surveyed his wife with a Websterian air. The sensation of having her at his mercy was so new and pleasing-quite irresistible, in fact. Well, I should smile. Wait till we go to headquarters in the morning. Keep up your hopes till then, my dear.'

"Well-I-I'll try." This meekly and without the least enthusiasm. Promptly at 10 a. m. Mr. and Mrs. Horshaw presented themselves at the inspector's office and inquired for Detective Grumley.

"The diamond bracelet affair, you know," the gentleman said, exp atorily.

"I didn't know Mr. Grumley had charge of it; but he just happens to be about." And the blue-uniformed police clerk turned to a dry, quickmoving, wooden-faced man who had just come into the office. "Here you are, John. Some one to see you.'

Mr. Horshaw felt something gripe his heart and imparta tingling sensation along his spine. There must be some mistake here. "I mean Detective Grumley of the

"Yes, yes," said the man sharply at the couple as he laid some papers on the desk. "I'm Detective Grumley. What can I do for you?" "Why-you-he-is not this your

"Don't use cards. What the deuce do I want of cards!' He began to sharpen a pencil vig-

crously. "And you-are Grumley?" Mr Horshaw stared at him, as if he might have been the sphinx, or a museum freak, or an ichthyosaurus come back to life.

"I am Grumley, sir." "Julia," Mr. Horshaw turned to his wife, upon whose face an "I told you so" expression was mingled with one of renewed dismay, "this-this isn't my man at all. 1-I fear we have been humbugged again."

"We!" said his wife cuttingly, despite the conviction of a second swindle now forced upon her. "We! I don't know anything about Detective Grumley, but I do know that some men are very weak and credulous creatures-so easily imposed upon!" Mr. Horshaw sank dejectedly into a chair, while Mrs. Horshaw proceed-

ed to explain. "I fear it is a gone case," said the real Grumley, when he had heard all. 'Now they've got em both they'll melt the gold and spcut the diamonds seperately. But, good gracious, are you not aware, sir, that in large cities every stranger who makes up to you is presumably a

rascal until he proves the contrary?" "Julia," said Mr. Horshaw when they were back in their carriage, "as a woman of fashion you may be a success; as a man of business I am so; but at present I feel as green as a sucking babe. Let's pool our issuescompromise, and snub each other no

For answer Julia kissed her husband for the first time in six months. Then both were silent for awhile. "They were such lovely diamonds,"

she could not help saying at last. "You shall have a finer pair," he said. "Little Jule has touched 280. Thieves can't carry the mine off, my

"Mrs. Horshaw contemplated her unbraceleted wrists for a moment and then rewarded her husband with an-

His Blasphemous Prayer Fulfilled.

From the St. Louis Giobe-Democrat.

Several days ago Patrick Gallagher felt in his inside pocket for his pipe. It was not there, and its absence caused him to make a terrible wish. His wife reproved him.

"Well, I don't care," he said: "here, with uplifted hand to Heaven I pray that my Creator will paralyze the man who has my pipe. Before the utterance had died away

Gallagher felt a severe twitching of the heart and complained of feeling unwell. A doctor was hastily dispatched for, and said that he received a stroke of paralysis. As Gallagher was in straitened circumstances it was deemed best to remove him for of Bethlehem, Pa., where it was placed by treatment to the Home of the Aged the officers of the Moravian Church, to pre-Poor, where death ensued in less vent young America from firing it off on

than twelve hours. The grief-stricken family were at a loss to understand his sudden death. In looking recently through his clothes, removed at the time of the paralytic stroke, they were filled with superstitious horror, for in one of wallet and rose to go.

"Come round to headquarters in the morning, sir, he said. "I have way into the lining." WINGED MISSILES.

Rose Elizabeth Cleveland now publishes her own novels. Senator Ingails is said to be engaged on a

novel of Washington life. Marion Crawford, the novelist, says he can walk forty miles at a stretch. Christian science is said to have gone quite out of fashion in Philadelphia.

Jay Gould has an orchid in his conservatory at Irvington that is valued at \$5,000 Thirty million books in the British museum and the cry is, "Still they come." The Grand Duke Constantine, cusino to the ezar, has recently published a book of

A man can attract more attention asleep than awake, if he will only sit down in a public place. This country is afflicted with what a col-

ored brother would call a "surplus of poor white trash." Mr. Selah Chamberlain, of Cleveland. gave his beautiful niece \$10,000 as a wed-

ding present. An English lady has left \$50,000 to be dedevoted to the photographing of stars, planets and nebulæ.

Too many of us want to reap the reward

of success before we have earned the title to a fair beginning. M. Barbediene, the famous bronze founder of Paris, exhibits at the Exposition a

clock that is valued at \$70,000. Gen. M. C. Meigs says that we shall be found by the census of 1890 to have 67,240,-000 people in the United States. The Emperor of Japan has just taken pos

session of a new palace, furnished in European style. It cost him \$4,000,000. "Frightened mouse color" is the latest fashionable shade. It is probably a little paler than the ordinary mouse color.

While women are generally more intense ly partisan than men, they are less apt to be influenced to it by selfish motives. Lady Mandeville threatens to go on the stage unless her father-in-law, the Duke of

Manchester, pays her husband's debts. Some one who knows what he is talking about says that his idea of success in life is to be an American artist and live in London. Mr. Edwards, United States Consul at Berlin, is a queer fellow. He is actually charged by the Germans with being too

plosely devoted to his duties. Compressed air is being used as a motive power in some of the cities of France. I' has started a new industry in the manufacture of plant for the purpose.

Queen Victoria's recent visit to Wales brings out the statistics that during her reign of over half a century twelve days only have been spent in Ireland. An interesting discovery is stated to have

been made in India. This is nothing less than the lost books of Euclid, of which a Sanskrit translation is said to have been found at Jeppore. The Alpine cow-bell has become the rage

among visitors to Switzerland this year and enterprising dealers have flooded the bazars with miniature cow-bells in gold, silver and enamel. Max Strakosch, who brought some of the most brilliant singers to this country that

in the Home for Incurables at Fordham, N. Y., a paralytic. An American system of police alarm ooxes has been put up in London. A small district has been served with it as an experiment, which, if successful, will probably

ever left the other side of the Atlantic, is

be repeated all over the great city. It has been estimated by men of science who have investigated the subject that the rock of Niagara is being worn away by the waters at such a rate that in a few thousand years the cataract will work up to Lake Erie.

Mrs. E.D. E. N. Southworth, whose bloodcurdling novels thrilled our grandmothers is still living in undiminished vigor at Yonkers, N. Y., and is now writing a novel which, it is said, will surpass all her previ-

Charles Henry Butler, who died recently

in a camp near Nahma, Delta Co., Mich., was the owner of Henry Ward Beecher's place at Peekskill, known as "Boscobel." He paid \$85,000 for it, but had only lived there since May. Richard Watson Gilder, the editor of the Century, is a dark, poetical, melancholy

looking man. Why he should be melancholy with an income of \$40,000 from his magazine it is hard to understand, unless, like Byron, he thinks it poetical. An enterprising firm has offered the British Government \$125,000 a year for the privilege of placing a soap and pill adver-

tisement on the postage stamps, the advertisement to be put on at the time the canceling is done and by the same machine. Col. Dan Lamont is said to have accepted the presidency of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railway Company at a salary of \$10,000 a year. Col. Lamont and ex-Senator Platt, of New York, control about \$1,-

000,000 of the company's stock and direct its affairs. Berezovski, the Pole who tried to avenge nis country's wrongs by shooting at the Czar Alexander II, during that monarch's visit to the Paris exhibition of 1867, is now white-haired old convict in the French penal settlement of New Caledonia, off the

coast of Australia. The queen's inevitable bridal gift of an Indian shawl is explained by the statement that one of her tributaries, an Indian prince, is bound by treaty to pay her an annual subsidy in which are included three pairs of the best cashmere shawls and

twelve perfect shawl goats. There are only two royal scientists living at the present time worthy of the name One is Prince Albert, of Monaco, well known for his deep sea researches, and the other is the Archduke Ludwig Salvator, of Austria, a courageous traveler, and a by means contemptible naturalist.

Sol Smith Russell's wife is a small, intellectual-looking woman with a Hostonese face. She is the daughter of Mr. Adams, known to fame as "Oliver Optic." Mr. Russell is the owner of several fine buildings in Minneapolis besides his handsome residences. He takes care of his money.

Capt. L. G. Shephard, commander of the revenue cutter Rush, the seizer of the Behring Sea, has been in the Revenue Marine Service since 1866, and has served through all the grades from third lieutenant to captain. He is a native of Massachussetts and is regarded as a cool and brave officer. Emily Paxton, of Pike county, Mo., has

permission from the governor of that state

to wear a man's dress "anywhere in Mis-

souri outside of cities of 10,000 inhabitants." She works on a farm and her favorite occupation is breaking horses to harness. Of these she herself owns three and has charge of thirteen. One of the cannon used by the American colonists in 1763 in defending their settle ments from the attacks of the Indian chief Pontiac, is imbedded in the foundation walls of the residence of J. Samuel Krause,

liberty days. An enormous tarantula invaded a New York police station house a few days ago and routed all the officers. It was finally killed with a club and when measured was found to be nine inches in circumference. It is supposed that the tarantula got in by means of some banana wagons which were housed in the station house yard after a raid on some fruit peddlers a few days previousiy.

Hark, the sound of many voices, Jubilant in gladest song, And full many a heart rejoices As the chorus floats along: "Hail the Favorite Prescription."

How the happy voices blend.

Wonderful beyond description—
Woman's best and truest friend." Well may it be called woman's best friend, since it does for her what no other remedy has been able to do. It cures all those delicate derangements and weaknesses peculiar to females. Cures them,
understand. Other preparations may afford temporary relief, but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription effects a permanent
cure. It is guaranteed to do this, or the
money paid for it will be promptly refunded. It is the great remedy of the age.

The worst Nasal Catarrh, no matter o how long standing, is permanently cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

How Chrome Iron to Made. A Norwegian engineer, Herr O. Olson, of Christiana, has obtained a ten years' patent for a new process for the mann focture of chrome iron. In his process a well mixed proportion of finely pulverized chrome ore, powdered charcoal and tar are heated to red heat in a closed vessel, then allowed to cool, and finally remelted in a crucible; together with a certain proportion of pulverized iron ore, powdered charcoal, borax, ground glass and cyanide of potassium. The proportions of the mixture are nat-urally kept a secret.—New York Tele-

All that we can say as to the merits of Dobbins' Electric Soap, pales into nothingness before the story it will tell you itself, of its own perfect quality, if you will give it one trial. Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.

A woman without whims is the kind of a lndy we are all afraid of, but seldom meet. Man will never be a free agent so long as woman chooses either to rule or bamboozle him.

A sure sign that your girl will go by then you are smoking an old pipe. Buenos Ayree is to have a world's fair.

Buffalo, N. Y., claims a population of 250,000. Millions of small black rats infest the

corn fields of Texas. Utah has a colony composed of natives the Hawaiian Islands.

Largest in the West. To any of our readers who have any-thing that needs cleaning or coloring we would call their attention to the Lincoln Steam Dye Works. Office 1105 O St., Lincoln, Neb. They clean and color all kinds of ladies' and gents' clothing and guarantee first-class work. Send to them for price list. Goods sent by express or mail. Natural gas saves Pittsburg 7,000.000

tons of coal per year. Hardy & Pitcher of Lincoln, Neb., have one of the largest stocks of Furniture in

the state. They are shipping goods all.

over the state constantly, so can secure good freight rates. Anyone wanting furniture will find it to their advantage to call on or write to Hardy & Pitcher. The Texas cotton crop this year is est

mated to be worth \$84,000,000.

Old smokers prefer "Tansill's Punch" Cigar. The oldest man in the world lives in H gary and is 121 years old. Buy Union Soap and make a guess. As your grocer about it to-day.

Bismarck has intimated to the pope that be must not leave Rome. Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers, Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant of Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in world. Full information free. Address the Or Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

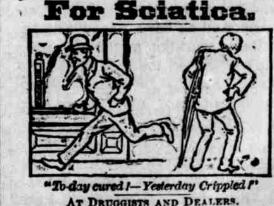
Capitalists are investing large sums ney in West Virginia.

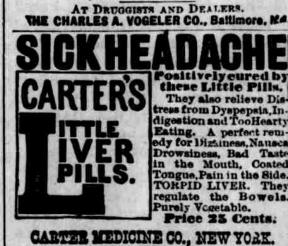
When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

When a man longs to whip an enemy. nears that he has had long training in ath letic sports and boxing.

A Juniata county, Pa., woman publicly

logs her husband every time he cou S:JACOBS OIL For Sciatica.





Small Pill: Small Dose. Small Price



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