ugust lower"

orenzo F. Sleeper is very wn to the citizens of Apple- and neighborhood. He Eight years ago I was taken d suffered as no one but a tic can. I then began tak- gust Flower. At that time a great sufferer. Every- ate distressed me so that I throw it up. Then in a ments that horrid distress come on and I would have "to eat and suffer "again. I took a "little of your med- "icine, and felt much "better, and after "taking a little more "August Flower my "Dyspepsia disap- and since that time I ever had the first sign of it. at anything without the r of distress. I wish all afflicted with that terrible or the troubles caused by d try August Flower, as I isfied there is no medicine o it."

UNCLE SAM'S UNION POWDER

THE BEST MEDICINE

Cures Diseases of Horses, Cattle, Hogs. They purify the blood, prevent and Honest and reliable, in horses and warranted for over twenty years. Any one owning a horse or cattle should use it. Made by EMMERT PROPRIETARY Sold by all druggists.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED

Vicker's Theatre Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

Salad Dressing Between Courses.

tly fashion of making the ssing on the table obtains shionable people at small in nners. Before the preceding s been removed the servant hostess a shallow silver bowl, h are broken the yolks of two fore her are also placed the er, two, tiny silver pepper lding white and cayenne small mustard pot with the mordant, and a bit of lemon or a second miniture de- tarragon vinegar, as the taste stess prefers.

while the plates are being the mayonnaise is concocted. mbeaten yolks are carefully d first a saltspoon of salt and of dry mustard, a good pinch ne and a better one of white hen with a silver fork the stir ess begins. Drop by drop the l does its work till, thick, gold- elvety, the mayonnaise is re- ouch of acid from lemon or and afterward to be sent he table as the salad is served eful office for deft fingers.— oint of View in New York

ew What he Wanted.

elphia News: "I want an oys- and I don't want the oysters ers and milk all mixed in a d merely heated. I want the efully boiled first, then the oys- d, next the liquor and finally, s taken off, the seasoning. Be rticular about the milk. ust be sweet and rich and, l things, be careful to get good Only the best and freshest gilt- ry butter should be used. As ysters, I want the very best to ed anywhere; no common mud for me. Now don't forget."

r—Yes, sah. Do you wish the with or without, sah?

mer—With or without what?

r—Pearls, sah.

A Strange Experience.

ant—"Anything remarkable on your last trip?"

mer—"Remarkable! One of the enomenal occurences ever heard me such a start that I haven't it yet. It was on the night East."

Well! What was it?"

train suddenly stopped, and e passengers began asking the er what was the matter, he ush away, nor hew nor haw, nor g. He just stood still and told —Street & Smith's Good News.

Putting Him to the Test.

her Peastraw—Well, son, what learn at college?

—I learned to fence, for one

her Peastraw—That's good; I'll e nails to-morrow, and we'll bout.—Munsey's Weekly.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

He Was Absent Minded.

There is a young man in Brooklyn so absent minded that he is likely to slide down the bannister of time along with the man who for, of his own name. He is very sensitive on the subject of his weakness and endeavors to conceal it, but he leads him into many scrapes, and recently he had a very vivid illustration of the disadvantages of abstraction when indulged in too freely.

In a rare interval of observation, so he late runs, he lost his heart to a oung woman whom he met at a reception. The young woman reciprocated and the love affair progressed smoothly for a time. Then, unaccountably, the fair ceased to smile upon the young man as of yore and slowly froze him out.

Explanations were sought, but none were given, and after a painful search through an apology of a memory for the cause of the sudden change the young man gave up the conundrum and went on his absent minded way.

Not long ago he had occasion to don his dress suit, neglected since the evening from which he dated his decline in the young woman's favor. Something in one of the pockets attracted his vagrant attention, and when the something was dragged into the light of day it proved to be a well filled purse.

Finally the recollection of how it got there came back to him and he remembered slyly abstracting it from the pocket of the young woman, with the intention of having some innocent amusement at her expense when the loss was discovered. But he was not an adept in this peculiar kind of abstraction, and the young woman was perfectly aware of what he was doing, and it was only because she was deeply engrossed at the time with a thrilling scene on the stage that she failed to protest.

Her conclusion, when week elapsed and the young man had failed to return the money, was uncomplimentary, but natural.

The young man's explanation when he returned the purse was accepted. To his disgust he found that his rival had been accepted also.

Daniel Webster's Hat.

Looking at the authentic hat of Daniel Webster in a Boston hat store window one feels as one does in looking at the armor of some old warrior of the middle ages, which nobody could so much as stagger under nowadays. There is no one to draw the bow of Ulysses or wear the hat of Webster. Undeniably it is a shocking bad hat, but how many hair brained statesmen of the present day would be tickled to death to be able to wear it! It would be a good idea for some of the caricaturists os the Paint and Clay club to represent the whole congressional delegation from Massachusetts standing up under that great square crowned hat. One doesn't wonder that even Carlyle, the Scotch Thersites, stood aghast before the bow that this ancient hat covered, and exclaimed: "There is your Yankee Englishman!" Carlyle records the incident himself, and it seem that he was so much taken back by the suggestion of power in Webster that he couldn't say anything more contemptuous of him and was obliged merely to content himself by getting in a little hit at the whole Yankee race, intimating that they were only a variety of Englishmen.

TEMPTATION.

A man who has been spending the season in Florida tells of a cracker preacher who came to the little church in the pine woods at Altamonte the other Sunday and delivered a very feeling sermon. He was thoroughly earnest, sober, well-meaning man and he did his best to impress his audience; but when in his sermon he delivered himself as follows his northern hearers were perhaps not impressed the way he wished them to be: "Now, there's my wife; she's one of the best women that ever lived, she is; and every day of her life when she gets her chores done up she goes inter the closet, shets the door and prays. Now, do you s'pose you could stop my wife er prayin'? No sir! you couldn't stop her prayin' not if you was to give her a dollar a day! No sir! (with much emphasis) not fer er dollar er day you couldn't stop her!"

Chinese Whisky Sellers.

Among the applicants for renewal of liquor licenses in Collector Kerwin's office the other day were thirty Chinamen. They don't sell bad Melica whisky, but confine themselves to the important article. Their chief beverage is called rice wine. An expert says that it is about equal in affect to Jersey applejack. When the Chinaman desires some slight change from the opium pipe or suffers from loss of appetite he resorts to rice wine. Many casks of the article are annually imported from China. A Chinaman rarely touches American whisky.

How He Got the Sheep.

Near Fayetteville, Tenn., shortly after the recent cyclone which did so much damage in that state and Kentucky, old Jed Tompkins, colored, was hauled up before 'Squire Nason for stealing one of Colonel Ballantyne's sheep says the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Before the trial the 'squire, the colonel, Jed and several others were lounging in front of the 'squire's dingy little office, all hands, with the exception of Jed, relating incidents of the terrible storm; the 'squire winding up with a tree on his farm from which the wind had stripped the bark, and the colonel "seeing" this with a brick wall on his place through which the tornado had driven a wheat straw.

On the trial the evidence was all against Jed, the colonel identifying the sheep which had been found hanging up on Jed's back porch.

"I'll have to hold you, old man, unless you can explain how the sheep came there," said the magistrate.

"Can't 'splain, 'Squire," Jed answered. "W'en I got up in the mawnin' dat sheep was jes' layin' dar."

"And you don't know who brought it there?"

"No, suh—'lesan de cyclone blowed it dar."

"Aha! 'Lesan de cyclone blowed it dar, eh? And did you ever see a cyclone that could skin a sheep?"

"No, suh, I can't say as I has, 'lesan 'twar dat same cyclone what peeled 'Squire Nason's tree and driv the straw thro' Colonel Ballentyne's wall."

The 'squire pulled up his specs and took a long look at Jed and the colonel arose and stated that he would not prosecute the case farther, as this was the first cyclone that had ever blown any of his property into Jed's possession.

Traveling for the First Time.

A railroad engineer in Maine saw a man on the track waving at him a few days ago, and, his mind filled with the possibilities of impending danger, stopped the train. Every one was in a high state of excitement, but the man coolly boarded the smoking car without uttering a word. He looked as if he had not traveled far from his native heath, and on being questioned said: "Wal, I just waved my hand 'cos I wanted to get on the keers. I'm going ter Wells, and I never been on the keers before." He spoke, it is said, with an unmistakable air of innocence, and raised such a flood of good nature that the conductor silently took his fare, and when he landed at Wells he was loudly cheered in honor of his first ride.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Japanese Salutations.

While waiting for a train at Yokohama station not many years ago, a tourist observed a Japanese gentleman, faultlessly attired in European dress, approach a Japanese lady (also dressed after the manner of civilized nations) and lift his hat with a pretty bow made in the orthodox western style. Thereupon Mme. Chrysantheme, looking a trifle embarrassed, essayed to return the compliment by lifting her bonnet. Finding, however, that this troublesome headpiece declined to yield, the poor little lady tugged at it hard with both hands, but as all her exertions were unavailing she ultimately slid her hands down the front of her dress and inclined her body after the manner of uncivilized Japanese when they met each other in the street naturally clothed.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Farm Without a Whip.

There is a beautiful farm just back of Ocean Springs, Miss., owned by Mr. Parker Earle, who, very wisely allows no man on the place to use a whip on any of the stock. It is said that there is but one old whip on the farm, probably a relic of some other owner, but the old whip is not used, and the farm does well and the animals work with a will and never feel the lash. Kindness can run anything, even a farm.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Tramp's Large Estate.

The Abbe Martin, a French parish priest, was one day accosted by a miserable, poverty stricken man in rags, who said he belonged to a great and wealthy family which he had dishonored in many ways. He begged the abbe to get him into a monastery, where he could live and die in obscurity and unknown. The abbe procured his admission into a Spanish monastery as lay brother. A few years after he received a letter to the effect that he had been appointed sole legatee of a person who had died in a monastic establishment in Spain possessed of property in France worth many millions of francs.

Armed with his papers he visited the deceased's family to find that a brother had taken possession of the paternal property in the belief that the heir had died in penal servitude. An agreement was arrived at under which the abbe received an annuity of £2,400 on condition that he never disclosed the name of the family of the defunct monk. The romantic story came out in a court of justice recently, where the abbe appeared to prosecute two thieves who had stolen the whole of his annuity just received. He steadfastly declined to mention the source of his wealth, but admitted that the family was noble and great.—London Tit-Bits.

Leadville's Nobility.

Chicago Tribune: "In the bygone days of Leadville," the visitor went on to relate, "there was a long line of nobility. Ten years ago Lord George Campbell worked in the mines at Leadville and received no more remuneration or consideration than he would had he not possessed a title. Baron Rosencranz came to Leadville from Denmark, and in spite of his noble name Leadville's citizens declare that he was as poor as a mouse. Count Roup, a Russian nobleman, was at one time a common ore digger, but afterward rose to a higher place—that of manager of a smelter. Count Roup, now resides at Butte, Mont., and honors that city with his titled name. It was even possible to have assaying done by a nobleman ten years ago, as a Hungarian lord had an assay office perched upon one of Leadville's hills.

"One of the wildest characters that graced the Leadville mining camp was the nephew of Lord Coke and Lady Leslie. This young man wished to be considered bold and bad, and the airs he assumed outcowboyed the cowboys. His costumes were considered remarkable even for Leadville of ten years ago, but were not of such character as would be permitted to grace the home of his lordly relatives.

"The visitor to Leadville today would never dream that the nobility from the other side of the Alantic had sent its representatives to the Cloud City, yet such is the case, and the citizens of Leadville, strange to say, do not feel at all proud over the determination of so many lords, barons and counts to seek their booming camp. It is not with pride that Leadville's citizens point to the nobility that have honored their city, but rather with amusement and just a trace of pity."

A New Work for Women.

In Paris, that great city where all one's needs and caprices are catered to, there are professions for women entirely unknown in this country, says the Ladies' Home Journal. And one is the professional packer. When you think of going away, is not one of your sighs as to how you shall get all your belongings in your trunk? When you reach your destination don't you find them creased, mussed, and, if possible, what a tiny woman near me calls "in smithereens?"

Well, the packer comes in, you tell her what you want to take away, and then let her do her work. Skirts are skillfully folded, bodices have sheets of tissue paper laid between them, and the sleeves are stuffed to shape with it; slippers have their toes filled with raw cotton so they do not reach their destination flattened out; and hats and bonnets have tapes attached to them so that they may be pinned to the box or tray and will not move until you are ready to lift them out. This a work for which a busy or rich woman will pay well, and a woman who becomes expert at it, can in the going-away time make that mysterious amount known as "a tidy little sum" very easily. The packer comes to the house, takes off her bodice and assumes a loose jacket, and then she is ready for her work. Who, among the many who are asking for something for a woman to do, will start in this profession? It is a work easily learned, and offers a variety that must appeal to every woman. Neither is it irksome; hence, a profession which offers more than the usual advantages of a woman's skill.

Curious Tornado Effects.

One of the occupants of the Good cottage, near Lake Gervais, an elderly lady was was very fond of taking care of fowls, and had raised nearly a hundred chickens and ducks. These were all killed by the storm. The lady had also made a nice lot of soft soap, of which she was very proud. The soap had been left on a board by the side of the house, and of course was carried away by the wind. The occupants of the house took refuge in the cellar when the storm was seen coming. All were more or less injured and their clothing torn from their bodies. It was nearly half an hour before all were released, more dead than alive. The lady spoken of was half unconscious, and the moment she was taken from the cellar she took one glance at the work of the tornado, threw up her hands and exclaimed, "Oh! where are my ducks and my chickens, and where is my nice soft soap.

Her soft soap has probably dissolved in Lake Gervais, but the remains of her ducks and chickens were found here and there within a radius of a mile or more from the house. The idea that a tornado could pluck the feathers from a fowl as clean as could the most accomplished chef has been laughed at, but some of the chickens and ducks belonging to the Good family were stripped of every feather. But that was not the only remarkable thing about them. Some of the chickens found nearly a mile from the house had their necks stretched to a remarkable length, the necks of some, it is said by those who saw them, being at least a foot long. Another incident of the storm is that one of the ladies who took refuge in the cellar was almost covered with oats, the sharp needles of which penetrated her clothing and stuck to the skin. The husband of the lady vouches for this occurrence, and says that it took nearly half an hour to remove the oats.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Farmer's Protection.

A number of leading farmers of Rice county have organized the Kansas Alliance Loan Association for the purpose of loaning money on first mortgages on real estate. The secretary is Richard Coyle, Cheyenne, Kansas. The plan is to raise funds from alliance men by way of subscription to the capital stock of the company to redeem the farms that are about to be foreclosed.

This is a move in the right direction, and if properly handled will save many Kansas homes from foreclosure. No doubt the eastern investor will rejoice in getting his money instead of Kansas farms. We have advocated this movement all along, but believe this could be best accomplished by the Farmers Alliance Exchange Co., or the State Alliance. There are many thousands of Kansas farmers who have money to loan, and we think after next harvest there will be many more who could safely take in an institution of this kind, which would prove a relief to many who have defaulted, and remunerative to the stock holders. This is practical, and we cannot see why the undertaking has not been made long ago.—Alliance Tribune, Topeka.

Bridal Stockings.

The daintiest stockings to be worn by a bride are of fine white silk with a medallion of Valenciennes lace set in the instep, the design being one of orange blossoms. They are as frail as the proverbial cobweb however. When one is going to save on wedding gown and wedding fan, it is just as well to have the beautiful stockings to go with it, so that the next generation may see just what mamma wore on her wedding day.

We'll write it down till everybody sees it
Till everybody is sick of seeing it
Till everybody knows it—sick of seeing it—that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of chronic catarrh in the head, catarrhal headache, and "cold in the head." In perfect faith, its makers, the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N. Y., offers to pay $500 to any one suffering from chronic catarrh in the head whom they cannot cure.

Now if the condition were reversed—if they asked you to pay $500 for a positive cure you might hesitate. Here are reputable men, with years of honorable dealing; thousands of dollars and a great name back of them and they say—"We can cure you because we've cured thousands of others like you—if we can't we will pay you $500 for the knowledge that there's one whom we can't cure."

They believe in themselves. Isn't it worth a trial. Isn't any trial preferable to catarrh?

If success be the true test of merit, it is a settled fact that "*Brown's Bronchial Troche's* have no equal for the prompt relief of Coughs, Colds and Throat troubles.

An Incident.

Superintendent—You are late, what detained you?

Belated Messenger—O, just a little incident.

Superintendent—You should never let such a trifling thing as an incident interfere with your business.

Belated Messenger—But this little incident weighed just nine and one-half pounds.—Express Gazette.

Too large

—the old-fashioned pill. Too reckless in its way of doing business, too. It cleans you out, but it uses you up, and your outraged system rises up against it. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have a better way. They do just what is needed—no more. Nothing can be more thorough—nothing is as mild and gentle. They're the smallest, cheapest, the easiest to take. One tiny, sugar-coated granule's a gentle laxative—three to four are cathartic. Sick Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

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