German Syrup"

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he often coughs enough to make him sick at his stomach. Whenever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market."

Hereditary Consumption

A Strange Experience.

Merchant—"Anything remarkable happen on your last trip?"

Drummer—"Remarkable! One of the most phenomenal occurences ever heard of, gave me such a start that I haven't got over it yet. It was on the night express East."

"Well! Well! What was it?"

"The train suddenly stopped, and when the passengers began asking the conductor what was the matter, he didn't rush away, nor hew nor haw, nor anything. He just stood still and told them."—Street & Smith's Good News

For Catarrhal and Throat Disorders, "Brown's Bronchial Troche's" are renowned and marvelously effective, giving immediate relief.

Reduced Rates.

Janitor—"The flat, mum, is six hundred dollars a year, or fifty dollars a month, mum."

Madam—"Fifty dollars for these miserable little apartments? It's outrageous."

"Children do a good deal o' damage mum."

"Children? I have no children."

"Not a one?"

"Not one."

"Didn't ye ever have any?"

"No."

"Madam, we'll give ye this 'ere flat for thirty dollars a month. We want yez come and live here just t' to set a good example."—New York Sun.

When you're languid and dull in the spring of the year,
When stomach and liver are all out of gear,
When you're cross at morn and every night
And nothing gives relish and nothing goes right,
Don't try an e-strum, elixir, or pill—
"Golden Medical Discovery" just fills the bill.

The surest and best of all remedies for all disorders of the liver, stomach, and blood, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Frozen 6,000 Feet Deep.

For many years scientists have been perplexed over the phenomena of a certain well at Yakutsk, Siberia. As long ago as 1828 a Russian merchant began to sink this noted well, and, after working on it for three years, gave it up as a bad job, having at that time sunk it to the depth of thirty feet without getting through the frozen ground. He communicated these facts to the Russian Academy of Science, which sent men to take charge of the digging operations at the wonderful well. These scientific gentlemen toiled away at their work for several years, but abandoned it when a depth of 882 feet had been reached, with the earth still frozen as hard as a rock. In 1843 the academy had the temperature of the soil at the sides of the well taken at various depths. From the data thus obtained they came to the starting conclusion that the ground was frozen to a depths exceeding 6,000 feet. Although it is known to meteorologists that the lowest known temperature is in that region of Siberia, it is conceded that not even that rigorous climate could force frost to such a great depth below the surface. After figuring on the subject for over a quarter of a century, geologists have come to the conclusion that the great frozen valley of the Lena River was deposited, frozen just as it is found to-day, during the great grinding up of era of the glacial epoch.

Mrs. Brill, of Rhode Island, widow, wanted to prove her love for Charles Jerome, aged 22. She therefore put $15,000 into his hands to keep for a week, and he was last heard of among the windmills of Holland. They won't blow him back until he has squandered all the money.

An Indian Story.

In the summer of 1877, a dirty, tired-looking party of horsemen, forty in number, were wending their way over the rolling prairie land of Western Nebraska. In the lead and to the rear road a detachment of Uncle Sam's blue coated soldiers, commanded by a bearded captain whose experience on the frontier had made his name well known. In the midst, carefully guarded, were a half a dozen Cheyenne Indians, and following them came ten citizens whose garb betokened them to be settlers of the plain, and whose jaded horses showed they had been hard ridden.

The soldiers were jubilant over their capture, the Indians were stoidly indifferent, while the plainsmen wore sullen countenances which brooded no good for the red prisoners. The Indians were a portion of a rading party that two days before had attacked outlying settlements and massacred several entire families. The citizens were a party that had been formed to follow the Indians and avenge their outrage, and that morning they had surrounded their foe and were best on their annihilation, when the troopers had suddenly come upon the scene, and to the disgust of the settlers, captured the whole party, and thus robbed them of their revenge.

An hour later a camp was selected by the side of a clear stream which coursed over a white sandy bottom. One of the citizens who had not dismounted rode up to the group of Indians and addressed the wrinkled buck whose hard countenance clearly bespoke his bloodthirsty nature.

"What's that on your shirt, Injun?" he asked.

The Indian, seeing that he was attracting notice, proudly straightened himsely. Fastened to the redskin's much be-fringed and beaded deerskin shirt were three scalps, all from the fair heads of little children, and one of them the yellow curl of a baby. Quick as thought the white man's pistol came from the holster on his saddle, and—crack! the redskin fell forward with a bullet between his eyes.

In another moment the avenged settler was speeding across the prairie and the commanding officer had ordered a detail of his men to capture him. As they mounted and started in pursuit one of his plainsmen said:

"Captain, that hair tied to that ar Injun belonged on his little uns' heads."

"Sound the recall," said the captain to his trumpeter.

Work of the Artists.

Further mining in the north wall of Chester, England, has brought to light a number of carved stones and some twenty-five gravestones of the Roman period.

John J. Boyle, of Philadelphia, will model the figure of an Indian, six feet high, to stand on the battlefield of Gettysburg in honor of the Forty second New York.

Hamilton Gibson shows at Thurber's gallery, Chicago, a set of sixty water colors exhibited by the Palette club at the Art institute have found very scant favor.

Holman Hunt's "Finding of Our Savior in the Temple," painted in Palestine in 1854, was bought by a collector named Matthews, who always declined to exhibit or lend the picture for exhibition.

The Corcoran Art gallery, of Washington has bought a large painting by G. S. Truesdell, called "Going to Pasture." It is seven feet by five, and shows a French peasant girl leading a a flock of sheep to pasture in autumn.

A monument of General Hartranft of Pennsylvania, unveiled at Norristown on Decoration day, May 30. A bronze medallion, showing the general's head in profile, modeled by Henry Manger of Philadelphia, ornaments the monument.

Why a Girl Cannot Throw.

The difference between a girl's throwing and a boy's is substantially this: The boy crooks his elbow and reaches back with the upper part of his arm about at right angles with his body and the forearm at an angle of 45 degrees. The direct act of throwing is accomplished by bringing the arm back with a sort of a snap, working every joint from shoulder to wrist. The girl throws with her whole arm rigid, the boy with the whole arm relaxed. Why this marked and unmistakable difference exists may be explained by the fact that the clavicle or collar bone in the feminine anatomy is some inches longer and set some degrees lower down than in the masculine frame. The long, crooked, awkward bone interfers with the full and free use of the arm. This is the reason why girl cannot throw a stone.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

A TALE OR TWO FOR THE CHILDREN. ONE ABOUT A GRIZZLEY BEAR. ANOTHER ABOUT A BIRD, AND SOME JOKES.

A POLAR BEAR FOR A JAILOR.

On the western coast of Greenland is a settlement called Upernavik. It is peopled partly by Eskimos and partly by Danes. In this settlement dwelt a Danish clergyman, Olaf Neilson by name, with a son and a daughter, Oscar, 18 years old, and Hilda, 16.

In the early summer Oscar frequently went hunting walrus and seal, with his gun or spear. It is well known that this cold cheerless coast is never without icebergs. One June an iceberg thus drifted straight to the mouth of the harbor of Upernavik. There it grounded, and the in-shore wind pressed it with great force up into the jaws of the harbor. The sun honeycombed it, and left huge dark caves in many parts close to the water's edge, which were the resort of seals and walruses during part of the day.

"I shall have some good spearing there," said Oscar. So he ground his spear sharp, and oiled the barbs at the point, which was shaped like an arrow; bent a new line to the handle and the next day set out alone in the kayak.

Pulling his kayak up on the rocks, Oscar proceeded out to the berg. It was honeycombed at the base, and through the sides of the low flat mass upon which the towers rested were verious openings, so that when an ocean swell came rolling in, it went through these peforations with a piping sound. He decided that he would enter the main cave at the base of the ice tower, hide there, and wait.

Moving along carefully, with the coil of line hanging upon his shoulder and the spear in his hand, he entered the dim, cold cave. The open space, was about forty feet square, and in the center of it, dipping eight or ten feet below the floor of the passageway, was a deep pool of water covering half the area of the floor of the cave. Into this a large, square block of ice had fallen from the roof.

Oscar crouched down on the cold, gray ice, his spear grasped in his hand.

A gurgling sound, as of hurrying water on the other side of the pool, came to him, and he watched and listened to make out the cause. Presently he saw two round black heads disappear as if they had gone through the ice at the place whence the sound came, and then four or five other heads of seals bobbed up, as if they had entered the little lake from that point. He knew then that it must be a passage leading to the sea.

But while the gurgling sound of the water came to him from the pool, he heard a lighter and different noise coming from the mouth of the cave by which he had entered. Turning, he saw, to his horror, a huge polar bear, its shaggy hide dripping water! The beast had seen him and was hulking along toward him. Oscar turned and faced it for a moment—but what could he do with his spear against such an assailant? The spear could never go through that shaggy coat and thick hide. How the animal's claws spread and stretched over the ice as it came along! Near and nearer it came, now crouching lower, its muzzle thrust out, and its claws stretching farther than ever from its feet.

There was only one course. Oscar sprang into the icy water, and in three or four strokes was close to the ice-cube. His spear and coil of rope were upon his shoulder, and by driving the spear into the hard, blue cube he was enabled to get upon it. It was just large enough to bear his weight, but he was obliged to stand very still on the middle of it to prevent it from keeling to one side and sliding him into the water. It was almost as dark as night in the pool, and Oscar could see the two glowing eyes of the bear looking down on him. But the beast did not come into the pool. It turned away from the brink, and for two hours of wet, and cold, and terror, Oscar did not see the bear again.

Then Oscar resolved to go to the top again, and sprang into the water, climbing hastily by the easiest way to the floor of the cavern. To his utter dismay he saw the great brute lying on the ice close to the cave's mouth!

Hour after hour passed, until Oscar knew that it must be late in the afternoon, for the sun shone yellow on the ice beyond the mouth of the cave. Still his savage jailer made no move; still Oscar sat, not moving from the lump of ice, thinking of the terror of Hilda at his long absence. Still another hour went by, and the golden glow on the ice outside began to turn gray, for the sun was below the hills that shelter Upernavik.

Another half-hour of terror passed, and then Oscar saw the bear spring to its feet, thrust out its head, and make for the opening of the cavern. Oscar held his breath, and peering out, saw a seal slowly crossing the great ice platform, making for the rocks. The bear swiftly disappeared, making after the new prey, and you may be sure Oscar was not long in getting outside of his terrible dungeon.

What was Oscar's amazement presently to see the seal stand up, throw back the fur from its head and shoulders, and turn into a girl!—yes, into his own dear sister Hilda!

She shouted aloud and waved her handkerchief. The bear, evidently disconcetred, turned, ran lumberingly up a gulch, and disappeared into a tangle of ground-firs.

Hilda, borrowing another cloak, had come to look for Oscar and had seen the bear at the mouth of the cave. At once suspecting the cause of her brother's absence she went home, got the skin, and personated a seal with complete success.—St. Nicholas.

THE BIRD'S BREAKFAST BELL.

Our pet goldfinch, having escaped from his cage, flew into a tall ailanthus tree in the back yard. There he sat, singing his sweetest and rejoicing in his unexpected freedom. We brought out his gilded cage and set it on the top of a tall step ladder, leaving the door open, and just inside a cup of tempting hemp seed. For two hours he scorned to look at it, though he often fixed his bright little eyes on us when we called him, and answered us with a cheery, defiant "Witzah!" We had almost given up hope of ever getting him back, when it occurred to us to ring his breakfast bell; in other words, to rattle up the hemp seed in the tin box where it was kept. This was a sound he understood, as we had long made it a practice thus to announce breakfast to his finchship. Fortunately he had nothing to eat when he flew away, and the well known sound suggested seed, water, and lettuce to the little empty stomach, so he hopped down slowly from bough to bough, until he was close to the cage. There he stood for some time, evidently hesitating, until suddenly he fluttered down into his home, having decided to abandon the delights of liberty for the solid comforts of civilization.—American Agriculturist.

Cute Sayings of Young America.

THE DIFFERENCE.

They were popping corn in the kitchen, and popping corn is very pretty work. "Do look," said Jessie, "they go in naked babies and they come out beautiful snow white fairies."

THE REASON.

Father—"Whose fault is it that you are not nearer the head of the class?"

Son—"It's the fault of the other fellows."

Father—"How is that?"

Son—"'Cause they're smarter'n I be."

HADN'T FINISHED.

In fair weather Master Maurice lived the greater part of the day on a gravel heap between the house and the barn, where he can see all that goes on at either place. "Maurice," asked his mother one morning when he came to where she was sitting on the porch, "has Sarah killed a chicken for dinner?" "Yes'm. She tilled one but she hasn't dot it pared yet."

WELL FOUNDED POPES.

Police justice—"You boys are so young that I shall suspend sentence this time, but remember, the next time you are caught fighting in the street, I shall send you to jail. It is shocking to find boys of your age fighting and using indecent language in public places. What do you think will become of you?"

The smallest culprit—"If your honor please, sir, we 'opes to go to congress."

COMPENSATION.

"I heard that your mother was sick, Tommy," said the old gentleman, "and I just stepped in to see if she was any better."

"She ain't much better, and I wouldn't be surprised," said Tommy, with hope shining in his eyes, "if I had to stay home from school to-morrow.

What Mary Gave.

She gave an hour of patient care to her little baby sister who was cutting teeth

She gave a string, a crooked pin and a great deal of good advice to the 3-year-old brother who wanted to play at fishing.

She gave Ellen, the maid, a precious hour to go and visit her sick baby at home, for Ellen was a widow and left her child to its grandmother while she worked to get bread for both.

She could not have seen them very often if Mary had not offered to attend the door while she was away.

But this is not all that Mary gave. She dressed so neatly, and looked so bright and kind and obliging, that she gave her mother a thrill of pleasure whenever she caught sight of the young pleasant face.

She wrote a letter to her father, who was absent on business, and gave patient attention to a long story by her grandmother, and when it was ended made the old lady happy by a good night kiss.

Thus she had given valuable presents to six people in one day, and yet she had not a cent.

Agriculture.

Allow no cruelty to domestic animals.

If you want pleanty of eggs take good care of the "biddies."

Let laying hens have a supply of gravel, etc., to make egg-shells.

Returns from eight canning firms in Maine show that in 1887 they put up of corn, fruits and vegetables, 13,414,000 cans.

A Conneticut dairyman tried warming the water for his cows to drink in winter and the increase of butter in ten days paid the expense of piping the trough.

The improved mutton breeds of sheep can not be kept in the manner usual with common sheep. They demand good pasturage, liberal feeding and attention, but they pay well for the care bestowed. There is a great demand for superior mutton.

When vegetables are stored in cellars they must be kept from fermenting, as they will surely ferment when piled in a large bulk. This may be accomplished by piling on shelves so as to allow some circulation of air among them, or by packing in barrels.

The problem in farming consists in making the soil fertile. Manure is considered the farmer's savings bank and if more of them would have large heaps of it every spring to spread upon their lands instead of money at interest, they would prosper better in the end.

Small losses are not always observable. A loss of one quart of milk per day at 5 cents per quart, 200 days, amounts to $10 or more than the interest on the value of the cow. It should be the object of the dairyman to gain an aditional quart and keep up the flow at all seasons.

Geese do not receive as much attention as they should on farms especialy addapted to the rearing of water fowls. Besides yielding a regular income in way of feathers, they are one of the most profitable fowls for the market. Much easier raised than turkeys, they sell as readily in most seasons at as good profit.

Attend well to the sanitary condition of the cow. Give her pure air, pure water and pure feed, and keep her in a good, clean stable whenever it is necessary to protect her from inclement weather. Never allow her to drink dirty stagnant watter, or sour swill slops, and then expect good, pure, sweet milk. Absolute cleanliness must be observed in evrey manipulation of butter. You need to use tin pails for milking, and they must always be scalded between milkings and kept sweet and clean. The milker should never resort to the filthy practice of wetting the teats and letting the drippings from his dirty hands go into the pail. He should have clean hands, and should be kind and gentle with his cows and milk them at regular hours each day.

A Healthy Location.

City Man (looking for a home in the suburbs)—"I like this place very much, but I am told it isn't healthy."

Agent—"Ain't healthy? D'ye see that mule over in that field? That mule hez liven here all his life, an' it isn't a week since he kicked a locomotive off th' track."—New York Weekly.

Back Number Restaurant.

Chauncey Depew says: "I lately got a letter praising my speeches and saying: 'So much have they impressed me that I have but one grand wish. I wish to listen to the speech you—' Here I reached the end of the page On turning the sheet over I read the rest: 'would make better a dinner in your railway restaurant at Poughkeepsie.'"

An experienced florist says: "Were I restricted in my gradening operations to the use of four species of plants, then, without hesitation, I should choose hardy roses, lilies rhododendrons and clematis. Lilies I should give the second place in importance, roses the first, but if I consider results in proportion to labor and expense, then lilies should have the first place. And in every garden these four plants should predominate and should be relied upon for grand effects.

His Latest Opus.

Musical Editor (meeting composer)—Hello, Tewnes. I haven't seen you since you got married. Doing anything in our line?

Composer—Nothing much. Only a little—er—cradle song in A flat.—Chicago Tribune.

It's sometimes said patent medicines are for the ignorant. The doctors foster this idea.

"The people," we're told, "are mostly ignorant when it comes to medical science."

Suppose they are! What a sick man needs is not knowledge, but a cure, and the medicine that *cures* is the medicine for the sick.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures the "do believes" and the "don't believes." There's no hesitance about it, no "if" nor "possibly."

It says—"I can cure you, only do as I direct."

Perhaps it fails occasionally. The makers hear of it when it does, because they never keep the money when the medicine fails to do good.

Suppose the doctors went on that principle. (We beg the doctors' pardon. It wouldn't do!)

Choking, sneezing and every other form of catarrh in the head, is radically cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Fifty cents. By druggists.

N. N. U. York Neb. - 134

UNCLE SAM'S Condition Powder

IS THE BEST MEDICINE for the General Ailments of Horses, Cattle, Hogs and Sheep. They purify the blood, prevent and cure disease. Honest and reliable, in honest packages; used and warranted for over twenty years. Everyone owning a horse or cattle should give it a trial. Made by EMMERT PROPRIETARY Co., Chicago. Sold by all druggists.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED 15 to 25 lbs. per month by harmless herbal remedies. No starving, no inconvenience and no bad effects. Strictly confidential. Send 6c. for circulars and testimonials. Address Dr. O. W. F. SNYDER, McVicker's Theatre Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

The most complete line of Dress Reform Goods in the north-west. Including the celebrated Equipoise and Delsarte waists, Jenness Miller specialties and Jersey Knit Underwear. Send stamp for free illustrated catalogue. MRS. L. W. PIKE, 75 Madison st., Chicago.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C. 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

DE WITT'S LITTLE EARLY RISERS

Only Pill for Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Bad Breath. No Griping. No Nausea, no Pain. Small Pill. Safe Pill. Best Pill. E. C. DE WITT & CO., Chicago.

School Teachers!

DO YOU WANT TO

MAKE MONEY

during vacation, or when you have spare time? If so address the

Graham School Publishing Co., York, Neb.

We want to correspond with every teacher in the land, and will make it worth your while.

Our publications are new, are for teachers and schools, have the endorsement of the best educators, and

Will Sell Rapidly.

Nothing Like Them

On The Market.

Graham School Publishing Co., YORK, NEB.

Big G is the acknowledged leading remedy for all the unnatural discharges and private diseases of men. A certain cure for the debilitating weakness peculiar to women. I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers. A. J. STONER, M. D., Decatur, Ind. Sold by Druggists. PRICE $1.00. Cures in 1 to 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mfd. by THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A. Trade Mark.

The largest stock of Artificial Eyes in the West. An assortment of eyes sent to any address allowing purchaser to select one or more and return the balance thus assuring a perfect fit. Office, 163 State st., Chicago, Ill. DR. B. A. CAMFIELD, consulting and operating surgeon to the Chicago Eye and Ear College. Patients at a distance treated with unparalleled success and when visiting the city are furnished board and lodging at reasonable rates.

Photography

OUTFITS & SUPPLIES. PRICE LIST FREE. SWEET, WALLACH & CO. 215 Wabash Av., Chicago.

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address, F. Harold Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

$16 Free Trade Prices No Protection! No Monopolies! $45 Sewing Machines now on sale $16. We are now selling our Western Improved Singer Sewing Machine—same as cut—complete with all attachments and warranted for 5 years for only $16. Send for circular and see full descoiption of this and other styles to N. A. Scullin & Co., 763 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Opium Or Morphine Habit

Dr. S. B. COLLINS, Original Discoverer Painless Opium Antidote.

Will cure you at home without any interruption of ordinary business. Book sent free to any address. Hundreds of original testimonials of physicians and others for inspection at my office, Room 27 American Express Building, Monroe st., Chicago, Ill., P. O. Drawer 691 (formerly La Porte, Ind.)

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Spur Wire Fence.

The safest fence made. Does not injure stock. Visible at a great distance. Thousands of testimonials. Send for circulars and prices. Best Barb wire. Address Spur Wire Fence Co., 728 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING, CHICAGO. J. A. BARBER, President. J. A. STREET, Secretary. Wm. BOLDENWECK, Treasurer.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH, RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND PENNYROYAL PILLS

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse Substitutions and Imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Madison Square, Sold by all Local Druggists. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address: E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.