DEATH.

[To a thecsophist.] Sooth, there are bodies of the dead, you say, That, loitering, waft us filmy evidence Jingling and ciphering to a mortal sense, Mechanic mummers of a parlor play. No! To our life, as to a holy day

Of godly wisdom and of penitence, Is given no sight of the Supreme, but thence Shine symbols manifest, and as she may Faith builds in emblem true and miracle Mysteries, where the soul itself doth glass, Where art, stern eyed, and visored duty well Discourse of things eternal, until death Rings for the veil to fall, the show to pass-

Discite et discedite, he saith -George C. W. Warr in Academy.

THE GHOST OF WAYNE

As the small sailing yacht drifted slowly past the bluff at the entrance of Presque Isle bay the two men sailing her stood breathlessly watching the strange lights which seemed to rise and fall at intervals on the spot where the old blockhouse stood in the days when Mad Anthony Wayne, with his troops, was stationed at the fort and where he was buried in 1796. As the boat drew close to the shore Herbert Manning, the younger of the men who had been striving in the semidarkness to make out what the unusual lights were, grasped his companion by the arm, exclaiming excitedly: "Look! Look quick, captain! There are three persons on the ground where the old blockhouse was burned down. How queer they look. You can almost see through them. I move we get away from here; it makes my flesh creep." Captain Ross, who had a most profound contempt for the superstitions most of the sailors are imbued with, report for lack of duty at once' who looked long and earnestly at the group has dared to let her through the guards. before he spoke. At first he thought per- This is no place for you, madam, he I may say, handsome young ladies was haps some hot headed fend was being said more gently, but throwing herself plain. settled with firearms at an hour of the on her knees before him she pleaded as night when they could best elude the only a loving woman can plead for the vigilance of the authorities; but, no! man whose life is dearer to her than her The figures which could be distinctly own. seen through the mist were unlike the people of the present day. The military man, standing with head erect and one every word she uttered stabbed him to hand extended as if issuing a command, the heart because he was fond of the doubt you can entertain him." Then looked wonderfully like the old por- young lieutenant whose future had father strode out of the door and back traits of General Wayne. Standing be- seemed so full of well earned hope, yet to business. fore him, with folded arms, was a no thought of granting the pardon in Kneeling before the general was a slight be no reprieve for a soldier who willful- that could not longer be put off. in supplication to the stern man whose had placed himself in the light of a de- entertain him. And we did. face looked hard and merciless in the blue ghastly light which made the scene so weird that the captain as well whose power was unlimited with folded himself." as his young friend began to have a arms awaiting his sentence. Without a weak feeling about the knees as they gazed spellbound through the mist at the uncanny pantomine. The woman, chance of escape, he was condemned to the parlor, his rather sheepish gaze met who seemingly had pleaded in vain, be shot at sunrise as a deserter. Not a a batting of four light brown eyes, suddenly springing to her feet, threw her arms around the young lieutcuant, doomed man, whose bright young life out whatever mischief he invited. and in that instant all three figures dis- was to pay the penalty of a few hours | The first few moments passed tamely trio had stood.

showing the bleak spot where Mad Anthony Wayne had once been buried. again asked the younger man with a ing behind as their sail, answering to a that day. stiff breeze, carried them toward the lower piers. "I do not know, Bert," replied the captain with a short laugh, trying to conceal the nervous feeling he could not shake off. "I doubt whether covered from the shock of that day. it was any one 'on earth.' If the old Dying, she cursed the hard hearted solstory told by some of the sailers be true dier who took from her all that made about the bluff being haunted by the life dear to her. For that reason, and spirits of 'Mad Anthony Wayne' and because when the bones of General | the talents and father of the education, the young lieutenant he had shot as a Wayne were taken from the grave on which he had paid for with mingled deserter, I imagine we have seen the the bluff at Presque isle and carried to feelings of satisfied duty and outraged spooks tonight. I have never believed their present resting place among his in ghosts, but this beats me. It is a kin, the scalp and particles of flesh

Wayne and his favorite lieutenant as it house, the superstitious sailors say that was told to me by an old resident of 'Mad Anthony' cannot rest, but that at I followed her lead, and our poor old Eric, who moved there from Pittsburg intervals he comes to the old headquar- piano was made to bring forth sounds at the time Anthony Wayne died and ters where that terrible tragedy was enwas personally acquainted with the

equal. He did not know the meaning punishment meted out to the young offi- looked at his shoes and said yes, he of the word fear, and as a disciplinarian | cer whom they all loved. he was a terror to all who were under him. Among the young officers on his lid is closed. staff the one he liked best was a fair haired youth of 24 years, to whom he

"He was a great favorite with General Wayne, who sent him away bueyantly happy with the permission to remain 48 hours with the object of his affection. At the expiration of that time he was delphia Times. to report promptly for duty. He started on his short journey with hearty good wishes and congratulations of the other less favored officers, who, although they might envy him, did not grudge him the 48 hours' freedom from duty, nor the happiness before him. It seemed a long time, but, alas, how short it was!

"The bride, a dainty little woman unused to discipline of any kind, with loving imperiousness so bewitched the heart and brain of the young husband that the hours flew on uncounted and the general's command to return in 48 hours was unheeded-was actually forgotten until four hours over the allotted time. They had passed before the lieutenant realized he had disobeyed orders, and he was about to return and sue for pardon, trusting to his good standing with the general to influence his granting it. It was a hope that showed how little he knew Anthony Wayne. There was not upon record a time when mercy was shown by him to one who set at naught one of his commands. Were his nearest, year's time for only \$3.45."-Indianapdearest friend to offend in that way, while under military regulations, he would mete out the full measure of punishment without flinching. No matter how palliating the circumstances nor how strongly his own heart plead for

the penalty laid lown by the law. Re-ully ignorant of this, our young hero was hopeful. He sincerely regretted his thoughtless act of disobedience, but his only fear of punishment was that he might be put under arrest for a few

goodby and trying to reassure her that all would be well with him, two stalwart soldiers entered the door unan- per box. nounced and, without further warning, serter! Merciful heavens!" exclaimed the lieutenant, realizing in an instant the hornor of all that meant.

As a department of all that meant.

As a department of the lieutenant, realizing in an instant. The hornor of all that meant. the hower of all that meant.

" 'I am not a deserter! Who has dared to accuse me as such?"

"'Our orders are from headquarters, sir,' replied the sergeant, showing him a paper, the warrant signed by Anthony Wayne. The doomed man, crazed with the thought of what his fate would be, looked about wildly for some chance That long, bitter stitude netherward cast! of escape, but the soldiers of General Wayne were too well trained to neglect their duty or to even show the pity they felt for the young man, whose offense, seemingly so slight, must yet pay the penalty of a base deserter.

"The few brief hours of happiness had cost them dear. What a sad-aye, terrible-ending of that short honeymoon! The girlish bride, white with terror, yet not realizing the awful sorrow before her, was sure that she could save her husband from punishment were she to plead for him with the general, who had been so gracious to her when they met that she could not believe him cruel. Hastily saddling her own horse, she had followed close behind the soldiers guarding her husband, determined that nothing should prevent her having an interview with General Wayne.

"Arriving at the fort, she dismounted, and, slipping past the guard before they could prevent her, had forced her way into the presence of the general. It was said of 'Mad Anthony' that, however stern and unbending he might be with his men, with woman he was tender, deferential and yielding. They could not believe the stories about his cruelty, and the little woman who stood before him was not prepared for the stern order given to the sentinel to 'escort this lady to the outpost and then

"She might as well have appealed to a | dining room: rock as to Anthony Wayne, for, although

"Lieutenant G. stood before the man plea for his life and honor, without the cigar-he seemed to linger over it an usual court martial, or, in fact, any unreasonably long time-and entered sign of agony felt was shown by the whose owners were prepared to make through a cloud, shope clear and cold, look while he lived, and that when the report of the muskets reached his ears | boy about him. at sunrise that fatal merning he dropped "Who on earth were they, captain?" his head on his hands and groaned glance at the bluff they were fast leav- less soldiers who had business with him ridicule and scorn. In despair at our

two lives, for the girl bride never re- | Poer man! trifle too supernatural to suit my taste. which had resisted decay being replaced "I will tell you the story of General in the old coffin and grave by the block- and even had the audacity to pick out acted so long ago. It is believed that | died to, he regretted that act of cruelty which "We all know from history that Gen- be at the time thought imperative duty eral Wayne was one of the bravest and demanded in order that military obedimost daring soldiers of the Revolution, ence be enforced upon the soldiers whose and as an Indian fighter had scarce his hearts were filled with horror at the

"Regret comes too late when the coffin

chosen as witnesses to the ghastly reap- our programme. He reeled off country had given leave of absence to visit his pearance of the trio tonight, but I am dances with the ease of a cow walking bride, to whom he had been married glad to find myself once more among a railroad trestle. If our selections were but a few days when he received march- living creatures," added the captain as the boat touched the pier.

'Mad Anthony Wayne,' he at least fingers of each hand, his long hair bobwas a brave, danntless soldier, and I for | bing about his ears as he ducked his one say, 'Requiescat in pace.' "-- Phila-

Her Secret,

An old lady died not long ago who during her lifetime had under all circonstances managed to maintain an appearance of composure and placidity and who had been the admiration of all who knew her. When her life was almost over, her family physician stood at her bedside one day and said:

"Mrs. Brown, I wish you could tell me the secret of your happy disposition." The old lady looked up at him with an attempt at a smile and murmured, "I always had patience with fools."-Boston Woman's Journal.

Social Inequalities.

"Say," snapped the busy man, "my time is worth a dollar a minute-a dollar a minute. Do you hear?" "That jist shows the difference in folks," said the gentleman with the shoe laces to sell. "Once I done a whole

elis Journal.

A Raines Popiface. "Please, sir, do you need any cham-

"Chambermaids! What do we want the offender, the offense must be met of chambermaids? Dis is a hotel, not a lodgin house."-Truth.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve-The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, teter, chapped hands, chilblains corns, and all skin eruptions, and posi-"As he was bidding the little wife tively cures piles, or no pay required, It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents

For sale by A. F. Streitz

THE OLD CELLO'S THANKSGIVING. [On being recovered from a Genovese garret.]

This dust hidden page Of my history drear With a melodist's tear Is written at last-

On my dim attic throne, Like a Theban of old, On my heart kept a vigil unfading and strong.

A century flown! A hundred years long

Those lordlings from Cadiz And Venice and Rome,

All, all gathered home, While a thousand new faces Appland my love sighings and sibylline graces! The love I once bore in my tremulous measure

Is dead, and the rear

They spring to the brow

Of the battle is gone. The curtain is drawn On the dolor and pleasure-All scaled in my bosom, mysterious treasure!

So I sigh, and I purr, and I moon as if now The glories that were Slept not on my heart, But by a new art

COUSIN LINN.

Helen and I giggled. Cousin Linn was tall, as I said, and he did not know what to do with his tallness. His embarrassment at sight of two grown and,

"What a gawk!" we thought. Dinner did not much improve our opinion of our relative, and it was with dismay that we heard, as we left the

"Girls, I leave your cousin Linn to your devices this afternoon. I have no

The wretch-I mean our new relative, young man in the dress of a lieutenant. his power entered the stern command- of course. That very afternoon we were His face expressed defiance and despair. er's mind. In his estimation there could to have paid a number of neglected calls girlish figure, with clasped hands raised by or through careless disregard of orders | Entertain him! Oh, yes, we would

> "Just wait," said my sister Helen between set teeth. "He shall show us how So when Cousin Linn had finished his

appeared. No vestige of the scene enact- of happy forgetfulness of time, but as enough. Consin Linn was a twig of a ed remained, although the yachtsmen, his wife, springing to her feet, threw her | branch of the family tree that flourished straining their eyes to trace a shadow arms around him as if to save him and in a neighboring state, too far away for of what they had seen, could distinctly with a shrick of terror fell at his feet us to know more than that we there see the ground upon which the ghastly unconscious the lieutenant turned and | boasted also an Aunt Lucy and a Cousin looked at Anthony Wayne. It is said | Kate. We put Cousin Linn down as an A moment later the moon, Larsting that General Wayne never forgot that ordinary farmer boy, with a little more than his share of the farm and of the

Just as we expected, Consin Linn himself gave us the first hint of how he aloud, and it was not well for the hap- was best to be held up to the proper brief replies to his well meant conversa-"One word from him might have saved | tional efforts, his eye fell upon the that life, which lay like a gift in the piano, and he, in gratitude of spirit, palm of his hand-not only one, but fell upon its neck. He asked us to play.

Sister Helen began. Now, if there was one thing we girls prided ourselves upon, it was our musical talent and education, or, rather, we were proud of pocket. But that day Sister Helen appeared pessessed. She played nothing but the simplestetunes, jigs and reels several good old hymns with one hand. that no self respecting cow would have

"Can't you play, Cousin Linn?" asked Sister Helen. Law, that girl's smile was as innecent as a baby's, but it meant mischief for our cousin. That individual, who had applauded us loudly, could play a little. He would try, even after our brilliant performance.

Cousin Linn's musical education had "I don't know why we have been | evidently been on the lines laid down in rum-te-tumty, Cousin Linn's were rumte-tumtier. And to watch him picking "Whatever mistakes were made by out the tune, using one, two or three head at every note, set us in a fit of si-



Baby doesn't always find this world an inviting place to come to. It is a world of struggle, at the best. Prospective mothers ought to make it as hopeful a world as pos-sible for the little stranger. It is her duty at least to confer on her baby as strong and healthy a constitution as possible, by keep-ing her own physical and mental condition

at its best during the expectant time. The best promoter of health and cheerfulness a prospective mother can have is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It tones up the whole system and gives special strength and elastic power to the delicate organism concerned in parturition. It makes the mother stronger and brighter in body and mind; it shortens confinement, makes delivery easy and entirely free from danger; gives the mother recuperative energy and power, and promotes an abundant

supply of nourishment for the child.

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lent laughter. "Let's take him with us," whispered Helen as he neared the end of a "number." And of course I jumped at the Thank heaven, the age of my shelving is past,

idea of more fun with Consin Linn. "I'm agreeable," said that young man when we asked him. He snake better than he knew. So off we set. To every girl of our acquaintance we paid a visit, and at every

house we made new sport of Cousin Linn and his piano playing. First, we would play when asked, and always the same rum-te-tum tunes. Of course, the girls took the cue from a wink and did the same, while Cousin Linn sat there, his great eyes staring at

cept "Yes'm" and "No'm." Then, "Cousin Linn can play," one of us would demurely say, and Cousin Linn always toed the mark and the

his shees, and saying never a word ex-

So it went on. We left one household after another in convulsions of laughter, until we came to Miss Matilda Craig's. It happened that Miss Craig played first and we were unable to give her the cue. Poor, good Christian soul. She played the piano as she did everything else, as Of the master who rules me, he half wonders her conscience bade her, just the best she knew how. So after Miss Matilda had given us the "Turkish Retreat,"

other carefully rendered selections, "Young ladies, this is your cousin Helen and I could do no less. We thun-Linn," said our father, coming in to dered at Bach and trilled at Chopin in pearl whose fellow adorns the Duchess dinner one day and presenting a tall the best conservatory style we had been of M. -Gentleman's Magazine, taught and snickered in our sleeves (they were wide then, too, my dears, but at the bottom and not the top). How Cousin Linn gaped. I actually and natural habitat of the hercules thought the man's eyes would pop out | beetle (Dynastes hercules), the very of his head.

> be almost dragged to the piano this of this gigantic representative of the time, but we were eager and curious to hard winged bug family average six see him go through with his little jigs | inches in length from the tip of their and reels again after our old masters. So Cousin Linn took his seat at the covers. The specimen I have before me instrument. Somehow, as he sat there | as I write is slightly smaller than the idly fingering the keys for a moment, the stoop went out of his back and the long, black horn growing out of a head dull look faded from his eyes, and he | which is even darker than the horn itseemed almost handsome.

> heard a like sound come from Miss | say are used by the insect in capturing Craig's old piano or any other. Grand its prey. Another and shorter but more and full and sweet, it sounded in the powerful horn grows out from beneath, ears of our guilty consciences like the the two forming a powerful pair of trump of doom. Again he struck the pinchers. The creature has six powerful keys, and we felt that if it had not been | legs, each armed with claws. The elytra for the expense and trouble to poor Miss or wing covers are of a dapple gray Craig we would have liked then and | color and the under parts of the body there to sink through her best parlor | black. Taken all together, it is a for-

> hair and started off in earnest. What it | size of the English sparrow. -St. Louis was he played I have never known, but | Republic. if it be possible to crowd more runs, cadenzas, shakes, arpeggios and other tests of technique into one piece of music I have never heard that piece. The music seemed to flow from him like a river, and it was a pleasure to watch the swift and easy movements of his fingers. With hardly a pause and never a look from the player at his two shamefaced auditors, the tones of the piano drifted from the grand to the light and airy, from the classic to the modern, and finally into a soft and dreamy adagio that brought tears to the eyes that had just now before beamed with the laugh-

And all the while poor little Miss Craig looked on, with folded hands, and never dreamed what a tempest of remorse she had stirred up in two hearts. Well, remorse meant repentance, and repentance meant reparation.

"We must take him back everywhere and show what he can really do," said Sister Helen as she lingered behind with me at Craig's gate, pretending to fasten my sash.

So back we went. Our faces, long as the shadows of the falling evening, told every girl friend that something was wrong, and when we had played and they had played and Cousin Linn had played they knew what it was. And when we had closed were two sad and conscience stricken and one silent and

But as we neared the house Cousin Linn's downcast eyes began slowly to turn toward us, and as they fell upon our weebegone countenances the preternaturally grave lines went out of his face like a dissolving view in a stereopticon, and be fell down-the man actually fell flat down in a fit.

and left him there groveling in a convulsion of laughter that scared the birds from every tree in the block.

Cousin Linn came again to the house many times afterward. He often played for us, but the painful subject was never referred to. We did not consider him awkward any more. In fact, I was beginning to think him quite handsome when one day I came unobserved into the garden, where he and Helen sat, and heard ber ask for the first time his forgivenness for the trick that had recoiled so shamefully

I thought the man would fall into one of his hateful fits and turned to go. but he only bent over her and whispered his reply, while I stole back through the trees to the house.

So the end of it all was that I had new cousin, and, though she is three or four times removed, to this day I love ber well, for she is my sister Helen .-Cincinnati Pest.

Policemen as Models

Phil May seldom lets slip a chance to play a practical joke. Not long ago he | Co., Atlanta, needed a policeman for a model. He Ga. went out into the street and accosted the first one he met, saying who he was and what he wanted. "Come to my house at noon tomorrow," said Phil May, and he gave the man his address,

Then he walked on a couple of streets farther until he met another bobby. This one was also willing to pose, and he was likewise told to appear at noon of the following day. The artist wandered about London for several hours making appointments with policemen.

The next day at noon there was an entire platoon of police in front of Phil May's residence. A crowd collected, and the reason for such an array was freely discussed. Some asserted that a den of anarchists had been discovered and was about to be raided. Others and was about to be raided. Others | Sores, Itching Eruptions, Scurfy or Scald hinted at a murder or at some other | Head. It is Infallible.

A few minutes after 12 o'clock Phil May came to the door and invited all the policemen into his garden. There he lined them up and inspected them. He picked out the man most suitable for his purpose, then handed to each of. the others an envelope containing the regulation fee for a sitting and dismissed them. - Pearson's Weekly.

A Scotch Pearl.

With much preparation an old man, half gypsy, half soldier, produced from his pecket a twist of very dirty newspaper. Unfolding this, appeared a second twist of grocer's "white brown," and when this was unrolled with due ceremony he displayed a pearl. It was not a bad one and was about the size of a sweet pea seed, with fair gloss and radiancy. He proceeded to enlarge on it. "Now, sir, this is a very fine pearl whateffer. It is really worth 20 guineas. I have just sold the like of it to the Duchess of M. You admire it, sir? No wonder. Well, I happen to be cut of gold today, and you shall have it for a trifle. I will take £2 for it. Reckon it by the cost of seven weeks of work, for it took so long to find so good a pearl. Put down my day's work at so much," etc. I admired, but declined.

Not so long before I had bought a Tay pearl at a Perth jeweler's for exactly 5 shillings. It was quite as lustrous and nearly as large as the one offered by the old soldier. Indeed it was so fine that I had it set as a ring in a broad band of gold. After seeing the pearls offered at Perth, unfortunately for the gypsy gatherer, was I enabled to criticise his prices. We parted good friends, however, and the "Wellington Boots Quickstep," and he went off to Loch Rannoch. As a good many brides and bridegrooms were staying in that district, the probability is that one of the former now wears the

A Bug Six Inches In Length. The island of Deminica is the home largest known species of the coleoptera Then we made him play. He had to or beetle family. Full grown specimens pinchers to the termination of the wing average Dynastes hercules. It has a self. On its lower surface the horn is Suddenly he threw his head back like | covered with a thick setting of gold cola warhorse and struck a chord. I never cred bristles, which the entomologists midable creature, with strength suffi-Then our cousin flung back his long | cient to catch and hold a bird of the

Pope's Pay For His Iliad. Pope made £5,320 by his "Iliad," on which he worked alone. By his "Odyssey," after paying Broome and Fenton, his assistants, he made about £3,500. To Broome and Fenton he paid £50 for each book. Broome did eight books, Fenton did four. I would be pleased to translate the "Odyssey" at the rate of £50 a book-that is, for £1,200 altogether. A better price is not likely to be got today, and I have known a much smaller price offered. Pope got far more -£3,500 for 12 books-but that was because of his name. Broome and Fenton were not likely to get more than they did in open market, and no publisher would offer so much to ordinary men of letters today. If the poet laureate, even, produced a translation of Homer tomorrow, I doubt if he would be offered £3,500. Perhaps Lord Tennyson might have secured that sum, for his name and fame were justly great in the land, -- Longman's Magazine.

Eczema

Mr. E. D. Jenkins, of Lithonia, Ga. says that his daughter, Ida, inherited a severe case of Eczema, which the usual mercury and potash remedies failed to relieve. Year by year she was treated with various medicines, external applications and internal remedies, without result. Her sufferings were intense, and her condition grew steadily worse. And we solemnly picked up our skirts | All the so-called blood remedies did not

seem to reach the disease at all until S. S.S. was given, when an improvement was at once noticed. The medicine was continueed with favorable results, and now she is cured sound and well, her skin is perfectly clear and pure and she has been saved from what threat-

ened to blight her life forever. S.S.S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) cures Eczema, Scrofula, Cancer, Rheumatism, or any other blood trouble. It is a real blocd remedy and always cures even after all else fails.

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