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Like the headlines of this advertisement, it is attractive. One may have all the qualities of head and heart to make one lovable, but they may pass unnoticed and remain unknown

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NOW IN NEW QUARTERS!

Lincoln Trunk Factory

Where we will be glad to see all old friends and customers and as many new ones as can get into the store.

C. A. WIRICK, SUCCESSOR TO WIRICK & HOPPER.

TRAGEDY ON THE GREAT RIVER.

A Thrilling Episode of Travel on the Mississippi.

Moonlight on the raging Mississippi! The magnificent sidewheel steamer Lone Pelican, bound for New Orleans, sped swiftly down the Father of Waters, whose turbid waves, as if angry at the intrusion, lashed the crumbling shores with a fierce

The great steambot, with its precious cargo of human lives, mess pork, hides, furniture and agricultural implements, was full of life and gaiety. High rose the spirit of the passengers. The supper table had been cleared away, but in the faint odors that pervaded the long and elegant saloon of the Lone Pelican there lingered grateful reminiscences of the stimmung

Silence reigned in the Lone Pelican. Naught but the monotonous chug-chug of the engines and the tremulous beating of paddle wheels disturbed the reposeful stillness that brooded over all.

Suddenly arose a wild, unearthly, appalling clamor. Fierce, angry, demonic yells and execrations roused from their slumbers the hundreds of sleeping passengers on board. Crash followed crash. Sounds as of heavy falling bodies were heard in quick succession, and the din grew louder and louder.

Had she struck a snag? Was the steamer on fire? The captain had not yet retired. With drawn revolver he approached the stateroom from which the terrible uproar seemed to come.

He listened a moment, then burst open the door and disappeared on the inside. There was a momentary lull. Then voices were heard in fierce exposition, the din broke loose again with tenfold violence, and the captain, with his hair standing on end, his eyes starting from their sockets and his face pale as a sheet, came tumbling out through the broken door.

"Save yourselves!" he gasped, as he hurried toward the rear. "The clerk has put two traveling men from different baking powder factories in the same berth!"—Chicago Tribune.

Many years ago a rich, wicked and parsimonious Dutchman lived in one of the towns in the Mohawk valley. A subscription was started to procure a lightning rod for the village church, and the Dutchman was visited by the committee. He heard the request for a contribution and scratched his head.

"Whose house is dot, you say?" queried Myneer. "It is the church—the Lord's house."

"Well, if der Lord wants to dunder down his own house, he can shoot dunder it up again! I giffs nodings!"—Kate Field's Washington.

"Do you know who that fearfully hemeled woman is over by the door?" "Yes, that is my wife, and I would remind you that beauty is only skin deep."

"Well, this is Act I, sir," said the summer youth as he put his arm around her and drew her tenderly to him.

"Hello, old chappy! Been makin money lately?" "I should smile, got m' pockets full."

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AT THE GATE.

A Realistic Report of a Conversation Under the Moon.

"Purty night, ain't it, Tilly?" "Yes, purty enough; good night, Hank."

"Well, what if we have?" "For being so long enough, that's what. We'd ought to be 'shamed of ourselves anyhow."

"What for?" "For bein' so silly." "For bein' we ain't the only silly folks in the world, then."

"I shall not stay out here another minute." "Yes, you will." "I shan't. Let go my hands."

"I shan't. Let go my hands." "I don't have to." "You mean thing, you! I—if you dare kiss me again, Hank Sparks!"

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FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

The Story of a Servant Girl Who Always Kept Her Word.

"Is she a good faithful girl?" asked the woman. "Answered the man, 'you just wait till I call my wife. This business is some of in her department more'n in mine. I'll call her down, and you and she can talk the matter over."

"Then the man stepped out into the hall and shouted, 'Maria! Maria!'" "What's the matter now?" answered back a woman's voice.

"Say, Maria, you just come down and tell this lady what you know about Julia. She wants to know if Julia is faithful."

"Down came Maria so quickly that it seemed as though she must have slid down the balustrade. But, of course, she hadn't; she was too old for that, sixty years old if she was a day. She jumped into the middle of things, as the old Romans used to say, straight off.

"Faithful! Well, there isn't no faithfuller house girl in Brooklyn." That is the way that she began.

"And it wasn't her fault that she came here, neither. I'm bound to say that, even here, Maria. 'It was all my fault, every bit of it, and I know you'll say so when you hear the story. But then perhaps you don't care to hear the story. Maybe you are in an awful hurry to get home."

"Oh, no," answered the caller. "I should like very much to hear the story. I'm sure that it will interest me."

"All right," said Maria, apparently very much pleased. "I'll tell you the whole business. It's a cat story. I'm a cat lover, I am. I didn't use to be, but of late years we've had so many of 'em out in our backyard that I've been forced to hate 'em and to make war on 'em. I reckon I've killed a hundred cats inside of a year, haven't I, Aaron?"

"Well, yes, I should think so, Maria, all of that," answered the man. "You're some on cat killing, Maria, they's no use sayin that you ain't."

"I've a method of my own," continued Maria. "I put the cat in a box and chloroform him to death, and then I throw his carcass into the ash barrel. I sent out all of a half barrel of cats one morning. It scared the ash man so that he almost fainted."

"Well, here the other day I caught a big yellow fellow that had been howling and yawning about in my back yard for over a year. He was a monster cat, and he had a voice on him like a steam cat's. The minute I caught him I yelled for Julia to come out and help me put him into the box. We had to work I tell you, but finally we did it. Then I put the big soapstone on top of the box that I generally use to hold it down. But, Lordy mercy! the stone didn't amount to anything. I never saw a cat thrash around so in all my life."

"Look here, Julia," said I, "you'll have to sit on the box till I can give him a little chloroform to quiet him."

"All right, ma'am," said Julia, and down she sat.

"I ran into the house for the chloroform and do you know I couldn't find a drop! It was all gone. So I stepped to the window and called out: 'Julia, you'll have to sit there awhile till I can go to the drug-gist's and get some chloroform.'

"All right, ma'am," said Julia. "I'll be right here, ma'am," said I, "that you won't get off the box till I come back."

"You know very well," Julia answered, in a sort of grievous way, "that I won't get off the box till you come back. When I say I'll not do a thing, I generally doesn't do it."

"I didn't stop to say any more, but put on my bonnet and shawl and started for the drug-gist's. I hadn't gone four feet from the house when I met Miss Bartlett, an old friend of mine, and perhaps you won't believe it, but it's a fact, just the same, I forgot what I was out on the street for, entirely forgot it. I always was an absentminded creature, wasn't I, Aaron?"

"Yes, Maria, you always were a little given that way."

"Miss Bartlett, told me," resumed Maria, "that she was going up town shopping, and asked me to go along with her, and I went. Then I asked her to take lunch with me in a restaurant, and she accepted the situation. We had a real lunch—jickan soup, lobster salad, ice cream and jfee.



A Cute Child.



A Remedy Suggested.



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