AFTER 20 YEARS!

Mr. C. M. Marshall of Lincoln, After 20 Years of Suffering, is Cured by Dr. Dennis, the Catarrh Specialist.

Mr. Marshall lives at 1504 Vine street and is now engaged with Mr. F. P. Lawrence, storage and transfer. He says: "For more than 20 years I have suffered with what the doctors called Catarrh of the middle ear A constant very offensive discharge kept coming out. As it flowed over the healthy surface of the ear on the outside it poisoned it and caused it to become very sore and much swollen; my hearing was very poor on that side. I despaired of ever being cured, as I had consulted many good doctors. About a month ago I placed my case in Dr. Dennis' hands and to-day I am well. I will gladly explain my case to anyone and will recommend Dr. Dennis to all who may suffer as I have."

A Boy Cured.

Mr. T. D. Cokely, who lives at 2322 South 8th street, is employed as head carpenter at the asylum, is an old and respected citizen. About a month ago he brought his son Johnnie, ten years old, to Dr. Dennis for treatment for Catarrh. The boy suffered intensely from the disease in its worst form. Mrs. Cokeley, in speaking of his case this week said: "There is no doubt but Johnnie is wonderfully improved; he has no bad symptoms at all any more and we are more than pleased with the results and very thankful to Dr. Dennis."

C. Warren Dennis, M. D.

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So Have We.

"She may be well educated, as you say, but she uses very singular expressions."

"She does?"

"Yes. Yesterday, for instance, she spoke of a musical concert."

"Wasn't that correct?"

"Certainly not. It wasn't necessary to say musical in speaking of a concert. A concert must be musical."

"Must, eh? Well, I've been at some that were not."—New York Press.

A Warning.

Turkey—Say, young man, do you expect to celebrate Thanksgiving?

Young Man—No—o, I—I dess not.

Turkey—Well, all right. I just wish to remark that a "word to the wise is sufficient."—Exchange.

A Patient Mother.

Did you ever see a small boy—or girl either, for that matter—who didn't ask questions?

Of course you didn't, unless you were born blind.

It was a boy in this instance and he was with his mother in the waiting room of the Brush street station half an hour before train time. He had exhausted all the subjects suggested by his surroundings and come down to himself.

"Mamma," he said, "why wasn't I a little girl?"

"Really, Freddie, I can't tell you," she answered good naturedly.

"If I'd been a little girl I wouldn't have been a little boy, would I?"

"No, Freddie."

"I couldn't be both unless I was twins, could I?"

"Scarcely."

"If I'd been a little girl, mamma, I wouldn't have been a man when I growed up, would I?"

"No; you would have been a woman."

"Is a woman a growed up little girl?"

"Yes."

"Do all little girls grow up and be women?"

"Unless they die."

"Do little boys die too?"

"Some of them."

"Do them that don't grow up to be men?"

"Yes, Freddie."

"Will I be a man some day, mamma?"

"Yes, Freddie, I hope so."

"If I growed up to be a woman I wouldn't have whiskers and wear pants, would I?"

"No."

"Why, mamma?"

"Because women don't do those things, Freddie."

"Why don't they?"

"Because they can't."

"Why can't they?"

"Because they can't."

"Why not, mamma?"

"Oh, just because."

"What's because, mamma?"

What the patient mother would have answered will never be known, for the train was announced and she hurried out with the kid.—Detroit Free Press.

Directions Not Explicit Enough.

"Well, my boy," said the old gentleman, "I understand you've been fighting."

"I was in something of a scrap," replied the youth.

"Well, I suppose boys will fight, and there's no use trying to stop it. You don't look much the worse for it."

"Got off pretty light, sure," said the boy.

"Lick the other fellow?"

"Well, hardly."

"Um, that's bad. Did you follow your old father's advice?"

"Yes, sir."

"You struck the first blow?"

"Yes, sir."

"And hit him hard?"

"As hard as I could."

"Knocked him down?"

"Knocked him flat."

"And that didn't end the fight?"

"Well, I should say not."

The old gentleman looked puzzled.

"That's funny," he said, "I never knew it to fail when I was a boy."

"Maybe, when you were a boy, the other fellow didn't fall on a brick pile and get up with a half brick in his hand and chase you a mile. That'll knock most any kind of a system silly."—Chicago Tribune.

Maybe So.

Mrs. Walmsly is a widow. Her husband, who was a wealthy auctioneer, died a few months ago. Mrs. Walmsly has an Irish cook who got married without consulting that lady.

"Bridget, what sort of a man is that you have married?"

"He is a very intelligent gintleman."

"Does he belong to a good family?"

"Indade he does. He dhrives a coach for wan of the best families in the city."

"Pshaw! A coachman isn't much."

"Maybe you're right, Widdy Walmsly, but I'm thinkin a live coachman amounts to more than a dead auctioneer."—Texas Siftings.

Do Come.

Mr. Pinkham—How do you do, Mrs. Willis? You are the last person I expected to see in Florence.

Mrs. Willis—Why, if it isn't Mr. Pinkham! Yes, we are spending the winter here. You must call on us often. You know just how it is—persons we never think much of while home seem like dear friends when we meet them in a strange place.—Harper's Bazar.

Room at the Top.

Dusty Rhodes—When I started out in life I was told there was room at the top, and I found it so.

Dogood—How was that?

Dusty Rhodes—It was a back hallroom under the eaves.—New York Herald.

The Secret Out.

Cholly—Wheah do you get shaved?

Chappie—Will you sweah nevah to give me away if I tell you a secwet?

Cholly—I sweah.

Chappie—Well, I don't get shaved at all.—Life.

Why He Could Not.

A theatrical manager who had a limited purse, and consequently a limited company, occasionally compelled some of the actors to "double"—that is, play two or more parts in the same piece.

"Lancaster," he said one morning, addressing a very serviceable utility man, "you will have to enact three parts in 'The Silent Foe' tonight—Henderson, Uncle Bill and the Crusher."

"Can't do it," replied Lancaster; "impossible—can't be done."

"You can't do it? You won't do it? Why?"

"Because it is impossible," returned the indignant actor. "No human being can play those three parts at the same time. In the first scene of the third act two of them have a fight, and the third fellow rushes in and separates them."—Detroit Free Press.

Strong Measures.

Converted Sal—'Ave yer tried 'eaping coals of fire on 'is 'ead?

Meg—No; I can't exactly say as 'ow I 'ave; but I've tried bilin water often.—London Judy.

Another Disappearance.

A finely dressed man, carrying a gold headed cane and displaying an elegant diamond pin was about to take a Sixth avenue train at Chambers street yesterday, when he suddenly made up his mind to buy an evening paper. He snapped his fingers imperiously at a newsboy, but when he came to pull out his change he discovered that a two cent piece was the smallest coin in value he had. The boy had just changed a quarter, and was therefore without pennies.

"Well, then, run and get it changed," commanded the gentleman, and he stood at the foot of the steps while the lad scampered away.

A second newsboy had come up soon enough to take in the situation, and as three or four minutes passed away and the gentleman exhibited strong signs of impatience and anxiety, the other boy advanced with a penny in his open palm and said:

"That fellow who went fur change has probably fell down and killed hisself, and not wantin to take up your valuable time I'll give you the cent and take my chances of collectin it off his estate!"

The gentleman didn't take it. It suddenly struck him he must catch the train then rumbling overhead, and he disappeared up stairs so swiftly that the boy with the cent looked all around to see what had become of him.—New York Evening World.

Colonel Bob's Advice.

Everybody knows how busy Colonel Bob Ingersoll is, but everybody does not know that, no matter how busy he may be, he has always a moment or so to spare to give advice to the young. Quite a number of letters come to him every week, soliciting knowledge on almost every subject. Recently one of these letters came to him when he was head and heels in work. It began, "Dear Sir—I am broken hearted"—Colonel Bob hadn't time to read more, but he made time to return a prompt reply. He wrote:

"MY DEAR BOY—In a month from now you will feel only half broken hearted. In six months you won't feel broken hearted at all and in a year you will probably be engaged to some other girl."—New York Advertiser.

No Chance for Shirking.

Stranger—How do you remember the names of all these workmen?

Contractor—We don't try to. We number them. Chalk the numbers on their breeches.

"I should think the chalk marks would get rubbed off."

"If they lose the chalk marks they get no pay, and they all understand it."

"Humph! Where do you put the mark?"

"Right where it will get rubbed off if they sit down."—Good News.

Kept His Eyes Open.

An Irish bricklayer was one day brought into the hospital severely injured by a fall from a housetop.

The medical man in attendance asked at what time the accident occurred.

"Two o'clock, yer honor," was the reply.

On being asked why he came to fix the hour so accurately, he answered:

"Because I saw the people at dinner through the window as I was coming down."—Philadelphia Record.

Gallant to a Fault.

Loriston, whose gallantry toward the fair is proverbial, chancing to meet an elderly coquette, blurted out, "Madame, you grow younger every day!"

"M. Loriston, you are making game of me!"

"Now, now, don't be vexed; instead of every day we'll say every other day; there!"—Petit Parisien.

A Question of Knowledge.

Her Adorer—May I marry your daughter, sir?

Her Father—What do you want to marry for? You don't know when you're well off.

Her Adorer—No, perhaps not; but I know when you're well off.—Life.

One Woman Who Can Whistle.

A woman runs a locomotive on the Cairo and Kanawha Valley railroad in West Virginia, and makes skedule time, notwithstanding the impulse she must have to hold up her train at every crossing.—Detroit Free Press.

Strength of Habit.

"Barclay," said the wife of the sick man, "here is the Rev. Mr. Goodman, who has come to talk to you."

"Did he bring anybody to identify him?" inquired the bank cashier feebly.—Chicago Tribune.

No Targets Left.

Wife—We are going to disband our sewing society.

Husband—Why; what is the trouble?

Wife—All the women in the parish have joined.—Cloak Review.

SOME FACTS ABOUT CHILI

It Is the Poorest of the South American Republics.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—Of all the South American republics Chili is undoubtedly the poorest. Though she is credited with having the best gold mines in the world, none of them are now in operation. On account of the high cost of obtaining the gold it is found more profitable to operate in nitrate, copper, silver, guano and sodine, all of which are found in great abundance.

According to the reports of the chamber of commerce of Valparaiso for 1890 the above named products represented $75,622,105. Nearly all of them were exported to England, Germany and France.

As in most mining countries, the ground is rocky and sterile except in the south, where there were large and fertile plains of grain producing land. This territory, however, has become exhausted, and agriculture is consequently on the decline. Last year's wheat product was only 22,000,000 bushels.

The Chilian government has become alarmed by this fact, and last year paid the passages of nearly 25,000 farm hands from Germany and England with a view to restoring these fields to their old condition. Among the foreign nations which have interests in the welfare of the little republic, Great Britain ranks first, Germany comes next and the third is France.

While the majority of English and French residents in Chili are engaged in commerce, returning to their mother country after they have won fortune, the Germans, who are mostly tillers of the soil, remain there a lifetime. The provinces of Valvidia, Arauco and Llanquihue are almost entirely populated by Prussians.

The interests of the United States in Chili are small at present. Though it is true that the 2,000 miles of railway extending over the country were built by American contractors, yet the commercial relations between the two countries have not increased and remain as they have always been, insignificant.

England sent to Chili last year goods to the value of $26,000,000 and bought $57,000,000 worth of raw products. The Chilian imports from Germany amounted to $14,000,000 and the exports from Chili to that country to $5,000,000. These figures show that while England paid to Chili a commercial tribute of $31,000,000 Germany received the nice little sum of $9,000,000 from the tiny republic. The United States sell to Chili goods aggregating $4,000,000 and buy raw materials worth $1,890,000, thus drawing $2,110,000 annually. The bulk of this business is done by a single New York firm which not long ago was accused of having violated the law of neutrality of the United States in its transactions with the late President Balmaceda.

Thiers said of the Chilians that they were the Prussians of South America, and those who know the two nations say it is impossible to make a more correct estimate. It is a law of nature that a poor soil with a favorable climate will produce a sturdy and determined race. For over 400 years the Chilians have been a belligerent nation. They are indefatigable, fearless, proud of their independence and always ready when an opportunity offers to go to war and extend their territory. During the last war with Peru and Bolivia 1,600 Chilians attacked 4,000 Peruvians and killed 900 of them in three hours, the latter being ignominiously beaten.

Had it not been for the interference of the great powers Peru would have simply been annihilated. After the war Peru had to surrender the rich department of Tarapaca to the conquerors, and not being able to pay the war indemnity demanded, was obliged to cede for ten years the provinces of Tacna and Arica with all their revenues. This term will expire in 1893, when the inhabitants will be asked to vote whether they wish to belong to Peru or to Chili.

At home the Chilian is courteous, hospitable, generous and extremely formal in social intercourse. The lower classes despise foreigners, and last year's labor troubles in Iquique, Autofagastan and Valparaiso were only suppressed by the prompt action of the government.

Englishmen and Frenchmen are most popular, probably because they bring the most money into the country. Apart from this the population has never forgotten that Lord Cochrane assisted them in wresting their independence from Peru in 1823, and the erection of the admiral's statue in Valparaiso was a mark of gratitude never bestowed before upon any foreigner in Chili. The government of Chili is more an oligarchy than a republic, as only the wealthier classes are allowed to vote in a presidential election. The schools are not only free, but good, and they are under government control. In 1890 as many as 72,000 children attended school. This is a high percentage for a country having only 3,012,000 inhabitants.

LIEUT. F. DE THUMMEL-CLOTH.

Her Heart in Her Throat.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 12.—"My heart was in my throat" is common enough as a bit of figurative expression, but the only authentic case on record is that of a brindle heifer, owned by the veterinary school of the University of Pennsylvania. To all outward appearance she is simply a well grown yearling, with the gentlest disposition in the world, but to the anatomists and physiologists she is a positive wonder. Her heart is actually entirely outside the bony cavity of the chest and hangs loosely in the dewlap, where its pulsations may be seen through the skin.

One may even hold the heart in his hands and feel it beat between them. Apparently the animal suffers no inconvenience whatever from her queer deformity, but eats and sleeps just like any other of her kind. She was born in Chester county, Pa., of normal stock. It was supposed at first that she could not live, but she now stands about 4 feet 2 inches high, weighs over 260 pounds and is perfectly healthy. The authorities are agreed that this is the most curious case of displacement of an organ ever known in any animal.

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