

A GREAT STORY!

ALLAN QUATERMAIN.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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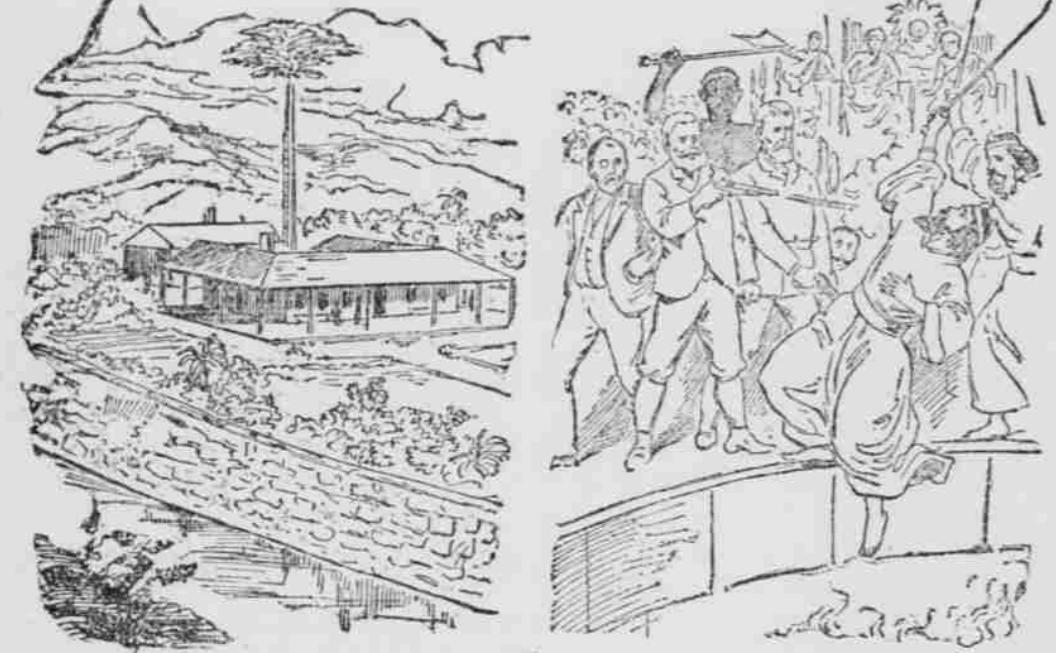
Three Englishmen of wealth and leisure, Zu-Vendi nation, ruled by the sister tiring of inaction, embark on a journey of queens, Nylepta and Sorais.

adventure and discovery. They are accompanied by a Zulu ex-chief named Um-rowly escape death by burning, and are slopogaas, whose courage and prowess finally advanced to positions of distinction figure conspicuously in the narrative.

Having heard rumors of a great white Nylepta, against her sister Sorais, in a race, located somewhere among the pla-great revolt precipitated by the latter. The story abounds in thrilling situations, meet with many remarkable tions, and will repay reading.

Look out for the Opening Chapter.

The following will show the general character of the illustrations appearing in this serial:



MACKENZIE MISSION STATION ON THE TANA. THE ESCAPE FROM THE FIERY FURNACE.



ALLAN QUATERMAIN AND FLOSSIE MAC-SORAS' ATTEMPT TO MURDER NYLEPTA.



BETROTHAL OF SIR HENRY AND NYLEPTA.



NYLEPTA AND SORAS, THE SISTER QUEENS. UMSLOFOGAAS HOLDING THE STAIR.

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THIS GREAT SERIAL.

How a Steeple Climber Escaped.

One of the noted characters of Cincinnati, the "steeple climber," died the other night. His name in full was Joseph Rodriguez Weston and nearly thirty years he has been climbing steeples in this city. No point was too high and dizzy for him to reach and maintain his steady foothold. Of late years he would undertake only those difficult feats that appalled others. It was his pardonable boast that he could go as high or higher than any other man. There are many stories of his hazardous exploits in this city. The most notable, probably, was the draping of the cathedral spire on the night following Archbishop Purcell's death. On the ground below were 3,000 or 4,000 people eagerly watching for a glance at the daring man as the lightning flashes revealed him on the dizzy height.

Weston, when only 12 years of age, had placed the tip on the same steeple. Another feat that was talked about at the time was on the night of July 3, 1876. Weston climbed the spire of the Presbyterian church on Fourth street, the tallest in the city, and nailed fast the stars and stripes, 25 feet from the ground. It was on this occasion that he had a narrow escape. Weston had obtained from Michle, the jeweler, a heavy gold chain, the links of which were all solid. His chain, when he was falling, held him for a brief moment, during which the climber succeeded in regaining his hold.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Horrible Traffic at Paris.

A horrible kind of traffic has just been discovered here by the river police. It is customary for the boatmen of the Seine to receive 15 francs for each dead body which they find in the river after they have given due notice of their discovery at the Prefecture of Police. This premium is not paid in the two departments adjoining the Seine, and the Paris boatmen accordingly go down to the rivers and canals in these departments (Seine-et-Oise and Seine-et-Marne), where they receive the bodies of drowned people from local river-bank loafers and tow them up to the metropolis. This kind of thing has been going on for some time, and was only brought to light recently by the police and coast agents, who examine all the boats coming into Paris. The agents had just inspected a boat and were going away when they saw two ropes astern of the craft. These they pulled up and found two dead bodies attached to them. The boatmen then admitted that he had paid five francs for each body at Asnieres to a man who had found them down the river. The boatmen of the Seine have been frequently taken to task for wrangling with each other over the bodies of persons who have been found drowned in the river within the precincts of the city, but this is the first time that such a remarkable speculation as that described has been recorded of them.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

The Free Delivery System.

Superintendent Bates of the free delivery service, post office department, says that the cities of the country are showing great backwardness in calling for the service to which they are entitled under the law passed last winter giving it to towns of ten thousand inhabitants, or to towns whose post office receipts reach \$10,000 per year. "Why," he said, "we get letters every day from towns entitled to the service indignantly referring to the fact that we have given the service to rival towns of the same size and neglected them. They will make no application for the service, and we can send no inspectors to the town except upon application. The fact of it is that a large number of these towns don't ask for the service because such a movement is discouraged by the postmaster. He is afraid that if the service is established his box rents will fall off and his income decrease. He is aided by the grocers near the post office, by the dry goods house, and by the man in whose store the post office is kept—all of whom are interested in having the crowd come to the post office for its mail, instead of having it carried to them. As a result citizens groan and complain because a neighboring town gets the service and their own town is neglected by the post office authorities. Towns will get the free delivery system when citizens take it into their own hands to make an application to the department for it."—New York Sun.

Well Preserved Philadelphians.

The Philadelphia Ledger's recapitulation of the local obituary columns for the six months savor of the Old Testament chapters. It shows that longevity, so to speak, is not dying out in the big town by the Delaware. The mortuary announcements of persons who had lived to or beyond the advanced age of eight years numbered 460, of whom 181 were men and 279 were women. A similar record for the last six months of 1886 contains a total of 443. The deaths of four male and four female centenarians is recorded thus far this year. One of these reached the age of 104 and another 105. How many well preserved Philadelphians there may be who are buoyantly scaling their twelfth or thirteenth decade does not appear. But it is comforting to think that the old gentlemen who heard the historic peal of the Liberty Bell is still numerously among us. The statistics likewise show that the Ledger has a clientele old enough to know a good thing when they see it.—N. Y. World.

A Human Heart Clogs a Switch.

"Yes," said Special Officer Frank Harrigan, of the Pennsylvania railroad, "we railroad officers have to look at queer things sometimes and strange occurrences fail to our lot; but the most sickening event I ever experienced was at Thirty-seventh street, Philadelphia. It was a dark night, and I remember well that the leverman in the tower had to call up the station agent to help him move the lever. A dispatch arrived about that time from the depot which stated that a passing train had killed a man at or near the station. Investigation revealed the fact that a man had been killed there and that it was the poor fellow's heart which had fallen into the switch and clogged it so that it was impossible for the leverman in the tower to make the lever work."—West Chester News.

A Philanthropic Woman's Plan.

An industrial school for boys is proposed at Chicago by Mrs. Celia W. Wallace, a rich and philanthropic woman. She wants an incorporation with a capital of \$500,000, and a large and interested public support. The idea is to have the institution both home and school, and, besides the dormitories and workshop, there will be a military drillroom and a school house, where the rudiments of an education can be acquired while the boy is learning a trade in the workshop. Homeless waifs will be taken there and have a chance. There will be nothing to prevent any boy going back to the street if he chooses, and this liberty will naturally sift out the hopelessly bad, leaving in the school those worth saving.—N. Y. Sun.

A Little Cotton Will Do.

"I wish I could wear a Coney Island bathing suit," said a Niagara street young man to his cousin last evening, as they sat on the piazza and perspired. "What does a Coney Island bathing suit consist of, George?" innocently asked the maiden. "Oh," he replied, "a little cotton to put in your ears." Then they looked at the pale moon until it was time to change the subject.—Buffalo Courier.

The Boston Girl.

New York Sun.

Boston Young Lady (to friend)—I've come to ask a great favor, Penelope.

Penelope—Yes?

Boston Young Lady—Yes. Some friends are to spend the evening with us, and I wish you would lend me your picture of Captain Mike Kelly for my Album. Mine is being framed.

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| Sciatica, | Scratches, | Contracted |
| Lumbago, | Sprains, | Muscles, |
| Rheumatism, | Strains, | Eruptions, |
| Burns, | Stitches, | Hoof Ail, |
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The Housewife needs it for general family use.

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The Mechanic needs it always on his work bench.

The Miner needs it in case of emergency.

The Pioneer needs it—can't get along without it.

The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable, and his stock yard.

The Steamboat man or the Boatman needs it in liberal supply about and ashore.

The Horse-fancier needs it—it is his best friend and safest reliance.

The Sea-grown needs it—it will save him the trouble of a doctor and a world of trouble.

The Railroad man needs it and will need it so long as his life is a round of accidents and dangers.

The Blacksmith needs it. There is nothing like it as an antidote for the dangers to life, limb and comfort which surround the pioneer.

The Merchant needs it about his store among his employees. Accidents will happen, and when these come the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once.

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Keep a Bottle Always in the Stable for use when wanted.

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THE GREAT CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY.

For Debility, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Impaired and Stagnant Circulation of the Blood, loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Ulcers, Inflammation of the Liver, Nervousness, Palpitation of the Heart, Colic, Feet, Legs, Arms, &c., Weakness, and in fact all Disorders arising from a Low State of Health, and any Disease of the Digestive Organs.

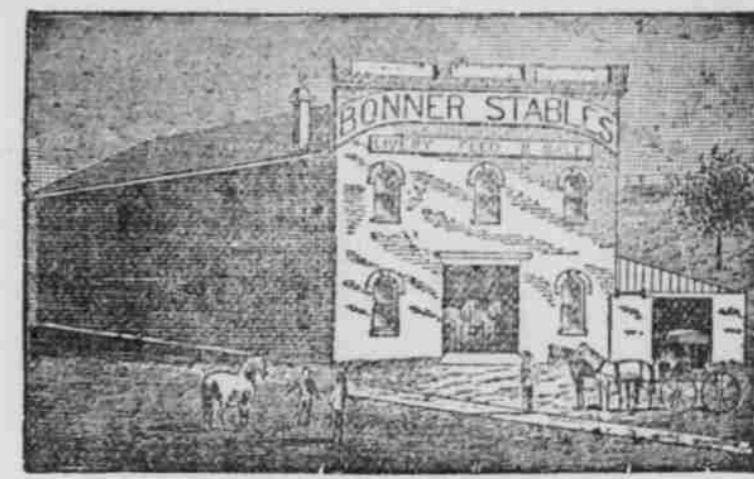
Its effect on the human system is MARVELOUS.

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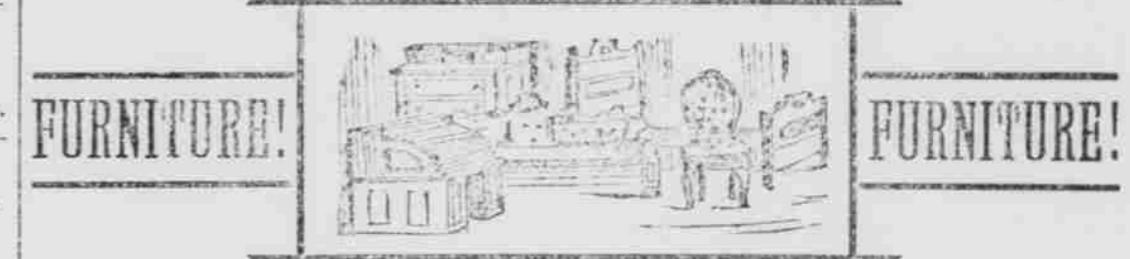
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