Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Remarkable Facts.

Heart disease is usually supposed to be incurable, but when properly treated a large portion of cases can be cured. Thus Mrs. Elmira Hatch, of Elkhart, Ind., and Mrs. Mary L. Baker, of Ovid, Mich., were cured after suffering 20 years. S. C. Linburger, druggist at San Jose, Ill., says that Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure which cured the former, "worked wonders for his wife." Levi Logan of Buchanan, Mich., who had heart disease for 30 years, says two bottles made him "feel like a new man." Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure is sold and guaranteed by F. G. Fricke & Co. Book of wonderful testimonials free. 1

Some years ago Chamberlain & Co., of Des Moines, Iowa, commenced the manufacture of a cough syrup, believing it to be the most prompt and reliable preparation yet produced for coughs, colds and croup; that the public appreciate true merit, and in time it was certain to become popular. Their most sanguine hopes have been more than realized. Over three hundred thousand bottles of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy are now sold each year, and it is recognized as 'the best made," wherever known. It will cure a severe cold in less time than any other treatment. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

The holding of the World's Fair in a city scarcely fifty years old will be a remarkable event, but whether it will really benefit this nation as much as the discovery of the Restorative Nervine by Dr. Franklin Miles is doubtful. This is just what the American people need to cure their excessive nervousness, dyspepsia, headache, dizziness, sleeplessness, neuralgia, nervous debility, dullness, confusion of mind, etc. It acts like a charm. Trial bottle and fine book on "Nervous and Heart Diseases," with unequaled testimonials free at F. G Fricke & Co. It is warranted to contain no opium, morphine or dangerous drugs. 1

The Hennes Method for piano and organ, the favorite and most successful in France and Germany, also harmony taught. dtf

MRS. MERGES.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her Druggist suggested Dr. King's new discovery for consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from the dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this great discovery at F. G. Fricke & Co's Drug Store. Regular bottles 50c, and $1.

Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills.

Act on a new principle—regulating the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new discovery. Dr. Miles' Pills speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles, constipation. Unequaled for men, women, children. Smallest, mildest, surest! 50 doses, 25c. Sample free at F. G. Fricke & Co's.

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have tried it you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any throat, lung or chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time, or money refunded. Trial bottles free at F. G. Fricke & Co's drugstore.

Needles, oils and parts for all kings of machines can be found at the Singer office, corner of of Main and Sixth streets with Henry Boeck wtf

Hair chains, rings, crosses and hair work of all kinds to order.

MRS. A. KNEE.

tf 1726 Locust St.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for constipation, loss of appetite, dilziness and all symptoms of dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75c. 4

To Ice Consumers.

My ice wagon has begun to make regular trips. Orders left at my store, my commission house or with the driver will be promptly attended to. tf F. S. White.

A restore, stricken, and give you a luxuriant growth of hair, to keep its color natural as in youth, and to remove dandruff, use only Hall's

THE MAN WHO

Drives the the Hearse is not in it

And for that matter, neither is the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

Over 9,000,000 Singers have been sold in the United States which means that we have over 9,000,000 witnesses to the fact that the SINGER is the best machine made. All the newest improvements have been added which truly make the Singer The Queen of all her Realm.

Machines sold on the most favorable terms by the department manager.

MR. D. P. CRONIN,

at his headquarters in Henry Bœcks Furniture store or by Mr. Atherton, local agent.

STRONG HORSERADISH.

It Did Everything in Horse Language Except Secure a Customer.

The young man had been a groom at the riding school and had also been employed at a sale stable. Still, the knowledge that he had acquired at these places did not serve him well, now that he was engaged as clerk in a grocery store on Sixth avenue.

One day a young lady came in the store and asked the clerk if they had any horseradish.

"Hossradish? I should say we have," exclaimed the young man. "We probably have the most remarkable hossradish in the market," and he pulled down a bottle, covered with the dust of ages, and rolled it along the counter.

"Observe its gait," he continued with enthusiasm. "There's a hossradish that I can recommend. There's an A No. 1 family hossradish. I can warrant it to work anywhere. It will drag a family carriage, on a heavy track, in 2:40."

The young lady looked at the clerk with some astonishment. She wanted the horseradish, however, and ventured to ask if it was strong.

"Strong?" echoed the clerk; "why, it's as strong as a steam stump puller. It's the strongest hossradish that ever looked through a collar. You can take it right out of your phaeton, after a whirl around Central park, hitch it to a stone boat, and if it doesn't pull more than a locomotive I'll knock it in the head. Fact is, it's a heavy draught hossradish, with the swiftness and endurance of Salvator."

"I meant to ask," said the young lady, somewhat confused, "if it is sharp—does it bite?"

"Bite? No; it's gentle as a sucking dove; wouldn't bite the smallest child. It seems kind o' sad like when it has to take the bit in its mouth. Oh, no; it wouldn't bite a piece of molasses candy. And kick? You couldn't make that hossradish kick if you tickled it with a straw," and the clerk punched the bottle in the ribs as proof of its excellent disposition.

The young lady did not seem entirely satisfied with the recommendation, and took the bottle up to examine it more closely.

"That's right, said the affable young man; "look it over carefully. Examine it closely for ringbone, spavin, quartercrack, heaves, thumps, mumps, bumps, dumps, grumps or anything else under the shining sun. If you find it is not as sound as a dollar, the hossradish is yours without costing you a red cent, and with a nice set of silver mounted harness thrown in. Shall I wrap it up?"

The young lady said she would not take it along now, but might call later with a halter to lead it home.—River and Driver.

No Seat, No Sermon.

Once having to preach at a church in Regent street, on arriving at the door Bishop Wilberforce encountered his friend Mrs. A—— in the act of returning to her carriage.

"What, going away?"

"Only because I can't get in."

"Do you mean that you really wish to stop?"

"I came on purpose."

"Then take my arm."

The crowd at the door was excessive. At last the beadle appeared, to whom the bishop in his blandest manner, said:

"You will be so good as to give this lady the best seat in the church."

"Impossible, sir—church quite full!"

The bishop calmly, but with emphasis, repeated his orders.

"Quite impossible!" repeated the beadle. "I tell you, sir, the church is quite full."

"Oh, but," was the rejoinder, "I won't preach if you don't!"

This alarming threat at once opened Bumble's eyes.

"Oh, I beg pardon, my lord," winking. "This way, marm."

And he deposited Mrs. A—— in the churchwardens' luxurious empty pew under the pulpit.—London Tit-Bits.

Wire Finer Than Hair.

We are at work just now on some pretty small wire. It is 1-500th of an inch in diameter—finer than the hair on your head, a great deal. Ordinary fine wire is drawn through steel plates, but that wouldn't do for this work, because if the hole wore away ever so little it would make the wire larger, and that would spoil the job. Instead, it is drawn through what is practically a hole in a diamond, to which there is, of course, no wear. These diamond plates are made by a woman in New York, who has a monopoly of the art in this country. The wire is then run through machinery, which winds it spirally with a layer of silk thread that is .0015 of an inch in thickness—even finer than the wire, you see. This wire is used in making the receiving instruments of ocean cables, the galvanometers used in testing cables and measuring insulation of covered wires.—Interview with a Manufacturer.

A Waste of Money.

An actor told the following story the other evening: He was on a train which was coming into New York. In the seat before him sat two countrymen who were evidently on their way to the theater. They began to talk about actors, and one of them said: "These actors get awful big salaries. I don't see how they can afford to pay 'em so much. Now there's X——. They say he gets $200 a week and the cast of characters. Just think of it! Two—hundred—dol—lars and the cast—of—characters! And the cast—of—char—ac—ters! That seems a wicked waste of money!"—New York Tribune.

Economy Is Wealth.

Amy—I confess that I love you, Jack; but tell me, how could you support a wife? You have no money, I am told.

Jack Puffer—Oh, that's all right. I'm going to give up smoking.—Epoch.

The Way of It.

"And wasn't George paying a great deal of attention to Edie?"

"Yes; but he's not paying so much attention to her now. They're married, you know."—London Judy.

NOBODY CARES!

A wearily wan little face,
A feeble, furtive little smile,
Poor fair-string toys,
That must pass their best
For many and many a mile—
A star-sprinkled out in the dusk.
A lamp that luridly flares,
In the whirl city's whirl
Just a nameless girl—
Nobody cares!

A desolate, dearth stricken room,
A pillow pushed up to the wall,
A flicker that shows
A face in repose,
Silence, and that is all.
Save just on the woebegone cheek
That look which such sadness wears,
That light on the brow—
Ah, who shall say now,
"Nobody cares!"
—Cornhill Magazine.

He Traveled with the Lions.

"I had an interesting experience," said Mr. George Boniface, Jr. "I happened to be passing one of the dime museums when I noticed a large placard announcing the appearance of the elastic skin man. Having never seen this curiosity I bought a ticket and entered the museum. I was startled by the resemblance which the elastic skin man bore to some one I had seen. I could not recall the name, but the resemblance haunted me like a dim ghost that had come out of long ago. While I stood wondering the reporter for a local paper came up to interview the elastic skin man, and I heard the elastic skin man say: 'My name is D. B. Hodges. In 1837 I was agent for Rumsey & Newcomb's minstrels. Since then I have been idle.'

"In a few moments," continued Mr. Boniface, "who should come along but Arthur Cambridge, Charley Griste and Gus Pennoyer. They shook hands with the elastic skin man and began talking over old times.

"'Let's see, Charley,' asked the elastic skin man, 'what show were you traveling with when I first met you?'

"'Upon my word, I don't remember,' said Mr. Griste. 'The first show I ever traveled with was a den of performing lions, run by—well, now, it's curious that I can't recall the name!'

"'Was it Van Amburgh?' asked the elastic skin man.

"'Bless your heart, no,' said Mr. Griste. 'Why, he taught Van Amburgh the business. Funny I can't think of his name. He was a great friend of old Bill Coup's—oh, yes, now I recall the name; it was Daniel!'"—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Where Nobody Starves.

Within a hundred miles of the east coast of Australia no native in an uncrippled condition has ever died from lack of digestible food—a rather comprehensive term in a country where fern roots are boiled like potatoes, and snails and grasshoppers are considered tidbits. Strange to say, the martyrs of that horrid diet get old, as a proof that freedom from care is, after all, the main condition of longevity. A similar phenomenon may be observed in the villages of Central Russia, where mental stagnation prevails in its ugliest forms, but where charity and parish poor laws protect every native from the risk of actual starvation.—Professor Oswald in Good Words.

Two Famous Men Converse.

A young woman was favored with a chance to hear two famous poets converse. She was walking in Cambridge, and saw Longfellow and Lowell strolling a little way ahead. Her quick step soon brought her near them. She thought to herself, "Now I will get the freshest utterances of two great men." Just before she overtook them she saw a pretty child coming along, and about to meet them. "What are little girls made of?" said one poet to the other. "Sugar and spice and all that's nice, and that's what little girls are made of."—Christian Union.

Canned Fruits in Pompeii.

A curious story is told of the origin of canned fruits. Years ago, when the excavations were beginning at Pompeii, some jars of preserved figs were found in the pantry of one of the buried houses. On being opened the fruit was found to be fresh and good, thus showing that centuries ago the art of preserving fruit was practiced and that we are indebted to the ancients for many a delicious dish.—New York World.

The biggest natural beehive in the world is that in Kentucky known as the "Mammoth Beehive." It is in reality a huge cave, the main compartment of which is 150 feet high, and whose floor covers ten acres in extent. The beehive is of solid rock, the roof of which has been entirely honeycombed by bees.

A system of electric railway signaling has appeared in England, in which, if two engines come on the same section of line, bells are automatically set ringing in each engine by an electric current. The same arrangement allows telephonic communication between the engineers and also with the signal men.

One state of the Union, which derived its usages from French and not from English originals, has no counties at all. In Louisiana these subdivisions of the state are still called parishes, both officially and in ordinary speech, though they are now divided into many real parishes of the church.

Senator Peffer, of Kansas, has had each of his eight children, three of whom are girls, learn a trade. Typesetting seems to have been most popular with them, although one daughter has fitted herself to become an amanuensis, and one son is a locomotive engineer.

One of the largest dynamos in the world is said to be in use in an aluminum works in Switzerland. The commutator is made of copper, and weighs over six tons. The machine has the capacity of developing 14,000 amperes at thirty volts.

Algeria has now about 4,000,000 population. It is not considered a colony, however, but a detached part of France, and the French chambers alone have the right of legislating for it.

A Drummer Squelched.

It was in the old days, when traveling by stage coach was more common than it is at present, that the then archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Affre, voyaging to a nearby parish, took place in a diligence with a number of gentlemen of different social stations. Among the group was a young drummer for a business house who, like his successors of a later era, was ever on the lookout for a good story in his own mind and practical joke. The clerical standing of the archbishop did not exempt him even from attempts at banter or witticism, but with the consideration he thought due to the company present he passed the youngster's efforts over with merely an indulgent smile. Waxing bolder by this apparent immunity, the young traveler at last went beyond all bounds of proper respect.

"Can you tell me, your grace," he asked spiritedly, "the difference between the archbishop and an ass?"

The reverend gentleman, with his customary courtly manner and without the least appearance of offense or resentment, replied that he could not.

"Because," replied this clown in his own little circus, "the one bears a cross on his breast and the other on his back."

The sally, such as it was, was met by the most frigid silence by all the passengers save the archbishop, who smilingly inquired:

"Now, in my turn, I'd like you to tell us the difference between a commercial traveler and an ass?"

As though it were a mystery as deep as the Sphinx the young wit pondered for some time and then gave it up.

"I don't see it," he confessed.

"Neither do I," replied the archbishop; "there isn't any."

The smart drummer got off at the next changing of horses.—Washington Star.

The Conversational Circle.

The circle must not be too large. I say nothing of public banquets of strangers. They are a contradiction in terms. Big dinner parties of ill assorted guests also are failures from a conversationist point of view. A fireside, or a table, round if possible, and, say, four or half a dozen guests, are sufficient. More will break up into separate knots, and fewer mean a tete-a-tete. "I had," says Thoreau, "at Walden three chairs in my house, one for solitude, two for friendship, three for society." The hermit Thoreau in his hut at Walden was wiser than the man who looks for society in a crush.

An unhappy husband, living in Portland place, whose wife inflicted huge parties upon him, was standing in a very forlorn condition leaning against the chimney piece. A gentleman came up to him and said: "Sir, as neither of us is acquainted with any of the people here, I think we had best go home." Social crowds must not expect the great men amongst them to talk well. She must have been a most unreasonable person who was disappointed with Napoleon because, when a lot of ladies were presented to him, he only remarked to each of them how hot it was.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Poison by Absorption.

The slow absorption of many poisons changes in some more or less modified form the complexion, but arsenic and ammonia show their effect about as quickly as any. The popular belief that arsenic clears the complexion has led many silly women to kill themselves with it in small, continual doses.

It produces a waxy, ivorylike appearance of the skin during a certain stage of the poisoning, but its terrible after effects have become too well known to make it of common use as a cosmetic.

The effects of ammonia upon the complexion are directly opposite from that of arsenic. The first symptoms of ammonia poisoning which appears among those who work in ammonia factories is a discoloration of the skin of the nose and forehead. This gradually extends over the face, until the complexion has a stained, blotched and unsightly appearance. With people who take ammonia into their systems in smaller doses, as with their water and food, these striking symptoms do not appear so soon. The only effect of the poison that is visible for a time is a general unwholesomeness and sallowness of the complexion.—St. Paul Globe.

The Notices Are All Right.

Visitors to the clerk's office of the superior court who have occasion to use the writing table that stretches across the room have been startled recently by large placards tacked about two feet apart informing whom it may concern that "these inkstands must not be taken away." Since "these inkstands" are about the size of the average hat, and are kept filled with ink, the warning seems quite as gratuitous as it would be to placard notices to people not to walk off with a red hot stove.

A lawyer who took offense at these notices got one of the office veterans in a corner the other day and asked him if he did not think such a notice was carrying a joke perilously far. The veteran shook his head, and in saddened tones thus answered:

"In the mistakes of the past we should seek our guidance for the future."—New York Times.

Somewhat Trying, Nevertheless.

Do not suppose that a young woman is necessarily in an unamiable frame of mind when you meet her bearing a muddy overshoe in hand. The relief that she experienced when she gave up trying to keep the thing on more than balanced her vexation at spoiling a glove and boot; but oh! the things that women think and don't say when at every step a misfit overshoe drops down at the heel would make a volume for the government to suppress.—Boston Commonwealth.

The Service Is Civil.

Bunting—In Japan the servants invariably treat their employers with deferential consideration.

Larkin—Japan has a civil service law, I suppose.—Munsey's Weekly.