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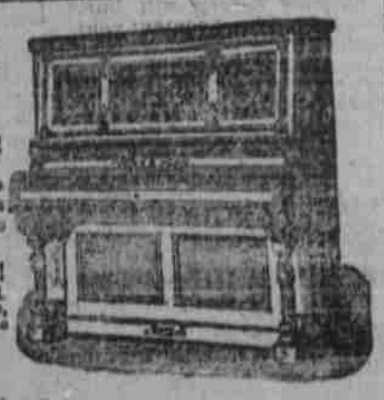

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Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

THE LITTLE RAT MULE.

DISAPPEARING FROM THE STREET RAILWAY SERVICE.

Where He Comes from and Whence He Is Going—What He Costs, Broken and Unbroken—A Hardy Little Brute—His Work and Years of Service.

How often one hears the remark, "Just look at those mules drawing that car; they look like rats." They have thus become known very generally as little rat mules, and the description is a good one certainly. Many of them don't look much larger than a good sized billy goat, being so small that they are hidden from the people in the car by the dashboard in front. It certainly does look cruel to make them pull a car loaded down with people, a load that would strain powerful horses on an up grade. It is like a great many other things, however.

It is cruel only in appearance. The little mule is equal to this and much more. If the car would hold more people he and his mate would pull it any place, and on a level would take it skipping along so fast that you would almost begin to think no other motive power was required to realize rapid transit. He has endurance, speed and strength, and thrives where an animal more hardy and stronger in appearance would soon die. In rapid motion he goes by jumps and jerks, but he accomplishes the desired result, and is one of the most serviceable animals to be had in the street railway business.

He is, however, rapidly disappearing, giving way to mechanical motors. As the old darky said when he saw the electric cars, "The Yankees is great people; they wa'nt satisfied ter free de nigga, and now they've done gone and freed de mules." That is about the case. In St. Louis, for instance, the little rat mules—and, for that matter, the larger mule and the horse—are few in number, not one in thirty for those employed as recently as three years ago. With our increase in population, new industries, etc., this is a somewhat remarkable statement, but it is correct.

The little rat mule is a peculiar animal. Born and raised in the southwest, Texas and Mexico, he is now going to the south and southeast for service on the plantations. In the very recent past, when all the street cars were drawn by horses and mules, the demand for them was very great for that purpose, but as things generally equalize themselves, so has the demand for horses and mules. The street railway companies which have changed to cable or electric motor power have generally disposed of their live stock to very fair advantage, though there are still on hand some of the little rat mules that are unused.

This little animal is one of some value, though he does not look it. Twenty dollars would be a very fair valuation, but in fixing that estimate you would be away off the mark. Unbroken he commands considerable more than that. The cheapest lot that ever came to St. Louis, probably, was one of 200, the price paid for them being a few cents less than twenty-six dollars per head, but they were unbroken. He is a stubborn little brute, and there is considerable labor in breaking him so he can be put ahead of a bobtail and trusted to the average driver. Thus broken he has a value of sixty to seventy-five dollars.

One would naturally suppose that his raiser would break him, and get his enhanced price, but, as a rule, he has come to the St. Louis railroads as wild as could be, and also as stubborn, but the employees of the companies have had a great deal of fun in breaking them in and reducing them to tractability. They have also had some exciting experiences, too, as the little fellow has heels quite as serviceable as his larger relative, and he knows how to use them too. You have got to look out for them, and you have got to put some muscle into use when you think you have an easy task to hold them with the lines. This is not at all easy sometimes, as he has strength and frequently a very hard mouth—hard enough to pull a bobtail car by it with the traces slackened.

It has been said that it seems cruel to run these little fellows to a street car loaded down with passengers. To the contrary, there are few animals which have an easier life. The pulling of the car is nothing to them. They can laugh at that and grow fat. Twenty-five to thirty miles a day for them is nothing at all, and that is about what they cover, with rests between trips. Through with their day's work, they are turned into a big yard, where they run and roll as they please. They never die, or at least the employees of the street railways never hear of their dying. When they approach that period of life they are sold or sent off to the farm, where they may still be of some use.

They are aged before that time comes, however. There are, for instance, little rat mules as much as 20 or 25 years old still in service here, and some which have been in the service twelve and fifteen years. And still they are, to all appearances, good for several years yet. They are as strong and active as ever, apparently, and will likely a year from now start in for a second life on a southern plantation. This is a long time for an animal to tramp over granite and other kinds of paving, through mud and in all kinds of weather, but the limit has seemingly never been reached with this hardy little fellow. He might be subjected to twice as much, possibly, and still not fall under it.

In addition to performing service equal to that of the horse or the large mule, the little rat mule is one of the cheapest animals known in the care required. It might, in fact, be said that he really does not require any care. He flourishes best when allowed to rough it. He is, of course, fed grain and hay, but he is not in the least fastidious about his food, as is the horse, and in the absence of anything else would probably manage to live on old bootlegs. He likes nothing better than an occasional tin can or shingle and sheep feed.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HOW AN AUNT WAS FOUND.

A Lost Child Whose Knowledge of Botany Came Into Good Play.

Colonel W. D. Moore tells a story which would, could it be given in print as Mr. Moore tells it, produce a great effect. Ex-Sheriff Cluley was accosted a day or two since at the corner of Sixth street and Liberty avenue by a little tot, a girl, too young to talk plainly, who pulled at his coat and asked "Do 'oo know Aunt Tatie?"

Somewhat surprised, Mr. Cluley replied that he could not say unless he knew "Aunt Tatie's" last name. The child opined that the wanted party didn't have any last name; she was "dust Aunt Tatie." The little one then explained that she was lost, and she was in great distress, her lips quivering so that at times she could scarcely speak.

Mr. Cluley thought with all his might for a few moments, when an idea struck him and he asked the child for a description of his aunt. The little maid replied that "Aunt Tatie" was rather tall and wore nasturtium flowers in her bonnet.

Now, Mr. Cluley would hardly stand a creditable examination in botany. He knows cabbages from potato vines, and knows the nasturtium when he sees it on the table in the shape of a pickle, but to save his soul he could not tell what its flower was like. Again he rubbed his dome of thought until he rubbed into it a fresh suggestion and acted upon it at once. Accosting a lady who was passing, he asked her if she knew a nasturtium flower when she saw it. She was at first disposed to resent the question as an impertinence, when Mr. Cluley hastened to explain, and begged her to take an observation and ascertain whether there were any ladies in the neighborhood with that familiar flower in their bonnets.

The lady glanced into several millinery and dry goods stores, and finally called out that she had discovered a lady with a bonnet bearing the flower wanted. She pointed her out, and immediately the little one cried out joyfully, "That's Aunt Tatie."

"Aunt Tatie" was disposed to be cross with her charge for wandering away from the spot she had designated to wait until her aunt did some shopping, but Mr. Cluley's feelings were aroused, and he wouldn't hear the little one scolded. Instead he proceeded to reprimand the woman for her thoughtlessness in leaving her charge exposed to the danger of being kidnaped.

"Aunt Tatie" had become so interested in her shopping that she had forgotten to note the flight of time. Had the little one not been bright enough to recollect the name of the flower in the bonnet she would probably have been crying her eyes out, a guest at the central station, and her aunt would have been frantic.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Childish Faith.

An example of childish faith, of a kind a dull age wears away, was seen the other day. A little boy was sitting in the yard of an old country homestead: on either side of him sat a huge dog, patient and loving. The sun shone down scorchingly on the trio, and its rays were uncomfortable. Shading his eyes with his curved hand the child looked skyward and said, "Put in that sun, please." The sun shone brightly, and the little fellow repeated softly, "Please put in that sun, man up in the sky; it hurts my head."

Just then over the face of the blazing orb there sailed a white summer cloud, then another, and the yellow blaze turned suddenly to a hazy, restful gray. Turning to the dogs, the little boy, putting an arm around the neck of each, said: "Did you see the sun pulled in, Romeo and Chieftain? When you wants anything, if you is good, and you asks God for it, he gives it to you. The sun hurt my head, and I asked him to put it in, and don't you see how he did reach out and put it in for me?" The dogs looked wise, leaned their heads lovingly toward the diminutive little theologian, and whatever might have been their belief, kept an inscrutable silence.—Providence Journal.

Why Eyes Are Light and Dark.

An interesting point is the cause of the different shades of color we see in the eyes. On a certain membrane in the interior are numerous cells, called "pigment" cells. When these are present in very great numbers they produce that deep black color of some eyes, and in proportion to their numbers decrease also the depth of color, till finally a light blue is reached. In certain eyes these pigment cells do not exist at all, being wanting, indeed, all through the system, hair and skin. A person of this description is called an albino, and among animals we find a parallel in the case of the white rabbit.—Chambers' Journal.

Inventors Are Born.

Generally speaking, inventors, like poets, are born, not made. Nearly every boy can become a good mechanic or tradesman by diligent study and perseverance, but not every one can become a good inventor. If he has a "knack" for invention, study and hard work will greatly help him, and he stands a fair chance some day of succeeding as well in his chosen line as his brother playmates do in business or professional life. Invention is no longer a spasmodic work, but a legitimate branch of industry, which has its rewards and remunerations for those who follow it faithfully. —George H. Walsh in New York Epoch.

There Are No Blind Fish.

There are many animals in the world which pass all their lives in darkness, never seeing a ray of light. Every one has heard of the blind mice of the Mammoth cave. The latter is the biggest of 365 great caverns in the United States. All of them are inhabited by numerous other sorts of creatures that have no eyes for vision. Literally speaking there is no such thing as a blind fish, since the most sightless of the finny tribe possesses visual organs in a rudimentary condition, but through want of use the optic ganglia and nerves have become dwarfed and been absorbed.—Washington Star.

A Turtle's Nest.

In the town of Patten, a place distant from tidewater over ninety miles, there is a great curiosity, known as the "turtle's nest." For fifty-two years a turtle has come annually to the nest to deposit her eggs. Over half a century ago she selected her nest, then in an open field, but now in a yard in front of a residence. A relative of the owner of the house branded the date 1841 upon the turtle's back, and it can be plainly traced now. She comes about the same date each year, and her first few days are passed in inspecting the ancient nest, the yard and surroundings.

Later she digs a hole in the ground and there deposits her eggs. This year she left forty-two eggs, but as many were carried away and the others often disturbed, only about a dozen of the eggs hatched out. The owner of the house has ten of the little turtles, none more than twice the size of a postage stamp. The old turtle always departs after laying the eggs; the warm sand and sun serve as an incubator.

This turtle has been seen at the Drew Dead Water on the Mattawamkeag river, fully fifty miles away from the nest. Her weight varies from thirty to thirty-five pounds, and it is said she was as large when branded as she is now. Each June she comes to Patten, and is always welcomed by old and young.—Bangor (Me.) Letter.

Hats Off in the Synagogue.

The vexed question of "hats on" or "hats off" during public worship was settled at the annual meeting of the Anshe Chesed congregation, at the temple on Scoville avenue. The old Jewish custom of the male members of the congregation wearing their hats during public worship has always been in vogue in this congregation. A number of the younger and more progressive members have objected to the custom, and it has caused more or less discussion for several years. The older members held tenaciously to their hats, and the younger ones bided their time until they should have a sufficient majority converted to their views to change the custom.

The matter was brought up at the annual meeting, which was very largely attended. The hat question was discussed at great length, and several very warm speeches were made on both sides. It was finally put to a vote, and the members who are opposed to wearing hats were victorious by a decided majority. The decision was that hereafter the congregation shall worship with hats off, but those who desire to retain their head covering will be permitted to do so.—Cleveland Leader and Herald.

Walking Back to the Big City.

Wrecks of the early winter theatrical season are already seen in New York—managers whose ventures have failed after a few nights out of town, tired looking actors who seem to have walked home, and bedraggled looking women, whose faces tell plainly of their disappointments. It is the old story of poor plays, poor houses and the refusal of the ghost to do his weekly little pedestrian act. And yet in the main the theatrical outlook is very good, for with big crops comes plenty of money and an army of people to be amused. But it is the survival of the fittest. The poor plays are not patronized, and the managers of many come to grief. There are many familiar faces on the Rialto today, men and women who started off a month ago filled with hope. Some of them will be glad to shovel snow for a living before spring.—Foster Coates in Mail and Express.

A Bad Place for Wrecks.

When a vessel sinks in the channel through Lake George flats, near Sault St. Marie, there is plenty of trouble. The value of the vessels delayed by a wreck there recently is estimated at $14,000,000, and that of their cargoes at $4,000,000. At one time seventy lake steam vessels were anchored on the east side of the blockade and sixty on the west side, and a new channel had to be cut through the flats to allow them to continue their ways. Four dredges worked day and night to make a channel 700 feet in length, 60 in width and 50 in depth. It is said that the only way to prevent accidents like that which caused the wreck is to limit the speed of vessels in the channel. There was the same trouble at the St. Clair flats until men were stationed at the ends of the channel to time the vessels.—New York Sun.

A Wonderful Underground Lake.

An underground lake has been discovered three miles from Genesse, Ida. It was found by a well digger. At a depth of sixteen feet clear, pure lake water ran out over the surface for a time, then settled back to the earth's level. The most curious part of it is that fish were brought to the surface on the overflow. They have a peculiar appearance and are sightless, indicating that they are underground fish. The spring has attracted much attention, and many farmers in the vicinity fear that their farms will drop into the lake. —Boise (Ida.) Statesman.

Robbed While Asleep.

A queer case was tried in the circuit court of Louisville Friday. The defendant was a man who was captured in the act of committing burglary. The defense set up the plea that the defendant was a somnambulist and was asleep at the time he committed the deed and was, therefore, unconscious of wrong doing. The jury believed and acquitted the man.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Rabbit and the Kittens.

J. R. Chapman has a cat that found a young rabbit in the field a few days ago and carried it home, placing it with her kittens, and now the rabbit is just like one of the family and seems to be as happy as any of them. The mother cat nurses it just the same as her kittens.—Raymond (Ills.) Independent.

After the Vacation.

"You look all broken up."

"Naturally; just been dividing myself among forty girls at a seaside hotel."—Harper's Bazar.

Husband's Mistake.

Husbands too often permit wives, and parents their children, to suffer from headache, dizziness, neuralgia sleeplessness, fits, nervousnessness, when by the use of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine such serious results could easily be prevented. Druggists everywhere say it gives universal satisfaction and has an immense sale. Woodworth & Co., of Fort Wayne, Ind.; Snow & Co., of Syracuse, N. Y.; J. C. Wolf, Hillsdale, Mich.; and hundreds of others say: "It is the greatest seller they ever knew." It contains no opiates. Trial bottles and fine book on Nervous diseases, free at F. G. Fricke & Co's

Wonderful.

E. W. Sawyer, of Rochester, Wis., a prominent dealer in general merchandise, and who runs several peddling wagons, had one of his horses badly cut and burned with a lariat. The wound refused to heal. The horse became lame and stiff nowwithstanding careful attention and the application of remedies. A friend handed Sawyer some of Haller's Barb Wire Liniment, the most wonderful thing ever saw to heal such wounds. He applied it only three times and the sore was completed healed. Equally good for all sors, cuts, bruses, and wounds. For sale by all druggist

A Cure for Paralysis.

Frank Corneliss, of Purcell, Ind. Ter., says: "I induced Mr. Pinson, whose wife had paralysis in the face to buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. To their great suprise before the bottle had all been used she was a great deal better. Her face had been drawn to one side; but the Pain Balm relieved all pain and soreness, and the mouth assumed its natural shape." It is also a certain cure for rheumatism lame back, sprains swellings and lameness. 50 cent bottles for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co., Druggists.

Some of the most startling, interesting discoveries of the life and customs of buried Egypt are now being made through extensive excavations. These discoveries are exciting a great interest. Many discoveries are, however, being made in our country that are remarkable, among which we may mention that of Haller's Pain Paralyzer which effects entire relief, and in many cases a complete cure of that terrible disease rheumatism, and which also relieves pain of all kinds. For sale by all druggists.

For many years Mr. B. F. Thompson, of Des Moines, Iowa, was severely afflicted with chronic diarrhoea. He says: "At times it was very severe; so much so, that I feared it would end my life. About seven years ago I chanced to procure a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It gave me prompt relief and I believe cured me permanently, as I now eat or drink without harm anything I please. I have also used it in my family with the best results. For sale by F. G. Frickie & Co.

Wonderful Success.

Two years ago the Haller Prop. Co. ordered their bottles by the box—now they buy by the carload. Among the popular and succeseful remedies they prepare is Haller's Sarsaparilla & Burdock which is the most wonderful blood purifier known. No druggist hesitates to recommend this remedy.

For sale by druggist.

A Mystery Explained.

The papers contain frequent notices of rich, pretty and educated girls eloping with negroes, tramps and coachmen. The well-known specialist, Dr. Franklin Miles, says all such girls are more or less hysterical, nervous, very impulsive, unbalanced; usually subject to headache, neuralgia, sleeplessness, immoderate crying or laughing. These show a weak, nervous system for which there is no remedy equal to Restorative Nervine. Trial bottles and a fine book, containing many marvelous cures, free at F. G. Fricke & Co's., who also sell and guarantee Dr. Miles' celebrated New Heart Cure, the finest of heart tonics. Cures fluttering, short breath, etc.

Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a cough, Cold or any Lung, Throat, or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at F. G. Fricke & Co. Drug Store. Large size 50c, and $1.00.

Miles Nerve and Liver Pills.

Act on a new principle—regulating the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerve. 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. Samples free at F. G. Fricke & Co's.

We have sold Ely's Cream Balm about three years, and have recommended its use in more than a hundred special cases of catarrh. The unanimous answer to our inquiries is, "It's the best remedy that I have ever used." Our experience is, that where parties continued its use, it never fails to cure.—J. H. Montgomery, & Co., Druggists, Decorah, Iowa.

When I began using Ely's Cream Balm my catarrh was so bad I had headache the whole time and discharged a large amount of filthy matter. That has almost entirely disappeared and have not had headache since.—J. Sommers, Stephney, Conn.