... ve, h... d until ...

... on vs. F... ory ... at h... m. ...

... ne. Milburn ... d Bur...

... stay, and daily every ... l, which ... restored hi... soon as he wa... brought ho... last ... rning. A HER... orter called ... his home on ... Ninth street ... -day and foun... m as comfortably as might be expected. There is little doubt that he will survive his injuries, though he will probably be confined to his room for several weeks.

Interest Increasing.

Father Hayes called at THE HERALD office to-day and says that he will render all the aid in his power to secure the location of the Western Normal college in this city. He has twelve acres between Granite street and "Fitzgerald's Forty," which he considers would make as fine a site for the building as could be found. In the event the business men feel disposed to take the aggressive steps necessary, he will make a proposition that would be extremely reasonable. Let a meeting be called at once, each one do his duty and we shall succeed.

THE GOLDEN ROD.

There's gold in the miser's chest
Fast locked with a golden key;
And a gold most rare in a woman's hair
And a gold in the sands at sea;
There's a tawny gold on the wheat's lithe length
Where its breeze tossed billows nod,
But never a gold so full and free,
Ah, me—
None, none like the goldenrod.

There's gold on the maple's branch
That gleams on an autumn eve,
And a golden crown when the sun dies down
While the shadows turn and nee;
There's a wealth of gold in the pointed leaves
Where the willow strews the sod,
But no such feathery filagree,
Ah, me—
None, none like the goldenrod.

There's gold in the dawn's faint streaks
That glint on the poplar tree,
There's gold in the mine, and in lees of wine,
And gold on the humble bee.
But by the plumes of its knightly crest,
Where the wild wind rides roughshod,
There is never a gold so fair to see,
Ah, me—
None, none like the goldenrod.
—Ernest McGaffey in Arkansaw Traveler.

Few Colds from Exposure.

I remember some curious facts of my own experience in the army in 1862 and 1863. I was not strong, and indeed was hardly fit to be in the army at all. And when I found myself exposed all day long to a steady rain, and at night to the outdoor air, with no fire, no change of clothing, no shelter but a canvas covering open at both ends, through which the rain dripped constantly, it seemed certain that the "death o' cold" so often predicted must surely follow.

Why it did not follow was more of a mystery then, however, than it is now. For I was in a place where the art of man no longer excluded one of the prime principles of health. I breathed pure air because I could not help it. During a service of fifteen months, with severe exposures, but fresh air constantly, the same immunity from colds prevailed.

I remember, too, that when I came home from the army the blessing and the curse—at least one of the curses of civil life—came back together. I had comfortable rooms to eat, breathe and sleep in on the one hand, but very soon colds, sore throats and related troubles on the other.—Rev. J. W. Quinby in Popular Science Monthly.

Worshiping Medicine Bottles.

An eminent lady missionary in Burmah recently gave Dr. A. J. Gordon an instructive but somewhat startling chapter from her experience. In one of her tours, she said, she came upon a village where cholera was raging. Having with her a quantity of a famous painkiller she went from house to house administering the remedy to the invalids and left a number of bottles to be used after she had gone. Returning to the village some months after, the missionary was met by the head man of the community, who cheered and delighted her by this intelligence: "Teacher, we have come over to your side. The medicine did us so much good that we have accepted your God."

Overjoyed at this news, she was conducted to the house of her informant, who, opening a room, showed her the painkiller bottles solemnly arranged in a row upon a shelf, and before them the whole company immediately prostrated themselves in worship.—Modern Church.

Bowery Pawnshops.

The pawnbrokers' sales shops have held me before their windows many and many an hour since childhood, and today when I pause before one I feel a keener touch of the impulses of youth than anything else can bring back to me. There is much humbug in the Bowery, but there is no humbug in what these stores display. Pathos and tragedy are constantly exhibited and enacted on every block of that throbbing avenue, but it all seems to me as nothing beside the tragic and pathetic tales that are told by the goods in these store fronts. The vanity of man is felt by every poor stranger who is knocked about and jostled by the crowds that throng the pavement, but for a sermon upon vanity I know no text in all New York like the contents of one of these windows.—Julian Ralph in Century.

... are two ... the ceiling ... Stanley wa... the ceiling, ... one. The man ... to hang by his ... and, falling, catch his partner by ... k. Stanley, who had a coil on the ... of his leg, slipped and fell. His ... ner could not save him.

The same ... silver coin ... publicans ... for the ... silver o... Ma... declared ... that it ... his partner fell in that position nothing could save his neck from being broken, so, as Stanley descended, he gave the falling man a quick turn, somewhat broke the fall, and the performer fell to the floor with a hard sound and struck on his back.

A dozen men rushed up the aisle to pick up the man, and for a moment quite an amount of excitement prevailed. He was picked up and carried behind the scenes.

He had fallen twenty-five feet, and his only injury was a rough shaking up and a bruised back. Two minutes later George Stanley appeared before the footlights and bowed.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

An Eclipse Dinner.

"I have been to an 'eclipse dinner,'" said a young woman. "There were any number of them, you know, of course with the part of Hamlet left out. At the one at which I assisted three gilt boys at each end and in the center of the table held aloft, respectively, in flowe figures, the dates of the last, the present and the next eclipse, garlands of flowers passing from one to the other. At every corner lay a pretty sketch, showing earth, moon and sun in space and in the proper positions to produce the eclipse.

"The ices were served in gilt stars. The host, who is an enthusiast in astronomy, had a small telescope mounted on the roof for use had the night been clear, and, to be frank, I had crammed all the afternoon to be equal to the occasion. It was love's labor lost, however, for we did not even go up to the roof, messengers being dispatched from time to time to return with the invariable cloudy report. But it was great fun, and everybody laughed when lobster cutlets a la totalite were served."—New York Times.

His Intentions Misunderstood.

There is a certain small boy living in the vicinity of the armory who has concluded that the finding of a pocketbook is a misfortune. He picked up one the other day on the street containing about ten dollars. Being on his way to the baker's he generously paid a score of $1.25 that was "hung up" there against the family, and then meandered down town to invest another dollar in a Buffalo Bill gun and ammunition. But when he reached home maternal persuasion so quickened his conscience that he again started out in a sorrowful quest for the owner of the money, who was soon discovered.

And it is further alleged that this owner would not abate anything from the full amount lost and that the man who sold the little fellow the gun refused to take it back after all the circumstances had been explained, so that even to this day the mention of that pocketbook causes a shadow to creep over the countenance of that boy.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Effective Work by a Lawyer.

A very amusing incident occurred at the city hall a few days ago.

A couple of men, while in a state of cheerfulness, became boisterous in their wordy warfare and were taken before Judge Cavin.

A friend of the two belligerents, who had also been looking upon the wine when it was red, appeared as counsel for them.

The self constituted attorney had talked but a moment, however, when Judge Cavin said, "Discharge the prisoners and lock up their attorney."

The order was complied with amid an outburst of laughter.—Galveston News.

Mr. Klein's Private Rain.

The story of a wonderful phenomenon comes from Rossville, nineteen miles west of Topeka, on the Union Pacific. For nineteen days, it is said, rain fell incessantly on the orchard belonging to H. Klein, a prominent Rossville resident. This orchard is in the town and is bounded on the east by Mr. Klein's residence, on the other three sides by lines of fences. The rain did not fall outside of Mr. Klein's premises, but for nineteen days there was no intermission in the fall, and it was only stopped by a cold snap. —Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Real Saving Farmer.

There is a farmer in Massachusetts who got his corn husked this fall without cost. Last spring he sowed a quantity of red corn in his field among the yellow, and then incidentally mentioned the fact to some of the male pupils of a neighboring high school. At once they solicited the privilege of husking his corn and furnishing the refreshments besides, and he granted both. The young people had a good time and found enough red ears to satisfy them.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The rage for blond locks has infected Italy to such an extent that even the children's heads are blossoming out in golden curls. At this rate the raven tresses of Italian song and story will soon be a misnomer.

This country has nearly 2,000,000 acres devoted to the raising of flax and hemp. It is proposed to make a grand showing of these industries at the World's fair.

Steam whaling vessels are soon to try the waters of the South Pacific, as recent reports show that whales are again frequenting that locality.

... Three.

... A little boy and a girl ...
... Yet as a man ...
And let ...
"The future ... ing man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's" kite.

Those hands—those little busy hands
So sticky, small and brown;
Those hands whose only mission seems
To pull all order down—
Who knows what latent strength may be
Hidden within their clasp,
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick
In sturdy hold they grasp.

Ah, blessings on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet,
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the future holds in store,
God bless the "coming man!"
—Somerville Journal.

At a Marriage License Window.

A marriage license window is a queer place, and one at which human nature is bared to official inspection as it seldom is in any other government office. Hither come the gossips to ask whether certain couples whose names were published the other day have yet got married; to ask what sort of a looking man it was who took out a license to wed with Susie Todd—was he tall and light or stout and dark? And hither come angry mothers to say that no permit should have been given for their daughters, who are not so old as was said. They ask how the law can be invoked to punish the offending bridegrooms. But there are other brides who appear to be forty or thirty, yet declare themselves thirty or twenty.

Back comes a man to ask if his permit number cannot be changed, because he wants to buy a lottery ticket of the same number as his wedding license, and cannot do so unless a change is made. Old men speak for girlish brides, and ancient wrinkled women lead up very young men, holding their arms as if they might escape. Once a girl came weeping, and said the man she meant to marry lay dying, and there was not a moment to lose. Indeed, it is a queer place, and the whole illimitable gamut that novelists have spanned in many centuries is there at hand still sounding fresh notes and offering new chords.—Julian Ralph in Harper's Weekly.

How Muskrats Are Trapped.

Trapping is one of the modes by which muskrats are secured. The traps are made of boards about 6 inches wide and 3 feet long. These are nailed together like an ordinary box trap, the open ends being secured by swinging doors of wire network, fastened to the upper part of both entrances. These doors allow easy ingress to the trap, but once in the rat cannot get out without opening the door by pulling it to him, which secret they seem very slow to discover. These traps are put in the leads running from the houses to the water when the tide is at low ebb and the rats are out feeding. On the return they crawl up the leads, push against one of the wire doors of the trap, which immediately opens into the trap, but they cannot go further, as the next door opens toward them. Before they can gnaw out the tide makes up and they are drowned in the trap. By having a number of traps and watching the tides closely a trapper can capture a large number in this way.—Baltimore Sun.

Judged by His Appearance.

An amusing incident occurred some time ago which illustrates the scanty ceremony with which shabbily dressed people are often treated. A country magnate in the north of England was called upon with reference to a scheme for the furtherance of some local charity by a person whom the servant, judging by his timeworn habiliments, described to his master as "either a beggar or a tout for orders," adding that he had left him in the hall, not thinking it safe to show him into one of the rooms. The "beggar or tout" turned out to be no less a personage than the member for the district, and one of the richest men in the county.—London Tit-Bits.

He Couldn't Be Frightened.

A small boy on Sixth street hates the washing process worse than snakes. His mother was scrubbing him and he was kicking.

"Why don't you be a good boy," she begged. "Don't you know that you'll go to the bad place if you are not?"

"There ain't any water there, is there?" he asked.

"Not a drop," she answered solemnly.

"Then I guess I'll keep on being bad." And he kept on.—Detroit Free Press.

Fully 85 per cent. of artificial limbs made are legs, 15 per cent. arms. Of legs, 49 per cent. are right, 46 per cent. left, 5 per cent. both right and left. Seventy-eight per cent. of legs amputated are of males, 22 per cent. are females.

One of the tricks of the coffee trade is to sift the beans so as to get the small beans out of inferior Java coffee and mix them with Mocha, so as to sell at a higher price. Sometimes even experts will be deceived by this trick.

Beet sugar may be bought in certain stores in our eastern cities. To the taste it cannot be distinguished from the best cane sugar except by experts, who say it is richer in sweets than most cane sugar.

Steam pipes are now being made from the ramie fiber. The material is so closely pressed together by hydraulic machinery that it has a tensile strength two and a half times that of steel.

A second hand clothes dealer found an I O U for $5,000 in a gentleman's jacket which the man had overlooked on selling and had despaired of ever finding again.

TO CLOSE BUYERS

BEAR IN MIND THAT

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FOR MEN AND BOYS

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Nervous women seldom recive the sympathy they deserve. While often the pictures ot health, they are constantly alling. To with hold sympathy from these unfortuntes is the height of cruelty. They have a week hearth, causing shortneess of breath, fluttering, pain in side, week and hungry swells, and finally swelling of ankles, appression, choking, smothering and dropsy. Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure is just the thing for them. For their nervousness, headache, weekness, etc., his Restorative Nervine is unequaled. Fine treatise on" Heart and Nervous Diseases" and marvelous testimonials free. Sold and guaranteed by. F. G. Fricke & Co.

Good Evening! Have you used—Ah! there is no need of my saying any thing further, I am sure you will hereafter use nothing but the Famous Blush of Roses for your complexion. Yours with best wishes,

FLORA A. JONES,
South Bend, Ind.

P. S. Call this eve please at O. H. Snyder and learn the particulars.

For the handsomest plush dressing case call of Gering & Co. tf

Important Notice.

The full official board of the M. E. church is called to meet at the church at the close of prayer meeting on Wednesday night of this week. It is very necessary for all to be present. 2t

L. F. BRITT, Pastor.

You will make a mistake if you fail to call on Bennett & Tutt before purchasing your holiday goods. They have a large supply of choice candies, nuts, fruits, etc., which they will sell cheap. tf

If you want to see a sight that will make your eyes water you want to call and look over the handsome assortment of plush goods at Gering & Co's.

Go to the Fair for your Christmas presents. You can buy toys of all kinds cheaper there than anywhere else in the city. tf

You will miss the opportunity of a lifetime if you fail to call and examine Gering & Co.'s mammoth holiday stock. tf

Anybody that wants to can put presents on the mantle at the Christian church to-morrow night. Everybody is welcome.

Gering & Co have the finest and largest line of plush goods in the city. tf

Sleepness night made miserable by that terrible caugh Shiloha remedy is the cure for you, by F. G Frick. and O H Snyder. 2

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