

# August Flower

some tendency to Dyspepsia. I suffered from this way; consulted a doctor. They did me no good. I then used your August Flower and it was just two days before I was able to sleep and eat, and feel well. That was the first time I am still first-class. I am never without a bottle, and if I feel constipated I take a dose or two of it. It does the work. The medicine is, that you get it without any bad effects on the system. While I was sick I felt everything that a man could feel. I am most miserable. I can assure that I believe you will cure anyone of indigestion, if taken with Wood. A. M. Weed, 229 Belle-Indiamopolis, Ind."

# Photography

SWEET, WALLACH & CO  
215 Wabash Av., Chicago

# Or Morphine Habit

W.A. LINS, Original Discoverer of Opium Antidote.

# Healthy Location

Looking for a home in the city like this place very much, it isn't healthy. It isn't healthy? It's the best in this field? That's the end of his life, an' it's since he kicked a loon-o-neck."—New York Weekly.

# Favorite Prescription

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

# Prices Cream Baking Powder

Cream of Tartar Powder. To every other known. Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard. Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky and Wholesome.

## AT THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

They were proceeding slowly round the winding path which leads from the sea and the Causeway to the high road, near which their hotel lay (expressly built in that situation for the convenience of visitor to the famous resort of the "giants," if ever it was such), when their attention was attracted by a crowd of people assembled at the extreme edge of one of the highest headlands.

But the inquiring guide did not quickly return, his interest or curiosity became equally absorbed with that of the people already assembled on the height, and our party had themselves reached the crowd before they again saw him. In the midst of the group of men and women sat a little girl, about six years old; a small basket was at her side, filled with boxes of "specimens" (as the natives call them) of the various geological treasures of the place. Above the coarse wooden boxes containing these stones lay several garlands of primroses, the little dealer in geology had been industriously threading these into flowery chains, which she had been taught to fling over the heads of the visitors, whose custom for her "specimens" she generally ensnared in this way, her innocent winning ways invariably attracting attention in the first instance, and her singular story afterwards riveting it, and often calling forth the substantial kindness of those who bought of her little stores.

The child, accustomed to the rough weather and tempestuous waves of that rude coast, seemed at ease in the midst of the crowd and bustle; she was however, unconscious of the cause of unusual excitement now, and, wholly occupied with her own little trade, she took a garland from her basket and ran towards the party of visitors as they approached, intending to capture a purchaser for her wares. The wreath was long, but Lady Anne being tall, and the child very small, the latter could not succeed in flinging it over her head, though she jumped as high as she could to reach her; just as she had nearly succeeded, through the good natured bending down of Lady Anne, who suspected and comprehended at once the snare and its object, the guard came towards them, and regardless of, or not noticing the child's presence, exclaimed:—"It's poor Winny, yer honor, that was gathering dillisk and sloak, and she's slipped down that path that no creature scarcely ventures on but herself and the goats. The say is too angry to send out a boat, and no one dare try the path now the wind is riz, so they're sending a creel down for her, it's the safest chance left."

The guide rushed after the child and caught her up in his arms. "Primrose," he cried, "nursery will be saved; stay quiet, child, they will bring her to you."

But the child would not be quiet; she struggled and clawed, and scratched at his face, and, in fact, was earnest in her determination to get free and go to her nurse, that without really hurting her, he could not save himself from her attacks. "Mushal what am I to do with the creature?" said he, "they want me to steady the rope, and she is such a wild child she'll run down the path if I let her go. She's as nimble as any goat of them all, and twice as 'cute' and only for the wind there is, and the say coming in so furious and fast, she might escape; but she'd have no chance now. May be your honors could pacify her, and keep her quiet, till we gets the creel in tow."

The man, a physiognomist in his way ventured this request to Lady Anne and O'Kennedy; he had not finished speaking, when they had half forcibly, half-coaxingly taken possession of the screaming child.

"You don't love your nurse," said Lady Anne, "or you would not prevent Patty from going to help her."

"Why did he not tell me that? I wouldn't have stopped him—but I want to go too. I can go by the path. Nurse and I often go where none but we can go; we know how to climb the cliff, they do not."

The child struggled again; at last they were obliged to tie her hands and feet with their handkerchiefs, and then Sir James, curious and anxious for the sake of the poor woman, advanced to the edge of the height, at the foot of which he was informed she lay, coiled up and holding on as well as she could to the projecting ledges of rock, which were her only support, and from which

the wild waves every moment, as they boomed onwards, threatened to dislodge her.

She had as usual, made her way down an almost perpendicular path, never frequented but herself and the mountain goats, whom she rivaled in hardihood and nimbleness of foot. Harvest of marine vegetables had been more abundant than usual, and she had wisely ventured on a deceitful shelf of stones and green, slimy sea-weeds, from which, her foot, slipping, she had been precipitated many feet down towards the rocks.

Each one of these minutes appeared life to her. During this dreadful pause in her fate, the thought of the girl's helpless, unloved position was her only worldly care. But it brought a pang with it as severe as if the child were really her own. As the cold spasm passed through her heart, a raven croaking hoarsely, passed close to where she stood. She tried to shrink into the rocks behind her, as she felt the brushing of his flapping and ominous wings but a happy recollection counteracted the impression of these thoughts and this incident.

"He feeds the young ravens," said she; "Primrose will not perish, and neither shall I, if I am not chicken-hearted."

A minute afterwards, she could hear a grating sound, as down, down, there descended another basket and another rope. The men above knew not if the first creel were still safe, and they took the precaution to lower another; it passed the bewildered woman, whose senses were becoming confused, and in consequence she missed the right moment for seizing it; a second more, and the exertion to draw it back to her would probably have overbalanced her, but that second did not arrive before she had laid hold of it and drawn it to her. She now discarded the first basket to make way for the second; and perhaps, at no moment the fearful agony of her position was more dangerous to her safety than when kicking it from her, in the little void between her and destruction yet unutilized by the other creel, she saw the abyss below; she could not, dared not, shut her eyes, nor yet open them to the perils before her, for up to that moment she had sought to steady her nerves by not looking beyond or above the basket. She had schooled her imagination in a marvelous manner to disbelief, as it were, in her own position.

Drawing the cords towards herself in her new vehicle, and a few moments afterwards saw her landed in triumph, amidst the excited group on the headland.

### A Reporter's Check.

One day during his later years Senator David Davis was at the Grand Pacific hotel in Chicago. To him there came a reporter who inquired as to the truth of a rumor that the heavy-weight independent was about to marry. Thereupon the senator locked the door of the room put the key in his pocket, hoisted the window—the room was pretty high up—and turning a face of furious anger on the reporter, commanded him to write his name and that of the paper he worked for, "so that the hotel people may know just what I threw out of the window," he said. Then, after enjoying the reporter's terror, he permits him to depart unincumbered.

That is the story. It is correct, all but the ending. When the gigantic senator had made his bluff the reporter, who was nery if little, felt that he must call it in some way. So, putting on his most persuasive smile, he said: "Certainly, senator, but I'd like one favor before this matinee goes on."

"What is it, sir? I'm in no mood for trifling," thundered the senator.

"I would like to write a brief account of this for my paper. I don't want to get 'scooped' on my last assignment."

"Go on, I'll give you five minutes."

The reporter sat at the senator's table and hastily wrote a few pages. Meanwhile the senator was pacing the room, his anger evidently increasing. The reporter addressed an envelope to his paper and made to inclose in it what he had written. "I'll leave this on the table, so that a messenger can get it," said he, "but I would like to read it to you."


"I don't wish to hear it," "I'll read it anyhow, senator," said the young man, who arose and backing into the corner of the room read this item: "At o'clock this afternoon Senator David Davis was shot and instantly killed in his room at the Grand Pacific by a reporter for this paper, whom the senator in a moment of temporary mental derangement attempted to murder by throwing him out of the window on account of some fancied insult. The young man deeply deplors the fatal necessity which compelled him to take, even in self-defense the life of so prominent a man. The senator was evidently insane, and the reporter, who was no match for him physically, fled to dash him to the street below!"

"Now, I am at your pleasure, senator," said the reporter, putting his hand to his hip-pocket. But Davis was now in a different mood. He realized while listening to the reporter's item its force and applicability to the situation. If he ever had any idea of carrying out his threat, the sight of the cool young man in the corner banished it. He assured the reporter that it was all a joke, and the young man's paper had a 'scoop' that afternoon on an interview with Senator David Davis.

### About The Voice.

I have said very little of the voice. The less said of the average girl's voice the better. Again, go and study Modjeska—Bernhardt, too, if you understand French. Learn that it is not what you say, but the tone in which you say it, that conveys an idea. A gabble of words all jumbled off in a strained, insincere voice, with intervals of gasps and detached giggles, may suffice to break up the silence, but it won't convey what one word in a voice that means something will. I remember a man once saying to me: "That girl—she's a witch! She can make the most commonplace remark, and her steady eyes and hearty voice will make a man forget the words and wonder what she means." The girl was an actress.—Trama V. Sheridan in New York Star

### BASE BALL,



### Pains and Aches

### THE BEST REMEDY

ARE INSEPARABLE.

FOR THE PROMPT, SURE CURE OF

### Sprains, Bruises, Hurts,

Cuts, Wounds, Backache,

### RHEUMATISM,

### ST. JACOBS OIL

HAS NO EQUAL.

Appreciated Devotion.

"No, George, our engagement must be broken. Father has failed, you know."

"When did your father fail? I hadn't heard of it," he said turning pale.

"He failed yesterday and is very much prostrated in consequence. My whole time must be given to him now. He needs my individual care and attention, and though it may break our hearts, George, we must part forever."

"Noble girl," thought George, as he hastily grasped his hat and with his broken heart went out into the night.—Chicago News

### Sore Throat, Cough, or Cold,

If suffered to progress, results in serious pulmonary affections, oftentimes incurable. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" reach directly the seat of the disease, and give instant relief.

Good Reason

Editor (to office boy)—How do you spell "tautology?"

Office boy (promptly)—I don't spell it at all.

Editor (angrily)—What did you go to school for?

Office boy (sadly)—Because I had to—Washington Star.

The brusque and fussy impulse of these days of false impression would rate down all as worthless because one is unworthy.

As if there were no notes in sunbeams!

Or comets among stars!

Or cataracts in peaceful rivers!

Because one remedy professes to do what it never was adapted to do, are all remedies worthless?

Because one doctor lets his patient die, are all humbugs?

It requires a fine eye and a finer brain to discriminate—to draw the differential line.

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"They say" for a weak system there's nothing better than the "Discovery," and that the "Favorite Prescription" is the hope of debilitated, feeble women who need a restorative tonic and bracing nerve.

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Easy to Take. PROMPT IN ACTION.

Clear the Complexion from Pimples, Itches and Blemishes. Cure every form of Headache. An Excellent After Dinner Pill.

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These Little Pills have the most powerful action and pleasant effect of any pill ever made. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail for 25 cents.

The Best of RISERS Elegant, Malleable, Earth. Safe.

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IS THE BEST MEDICINE for the General Ailments of Horses, Cattle, Hogs and Sheep. They purify the blood, prevent and cure disease, loosen and reliable, in twenty packages, used and warranted for over twenty years. Everyone owning a horse or cattle should give it a trial. Made by EMERET PROPRIETARY Co., Chicago. Sold by all druggists.

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