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for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses seconmon toour best female population, will cure entirely the worst form of Fernig Com-Thinks, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulcara-Change of life. It will dissive and expel tomore from the uterns in

an early state of development. The tendeley to can-core a lumnor there is checked very speedly by its use. It removes fainteen, flatchest, deat over it craving for all mulents, and releves weakness of the chemical. It cares bleating, Hendriches, Nervous Prestration, Grean I Icharty, Sicophysics, Percents and Indi-portion. That feeling of bearing down, consist pain, weight and backbache, is slways permanently exceed by its use.
It will at all themsend under all circumstances act in
harmony with the laws that revers the female system.
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CHEST, SORE THROAT, SWELLINGS SPRAINS. FROSTED FEET

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eneral Bodily Pains TOOTH, EAR HEADACHE. AND

4300 ACHES. No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Ott. as a sarr, two, store a and energy External Remedy. A trial entails at the comparatively trifling ontial of the Cours, and every ne suffering with pain can have always and positive proof of

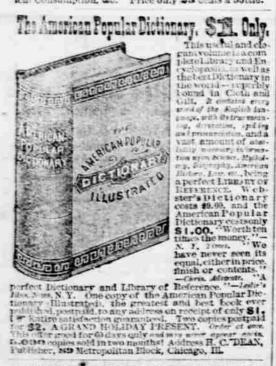
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TORPID LIVER. s o. Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullafter eating, with a disinclination to

CONSTIPATION. TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, single dose effects such a change of fee ng as to astonish the suffered SOLD EVERYWHERE, PRICE 25 CENTS.





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NCYCLOPÆDIA OF

TIQUETTERBUSINESS

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF. M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

THE FIRESIDE CHRISTMAS. TWILIGHT. ATWEEN the daylight and the night. I watch the swiftly fading light That dips the hemiouss shade more deep, And makes the wreathed ivies creep In heavier masses round the doors, While cross the time worn oaken floors The wavering lines of fivelight fly From fires of Christmas revelry.

The stockings by the chimney side, the generous logs that heap it wide, fitr memories that bring again The long-jost lov, alld hope, and pain; note with unbreding eyes we see both the glistening Christmus tree-for far-off yours stand silent by, Nor mingle with the revelry The radiant earth sleeps clad in white

but Christmas theor bath Christmas night-The wood and odors on the a r Work Incir sweet spell to bunish care, And in the loy of childhood's play Our hearts break blossom and are gay-The sweetness of life's cup we try With merry Christmas revelry. Rich are the stores of garnered time;

ligh beets the pulte of need sublimet Strong is the communication of years; Keen is the fellowship of tenes; e are forgot, our love is strong And does the present hour no wrong, Tho' voiceless races linger nigh And share our Christmas reveiry -Mrs. D. H. R. Goodale.

While the Christmas bells are ringing,

And the tapers burning clear.

Join us, friends and travelers, bringing

Music for the passing year:

We have forme the wintry weather. Wind and storm we would not miss, We will now be glad together-Drink :- to health and happiness!

Hear the merry staldhebells lingle Clear shove the creaking snow, While bur pulses leap and tingle, Fancy following where they go; Others errands we are finding, For our thought is one, beneath

Many right good wishes binding. In the maxic heliy wreath. We are with them, gaily, kindly, And their burden one with ours; We forsake our sorrow, blindly,

Cover up our grief with flowers; Chasp we hands above our artar, Thus forget a conscious wrong, The our happy voic s falter In the old-time Christmas song! -Dora Read Goodale.

DAYLEGET. A shining arrow, swift and keen,
The young and eager morn lets fly—
A shaft to pierce the pallid dawn.
And part the curtains of the sky; The frosty ensement, glimmering chill, Across the shalowy room I see, When, with the first awakening thrill,

Without, the cold gray hills stand fast Before the silver rim of herves, Within, the shuddering night is passed, And light and hope are newly given; I gaze, and lift my soul in peayer, Awed by the solemn stress of morn, For lo! the immortal Day is he e-To us a Child is born!

We slept t eneath the ban of night, Whose still on brow and evelits lay, But with the dawn receive our sight, And half the Christ at break of day! On vonder height we see her rise-The morning passionless and pale; Our Priedess, with the vestal eyes

I leave the childish voices mute, Whose Christmas r cetings sweeter chime, And stend i clow with n decless foot, o seek alone the household shrinet The hearth is cold, the altar Lare, But gifts and tokens piled above Attest the old-time offering there, The sacrifice of love.

A pattering sound of baby feet; A burst of stilled language led By voices ringing sweet: The Wintry twilight slips away And leaves my silent homere done; While forward leaps the exultant day, Touched by the rising sun

What eyes the holy visil kept, What hand presered the christmas cheer, White still the votive merdens dept-The hallowed hound owners. Beyond our ken the mystery lies, The love D vine we dore not say: Yet hearts by human love made wise May welcome Christmas Day!

-Elaine Goodale, in Good Company. POPSY AND PEASE.

It was the day before Christmas. Something had happened. It was not that the fire was out. The very often had no dinner. It was not said: Poor little Pease cried so much that she post my letter." It was not even that Popsy had cut his the letter, too. dow to keep the wind from Pease. Solve the spirits, with a feeling of naving neglected some duty, Weariness, Diz.

| Siness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots belone the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache Renerally over the right eye, Restlessness with little dreams, highly colored Urine & the window, and so made room for the window, and so made room for the could do to stand on tiptoe long enough of the coul

'em. bad luck to 'em, and they must take theirsels off sharp?" The land-lady almost always said that. The lady almost always said that. The land-lady almost always said that the said Popsy, reluctantly. But Pease cried lady almost always said that the said Popsy, reluctantly. But Pease cried lady almost always said that the said Popsy, reluctantly. But Pease cried lady almost always said that the said Popsy reluctantly. But Pease cried lady almost always said that the said Popsy reluctantly. But Pease cried lady almost always said that the said Popsy reluctantly. But Pease cried lady almost always said that the said Popsy reluctantly but Pease cried lady almost always said that the said Popsy reluctantly but Pease cried lady almost always said that the said Popsy reluctantly but Pease cried lady almost always said that the said Popsy reluctantly but Pease cried lady almost always said that the said Popsy reluctantly but Pease cried lady almost always said that the said Popsy reluctantly but Pease cried lady almost always said that the said Popsy reluctantly but Pease cried lady almost always said that the said Popsy reluctantly but Pease cried lady almost always said that the said Popsy reluctantly but Pease cried lady almost always said that the said Popsy reluctantly but Pease cried lady almost always said that the said Popsy reluctantly but Pease cried lady almost always said that the said Popsy reluctantly but Pease cried lady almost always said that the said Popsy reluctantly but Pease cried lady almost always belong the said Popsy reluctantly but Pease cried lady almost always said that the said Popsy reluctantly but Pease cried lady almost always said that the said Popsy reluctantly but Pease cried lady always said that the said Popsy reluctantly but Pease cried lady always said that the said Popsy reluctantly but Pease cried lady always said that the said Popsy reluctantly but Pease cried lady always said that the said Popsy reluctantly but Pease cried lady always said that the said Popsy reluctantly bu the snow-storm, it was worse than a answer."

worse than a sore throat, and it ashed little figures seemed to bend and sink to me 'f anybody was to be swore into off the humidity of the air, with which harder than the blue, cut finger that within it. Popsy put shivering out to wrap the "Young ones?" said the letter-carrier, chap. Always felt to home with you, and from vegetation. It has been dethat Mamma was dead.

The window might be mended, if one Pease by the hand. and the glass. The fire could be lighted. if anybody brought wood. The land- he thought no more about it. Pease would not cry forever and ever. all at once he stopped, and said-The snow itself would stoop softly and would be spring.

But when your mother is dead there stopped again. is nothing to be done. Popsy, in Popsy's way, thought of all

understand that something, not like do." said the clerk, impatiently.

Bloom Low m., being anything else in the world, had hapaperfect Lampuvor anything law in the more many thing law in the world, had hapaperfect Lampuvor anything law in the world in manary or pened to himself and his sister Pease. ster's Dictionary costs 49.90, and the American Popular Speaking quite aloud. "It can't unhappen," said Popsy, the carrier, more softly. her dinner and a fire, and when it didn't melted ice; it was wet and limp, it was snow in the window, and when her addressed in a child's scrawl, in printed

mamma was there to brush her hair, letters—a slight and senseless thing. and tie the plaid tippet on somehow different - how dit mamma tie that twist of the fringe gravely and with care. He liked to see Pease look pretty, even if the fire were out.

"Sweet Pease," mamma used to call a little in awe or fear. The clerk and her. Her mamma was different from the carrier gathered together, bending the landlady and Mrs. Joggins. They their heads under the gaslight across had little girls, but they called them the paper in their hands.

Bet, and Bridget, and Mariarann. This was the address un Popsy thought his mother had been dif- In spite of the wet, in spite of the blood, ferent from everybody in the world. in spite of the wrinkles, in spite of the

with Bet and Mariarann.

His pana was dead, too. Mamma said he was in Heaven with the Lord sus. But that didn't matter so much, clerk looked at the carrier. because Popsy could not remember about him. All that Popsy could remember was that they had come from place to place, and room to room, he place to place, and room to room, he and mamma and Pease; and that everything that happened happened worse than the last thing, and now the worst of all had happened, and mamma lay dead upon the bed in the corner one lay dead upon the bed in the corner one lay dead upon the bed in the corner one lay a man came and look like one a little lay dead upon the bed in the corner one lay a man came and look like one a little lay dead upon the bed in the corner one lay a man came and look like one a little lay dead upon the bed in the corner one lay a man came and look like one a little lay dead upon the bed in the corner one lay a man came and look like one a little lay dead upon the bed in the carrier. The carrier looked embarrassed.

Popsy went up to the minister, who had not spoken, but stood silently repaired by the carrier. The carrier looked embarrassed.

Popsy went up to the minister, who had not spoken, but stood silently repaired by the ground, that they may send up a tall but straight tree. I have often cut the young trees off near looked embarrassed.

Popsy went up to the minister, who had not spoken, but stood silently repaired by the ground, that they may send up a tall but straight tree. I have often cut the young trees off near looked embarrassed.

No straight tree. I have often cut the young trees off near looked embarrassed.

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No straight tree. I have often cut the young trees off near looked embarrassed.

Popsy went up to the minister, who had not spoken, but stood silently repaired by the ground, that they may be a looked embarrassed.

No straight tree. I have often cut the young trees off near looked embarrassed.

Popsy went up to the minister, who had not spoken, but stood silently repaired by the ground trees of near looked embarrassed. day, and another way a man came and took her off, and Tom Joggins said they had buried her. And it was cold, and Pease was crying, and his finger ached—and when mamma made rufiled nightgowns—a dozen for tifty cents—they sometimes had a dinner, and a suddenly they grew still. Each looked the looked the looked they sometimes had a dinner, and a suddenly they grew still. Each looked the looked the looked the looked the looked they was constant. Then as skell Popsy.

"You're Lord Zhesus?" echoed the looked they was looked they sometimes had a dinner, and a suddenly they grew still. Each looked they looked they was look

lasses, or an Indian meal pudding. "Wished I had bread nlarsy!" sobbed Pease at that very minute.

"'N a little Injun pudden!" wailed Popsy.
"Jes' a cracker, Popsy!" cried Sweet continued to say:
"I - vum!"

Pease. "Once she had a sou-ou-oup with a bone into it!" added Popsy, drawing in his breath and tasting his own lips. ginning to cry as if she had never cried Boston, 'pou my word, he did." new and absorbing kind of occupation one. by which to pass the time. .

one another why this seemed to Popsy | died together in it.

yet. How shall we? Popsy jumped down from his chair, her lip again. She hadn't cried all and stood still in the middle of the night. room. He looked at Pease. His breath The landlady came and tucked them

a little woman to poor Popsy.

"Pease," said Popsy, then more softly. "I know. But we'll say our first thing, "on business." prayers first."

lay me." and Popsy said, "Our Fath- her this time. say, and then Pease began: prayer, and Popsy said he guessed that pet, and let her go.

was enough, and so they got up again, before.

zan p'ayers, Popsy!

she had. And in the drawer he found a be found, when Pease said:

"What you doin', Popsy?" hush up, Peasie!"

er as he wrote. Now Popsy couldn't write, exactly; answer to my letter.' wondered if they could read printing; forgotten all about it. and Pease asked. "Who?" "The folks I'm writing to," said Popsy; "the one I mailed yesterday."

wrote he looked grander and grander. sure He can. I guess He's got so far as And when he prayed: Sweet Pease had never seen him look writing, Pease. Don't you be afraid. I and the tears were wet upon his cheeks. little boys. But I don't know where to among us, ' there was a stir upon the Popsy said: "Now we'll come!"

But Sweet Pease never asked him swerthe letter, Pease." where, and went at once. So Popsy tied the plaid tippet round

They had each other's hands. Popsy Popsy, stoutly. he thought she might blow away.

But Popsy said:

Pease lived. It was not that they had grand as a very small boy could look fused as they looked. not had any dinner. Pease and Popsy in a very big storm. But to Pease he "It's the letter-man," said Popsy, plenty—we would do our vummed best, altogether that Pease had been crying. 'I'm goin' on business. I'm goin' to There's another man."

and Popsy had both got used to it. It So by-and-by they came to a letter stood beside the carrier. He shaded buried." was not so much that Popsy had a sore box. It was covered with ice and snow. his eyes with his hand, and seemed to "It don't seem, sir, as if a man that throat. Popsy usually had a sore throat. So was Popsy. So was Pease. So was be watching.

storm to come in on Pease. Then it could do to stand on tiptoe long enough "Yes, I see," said the gentleman, and attention given to forests, groves was not the landlady exactly. To be to slip his freezing letter into the frozen softly, still shading his eyes, which had and shade trees as their value and imsure, she had just been up, and said she box. When he had done that Pease grown blinding wet, as the little figures portance demands. We in the West couldn't be bodered with the two of began to cry. She said she was cold and of the children toiled towards him on are doing considerable in this line, and

thing which had happened had never twice as hard as ever.

happened before: it could never, never "I s'pose I must go home with her," cially for parsons, I take it. Parsons trees ought to be planted than places ain't never much on eyesight. But I where trees are planted. happen again to Popsy and Fease. The said Popsy, talking to himself. 'She always did say they war the chaps for I believe the climatic influence of

than the landlady, it was worse than stay'n cry. I can come back and get my you, sir. I knew you'd come. I knew drying and damaging winds in summer broken window, it was worse than no So Popsy turned and trudged away. and thought on't all night. Ain't a of winter than in the increase of rain. fire, and worse than no dinner; it burt The storm beat upon them. The two pious man, you know, sir, but seemed They prevent the wind from carrying

end of his old tippet round the neck and panting up. He shaded his eyes with sir, since you buried my boy, though I monstrated, some years ago, on the his hand, and looked through the bit- ain't a pew-holder nor a profe-sor, sir. prairies of Iowa, that a belt of trees

lady would stop talking, if people paid He thought no more about it, till he morning, and between us and the po- In my opinion, tree planters for ecotheir reat. If you hart your finger or took out his bunch of letters to sort lice, sir, we would find the young ones, nomic uses do not investigate the value your throat, you might get well. Even them under cover from the wet. Then How they walk! Kinder tuckered out of the different sorts of timber to plant.

"Wh-ee-ee! lie down in the streets and stop one And he said nothing more till he got They waited silently; only now and cannot afford to wait for it. Same with day, and the grass would come, and it to the post-office. But when he was then the carrier vummed a little below Malberry and Osage Orange. In the there, he beckoned to a clerk, and his breath when Pease slipped down early settlement here the Black or Yel-

"What's up?" asked the clerk. "I-vum," said the carrier. vast amount of ale. this, or some of it, or enough of it to "We all know that. You frequently

"Look at this -vummed letter," said It was a half sheet of paper, crooked- crumpled. It was Popsy's letter. It the European Larch, which, no doubt,

Pease stopped crying and looked up.
Pease was pretty—when she had had
Pease was pretty—when she had had become a pretty—when she had But this bit of useless paper bore the POR my little sister yours Trealy Popsy." tippet? Popsy wondered, studying the United States. The clerk and the carstamp of the great Mail Service of the rier dared not pass it by. "Just you look," said the carrier.

He spoke in a singular tone, as of one This was the address upon the letter.

True, he did not know a great many people in the world, but he felt sure of this. His mamma and not let them play scription was quite plain and clear: "to The Lord jesus CHRist BOSTON."

The carrier looked at the clerk. The "1-vum," repeated the carrier.
"I'm-dum," said the clerk.
And, indeed, he seemed to be.

"Must have been them young ones,"

breakfast, too-bread, maybe, and mo- at the other strangely, and there was an awkward pause. "Poor little fools!" said one man, gether under the wintry heavens.

"I ain't so sure who's the fools, Bill!" said another. But the carrier

"Got a two-cent stamp on, too," said the servant of the United States Mail at last. "Must do something with "I'm cold. Popsy!" said Pease, he it. Boys, the chap thought he lived in before in all her life, and had found a One man laughed again, but only

"It's clear a city stamp won't carry "You get bread nlarsy!" sobbed the the thing far enough." said the clerk. baby. "Please Popsy, bread nlarsy!" "I shall hold it," he added, gravely, Sweet Pease put up her little blue "for insufficient postage," and he did. lips and kissed Popsy in the neck; just The storm was over. Through the as she did when she teased him for his broken window the sun shone in fine old broken top, or his two marbles, or lines between the heavy frost that overher turn to plague the landlady's yellow swept the pane; it lay upon the floor in cat waiting for mice upon the stair. a glare of white, cold light, itself like a I don't know how we can explain to sheet of ice. Popsy and Pease sat cudthe hardest thing that had happened "It's warmer," said Popsy, "'most."

"I'm co'old!" said Pease, putting up

came fast like that of a boy who is up in an old rug of hers, that kept them fighting. He felt like a man. And warm at times: for she had kind Sweet Pease, sitting there, looked like thoughts now and then, like other cross people. And Tim Joggins was so "I'd ought to take care of my little drunk that he gave them a johnny-cake sister." said Popsy, with a grand look. for supper; and so they had got along. After that he stood and thought a little Besides, it was morning, and that makes such a difference in this world. "I'm going out now," said Popsy, the

"Pease, too, Popsy," said Sweet Sweet Pease stopped crying, and Pease, with perfect assurance, scram-Popsy got hold of her hand, and they bling to her feet. knelt down. But it was just as cold "You cry so," said Popsy. He did not, hadn't worn since he count re

ly. "I don't ky." "Dear Zhesus, ever at my side" -but "Who does, then?" asked Popsy; but half a dozen friends of Mrs. Carrier's, couldn't remember the rest of that he twisted her up in the old plaid tip- and in fact, a great many people who

and Pease began to cry again. And thoughtfully, as they trotted along in about the little boy who wrote letters to poor Pease. "Raver have bread nlarsy it's Lord Zhesus, Popsy!"

"My letter to the Lord Jesus," said

"Can He wite pwint?" So he wrote on and on. And as he "Oh yes," said Popsy, simply, "I'm the little boy!" with an air of suppressed anxiety. there came an answer from the people.

"Maybe it ll be on the letter-box." said Pease, be oming interested in the sage to the minister, and this was it. her head, and he put his old cap on, matter. "Maybe it'll come out that what there was of it, and they started little hole, I should fink. Will it come feel it a privilege to adopt the little this morning, Popsy?" They started out into the storm. "Some ime to-day, I guess," replied viding for them in all their temporal

held Sweet Pease very hard and tight; So when they came in sight of the given to us. The members of this letter-box there was somebody there, church would thank their pastor for The landlady saw them go, and cried It was the carrier. He did not look representing to these orphan children out, "Good riddance to them!" and dim, as he did yesterday in the storm, the love of God, and the pity of His Tim Joggins saw them, and he said but shining and clear, for the sun fell they'd better go to the p'lice-for Tim full on him; as if a figure had stepped was not very drunk and a little kind. from the background to the foreground

But Popsy said:
"Never you mind where we go!" of a picture.
The sun fell so full that Popsy and minister, "that if so be you couldn't fire was apt to be out where Popsy and And he held up his head and looked as Pease were a little blinded and confind anybody that wanted 'em; for good

dow to keep the wind from Pease. Nor and dim, and white, yet seeming to fools! I vum, sir. Them are the very Fouth's Companion. was it entirely that it snowed. It move mistily and swiftly like the an- young ones. There they be. Look usually snowed since Tom Joggins got gels that we see in the background of across there. A boy and a gal. The gal has a sort of plaided tippet round

such like service, a parson was the it is filled from evaporation from soil The thing which had happened was ter sleet. The little figures faded and He wasn't bigger'n that little cove, around a field, to break the wind, saved departed in it, Popsy holding Sweet Johnny wasn't, sir. Thought on't yes- the crops from damage, and thus ob-Pease by the hand.

Pease by the hand.

Pity! 'thought the carrier. And then you. She perfesses. So I thought I'd if all the ground had been occupied by run up and get the letter sir, this crops.

we'll wait right here."

or Popsy stopped to put his bare, cut low Locust was considered the most hand to his sore throat, as if it hurt valuable tree we could plant; but him more than he expected. The minister stood with one hand here and destroyed them. The Cotacross his eyes. He was a pale man, tonwood, Soft Maple and Green Willow with a gentle face. In his other hand, have been planted considerable; all which shook a little, he held a piece of very rapid growers. The latter is most paper, soiled, wet, blood-stained, valuable for farm uses. Then came

"DEAr LORD jesus christ sweat Peas is my Little Sister and she Is cold WE havnt Enny flur noR diner an marma IS ded Nor enny Body else cether i thort Youd Like tu no.

"Pleas cond ME Supported and the lead of things by experience; and one is that our Hardy Catalpa is more valuable than any of the above-named varieties. tu no.

Pleas send ME SumBody and Sum Super It is true that the experience of this The minister stood in the blinding in the Northwest; but in Southern In-

tiny toiling tigures of the children came | cient length of time to prove its duranearer, drew closer and stopped. It bility-as a post in the ground, lasting was deadly cold at that corner by the forty, fifty, and even seventy-five years. letter-box, but Pease forgot to cry. I have had twenty-five years of experi-Popsy stepped up to the carrier. He ence with this tree, and in the early had on his grand look. Pease turned period of my experience I discovered

quite so grand. "I arxpect a letter."

"My name is Popsy. My mamma is dead. This is my little sister. Her der sort, larger, more white and beauname is Pease. She's very little. I tiful flowers. take care of her. I wrote a letter for her. Is there any answer for me?"

Trees for groves should be planted close, not more than four by six feet

snow and ice about him and behind



friend or so of the carrier's besides, and did not go to church very much were "Somebody kies," said Pease, there that day to hear that sermon

Popsy was not there, for his throat

chosen to carry the Master's answer to "Lord, give us a faith like the faith so grand. Yet he had a gentle look, don't b lieve He has to print notes to of the child whom Thou hast brought By and by the letter was done. And find the letter, 'zactly," added Popsy, still air of the church; and presently

> "but there's somebody with him. sir. We've got six. But my wife took a notion to the girl. And the boy is And truly there was. A gentleman just the size, sir, of the one you

was chosen to deliver letters to that Ad-"There," said the carrier, "I told dress had ought to pass it by as if it it was not even that Popsy had cut his the letter, too.

There, said the carrier, "I told dress had ought to pass it by as if it you so. Thought they'd come back to wasn't a vummed oncommon occurwhen he tried to stuff the broken win- that moment down the street, far away, this box to see after it. the poor little rence. -Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in

I BELIEVE there is not as much care

thing which had happened was worse is my little sister. I mustn't let her such like business. I'm glad I told trees is more in checking the force of the young ones would come, too. I lay and piercing-cold, snow-drifting winds

tree is quite limited and of short time sun, the carrier just behind him. The diana, Illinois and Missouri it is of suffiher face toward him confidingly. She that we had two varieties or species of was sure she had never seen him look Cataipa—the one more thrifty, beautiful and hardy, to stand the bleak zero "Any letters for me?" asked Popsy; weather of our climate. Hence, I gave it the distinctive name of Hardy. With "What's your name?" asked the car- me it grows fast, about like that of the soft maple; blooms two or three

"This gentleman'll answer that apart, that they may have small limbs

shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum, mix it with twice the quantity of sugar to make it palatable and administer it as quickly as possi-ble. Almost instant relief will follow.

But the minister, too, took off his hat; —It is a popular fallacy that if one he and the child stood bareheaded to- has a good appetite, he ought to feed well, and be able "to do a good square

ay's mork" in any of the departments of industry. Those who fly to the nountains and to the subore in sumner think they are getting on rey well if they only acquire an appesatiently for their meals, and then, siting down to them, best their former ives and their neighbors at their elows in putting away a large quantity f food. The thought does not occur o the summer tourist, that the condiions which lead to loss of appetite must e removed to render a good appetite armless to the digestive apparatus .-br. Foote in Health Monthly for Decem-

-The Philadelphia News man is erson of experience. He says: "A loston man has invented a new word-Astronometeorology,' It means what a nan sees when he suddenly runs against lamp-post." -The business men of Keokuk, lows,

have formed a stock company to start a regetable and fruit-canning factory in that city. [St. Louis Western Watchman.]

Muste Hath Charms, Etc. One of the great manufacturing interests of Boston, is the Emerson Place Company, whose planes are used with high appreciation and satisfaction throughout the world. In a recent conversation with Mr. Jos. Gramer, one of the proprietors, that gentleman re-

beumatism, after other remedies had failed. REMEMBER the poor, and if possible do something to make them remember you -N. D. Punyunt. Milwaukee Evening Wasconsin.) A Strong Conquerer.

marked: I have used that splendid remedy,

St. Jacobs Chi, in my family, and found it to

be so very beneficial that I will never be with-

Jacobs Oil enters a rhountable territory and conquers every subject. That's right. We believe in it. Dr. Mosso, of Turin, has invented a mathing which measures thought. It is called the plothysmograph. One of the machines was applied to a New York "society" man-a one-barreled everlass youth who parts his hair in the middle and the sensitive recreter

didn't indicate anything. It persistently remained at zero. Maine News. Hop Bitters, which are advertised in our columns, are a sure cure for ague, biliousness eay they cannot be too highly recommended Those afflicted should give them a fair trial and will become thereby enthusiastic in the praise of their curative qualities -

These were no tentrellas used during the reign of King Solomon. Hon. John Cessus, Late Member of Congress from Pa, says of

reliable Druggist. Usz Redding's Russia Salve in the house, and use Redding's Russia Salve in the stable. Tun France Axle Grease is the best and only Genuine. We know it.

A Man's residence, in law, is where his washing is done. The tramp has no home. A nasurer, looking, well-flossed man, wth a modest valise, walked timidiy up Jefferson Street vesterday afternoon, and, an rosching a policeman, took off his hat and, with many humble bows and apologies, asked permission to look in at some of the show windows as he walked along. "Certainly," said the officer, "certainly. Look into all of 'em as long as you like. That's what they're fixed up for. They want you to look into 'em." The stranger was profuse in his thanks, and said he wanted to see the things very much indeed, but he d du't want to make himself too new as he was a total stranger in Burlington. - Hencheye. CLOTHES CONNECTIONS-A pair of braces.

A round couple in their honeymoon are dallying langually with the grapes at dessert. She says: "And you don't find it tiresome,

dear, all alone with me! You are quite, quite sure that you don't wish to go back to your bachelor I fe again?" He says: "Quite, my daring. Indeed, married life is so awin'ty jelly that, you know, if you were to die tonight I'd get married again to morrow." Borno, to succeed-A new book. A PASHIONARLE Galveston voung man has ecquired cons derable fame as a musical bore on the viol n. One night at a social gathering he announced that he was going to send for a violin and draw a few of Be theren's immortal symphonics out of it by the tail, as

it were. To his amagement all the gentle-

men present volunteered to go for the fildle, and up to date none of them have got back

with it. For dispe sing a crowd, no implement of war has yet been invented to rival the fiddle. - Galacton News. We have received a story entitled "▲ Dark Deed," which is respectfully declined. The first chapter opens with, "It is mid-night." This teall right. It is often mid-

We can't print a story in which silence doesn't brood at midnight .- Norristown Herald.



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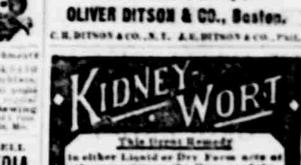
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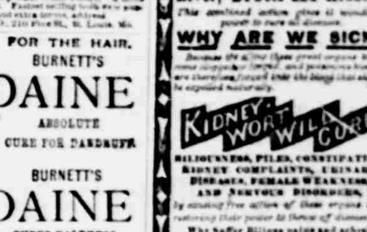
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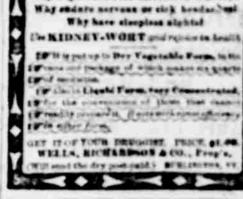


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JOHN B. ALDEN, MANAGER

they were just as hungry as they were the brilliant, biting air. "But 'taint the Lord Jesus Christ, and thought the me. I don't ky. Lord Zhesus Kist United States mail service in daily com-"Raver have bread niarsy!" sobbed kies, I guess. Somebody kied. Guess munication with the court of Heaven. Perfectly satisfied with this theologi- was too sore; he was in a warm bright "You wait," said Popsy, important- cal explanation of her personal faults, room in the Children's Hospital, drinkly. "We've got some butiness to'tend Sweet Pease clung to Popsy's hand, and ling hot chicken soup, when the churchdrew in her breath complacently, laugh- bell rang. And Pease was not there, So Popsy went to the table-drawer ing softly as they went. If anybody was for she was not big enough, Mrs. Carwhere his dear dead mammakept things to be blamed, the Lord Zhesus seemed rier said; and Mrs. Carrier ought to -not many things, to be sure -but all to Pease as convenient a person as could know, for she had promised to take care and kidney complaints. Those who use them of her for a week. pencil and a half sheet of paper. And At all events, Pease could not think Sweet Pease, in fact, was at home by of anyone else just then, except Mr. the fire with the Carrier children, eaf-Joggins - and he gave them their sup- ing "zhonny-cake," when the long "Writin' letters," Popsy said. "You per, which was more than the Lord prayer began, ush up, Peasie!" Jesus did, poor Pease thought. She It was a short sermon, for the minis-But he sat down and wrote, for all wouldn't have Tim Joggins blamed. ter could not say a great deal, he felt that. And he looked grander and grand- "I arxpect an answer," said Popsy, as and thought so much about Pease and they panted on in the cutting wind, "an Popsy. But when he told the story, just as it had happened, and when he but he could print. He told Pease he "What letter?" asked Pease, who had asked the people what he should do about Popsy, and when he said: "O my people, I have been thinking how proud you will be that you can be

> "The members of this church would Son our Saviour, whose messenger their pastor is.

Trees for the Farm.

CROUP.-Take a knife or grater, and

out it. It has cured me of a severe case of According to an Illimois exchange, our days I libeumatism are well-nigh numbered. St.

Portland Argus. Mrang's Rheumatic Remedy: doses and my rheumatism was gone. My brother, of Bedford, Pa. was cured by a similar quantity. I recommend it on all occasions. It never falls." Sold by every

"But don't you be afraid. He'll an- For they consulted together, and chose an old white-haired man to be their spokesman, and he carried their mesones as the wards of this church, proand spiritual needs so far as power is

"I and my wife wanted to say," said

with the cold. I-vum. Wa'al, I guess The Red Cedar is very durable and valthe worms soon found their way out