AN ARABIAN SIMOON.

Dreadful Scorching Received by Travelers Who Were Caught in One.

A simoon is first seen as a small haze on the horizon, but quickly spreading the cloud advances, sometimes slowly, sometimes rapidly, the tall pillars being visible a long way off, darkening the atmosphere, and bringing with them great destruction. In the whirl the wind blows with the force of a hurricane, hills of sand are taken up, and are either scattered or are again gathered into new hills wherever the storm chooses to deposit them, so that the desert is dotted with frequently shifting sand ranges. Under these are buried whole caravans of traders, travelers and even armies. The simoon is supposed to have annihilated the armies of Sennacherib and of Cambyses.

So terribly dry is the air in these storms that it is fatal to vegetation, while the density of the dust cloud makes it almost impossible for human beings to breathe. This gives rise to the idea that the wind contains a deadly poison; hence the Arabic simoon, signifying a poisonous wind; but it is no more poisonous than any other wind, its fatal qualities being simply the excessive dryness and the quantity of fine sand with which it is loaded. The temperature of the air has been known to rise to 133 degrees, and its desiccated effect is seen in dried-up mouths and nostrils, in skin cracking, intense thirst, painful and difficult breathing, and inability to sleep. The time occupied in passing a given spot varies between a few minutes and twenty and twenty-four hours, the blast leaving behind it unmistakable evidence of the path it has traveled. The hot, parching air of the simoon, almost as soon as the breath is out of the body and before decomposition has time to set in, causes the flesh to lose all its firmness and consistency, so that it drops or may be taken off the bones easily.

A party of officers sleeping on the roof of General Jacob's house at Jacobabad thus recounts their experience of the simoon: "They were awakened by a sensation of suffocation, and an exceedingly hot, oppressive feeling in the air, while at the same time a powerful smell of sulphur pervaded the atmosphere. On the following morning a number of trees in the garden were found to be withered in a remarkable manner. It was as if a current of fire about twelve yards in breadth had passed through the garden in a straight line, singeing and destroying every green thing in its course. Entering on one side and passing out on the other, its path was as defined as the course of a river.

Palgrave was overtaken by one of these scourges in Northern Arabia. After some preliminary remarks on the advance of the simoon, he proceeds: "So dark was the atmosphere, and so burning the heat, that it seemed that hell had risen from the earth, or descended from above. But at the moment when the worst of the concentrated poison-blast was coming round we were already prostrate, one and all within the tent, with our heads well wrapped up, almost suffocated, indeed, but safe; while our camels lay without like dead, their long necks stretched out on the sand, awaiting the passing of the gale.

"We remained thus for ten minutes, during which a still heat, like that of a red-hot iron slowly passing over us, was alone to be felt. Then the tent walls began again to flap in the returning gusts, and announced that the worst of the simoon had gone by. My comrades appeared more like corpses than living men, and so, I suppose, did I. However, I could not forbear, in spite of warnings, to step out and look at the camels; they were still lying flat, as though they had been dead, and the air was still darkish, but before long it brightened up to its usual dazzling clearness. During the whole time the simoon lasted the atmosphere was entirely free from sand or dust; so that I hardly know how to account for its singular obscurity."—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE TABLE NAPKIN.

How Its Careless Use Marred the Career of a Great French Critic.

The law of the napkin is but vaguely understood. One of our educated metropolitan contemporaries informs an eager inquirer that it is bad form to fold the napkin after dinner; that the proper thing is to throw it with negligent disregard on the table beside the plate, as to fold it would be a reflection on the host, and imply a familiarity that would not befit an invited guest. But the thoughtful reader will agree with us that this studied disorder is likely to be a good deal more trying to a fastidious hostess than an unstudied replacing of the napkin in good order beside the visitor's plate. The proper thing is to fold the fabric with unostentatious care, and lay it on the left of the plate, far from the liquids, tea and coffee, and thus testify to the hostess that her care in preparing the table has been appreciated. The napkin has played famous parts in the fortunes of men and women. It was one of the points admired in Marie Stuart that, thanks to her exquisite breeding in the court of Marie de Medici, her table was more imposing than the full court of her great rival and executioner, Elizabeth. At the table of the latter the rudest forms were maintained, the dishes were served on the table, and the great Queen helped herself to the platter without fork or spoon, a page standing behind her with a silver ewer to bathe her fingers when the flesh had been torn from the roasts. At the court of the empire, Eugenie was excessively fastidious. The use of a napkin and the manner of eating an egg made or ruined the career of a guest. The great critic, Saint Beuve, was disgraced and left off the visiting list because at a breakfast with the Emperor and Empress at the Tuilleries he carelessly opened his napkin and spread it over his knees and cut his egg in two in the middle. The court etiquette prescribed that the half-folded napkin should lie on the left knee to be used in the least obtrusive manner in touching the lips, and the egg was to be merely broken on the larger end with the edge of the spoon and drained with its tip.—*Household Words.*

FASHIONS IN FURS.

The Latest in Available Garments and Stylish Skulls and Robes.

Long, shaggy boas and muffs of monkey skin will replace the swell furs later on. These furs of monkey skin will take precedence of the dyed lynx, which costs just twice as much and is a far finer fur. But fashion's decree has gone forth and who will dispute it? In light colors the natural lynx—a yellowish white fur, with irregular spots of black—will divide the honors with red fox and "possum, the latter a bright yellow, with brown stripes running through it. Three-yard boas and medium-sized muffs will be the prevailing shapes worn in these fancy furs.

Yellow boxes otter and the gray variety will be the trimming most seen on cloth suits; long mantles and the directoire coat the finest long-haired monkey skin being reserved for handsome black wraps for elderly ladies.

Styles in the high-priced seal skin garments change but little. The long Newmarket, with rolling collar, close sleeves, and fastened to the knee in front will be fully as fashionable as it was last year. Elegant once show a facing of seal down each side of the front, giving them when thrown open the appearance of being lined throughout with that material. Many women find these long garments too heavy for walking, and prefer the more moderate sacque that is anywhere from thirty-four to forty-five inches in length. These are fitted as snugly as possible to the figure, and have a deep rolling collar that covers the ear tips when turned up. The girl that pinched and struggled to raise $120 for a natty little eighteen-inch sealskin jacket last year may weep and wail. She has good reason, for, to use a commercial phrase, she is "short on sealskin." Anywhere from six to eight inches short, and the urbane furrier will frankly tell her that there is but one way of supplying the deficit. It's expensive, but it's sure. Get an entire new coat. Trimming of a different fur to lengthen it is entirely passé, and to piece it down with sealskin is an impossibility, for the line of joining will show. One satisfaction remains, however, if one can not afford to be off with the "old love and on with the new," and that is to snip away the extra two inches in front, evening up the jacket all around, and convert the bell-shaped sleeve into a tight coat-sleeve devoid of even the plainest of cuffs. No fastenings of any kind are visible on any of the sealskin garments, elegant simplicity being the effect generally sought after. "A word to the wise is sufficient," and although prices of sealskin show no advance upon those of last season, the timely shopper may buy to advantage before the frosts make such a purchase seem desirable.—*Chicago Times.*

PEA-FOWLS AT HOME.

How They Are Regarded by the Natives of British India.

These birds of brilliant plumage run wild in the Indian jungles, strut freely about the rice fields, and frequent the sacred trees along the Grand Trunk Road. Those that frequent the Grand Trunk Road and strut about in the vicinity of the villages, are almost as tame and fearless in the presence of man as the domesticated ones that so proudly strut about the lawn of an American country-house.

The reason for their tameness is found in the fact that they also, in common with many things in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, are held sacred by the Hindoos. The natives never hunt, frighten or molest the peacocks in any way, because they are held sacred to their wanged Kartikeya. In mythological times, when the gods made war upon each other, this deity, the "God of War," and Generalissimo of the Armies of the gods," was believed to ride to battle upon a peacock. In consequence of this tradition, the pious Hindoo thinks it sacrilege to harm the martial fowl, or in any way to show it disrespect.

The Rajput warriors used to go to war wearing peacock-feathers in their turbans, and even now they believe that these fowls scream when they hear thunder, because the noise is mistaken for the din of battle. It was to me a pretty sight to see these brilliant plumaged birds stalking about on the Grand Trunk Road, half-tame in their sacred security from molestation. As they strutted proudly about, or stood still and spread their gorgeous tails, it seemed to me fit and proper that such bright ornaments of the jungle should be protected from wanton violence at the hands of man.

In certain districts the British government has made laws forbidding the shooting of pea-fowls by English hunting parties, or by soldiers from the garrisons. This is done from the respect that the Government always desires to show to the religious prejudices of the natives. In other provinces, however, the natives, while they refrain from molesting the sacred fowls themselves, offer no objections to the shooting of them by English sportsmen.

Where there are no native prejudices to be consulted, the Government rather encourages the sport than otherwise. The officers and soldiers of the garrisons are usually keen sportsmen, and every facility is granted them for pea-fowl hunting, because the sport is considered excellent training in the use of firearms. The true Anglo-Indian sportsman scorns to shoot pea-fowl with any thing but a rifle, because, with a shot-gun, the sport is little else than mere slaughter. With a rifle, however, the killing becomes a matter of skill, and soldiers who spend a good share of their time in shooting at flying peacocks with their rifles, would be sure to acquit themselves all the more creditably as sharp-shooters on the field of battle.—*Thomas Stevens, in St. Nicholas.*

Enough to Live On.

Visitor—You have been unfortunate, my friend.

Convict—Well, I dunno; I robbed a bank of twenty thousand dollars, and only got three years for it. That's more money than you can make in three years.—*Texas.*

WASHINGTON SERVANTS.

Virginia Aunties Who Used to Cook "De de Fell of Richmond."

As a rule cooks and other household help in Washington are negroes, and the white servant is comparatively scarce. The supply is drawn chiefly from Virginia and Maryland, but as Washington became the negro's paradise about the time the Freedman's Bureau was established, they came here from all parts of the South, but of course Virginia and Maryland, on account of the proximity to the National capital, furnished larger quotas than any of the other States. A great prize in the eyes of a proud Washington housekeeper of means is to secure a genuine old Virginia cook—an "old auntie," as they are called—one who knows too many new-fangled notions, and is willing to work and who takes a delight in preparing delicious home meals such as she used to serve up "To de fell of Richmond," as so many of the darkies have expressed it. It must not be inferred that there are no good cooks among the younger generation, for there are, and of recent years negro men have been cultivating the art of cooking, and negro male cooks, while employed chiefly at hotels and restaurants in this capital city, are also being utilized in the homes. A darky is so fond of good eating that it is but natural they should cultivate the art of improving themselves so that they can command high wages. The younger set are not as reliable and steady as the old timers who were trained in slavery days, but they do quite well considering all the circumstances, and if a housekeeper is a fairly good manager there isn't really much trouble in securing here a good cook. The wife of a Western Republican Senator says that when she was a small girl she used to hear her aged grandmother talk of dishes that were popular in Virginia. Her grandmother hailed from West from that State. The Senator's wife had almost forgotten these dishes, but on coming to Washington to live she employed a negro woman as her cook, and it was not long before "old auntie" was placing before her some of the dishes she had heard her grandmother speak of. Old auntie had succeeded in changing completely the diet of her Western employers, and they are so fond of the new way of eating things, so far as they are concerned, that they prefer it to the Western.

This is the bright side to the culinary question in Washington. Some people have no end of trouble, especially those who happen to engage a restless, impudent and worthless young black woman, who has at times had her own way and literally bossed the people who hired her. They have this kind in Washington as treasures, and unhappy is the lot of the family who has an experience with cooks of this description. One good housewife, about six months ago, lost a valuable cook who had been in her employ for many years, and she had a harrowing experience before she secured another that approached her. After trying a half-dozen who hired one day a lively woman who came well recommended and said she had been walking around for a week looking for a place, she seemed glad to find employment again. Being told that she would be expected to prepare a light supper on Sundays, she indignantly replied: "No, indeed, ma'am; you can't get me to cook nothin' on Sunday evenin' for nobody." She then switched off to look for another place.—*Cor. St. Louis Republic.*

PREHISTORIC FOREST.

The Largest Section of Petrified Fossil Wood Ever Exhibited.

The most magnificent and largest fragment of polished silicified wood ever brought from the petrified forest of Arizona to the Eastern seaboard was placed on exhibition recently by a jewelry house in this city.

It is a perfect section from a gigantic fossil tree trunk, three feet in height and forty-one and thirty-four inches in greatest length and breadth across the top. Although entirely of stone, weighing altogether 4,500 pounds, the tree form is perfectly preserved. The bark can be readily distinguished, as also a knot-hole showing where at some prehistoric time the aged tree, while still living lost one of its limbs.

In color the specimen is a dark red or brown on the unpolished portion. On the table-like top, however, where the trunk has been cut across transversely, the skilled hand of the polisher has been at work and the glassy surface exhibits the most beautiful shades of red, carmine and crimson, as well as various tints of yellow, orange, brown, light green, purple, gray, white and black. In some places these colors blend imperceptibly into each other, while in others they are distinct markings or blotches upon the general rich, red background.

Another thing also very interesting is the distinctness of the annual rings of the tree. Under the microscope also the entire original texture of the wood may be studied down to the minutest cells. From this study it is thought that the original tree was some species of the Sequoia—the giant tree of California.

The exact locality from which the specimen was taken is a point distant about twenty-four miles from Holbrook, Apache County, Arizona. Here is an area of over one thousand acres worn away by the action of the elements into innumerable gullies and gulches, in every one of which are the petrified remains of hundreds of trees of all ages and sizes, some lying as if they had never been disturbed since the day when they fell, others looking as if a wood-chopper had been at work and cut them into convenient blocks preparatory to carrying them away.

From this wonderful stone forest the big fossil tree section was taken. From Holbrook it was shipped by rail to Sioux Falls, Dakota, the only place in the United States where the polishing of such a hard and large piece of rock could be undertaken. Here the work was done, the result being the largest piece of polished silicified wood known.

Although no definite price has been fixed upon the specimen, it is believed to be worth something over $1,000.—*N. Y. Sun.*

QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

Her Aged Husband Allows Her, and Her Will Is His Law.

Quite another style of a woman is Queen Emma, to whom the Dutch are reconciled only because she is a good nurse for their King, popular she could never be, because the Dutch fear even the most talented Germans, and Emma is a Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont. However, the King adores her and is only contented in her society and she seems to think there is no difference between thirty years and three score and ten. When William went to Potsdam to attend the marriage of his brother he little dreamed of marrying, but he met Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont, now Duchess of Albany, and felt that at sixty-one life might recommence were she to become the Queen of Holland. Helen looked upon her aged admirer with scorn and refused his flowers and jewels. One day William overheard Emma say to her sister: "I should never refuse to become a Queen." "Ah," he exclaimed, "are you fond your sister is wrong will you marry me?" Immediately she accepted, and in 1879 became Queen of Holland. Those who were at the Dutch court when Emma made her entree say she was simple as a child, that she looked upon her palace as a marvel, danced and laughed as though she were not conscious that the courtiers were criticising her every gesture. The aged husband was shocked, but very kindly led her to the portrait of his mother, the proud Marie Paulowna, and said: "She never danced, a Queen should never laugh in public." Emma, like a "country gretchen," accepted the rebuke with good grace, and "mieux then," say the Dutch, "we have nothing serious to criticise in her deportment, but the manner in which she murders our language we can hardly forgive." Already has Emma begun to teach the Princess Wilhelmina the duties of a sovereign. When, in 1886, the King was ill and the socialists very daring, Queen Emma, without a word to her husband, reduced the disturbance in three days. Of her daughter she wishes to make a King, not a Queen. Not long ago her horses ran away. The coachman was thrown out, and she, with Wilhelmina, just escaped. Orders were given to bring out fresh horses, for, "if we do not start again my daughter will learn the meaning of the word fear."

Queen Emma is a brunette, rather pretty, according to the German beautiful, but a peculiar habit of winking detracts much from her appearance. Over the King she has control, and if he objects to any decision made by her she threatens to leave the palace to him—a dream of unhappiness. Every day the royal family dines at seven o'clock, afterward there is music and reading by the Queen, whose audience consists usually of her husband, daughter and the Jonkheer Alewyn, the only person whom William cares to see.—*Hague Cor. Philadelphia Bulletin.*

—Jay Gould, it is said, pays $20,000 a year to his attending physician, Dr. William Munn, and thus commands his entire time. The contract is for twenty years, or until Mr. Gould's death.

Proof Better Than Assertion.

With such proof as the following letter from W. H. Ivens, of No. 275 Seventh street, New York, it is not necessary to make the bare assertion that ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS cure lumbago. Mr. Ivens says:

Some ten days ago I was taken with a very violent pain in the small of my back. It was so severe that I could hardly breathe; every movement caused great agony. I finally found out it was lumbago. Being entirely helpless, a friend sent to a druggist and got two ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, these were well warmed and applied to my back, one above the other. In half an hour, to my great delight and surprise, I found the pain began to abate. In two hours I was able to walk out and attend to my business, the pain being almost gone. Next day I was all right but continued wearing the plasters for a week.

QUITE a paradox that in a land of the free so many Americans should wear bonds.—*Nantucket Inquirer.*

MAY BLOSS—Oh, I know! It is easy to say "don't let them read trash," but how do you know just what books to put into the hands of your girls? You certainly have no more time than I, yet you always seem to know exactly the right thing to do.

PRIM—Well, Sarah, in this instance, I get my information from *Demorest's Monthly Magazine*. They are now publishing some capital articles on the subject of "Reading for Girls," and now that you speak of it, I will let you into a little secret. You always say that I am so well up on the matters of the day, and I really think I am; yet the fact is I only get time to read my magazine, but when I have finished it, I know pretty much what is going on, in *Demorest's* they do seem to cover the ground on all subjects that each member of my family is interested in. Why! John is so anxious each month for it to arrive as I am.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 9.		
CATTLE—Shipping steers	$ [illegible]	@ [illegible]
Dressed beef	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
Native cows	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
WHEAT—No. 2 red	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
No. 3 red	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
CORN—No. 2	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
OATS—No. 2	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
RYE—No. 2	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
FLOUR—Patents, per sack	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
HAY—Baled	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
BUTTER—Choice creamery	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
CHEESE—Full cream	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
EGGS—Choice	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
BACON—Ham	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
Shoulders	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
Sides	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
LARD	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
POTATOES	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
ST. LOUIS.		
CATTLE—Shipping steers	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
Dressed steers	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
HOGS—Packing	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
SHEEP—Fair to choice	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
FLOUR—Choice	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
WHEAT—No. 2 red	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
CORN—No. 2	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
OATS—No. 2	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
RYE—No. 2	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
BUTTER—Creamery	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
PORK	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Shipping steers	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
HOGS—Packing and shipping	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
SHEEP—Fair to choice	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
FLOUR—Winter wheat	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
WHEAT—No. 2 red	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
CORN—No. 2	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
OATS—No. 2	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
RYE—No. 2	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
BUTTER—Creamery	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
PORK	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
NEW YORK.		
CATTLE—Common to prime	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
HOGS—Good to choice	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
FLOUR—Good to choice	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
WHEAT—No. 2 red	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
CORN—No. 2	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
OATS—Western mixed	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
BUTTER—Creamery	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
PORK	[illegible]	@ [illegible]

A Claim to Human Gratitude.

Charlotte Corday, the sad fated, resolute hearted peasant girl of Normandy, made great history by one dangerous act.

Incensed to the extremity of the French revolution, and moved to desperation at Robespierre and Marat were leading the Reign of Terror to the guillotine, she determined that she would put an end to Marat's bloody reign.

Marat had condemned two hundred thousand victims to the guillotine.

He proposed to kill off the remainder of the Revolution to make it perpetual.

Therefore thought:

No wonder it drew the blade of this patriotic peasant maid!

Slipping across to his comely provided quarters in a milliner's lodge, she found him in his bath, worn then somewhat and giving written directions for further slaughter!

He asked her the name of the honorable Royalists who had taken refuge in Caen. She told him, and he wrote down Jacob. "That is well! Before a week's over they shall all be brought to the guillotine."

At these words, Charlotte drew from her bosom the knife, and plunged it with so premeditate force up to the hilt in the heart of Marat.

"Come to me, my dear friend, come to me," cried Marat, and expired under the blow.

In the Convention gallery at Washington is a famous painting of Charlotte, represented as behind the prison bars the day before her execution.

It is a thrilling, and picture full of science for her suffering country and of unmerited shame for her country's ingratitude.

What a lesson in this single story! Two hundred, say, five hundred thousand poor souls Marat have sacrificed to his ravenous passion of power!

Methods are quite as murderous and relentless as ever, and they slaughter their victims by the millions.

The page of history is full of murders by authority and by sickness (these). In the practice of medicine alone how many hundreds of millions have been allowed to die and as great more killed by unpardonable ignorance and by bungling.

But the age is improving. Men and women are improving. A few years ago it was worth one's professional life to advise or permit the use of a proprietary medicine. Today there are not two physicians in any town in this country who do not regular it prescribe some form of proprietary remedy.

H. H. Warner, famed all over the world as the discoverer of Warner's safe cure, began hunting up the old remedies of the Long Calico days, after long and patient research he succeeded in securing some of the most valuable, among family records, and called them Warner's Log Cabin remedies—the simple preparations of roots, herbs, balsams and barks which were the successful standbys of our grandmothers. These simple, old fashioned sarsaparilla, hops and buchu, rough and ready pills and other remedies have struck a popular chord and are in extraordinary demand all over the land. They are not the untried and imaginary remedies of some diploma chemist intent on success, money, but the long sought principles of the healing art which for generations kept our ancestors in perfect health, put forth for the good of humanity by one who is known all over the world as a philanthropist—a lover of his fellow man, whose name is a guarantee of the highest standard of excellence.

The preparations are of decided and known influence over disease, and as in the hands of our grandmothers they raised up the sick, cured the lame and healed up the wounds of death, so in their new form but added power as Log Cabin remedies, they are sure to prove the "healing of the nations."

Cordar did the world an incalculable service in robbing France of the hopeless and murderous Marat, just as this man is doing humanity a service by re-introducing to the world the simpler and better methods of our ancestors.

Divers are daily free, so that a woman past thirty can tell the date of her birth or death, just as she pleases.

Start at the Starting Point.

Dyspepsia, is a cause of nervousness which is not obviously due to a mental cause or deep seated organic malady. Ordinary nervousness can not be overcome by medicine. They may placate, but can not cure it. Stimulate digestion with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and relief soon follows. Use this benign remedy also in malarial disease, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism, kidney complaint.

It was a woman who saw the first snake, but alone then the men have attended to that sort of thing.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A costly mistake perhaps was made when Dr. Pierce named his great remedy Prickly Ash Bitters, but if it proved that of that time all remedies for the blood, etc., were called Bitters. Had he called it Prickly Ash "Regulator," "Curative," or any of anything but Bitters, it undoubtedly would have experienced all other preparations of similar character. The name Bitters is misleading. It is purely a medicine, and can not be used as a beverage.

The most effective sort of joint dissection is the kind that is conducted largely with the elbow joint.

THE PUBLIC Awards the Palm to Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for coughs. Plain Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

WHEN a clerk fails to pay a dividend, the holder loses his interest.—*Fashion Magazine.*

FREE. A Sifter, French Glass, Ora Frost, Stamp on Cherry Cigar Case. Mfg. cigars only. R. W. Tansill & Co., Chicago.

Country like any other meat, should be eat on.—*Puck.*

A book on the Liver, its diseases and treatment free. Ad. Dr. Sanford, 181 B'way, N. Y.

MORTO for a surprise—people loses problem.

Is afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it.

Low Crowns are fast going out of style as fashionable residences. Log Cabins will, however, always have a place in American history, as they were the most prominent feature of our country's early social life. The pioneers were strong, rugged, healthy. Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption remedy is a reproduction of one of the best of the old time roots and herbs remedies, which kept them well. Everybody praises "Tippecanoe" as a stomach tonic.

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Any book learned by one reading. Mind wandering cured. Speaking without notes. Wholly unlike artificial systems. Pronounced by Supreme Court. Great testimonials to our prospectus sent free. Prof. Loisette, 237 Fifth Ave., New York.

CATARRH Ely's Cream Balm Gold in Head

ST. JACOBS OIL For Stiffness & Soreness.

Diamond Vera-Cure FOR DYSPEPSIA.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

Prickly Ash Bitters!

BEST COUGH MEDICINE. PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL And Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda. Almost as Palatable as Milk.

Tutt's Pills Regulate The Bowels. Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Fevers, Kidney Diseases, Bilious Colic, Malaria, etc. Sold Everywhere.

OUR 14 KT. FILLED GOLD WATCH $38 PAYABLE $1.00 PER WEEK By our Improved Club System. DAEGELE WATCH & JEWELRY CO.

CHAMPION SHOT GUN

DR. AIKIN

FREE

TO MAKE A DELICIOUS BISCUIT USE DWIGHT'S "COW BRAND" SODA AND TAKE NO OTHER.

Bryant & Stratton Chicago Business College!

Common Sense Cure FOR CATARRH, HAY FEVER.

THE BEST TONIC

NEEDLES, SHUTTLES, REPAIRS.

PATENTS

SECOND-HAND TYPE

$5 TO $20 A DAY.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.