Is This What Ails You?

Do you have dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, watery, and inflamed; ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; voice changed and nasal twang; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; is there a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility? If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from Nasal Catarrh. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer, in good faith, a reward of $500 for a case of this disease which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists, at only 50 cents.

The British Order of Odd Fellows shows a membership of 52,000.

Thief Arrested.

The news was received with the utmost satisfaction by the community that he had terrorized; but the arrest of a disease that is stealing away a loved and valued life, is an achievement that should inspire heart-felt gratitude. Chilliness, cold extremities, depressed spirits, and extremely miserable sensations, with pale, wan features, are the results of disordered kidneys and liver. Arrest the cause at once by taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a purely vegetable detective, that will ferret out and capture the most subtle lung and blood disorder. Druggists.

Fingerless kid gloves are the latest whim in feminine society.

When fragile woman sighs, deploring
The charms that quickly fade away,
What power, the bloom of health restoring
Can check the progress of decay?
The only aid that's worth attention,
For pains and ills of such description,
Thousands of women gladly mention—
'Tis "Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

The price of this royal remedy, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, is but one dollar. Specific for all those chronic ailments and weaknesses peculiar to women. The only medicine for such maladies, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction or money refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper. Large bottles, $1. Six for $5.

The income of Oxford University for 1887 was $326,000.

Infant Mortality.

The death-rate among children during the warm summer months is frightful. More than half of the ailments of children and nine-tenths that of infants can be prevented by proper care in the food and sleep of the child, and by using Dr. Winchell's Teething Syrup in time. This Syrup is not a medicine exclusively for teething, but is a reliable remedy for the more general ailments of Infancy and Childhood. It will at once relieve colic pains; regulate the bowels; cures coughs, sore mouth, and is a reliable remedy for Diarrhœa or Summer Complaint. It has never yet failed to give satisfaction and we would recommend every one having the care of small children to give it a trial.

Cardinal Gibbons resembles Henry Clay in appearance.

Summer Beverages.

Their consumption has now become enormous. Life and business competition is fast and furious, and people are always weary from it. Under this pressure, people are trying to mitigate the ill effects of these habits, by using something harmless and truly useful. The chemists and courts have finally settled the matter in the struggle over the Moxie, and it has come out of the enormous mass of injurious beverages unscathed. They sell a 75c. bottle of syrup, that with ice water makes seventy-five drinks of rich beverage. At druggists.

Mrs. J. H. Riddle, the novelist, is a native of Ireland.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Shoe soles of wire net, outlasting leather, are a new idea in Germany.

Sure Cure for Piles.

Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment has cured Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles when all others have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. Sold by Goodman Drug Co., Omaha, Neb.

Edison has vainly sought an electric cure for deafness.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Gen. Sheridan fought seventy-five battles and was never defeated.

Carl Schurz has planned to spend the summer in Germany.

YOU SUFFER

from Biliousness, Constipation, Piles, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Colds, Liver Trouble, Jaundice, Dizziness, Bad taste in the Mouth, etc.—You need Suffer no longer.

Warner's SAFE Pills will cure you. They have cured tens of thousands. They possess these points of superiority: sugar coated; purely vegetable, contain no calomel, mercury or mineral of any kind; do not gripe; never sicken; easy to take; mild in operation; and for these reasons are especially the favorites of women. Ask for

WARNER'S SAFE PILLS.

HAIL. HAIL. HAIL.

Farmers of Nebraska!

Insure your Growing Crops in the

NEBRASKA & IOWA INS. CO.

AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY HAIL.

This Company is the oldest, largest, and best in the State, with Cash Capital and Assets amounting to over

$400,000.00.

Conservative in its management, it will not write to exceed 30 acres in any one section, consequently an early application is necessary.

During the last three seasons this company insured Thousands of Acres of Growing Crops for the farmers of Nebraska, and paid its numerous losses promptly and liberally and to the entire satisfaction of its many claimants.

For further particulars apply to the Home Office of the Company at Omaha, or its nearest agent.

W. N. U., Omaha. 422—28.

TIRED OUT.

"Just tired out," the neighbor said,
Turning from the squalid bed,
Where the weary woman lay,
Panting life's last hours away,
Save that sound of sobbing breath.
All was still as coming Death;
For the frightened children cowered
Where, with heavy brows that lowered,
'Neath the long enduring strain,
The mute husband bore his pain.

Just tired out—far down below
Waves were fretting on the flow;
And the full recurrent roar
Echoed upward from the shore;
Fainter grew the pulses' beat
As the worn hands plucked the sheet,
And the death-damps gathered, where
Ruffled all the tangled hair.
Said the watcher at her side,
"She is waiting for the tide."

When the waves had ebbed anew,
The tired life was over too;
Gone from want, and care and ill,
Very peacefully and still,
After all she bore and wept,
Hard-worked wife and mother slept;
Very fair she looked, and meek,
Long dark lashes swept her cheek,
Worn hands crossed upon her breast,
For the weary was at rest."

—All the Year Round.

HER ROMANCE.

She kept a small store on the corner of Third street, where the children stopped on their way to school and spent their pennies. They all called her aunt Lucy. She was creeping along among the seventies, when the church in Pennhollow, where she had attended for over fifty years, changed ministers. Wise old parson Graves slipped quietly away to his farm, and young Arthur Winn, fresh from the college, succeeded him. It was like putting a book in the place of a living oracle, but the people had all hopes that the book would some time bud and blossom, as did Aaron's rod.

Young Winn had learned, while among the hills where he studied sacred lore, not only the wisdom requisite to his profession, but a heart lesson, which was quite as much needed. And so he took Regina Ball to Pennhollow.

Regina had been my inseparable companion from the time of short frocks and pinafores; and Pennhollow, with its great churches, its new duties, and strange scenes, could not fill the void which each felt at separation. Scarcely was the new tent pitched ere beseeching letters began to pour in upon me to come to dear, lonely friend; come and pass the winter in Pennhollow.

I had never traveled many miles away from my own home, and this opening opportunity was quite attractive. I took counsel with my mother, and it was agreed, somewhat sadly, I remember, that the beseeching letters should have a favorable answer. The sadness inhered in the thought of leaving my dear parents quite alone through the dull and stormy months, while I had a gay time in the city. But were ever parents thoughtful of themselves under such circumstances? From the beginning of the world until now, the very word parent stands for self-sacrifice. A pity for the children who allow the sacrifice to assert itself perpetually, and without large returns.

And in going to Pennhollw I got acquainted with aunt Lucy and learned her romance. When I walked up the broad aisle with Regina, and entered the minister's pew, I was somewhat surprised to find it occupied. A little old lady, her round face framed in white cap frills, sat in the corner of the pew. Her dark eyes had a smiling twinkle, which certain permanent dimples intensified, making the wrinkled old face inviting and pleasant. She was very decorious all through the services, and instead of being hindered in our devotions by the proximity of a stranger, we were helped. A degree of spiritual exaltation possessed us quite beyond any previous experience. It may have been in part owing to the time-honored church, and the multitude of decorous worshipers; but when Regina and I talked the matter over, we quite agreed that our heavenly mood was largely due to aunt Lucy. If sunshine such as hers can glorify the face of age, there is something in religion which our young enthusiasm has no power, as yet, to fathom, we said; something which grows and deepens with the passing years.

I found that aunt Lucy always sat in the minister's pew. She seemed to belong to the church in away which nobody else did. As I got acquainted with the people, meeting them at the sociables, and around their own tables—Pennhollow was a master place to ask the minister to tea, and of course I was always invited, too—I found they all claimed relationship with the little old lady in the minister's pew. They had persuaded her to give up her candy store on the corner of Third street, thinking she was too old to have so much care, and let the church take care of her.

They took a right gracious way to supply the income of the candy sales. It was agreed that she should go out to pass the day with one family, then with another, until she had made the circuit of the parish, then begin and go around again, and so on. As aunt Lucy had a nephew living on a farm near the sea, so that she could go to the sea-shore in the summer, she did not visit the same family oftener than once a year, unless it might have been the family of the minister. She could not wholly conform to the routine, but would go where she liked somewhat oftener. I remember she came for the first time to the house of the young minister on the Sunday after Thanksgiving. An immense turkey, which did not get roasted on the regular day, for the reason that the minister's family was invited out, came to its post of honor for aunt Lucy.

How eloquently she praised the captain who brought the turkey, and the captain's wife who sent the pies. It was a fashion they had in Pennhollow I suppose, to save the minister's wife the trouble of mixing the indigestible compound, and the minister's purse the unnecessary outlay. It was a real God-send to Regina to have the pies, for she did not know much about cooking, and I did not, either, so that we naturally confined ourselves to simple things which were easily made.

We learned a great deal about the people of the parish through aunt Lucy. There was one blessed trait in the old lady—she praised everybody. We quite concluded, before the Sunday visit ended, that the church of the Holy Cross in Pennhollow had somehow managed to gather the cream of the city. Certainly, if every other church was made up of such perfect people as the young minister had that day preached to, there was an anomalous population in the city—a race of angels scarcely lacking wings.

After aunt Lucy went away, I said to Regina:

"There is a romance connected with this suave woman, and I am going to fathom it. She's right handsome, and I'll warrant there's a lover somewhere in the beginning of this century or the close of the last."

"She will not tell you, if there is" said my friend.

"You notice how easily she talks; of course she will tell me."

"Yes; she talks easily of common things, the church and the sewing circle, but lovers of fifty years ago are not so easily brought to the light of day. She'll be a very sphinx if you try to extract the secret of her aged maidenhood."

I believed in myself rather than in Regina, on this especial theme, and as a phrenologist had just told me there were car-loads of paper waiting for my pen, naturally I wanted to take possession of interesting material. So I began to court aunt Lucy. There was ample opportunity. I met her twice in the church on Sunday, and as often on week days "out to tea," when it was very delightful to walk home with her, and sit a while in her cosey room on Antler street.

I asked her about the old times when the church was in its infancy, and about the people who filled its ample spaces before the great division which occurred during the war of 1812.

One night—I remember the dim candle light, and just how she looked plying her busy knitting needles—we had been to tea at Capt. Rice's, and she talked about sea captains a great deal on her way home; when, rising and going to the bureau, she fumbled among the papers and brought me a miniature of a "sea captain," she said. The very young face was genial and honest, and I asked her if he went to the old church.

"Yes; we went to the old church together, when we were children."

"That is a beautiful picture, aunt Lucy. Where was it painted?"

"In Paris," she replied, and her voice was low and tremulous.

"Tell me about him, aunt Lucy."

"Why, I have never told anybody about him."

"But you can tell me. I am soon going back to my home among the green country hills, and it will be just as safe with me as though it were locked up in a chest and the key lost."

"I don't know what made me show you the picture. I have never shown the picture to one of the girls. But I do feel just like talking about him tonight, and I guess I will. We went to Ma'am Goreham's school together when we were children; and he used to carry my books for me, and lead me, and I liked him better than any of the other boys and girls, and he liked me. Then when he was not a bit more than fifteen, he went to sea. I did not want him to go, but he would.

"He said he meant to be a rich sea captain and know all about the wonderful countries all over the world. He was gone six years, and when he came home, if he was not a captain, he was pretty near it. He came to see me the very first place he went, and brought me the miniature and these shells, and some other lovely things, too, which did not last like the shells. That was the time we were engaged, and I was too happy to tell of it, and not a soul ever knew.

"He went off again to be gone three years, and he expected to be captain before he came back, and then we were to be married, and I was to take one voyage with him, and if I liked it, I might go as often as I pleased. I thought I should live on the sea if he did. I was very busy, and the three years did not seem so long as I thought it would. But when it was all ended the captain did not come and the waiting was hard. By-and-by, the newspaps said that the vessel sailed for home at a given time, and ought to have reached port long before. But I did not give up. I kept on hoping, and praying, and praying and hoping that my captain would yet come.

"My wedding dresses were all ready—I did not have them made in Pennhollow, for fear the people would find out, and I wanted to keep it all to myself. But the long days kept coming and going just the same; and every morning when I awoke my heart ached, and it did not get over aching all day. I used to go down to the shore and look out on the sea almost every day; but that only made me sadder. I was beginning to think that my captain was lost, and I grew very restless and thin and almost sick. Then one day Parson Richards comforted me, though he did not know it. He took for a text, "He holdeth the sea in the hollow of his hand;" and oh, he talked beautifully about the good, loving father who has so many doors into his heavenly kingdom, and after that, it did not seem so terrible to go by way of the sea. And even in thinking of the body of my captain being rocked in the sea, it was all right after I knew that God's arms was under the water. Then I said I must live, and as I was poor, with no friends to help me, I must work. So I set up the little candy store. I kept a variety of other articles which brought a great many people, and especially children, into my store every day. It was good for me, seeing them, for it helped me to keep a pleasant face, and after awhile, the sunshine got down into my heart. The old church helped me more than anything else, and the ministers' wives were always kind to me and wanted me to sit in their pew. He never came back, and we never heard from him or the vessel."

This, then, was aunt Lucy's romance; locked in her heart for fifty years; filling her life with a serene and gracious sweetness, broken at my feet at last like the alabaster box of precious ointment. Now I had a secret that even Regina could not know, that I would not have her know for the world. Was she not daily questioning me about a lover of mine who was a long way off, and whom she suspected of coldness? I could not let her know the tender bond holding me to aunt Lucy.

In my determination to hide my heart's unrest, I watched the postoffice, and when she questioned me about letters from him, I avoided a direct answer. Regina, in her young content—well, she wanted a great boon to come to all whom she loved. But that could hardly be possible. "Sir Arthur," as we liked to call him, was a princely man, and Regina had drawn a prize in life's lottery.

The winter days were at length counted out amid much going and coming and real earnest work in the home and church. A successful fair had marked the young minister's first winter, and we had made a multitude of acquaintances at the fair. When spring began to show its green I went back to my school teaching among the hills, and to the home that was glad of my coming. Several years went by before I again saw Regina. Indeed I did not expect to visit her again, so far away, but she expected it and said so. The second baby was a girl and named for me. It was to be christened in June, and beseeching letters began to pour in upon me again. I must come to the christening, come and pass the summer; I had kept school long enough to deserve a rest; and summer was the time to see Pennhollow in all its glory. As father and mother had grand-children growing up around them now, it was easier to say yes, and I went.

After the christening, there were plans which seemed to have been made especially for me; drives to the shore, and sails down the harbor, and a visit to aunt Lucy, whom I sadly missed in the minister's pew. She was spending the summer at her nephew's, close by the sea. Indeed, his farm took in the beach sands and pebbles, and the roar of the ocean was their perpetual music. I found aunt Lucy grown older, and seeming much feebler than when she told me her story in the low chamber on Antler street. But she brightened up wonderfully on seeing her visitors, and walked with us along the shore and clear out to "Spouting Horn," where she looked into the chasm and told stories of the height to which the water would spurt into the air during a troubled sea at high tide.

I grew quite nervous over the stories and the appearance of the rocky gorge, and needed to sit awhile on the sands and look over the limitless and peaceful blue to restore my usual equanimity. Aunt Lucy sat down with me, while Arthur and Regina, not yet over their lovers' ways' walked hither and thither, hand in hand, as happy as two children. While we looked out upon the sea, aunt Lucy said, gently, "I am going to see my captain soon."

"Do you feel more unwell than usual?" I asked.

"Not really sick, but weak and tired. I have not walked to 'Spouting Horn' before this summer. And it is time for me to go. I am more than eighty now."

"You will not be sorry, will you, aunt Lucy, when your captain calls?"

"Sorry! I shall be glad! gladder than I have been since he went away. I am fairly impatient to go. It seems to me the bridegroom is waiting for me, and I know how sad it is to wait. I want to save him that pain."

That was all. A little signal hung from the cottage window in token of the dinner hour, and we hurried up the sands. At sunset we drove home, all of us impressed that we had talked with aunt Lucy for the last time this side of the dividing flood.

A week later the bell on the church of the Holy Cross tolled. We listened to its vibrant notes, which, on the summer air, hardly seemed a knell. Then came the sexton along the hedge-row, and, scarcely pausing, he spoke through the open window. There were tears in his voice, and we only heard "aunt Lucy."

The smile and dimples which habit had fixed upon her face, remained to greet all who looked upon her in death. As she lay in peace before the altar, while the minister spoke her praises, which were in every heart, it seemed to me that she had enjoyed her wedlock in a higher and sweeter way then many real marriages are enjoyed.

It has been a tender dream, a gracious memory, and for many years—since she had learned to look forward and not backward—a beckoning hope; while through all the slow passages she had been, in deed and in truth, the bride of the church, guarded down to gentle rest by its blessed arms, and in assuring hope of its divine promisee.

While the minister spoke of her awaiting welcome from the great captain of our salvation, I almost wish he had known her secret, for the heavenly thrill it would have given his own heart, and the opportunity it would have afforded to say that word so consoling when life's chain is broken—reunion. But no lack was felt in aunt Lucy's full world of bliss, that nobody on earth knew, except the visitor at the home of the minister, that she had lived her romance.—Christian Leader.

In the Empire Days.

Galignanis Messenger.

The old inhabitants of the colony in Paris remember when Mason was in charge of the Legislation in France, and it was during his time, perhaps, that Paris was most in vogue with his countrymen, and particularly with his countrywomen. Presentations at the Tuilleries were then sought after by the American women, and the Emperor was liberal as to the number. On one occasion the American Minister had as many as fifty of his countrywomen with him at the Tuilleries, forming a long line.

When Louis Napoleon, approached, Mr. Mason began by naming those who stood at the head of the column, to each of whom the Emperor bowed as her name was mentioned. Then the memory of the minister failed him and with a wave of her hand that took in the whole line, he said:

"The rest are all my countrywomen, your Majesty."

The impassive face of Louis Napoleon showed a scarcely visible smile as he bowed to the nodding heads and rustling robes, and the presentation was finished.

Death in Chewing Gum.

An Apothecary in San Francisco Examiner.

I have been tempted time and again to write to the Examiner an appeal for its vast influence to stop a great evil and warn the people of this city against allowing their children to indulge in the practice of swapping chewing gum. Diphtheria is on the increase, especially among children, and any physician will affirm what I say that there is no surer way of propagating the disease than the habit so common among children that I speak of. Parents should teach their children, and the Board of Education should instruct the teachers in the public schools to admonish the children daily upon the evil effects of it.

Just as the Northern Pacific train was leaving Alhambra Springs Station, twenty miles from Helena two shots were fired in a saloon near the track. The conductor jumped to the platform and saw one man lying dead on the ground and another running toward the train with hands on his abdomen exclaiming, "My God, I am shot." The conductor caught the man as he fell, and then a crowd started in pursuit of a man who was noticed running toward the hills. He was captured, put on the train and brought to Helena where he was lodged in jail. His name proved to be Walker, but beyond giving it he refuses to talk.

Sewing on the Fins.

The celebrity of the turbot as an article of table luxury has long been established and is well known to all who read. From the time of Apicius down to the days of our modern mansion house banquets the proper preparation of that class of fish has given a cause of anxiety to even the greatest professors of the arts of cuisine, some of whom have occasionally been found guilty of tampering with the fins! Many of my readers have doubtless encountered in the course of their reading that choice anecdote of the ecclesiastical dignitary who, when the opportunity presented itself, used to pay a visit to the kitchen of his friends, in order to see what was in preparation for such dinners as he was invited to partake of. On one occasion, while he was residing for a few days at a mansion house, where a new woman cook had recently arrived, he found to his horror that she had just cut off the fins of a fine turbot about to be boiled for dinner! His lordship was at first dumfounded, but quickly recovering his presence of mind, he bade the woman hasten and procure a needle and thread, and with his own dainty episcopal fingers, this great man of the church sewed the fins on the fish, being doubtless rewarded at table with a liberal helping at table.

How the House Flies Winter.

Some one has asked, where do flies go in the winter? This is a question of some interest, for a house fly is born fully grown and of mature size, and there are no little flies of the same species, the small ones occasionally observed being different in kind from the large ones. The house fly does not bite or pierce the skin, but gathers its food by a comb or rake or brush-like tongue, with which it is able to scrape the varnish from covers of books, and it thus tickles the skin of persons upon whom it alights to feed upon the perspiration. A fly is a scavenger and is a vehicle by which contagious diseases are spread. It poisons wounds and may carry deadly virus from decaying organic matter into food. It retires from the sight at the beginning of winter, but where it goes few persons know. If a search of the house be made they will be found in great numbers secreted in warm places in the roof or between the partitions or floors. Last winter we had occasion to examine a roof and found around the chimney myriads of flies hibernating comfortably and sufficiently lively to fly when disturbed "in overpowering clouds." No doubt this is a favorite winter resort for these creatures.

A Bit of Scotch Fun.

A noted wag named Jamie Graham, whose visits to the barber were few and far between, was met by a learned doctor who loved a joke, and frequently exchanged hits with the wag. On this particular day the wind was high and Jamie's tangled locks were flying in the wind. "Man, Jamie," said the doctor, as the pair met, "I wonder ye don't get your hair cut. I wadna gang wi' hair like that for all the world." "Ye'll never get the chance, doctor," replied Jamie, "for yer heid canna grow as muckle as wad mak' a heepsake for yer sweetheart." "Weel, weel," replied the doctor, "it's an auld saying, ye ken, that them wha maun be weel clad canna aye be weel fed." "Ah, but ye mind me o' anither saying," replied Jamie. "It's nae use puttin' thatches on an empty barn."

A Carrier of Disease.

The state analyst of New Jersey, in a recent trial when called upon to take an oath as witness, avoided kissing the Bible on the ground that he might contract disease by so doing, saying: "So many different persons have kissed that book that I do not think it safe to touch my lips to it. The court held that the witness must kiss the book and he reluctantly did so. This seems like a trifling matter and yet it might be a serious one. The danger of contracting disease in this way is not imaginary. And right here we would like to add that equally dangerous is the custom of miscellaneous kissing. We see this illustrated most forcibly where terrible diseases have been transferred to children by a simple kiss. Too much kissing and too promiscuous kissing, especially among grown people and children, should not be allowed. It is a pernicious habit and should, to a great extent, be done away with.

Death of Balfe's Widow.

The widow of Michal Balfe, the composer, died on the 8th inst., at the advanced age of 80. Mrs. Balfe, whose maiden name was Lina Rosen, was a Hungarian by birth, and before her marriage achieved a considerable reputation as an operatic singer, no less remarkable for her vocal and dramatic powers than for her great personal beauty. It was while fulfilling a professional engagement at Bergamo, in the year 1830, that she became acquainted with Mr. Balfe, who was at that time "on tour" in northern Italy, as leading baritone of a traveling opera company, and whose wife she became a few weeks after the date of their first meeting. The union of these gifted musicians proved a singularly happy one. The deceased lady bore her husband three children, one son and two daughters, but Mme. Balfe survived them all.

Lucky John Harrington.

Houghton (Mich.) Mining Gazette, June 14.

Last Monday afternoon the Gazette reporter met Mr. John Harrington, the gentleman that was so lucky in the May drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. Like the substantial, matter-of-fact man that he is, he continues in his old position as engineer at the Atlantic Mining company's stamp mill, not having taken a single day from his duties to celebrate his good fortune. His ticket, which was one-tenth of No. 21,492, the one that drew the second capital prize of $50,000, was the second that he had bought in the Louisiana State Lottery. He has therefore sent that institution but $2. His prize of $5,000 was collected for him by the National Bank of Houghton as soon after the drawing as the necessary correspondence could be completed. The money was promptly invested by him in stock of the Calumet & Hecla Mining company, buying twenty shares at $242 each. From the dividend of $5 per share, payable July 6, which this company's unparalleled deposits of copper have enabled it to earn in spite of its recent losses by fire, Mr. Harrington will receive the snug sum of $100. This is the income of his money during the first month of his possession of it. He has lived in the Lake Superior copper district twenty-five years, twelve of which have been spent at the Atlantic stamp mill. Two of his sons are employed in the mill with their father.

Ten common-sized eggs weigh one pound.

M. F. Bailey, one of the young men who attended Elliott's Business College, Burlington, Ia., has recently been promoted to cashier of Meredith & Ailman's Bank, Silver City, N. M.

The Queen of Denmark is very deaf, but passionately fond of music.

Omaha Commercial College.

In attendance 140 students. Fifty of whom work their way, and places for others. Send for College Journal and specimen of penmanship. Address,

ROHROUGH BROS.

The Virginia inlets are alive with boats planting oysters.

The total amount of the Grant monument fund is less than $130,000.

In Silk Attire and Ready for Company

Success at the end of a season of hard work is the best kind of rest, and that is what the commissioners of the great Centennial Exposition of the North West, which opens on the day of fire crackers and patriotic reminiscences, alias the Fourth of July, in Cincinnati, will enjoy. The display will excel in many points the one at Philadelphia in 1876. Space was "out" by June 1st, and an army of workmen are busy putting the finishing touches to the work of months. That the exposition will surpass anything of the kind ever attempted goes without saying, with those who are familiar with the work of the Queen City in the matter of expositions. The art display represents over a million dollars first cost of the pictures, new spectacular pieces will be produced in the great music hall which seats 8,000, and nothing has been omitted to insure the satisfaction of visitors whether they belong to the æsthetic or utilitarian ranks.

Mary Sharpless, the richest child in America, is nine years old and worth $50,000,000.

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, and all affections of the Kidneys.

AS A NERVE TONIC, It Strengthens and Quiets the Nerves.

AS AN ALTERATIVE, It Purifies and Enriches the Blood.

AS A LAXATIVE, It acts mildly, but surely, on the Bowels.

AS A DIURETIC, It Regulates the Kidneys and Cures Their Diseases.

Recommended by professional and business men. Price $1.00. Sold by druggists. Send for circulars.

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