A curious photographic apparatus, in which a camera is raised by a rocket and lowered by a parachute, is being developed by a French inventor, M. Amedee Denisse. In its experimental form, the cylindrical camera has twelve lenses round its circumference with a sensitive plate in its centre, and is provided with a shutter which opens and instantly closes as the apparatus commences to fall. The descent is eased by the opening of the attached parachute which is drawn back to the operator by a cord attached before the firing of the rocket. For securing bird's eye views, the photo rocket offers several important advantages over ballon photography, such as comparative cheapness, ease of operating and freedom from risk in case of use for military reconnoitering.

Have You Catarrh?-There is one remedy you can try without danger of humbug. Send to H. G. Coleman, Chemist, Kalamazoo, Mich., for trial package of his catarrh cure. His only mode of advertising is by giving it away. Postage 2c. Judge for yourself. Mention this paper.

Mrs. Harrison's favorite flower is the o'd-fashioned sweet pea.

He Got His Money Promptly. Eufaula (Ala.) Times, Oct. 26

As stated in this paper at the time, Mr. Jamie Rhodes, of Eufaula, Ala., held ticket No. 46,755, in the October drawing of the Louisiana State Lettery, for which he paid one dollar. It proved to be a lucky ticket, for it drew the capital prize of \$300,000 and entitled Mr. Rhodes to one-twentieth of that amount, or \$15,000. If the ticket had been a whole one for which Mr. Rhodes had paid \$20, he would have received the whole \$300,000. On inquiry, Mr. Bhodes found that he held the right number and forwarded his ticket by express, for collection of his prize. It was promptly cashed in a bank at New Orleans, and the money was duly received by Mr. Rhodes in another day or two and it is now on deposit to his credit in the John McNab bank of this city. Mr. Rhodes is a most worthy young man of about twenty-one years and of moderate means and but recently entered the mercantile business here in company with his brother-in-law, Mr. Ed. T. Long. While his big luck was very gratifying, it did not daze or unnerve him, but he took it in a quiet and business like way, and he will handle the money with care and good judgment, as it gives him a good start in business life. For thirty years his father, Mr. Chauncey Rhodes, has been cashier of the John McNab bank, in Eufaula, and no man in Alabama is thought more of by his friends and those who know him.

Prosperous Northern Settlements in safely back in their old quarters. Once,

The passenger department of the Illinois Central railroad have issued a new pamphlet describing the following prosperous northern settlements in Tennnessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, viz: Jackson, Tennessee; Holly Springs, West Point, Jackson, Yazoo City, Terry and Brookhaven, Mississippi; Kentwood, Roseland Colony, Hammond, Crowley, Jennings, Lake Arthur, Welch, Iowa, Lake Charles and Vinton, Louisiana, Hundreds of northern families are now happily located at the above points, and in this new pamphlet will appear interesting letters from northspecial land excursions south each month. from the principal points on the line of the Illinois Central in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Dakota. This pamphlet, and also 'Southern Home Seekers' Guide," should be read by every person contemplating a southern trip, either for pleasure, health, or a permanent home. Copies of each will be mailed free on application to the undersigned at Manchester, Iowa. J. F. Merry, General Western Passenger Agent.

The annual consumption of feathers in this country is 3,000,000 pounds.

MOTHERS who have delicate children can see them daily improve and gain in flesh and strength by giving them that perfect all that we lacked in variety, food and medicine, Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites. Dr. W. A. Hulbert, ot Salisbury, Ills., says: "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Scrofula and Debility. Results most gratifying. My little patients take it with pleasure." Sold by all Druggists.

Sarah Bernhardt still carries her coffin around with her on her theatrical tours.

THROAT DISEASES commence with Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cts.

Wood can be sawed in veneers only one two-hundredths of an inch thick.

Solid Vestibule Trains Now run through daily, over the GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE, between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo. Similar Fast Vestibule Express Trains between Chicago and Council Bluffs (Omaha) and between Chicago and Kansas City and St. Joseph. These trains are equipped with new and elegant Day Coaches, Reclining Chair Cars, Dining Cars (east of the. Missouri river) and Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, heated throughout by steam and having all the modern improvements. West of Kansas City and St. Jos ph, splendid Dining Hotels are located at convenient stations. The completion of the Colorado extension of the Rock Island system affords the most direct, desirable and and Nebraska to Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo, giving choice of routes to and from Salt Lake City, Portland, Los Angeles, San Francisco and the Pacific

Coast. Tickets via this popular route are on sale at all railway coupon ticket offices in the United States and Canada, where time tables, folders, etc., can be procured, or address E. A. Holbrook, G. T. & P. A., Chi-

The emperor of Germany sleeps, as did his grandfather, on an iron clamp bed.

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

Not a Fair Shake. "Smith is a mighty mean man, I " exclaimed Bjenkins, warmly. "Why, what has Smith ever done to

you?" asked Blenkensop, surprised. "Bet me \$10 I couldn't hit a barn door with a revolver at five paces," said Bjenkins, angrily. "Taunted me into taking him up. Got me to put up the money. Measured off the five paces in presence of a lot of witnesses. Gave me a revolver loaded-and then set the barn door up edgewise."-Somerville

Journal. STATE OF ORIO, CITY of TOLEDO, I

LUCAS COUNTY, S. S. FRANK J. CHENEY makes outh that he the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRE CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1888. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. SEAL

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and sets directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

THANKSGIVING.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE There is a new song in my lips, A song that fits to-day, The music of a quiet stream Upon its seaward way-The monotone of such content As to a mortal life is lent.

The song a tiny river sings That through a meadow glides, Half hidden by the waving grass Its level course divides; At last forgetful of the hills That vexed so long its infant rills.

Not yet its chant of victory Re-echoes from the shore; Not yet is all its duty done, Its rush and labor o'er; But ocean neareth every day, And bright is life that glides away. A little hymn of gratitude,

Like bird-songs from their nest, My heart must fashion into speech And utter from its rest A tender voice of thankfulness For love that loveth most to bless, The slow speech of a weary child

That, wandering lost and lone, Comes unaware on home at last And nestles to its own, Wrapped all at once in warmth and

Where all the storm and straying cease. Ah! can it be, at last, at last, The time of toil and tears, Of bitter trouble overpast, That hope again appears? That after all this weary strife I live to thank thee, Lord, for life?

To gather up the broken clue And tread the path again With quiet hope and thankfulness I trod so long with pain, To trust again with such a faith As once was wounded unto death? Lord, keep me closer at thy side As life the sweeter grows, Lest I forget in this content The thorn beneath the rose.

That, dear as home and love may be, I find them still most dear with Thee.

Written especially for this paper. AUNT JORIB.

A Thanksgiving Sketch.

MATTIE C. CAMPBELL. She was a very disagreeable aunt. She came regularly every Thanksgiving, to make us a visit, and so surely as the year came round we knew that Aunt Jorib and chaos, on a small s ale, might be expected, for she had a mania for arranging furniture and she was never in the house an hour before she had a new scheme going. One year she would insist that mother might make more ro m in the little. old study by a re-arrange ent of the book shelves; the next, she would see them

Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louis- she hectored mother into changing the once, never forgotten in the mem ry of our family, she insisted on making a mock-mince pie for dessert, instead of the real art cle. She had never made one, but her native confidence, a thing that never, for a moment deserted her, beguiled easy-going mother into thinking that, perhaps, after all, Aunt Jorib was in the r ght, that the health of the 'dear children" was being slowly undermined by the da nty pies and cakes which mother always managed to give us on ern men. It will also give the dates of two Thanksgiving, and which would have added the needed touch to our home cheer and comfort, lad not our happiness always been marred by the presence of Auut Jorib; she gained her point, and the grimly. result of her attempts was to replace hat expensive fuxury which is usually composed of everything rich and, to Aunt

> "mock 'mince pies. Well, the pie was made, the hour came the roses in our garden, and we usually depended on mother's exquisite art in the cookery line to make up to us in quality

> The turkey was fine. So was the cranthe pic. or rather the pie came to us, for it was brought in by our worthy domestic, who also bore upon her countenance, a trace of sarcasm. One by one, we tasted and ran. Aunt Jorib, alone, was left.

We had the satisfaction of hearing her at the wrong closet after the peppermint! during the night, and as most of us had gone through with the same experience during the "removal" of the family remedies, we knew just how to sympathize with her! We decided that she must have eaten too much pie.

But "it is a long lane which has no turning" and we have each and all lived

to bless Aunt Jorib. This change, I am happy to state, came about during her last visit to us. It began in this way. Helen, Tom and 1 were en oying the last week before Thanksgiving as much as we could, for we expected Aunt Jorib the next week. and enjoyment and Aunt Jorib rarely spent Thanksgiving together.

one day we were talking together, while Helen and I were busy with her sewing, for she would hire nothing done. "Well," essayed Tom, from the old couch which occupied the "cory corner" of the sitting-room, "I suppose our beloved aunt will be along soon. Better nail only line from Chicago through Kansas | the farniture to the floor, Nell, if you want to use it for the wedding."

My sister was silent. She had said little to any of us since she decided to marry Mr. Bohnet. "Tom, do go away!" I cried. "Your

tongue and your feet do more harm than Aunt Jorib ever aid. Se what a mess you are making of the curtain." "Curtain, indeed! How much longer do you think the old thing will see service? I'll tear it down, myself, one of

these days." I tried to stop him, but what boy of sixteen can take a silent hint? "What do you mean! Oh, hang it! I suppose Aunt Jorib is a saint, now, and I am nowhere. It is really wonderful how

the love of shekels grows upon us." I waited to see what Helen would do: she slowly rose and left the room, at which light began to dawn upon Tom. "I say. Judy, I've done it now. I sup-

pose. Why can't a fellow keep from saying the wrong thing?" "I am sure I do not know!" cried I. desperately. "What a dreadful thing it

wish---" "say it, my dear Judy. How you wish Aunt Jorib would shu le of this mortal coil. and-'eave her money to an orphan

asy um. "I would wish anything," I cried, desperately, 'that would make us all happy again. Here is mother, worried to death about the bills, and Helen being soldes, sold to pay off the debts, and breaking ter dear, proud heart over it. O, dear! what a world--"

Jorib's. She had undoubtedly come in on | Don't you just love her?" the last train. It had been the custom of I could not collect my senses sufficiently our royal family to absent our elves upon her arrival, un elfishly, as is the manner of children, shirking the burden of her executing a breakdown. "I always did reception upon mother; but this time, at least, we must face it out. There was broke off, looking rather sheepish at the one consolation, however. Tom, who laugh which arose from his hearers. "Well, was generally so acute, must face her,

"Why will you persist, Catharine, in logic. placing the hall-rack at that side? I mov- As we afterwards learned, Aunt Jorib ed it the very last time I was here, but" | was responsible for the letter which Helen in an in ured tone. "I see you do not rely | had received on Thanksgiving morning. on my judgment. As I have told you How she managed it I do not know, but often and often," - she had, indeed-"I ar - she must have exerted some unusual ranged the furniture in the new orphan charm over poor Mr. Bohnet to bring the asylum, and it has proved a satisfactory matter about, for he was certainly very to do a little something town ar—Why, how does it happen that this much in love with our Helen. We never the tacks from the shingles."

They had evidently drawn near enough the open door to enable Aunt to recognize the likely to condemn therein. 1 was rewarded by a vision of Tom s heels as he made his escape through the window at the imminent danger of breaking his neck.

"Well, if you persist in using this as a sitting-r om, I hardly see the necessity of making a sewing-room of it, and an untidy one at that, Niece Judith."

This was her greeting, but, whatever else it may have been, it was not unexpected. I had known her too long to become vexed at her reproofs. They were taken as a matter of course and treated accordingly. I helped her to her room with her numerous boxes and bundles, helped her to dress for supper, and all with an air of on'y on dat dere tree o mine. Sell 'em affection which I had almost begun to be cheap, missus." lieve in, myself.

Uncle had left her his entire property, much to the surprise of our family, for they-himself and Aunt-had not lived on very good terms during their dis mawn. Yo' see my li'l gran'chile, married life. She was a very rich woman and felt that money and power were syn- on havin' chicken fo' dinnah a-Fanksonomous terms. Perhaps they are; who givin', an ole Tom jes' a spilein' to knows? I was kind to her because mother wished it, and I am sure that mother was not actuated in her kindness by any other motive than the fact that Aunt was dey aint no use ter try to mek her fo,get father's half-sister; besides, mother could not have been unkind anyway.

come down earl to breakfast, and she had found ne there alone. "She-she is not well," I stammered. "Not well? Helen not well? She was well the last time | saw her. Come, come, there must be some trouble. Out with it,

child."

"What is the matter with Helen?" in-

"There has been nothing remarked in the family about Helen or her appearance," this somewhat indignantly. "But wonder. She is to marry Mr. Bohnet." "Ah-ha! That old Cr sus? I see! I see! hardly thought that of Helen. Well, man for you, Niece Judith? Has Helen got it all?"

"I-it is not so-she is not-she does spare me a few more?" not want money; it is for the others." was choking with indignati n.

'What others' wished me to tell, I am sure, but there are more debts on the place, and Helen had the offer, and O dear! There was no ever seen on my aunt's face: but she said nothing, and I thought maybe I had been mistaken, after all.

had always been a fa orite with her, but stopped in their work of "picking over" place of the family medicines, and then | it seemed to me that Aunt was, somehow, there was confusion for one while; and suspicious of her, this time. How could anyone think Helen sor id? I could not | Uncle Tom at home?"

understand it. n Thanksgiving morning Aunt Jorib declared that she must start for home, immediately. She had spent the greatercity; we were in a suburban town, and it was an easy mat er to take the train to the city almost any time; but, her home was nearly a day's journey from us, and it seemed a queer freak to spend the day traveling.

"You will miss your dinner," sa'd mother. "You will have the more time to pre-

pare for the wedding, if I go," said Aunt, Helen's color faded and I sav Aunt

look at her as if she rather en oved it. "When is it to be? Shall I have an invitation? What a happy a air it will be Jorib's mind, indigestible, with one of her all around. The eldest daughter happily married. What a burden o the mind of and we drew up to the table with not a the family, eh! By the way, I have not few fears, for money did not grow among seen the happy man; where does he live?" "At present he is in the city. He w ll be here to day, I think."

"O, certainly. Thanksgiving," said Aunt, cruelly. "How very appropriate. Well, I wish you much joy, my dear.' berry sauce. Soon, too soon, we came to and she actually laughed in l'elen's face. mowever, we were pretty well used to her ways, and an insult from her did not count. Tom growled a good deal about carrying her "traps," as he called them, to the train, and we breathe | a sigh of relief when she was gone.

> We went cheerfully to work helping mother to prepare dinner, and all went well till the mail came in. Helen read her letter with a very white face, then threw it to mother and burst into tears, "My child, what do s this mean?"

mother's face was a mixture of consternation and—yes, relief.

"When did this happen?" "I do not know; I knew nothing of it." "Know nothing of what?" I cried, unable to endure suspense longer. For answer mother gave me the letter.

It ran thus: Dear Miss Marsh - I release you from your promise to marry n.e; I shall always regard you as a friend.

Yours sincerely. M. H. BOHNET. "I know!" I exclaited: "It is all Aunt Jorib's work. Why has she spent so much time in the city? She has seen him, and the soft cushions. She did not speak again invented some story to drive him away;

she is afraid we will not treat her so well if there is money in the family ." I felt very scornful indeed. "Aush!" said mother. ". o you not see that his letter is kind? It must be some-

thing else." But in spite of her worry, she looked actually relieved. When we sat down to dinner, and I

secretly thought we had not felt more the hope for her case. "But," he added, cheerful since last Thanksgiving, although grimly, trying to keep the kindly look Tom, who see red in such high spirits, from his face, "if you have set your heart was not in the secret of the letter which Helen had received. We were hardly seated before the door-bell rang, and mother was called out of the room. A few m nutes elapsed, during which we felt somewhat impa ient, while Tom kept up a growl about the cold dinner awaiting us. when our neat little maid appeared and | which had once been Lulu's, while her primly announced that "Miss Helen was wanted."

"By hookey" said Tom, "it looks like a conspiracy, don't it' It'll be you're turn next, Judy. So make up your mind to go dinnerless, to-day. One after another we are being swallowed behind that mysterious door; Judy. if you get away you'll with "what uncle Tom would ink to see come back and te l me about your adven- her rigged out dis-a-way," but when is to be as poor as we are. How I tures, won't you? That's a good girl. You we carried her gently through the know I am writing a nov-

". o keep still I happen to know more about the matter than you do." I felt very important, and could bear the thought of a c.ld dinner with greater fortitude than poor Tom.

After a long time they came in, bringing with them the happiest faces they had worn for many weeks. "What do you think, Judy? Dear Aunt

Jorib"-Tom's face became a study at the endearing title-"Dear Aunt Judy has My remarks were cut short by a shrill | paid the mortgage, and has given each of voice which certainly sounded like Aunt | us enough money to make us very happy.

> to reply, but 'lom came to the rescue. "Three cheers for Aunt Jorib!" he cried, say she was a trump! that is, I-" and he at any rate, I say so now!" and he recovered himself with his usual disregard of

is still used for the family sitting-room? saw him again, as he sailed for turope I thought we arranged that last winter." shortly after, and was soon lost to us.

Aunt Jorib and the lawyer who in errupted our last Thanksgiving dinner will furnishings: I looked anxiously round the dine with us to-morrow. It should be a shabby room to see what she would be happy Thanksgiving, for it is Helen's wedding day.

Written especially for this paper. DINAH'S "FANKSGIVIN'."

A Story of the South.

MATTIE O. CAMPBELL.

"Nice appl's, Missus; Yo' want to buy "Not to-day; I-" "De berry nices' appl's yo' kan fin', Missus; I nebber's got no sech appl's 's dese yere Sweetin's sen e I kan 'member

"W-ell! I will take a few; just empty them into this basket.' "I nebber lak to do no beggir,' but it 'peared lak yo' boun' to buy jes' a few, wots been ailin', hes plum sot her heart please her. She jes' de sunshin'est chile when she feel good yo' ebber did see, but when she gits de mizry in her po' li'l back hit; she don't nebber say much, missus, but hit nigh 'bout breks ole Tom's heart to see her lay dere so quiet lak, wiv nufquired Aunt, the next mo ning. I had fin to say an' her po' li'l face all drawed out o' shape wiv de pain."

I could see that the old man's thoughts were with her, but he recollected himself and drew his hand across his eyes with a shame-faced expression.

"Where do you live, Uncle?" "Bout a mile f'om yere, missus, down on de line road-jes' de aige ob de town.' I remembered having seen a little hovel there, and wondered how a family could I know that she is no happy and I do not exist in such a tumble-down cabin, especially when the nipping frosts reminded

one of the bleak months to come. "I think I shall send down for more of well, I suppose you will be going one of the Sweetings in a few days, Uncle," I these days, too. Where is the rich old said, succumbing to one of those fits of philanthropy which, alas! often left me a victim to designing tramps. "Can you

"Law, yes, missus, dere's mo' on dat tree dan yo' fambly cud u e all de fall. Yo' kan hab me' dan yo' wants." And "The debts. Mother would not have the old man went off with a beaming face. Two days before Thanksgiving I remembered my pro : ise.

I stopped the carriage a little way from help for it." The tears were blinding me the old one-story structure, and making and I could not see very well, yet I thought | my way through the cleanly-swept patch I detected the kindest expression I had of door-yard, knocked lightly at the door. "Cone in!" said a piping voice, and I unlatched the door and entered. A little, thin, colored i could see that Aunt Jorib watched girl lay on a rudely constructed couch, Helen pretty closely, after that. Helen half-chair, half-bed. The nimble fingers

> few raisins and dried currants. "I came to see about the Sweetings. Is The thin face lighted up suddenly.

"No! Missus, but I ken tole yo' wha! dey is; he done got 'em ready, kase he thought yo' mout come. Oh! Missus, we part of each day, during the week, in the | kan hab a chicken, now! I war done fraid sompin' mout happen dat yo' cuddent come.

"So you are going to have a Thanksgiving dinner? 'I asked. "Yes, Missus, ef we don' git dis'pinte! noways. I as' year we had to spen' all our money we had save up for wood, kase he cuddent git no job o choppin. Won't

yo' tek a cheer, Missus." I did so, and looked about the little room, noting the results of pitiful attempts to "mek it look lak white folks" houses," A little shelf which hat e idently been put up by unskilled hands was draped with a gayly-colored circus poster; the floor was bare except for a few old, faithfully-washed scraps of carpet placed here and there; while a barrel had been festooned with scalloped newspapers, which dignified it to the position of a work-stand. A braided rug. partly finished, lay upon it, while Dinah gave her undivided attention to the small but glorified preparations for the "Fanks-

givin' dinnah." "Oh, yes! Missus, I has ben arnin' a little money, toc. Uncle Tom he wuk hard, an' fink he arn all de money fo' Fanksgivin', but Dinah l'a'n to braid rugs an' now she got twen'y cents done saved up. It meks de mi 'y in de back a little mite wusser, but we got to have what's right to go wiv de chicken, Mis-

sus. "Would you like to take a ride on Thanksgiving day, Dinah?" I asked sud-"Fo, de lan, Missus! Wouldn't IS

but-" here the thin little face fell, "Who'd get de dinnah?" "You'll never find out what a good cook Uncle Tom is, if you don't let him get dinner alone, sometime," I sald lightly, well knowing that the poor little soul

could never get far from her couch unless Uncle Tom carried her. Early on Thanksgiving morning drove to the shabby little house once more, where Uncle Tom wrapped poor little Dinah carefully up in a blanket and put her in the carriage.

"Oh, how nicel It's most like Heben' she whispered, as she leaned back among until she found herself in Lulu s nursery. Then her eyes closed, and the tears streamed down her cheeks while she murmured softly to herself. I think she must have been praying.

I was afraid so much happiness would hurt her. The goo | doctor whom I asked to examine little Dinah's back that morning shook his head and expressed but liton curing all manner of cripples, I sup-

pose I shall have to humor you and do the best I can. I took heart at thi and went back to the nursery to find that Lulu and the nurse had not been idle. Little Dinah was fast being clothed in soft, warm garmen s eyes shone with delight. It was evident that she was becoming somewhat accus-

tomed to her surroundings. When she was rested and had begun to wonder "how uncle Tom was done gittin" 'long wiv de cookin'," we drove slowly back. Dinah's head was fairly buzzing doorway and she was fairly on the old couch once more, she was again bereft of speech, for there, in the middle of the room, stood the table loaded with such eatables as Dinah had never dreamed of, and we left Uncle Tom to unravel the mystery for her, while we went home to

our own "Fanksgivin'" with full hearts. If you should see Dinah now, you would scarcely know her. She can run and play almost as well as any little girl and her taste for household neatness and decoration has unlimited scoop. - at least, it seems so to her-in the gardener's house at the end of the lawn. Uncle Tom's chief delight is to watch her playing about him as he works in "Miss Lulu's gyaden."

A Matter of Principle. "Say, pa," said Willie, after an exciting interview with his father, in which the gestures were far more impressive than the language, "I thought you was a free

trader. "That' what I am, but it hasn't got any thing to do with this operation that I can "Yes, sir; but I think you might live

ap to your principles anyhow." "What do you mean?" "Why, what I mean is that it would have been about the right thing for you to do a little something toward remo ing And Willie slid awa; an l avoided further difficulties.

Dark Days Ahead.

Stranger (to Arizona citizen)-What's graveyard. "A big calamity, pilgrim. Colonel Bilks is dead, and I don't see how we'll

get along without him." "Why? Was he necessary to the town? "Necessary? Guess so, stranger. He was the only man in these parts that

could make a hangman's knot."-Lincoln Journal. "I am weary of living," mouned poor Mrs.

Black. 'For I'm fairly worn out with the ache in my back; My nerves are a chain

Of weakness and pain. And my poor head is aching as if it would crack. "Now. don't be discouraged," cried good Mrs. White.

It is never so dark but there's promise of light; I can tell you, in brief, What will give you relief-

Pierce's Favorite Prescription will soon set you right.' It is the only remedy for woman's pe culiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case or money will be refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper. Large bottles (100 doses) \$1. Six for \$5. The latest manufacturing enterprise at Cheyenne, Wyo., is a whip factory.

Can a Man Swallow a Cannon-Ball? Well, "that depends." He can if his throat is large enough and the cannon-ball not too large. The question really seems worthy of some consideration in view of the size of some of the pills that are prescribed for suffering humanity. Why not throw them "to the dogs," and take Dr Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets? Small, sugar-coated, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, in glass, and always fresh.

The bricklayer's assistant expects to

have a hod winter. Don't You Know That you cannot afford to neglect that catarrh? Don't you know that it may lead to consumption, to insanity, to death? Don't you know that it can be easily cured? Don't you know that while the thousand and one nostrums you have tried have utterly failed that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Rem edy is a certain cure? It has stood the test of years, and there are hundreds of thousands of grateful men and women in all parts of the country who can testify to its

efficacy. All druggists, It isn't every composer who has a Han-

el to his name. A Radical Cura for Epileptic Fits. To the Editor-Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease which I warrant to cure the worst cases. to strong is my faith in the virtues of this medi-cine that I will send free a sample bottle and valuable treatise to any sufferer who will give me his P. O. and Express address. My remedy has cured thousands of hopeless cases. H. G. ROOT, M. C. 183 Pourl St., New York.

There are 3,000,000 women in the United States who work for wages.)fulfilleted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isauc Thompsen's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. Dic.

The twenty-six Chinese laundries

Portland, Ore., have formed a trust.

For Rheumatism. Frosh Proofs Just Received. 95 Years. Sandrville, Obio, June 18, 1883.
Was taken with rheumatism in 1881; saffered at
times ever since and used crutches; St. Jacobs O.: errol me about 2 years ago; no return.

GEO. L. MIXON.

11 Years. Columbus, Ohio, June 13, 1683. Taken with rheumatism 12 years ago; snicred till one year ago; cured by St. Jacobs Git. No return since. Crippled Feet. Washburne, Ill., May 22, '88.
Pive years ago had rheumatism in my feet; rusfered 8 years; used cane. Bt. Jacobs Gil canad

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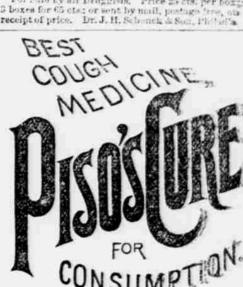
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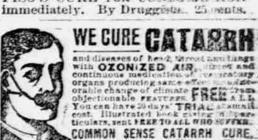
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