A famous Washington gambler, it is said, will soon go to preaching. He would have begun it ten years ago, but he has only just now found a cure for his cough. It is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

"Behold! the world rests and her tired inhabitants have paused from trouble and turmoil, because the customary headache and neuralgia have been cured by Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents a bottle.

If you want to break a sick man's heart tell him that he is looking well.

"I WISH I could find something that would cure galls and prevent the hair coming in white," is an expression frequently heard. Veterinary Carbolis-ive will always do it. Sold by Druggists at 50 cents and $1.00.

It is a tension to pay attention to a dull story.

It is an old adage, "To be forewarned is to be forearmed." So let it be in your case, who read this, and keep on hand ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM, which is sold by all druggists.

Most men who take pains to be eccentric are laughed at for their pains.

The tramp is accused of doing nothing for a living, but he is nevertheless in the hard-wear business.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury

As Mercury will certainly destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucus surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damages they will do are ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine, it is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

What the Sea Cast Up.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

It was a bleak December night, and and a great gale was abroad over sea and land.

Huge waves threw themselves with mighty force against the great jagged cliffs as though they would force them from their foundations, as for ages they had been trying to do.

On the land the wind had better success. Great trees were uprooted, and the air was filled with flying branches wrenched off and carried along on the blasts as though they had been wisps of straw.

I twas a night long after remembered by the people a long the coast and spoken of as the great storm.

That night in an old, large, rambling house some half a mile from the shore, two people were seated on the hearth, listening apparently to the warning of the elements without, for some time had elapsed since a word had passed the lips of either.

The house seemed somewhat unstable, and with every blast it shook and trembled as though it were about to come tumbling down about the heads of its occupants.

Strange and uncanny sounds were heard coming from the room in other parts of the building, as though unseen guests were holding high revel there.

The fire on the hearth burned fitful. Sometimes it would leap high up the broad open fireplace as if it would escape on the wings of the wind, and then it would fall down and well-nigh disappear, save the bed of glowing embers scattered over the hearth.

The pranks of the fire sent strange and grotesque shadows dancing upon the wall, taking all manner of uncouth shapes as though they were holding high carnival

The two figures before the fire sat speechless and without motion. They saw not the strange pranks and the liberty the firelight was taking with them on the wall. To all appearances they were utterly unconscious of anything which was passing in the room and unmindful of the warfare without.

One was an old man, gray and bent with years. His hands clutched a long staff which he had planted on the hearth, and his eyes wide open, were fixed on the glowing embers as though he saw something which fascinated him among them. His face was almost bloodless and as white as the long thin hair which fell upon his shoulders.

His companion was a girl of not more than twenty years even if she had seen as many. She was beautiful as it was, but she would have been far more so had it not been for a tired, weary look upon her face. It was a discouraged look, as if all the hopes of her life had fled away forever, and what she saw before her was only a dismal blank.

"Nellie," said the old man, at length, but at that moment such a blast struck the house that it would have drowned a much stronger voice than that of her companion.

"Nellie," repeated the old man in a louder key, "don't you hear me?"

"Did you speak before, grandfather?" said the girl, looking up into his face.

"Yes," said the old man, querulously. "But you were thinking of something or somebody besides me. It is always so when I speak. I might as well be all alone."

"I did not hear you, grandfather. The wind is blowing such a gale that it is no wonder. What is it I can do for you?"

"Nothing, nothing," replied the old man, testily.

"Yes, there was, grandfather," said the girl, laying her hand on the old man's knee. "Tell me what it was. You were at least thinking of something. But listen a moment. Did you ever know a harder gale than this?"

Again the old house rattled, and creaked, and groaned. The wind whispered if possible more like a fiend than before, and above all was the roar of the ocean as if enraged to think that it could not engulf the land and sweep everything before it.

"I've known many a bad night since this roof has covered my head; nights in which it seemed that the waves would wash the old house from its foundation. Alack, it is a pity that it did not. I would rather that it would have chanced to do so, than to have lived so long, and then to be turned out of it in my old age by Simon Grover. But it is to be, and we have only a week for it to shelter us. Could I but have my wish the storm would lay it low to-night, and fill up the field and meadow so that it would only be an expanse of drifting sand."

"Do not talk in this way, grandfather. You shall not come to want. You know that I have got strong hands and am willing to work. We will find a little cottage somewhere hereabouts, where I can get work to do at home, and we shall be happier than we have been here for many a year."

There was a pained and bitter look upon the face of the old man. It was evident that the words of the girl had brought no comfort to his heart.

"A curse be upon the head of Simon Grover!" he cried. "If it were not for him I should not be turned out of my home in my old age like a dog. You know that I always thought that it was he who stole my strong box, when I was so sick as not to know what was passing about me. He sat up with me one night, they said, and it must be then that it went, although it was not missed until days afterwards when I had come to myself. He stole it, the miserable thief, and with it went all my papers that showed my title to this house and lands which I had from his father. They had never been put on record, as they should have been, and the lawyer who drew them, and the witnesses, are dead. Dead, all of them. All this time he has let us stay here for an evil purpose of his own. He has seen you grow up into a beautiful woman and he has meant to have you for a wife. But, my girl, you have your grandfather's spirit. Better that we should beg from door to door than that you should consent to his wishes."

The girl shuddered.

"I could not do it, grandfather, even for your sake. It would be a living death to me. I can work my fingers to the bone, but to be tied to that man would be horrible."

"You shall not my child. I would not have you comply with his wishes for what little of life that is left to me. Still I can't help thinking and speaking of it sometimes, and when there is such a night as this, the impulse to do so is more than I can understand, but we will say no more about it to-night. Let us try and talk of something more cheerful."

And then Nellie, humoring his whim, did her best to lead his thoughts in another direction. It was a hard task, as the firelight showed when it illuminated her face; but the old man did not see the look of pain thereon and how bravely she bore up trying to carry the burden that had been imposed upon her young shoulders.

The hour for retiring came at last, and after she had seen him comfortably tucked up for the night, she went into her own room. But it was a long time before sleep came to her eyes. The house again and again shook beneath the fury of the blast as though it meant to level it to the earth. But it was not this nor the roar of the ocean that kept her awake. It was the thought of her grandfather, and what she was to do when Simon Grover turned them out from beneath the roof that had sheltered her ever since her eyes had first seen the light of day.

But at last she slept, and when she awoke, the low, slanting rays of the sun, as it arose from its ocean bed, shone in through the window. The storm had ended during the night, and the only sound that met her ears was the still angry roar of the ocean as it dashed upon the jagged coast as if loath to give up the assault it had so fiercely made upon it.

She gave a weary sigh as she thought of the long day before her, and the future that stretched out so blank and dreary before her. Then she arose and dressed herself, for she heard her grandfather in the outer apartment. Soon after she joined him with a smile upon her face, and she was glad to perceive that his despondent mood of the night before had disappeared.

About ten o'clock that forenoon as her grandfather was sitting outside the door he called to her.

"What is it?" she said, coming out to the spot where he was seated.

"There is a man coming up the road yonder. Can you tell me who it is? Your eyes are sharper than mine."

"That is Simon Grover, grandfather."

"That is who I thought it was. He is coming to harass me again to-day. Oh, the viper. How I wish that I could crush him beneath my foot. But alas, it is he who can do the grinding now."

"Let him do his worst, grandfather. We know what that is and we can meet it. I don't want to see or speak to the villain again, so if you are willing I will go down to the beach and wait until he has gone. I can go down back of the house and he won't see me if I go at once. From where he is now his view is cut off."

"Go at once, Nellie. It is enough for one of us to have to see him."

"I will be back as soon as he is gone, grandfather. I shall know when he goes, as I can see the road from where I shall be among the rocks."

With these words and a kiss on the old man's cheek, she ran through the house and out of the rear door and took her way to the rocks with the speed of a deer.

Once arrived there, and concealed among them, she cast a backward glance toward the house.

She saw that Simon Grover had arrived there and was standing beside her grandfather. She suspected that high words might be even then passing between them, and she felt thankful that she was not there to hear them. Her grandfather, she knew, was amply able to make reply to the man she so detested, and there was little need of her being there to help him.

She took a seat on a low rock a little back from the water's edge and gazed out on the troubled waters of the great deep, which had not yet recovered from its encounter with its old enemy the wind. The waves came rushing in as they had done the previous day but they were not so large and violent as they had been, for now, between the rocks and the farthest point of their advance, there was a narrow strip of white sand which lay drying in the sun's rays.

From the wide ocean before her, her gaze came back to this little strip of sand, and, half imbedded in it, she saw an object which at once riveted her attention.

It looked like a small wooden box, almost stained black by the water, and bound about by a couple of rusty iron bands.

Evidently it had been thrown up from the bed of the ocean by the storm just over.

Her curiosity was aroused by the sight and she looked about her to find some spot where she could descend to where it was lying.

This she soon found, and in a few moments was standing beside it on the sand.

The lower portion of the box was but loosely buried in the sand, and freeing it, she raised it in her hand.

It was heavier than she had thought it would prove, but she carried it up over the rocks and was on the point of laying it down, so that she could examine it, when, glancing up toward the road, she saw Simon Grover going in the direction of home at a pace which showed that he was thoroughly angry.

She knew that her grandfather would need her now, and so with her burden clasped in her arms she at once made her way towards the house.

She found her grandfather walking back and forth before the door, his face flushed as though his interview with Simon Grover had been anything but pleasant.

"See grandfather, what I have found on the seashore. What do you suppose there is in it?"

The old man started as though his eyes were coming out of his head, and shook in every limb.

"It's my box," he cried, as soon as he could find his tongue. "Oh, Nellie, where did you find it?"

"On the sand, grandfather. The storm last night must have cast it up. But are you sure it is yours—the one your papers were in?"

"Of course I am, child. It is the very box, sent back to me by Heaven's mercy. Simon Grover, you have lost the game you thought you won when you stole this and threw it into the sea."

It was no small job to force open the box, but at last it was accomplished. Therein was a package of papers stained by water, but considerably well wrapped in oiled silk. Not a paper was missing, and the box contained beside quite a sum in gold.

The day on which Simon Grover came to take possession of the premises was a day of triumph for the old man and his granddaughter. A lawyer had been sent for, and their enemy brought one with him. It took the two limbs of the law but a few moments to see how matters stood with Simon Grover, and at a whisper from his lawyer he departed, never to set foot in the old house again.—Yankee Blade.

The Bride's Outfit.

I remember the time when no farmer's daughter in the Mohawk Valley was allowed to leave her father's home for another without her dozen of sheets, pillow-cases, table-cloths, towels, etc., and a goodly supply of bedding, feather bed and pillows. To these was added a cow, and sometimes also a horse and a few sheep. Of course it often required some forethought and good management when the family was large and the farm small, but it was no little pleasure in such cases for the girls, as fast as they advanced to a marriageable age, to appropriate a calf or some motherless lambs, and by care and coddling raise them in readiness for the possible event of their marriage. Likewise did they have their pluckings from the geese to make feather beds and pillows, and the quilting-frame and spinning-wheels helped them to the rest. These were truly homely preparations, but in a sense that is of far better significance than ordinary bric-a-brac and embroidery, which constitutes chiefly a bride's belonging to these days. I dare say that not many months elapse before most young housekeepers wish their finery, which was thought so important at the time of the wedding, could be transformed into blankets or some other useful articles. In a home there must always appear a complete background of the necessaries to make ornaments show to advantage; and where provision is not first made for the musthaves, there is a small chance of their receiving proper attention.—American Farmer.

Counting the Motes in the Sunbeam.

Counting the dancing motes in a bar of sunlight sounds like one of those hopeless, never-ending tasks with which malignant fairies delight to break the spirit of little heroines in the German folk stories. Something more than this, however, has been achieved by modern science, which is now able to count the particles floating in any given portion of the atmosphere, and determine what proportion of these are dangerous germs and what are mere dust. Dr. Frankland's curious experiments have shown us how to count the micro-organisms, and now Altken, of Falkirk, by a totally different method, has been enable to take stock of the more harmless but hardly less interesting dust motes. Thirty-thousand such particles have been detected by him in the thousandth of a cubic inch of the air of a room. In the outside atmosphere in dry weather, the same measurement of air yielded 2,119, whereas after a heavy rainfall the number was only 521. That this power of prying into atmospheric secrets will eventually yield very important results must be obvious to all. Among the most curious discoveries already made is the direct relation between dust-particles and fog, mist and rain.

He Brought Back the Candle.

Cincinnati has the champion absent-minded man. A gentleman living in the suburbs went in a store on Walnut Street to make a few purchases. The only light in the store was a candle standing on the counter near the money drawer. After making his purchases he handed the proprietor a bill, and, after returning him the change, the proprietor walked to the rear of the store to arrange something, when suddenly he was left in the dark. He started toward the counter, and, groping round on it, found, not the candle, but the change. It struck him then that probably the man, in a fit of absent mindedness, had taken the candle instead of his change. He started out after him, and catching up with him, he saw that he had the bundle in one hand and the candle in the other. After apologizing for the mistake the stranger took his change and gave back the candle.

Signs of the Millennium.

From the New York Sun.

In eleven years from this time we shall be living in the twentieth century of the Christian era. Some of the Christian interpreters of the Biblical prophecies have tried to prove by them that the millennium would dawn in the twentieth century, and that mankind would then enter upon the enjoyment of a thousand years of universal peace and happiness. It may be so, though the signs of it are not yet obvious to the unprophetic eye.

Mrs. Whittlesey's Luck.

Omaha (Neb.) Bee, Jan. 16.

A Bee representative was detailed yesterday to ascertain what truth there was in the report that E. C. Whittlesey had drawn $5,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery. The gentleman was found in the general superintendent's office of the Wells, Fargo Express Company, where he holds a very responsible position. He stated that it is his mother who is the lucky holder of one-fortieth of ticket No. 68,744, which cost $1 and returned $5,000 from the December drawing.

Mrs. Whittlesey has invested four times, and has secured prizes twice; the other being $50 drawn in the September drawing. Mrs. Whittlesey is the wife of S. C. Whittlesey, formerly editor of the Council Bluffs Globe and at one time private secretary to the late Thos. A. Hendricks. She has resided in Council Bluffs at 35 North Seventh street for a number of years, where she has many friends who congratulate her upon her great good fortune. Her son, Mr. E. C. Whittlesey, general superintendent's offices, Wells, Fargo Express Company, fifth floor, United States National bank building, will corroborate the above statement to any who call.

Raised letters are intended for the blind, and we suppose that raised checks are for the same purpose.

We accidentally overheard the following dialogue on the street yesterday:

Jones. Smith, why don't you stop that disgusting hawking and spitting?

Smith. How can I? You know I am a martyr to catarrh.

J. Do as I did. I had the disease in its worst form but I am well now.

S. What did you do for it?

J. I used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It cured me and it will cure you.

S. I've heard of it, and by Jove I'll try it.

J. Do so. You'll find it at all the drug stores in town.

Whatever is said to the chemist he ought always to be ready with the proper retort.

Edwin Forrest's Secret.

The great tragedian, Forrest, had a secret which everybody ought to learn and profit by. Said he, "I owe all my success to the fact that everything I have undertaken I have done thoroughly. I never neglect trifles." That's the point, don't neglect trifles. Don't neglect that hacking cough, those night-sweats, that feeble and capricious appetite, and the other symptoms, trifling in themselves, but awful in their significance. They herald the approach of consumption. You are in danger, but you can be saved. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will restore you to health and vigor, as it has thousands of others. For all scrofulous diseases, and consumption is one of them, it is a sovereign remedy.

Mrs. Cannon, wife of the Illinois congressman, is an expert seamstress.

Your Friend Committed Suicide.

You never suspected it, none of his friends dreamed of it, he did not know it himself, but it is exactly what he did, nevertheless. Do you remember his sallow complexion? Do you recollect how he used to complain of headaches and constipation? "I'm getting quite bilious," he said to me one day, "but I guess it'll pass off. I haven't done anything for it because I don't believe in 'dosing.'" Soon after that you heard of his death. It was very sudden, and every one was greatly surprised. If he had taken Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets he would be alive and well to-day. Don't follow his example. The "Pellets" are easy to take, mild in their action, and always sure.

When an actor cannot take his baggage away from a hotel he has lost his grip with the public.

"I HAVE BEEN AFFLICTED with an affection of the Throat from childhood caused by diphtheria, and have used various remedies, but have never found anything equal to BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES."—Rev. G. F. Hampton, Piketon, Ky. Sold only in boxes.

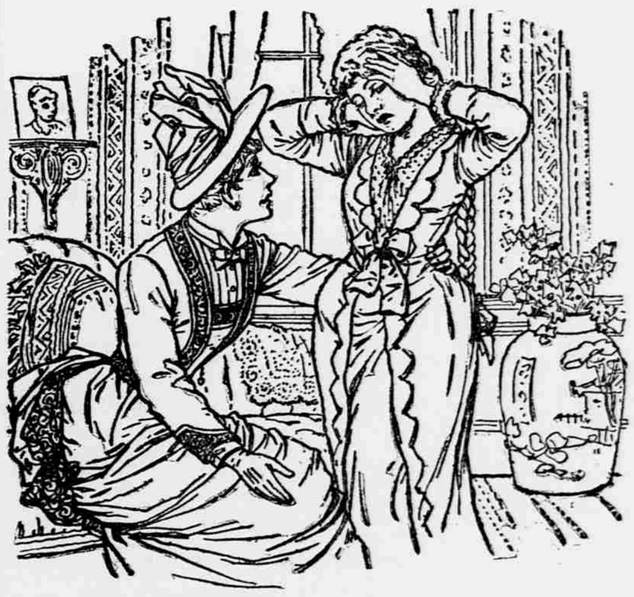
The Woman's medical college in Philadelphia is now in its thirty-ninth year.

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.

There are 110 chrysanthemum societies in England.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.



LONGFELLOW'S MAIDEN,

who is—

"Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!"

is a type of thousands of young girls who are emerging from the chrysalis stage of their existence, as they enter upon their "teens." Nervous, excitable, irritable, stirred by strange, unknowable forces within them, each a mystery unto herself, our girls need the tenderest care, the most loving, patient oversight, and the aid of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, to safely carry them through this critical period, during which, in too many lives, alas, are sown the seeds of distressing forms of diseases peculiar to the female sex. But this boon to womankind will prevent all such diseases, or cure them if they have already seized a victim. Woman owes it to herself, to her family, and to her social station, to be well and strong. Let her then not neglect the sure means of cure. "Favorite Prescription" is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. Sold by druggists; $1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.

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DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS: PURELY VEGETABLE and PERFECTLY HARMLESS.

Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Stomach and Bowels. 25 cents, by druggists.