PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Two Bottles Cured Her. VI

CARROLL, Iowa, July, 1889.

I was suffering ten years from shocks in my head, so much so, that at times I didn't expect to recover. I took medicines from many doctors, but did not get any relief until I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic; the second dose relieved and two bottles cured me.

S. W. PECK.

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"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR."

I hear thy knock, O Lord, but woe is me;
I have been busy in the world's great mart,
And have no table spread within my heart,
Nor any room made beautiful for thee
With burnished lamp and sprigs of rosemary;
And should thy stainless hands the curtains part,
Thy tender eyes would miss the joyous start,
The happy tears, the reverent ecstasy.

Neglected is the house thy love doth lend;
The ashes of dead fires bestrew the hearth;
And still I hear thy voice. O heavenly friend,
Come down to sup with me upon the earth,
What if at last thou shouldst the slight repay,
And welcome me as I do thee today?

—May Riley Smith in Harper's Bazar.

APOLLO IN BRONZE.

Ninette Brown was a young lady of decidedly romantic tendencies.

She had been named Nancy, but as she entered upon her sweet sixteenth year she decided to call herself Nannette, and finally abbreviated it to Ninette.

Her mother called her Ninette when she could remember to do so, but her father insisted upon plain Nancy.

Her father also favored George Smith, a young farmer, as one of Ninette's suitors. George was a tall, strong, industrious fellow, with plenty of common sense and not a particle of romance about him. Because of his lack of the latter Ninette treated him in a way which sometimes made his heartache.

"I shall never marry George Smith. I look higher than a farmer," she said to her father one evening when he was extolling George's good qualities.

"Then I guess you will look higher than you will ever be able to tilt your little nose!" replied her father angrily. "I see what you are after. You have read so many o' them trashy novels I s'pose you expect to get one o' them 'ere city chaps—all shirt buzzom an perfumery! But I warn ye now, Nancy, I'm agin it from the fust! You'd better take George, with his decent ways and good farm."

Ninette did not think so. She began to get discontented and to wish she could get away from home. She wanted to go to the city.

She confided this desire by letter to Mrs. Elkins, who had once boarded for the summer near them. Mrs. Elkins in reply wrote: "We are going to a seashore resort very soon. If you will go with us and take charge of little Sadie we may be able to find a situation for you after the summer season if you still desire it.

Ninette at last gained her father's consent to go. He said he "had been pestered long enough."

The journey was made. The Elkins family were established in a suite at "The Golden," situated on a way down coast of Maine.

Ninette would have been quite lonely but for the company of Mary Duncan, the young woman who was Mrs. Elkins' maid.

Mary was romantic also, with a dash of something worse about her, and quite horrified Ninette by relating some of her escapades. Ninette was thoroughly good, but silly.

"Mary," said Ninette one morning when they were alone, "I have not yet seen my hero, but I think I have heard him!"

"Why, how is that?"

"Well, last night I was sitting by Miss Sadie while Mrs. Elkins was enjoying herself at the dance, and I heard a piano in the next room, and oh, such glorious singing! I don't know what it was, but it was grand! I have heard him once before, and I am sure he must be splendid to sing like that!"

"How do you know but he is already married?" asked Mary, who was seldom practical.

"I don't believe he is. I watched to try and see who came from the room. But you know Mrs. Elkins does not allow us to keep our doors open, so I don't have a very good chance."

"If you hear him again just let me know, will you? I will come to listen if I have time."

That night no melodious sounds issued from the room, but on the following evening the grand voice broke forth and Ninette and Mary listened with breathless attention.

"I just wish I knew who has that room," exclaimed Mary, "but I don't dare ask anybody. It would cost me my place if Mrs. Elkins knew that I was prying around anything or anybody."

"We must watch all the time. I feel sure he is my hero!" and foolish Ninette thought of the unknown singer while she basted Miss Sadie's ruffles. Day after day passed, and Ninette fed her romance upon the snatches of song which came from the room of her hero.

One morning Ninette was passing through the corridor. The door of her hero's room opened and she saw a form pass out. She could not see his face, but he was tall, admirably proportioned and carried himself gracefully. Ninette caught her breath in suppressed admiration.

"Oh, I've seen him! I've seen him!" she whispered excitedly to Mary.

"What does he look like?" asked Mary curiously.

"Oh, I didn't see his face, but he is very tall and dark. He is splendid! A perfect Apollo!" and Ninette ran back to her duties and to think about her "Apollo," as she continued to call him.

Meanwhile George Smith was growing heart hungry. He wanted to see Ninette. He suddenly decided "to go down the coast a spell."

His old mother looked astonished. She knew George did not need sea breezes. It was "that Nancy Brown he was after."

George arrayed himself in his best and went to the hotel where the Elkinses were staying. There was more of affectionate demonstration in his greeting than Ninette cared to see. She responded very coolly, "How are you, George?" and tilted her nose a little higher.

George followed Ninette down on the beach, where she had gone with Miss Sadie.

"Ninette," he said, and his face was very white, "give me my answer to-day. You have always put me off on one pretext or another, but I can't be put off any longer. You know you are the only girl I ever cared for. I will do my best to make you happy if you will marry me."

"Then my answer is no, if you must have it, George."

"Very well; no it is then. Will you answer me one question, Ninette?"

"What is it?" she asked impatiently, turning toward him.

"Is there any one else for whom you care?"

"Would you hurt him if you knew?" she asked fearfully.

"No—never! Not if you love him. I love you too well to hurt anything you have an interest in."

"Then I will tell you. I am in love with a great singer!"

"A great singer!" repeated George with white lips. "Who is he?"

"I don't know his name," she stammered. Somehow it seemed harder to talk to George about him than to Mary.

"Don't know his name! Where did you see him?"

"I have hardly seen him—I have heard him."

"Ninette! You don't mean to say you have fallen in love with a voice—just that and nothing more?"

"Yes, I do!" said Ninette, half crying, "and I wish, George Smith, you would go away and not bother me any more!" And she turned resolutely from him.

George turned toward her. He had great courage and perseverance, and said between his set lips: "I will not go away. I will stay here and watch over you. If the man is all right, well and good; if not, I will not let you come to harm." And he hurried away to a pile of rocks and seated himself to think the matter over.

Nearly a week passed. George remained at the Golden and occasionally joined Ninette on the beach. One would have thought he had forgotten he ever loved Ninette. He was simply kind and helpful, and Ninette began to enjoy his society now that he was apparently no longer her lover.

It was nearly time for their departure. Ninette and George were looking over some shells together. George heard Ninette catch her breath in a short gasp. He looked down at her quickly. Her face was flushing and paling by turns.

Following the direction of her glance, he saw a man standing on a rock at a little distance from them. His tall, fine form was clearly outlined as he stood there, looking away over the ocean.

"Ninette—tell me—is that the man?"

Ninette blushed. George needed no other answer.

"Looks well as he stands there! I wish he would turn around so I could see his face."

So did Ninette. Instead of turning around he swung himself down the rocks and was hidden from view.

George arose and looked over the ledge. Ninette sat still, but watched George anxiously.

"He is coming out this way, and I think he will come out by this opening. There is no other place for him to pass out this side."

George dropped back into the niche where he had been sitting, and Ninette awaited the appearance of her Apollo.

A little movement near her caused Ninette to turn her head. She saw Mr. Lewis, a gentleman who owned a fine cottage near the hotel.

"Excuse me, but I am looking for Marcus Marshall. I saw him dissappear here somewhere. Have you seen him?"

"I don't know the gentleman," said George; "do you, Ninette?"

"No, but I haven't seen any one near here for half an hour."

At this moment the hero emerged from an opening in the rocks.

Ninette and George heard Mr. Lewis exclaim:

"There he is now!" and turned back again.

Was this her hero? Her Apollo? George's face was blank with amazement. Ninette felt like skrieking.

He was dark—yes, it must be admitted, very dark. He was a mulatto.

He was Marcus Marshall, the fine looking conductor of the famous Marshall minstrels, staying at the Golden.

Ninette arose hastily, and George likewise. As they hurried away they heard Mr. Lewis saying:

"By the way, Marshall, I want to engage your services for my swell dinner next Thursday."

The rest was lost in the rapidly increasing distance between them. Ninette hurried into her room with Miss Sadie, and George wisely concluded to keep out of her way that day.

Next morning he went down on the beach. Ninette had to go with Miss Sadie.

George marched straight up to Ninette and took her hand and looked into her tear swollen eyes.

"Now, my dear Ninette, let the past be forgotten. Your Apollo is in bronze and no good to you. You are safe enough now. I am going home today, and when you come back home next week I am going to ask you the same question I asked you the first day I came here," and George turned and hastened away.

Ninette had learned a lesson by the sad sea waves, and when she went home it was with a trustful respect and affection for the young farmer.

She married him on the next time honored Thanksgiving day.—Chicago Evening News.

The Life of an Incandescent Lamp.

From the consumer's point of view, one of the chief charges that can be brought against the incandescent electric light is the fact that its efficiency falls off with use. At the electrical laboratory of the Ohio State university, a prolonged inquiry has been conducted into the "life" and efficiency of the incandescent lamps of ten different American makers. The results show that the mean candle power falls off with use approximately at the rate of 10 per cent. for each 200 hours; that the life of 93 out of 127 lamps exceeded 11,000 hours, and that the average initial efficiency was 4.2; after 600 hours 5.6 and after 1,200 hours 7 watts per candle power.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

TERPSICHORE ON WILLER CRICK.

The daughters of Terpsichore who sit at Phallas' feet,
And overlook the festival of dancing,
In point of style and makeup may be very hard to beat—
As supple, soft eyed houris they're entrancing.
But a tan cheeked diety,
Living in the Used-to-be,
Could beat these maids with cards and spades in bloom;
For she reigned on Willer Crick,
And presided, fair and chic,
O'er the "rags" we used to give before the boom.

The "rags" we used to give before we platted out the place,
Before we had the opryhouse to splurge in,
Were free and easy gatherings of homemade country grace,
And ev'rybody came without the urgin.
Oh, the fiddle and the horn,
And the organ, wheezed and worn,
Made an itchy, twitchy music in the gloom
Of the busy workaday,
So that sorrow staid away
From the "rags" we used to give before the boom.

The caller off and the fiddler was a simple, homely soul,
Who had one waltz in all his repertory;
His long suit was his "cowdrills" and the overflowing bowl,
And the "Irish Washerwoman" was his glory.
But he tickled up his heels
With his old Virginny reels,
Like an airy, joyful fairy in the room;
For then none of us were rich,
Nor were parvyneo and sich,
At the "rags" we used to give before the boom.

—Will A. White in Indianapolis Journal.

A WOMAN'S ADVICE.

For two whole years Captain Jumpison had been the idol of the spinsters of Bunborough-by-the-Sea. Cheery, good natured and good looking, his private means were limited, if they existed at all, and his pay was insufficient to enable him to indulge any of those expensive tastes which lure young men from the milder delights of tea and tennis. He neither hunted in winter nor played polo in summer, and he was always ready to dance half the night at the Bunborough balls. He really was a very nice man indeed, every one agreed that he would make a very nice husband for any one of the young ladies of Bunborough to whom he might finally determine to offer himself, and for two years he distributed his favors freely, but with almost absolute impartiality.

"There is safety in numbers and the cowards know it," said Miss Grayson, of the Valley cottage, to Maud Oakley, who had been unburdening her soul to her. Miss Grayson was the kindest of elderly ladies where young people's love affairs were concerned, and Maud Oakley had known her since she (Maud, not Miss Grayson) was a baby. "Cowards!" said Miss Grayson again under breath, and Miss Oakley sniffed deprecatingly. She had been talking to Miss Grayson for an hour, and had told her sympathetic listener a good deal that was, in the language of the vulgar, "stale news."

Miss Grayson was quite aware (all Bunborough might have told her) that Captain Jumpison had quite recently shown a distinct preference for the Oakley family. He dined there whenever he was asked and had won General Oakley's confidence by delicately expressing unbounded belief in his stories—not always an easy task; he had been most attentive to old Mrs. Oakley during supper time at several balls, and his visits to the house for 5 o'clock tea had not been limited by invitations issued to him or confined to those occasions when General and Mrs. Oakley were at home; but there were two Miss Oakleys, and to which of them Captain Jumpison intended his attentions to be devoted was a question which Bunborough-by-the-Sea would have liked to have answered. It was not strange, however, that the public were puzzled when Maud Oakley had had to confess to Miss Grayson that she had no very distinct idea whether her sister Geraldine or herself was preferred by the man to whom she had unreservedly lost her heart, though she admitted she had her fears.

"Geraldine has Dr. Coverdale," said Maud. "She would be quite happy with him."

"Quite so," said Miss Grayson. "It never rains but it pours."

Maud wondered whether it had ever "poured" with suitors in Miss Grayson's young days and said nothing.

"Can't we make Dr. Coverdale propose to her?" said Miss Grayson.

"And Geraldine accept him?" added Maud doubtfully. Miss Grayson was a determined looking old lady, but even she seemed to consider the project impracticable.

"Did you ever try boohoo with any one?" said Miss Grayson.

"What?" said Maud.

"Boohoo, boohoo, boohoo!" cried Miss Grayson excitedly, and an elderly lady who had selected the precise moment to be announced by Miss Grayson's pretty little parlor maid very nearly turned and fled. She came in, however, and her impression that Miss Grayson had gone demented was confirmed by the apparently imbecile laughter with which her greeting was received.

Maud rose to leave, and Miss Grayson, who had recovered her presence of mind sufficiently to inquire after her new visitor's husband (he had been dead seven years), accompanied her to the front door.

"Don't you understand, you silly child?" she said, kissing her affectionately on the doorstep. "Cry, cry, cry your eyes out; not one of the wretches in a baker's dozen of them can stand tears." And the kind old lady returned to pacify a justly indignant widow, while Miss Oakley walked home with a light breaking slowly in on her as she pondered the somewhat enigmatical advice she had received.

Meanwhile Captain Jumpison was striding down the flinty road leading from the barracks to Bunborough as if he trod on air. He scarcely knew how he had transferred himself from uniform to his newest mufti, but between his beating heart and the tweed coat which formed its outermost covering he could feel the communication which had that afternoon altered the course of his career forever. "On her majesty's service" it had arrived, and "on her majesty's service" it informed him he was expected to proceed forthwith to a somewhat distant portion of her dominions, where, in return for a salary exceeding his wildest dreams, he was to perform duties as to which he still felt vague. But they probably included the dispensation of substantial justice with lavish hand to sundry swarthy fellow subjects, and the instruction of the male portion of them in the use of obsolete weapons and the evolutions of an improved drill.

The climate—well, every rose has its thorn, and Government House and his society would reconcile Geraldine Oakley to a bursting thermometer and a diet of quinine. She could have her sister to stay with her if she felt lonely. He was quite fond of Maud, though of course she did not care for him. Did she not always retire when he came to tea and leave him alone with her elder sister, and always refuse to give him more than four dances in one evening? But Geraldine was different. Dr. Coverdale would do very well for Maud when Geraldine was gone. There she was—Maud, not Geraldine—standing on the top step waiting for him as he almost ran up the garden walk.

"How do you do?" she said shyly as she ushered him into the drawing room. "I will go and tell Geraldine you are here."

He was delighted. Could anything have been more thoughtful? But, oddly enough, she did not go. She sat down, on the contrary, and began fingering a "chair back" nervously.

"It is a fine day," she said, and then stopped.

"Hang it!" he thought. "I meant to tell Geraldine the news first, but there's no harm in beginning with her."

So he began, pulling out his official letter to show her.

"I have come, Miss Oakley, to tell you some news and ask you to congratulate me."

"What!" she exclaimed, "are you engaged to be mar"——

"Oh, no!" he answered, "not exactly—that is, not yet—in fact I mean not exactly."

And he got very red, and so, curiously enough, did she. She looked very pretty blushing, and with her lower lip quivering a little. Geraldine was not so pretty as Maud, he admitted to himself as he looked at her; but so much the better. Geraldine would be all the less likely to flirt, if, that is, there was any one at Government House to flirt with.

"No," he said; "it's the appointment I told you (or was it your sister?) my uncle was trying to get for me—the very thing I have been wanting."

And he proceeded to paint the charms of the new career opening before him in glowing colors. He said nothing about the quinine. When he came to an end of all the details she was sitting, with an expression of deep interest, looking at him, and he felt that had she only been Geraldine the very moment would have arrived—that precise opportunity, not always easy to obtain, particularly in a small villa. "And so," he said, feeling he must bring his tale to a conclusion and give her an excuse for going to fetch her sister—"and so, Miss Oakley, I leave Bunborough very soon, and have come to say goodby."

"Good—good—boohoo!"

She did not hit the precise note which had startled Miss Grayson's visitor, but the effect on him was even more electrifying.

"My God!" he murmured.

"Boo—hoo, boo—hoo-o!" And she buried her head in the sofa cushions.

For a minute he said nothing; his first inarticulate entreaty to her died on his lips before her storm of grief, so he bit his mustache in silence. Then the front door slammed. Miss Geraldine Oakley was going out for a walk, totally unaware of his arrival. Could he stop her? He could hardly open the window and shout. He moved toward the drawing room door, but he had to pass the sofa, and as he did so the girl on it rose, as if she, too, half dazed, was seeking a way of escape, and as their hands met on the door handle she sank sobbing into his arms.

"Don't, don't!" she whispered, hardly articulating, but he was doing nothing from which he could desist, for he could scarcely let her drop on the floor.

"Good God!" said Captain Jumpison again; "will no one come?" But the house was still, and he reflected that perhaps it was as well that no one should come in at that precise juncture—at all events, not without warning—and so there was another pause, broken only by her sobs. He could see her sister through the muslin blinds; she was looking over the garden gate talking to some one. Would she change her mind and bring whoever it was in to tea? If she did Maud would surely hear them entering the house and retreat. But Geraldine stood talking at the gate. Only the rector wore a high hat at Bunborough-by-the-Sea and Dr. Coverdale.

"Click!" went the garden gate as Geraldine passed into the sunny roadway.

"Boohoo!" It was a very gentle one this time from somewhere near his watch pocket.

"Click!" went the garden gate as it swung back on its hinges.

And Captain Jumpison surrendered at discretion.—St. James Budget.

Excused for Deafness.

Recently Mr. Justice Grantham excused a man who pleaded that he was deaf in his left ear. No sooner had he done so than another sought similar relief on account of deafness in his right ear. He, too, had to be excused, but the learned judge wittily remarked that had he known beforehand that two such applications would be made he would have kept both men in the box to supply each other's deficiencies.—London Tit-Bits.

The Products of Land.

It is estimated that twenty-two acres of land are necessary to sustain one man on flesh meat. The same space of land, if devoted to wheat culture, would feed 42 people; if to oats, 88; potatoes, Indian corn and rice, 176; and if to the plantain or bread tree, over 6,000 people.—Yankee Blade.

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The farmer who undertakes to earn his bread by the sweat of a hired man's brow, had better make up his mind that pie one a month will do.

The Name and Fame

Of Wisdom's Robertine is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The demand for this elegant toilet article has spread so rapidly that it can now be had in every city, town and hamlet in the United States, likewise in many foreign countries, a position it could never have attained did it not possess rare and unquestionable merit. It beautifies and preserves the complexion, repairs the damages done by the use of the many dangerous compounds now in the market, and by its tonic and stimulating effect restores the skin to a natural, healthy action. Wisdom's Robertine is as harmless as the morning dew, as subtile in its action as the magic's wand, and as invisible—save the bloom and delicacy it gives to the cheek—as the air we breathe. Read the testimonials from famous artists, celebrated chemists and eminent physicians.

Getting tedious people to make long speeches is one of the best ways the devil has contrived for killing a prayer meeting.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful cough medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariable cure the worst cases of cough, croup and bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10c., 50c. and $1. If your lungs are sore, chest or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by A. McMillen.

The world is full of people who would like to go to heaven without having to give up anything on earth.

Deserving Praise.

We desire to say to our citizens that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters and have never handled remedies that sell as well or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time and stand ready to refund the purchase price if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. McMillen, druggist. Nov. 1mo

The man who beats the big drum in a band always has an idea that the music would be better if he had more to do.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming up of Food, Yellow Skin when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by A. McMillen.

The troubles that kill are the ones we borrow.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, sores, bruises, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25c. a box. For sale by A. McMillen. May23-1yr.

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