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is in the counties of Webb and Dimnet. in Texas. It contains upward of 400,- who deal in bric-a-brac, but he is per 000 acres and yearly pastures 800,000 sonally strange even to men who make

Our in Nevada telegraph poles in low places, where water stands in wincovered with foliage. The poles are cottonwood and were planted with the only among the rugged hills and moun bark on them.

per volume.

which possesses distinctive characteristic readily recognized by workmen acquainted with monumental and building stones. There are all shades of what are termed white granite, the most eautiful of which is the Hallowell. together with the red granite of Red Beach, and the black granite of Addi-

Ax English officer who recently trav-transmission. eled on the public service says that he sent in in his account of traveling ex-His accounts were returned, with the edged the corn." In 1828 Alexander remark that porter could not be allowed. Stewart said in a speech that Ohio, but that if the entry were intended for Kentucky, and Indiana sent their haythe conveyance of luggage it should be stacks, cornfields and fodder to New was duly made, and a query added as liffe, another member, called him to to whether a cab should not be entered order, declaring that those States did last wagon. as "cabbage." The reply was that not send their havstacks and cornfields

THE town of Wesley, Washington County, Maine, is especially noted for the great number of deer and bears killed within its borders, and its male population includes many mighty hunters. Chief among these is an old fellow known as Uncle Gideon, who has slain no fewer than 225 bears in twenty-five years. Uncle Gideon keeps tally of all the bears he kills now, but says he has no account of those he slaughtered previous to 1865. This spring he has gathered in three, an old she bear and her two cubs.

and according to Vitruvius and from gotien. the amount of the taxes.

capital plan of bringing their workers up to time at six o'clock in the morn-The defaulters were principally rate of speed. Although the steam women, and the firm, knowing the of a cup of warm tea to every one who Eten during the cold mornings the experment worked splendidly and the firm have now no cause of complaint, The fame of the tea has reached other works in the city, and a large company of women workers at one of the fac-

tories in the West End struck work in consequence of the refusal of their employers to follow the good example. for, the custom originally was that keep the cars on the track. those who intended to be present should supply the eatables and drinkables. A list of these necessaries hav- sat one day at Long hamps, sleepily reing been drawn up it was passed round viewing his army. Regiment after regiand each person picked out what he or ment passed, but nothing seemed to

she was willing to furnish, and the stir the Emperor from his lethargy. name of the article was picked, or At last, however, as a regiment of draticked off the list. The open-air en goons rade by, he suddenly fixed his tertainment thus became known as a attention upon the front rank. "pick and nick." The custom is said among the dragoons?" he asked his to date from 1802, so that the pienic is Chief-of-staff. wholly an institution of the nineteenth | The Chief-of-staff looked at the lancer century.

the cast-off clothing of New Yorkers. Such clothing is bought for little or that lancer is among the dragoons?" nothing by peddlers, who sell it to wholesalers in the central European regiment. quarter. The wholesalers clean, patch and press the garments, arrange lancer among your man for ?" them according to size in dozens and The Colonel was dumbfounded and await the Southern merchants. The appealed to the commandant of the latter come from Washington, Rich mond. Charleston. Mobile and half a dozen other considerable cities and buy commandant of the squadron, and he as best they may. The wholesalers called the Captain. sell on ninety days credit, and if one merchant does not offer fair prices they got that rascally lancer in your comawait the coming of others. Nobody's pany?" profits are extraordinarily large, but ask the Lieutenant," he said. those of the Southern retailer are probabiy the best.

but when they did to pick out a manly is that lance; here for?" but when they did to pick out a manly fellow and be a womanty woman, not to the lancer himself, as if he were trying to usurp the rights of man. He about to cut him through the saddle. also remarked: "The happiest life is "You villain! what are you doing here the one that involves labor. You must among the dragoons? The Emperor is have some object in life. Eight hours after you. You'll be shot at the very a day is a good day's labor, and if while least. you work you do something good for mered, "you know I've permuted, sir!" mankind, you will be better satisfied (Permutation in the army means transthan if you had idly stretched yourself fer, by authority, from one corns to and read Frence nove's. Labor in another. America is honorable. It is better to "Permuted, eh?" said the sergeant; well, that won't help you now." sweep the streets or train blackberr; busines than go around begging money Lieutenant with the report that the

from your friends. GEORGE VANDERBILT is the most ex- squadron, and the commandant of the traordingry member of the family in squadron the Colonel, and the Colonel some respects. Frederick and William the General, and the General the Chief-K. bear a very strong resemblance in the Emperor. their manner and appearance to Mrs. "Sire," he began, "the lancer has Vanderbilt, and Cornelius has many of permuted." the sturdy and business-like qualities of his late father. The facial resemblance of the daughters of William H. Vanderbilt to the defunct millionaire the Emperor, sleepily; "well, he looked is notable. It may be said in a general like a good man. Let him have a way that all of the children have Van-medal!"—The Argonaut.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES. derbilt traits except the one that has gone far to the South to build himself an isolated home. George Vanderbilt his enormous wealth, assured social position, and winning nature, he is not known generally in business, club and THE largest sheep ranch in the world social life. The booksellers are acquainted with him, and so are the men it a point to know New Yorkers.

THE utility of wire rope transmission ter, are said to have taken root and are has become widely recognized says a writer in Modern Miller. No tains of the East and far West where streams go rushing down through cav-It will take from ten to fifteen years erns and rocky steeps, where no locafor the Government to complete the tions for mills or factories are afforded history of the war. While each volume is this means of transmission of precosts nominally \$9,000, it is said the cious power appreciated, but it is so conreal cost will be not lass than \$33,000 venient to use that we find on the prairies of the West mills being operated at It is said that there are thirty-five a long distance from water powers by kinds of granite in Maine, each of the wire rope. A few days ago, on a trip through Nebraska, we noticed a water power to a mill that had recently been built adjoining a railroad, the owners finding it much more to their advantage to have it there, with the switching privileges afforded, than at and forbidding. the dam. The expense of hauling the flour which is thus saved to them will very soon pay for the system of power

A MEMBER of Congress is responsible penses the entry, "Porter, 1 shilling." for the well-known phrase "Acknowlnoted as porterage. The alteration York and Philadelphia for sale. Wick-"correspondence on this subject must to the Eastern cities for sale. "Well what do you send?" asked Stewart. "Why, horses, mules, cattle, and hogs." "Well, what makes your horses, mules, cattle, and hogs?" queried Stewart. "You feed \$100 worth of hay to a horse. In doing that you just animate your haystack and get on top of it and ride off to market. How much corn does it take to fatten a hog. Mr. Wickliffe?" walls. Thirty-three bushels," replied the man rom Kentucky. "Then you just put hirty-three bushels of corn in the shape of a bog and walk him off to market," exclaimed very hurriedly, "Mr. Speaker! THE houses of ancient Rome, previous Mr. S; eaker! I acknowledge the corn." with boards, but afterward with tiles; among the members and was never for-

what remains of ancient monuments PROFESSOR ELIHU THOMPSON, in these must have been of a large size, speaking on "The Problems of the the world his follies. Young Paul—the shafts. not less than two feet broad. Senaca Future," says: "In the near future "Son"-ran away to escape death at the There was a trembling, a creaking, a speaks of a garret covered with a single railways will be run by electricity; not hands of the other partner, Mr. Jelikins. crash and—the secret was swallowed tile. In the war against Marc Antony the small reads, I mean, but really the the senators were taxed at the rate of large ones connecting cities, and there ten asses (about twenty-five cents) for is ny reason why we should not expect every tile on their roof; hence it was, of higher speed than we can attain at course, desirable to have tiles of as large present with our steam locomotives. dimensions as possible, thus reducing There we have reciprocating parts that must be out in motion, stopped and An enterprizing firm of spinners in reversed continually, while in the rotary motion, which makes it possible accordingly to run at a much higher locomotive has been very much imweakness of the fair sex, offered a bribe proved, yet it can hardly compare with the economy of stationary engines, presented herself at the proper hour. placed where they can have an abundant water supply for condensing purposes, We can, therefore, by employing stationary engines and electric roads, do away with a great deal of unnecessary weight, and, the moving parts being symmetrical, we can attain a much higher speed-say a hundred miles an hour. This would be a grand step forward, which would save us a great deal of time. It might even be EVERTBODY knows what a picnic is, possible to reach a speed of 150 miles but most folk would find it hard to say an hour; it simply depends upon findhow it got that name, and yet it is jug the method of applying sufficient simple enough when you come to learn power, and building the locomotives to it. When a pienic was being arranged suit, arrangements being adopted to

When Napoleon III. was Emperor, he

"What is that lancer doing there and galloped away to the division com-

mander, while the Emperor sank back THOUSANDS of Southern negroes wear into his customay impassiveness, "The Emperor demands to know why The General looked shocked and called out sharply to the Colonel of the

Colonel what have you got that

squadron: What's that lancer doing here?" "I don't know, sir." exclaimed the

"Look here, Captain, why have you The Captain pleaded ignorance. I'll

By this time, the inquiries began to finger." be garnished with oaths and abuse. In an address to 276 fair young women beyond expression at the presence of who graduated from the Normal College the lancet, hurled question and imprein New York, General Sherman told cation all at once at the bead of the them not to be in a harry to marry, orrderly-sergeant, "What in the world

"But, sergeant," the soldier stam-

The orderly-sergeant went to the man had permuted; the Lieutenant told the Captain the commandant of the

"What lancer?" "The lancer whom your Majesty "Oh, yes! He's permuted, eh?" said

ONE BY ONE.

BY M. M. BRANNAN. Somehow my friends deceive me, One by one.

And, I know not why, they leave me,
One by one.

I none have all beside them,
I have trusted and have tried them, Yet their actions all belied them

And I tried so hard to claim them One by one, Have refused to ever blame them, One by one.

When envy's tongue had started.

And malice wished us parted—
Yet they leave me, and light-hearted,

Will I ever get the new ones, One by one?

And will they prove untrue ones,
One by one?

Thus I dreamed away the hours One by one,
"Til odors of sweet flowers
One by one Awoke me to repent me, For my fairest friend had sent me The roses, which relent me Ove by one. Eufaula (Ala.) Times.

THE LEGEND OF THE OLD MILL

BY LOU E. LA BOUTELLE.

Not far out of Cherry Creek a narrow. In davlight it was none too pleasant

the office at the call, but when he out and now, when a gloomy autumn twilight was coming on, it was indeed cold The night was neither stormy or dark.

for a pale moon hung near the zenith: but the old rotten mill by Darken's sky rode dark, piled-up clouds as if the wedded -- " "Do you Paul Darken great worlds beyond had gone out in a puff of dull, heavy smoke.

The angular railed fence wormed its | What God has joinederpent-like way far into the gathering boundaries almost within reach. Thick my darling little sweetheart, after all clay-colored juice into the track of the dying love you are my wife.'

It was on such a night that a figure turned into this uninviting path from the regular highway, and stumbled along toward the old mill. Even in the gloom it was not hard to read his vocation from his appearance. His tattered coat-tails swung slowly to the rhythm of his gait and his remnant of a hat was drawn close over his lowering face,

It was not far to the old mill, lifting a steady look to its crumbling oath."

He gave a grunt of relief as if his ourney was done, but still he gazed at blade was beyond. the mill before him. "Humph," he muttered as if lost in thoughts of a past. "What a firm was fool enough to promise." said Stewart. At this point in the de- Darken, Son & Co. was. Many and

bate Wickliffe sprang to his feet and many the time the wee small hours have found us four—the firm and I—hidden away in the little back office. What his own breast and in the darkness times-and what results! I wonder if Paul could not prevent. to the war of Pyrrhus, were covered The incident caused quite a laugh I could find the place in this dark- But someone else saved him from the "How strangely it all ended," he went Down from the hill came a blast of on. "Darken died a respected man be- fierce, cold wind, shricking and screamcause he had the brain to conceal from ing in among the broken wheels and

> That last was a miserable affair. Poor up in falling timbers. Polly Jelikins! I wonder where she went after her brother was killed!" shuddered as he entered and a feeling | ple-a woman and two men. of some terrible dread crept into his

the dirty floor of some old hut, but ble of the theories passed into the tra-An enterprizing firm of spinners in ble of the theories passed into bundles. Scotland, have hit upon a electric locomotive we have the simple to-night he could hardly bring himself ditionary history of the village. to cross the distance between the front and the little office in the rear. It might have been the fear of falling memory of the past wickedness. The boards creaked dismally beneath

> into the night with a wierd gesture. fernal place? Was it not sufficient that bad roads and stormy weather. here I lost wealth, family, honor, and It happened, one spring when the have-my life."

> for here the darkness was intense; but asleep rather harassed at the thought of in the one clearly outlined corner of his so large a task.

> ner lay the fallen desk. Down under left them was quite empty, and my his feet he heard the faint whisper of heart began to beat loud and fast. The trickling notes, and he almost fancied mail had been delivered to me, I was the wheel was going round. Was it the wheel that made that rustl-

> ing he heard? He bent to listen. No the big drops of sweat gathering on my nor was it the bats. It was something moving stealthily toward him from the wall opposite.

He saw nothing in the blackness, but from some blind intuition he drew back into the great room of the mill. There was no rush-no words, but he knew a vengeance was before him,

slowly following him, led by eyes that were accustomed to the obscurity. "Hold on, damn you," he broke out What do you want to kill me for?" "Who are you?" came out of the darkness after a pause, "and what are

you sneaking in on me for?" "Say, do you own this hotel?" "Not exactly, but I belong to a so ciety that has leased it for a club

"Ah! the Brotherhood of Decayed Gentry, or Knights of the Road, eh I belong to the same mystic order."
"Again, who are you?"
"Who am I? Well, I'm nobody now.

but if it was daylight I could show you who I once was. "How so?"

"I could show you, down yonder in the village, three pointing church spires. One is tall with a weather vane on top; the next one supports a tarnished brazen cross; and this side is a smaller

"Well." "Once I stood beneath that finger. Once upon a time I lifted my finger until it was parallel with the steeple. Yes, I was a man of God."

"Can it be I know you! Say, George, do you remember me?" "Hardly "You took me to the village to bring

back your past. I keep you here. Long ago these crumbling walls shook in the rumble of heavy machines; now they quiver and quake in the faintest breeze. n those days the walls of the little room yonder drowned the hoarse voices of four drunken gamblers. You and I were there. There we bowled on over the road that has somehow brought us back to the old mill yet never turned. Put your hand in mine, old pardner, the knife is back in my bosom."
"Wait," continued the unseen, de taining him whose hand he clasped,

"just a moment before we move. You ere yet a minister?" "In name." Then a silence felt over these two of the brotherhood which the younger broke reluctantly.

"Of course you remember the whole story and how Jelikins and I came to war. You remember pretty Polly and how I betraved her. If you were me, Goorge, wouldn't you make it as near right in God's pyes as you could even if the world never knew?"

"Yes, so near as I could." walk four miles through the timber "Thank you, George. And now prom- alone to go to a party gets scared at the ise me one thing, old fellow; swear it on darkness in the wood-shed.

the memory of the past, on your life-

your last hope."
"I swear-I don't care what," was the response, "your father and I ruined you boys and it is but right you should take

our turn. What is it?" "At daybreak to-day," murmured the younger, "I came into town from the south. Here, near the old mill, I met a woman-friendless and homeless like myself. I spoke and she answered. The voice was like the whisper of an angel from the far-off shore. The eyes turned toward me with the old look-the arms stretched out with the old gesture---

"Yes, Paul, never mind the rest." "She was what I made her. George. and she saved my life by a timely warning. Her child-her child and mine-has gone now and she has come back from her sin to die where her love died,-to end it all in the crystal pond upon whose willow-grown banks the beginning came. Poor Polly. Say, George, isn't it strange that I should come too-you and I? "What can I do, Paul?" asked the

elder, his tengue unwieldly with emo-"Make us what we should have been long ago," quickly replied the other: stony road-way turns out of the main "cursed dolt that I was not to have rope stretching for nearly a mile from a course, and leads over a wooded hill to done it then. Polly, my angel wife, another main course three miles farther come and let us be such before God as we have been before ourselves."

George could not see who came out of

out his hand it met two clasped close embrace. One was rough and scaly and one was soft and small. Back to the fallen pastor came the words of the ceremony so long since pond stood out against the horizon in an last repeated. "Do you Polly Jelikins awful sort of relief and yonder on the take this man Paul Darken to be thy

me I now pronounce you man and wife. "Hold on, George," whispered hadows and the strip of yellow grass man before him. Then he turned to between the wheel-rots faded into its her who stood beside him, "Polly, Polly, mud lay on either side and drained a these years of sorrow, sin, and never

... "Then by the power vested in

"And you are my husband." They were in each other's arms now and George heard a happy kiss. "Now Polly shall we keep our word? "Yes, Paul, my loved one. Baby is waiting for us. Let us go quickly." "Now George, your oath."

"Oh Paul," cried the other, "release me." he broke off in a shudder for he guessed to what he had sworn. "You are bound" came the voice of when he reached it the vagrant paused, the bridegroom intensely. "Keep your

> Across the hand of the executioner was laid a hilt and George knew the "Yes," he answered slowly." and but one thing will prevent me doing what I

"And that is what?" "Death." He turned the point of the knife upon

When Squire Hall tore out the debris He moved on toward the moss-grown in the following spring, his workmen door and passed into the room. He came upon the skeletons of three peo-The good people of Cherry Creek

wondered and guessed and gossiped for Many times had he slept sweetly on a season; and then the most improba-

An old resident in Vermont tells the through the floor or, perhaps, the following story, belonging to his past experience as a country postmaster. Unlike many more thrilling tales, it has his shuffling tread and a bat sprang out the advantage of being strictly true. Those were the days when travel was "Curse it," whispered the wayfarer, carried on by stage-coach, and the arwhat fate ever led me back to this in- rival of the mails was often delayed by

prospects? Who knows, I may have mud was almost up to the horse's knees. been turned back to give up the last I that we had no mail for three days. The consequence was that the three-As if consoled with this he pushed days' batch, consisting of nine bags, open the little door before him and came in late one night, as I was about stepped into the mildewed room. How going to bed. I determined to delay plainly he saw it all-not by his eyes, distribution until morning, and fell

Next day I rose early, and went into The four walls rose as of old out of a the office to open my mail-bags. They rough plank floor, and over in the cor- were gone! The corner where I always responsible for it, and it was not to be found. Presently, as I started about, forehead. I noticed small packages of letters lying in the places where I was accustomed to leave them before sending them out into the several districts by the farmers who came to town. I looked further; the mail was all distributed. Then I turned to the spot where I always threw the empty bags after finishing my work. There they

lay, collapsed and empty. Now you know exactly as much about this story as I know myself. It seems very evident to me that I rose in my sleep, impressed by the unusual task before me, and finished it mechanically. I had never been a sleep-walker before,

and I never did such a thing again. She had Done a Good Day's Business, An ancient Irish dame has a small stand close by the Franklin statue in Printing House Square from which she offers to passers-by the cool and re-freshing lemonade. If there is wind anywhere it always seems to find a funnel up Spruce street, and Boreas was doing some of his best work on his favorite thoroughfare yesterday.

A young woman in her best bib and tucker, with the inevitable young man, was crossing from the postoffice in the brazen cross; and this side is a smaller direction of the bridge. A particu-one with only a shingled cone for larly strong puff of wind nearly blew off her hat, bristling with meadow flowers, and all her attention was given breeze, however, took charge of her dress, and as it blew around got entangled with the only three glasses Bridget had on her stand, They fell on the flags, to be simply smashed into smithereens.

For a moment there was silence, then the owner, in pure Hibernian, gave vent to her feelings, and the language was not really ladylike. The young man was, however, equal to the occasion, and diving into his pocket produced and gave to the Celtic Hebe a dollar bill. The latter looked at the note for some seconds and then it disappeared into that undiscovered country so far as men are concerned—a woman's pocket. Jack and Jill had passed on; of this

the vendor of cool drinks made certain. She then deliberately took up her bucket of water, dashed it on the ground, picked up her lemons and folding up her temporary stand made a beeline for home. She had done a good day's business. - N. Y. Tribune

the work twice as fast and twice as well. THE American miss who marries a foreign count hopes to become a "Coun-tess So-and-so," but usually ends with being a Miss-Fit. -The Merchant It is remarkable how a boy who will

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has discov-

ered the motive power of the electric railways. In the Atlantic Monthly for August he describes "The Boomstick Train," ng how the Salem witches, impatient at their long imprisonment, petitioned to be released, and how, when the Evil One allower them their liberty, they played such mad pranks that he called them together med pranks that he called them together and, for punishment, made them pull the

electric cars. Since then on many a car you'll see A broomstick plain as plain can be: On every stick there's a witch astride The string you see to her leg is tied.

She will do a mischief if she can.

But the string is held by a careful man,

And whenever the evil-minded witch And whenever the evil-minded witch Would cut some caper he gives a twitch. As for the hag, you can't see her. But hark! you can hear her black eat's purr, And now and then, as a train goes by. You may catch a gleam from her wicked eye.

Often you've looked on a rushing train, But just what moved it was not so plant to the plant is to plant to couldn't be those wires above, For they could neither full nor shove; Where was the motor that made it go

Remember my rhymes when you ride again On the rattling rail by the broomstick train!

You couldn't guess, but now you k

A Sensible Precaution. Though disease cannot always be conque its first approach can be checked. But not nly is the use of a medicinal safeguard to be oded on the first appearance of a nalady, but a wise discrimination should be exercised in the choice of a remedy. For thirty years or more Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been the reigning specific for dyspepsia, fever and ague, a loss of physical stamina, liver complaint and other disorders, and has been most emphatically indorsed by medical men as a health and strength restoraive. It is indeed a wise precaution to use this sovereign fortifying agent and alterative in the early stages of disease, for it effectually counteracts it, if the malady belongs to that large class to which this sterling medicine is adapted. Not only is it efficacious, but pure

Unmeaning Relies as Charms. I have known men to carry about unmeaning relics in my time, but Joe Jasper, a member of the Indianapolis council, has a watch charm which is enough to give some people the horrors, says a Vandalia conductor. Several years ago he had two of his toes amputated, and he preserved them in alcohol. The bottle was accidentally broken, and Joe threw the toes into a box in his garret. Not long since he ran across the toes and found that they were mummified completely. Though greatly shrunken, their forms were still perfect. He had them mounted in gold in unique designs, and now wears them as pendants to his watch chain, and claims that the strange charm has brought him good luck.

THE proprietors of California Kidney Tea offer a reward of \$1,000 to the discoverer for a kidney and liver remedy that will cure as many cases of those diseases on trial as the California Kidney Tea. It is purely a veget able remedy. Safe in its action and easil administered. Ask your druggist for it Large packages are sold for 50 cents. CAI FORNIA KIDNEY TEA Co., Fairfield, Io.

Wants to Teach Him a Lesson. About six months ago an Athens, Ga. routh, aged 15 years, disappeared from home, and several days after a note to his parents informed them that he had decided to try his fortunes in Texas. It was 10 cent novels. The lad thought he was cut out to be a robber chief. A few days ago his father received a letter from him. stating that he would be glad to return home once more, and requesting money to return oa. His father refused to send it, and says he wants to teach his son a les-

THERE has never been anything discovered that will equal Dobbins' Electric Soap for all household uses. It makes paint look like new, and clothes as white as snow. It is a easure to use it. Ask your grocer for it.

THE agricultural college professors have figured it out that two little sparrows in ten years will produce an ancestry of 275, 16,983,698 birds. Well, that isn't more than a bird or two out of the way at most.

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

THE art of making matches has been so perfected that 10,000,000 of the tiny sticks can be cut into shape, all ready for dipping, by one machine in a single day.

"To save time is to lengthen life." Do you value life? Then use SAPOLIO. It is solid cake of Scouring Soap. Try of it in your next house-cleaning. THE employes of the British admiralty war office and postoffice have begun the formation of a union of government work-

men, for strike or other purposes. BEECHAM'S PILLS cure Bilious GEN. W. W. LORING, Florida's favor-

ite warrior, lies buried in St. Augustine with no stone to mark his last resting Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigars. Ir cost \$185,000 to defend the friel

members before the Parnell commission. ROPSY Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies

FEMALES to complete health.

IN THE GLUANDIQ.

Two women leaned over the backyard fence.

The same old fence: as the san went form.

The sandals she'd is thered around town;

The sandals she'd is thered around town;

For women must goesip, or they can't sleep;

The'r idea is secrets weren't made to heep;

the backyard fence in the forming.

Two women set on the front-door stoop.

In the evening glow, as the sun went down.
They told how their children shipped the croup.
And specred at the minister's wife's new gown.
For women delight in a friendly chat.
Without it their lives would be stale and fish. So they sit on the s oop in the gloams Two husbands came home from a bail game (From the office they said), as the sun we

down;
Both ready and eager to hear the same
Sweet scandals their wives had hunted down
For men, though they work, love gozsip, teo
And that's why wives seek something new,
As they meet and talk in the gloaming. Gratifying to All.

The high position attained and the universal acceptance and approval of the pleasant liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Pigs, as the most excellent lanative known, illustrate the value of the qualities on which its success is based, and are abundantly gratifying to the California Pig Syrup Company. OXFORD university has decided by

of bachelor of medicine. CONDUCTOR E. D. LOOMIS, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it. field by Draggiste, 75c.

A PARROT owned by a Kansas City bar

ber hange in a cage in front of the estabishment and occasionally advises pass raby to get their hair cut.

Don't let worms eat the very life out o your little children. Restore them to health by giving Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyer. A PAIR of white robins with pink eye

were caught at West Goshen, Pa., la No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consum tion. Cures where other remedies fail. 2 Paris shopkeepers complain of a very

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dull season.

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are subject more distressing than sore eyes, and
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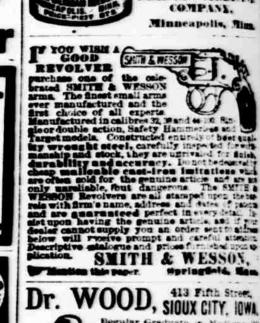
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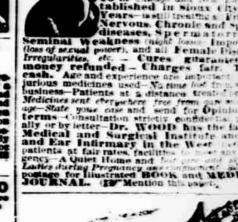
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