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THE COUNTRY BOY.

BY P. C. FOSSETT.

Happy the boy whose lot in life
Mid rural scenes is cast,
Whose youthful hours with birds and flowers
Contentedly are passed;
Whose home is where the dense woods wave
And emerald meadows lay,
Where Nature stands with outstretched hands,
Inviting him to play.

The mill-race, churned to dancing foam,
The pond, the rush-rimmed brook,
Are free for him to sail or swim,
Or cast the baited hook;
He roams in blossomed clover fields,
Companion of the bee,
And for the fruits his palate suits
He plucks the orchard tree.

He sees no signs: "Keep off the grass!
"Boys not admitted here!"
Policemen grim don't trouble him
And make him quake with fear
No threatening municipal law
His outdoor sports annoys
There don't exist a Socialist
Free as the country boys

These summer days he sports about
Barefoot and jacketless;
No fashion plates he imitates
In matters such as dress;
The prisoned brick and mortar lads
May dub him "Country Jake,"
But everywhere the pure, fresh air
Clear brains and stout limbs make.

And while the draughts of rich ozone
Feed muscle, brain and lung,
The rustic mind is quick to find
Gems in our mother tongue;
For where the state, the pen, the sword,
Ambition's slaves employ,
High up in fame is carved the name
Of many a country boy.

NORA'S JOURNEY.

BY SARAH B. ROSE.

"Is this my station?" nervously questioned the pretty young girl with cheeks like damask roses, as the conductor came through the car, as the train was slowing up.

"Yes, the next is yours," replied the official politely, and then Nora Sterne sank back in her place and drew from her hand-bag the letter which she had read so many times during her half-day's journey.

It was from her cousin Tom, and she thought it the most interesting missive she had ever received. It was not a love-letter either.

Its contents ran as follows:

"NORA, DEAR COZ.:—You are wanted at once. It is decided at last that the Shamrock Club will give for the benefit of the poor of our city a series of entertainments, ending with impressive religious ceremonies at the Cathedral on the evening of St. Patrick's day.

"A feature of these entertainments will be historical tableaux. I have reserved the part of Emmet's daughter for you, Nora. Then there will be a religious drama. We have secured a first-class actress from New York for leading lady, from whom we are expecting great things. The city is going wild over her, the first really great artist that ever visited us.

"You had better start next Monday. You will be obliged to remain one night at the Burton Hotel and finish your journey Tuesday morning, but you will not care for this, as I have a room engaged for you.

"I would come to escort you, but I am a member of the Shamrocks and am kept busy every moment of every day. Kate and Maggie, too, are flying around like bees in a bonnet.

"I forgot to tell you that we are learning the minuet—the old-fashioned dance that is coming in again, you know. It will be danced at one of the entertainments, and I want you to be my partner, Nora. The dancing master, Katie, and myself will give you all the instruction necessary.

"We will all be at the station Tuesday, for I know you will not have the heart to disappoint us.

"Ever your affectionate cousin,
"TOM STERNE."

Nora was utterly untraveled, but everything went off very pleasantly, not many minutes elapsing after she had left the train before she found herself resting in the best room at the Burton Hotel, which Cousin Tom had kindly taken for her.

But she had no idea of the furore which her arrival had occasioned among the stylish lady boarders who were seated at dinner and had caught sight of her as she passed the dining room door.

"She has come," announced Mrs. Jay, who had been favored with a back view of Nora's flannel traveling suit.

"The actress," cried Mrs. Taylor, another stage struck madam, dropping her fork.

"What business has an actress here?" growled a surly business man half way down the table.

"She is on her way to take part in the theatricals of the Shamrock Club next week," replied Mrs. Taylor. "Tom Sterne engaged a room for her yesterday."

"She is perfectly lovely," cried Miss Smiff, a rosebud of twenty-eight who affected schoolgirlish airs, "and her form is elegant."

"I wish I dare call on her in her room," said Mrs. Jay musingly.

"Maybe she'll come to dinner."

"She will not, there go the waiters now. They are taking her dinner up to her," cried Mrs. Taylor.

"What a shame!" exclaimed Mrs. Jay. "She does not intend that we shall get a sight of her face, that is evident."

"If we could only have some souvenir," murmured Miss Smiff, whose room was filled with "trophies" of distinguished people. "I have it. I'll watch for the waiter and get the napkin she used for dinner."

"You might find a stray hair in the hairbrush after she leaves," suggested the surly business man.

The ladies treated their unsentimental friend with the contempt he deserved, and yet that speech developed an idea that they made use of long after they should have been at rest.

Meanwhile, obsequious waiters were making it very pleasant for pretty Nora, who, not caring to meet so many strangers, did not go down stairs at all, but retired early to dream that she was posing with cousin Tom in the stately minuet until suddenly she was awakened by a suppressed titter in her room.

"Haunted, surely," thought poor Nora, too dazed to stir, for a half dozen ghostly figures were peering about the dim corners of the room and hovering over the dressing table.

"She hasn't even a powder-ball," whispered one disappointed investigator.

"I've got a button off her jacket," said another.

"Give me one, too," murmured a third.

"They're robbing me," thought Nora, rising upon one elbow and screaming faintly.

The room was deserted very quickly then, with a great hustling and some stifled laughter.

There was no more sleep for Nora that night, and as soon as the morning came she arose and attempted to dress herself.

What was her consternation to find that her hairpins were all missing, several of the buttons off her jacket and worse than all her boots with her stockings in them were no where to be found, and yet her watch, diamond ring and her purse were left untouched.

"What shall I do?" cried Nora, her roses deepening and her blue eyes flashing; "I shall have to make my loss known at once or I shall lose my train. Mercy knows I cannot travel barefooted."

She looked around for the bell-rope, but her visitors of the night before had attended to that on their first entrance to the room. It was not to be found.

Nora's vexation deepened, and regardless of the comments of those she might meet she ran barefooted, and with her long hair falling about her shoulders, along the hall until she found herself in the presence of the proprietor of the house, who was conversing with several gentlemen.

"I have been robbed" she said blushing deeply. "Some one has entered my room and taken my hairpins, my hose and my shoes. Something must be done at once. I wish to take the morning train."

"It's the actress Tom Sterne was telling us about," said one of the gentlemen in an audible aside.

"I am not an actress," replied Nora attempting to hide one of the little bare feet which had peeped from beneath her long skirt. "I am Tom Sterne's cousin. I only wish he was here now. What shall I do?"

"I am Tom Sterne's friend, Harry Sennott," said one of the group. "If you will allow me I will call my sister, she will know what to do."

And the young man started away without waiting for a reply.

"There must have been a mistake," said the gentlemanly proprietor. "No such thing ever happened in my house before."

Mr. Sennott now returned with a smiling young lady who explained matters at once.

"The ladies mistook Miss Sterne for the actress the Shamrock Club are going crazy over, and each wishing to be able to say that she possessed an article of attire which once belonged to her, they have taken Miss Sterne's missing property."

"I believe that you are right," said the proprietor, in a relieved tone. "I will replace the articles at once."

Nora was enabled to reach the train in season, nor was she obliged to travel alone, for Harry Sennott and his sister were going to the city to take part in the same entertainments that she expected to enjoy so greatly.

Tom Sterne and his sisters were delighted with the little adventure which had introduced their little cousin to such pleasant society, and as they all met frequently at dancing schools and rehearsals, it came about that Harry took Tom's partner for the minuet away from him, saying, as he apologized very humbly for the misdemeanor:

"I knew Nora was a delightful dancer from the glimpse I once had of her little bare feet."

"And you will confess to taking her shoes now, I suppose," returned Tom with a sly glance at Kitty Sennott.

"He is quite equal to it," she returned. "I don't believe the minuet will be the end of their partnership either."

"They've found us out," cried Harry gaily. "Partners for the minuet and for life afterwards."

And so Nora's journey was but the forerunner of her wedding, and not long afterwards when she passed through Burton as a bride and sat down to the same table with the ladies who had taken her shoes for souvenirs, one of the ladies laughingly alluded to the occurrence and Harry inquired:

"And were you successful in getting a memento of the real actress when she did arrive?"

"Ah yes, we had no trouble about that. She had not been in the house a half an hour before she had distributed a hundred photographs of her beautiful self among us—or she would have been beautiful if she had looked as well as her photo."

A Minute of Terror.

Dr. Sampsel and J. K. Snyder, both of Centreville, had an experience last week that they will never forget, says the Middleburg *Post*. They camped at the lower dam at Swift Run, near a ledge of rocks, on the night in question, and before darkness came upon them they scraped a lot of leaves together for a bed and provided a pile of wood to keep up a fire during the night. About ten o'clock they prepared for sleep, and, drawing a blanket over them, lay down to pleasant dreams.

Along towards one o'clock Mr. Snyder felt chilly, and got up to put some more wood on the fire, and then lay down and soon fell into a deep sleep, from which he was awakened by a cold object which seemed to be resting on his leg. Without moving he lay awake waiting for developments. The next moment he felt an indescribable sensation coming over him which seemed to paralyze every nerve in his body. Realizing that there was something extraordinary the matter he called to the doctor to hurry and get up, as something was crawling up the right leg of his pantaloons and he believed it was a snake. The words went through the doctor like an electric shock, and raking a brand out of the fire he approached Mr. Snyder, who was lying as if paralyzed, with the cold sweat standing in big beads on his forehead.

Half blinded by the flickering flame of the brand he noticed what at first looked like a broad black strap hanging out of Mr. Snyder's trouser leg, but the next moment exclaimed: "My God, Muckel, lie still; it's a rattle-snake!"

Trembling like a leaf, Mr. Snyder seemed powerless to move even if he would. The condition of things was at once evident. The reptile had been attracted to the fire, and sought warmth on the person of Mr. Snyder. Every moment it disappeared further up the leg, and prompt action was necessary. Grasping the snake by the tail, the doctor pulled with all his might. His hold slipped, and the rattles, fourteen in number, came off and remained in his hand. The reptile had wrapped itself around the bare skin on the man's leg and violently shook its derattled tail, indicating its anger at such harsh treatment. This performance almost threw Mr. Snyder into convulsions.

Recovering himself the doctor bethought himself of his knife, and, quickly opening a blade keen as a razor, he cut the pantaloons up to the body. This released the snake and it quickly unwound and threw itself into a coil, ready for effective work, but before it could strike the doctor struck it a blow with a club that cut it clean in two. Mr. Snyder was lifted by the arms and dragged away from the hideous serpent, and the next moment was on his feet, scarcely able to stand.

They drank the balance of their "nerve tonic" out of a pint bottle, which to some extent restored their equilibrium, but sleep was out of the question and they spent the balance of the night in stitching up Mr. Snyder's trousers to make him presentable, and at early dawn they pulled up steaks and took a solemn oath to never, no, never bunk at Swift Run again.

Aquatic Cows.

It is a familiar fact that cows go into the water in hot days for coolness and to escape the annoyance of flies. They will also wade into deep water to feed upon the grasses growing in bogs; but it is not so common to find them in the habit of swimming as they are reported to have done at Fort William, on the Kaministiquia River, north of Lake Superior. Perhaps the present generation of cows do not, for the book from which we quote was published forty years ago.

As the pasturage on the other side of the river is much better than about the fort, the cows swim across regularly every morning and back in the evening, a distance of more than three hundred yards. I was much surprised, the morning after our arrival, when the cattle were let out of the yard, to see a cow walk down and deliberately take to the water of her own accord, the whole drove following her, swimming with only their noses, horns and tails showing above water.

The development of a habit so unusual I could account for only by supposing it to be an ancient custom, established with difficulty at first, on the strong compulsion of necessity, and subsequently yielded to from force of example by the cows that successively entered the herd.

A Shopping Incident.

She was a busy woman, getting ready to go away for the summer, and time was precious, but she must buy before she went, a pair of new corsets, "P. D., size 22." She stepped into a large dry goods establishment on Washington street, and went to the corset counter. The ladies who were there to sell corsets were all busy, but finally one concluded to stop gossiping long enough to ask what she wanted.

"A pair of corsets, please, P. D., size 22," humbly answered the little woman, glad at last that her presence had become known.

The saleslady languidly turned over the stock in intervals of her continued gossip, and at last produced a P. D. pair.

"Yes, but that's size 23."

"Well, we haven't got any 22 down here. Here, boy, go upstairs and get some P. D. corsets, sizes 21, 22 and 23, several of each."

The busy woman, after waiting for the boy until she nearly fell off the stool through weariness, went over to the bustle counter, the shirt counter and the sack counter to while the time away, and by and by returned to the corset counter.

"Has the boy come back yet?"

"No, he has not."

"When is he likely to return?" (meekly.)

"When he is ready," (toploftically.)

The afternoon wore away. The boy at last returns with four pair of corsets which he deposited on the counter, remarking that there was not any size 22 upstairs, and the saleslady looked at the busy woman with a glance in which triumph was strangely mingled with indifference.

"Oh," gasped the would-be customer, "how I wish I had known that a half an hour ago. I need not then have wasted all this time."

Slowly, oh, so slowly, the dignified saleslady turned to the counter, opened a box and disclosed a "P. D., size 22."

"Why, did the boy bring that?"

"No."

"Did you have it here all the time?"

"Yes."

"But why did you not give it to me when you knew I was in such a hurry?"

"We don't serve our customers with electricity," remarked the saleslady as, with a crushing manner and aspect and tone she turned away. She condescended, however, after a while, to come back and deliver the package and the change, after which she resumed her sadly interrupted gossip, while the busy woman made rapid transit out of the store.—*Boston Herald.*

The Naval Fight of the Future.

Each vessel, says Lieut. Bradley A. Fiske, in the May *Forum*, will clear for action as soon as the other is discerned, perhaps five miles away. Each will probably slow down at first, in order to gain time for preparation, and especially for getting the steam pressure up to the highest point. Forced draft will at once be started, and the subdued roar of the air driven through the furnaces, to accelerate combustion, and the whir of the dynamos will be added to the clang of the gunbreach blocks, as they are swung open to admit the projectile to the breach, the hum of the ammunition-hoists raising powder and shell to the decks, and the quiet, firm orders of authority.

On deck the gatling guns and revolving cannon and the rapid-fire guns in the tops are got noiselessly into readiness; the Captain takes his place in the armored conning tower with the chief quartermaster and his aid; the executive officer assumes charge of the battery, and remains near at hand to take the Captain's place in case of his death or disability; the range finders are got in position, and the officer in charge begins to report from time to time the distance of the enemy, now drawing closer.

Probably not a shot will be fired until this distance is reduced to 2,000 yards, and probably both ships will keep pointed toward each other until that time. But now what will the contestants do? It has been held that both will advance steadily toward each other—each commander hoping that some false move on the part of his adversary will enable him to rush forward, discharge his bow torpedo at 508 yards, and perhaps follow it up with his ram and end the fight at once—until they have approached so close, say 500 yards, that niether dare to swerve lest he himself be rammed; so that the ships will at length collide end on, and may both sink!

The various inventions of the past few years—rapid-firing guns, high explosives, torpedoes, submarine boats, dynamite guns, and range finders; the increased power and perfection of steam and electric machinery; the improvements in powder and in steel for projectiles and for armor—have not revolutionized naval science so much as they have broadened it. The principles of strategy remain the same, and so does the necessity for the seaman's skill. Engineers construct, inventors invent, experiment are tried, sham battles are fought, and heated discussions agitate the naval mind; but the only thing that can determine the real condition of modern naval warfare is a modern naval war.

Onward and Upward.

One hundred years have elapsed since the first and last census taken in the United States. It is interesting and pertinent to glance at the interim. The first census—that of 1790—showed a total population in the thirteen States and the Territories on each side of the Ohio River, of 3,921,326. In the Northwest Territory the population was so small that no return was made. The great Central States of the Union had not even been explored. The census of the present year will show a population approximating 70,000,000.

The commercial progress of the country has been equally rapid. It has kept step with the vast increase in population and the amazing growth of the cities. At the birth of the nation the manufacturing interests were of little importance; but since then there has been an amazing expansion in every department of industry.

Railroad development has kept pace with the increase of population and expansion of commerce. The first line constructed in the United States was the Quincy Railroad, in 1826. The second was the Mauch Chunk Railroad, in Pennsylvania, in 1827. The rapid growth of the railroad system of the country since that time presents a striking evidence of the activity and enterprise of the people and the civil progress of the nation. The number of miles of railroad now in operation is about 125,000.

The first line of telegraph was erected in 1844, between Washington and Baltimore. From this small beginning a vast system of telegraphic lines has been constructed, by means of which all the great centers of trade and population in the world have been brought into instantaneous communication.

The entire country is in the full swing of progressive developement and it is destined to accomplish still more wonderful results and achieve still greater triumphs in the future.

To Make Ice-Water Last.

A useful attribute of paper not generally known is for preserving ice in a pitcher of water. Fill the pitcher with ice and water and set it on the center of a piece of paper; then gather the paper up together at the top and place the ends tightly together, placing a strong rubber band around the coil to hold it close, so as to exclude the air. A pitcher of ice-water treated in this manner has been known to stand over night with scarcely a perceptible melting of the ice.—*Rehoboth Sunday Herald.*

Sympathy Thrown Away.

It is seldom that the New York street urchin fails to get amusement out of anything where he sees the chance. Some youngsters saw an opportunity recently in the union of the following elements: A pair of trousers, an old jacket and vest, a hat and some straw. The straw was put in the other elements, and the whole, when completed, made a very fair specimen of the genus "tramp." The boys carried the figure around to a neighboring church, and placed it in a position which was skillfully intended to give the impression to passers-by of a fellow-being in agony. Then they hid to watch developments, says the New York *Times*. A lady and gentleman passed the church, "Oh, look at that poor fellow, John! He seems to be ill," remarked the lady. The small boys didn't say anything, but kept their eyes on "John." "John," who was a courtly cavalier of the olden days, benevolently went up and touched the figure, saying, "What's the matter with you, my man?" He did not wait to get an answer, but left suddenly, and his departure was punctuated by various cat calls and scoffing remarks.

Many persons passed the figure, and many, overcome by emotions of pity, went up and spoke words of kind encouragement to it, patted it on the shoulder, shook it, and then went away quickly, accompanied by cries of "Git de ambulance fur de man, boss! Call der cop! He's McGinty's brother, boss!" and various other expressions of Americanized Anglo-Saxon that were more or less forcibly understood by those who heard them.

The urchins kept it up until one of their number suggested carrying the figure to the park and "make a soo'cide or murder." The idea was seized, and the poor agonized figure was hurried from the church steps and borne off into the surrounding darkness with a yell that made a nervous old lady who was standing on the street corner shiver and exclaim to her aged companion, "Laudy! look at those boys a tormentin' that poor man."

Not to Be Blown Out.

The world progresses so fast that it is hard for some people to keep up with it, and even a young collegian is once in a while left behind. An intercollegiate oratorical contest had been held in Kansas City, according to the *Times*, and one of the competitors remained over night at a hotel.

He retired at 10 o'clock—a fact which certainly speaks well for him,—and about midnight the hallman noticed a peculiar odor, as of burning cloth. He notified the night clerk and a police officer, and the three men at once began an investigation. They were not very long in locating the seat of the trouble in the young collegian's room, and a few minutes' hammering brought him to the door, with a request to know what they wanted.

As soon as the night clerk entered the room he saw the cause of the alarming odor. The guest had wrapped a thin towel around the incandescent electric light glabe,—the glow light is a better term,—and it had become scorched.

"What on earth do you mean by this?" demanded the clerk.

"The light hurt my eyes, and I wanted to shade it," explained the young fellow.

"Why didn't you put it out, then?"

"Well," answered the collegian, apologetically, "I blew and blew on the thing till I thought I'd go to pieces, and then I gave it up."

Could Well Afford to Pay.

Gus de Smith—Have there been no cases of poisoning by ice cream this season?

City Editor—Not that I know of.

Gus de Smith—Well, if you see any such cases please republish them in your local column with a few editorial comments stating that the victims died in great agony. You see I am very popular with the young ladies, and a few impressive warnings of that kind in your paper would save me so much money during the season that I could afford to pay you an occasional five dollars in actual cash.

Our Literary Lionesses.

Penman—By the way, old man, who's that pretty little girl in blue talking to Prof. Winterby?

Quills—That's the author of the new book on the "Philosophy of the Unknown.

Penman—And who's the old maid in spectacles?

Quills—What! Don't you know her? Why, she wrote the novel that everybody is talking about—"Geraldine, or the Confessions of a Young Girl."—*Boston Post.*

Pat's Wetting.

The proprietor of a shooting-box in the west of Ireland, having been driven home in a regular downpour, and perceiving that his Jehu was almost in rags, sympathetically said:

"Pat, my poor fellow, you must be wet through and through!"

"Faith, then, no, your honor," repled Pat. "I'm wet only to the skin; but, please goodness, I'll be wet inside as soon as your honor can get out the spirits!"—*New York Ledger.*

Not Much of a Job.

"Why, hellos, Bill," said a man stopping an acquaintance on the street. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing at all."

"Have you been out of work ever since I saw you?"

"Yes."

"What, haven't worked at all?"

"Let me see. Oh, yes, I took the census of St. Louis, but that didn't amount to anything." -- *Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Berry Market.

Particular Customer—I want some berries, but I don't want any which have been standing at your door for a week. Have you any fresh ones?

Dealer—Yes, madam; ten crates just received.

Customer—I want five boxes.

Dealer—Yes, madam; John! Bring in five boxes of those sour, green berries just received. Going to make pickles, I presume, madam.

The Young Idea.

Fannie's mamma is a great hand to borrow of her next door neighbor. One day Fannie went into the neighbor's for a visit, but found them all ready to go away to stay a week.

"Is 'oo all doin' at once?"

"Yes, baby and all."

"Why," she said, in an aggrieved tone, "how tan oo'? My mamma will want to bor' 'tings."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Wants vs. Needs.

Little Dot—Oh, mamma, the organ grinder's monkey is at the window, an' he has a little round box in his hand.

Mamma—Well, my pet, what do you think he wants?

Little Dot (after a glance at the organ-grinder)—I dess he wants to borrow some soap.—*New York Weekly.*

"How do you reckon families average in this country?" asked a woman of the census enumerator. "Five and a small fraction over," was the reply. "I see; and my husband is the small fraction over in this family.

Everything Goes Wrong

In the bodily mechanism when the liver gets out of order. Constipation, dyspepsia, contamination of the blood, imperfect assimilation, are certain to ensue. But it is easy to prevent these consequences, and remove their cause, by a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which stimulates the biliary organ and regulates its action. The direct result is a disappearance of the pains beneath the ribs and through the shoulder blade, the nausea, headaches, yellowness of the skin, furred look of the tongue, and sour odor of the breath, which characterize liver complaint. Sound digestion and a regular habit of body are blessings also secured by the use of this celebrated restorative of health, which imparts a degree of vigor to the body, which is its best guarantee of safety from malarial epidemics. Nerve weakness and over tension are relieved by it, and it improves both appetite and sleep.

A NOVEL race is soon to come off in West Chester. Each contestant is to wear laced shoes, and all the shoes are to be taken off and placed in a barrel. The runners then start from a mark, run twenty-five yards to the barrel, pick out their own shoes, put them on, lace them up and then run 100 yards to a mark. The man who gets over the entire route first, with shoes properly laced, will be the winner.

PEOPLE do not discover it until *too late* that the so-called washing powders not only cut up their clothes, but ruin their skin. Use *nothing* but Dobbins' Electric Soap. Have your grocer keep it.

THE body of Martin V. Tuck, of East Winn, Me., was raised at Madagascar lake on the morning of the 22d inst. by the use of a heavy charge of dynamite exploded from a rock on the shore of the lake, about forty rods distant from the spot where he sank. The body had been in the water about twenty-five days.

"THE older one grows the more one knows." Don't get a day older before you use SAPOLIO. It is a solid cake of Scouring Soap. Try it.

ALL through New Mexico, Arizona and some parts of Colorado, and also in Old Mexico, no rain has fallen for months. Thousands upon thousands of range cattle are lying dead in the parched valleys, and thousands more are dying for want of grass and water.

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

WHILE a baby was sitting in the middle of the street at Oxford, Me., nursing from its bottle, a teamster drove over it. Fortunately the horse stepped a little to one side and the baby passed between the wheels uninjured.

ASK for Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers. Don't let your druggist sell you some other kind of worm medicine. None other are so safe and yet so sure.

DURING the recent London riot Mrs. Field, of New York, was mobbed by a crowd of women who pulled her from her carriage and attacked her with great violence. The soldiers rescued the lady before the women succeeded in stripping her of her jewels.

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.

A DESCRIPTIVE writer said of a pompous man that he looked as if he knew so much that it made him unhappy.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure Sick-Headache.

A HEARSE ran into a street car at Detroit the other day, the corpse and the passengers being badly shaken up in the collision.

CERTAINLY GUARANTEED FOR ALL KINDS OF STOCK. THE GERMAN MEDICATED STOCK FOOD. THE GERMAN MEDICINE CO. MINNEAPOLIS. PRICE FIFTY CTS.

GERMAN MEDICATED STOCK FOOD

Nothing like it. The VERY BEST stock food ever offered. A long and successful use demonstrates that it will cure nearly every disease that HORSES, COLTS, COWS, CALVES, SHEEP, POULTRY and SWINE are afflicted with. Purifies blood, gives healthy action to liver and kidneys, aids digestion, promotes general health, highly medicated, gives new life and vigor, and saves 15 grain. Large can for 50 cts. Very cheap tonic. Ask your druggist or dealer for it. Take no other. Send for "How to Cure Hog Cholera."

GERMAN MEDICINE COMPANY, Minneapolis, Minn.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

You will Save Money, Time, Pain, Trouble, AND WILL CURE CATARRH By Using ELYS CREAM BALM

HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered 60 cts. ELY BROS., 56 Warren Street, New York.

I LIKE MY WIFE TO USE POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER. Because it Improves Her Looks and is as Fragrant as Violets. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

MOTHERS' FRIEND MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY IF USED BEFORE CONFINEMENT. BOOK TO "MOTHERS" MAILED FREE. BRADFIELD REG. LAT'OR CO., ATLANTA, GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

BABY.

One little head of golden hair,
Two little cheeks so round and fair,
Two little lips with fragrant sighs,
One little nose, and two blue eyes,
Two little hands as soft as a peach,
Two little feet with five toes each,
Two little smiles and two little tears,
Two little legs and two little ears,
Two little elbows and two little knees,
One little grunt and one little sneeze,
One little heart, but no little sins,
Plenty of skirts and lots of pins,
One little cloak and plenty of frocks,
One little hood and two little socks.
A big disposition to haul and to pull,
One little stomach that's never full,
One little mouth of the roses' tint,
One little bottle of peppermint,
Plenty to eat and lots to wear—
And yet this baby is as cross as a bear.
—*Chicago Herald.*

Good News for Fat People.

Dr. Snyder, herbalist, 243 State St., Chicago, whose advertisement appears in this issue is no doubt the great *reducer* of the age. He takes "fat folks," overloaded with adipose tissue until they are a burden to themselves and a charge upon their relations and friends, and in a short time reduces them, at the rate of 15 to 25 pounds per month, and making different persons of them. What was monstrous becomes trim, well built and able to run a foot-race with a trained pedestrian.

A once very fat friend of ours, is not now recognized by half the people he meets, so great has been the change in his weight.

MRS. AMBROSE CROUCH, of South Jackson, Mich., has been keeping tab on her family and finds that during the past year she has baked for them 2,368 cookies, 1,988 doughnuts, 217 cakes, 267 pies, 81 puddings and 793 loaves of bread. Her family is not large, either, except as to appetite.

ALBERT BURCH, West Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure saved my life." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The owners of a traveling show, which included in its animals a number of bears, have been arrested at Trentschip, Hungary, on the charge of murdering a tramp and throwing his body to the bears, who devoured it.

None equal "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigar.

A MASS of pure, compact rock salt, said to contain 90,000,000 tons of the mineral, is located on an island 185 feet high which rises from a sea marsh on the route from Brashear to New Iberia, up the river Teche, in Louisiana.

The turning point in woman's life brings peculiar weaknesses and ailments. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription brings relief and cure. It is a powerful, invigorating, restorative tonic and nervine. It imparts strength to the whole system in general, and to the uterine organs and appendages in particular. "Run-down," debilitated and delicate women need it. It's a legitimate medicine—purely vegetable, perfectly harmless. It's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. Nothing else does as much. You only pay for the good you get. Can you ask more?

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

DR. OWEN'S ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY. PATENTED AUG. 16, 1887. IMPROVED JULY 30, 1889.

DR. OWEN'S ELECTRIC GALVANIC BODY BELT AND SUSPENSORY will cure All Rheumatic Complaints, Lumbago, General and Nervous Debility, Constipation, Kidney Diseases, Nervousness, Sexual Debility, Insomnia, Wasting of Body, Dizziness, Nervousness, etc., caused by Indiscretions in Youth, Age or Married or Single Life. $5 TO $5000 REWARD TO RESPONSIBLE PARTIES ON 28 DAYS TRIAL. TRY A PAIR OF DR. OWEN'S ELECTRIC INSOLES. PRICE, 75 CTS. PER PAIR. Also an Electric Truss and Belt Combined. Send 6c. postage for mus. illust'd book, 224 pages, which will be sent you in plain sealed envelope. Mention this paper. Address OWEN ELECTRIC BELT & APPLIANCE CO. 300 North Broadway, ST. LOUIS, MO. 826 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 25 cts. by mail, Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

Warm Weather

Causes That Tired Feeling. To be Strong, Take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION MODENE AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.—DISCOVERED BY ACCIDENT.

IN COMPOUNDING, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes, and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. IT CANNOT FAIL. If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on moles may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without the slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward.

Testimonials received by all who have tested its merits—tested by people of refinement.

Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid, securely sealed from observation, on receipt of price, $1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER. (Cut this out.)

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED. THE MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI, O., U. S. A. MODENE MANUFACTURERS OF THE HIGHEST GRADE HAIR PREPARATIONS. You can register your letter at any Post-office and insure its safe delivery. MODENE SUPERCEDES ELECTROLYSIS.

We Offer $1,000 FOR FAILURE OR THE SLIGHTEST INJUR