When Bully was slick, 'we gave her Casterla. When the was a Calld, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she chang to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Casterly

"O. DEAR Alderman, will you help me to get into any humble position? Of sourse I was born and educated in America, but I couldn't help it." Well, bedad, and the cheek of yez There's not enough offices for our-

We will give \$100 reward for any case catarrh that cannot be curred with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Ir seems something like retribution when a woman gets employment in a telephone office and has to say "Hello" as often as she did "Goodby" when she was taking leave of feminine acquain-

In afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Issae Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 250, MAS A general rule people who are gifted with large means are without imagination, and that is why they make you so everlastingly tired.

t, All Principped free by Dr.Kilne's Great Resterer. No Fits after first day's use. Mor curse. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to so. Bood to Dr. Kilne. Et Arch St., Phile. Fa



"run-down," feeble women, need Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It builds them up. It's a powerful, restorative tonic, or strength-giver
-free from alcohol and injurious drugs. The entire system is renewed and invigorated. It improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, gives refreshing sleep, and restores flesh and strength. As a soothing nervine, it allays and subdues hysteria, spasms, and all the nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease. It's the only uaranteed medicine for women. it does what is promised - or it asks nothing. It gives satisfaction,

in every case, or the money paid for it is refunded. That's the way its makers prove their faith in it. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to derange digestion; a legitimate medicine, not a beverage. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system.

An Unprecedented Offer GLOVES FREE.

the year and a pair of LADIES' \$1.30 FARR OF GLOVES for............ \$2.50
They are the ! OSTER LACING GLOVES (5-Hook).

They are the loster Lacine Gloves (5-Hook).

THE CHICAGO TIMES is known and recognized as the LEADING NEWSPAPER of the BERAT WEST, and has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD throughout the UNITED STATES. It is replete with the news of the day, including Politics, Family Literature, Market Reports, Farm, Dairy, etc., etc., etc. The paper alone is worth the price of subscription-ONE DOLLAR A TEAR—hence subscribers occurs a valuable premium for ALMOST NOTHING.

In ordering state plainty the SIZE and the DOLOG desired. Do not send postage stamps in payment.

payment.

Remember, you get the BEST WEEKLY PA.

PER OF THE WEST and a pair of FINE, FASHIONABLE KID GLOVES, furnished by Carson
Pirie, Scott & Co., Chicago Agents of Foster,
Paul & Co., for the very SHALL SUE OF \$1.30. Addre s THE CHICAGO TIMES CO., Chicago



REMOVES Names, Sense of Fullants, Concession, Pain. REVIVES PAILING ENERGY. RESTORES Normal Circulat

DR. MARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Wi



99# Pure.

ME DEST FOR EVERY PURPOSE.

SKETCHES.

In the far village by the shining sea.
Where the white sails, snow-gleaning light,
Creep upon the tidal river of the quay,
And land the glistening captures of the night;
At the shading to a close
Of the brightness of the day,
Have you forgotten, Lady Rose,
Our meeting on the lonely way?

Beyond the dreamy townlet, where the trees With linked branches, golden shadows spread Where sweet wild-flowers bend before th And many an arum lifts her hooded head; Where the early primrose blows
Long we lingered, loth to part:
Have you forgotten, Lady Rose,
Our earnest converse, heart to heart

The mossy stone work of the ancient span That bridged the clear brown waters of th where round the stepping-stones the eddie And slipped away with many a sunny glean Still beside the river grows

Starry-eyed forget-me-not; Have you forgotten, Lady Rose. The drooping, faintly colored knot?

In the home-garden, where the ivy crept Around the ruined coping of the wal¹, When in mine own, your trembling hand And in the silence heard the night-bird's call Drear and cold the evening's close, Sorrow of an adverse fate; Have you forgotten Lady Rose,

That parting by the wicket gate?

NAP. SQUASH MITTOX.

in Nashville, Tennessee. No Mittox was ever a great man, even when cowardly wretch?" great men were so scarce that fair Old Dave Mittox was a general suphe got his start by making specialties sorter half way love me.' of mink skins and gun flints. Dave had only one son, a bright but woeafter years, really forgot that his into the army." son's name was Napoleon. Squash was distinguished for one thingcowardice. He was so rank a coward that he would suffer any sort of indignity without offering to raise his hand in defense. His reputation grew unpasses at him. Boys were not ad- army?" mitted into "society" until they could produce evidence of a requisite depravity and then show that they could whip Squash Mittox.

One day a school girl met Squash in the road. She was weeping as though a sharp pain had caught up with her. "What are you crying about, little girl?" asked Squash.

"Cryin' because I ain't a boy." "What do you want to be a boy

"So I could whip somebody." "Well, I'm a boy and I ain't never whipped anybody.' "You must be Squash Mittox.

"Yes, that's who I am." ran to the place of punishment, but work for the Government; he would thus. No one seemed to think that a cruelty was practised when blows fell upon Squash.

The coward was an apt scholar, and he easily distanced all rivals, but, of when he had been jerked from the straight path that led to Sundayschool and had been severely beaten, times." he took out his book and said: "Will you please oblige me with

vour name? "You bet I will. My name is Jim Toby, and don't you forget that I walloped you goin' and comin'." "I won't forget it," Squash re-

"Well, see that you don't." "This book will see to that."

so you can have me arrested?" "I don't want to have you or anvbody else arrested. Not one of the hundreds of fellows that have thumped me has ever been snatched up by the law."

"That's all right. You better not have me arrested, I can tell you that. I'd beat you in good fashion then

"Say, will you care if I ask you a "I reckon not. Fire away." "Well, I would like to know why

you wanted to whip me? I never did you any harm-never saw you until "It's about this way, I reckon: I

heard that all the boys had whipped though improvement in fire-arms had ardent embrace of the great center of you, and as we have just moved here I thought I'd have to take a hand, too, or I couldn't get along with the

Thus the years passed until the war came on. When the scream of the fife and the boom of the drum made the peaceful air tremble-when leading newspaper of Nashville:

"Because I heard that the State is going to draft men into the army?" Suppose it is true; what then?" "Well, it's hull out with me."

"What! haven't you got patriotism enough to fight for your State?" "Well, I never had patrotism much of myself as I do of my State. hawhaw, and one man who had not embraced in such a driving outfit is his saw at an angle. for me in any way. Nearly every boy days, went around to indulge in that operating upon each atom of matter in the State has whaled me, and noth- pleasure. Squash offered no resist- composing our planet in its circuit ing was said about it, and now that ance. He received his "thumping" around the sun. the State is in trouble, she'll have to as quietly as consistency would admit,

take care of herself." "You are no son of mine!" the old man shouted. "I am sure I don't know as to

that." "You coward!" the old man raved. "Ah, I do know as to that." garden, when a voice called:

"Helloa, Squash." "How are you, Miss Nellie," the oung man replied, bowing to a young lady who approached from a summe "Squash, I want to talk to you

minute." "I'm awfully sorry I whipped you in the road that day a long time ago." Is this Mr. Toby?" Squash asked, glancing at his natebook. "All right."

"Don't let that worry you. It doesn't hurt now." "Oh, of course, it don't hurt now," she laughed. "I was an awful Tomboy in those days and somebody ought

to have worn me out." "Your day will come yet, probably." By the way, did you see my advertise "Oh, no, I am too old to whip now. | ment?" But that's not what I wanted to talk about. You know there's really going to be war,"

glad of it—you ought to be thankful exclaimed, "I know you now. You make you a new gown!—[Puck.

dying for your State." modest man, Miss Nellie, and Idon't glad to see you."

want any glory." "But you'll surely go into the army, won't you?" "Not if I can help myself." "Oh, Squash, I thought better of

"What, and after whaling me in the road, too?" "Oh, Squash, if you love me, join the army. "Love you? By gracious, who said that I loved you?"

"Brother Tom says so." him a liar."

"Then you do not love me?" she exclaimed, with a theatrical start. "That's what I said, Miss Nellie, but if it is going to put you to any trouble, I'm sorry I said it." "I will call my brother Tom."

"Oh, no, no. I will promise anything for your sake. You said something about my loving you. Now, tell me that you love me." "What!" she shricked. I love you? | busy. I am a great mind to call Tom and The Mittox family was well known have him spread you out thin in the

path. How could I love you, you "I don't know, I'm sure, never havability passed for wonderful powers. ing taken the trouble to investigate, but when you spoke of my loving you. ply store merchant, and it is said that I didn't know but that you might

"I never thought of such a thing, fully lazy fellow, whom everybody menting me about you the other day, called Squash. The old man rebelled and said that you were dying of love for a time against this nickname, but for me, and I thought that if you finally adopted it and, boubtless, in were I might possibly get you to go

"Is Tom going?" "Who, my brother Tom? Well, I reckon he is. Father has bought him a tent and ever so many thingscanned stuff and dried beef and laughed. "What a memory you have pickles. He's going to be a sutler of those glowing old days. I am really til it appeared that every boy in the and being that is right up next to glad to see you." community wanted to make a few the general. And you won't join the

> "No, I am not afraid of having my feelings wounded." "Well, then, go away from here,

you good-for-nothing thing." "Say, wait a minute, Miss Nellie." "Well, what do you want?" "To tell you the truth. I've been in love with you ever since you whipped

me that day." "I don't love you, you coward." "And I thought," Squash continued, "that I would come over and ask you to marry me." "Here Bose, here," the young lady some woman, said:

cried, calling the dog. "Whew-et, whew-et," she whistled. Squash took | den." to his heels. The parade of war's preparation come into the house? "Well, I believe I'll thrash you passed; the slaughter of battle came. right here," and she did let in on him; Squash was drafted. The terror of she whipped him until his cries ar- his cowardly nature flew into words rested the attention of a man and he of pleading. He said that he would garden. A man stood in the walk.

when he saw that it was some one dig wells and curry horses-chop simply beating Squash Mittox he wood or do anything so long as he begged the girl's pardon and hastily should be kept out of danger, but he strode away. And it was always could not stand out and be shot at. "Other men have to stand it," an | with me?" officer replied. "Oh, yes, but the thought of it is not as terrible to them as it is to me. over it. Somehow I am tenderer than other course, he suffered for it. He used to men, and having more of the start-

which to enter the name of new as thousand wounds. I am a coward, road once, crying?" pirants that came to whip him. Once and the coward more than all other men should excite your pity, for the poet has said that cowards die many me?" "You'll have to go."

I'll be too scared to shoot. It will be man, but I have come to whip you." simply leading me out to be shot." you, the enemy my neglect some man tated. "You did meet me in the

"What, you puttin' my name down him. One day a captian stopped know you, but I had watched you and after looking at him a few mo- you. ments, said:

"They keep you pretty busy, Squash. "Yes, I hardly get time to eat."

"If you were a better soldier you'd not be a common laborer:" "Yes, but I might get shot, and I'd rather work like a cart horse than to be dead."

They managed to shove him to the front once, but when he caught sight gal force is exerted, which they also of the enemy he threw down his gun think is necessary to prevent the and mysteriously disappeared.

When the war was over Squash went into business with his father, who still handled mink skins, alcompelled him to give up gun-flints. The business prospered, and Squash was known as a man of means, yet some fellow would come into the store occasionally and "whale" him. One day the following advertise-

ment astonished the readers of the bright uniforms took the place of the dull garb of trade—young Mittox, now nearly twenty years old, kept away from places of war preparation. He shuddered at the sight of a gun. "What's the matter with you?" his father one day exclaimed. "What he will be shown as a matter of argument. I have been a coward all my life—and, have suffered a thousand deaths in consequence. Courage. We would have to drive at a very slow we all know, is a matter of argument. I trot, in fact, but little above a fast father one day exclaimed. "What we all know, is a matter of argument. I have reasoned with myself, and on the 6th have reasoned with myself, and on the 6th well." While traveling at such a when she asked: day of June I will be a courageuous man, instead of a coward. I am in excellent conspect around such a circle in a buggy, "Aren't you go

I don't see what the State has done whipped Mittox since the old school substantially identical with the force "I told you so," she quietly oband then bought ten mink skins from a fellow who had just come down the

river on a raft. "If you are not satisfied," said the visitor, "I will give you some more." this man for his mink skins."

life. Just before noon he went out ward. and walked straightway to the whole-

"Well, your face looks familiar." "Ah, ah, I suppose so; used to be a littie more familiar than it is now. "Really, I don't know, as I see

"My name is Napoleon Mittox, and

of the chance to glorify your name by had no whiskers when I saw you last. MR. AND MRS. BOWSER. savagely that she went back without I saw your funny advertisement—the boys were laughing at it. You are with a contemptuous grunt. "I am getting to be quite a humorist. Iam UNITED ASSAULT UPON THE lifting up or sitting down!" he growled

"I suppose so. Say, do you remember catching me one day as I was going to Sunday-school, back in the fifties?"

"Yes, yes, to be sure. Ah, the rollicksomeness of those old days!" "They were somewhat rollicksome," said Squash, "and that's the reason I have called on you," and with another word he hauled off and knocked the wholesale merchant down. There never was a more astounded man. He uttered a horrified exclamation, and "Well, you tell your brother Tom scrambled to his feet. Squash knocked that if I wasn't afraid of him I'd call him down again, kicked him into a corner, poured a jug of ink on his bald head and hastened away.

The avenger stopped on a street corner, looked at his note-book, and read the following entry: "Whipped by S. W. Culp, Dec. 14, 1860." Another entry of recent date, contained the following information, "Mr. Culp is now postmaster." Squash hastened to the pestoffice. He was told that the postmaster was

"I can't help it. I must see him My business is of great importance. He was shown into the postmaster's private office. The Government man looked up and said: "Well, sir?" "Don't remember me, do you?"

"I think not." "I am Squash Mittox." "Oh, yes; but it has been a long time since we met. I was about to you old coward you. Tom was tor- leave here to join the Union army when I saw you last, I believe." "Yes; but you saw me on one particular occasion long before that."

"Ah, when was that?" "The day you tied my shirt when was in swimming—when you threw mud on me when I came out. "Why, Squash, I hadn't thought of that for years," the postmaster

> "Did you see my advertisement?" "No. What business are you in?" "I am a tanner."

"That so?" "Yes, and I have come here to tan you," and before the postmaster knew what was meant, Squash was on him; he choked the astonished man to the floor, pounded his head with a spitof his eyes, and hastened away to call on some other man whose name held a place in the note-book.

That evening a servant entered a drawing-room and addressing a hand-"A man wants to see you in degar

"In the garden! Why doesn't he "Said he couldn't-'lows he mu see you out dar." The young woman went into the

"I did. You don't know me, do "Why, of course, I do, Squash. How are you, and what do you want "Did you see my advertisement?"

"Did you send for me, sir?"

"Yes and had a real good laugh "Glad you enjoyed yourself. I have been around to-day whipping people. carry a note-book in his pocket in ling imagination of fear, picture a Do you remember going along the

> "Yes." "And you remember whipping "Oh, yes, Squash; I have thought

of it a thousand times.' "But what's the good taking me? | "Well, I don't like to strike a wo-"Oh, Squash, you wouldn't hit me. "Well, in paying their respects to You don't know-you-" she hesithat is a good shot."

They took Squash to the war, but he ran away. They brought him back, you because I loved you, and I whipped you because you didn't have sense but it usually took two men to guard enough to see it. I pretended not to where Squash was digging up a stump, many and many a time, and loved

He took her in his arms. "You wouldn't whip me, would ou, Squash?"

"Come with me, precious," he said. -[Arkansaw Traveler.

The Earth's Centrifugal Force. The terrific orbital speed of the earth, about 58,000 miles per hour, tends to impress most minds with the belief that a tremendous centrifuearth from falling into the sun. Whether or not we depend entirely upon this force to keep us outward in space, and away from the much too the solar system, may not just now be fully determined, but if so we are certainly held out by a very slender cord, as we understand these matters. To place this earth's centrifugal

force matter within reach of the most common understanding, we will imagine ourselves driving around a cirinstead of a coward. I am in excellent condition for fighting. The trench exercises and stump discipline which I went through during the war, have hardened my muscles and eniarged my fists. I deem this notice sufficient, and shall not specially address each individual, warning him of my intention. I may be whipped as usual up to 11:30 p. m. on the 5th day June, but after that I will never submit to the slightest insult.

NAPOLEON (SQUASH) MINTOX.

The advertisement raised a great exerted upon each particle of matter

The earth in its daily revolutions. however, does considerably better, as we would have to make the circuit of the race course in about 16 minutes to produce the same effect, centrifugally speaking. But even then we would "I am perfectly satisfied," Squash be totally unaware of a centrifugal answered. "In fact, I was satisfied force being exerted. On the contrary, The young man turned away and before you came in. If you have no if one of us should mount a horse inwas skulking about in a neighbor's further business with me, I will pay side a circus ring and have it started at a full run around the ring, we The morning of the 6th of June ar- would learn in an instant of time that Mrs. Bowser appeared and said: rived. Squash whistled about the we would have to lean well inward store, seeming to enjoy his new era of toward the center or else fly off out-

Centrifugal force must not be concular velocities. or the number of driver to eat my dinner?" revolutions made in a given time. -[A.

J. Rome, in Mechanical News. Cutting the Gordian Knot.

Mrs. Young—John, did you succeed in matching that piece of dress-goods I gave you this morning?

HOUSE-FLY.

Skill with Carpenters' Tools-Domestic L'ifficulties of the Bowsers.

Bowser as a Carpenter carpenter - shop all those cracks?" do wntown?" one!"

was ready to putting that spring on?" asked in reply. stood erect and pointed into the "We ought to kitchen. Mrs. Bowser disappeared have a screen- without a word. Then he inspected door to the kitchen. There's whereall and found cracks.

we'll have a carpenter to hang it." "We will, eh? I beg to differ. I it. When he got the door off he don't propose to pay no carpenter three racked it this way and that and tried or four dollars for doing what I can it again. More cracks than before. do in half an hour. I'll fix it myself." He took it down and sprung on the "But don't you remember, Mr. top with all his might, and this time, Bowser-don't you remember that as he held it up, there was a crevice you"-"That I what?" "You tried to hang a screen-door the ground, but fell forward, tumbled

so mad you nearly tore the house down." "I did, ch? That's a pretty yarn

I never got mad." even remember that we had a screen- hoarsely whispered: door. I never tried to hang one. I never got mad. I never even saw a last! Next time you coax me into fly around our house in Detroit. doing any such infernal puttering from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This Change of climate seems to have had a very queer effect on you."

"But won't you send up a carpenter?" "Not by a jugful! I shan't have anything to do at the office this afternoon, and if there's a bit of tinkering around the house it will be fun for ten billion years longer don't you ask

toon, left an old quid of tobacco in one heavy parcel with him, and when Mrs. dangerous from this on!"—[New York puts on frowns. Bowser asked about the contents he | World cut the string and replied:

"Just a few tools. Come handy to keep a few tools and do his own re-pairing. I think I saved us at least Hilda was conservative. \$200 last year." "Well, I hope you won't fly mad

over your work. A screen-door is a very particular thing to hang." "Oh! it is! You've hung lots of em, I presume!" "I know that it takes a skilled

workman.' "You'd better write a book and call it: "What I Know about Screen Doors.' I ought to feel awful proud to think I have such a smart wife! Run right in, now; and begin on the

first chapter of your book!" Mr. Bowser descended to the cellar, where he found four screen doors of American ways. So at first we ate different sizes. He selected one he sour Swedish bread and gagged over It was six inches too high. The next and raisins, and we put off washing thought would fit and carried it up. was four inches too short. The third until we were reduced to staying in was almost long enough to make two bed while our ciothes were washed. such doors as he wanted. He had But we liked our own customs better, the fourth one, which was almost a so with a sigh Hilda put the housefit, in the back yard, when Mrs. Bow- wifely traditions of her beloved Sweser came out to say:

opening and then measured your out by the authors of American cook doors, you wouldn't have had to lug up this one." "Wouldn't I? Perhaps you under-

stand my object in bringing up the extra ones? Perhaps it is the duty of a husband to explain every little move he makes?"



an inch at the top. Mr. Bowser brought out a couple of kitchen chairs, picture of wild-eyed despair, and made a scratch on the door with a wringing her hands, wailed, "Oh, sho "Aren't you going to strike a line

across there?" "For what reason?" "If you don't you can't saw straight. "Can't I? Perhaps I am blind!" When he finished sawing off the strip and held the frame up to the

"Told me what!" he replied, as he turned on her. "Do you suppose I replied: "My grandfather."-[Marie don't know what I'm about! Do you imagine I wanted a straight top on that door! If you know so much go

ahead and finish the job!" Mrs. Bowser went into the house, again to see that he would be obliged for all the flies in New York State.

Bowser. Why don't you take a piece he drifted away to the gold fields of from this box? If you had put a Australia. He wrote several letters straight-edge on the other and marked back home, which miscarried for sale dry goods store of James Toby.
The proprietor was busy in his private office.

The proprietor was busy in his private of the begin and the busy in his private of the begin and the busy in his private of the begin and the busy in his private of the begin and the busy in his private of the begin and the busy in his private of the begin and the busy in his private of the begin and the busy in his private of the begin and the busy in his private of the begin and the busy in his private of the busy in trifugal force to circular motion only. | child five or six years old, who must home. He left four children, all of The centrifugal force exerted by re- be brought in when it rains, or am I whom are dead, they leaving two chil-"Yes, sir bave a seat."

"Don't care to sit down. You don't remember me, do you?"

volving bodies is directly as to their circular the man of the house, forty years of age and generally supposed to have age of 67 years. He was 25 years old sense enough not to sit under a pile-when he went away. Mr. Smith will

"But you'll never make that door fit," she protested. "If I don't no other man on earth need try!" She went in again and he sawed off i a strip and natical it on the other door.

"The infernal old kitchen is either saw a piece off the bottem to make a fit, and she'll either fit or down comes

the shanty; He sawed off a piece and got what he called a fit. He smiled and

chuckled over his success, and had the hinges on when Mrs. Bowser came out to ask: "What good is a door if you leave

on your way "Cracks! Cracks! You can't find asked Mrs. "Look here—and here—and here Bowser the Mr. Bowser, even the bumble-bees of

other morning New York would have no trouble in as Mr. Bowser flying in there. And how are you leave the house. Mr. Bowser laid down the hammer "Why?" he the gimlet and the screwdriver, and cautiously after wiping off his flushed face he lator. Most effectually is its work of disciplin-

the flies come in. We can use one of | "Confounded old door-way is out of these doors we brought with us, but plumb, and that's the matter!" he growled, as he set to work to unhinge through which a sparrow could have flown. He started to lay it flat on last Summer in Detroit and you got over himself and sprawled on his back. "What's the matter?" asked Mrs.

Bowser from the back door. Mr. Bowser slowly arose, looked all for you to stand up there and spin! around for the ax, and not seeing it In the first place, I never tried to he jumped at the screen-doors and her husband. There has been no occahang a screen-door, and in the second | kicked with both feet until they were | sion for it. I know what I am talking reduced to strings and strips. Then "Butyou-you"-she stammered. he went up to Mrs. Bowser, panting The Only One Ever Printed-Can You "Nothing of the sort! I don't and perspiring and pale-faced, and

"This is the last time—the very work around the house I'll go-go, never to return!"

"When did I coax you?" "Never you mind! It's all right!" "But I say"-

"Just-keep quiet! I am neither blind nor deaf. If we live together me to even bore a hole in a table-leg | the rouge pot. He returned at noon, having a for a caster! This is the limit! I'm

Illida from Sweden. Hilda was honest, Hilda was faith-

become quite Americanized, but she still wore her funny knitted jacket and short home-spun petticoat and stout Swedish boots, while Marfa next door, who had come over at the same time, had long since gotten into braided Jerseys, draped skirts, with bustles and American shoes of shoddy leather, with high heels and narrow

Hilda thought that the Swedish way of Cooking and baking, and the Swedish methods of washidg semi-occasionally, were far superior to any thin Swedish soups made of prunes "If you had first measured your willing footsteps into the paths laid

Marfa spoke English much better than Hilda. She "liked the Jankee songs best," and she sang "Good-by, My Lover, Good-by," and "Peek-aboo," while Hilda hummed the old country hymns which were so dear to her heart.

"Hemat, hemat, mat stranden Der matt ej varder mer—." Hilda softly sang, with a far-away look in her eyes, but Marfa's shrill trebel sang out in

"Pink-aboo, pink-a-boo, Ay see you hading thar." and quite drowned the sound of Hilda's sweet little voice. I think that "she" must have been the first English pronoun that Hilda learned, and I always laid the tenacity with which she clung to its use to her natural opposition to a change. Be that as it may-that pronoun as Hilda used it might stand for anything under the sun; and you might be an expert mind reader if you grasped its relation at once.

Marfa, the time of day, and the poor quality of the last box of soap had figured as the subjects, Hilda shook her head mournfully and said: "I can't do nothing with her. am afraid she's getting fast!" Visions of pretty Marfa getting into bad company came before me and I

asked with real concern. "Who,

Marfa?"

More Marsh.

In a conversation one day, in which

"No, mam, the clock; she is getting proke lately." Again Hilda rushed up-stairs, the Startled half out of my wits I managed to gasp. "Who? Tell

"Why, the roast, mam; I forgot her and she is spoil.' Wholly disgusted I resolved then and there never to be in the least upset by anything that Hilda might tell a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for me; so, soon after this when she appeared with with a foreign letter in box bond and with a said face and the same is sure. If you dread that insidious disease enough to fight for myself, and it is sult. Napoleon (Squash) Mirrox. forces. And yet the centrifugal force opening it was plain that he had run peared with with a foreign letter in peared with with a foreign letter in the peared with with a sad face and the peared with the peared with with a sad face and the peared with the I coolly asked: "Who, and Hilda, the conservative, tearfully

> Tennyson's Enoch Arden Eclipsed. When it comes to a show-down beween Mr. Tennyson's Enoch Arden and the following true story from the and Mr. Bowser held the frame up Paris Mercury it will be seen that grand old Missouri is still in it: to tack on a strip or leave an opening "Oliver Smith left this country in the spring of 1850 for California during He was sawing a piece off one of the the gold excitement, and was not other doors to make this strip when heard of here until last spring. He worked in mines there for a year, and "You'll spoil that door, too, Mr. upon hearing that his wife was dead return home next month, and no doubt will meet a hearty welcome from his wife and relatives, as well as old friends, many of whom have

long thought him dead." "JUST see how fondly that man Mr. Young-No; my time was too Then he held it up to find the frame kisses his wife good-by," said the precious; but (triumphantly) I've half an inch too long. Mrs Bowser optimist. "There is no sham demon-"Afraid so? Why, you ought to be "Oh, yes!" the wholesale merchant bought enough of something else to reappeared and was about to say stration there." "Ch, that is because MISSING LINKS.

A THUNDERSTORM in hot weather trave's at the average rate of thirty miles an

THE words in common uso by the ordinary individual are estimated at from 1,000 to 3,000. BROWN UNIVERSITY has decided to admit women to its classes on the same

conditions as men. Tit smallest tree that grows in Great Britain may be seen on the very top of Ben Lomond It is the dwarf willow, which, at maturity, reaches a height of only two inches.

Rescued from the Dopths of Misery. The misery endured by unfortunates whose livers are derelict in duty is unspeakable. Sick headaches, nauses, costiveness, disorder of the digestive apparatus, heartburn, vertico, unrest, sourness of the breath, unessiness beneath the short right ribs and right shoulder blade, fickle appetite, are among the hateful indicis of biliousness, which, however, speedily vanish when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is employed as a reguing carried out, as a complete renewal of the digestive, accretive and evacuative functions satisfactorily proves, In cases of malarial disease the liver is the principal gland involved, and for mal-adies of a malarial type Hostotter's Stomach Bitters is an absolute specific. As a laxative— painless but effective—it is unrivalied, and it is an admirable preventive of chronic kidney trouble and rheumatism, and a superb general on's and corrective.

The Vassar Girl Defended Says a prominent citizen of Rochester. "Talk about a Vassar girl not being able to make bread and attend to the duties o' home; I tell you they know more than the people of this world give them credit for They are the best cooks in the wor'd, in spite of all the siurs thrown out against them, for they know how to manage and care for things systematically - something that the uneducated woman an never, never learn. The records proce what I am telling you Since the foundation of the school no Vassar girl has ever been divorced from about, for I married a Vassar girl."

Find-the Word? There is a 3-inch display advertisement in this paper this week, which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each weel house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, sen them the name of the word, and they will return you BOOK, BEAUTIFUL LITHOGRAPHS, OF SAMPLES FREE

A Girl Is Not Pretty When she cannot look one honestly in

the eye. When she has an acquaintance with When she shows her bad humor and When she thinks to improve on nature aches and fevers and cures habitual and b'eaches her hair.

When she does not study the style of

scrupulo sly clean.

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption. A KING of France once had a falcon which escaped from Fontainebieau, and popular remedy known. in twenty-four hours after was found in Malta, a space computed to be at not less than 1, 50 miles, a velocity equal to % miles an hour, supposing the hawk gists. Any reliable druggist who

peptic tendency, or caused by change of climate, season or life. The stomach is out of order, the

head aches or does not feel right,

w have been on the wing the whole

seem strained to their ulmost, the mind is confused and irritable. This condition finds an excellent cor o tive in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers, soot **Restores Harmony** to the system, and gives strength of mind, nerves

The Nerves



Ruther Be Without Bread. XI Bisnop's Residence, Marquette, Mich., Nov. 7, 188). The Rev. J. Kossbies, of above place, writes:
I have suffered a great deal, and whenever I of DESIGNING and ENGRAVING in feel a nervous attack coming I take a dose.
Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and feel refired. I think a great deal of it, and would sther be without bread than without the Tonic.

Tirod of Living.

POUND, Wis., 1890. Two years ago last February I commenced minute without having my limbs jerk. I was almost tired of living when I heard of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and thank the Lord I got well after using only one bottle; and I will never lorget in my prayers what this medicine did for

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Apply Balm into each nestril. PLY BROS. 58 Warren St. M. E. A FAT FOLKS REDUCED Mrs. Alice Maple, Oragon, Me., write "My weight was 20 pounds, now it is 19 a reduction of 12 be. "For circulars address, with & Br. O.W.F.SNYDER, McVicher's Theatre, Chicago, II

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man Syrup for some

Throat

severe and chronic trouble of the Throat Specialty. and Lungs can hardly appreciate what a truly woncerful medicine it is. The delicious censations of healing, easing, clearing, strength-gathering and recoverir , re unknown joys. For Gerr:an Syrup we do not ask easy cases. Sugar and water may smooth a throat or stopa tickling-for a while. This is as far as the ordinary cough medicine goes. Boschee's German Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat and Lung Specialty. Where for years there have been sensitiveness, pain, coughing, spitting, hemorrhage, voice failure, weakness, slipping down hill, where doctors and medicine and advice have been swal lowed and followed to the gulf of despair, where there is the sickening conviction that all is over and the



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