SYRUP of FIGS

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.

"August Flower"

"I am happy to state to you and to suffering humanity, that my wife has used your wonderful remedy, August Flower, for sick headache and palpitation of the heart, with satisfactory results. For several years she has been a great sufferer, has been under the treatment of eminent physicians in this city and Boston, and found little relief. She was induced to try August Flower, which gave immediate relief. We cannot say to much for it." L. C. Frost, Springfield, Mass.

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1 a package. If you cannot get it, send your address for a free sample. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. Address
ORATOR F. WOODWARD, LeROY, N. Y.

I AM SO HAPPY!

3 BOTTLES OF S.S.S.

Relieved me of a severe Blood trouble. It has also caused my hair to grow out again, as it had been falling out by the handful. After trying many physicians in vain, I am so happy to find a cure in S.S.S. O. H. ELBERT, Galveston, Tex.

S CURES By forcing out germs of disease and the poison as well.
S It is entirely vegetable and harmless.
S Treatise on Blood and Skin mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS WITH THOMSON'S SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS.

No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch them easily and quickly; leaving the clinch absolutely smooth. Requiring no hole to be made in the leather nor burr for the Rivets. They are STRONG, TOUGH and DURABLE. Millions now in use. All lengths, uniform or assorted, put up in boxes.

Ask your dealer for them, or send 40c. in stamps for a box of 100; assorted sizes.

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JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO., Waltham, Mass.

DROPSY
TREATED FREE.
Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies
Have cured thousands of cases. Cure cases pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear; in ten days at least two-thirds all symptoms removed. Send for free book testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial send 10c in stamps to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

NO MORE ROUND SHOULDERS; the KNICKERBOCKER is the only reliable SHOULDER BRACE AND SUSPENDER combined; also a perfect Skirt Supporter for women and girls.

ALL SIZES

Sold by Druggists and General Stores, or sent postpaid on receipt of $1.50 per pair, silk faced, or $1 plain. Send chest measure. Address Knickerbocker Brace Co. Easton, Pa.

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Wholesale and Retail BICYCLES.
RELIABLE DEALERS AND AGENTS WANTED EVERY WHERE.
Send stamp for catalog. All styles and prices.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

FAT FOLKS REDUCE. Lose 1 to 3 lbs a week. Harmless treatment (by sealed package). No starving. Thousands cured. Send 4c in stamps. O. W. F. SNYDER, M. D., Mail Dept. 12, McVicker's Theater, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Tea Overcomes effects of bad eating. Cures Sick Headache, Restores Complexion, Saves Doctors' Bills. Sample free. GARFIELD TEA CO., 259 W. 42d St., N.Y.

Cures Constipation

Patents! Pensions
Send for Inventor's Guide or How to Obtain a Patent. Send for Digest of PENSION and BOUNTY LAWS. PATRICK O'FARRELL, - WASHINGTON, D. C.

EARLY RISERS
Do Witt's Little Early Risers, the Famous Little Pills for Constipation, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia. No Nausea. No Pain. Very Small

950-PAGE BOOK! Every man and woman should have one, especially those of marriageable age. Do not ask us to send by mail—by express only—price $1.00. Registered letter or P.O. order. SPECIALTY PUBLISHING CO., Room 10, Times Bldg, Chicago.

At ¼ Price Watches, Guns, Supplies, Harness, Saddles, Earbikes, Organs, Bicycles, Farm Tools, Safes, etc. 132 FREE. CHICAGO SALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

INSURE in the Farmers and Merchants Insurance Company of Lincoln. Capital and Surplus over $[illegible]. 1,337 losses paid in Nebraska people since 1888.

Afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

Old-Fashioned Names.

Old-fashioned names that are again the style are so much prettier than the nicknames that are nearly always used. Dorothy is certainly prettier than either Dot or Dolly. Elizabeth seems to have no connection with Lib or Lizzie. Katherine has a dignity about it that Kitty can never reach and Kate only approximate. Margaret is sweeter than Maggie or Meg, though Margie often seems to fit some girls perfectly. Mary and Jane in their simplicity, are good names, and a girl who bears the name of Patience or Faith to live up to is blessed.

A perfect cure! Mr. Edward E. Broughton, 140 W. 19th St., New York City, N. Y., says this: "I have used several bottles of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in my family and find it a perfect cure. I cheerfully recommend it."

Supply and Demand.

Hostess—What has become of Sandy Smith, who stood so high in your class?
Alumnus—Oh, he's taken orders.
Hostess—He's in the ministry, then?
Alumnus—No; in a restaurant.

The best remedy for rheumatism that has yet been discovered. Mr. D. H. Tyler, 150 W. Main St., Galesburg, Ills., writes: "I have used a great many bottles of Salvation Oil, and I think it the best remedy for rheumatism I ever used."

A Good Excuse.

"You are evidently not fond of society, Baron."

"On the contrary, madam, I adore society."

"Then why do you give so few dinner parties?"

"For this reason, madam: Whenever I entertain my friends I am obliged to remain at home, and that prevents me from enjoying society."

Lane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each Day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Cures constipation, headache, kidney and liver troubles and regulates the stomach and bowels.

Be definite. When a ship sails for England it steers for Liverpool, not for Europe.

One of the tests of a fine nature is the effect joys and sorrows have upon it.

The man who does most without a good motive will have most to regret.

DUQUETTE & CO'S POMONA COUGH Tablets. "Absolutely the best made." Two ounce package for 5 cents, at your Druggists or Confectioners. Ask for them and STOP THAT COUGH.

The strongest man in the world is the one who can best control himself.

We eat too much and take too little outdoor exercise. This is the fault of our modern civilization. It is claimed that Garfield Tea, a simple herb remedy, helps Nature to overcome these abuses.

There is nothing easier to believe than a pleasing lie about ourselves.

A man at Bertrand, Neb., made $40 in nine days taking orders for the Arnold Cooker Company of Omaha. They manufacture one of the best steam cookers in the market.

Mark this: You don't have to be disagreeable to be good.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist today and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00.

We sometimes think we need more grace, when all we need is more rest.

No Real Rival Yet.

World famous Eli Perkins says: "After people have gone over all the routes to California once, they settle down to the old U. P. This road will always be the great transcontinental line. It has the best track, the best equipment, the best eating houses, and it teaches the traveler more history and geography than any other line. It shows you historic Salt Lake and the Mormons, takes you through the great Laramie plains, the Humboldt Basin and the Grand Canyon, over the very stage route that Horace Greeley and Artemus Ward rode.

Once on the Union Pacific it goes every where. It runs to Portland and Pueblo, Helena and the Yosemite, Tacoma and Seattle, Los Angeles and San Francisco. It has no rivals yet."

Send for our California Sights and Scenes
E. L. LOMAX, G. P. & T. A.,
Union Pacific System, Omaha.

If there is good in us it will be sure to inspire good in others.

2 Special Excursions South.—To Citronelle, Ala.

Will leave Council Bluffs on April 10th and May 8th. Six hundred thousand acres of fine farming and fruit growing land along the line of the Mobile & Ohio Railroad for sale at from $1.50 to $5.00 per acre. Stop over privileges at all points south of the Ohio river. For rates and descriptive land pamphlet with full information for Home Seekers, call on or write

J. R. RICE,
Agent Alabama Land and Improvement Co., Room 201 Merriam Block, Council Bluffs, Iowa, or 1502 Farnam street, Omaha, Neb.

NO QUARTER will do you as much good as the one that buys Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. This is what you get with them: An absolute and permanent *cure* for Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick and Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels. Not just temporary relief, and then a worse condition afterward—but help that *lasts*.

Pleasant help, too. These sugar-coated little pellets are the smallest, the easiest to take, and the easiest in the way they act. No griping, no violence, no disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation.

They come in sealed vials, which keeps them always fresh and reliable; a convenient and perfect vest-pocket remedy. They're the *cheapest* pills you can buy.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

25 Cents Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by druggists everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00.

TOWER'S TRADE FISH BRAND

This Trade Mark is on the best
WATERPROOF COAT in the World!
Illustrated Catalogue Free. A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS.

CONSUMPTION THE GREAT COUGH CURE 25¢ 50¢ & $1.00 SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED [illegible] FREE

TWO SONGS.

"Be kind to her, be kind," they said,
When from their clinging arms I led
My bride in tears and smiles away,
And youth and age at parting lay
Their hands in blessing on her head.

The old elms with their wealth of May,
Tall, grim and nodding seemed to say,
With patriarchal arms outspread,
"Be kind to her."

A score of years was overspread
Since you and I, dear wife, were wed;
A changing scene of gold and gray,
But love is whispering to-day
Along the paths we yet shall tread,
"Be kind to her."

—F. W. Hutt, in New York Herald.

HIS CHANCE.

She was for some time as certain—and as wrong—about her feelings for him, as she was assured and right in her assurance of his love for her.

As for herself, she considered herself merely his friend, confidante and adviser-general upon all subjects, but especially upon the subject of the neglect of his profession—the law.

Had he not been so desperately in love with her he might have laughed at this grandmothering of him, as he laughed at most things; for, though the kindest-hearted man perhaps in London, he affected a light, bright, breezy cynicism.

"Are you going down to Ribchester?" she asked, with abrupt irrelevance.

"Ribchester? Has an expedition been organized to explore darkest Ribchester?"

"To the assizes," she explained, without a smile, but with almost petulant impatience.

"I? No. It would be no use my going. I've got nothing to do."

"But how can you expect to get anything if you never go to circuit?"

"I shall go down to-morrow night," he said meekly.

"It does seem such a pity with your ability and industry—when you choose to be industrious——"

Here he shook his head.

"Oh, but I know. Mrs. Meltham told me how you sat up night after night doing her husband's presswork when he was ill of typhoid. Well, you see, when you've a motive to drudge you can drudge."

"I cannot tell you how kind I think it of you to pitch into me like this."

"It's not much use."

"Yes, it is; indeed it is. I shall go down to Ribchester to-morrow night, and shall go circuit always in future; and I shall drudge it like a dray horse, if drudging will do it. I shall; I give you my word of honor."

This new expression of earnestness gave a new beauty to his fine face, and it was in her looking up into it now that Trix made her discovery. She blushed, lowered her eyes under his insupportable gaze and said only and humbly, "I have been very impertinent."

"Impertinent! You do not know how much your interest means to me. I'm always thinking of what you think of me, and wishing to be what you wish me; and I believe I could be and do it all, if—if I had any hope, Trix," he said, taking her hand, and looking his "hope" into the eyes which answered to it.

"There's father," she faintly urged, but they soon forgot everything and every one and time and place and circumstances, and all but each other and their love. The last thing she said to him at parting was:

"Don't go down to Ribchester. I shall write to-morrow after I have told father, to let you know what he says and if I can see you."

Next morning at breakfast Trix ingeniously brought the conversation round to Bertie. "Every one says he is so clever," she replied to a disparaging remark upon him made by her father.

"Every one! Did you ever hear a solicitor say it?"

"But, my dear father, how can solicitors know whether he is clever or not till they try—till they give him a brief?"

"Let him marry a solicitor's daughter," pronounced her father, sententiously.

"But he can't."

"He can't. Why can't he? I'm sure——"

"Because he's engaged to me," she replied, with sublime audacity, rising at the same moment to get behind her father's chair and hide and cool her burning blushes against his parchment cheek. He had dropped his knife and fork and lain back speechless in his chair before she got behind it.

"There, you dear old father, don't be cross. I couldn't help telling you, you know. I can keep nothing from you," as though the confession was the offense.

"Engaged!" he burst out at last. "Engaged to a fellow without a penny or a prospect of making a penny. A mere man about town. An idle—"

"There, father; that will do," she said, putting her hand before his mouth. "I don't want you to feel miserable afterward for saying hasty and nasty things."

"But I don't and won't give my consent," he said, checking his laugh, and so to say, retracting it by speaking very doggedly.

"Oh, yes, you will, when the solicitors offer him briefs without even their daughters," she said, coaxingly, while she swayed her father back and forward in his chair.

"There it is! That's it! If he only took his profession seriously, or could get any one in the profession to take him seriously! You might wait, Trix, to meet some one with some promise or prospect of something."

"That's just what I mean to do, father. I told Bertie last night I would marry no man who hadn't distinguished himself."

"Oh, well, that settles it," her father answered, dryly.

Trix had the tact to press the point no further for the present. Her father, like all leading barristers, undertook more than he could attempt, and attempted more than he could competently perform, and at present he was simply overwhelmed with work.

After a heavy day at the courts he returned to a harassed and hurried dinner.

"My dear, I never was so worried in my life!" he exclaimed to Trix, after he had kissed her, which he did always when he had been absent even a few hours from her. "There's McAllister's gone and got the influenza! "He's with me in two or three Ribchester cases, and there's one to-morrow that I've been depending upon him to master and manage almost altogether," pointing to a brief beside his plate. "I must tackle it after dinner with the help of a strong cup of coffee."

"But you are due at Euston at 9:30."

"But an hour or so will give me its substance, and I can beat it into shape in the train.

Having dispatched his dinner he was proceeding to open the brief, when Frederick Flint, senior partner in the famous firm of Flint, Affleck & Co., was announced. He had come upon urgent business which was found to necessitate an immediate consultation with Attorney General Weevil.

After their departure Trix sat down to write her promised letter, which she had deferred until now in the hope of having something more—and perhaps more favorable to record. As, however, her father had been too much hurried and worried to be spoken to upon the subject at dinner she could report only the morning's interview.

Having at last finished her letter she went into the study to look into her father's desk for a stamp, and here lying upon the desk she found a brief! Upon going to see Mr. Flint, her father must have taken it with him into the study, laid it on the desk and then forgotten it in his absorption with a more important case. What now was to be done? Half an hour since the train had started from Euston, and there was probably no other to-night for Ribchester. Upon looking into an A B C guide, however, she found that a train left King's Cross for that town at 4:30 a. m. and was due at Ribchester at 9:45, and by this she could send the brief.

But if the case was to come on to-morrow her father would not have time to read—not to say master—the brief. Why not send Bertie both as messenger and as a "junior?" He'd have five hours to study the brief before starting, and could, as her father said, beat the case into shape on the train.

What a chance for him—and for her!

She rang the bell, sent for her maid and bid her guest get ready at once to accompany her in a cab to Selden street. Within three-quarters of an hour they were there, and, strange to say, found Bertie there. When he had hurried down to her to the cab she said, breathlessly:

"I was afraid you'd be at some party."

"I am due at 3, but I waited in, expecting a letter," he said, significantly. She smiled and blushed, and rewarded him with the sweetest of glances.

"Here is something better," she said, handing him a brief and proceeding to explain all the circumstances of the case. "It's a great chance," she wound up with.

After drawing a long breath he answered, "Almost too great—so much may depend upon it." And then he asked, wistfully, "Is there no letter?"

"Nothing but that to-night," she said decisively. "Remember 4:30, King's Cross. Telegraph from Ribchester. Good-by!" And she drove resolutely away.

Every undistracted minute now was momentous to him and her. Nevertheless many of these precious minutes had slipped by before Bertie could force thoughts of her from his mind and concentrate his entire attention upon the brief.

This, however, he succeeded at last in doing, and he read and re-read it until he had thoroughly mastered its bearings. Having then marshaled its strong points in logical sequence and with cumulative force, he paced the room to and fro, addressing not an imaginary court, judge and jury, but only and always Weldon Wraxall, to whom he paid the compliment also of an imitation of his method and style.

On his arrival in Ribchester he had a bath and hasty breakfast before hurrying to the courts, where he soon found the eminent Q. C.

"Halloo, Rayburn! Got any cases on?" he asked, rather maliciously.

"One, sir, I hope, with your consent."

"With my consent?"

"Miss Wraxall was so good as to send me the brief you forgot—'Binns versus Haberton' which I've got up, fearing you would not now have time to look at it."

"The brief I forgot? 'Binns versus Haberton?' I have no such case on my list."

"No?" exclaimed Bertie, in pitiable dejection.

"No—phew! Of course! It's that case McAllister had to throw up which Flint brought me last night, but I forgot the brief in my study."

"I do wish, sir, you'd get him to intrust it to me. Give me this chance," Bertie urged, with pathetic eagerness.

The Q. C. looked at him meditatively for a moment, and said then, as he put an encouraging hand on his shoulder, "Come along, then."

They soon found Flint, whom the Q. C. drew aside. Having explained the circumstances he said what he could for Bertie. "For a young man he's the best partner at whist I ever played with."

"What the——" began Mr. Flint, precisely as her father had begun to answer the same recommendation when urged by Trix.

Mr. Flint also checked himself before uttering the "big swear" on his lips, and gave a rather grumbling assent to the employment of Bertie, who, however, surprised him, and still more Mr. Wraxall, by his really admirable conduct of the case.

"You'll do!" the Q. C. cried to him enthusiastically, and Bertie knew that Trix was won.—Richard Aske King in Buffalo News.

Wisconsin's Eagles.

They grow large eagles in Wisconsin. Not long ago a man saw a big bald fellow sitting on a lofty elm at Concord, in that state, and discharged both barrels of his shotgun at it. The bird flew a few hundred feet and fell dead. It measured seven feet three inches from tip to tip and weighed eleven pounds. The talons measured along the convex surfaces, are nearly two inches in length. On the same day the man shot his bird a 16-year-old boy captured a golden eagle near West Bend. The bird was slightly wounded and was captured after a severe struggle, and is now in the possession of its captor and gives promise of recovering from its injuries. This eagle measures nine feet between tips of its outspread wings.

Snakes Cannot Bite.

"Snakes do not bite," says a New Orleans physician who has studied snakes considerably. They can't, he says, because their jaws are connected only by a cartilage, are not hinged, and cannot be brought together with any force. The snake simply hooks the fangs in its upper jaw into the object aimed at, the lower jaw not figuring in the act at all. The act is very similar to that of a man striking a cotton-hook into a bale of cotton, or a boat hook into a pier.

A Delicate Instrument.

Guide—Now, ladies and gentlemen, you wouldn't believe it, but it's true, that these weights are so delicate that they mark the difference between a blonde and a brunette hair.

Tourist, opening memorandum book—And which weighs the less?

Guide—The lighter one.

HE SAW A GHOST.

And His Heart Came Up and Pounded Against His Teeth.

"You don't believe in ghosts? Don't eh? I once knew a man who didn't believe in balloons. His reason was just the same as yours—he had never seen one." It was Robert I. Tomlinson, and his audience was a groupe of grip-sack pilgrims assembled in the hotel corridors. "Did I ever see a ghost? Well, I kinder cackalate I did and t'want o' your hand-made-to-order-while-you-wait ghosts either, lemme tell you. You 'member the Ashtabula railroad wreck? Well, it was the night after that affair that I held my materalization seance. I was living in Dayton. I had a cousin, a graceless scamp named Jack Doolittle, who's been punished for his sins by being sent to the legislature and being caught in the matrimonial noose four times. It's hard to get a grudge agin' a fellow-sinner as has had to wrestle with four mothers-in-law.

"Well, when Jack and I were going through the agony of raising our first mustache we formed a solemn compact that the one that kicked the bucket first should come back and tell the other about it, and how he liked it as far as he'd got. I received a telegram one day that Jack had been killed in the Ashtabula wreck. I had been worrying about him, for he was traveling in that territory. Well, sir, it broke me all up. We had chummed for ten years, and one night shared the same load of shot in a watermelon patch. We had been engaged to the same girls, and had lost our money on the same political candidate. I went to bed that night feeling pretty blue and wondering if Jack would show up according to contract. I was in hopes he wouldn't. I liked him well enough in life, but I had no inclination to associate with spirits that couldn't be bottled.

"About 2 o'clock I woke up, and hang me for a mugwump if Jack wasn't sitting on the edge of the bed. The room was filled with a blue, flickering light, in which his face showed more ghostly than the front elevation of an Egyptian mummy. Scientists say that it's all bosh about a man's hair getting a hump on itself when he's scared. That's all they know about it. My flesh seemed to creep and crawl and every individual hair on my head rose to a point of order. My heart came up and pounded against my teeth, and my tongue went on a strike. The ghost sat there looking at me for full two minutes. I couldn't stand the pressure. I sprang out of bed and went through the window in one time and two motions. The air was chilly and I was attired only in my night gown.

I stood it as long as I could, and then I sneaked back and peered into the room. All was dark. I climbed in and tumbled into bed. I found it occupied. The ghost had actually gone to bed and proposed to make a night of it. I made another dive for the window, but my visitor caught hold of the narrative of my 'robe de sham' and dragged me back. I was demoralized, terror-stricken. I began to yoop like a Piute Indian on the warpath or a picnic girl who had discovered a garter-snake. Then Jack said, 'Come to bed, you blank old fool.' Dead? Not by a good deal. He had sneaked in, poured half a pint of cognac into the wash bowl, set it afire, and then sat down to stare me into convulsions. Less go git a lemonade. It gives me the hysteria to think about that night. Same to you!"

ALL ABOUT A BUGGY WHEEL.

A Negro Gets a Doctor of Carrollton Into Trouble.

Dr. J. D. Hamrick one of the leading physicians of Carrollton, had a pretty trick played on him lately by a small negro boy he had in his employ, says a Waycross, Ga., special to the Savannah News. The doctor has a patient who has been seriously ill for some days, and he has been spending the evenings up to 9 or 10 o'clock with his patient, and then his colored boy would drive over after him and carry him home. Last night the doctor's valet was a little late about coming, and he walked home. Very soon after his arrival at home the boy came and explained that he missed the doctor by going another street, which explanation the doctor accepted and let his boy off, who seemed to be enjoying his last drink very much.

Next morning Dr. Hamrick was accosted on the street by a Mr. Walker, who wanted to know why the doctor came to his house the night before and took off one of his buggy wheels and left a broken one in its place. The doctor treated the matter as a joke at first, and not knowing that he had another man's wheel on his buggy, but he found out later that Mr. Walker was in earnest when he meant to swear out a warrant for the doctor for the theft of a wheel. The doctor examined his buggy and found that some one had practiced duplicity on him and he called on his negro boy, who at first denied any knowledge of the wheel, but when threatened with the lock-up, said he started after the doctor and some of the boys gave him a drink or so and he thought he would drive around a while before he went for the doctor, and while out he ran against a tree and broke the doctor's buggy wheel.

He was near Mr. Walker's house, and he took off the broken wheel and put one of Mr. Walker's on in its place. He drove on a short distance further and found the new wheel would not work on the doctor's buggy, and he went to Hon. O. L. Reese's buggy house and took a wheel from his buggy and put Walker's in the place. He next carried the buggy home, and on looking round he saw that Colonel Reese's wheel was black and the doctor's a different color, so he procured some paint and painted the wheel the same color as the doctor's wheels. The boy made a clean confession, and the only punishment he got was about 100 lashes with a good hickory. The doctor says it is a good joke on him.

Colonial Furniture.

Perth Amboy, N. J., is the repository of some of the finest old colonial furniture in the East. The city, which is one of the oldest ports of entry in the United States, still retains a few of its early dwellings, and some of these are occupied by descendants of those who built the houses many generations ago. The consequence is that the old furniture of Perth Amboy is never sold save at the death of some venerable freeholder, and even then is bought by vigilant relatives and friends.

One Florida Orange Tree.

Florida people are telling of an orange tree in Dr. Abernathy's grove which has borne during the past season 15,000 oranges. It is a seedling 25 years old, some 30 feet high and has received only the ordinary grove care and culture.

Had a Long Beard and Deoplued Doctors.

Matthew Robinson (Lord Rokeby), a prominent but eccentric Englishman of the last century, became famous for his long beard and pronounced hatred of medical practitioners. In regard to the former it is said that upon one occasion when going to an election he stopped at an inn where the country people, who had assembled for miles around, took him for a Turk and through this mistaken idea almost worried "me lord" to death. His dislike for physicians was carried to such an extreme that he left a codicil to his will which was to the effect that a favorite nephew was to be disinherited should he (the nephew) in the last illness of the lord let his sympathies cause him to send for a doctor. This having been made known to the nephew when his uncle, the lord, was in good health, it is needless to add that he allowed that person's spirit to take its flight without calling in any of the "infernal surgical fraternity."

A Chance for Shorthand Writers.

A gentleman writes from Australia that there is a great chance for shorthand writers in that country. A while ago an examination was held in Melbourne for shorthand writers in the courts. Out of thirteen only six passed the test of 120 words a minute and but fewer still the test of 150. Sir John Thurston, who tried to engage a stenographer for correspondence, offering $1,000 a year and board, complained that most of the applicants were unable either to write rapidly or to read their notes afterward.

Make Haste to Defend Yourself

If you live in a locality where malaria is prevalent, with a preventive that experience indicates as the most reliable of medical safeguards—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Entirely free from the objections—and they are valid ones—which attach to the mineral alkaloid quinine, it is far more effective, and its effects are not evanescent, but lasting, unlike those of the drug. There are portions of our land—and none more beautiful and fertile—which at no season of the year are entirely exempt from the malarial scourge. In such regions Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has undergone a continuous test for the past forty years, with results which have established its reputation beyond all cavil as a special defense against every form of malarial disease. For biliousness, also, it is an acknowledged specific, and it is a potent remedy for constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatism and an impoverished condition of the blood.

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FITS—All fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fit after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The yeast cake and the negro's favorite weapon are both raisers.

Baker's Norwegian Cod Liver Oil Quickly relieves throat and lung diseases and imparts vigor and new life. Sold by druggists.

The man who controls himself makes unwritten laws for many other people.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Fill the place you now have more than full and you will soon have a better one.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 25 cents.

If the wolf gets no furthan than your door he will soon starve to death.

If You Want The Best

ALTHOUGH you may have had good luck with but few failures in making cake and biscuit in the old-fashioned way with soda and sour milk, or soda and cream of tartar, you will have better luck and (following directions) *no* failures with the Royal Baking Powder.

The truth of this must be evident when you remember that in the leading hotels and restaurants, and in the homes of our city cousins, where the latest and best methods are invariably employed, and where the most beautiful and dainty food is always set out for the guests, the Royal Baking Powder is exclusively used for all quickly risen food.

Royal Baking Powder never disappoints; never makes sour, soggy or husky food; never spoils good materials; never leaves lumps of alkali in the biscuit or cake; while all these things do happen with the best of cooks who cling to the old-fashioned methods, or who use other Baking Powders.

If you want the best food, Royal Baking Powder is indispensable.

REV. H. P. CARSON, Scotland, Dak., says: "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl."

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ALBERT BURCH, West Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure saved my life."

CONDUCTOR E. D. LOOMIS, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful."

E. A. ROOD, Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured my wife of catarrh fifteen years ago and she has had no return of it. It's a sure cure."

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REV. P. C. N. DWYER, WYCKOFF, MINN.

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WYCKOFF, MINN., Nov. 17.

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I have suffered much from Neuralgia and Stomach Troubles, and have tried various medicines, but they were of no avail. Recently, however, I learned of the Kickapoo Indian Remedies, and have been entirely cured by the use of Kickapoo Indian Sagwa. This priceless medicine of the Indians, myself as well as a host of others have used with wonderful success.

Yours in truth, P. C. N. DWYER.

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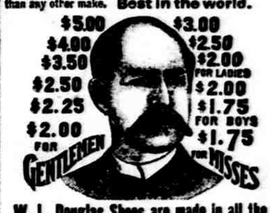

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What Makes People Talk?
ABOUT DR. C. GEE WO, OF OMAHA.

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