"German Syrup"

I must say a word as to the efficacy of German Syrup. I have used it in my family for Bronchitis, the result of Colds, with most excellent success. I have taken it myself for Throat Troubles, and have derived good results therefrom. I therefore recommend it to my neighbors as an excellent remedy in such cases. James T. Durette, Earlysville, Va. Beware of dealers who offer you "something just as good." Always insist on having Boschee's German Syrup.

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
F OBATOR H. GOODWARD, LEROY, N. Y.

Young Mothers!

We Offer You a Remedy which Insures Safety to Life of Mother and Child.

"MOTHER'S FRIEND"

Robs Confinement of its Pain, Horror and Risk.

After using one bottle of "Mother's Friend" I suffered but little pain, and did not experience that weakness afterward usual in such cases.—Mrs. ANNIE GAGE, Lamar, Mo., Jan. 15th, 1891.

Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle. Book to Mothers mailed free.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Easily Taken Up

Cod Liver Oil as it appears in Scott's Emulsion is easily taken up by the system. In no other form can so much fat-food be assimilated without injury to the organs of digestion.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites has come to be an article of every day use, a prompt and infallible cure for Colds, Coughs, Throat troubles, and a positive builder of flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

NOTWITHSTANDING reported hotel extortion, the practically fireproof "GREAT EASTERN," at 60th and St. Lawrence Av., Chicago, the largest in the world. Will book guests now on the European plan at $1.50 each, two in a room. Write for information to Copeland Townsend, (formerly mgr. Palmer House), Manager, Chicago, Ill.

CONQUERS THE GREAT WHITE PLAGUE

SHILOH'S CURE.

BEST COUGH CURE 25c 50c & $1.00

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.

NOTED TEMPERANCE LEADER

The Forcible and Brilliant David Frost.

He Endorses Indian Sagwa.

The portrait of David Frost, the noted temperance lecturer, will be recognized far and wide.

DAVID FROST, BOSTON, MASS.

In a recent conversation with Mr. Frost, that gentleman said, with the convincing earnestness which characterizes his remarks: "One of the greatest evils with which the friends of temperance have to contend is the cheap whiskey decoctions and miserable rum mixtures by which the market is flooded under the guise of 'Bitters,' 'Sarsaparillas,' 'Gingers,' and other patent medicines.

"I do not mean to say," continued Mr. Frost, "that all proprietary medicines come under this head, and in fact I know from personal experience of one which is not only a Great Medicine, a Splendid Tonic, and Unrivalled Blood Purifier, but which is innocent of all deteriorating ingredients and Free from Harmful Effects, no matter how much or how freely it may be used. It is not my wish to appear as the exponent of any public remedy, but in this case I deem it my duty to commend that Grand Remedy of the Indian race, 'Kickapoo Indian Sagwa.'

"I speak from experience, for it has stood me in good stead. When half sick, worn out, and my most rebellious stomach refused to longer act in its normal capacity, '*Kickapoo Indian Sagwa*' *has restored me to a healthy condition when nothing else would.* I have taken occasion also to learn something about this medicine and its origin, and know that 'Sagwa' is not only an old and tried remedy among the Indians, but that its Vegetable Purity and Harmless Curative Effects are still maintained, and that its manufacture is still carried on by modern methods exactly in accordance with the ways of the noble Red Man.

"Simple Roots, Barks, Leaves and Flowers from the Forest are all that enter into its composition, and the Strength which is gained from its use is not the false strength of the rum bottle but the Noble Exhilaration of Bounding Health, and the Purified Blood, cleansed of its poison, coursing through every Vein and Artery of the Human System."

Words fail to convey the earnest force of his remarks as expressed to the writer and the high regard he had for the remedy.

Kickapoo Indian Sagwa.

Sold by all Druggists. $1 per bottle. 6 for $5.

W N U Omaha, 15 1893

WHY.

Rounded cheeks like apples red,
Half like mass of golden thread,
Sweet lips whose parting show
Little teeth as white as snow,
Eyes like a summer sky. This
Is why I hug and kiss
My little boy,

Mind o'er bright beyond his years:
Repeating, like parrot, all he hears,
Laughing like sweet melody,
Heart o'erflowing with childish glee,
A flood of sunshine from above.
This is why I dearly love
My little boy.

—Inter Ocean.

A DREAM.

The preface to this bit of solemn history is strictly true, as is also the story. One of my nearest neighbors a Mrs. McCulloch, 80 years of age, still living, had a sister named Magdalen Slingerland, near descendants of the early settlers of Albany county, who visited England in company with a Miss Mitchell a few years after the event. The relative whom they visited in London was acquainted with the sisters of this story and from their lips obtained and wrote it. MARY D. ROSECRANS.

In the year 1814, three sisters resided in London, two of whom were pious Christian women, while the third was wholly given up to worldly pleasures. She hated the piety of her sisters and in petty spiteful ways opposed them, though they endeavored to accommodate themselves to her wishes and to render the differences of their opinions as little disagreeable to her as possible.

One night she had been out at an assembly very late, and the next morning at breakfast was so remarkably different from her usual manner that her sisters thought she must either be unwell or had met with some misfortune that had affected her deeply. Instead of her usual incessant chatter about every person she met, everything they wore, and said and did, she sat silent, sullen and absorbed. As she ate nothing her sisters asked her if she was unwell.

"No."

"What was the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Had nothing distressed her?"

"She had no idea of people prying into what did not concern them."

The whole morning she spent in her own room, and at dinner the same scene as in the morning occurred. She ate little, never spoke but to answer uncivilly, and then with an appearance of depression and melancholy that spread its influence very powerfully over the cheerfulness of her companions. She retired to rest late, and with the spirit of one that expects from sleep neither alleviation nor refreshment.

The next morning she again scarcely tasted breakfast, and seemed in the same distressed uncomfortable state as on the preceding day. Her sisters again renewed their inquiries. She said:

"I am well and nothing pains me."

"Then you have something on your mind, why will you not tell us? Do we not love you? Have we not the same earthly interest as you? And can we seek any good but yours, in our wish to share in your sorrow?"

"O! you have superstitions enough of your own, without mine being added. I shall not tell you what ails me, so you have no occasion to rack your curiosity. I dare say you will think it some spiritual triumph but I laugh at such things. I am not quite old enough yet to be the victim of dreams and visions."

"We do not believe in dreams and visions, Anna," was the reply.

She answered harshly, "No, and I do not intend that you shall."

The sisters looked at each other and remained silent.

The second day passed as the first. Anna was gloomy and moody, and her sisters from pity and anxiety were unhappy. The third morning she again entered on the day, as one who loathed the light, who has no object in living, and to whom the lapse of time in the prospect of futurity, brings neither comfort nor hope.

As her sisters looked on her, one of them suddenly asked:

"Anna, what did you dream?"

"Ha, what is it? You would give the world to know, but I shall not tell you. I thought you did not believe in dreams."

"Neither do we in general. We know them to be the offspring of a disordered stomach, confused images and fancies when reason is dormant, and the memory of them passes away as soon as we are engaged in our daily avocations, yet there is no doubt, some dreams are no more sent in vain than any other affliction or warning. There is a verse in the scripture, which mentions God as speaking "in the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man."

She laughed again. "You have a verse in the Bible for everything that suits you, but I do not choose to be warned in such a manner, and there is no doubt I shall get it out of my head in a day or two."

"Anna we do beseech you to tell us. If you really have a dream from heaven, you surely do not wish to forget it; and if not we will help you to laugh it off."

She answered, "Well if I must tell you I must. No doubt it was very extraordinary and frightful. I should have thought it the effect of the ball, but I never saw anything anywhere the least bit like it."

The Dream: I thought I was in the wide streets of a great city. Many people were walking there besides myself, but there was some thing in the air which immediately struck me. They seemed thoughtful and cheerful, neither occupied with business nor pleasure, but having about them such a dignity of repose, such high and settled purpose, such grace and purity, as never was stamped on mortal brow. The light of the sun was also strange. It was not the sun for there was nothing to dazzle. It was not the moon for all was clear as the day. It seemed an atmosphere of light, calm, lovely and changeless. The buildings seemed all palaces, but not like palaces of earth. The pavements were all alike, of gold bright and shining, as clear as glass. The large and glittering windows seemed like divided rainbows and were made to give and transmit none but the rays of gladness. It was indeed a place toward which hope may bend and where charity might dwell. I could not help exclaiming as I passed along. These are the habitations of righteousness and truth. All was beauty, bright and perfect. I could not tell what was wanting to make me wish for an eternity in such a place, yet its very purity oppressed me. I saw nothing congenial, though looks of kindness met me in every face of that happy throng. I felt nothing responsive. I returned in silence their friendly greetings, and walked on alone oppressed and sad. I saw that all went one way, and I followed, wondering the reason.

At length I saw a building much finer and larger than the rest. I saw them ascend the massive steps and enter beneath its ample porch, but I felt no desire to go with them, farther than the foot of the steps I approached from curiosity. I saw persons enter, who were dressed in every variety of costume of the nations, but they disappeared within the porch, and then crossed the hall in white. O, that I could describe that hall to you. It was not marble, it was not crystal, it was not gold, but light, pure light in consolidated form. It was the moon, without its coolness, it was the sun without its dazzling ray, and within was a stair case mounting upward all of light, and I saw it touched by the snowy feet and spotless garments of those who ascended. It was indeed passing fair, but it made me shudder and I turned away.

As I turned I saw on the lowest step one looking at me with an interest so intense and a manner so anxious, that I stopped to hear what he had to say. He asked me in a voice like liquid music:

"Why do you turn away? Is there peace elsewhere? Is there pleasure in works of darkness?" I stood in silence. He pressed me to enter, but I neither answered nor moved. Suddenly he disappeared, and another took his place, with the same look and manner. I wished to avoid him but seemed riveted to the spot.

"Art thou come so far," he said, "and wilt thou lose thy labor? Put off thine own garments and take the white livery here." He continued to press me till I got weary and angry, and said:

"I will not enter. I do not like your livery and I am oppressed by your whiteness."

He sighed and was gone. Many passed by me with looks of mingled kindness and pity, and urged me to follow on with them, and offered me a hand up the stairs which led to their mysterious change; but I rejected them and stood melancholy and distressed.

At length one bright young messenger came up to me, and entreated me to enter, with a voice and manner I could not resist.

"Do not turn away," he said, "whole canst thou go! Do not linger; for why shouldst thou weary thyself for naught. Enter thou, and taste of happiness. Do not all tribes and colors enter into that hall? Are they not clothed and washed and comforted?"

He gave me his hand and I entered along with him. Here I was sprinkled with pure water, and a garment of pure white was put upon me; and I knew not how, I mounted the white stair-case with my happy guide.

O, what a light burst upon me when I reached the summit! mortal words cannot describe it, nor mortal fancy conceive it. Where are the living sapphires, where are the glittering stars that are like the bright radiance on which I stood? Where are the forms or the looks of love that breathed in the innumerable company before me? I sank down, overpowered and wretched. I crept into a corner and tried to hide myself, for I felt that I had nothing in unison with the blessed creatures of such a place.

As I gazed in speechless and trembling amazement, one who saw me left the company and came where I stood.

"Why," he asked, "art thou silent? Come quickly and unite in the praises of the Son."

I felt a sullen anger in my heart, and I answered with a sharpness,

"I will not join in your song for I know not the strain."

He sighed and with a look of humiliating pity and surprise returned to his place. About a minute after another came and addressed me as he had done; and with the same temper I answered him in the same words. He seemed as if he could have resigned his own dazzling glory to have changed me. If heaven knows anguish he seemed to feel it but he left me and returned. What could it be that put such a temper in my heart? At length the Lord of that glorious company of loving hears oft light and beauty, saw me, and came where I stood. I thrilled in every pulse with awe. I felt my blood curdle, and my flesh upon me tremble, but my heart grew hardened, and my voice was bold. He spoke, and deep toned music seemed to drop from his lips.

"Why sittest thou so still, when all around thee are glad? Come join the song for I have triumphed! Come join in the song for now my people reign."

Love, ineffable, unutterable love, beamed upon me, as though it would have melted a heart of stone, but I melted not. I gazed an instant and then I said:

"I will not join the song, for I know not the strain."

Creation would have fled at the change in his countenance! His glance was lightning, and his voice thunder. He said:

"Then what dost thou here?"

The floor beneath me opened, the earth quaked and I sank into consuming fire. With a fright, I awoke.

There was silence for a time, for the sisters were struck with awe, they considered the dream—the impression it had made.

"Anna," said they, "we cannot wish you to forget this dream. We surely believe it to be from God. Your description of the holy city is much the same as we find in the Bible. 'The city hath no need of the sun nor of the moon to light it, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.' All who enter there must put off their own garments, that is their own righteousness, and must be clothed with linen clean and white, even in the righteousness, of the saints, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord. Those that walk in the light of it are those that have come out of great tribulation, and washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb.' O, dear sister, you know something of the way, do listen to the faithful warning, join us and walk in the path that leads to the heavenly city." Anna's brow again darkened and she answered:

"I will do as I please, I do not intend you to preach to me."

She continued in this state till the end of the week, and was found in her room, a corpse. No one knew the cause of her death. She died without disease and without change.—Zion's Watchman.

Great Expectations.

Ikey Goldstein—Papa, I vos eighdt years oldt to-day.

Moses Goldstein—So you vos, mine leedle poy; so you vos.

"Gif me a present, papa."

"Vait until its chnows, Ikey, and your papa vill make you some nice, beeg, roundt, vite, cold schnowballs!"—Christian Observer.

Undoubtedly New With Him.

He—Oh, I have a splendid story to tell you. I don't think I ever told it to you before.

She—Is it really a good story?

He—Indeed it is.

She, wearily—Then you haven't told it to me before.—Life.

DANGER OF GLANDERS.

Instances in Which Men Have Died of It—A Veterinary Surgeon's Warning.

"I notice that another man has died of glanders in Los Angeles," said Dr. E. J. Creely, the veterinary surgeon, to a reporter for the San Francisco Chronicle. "It simply adds force to the warning which every one who drives horses or cares for them should heed against exposing himself to an animal which has this contagious malady. There is nothing more dreadful than death from glanders and the disease is as incureable as leprosy. One may catch it several ways. A scratch on the hands may be the means of inoculation or the sneeze of a glandered horse may fill the eyes with poisonous mist."

"Are there any glandered horses in San Francisco?" asked the reporter.

"A few. I have one at my hospital now. Whenever they are found they are seized, passed upon by the surgeon of the health board and turned over to me. If I decide that the disease is really glanders I order the animal shot. There are no glandered horses in livery stables now, and most cases that we find come from the barns of hucksters and small draymen. I have no doubt there are quite a number of such horses driven around the town, but they are hard to locate.

"Since the exposure made last April people have been very shy about concealing or driving diseased animals, and the owners of very valuable horses have hastened to let us know of any symptoms of the glanders among their stock. Many infected horses have been killed. Among them were fifteen belonging to John Robinson's circus. We said nothing about this at the time, but it happened, nevertheless."

"Do you recall any cases in or near San Francisco of men dying of this contagion?"

"Well, said Dr. Creely, "about three years ago the sheriff of Santa Clara county went out driving behind a livery horse which, unknown to him, had the glanders. The horse sneezed and an atom of virulent moisture came back on the breeze and lodged in his eye. In two weeks he died a frightful death.

"Mustang Wilson, the well-known sporting man, met a similar fate. He owned a glandered trotter which he refused to kill, but wanted to dispose of. He drove around town and before meeting a possible buyer he would clean the animal's nose with a cloth. One day after doing this he placed the rag in the pocket where he usually carried his handkerchief. A speck of dust lodged in his eye. He drew out the disease-soaked cloth by mistake and wiped away the speck. A few days thereafter he died in untold agony."

"What are the symptoms of glanders in a horse?"

"A man may think a horse has a cold. In three or four days the horse has apparently recovered except for a slight discharge from one nostril or sometimes from both. The discharge is oily, greenish in color, sticky and tenacious, sometimes mingled with bits of hay and grain. It comes from a ragged ulcer in the nostril. Before dying the horse may be able to travel about for three or four years, but he is all the time spreading the contagion, particularly through watering troughs, which he infects with bacilli.

"We detect glanders by the discharge and by a lump which always forms under the jaw. If in doubt we give a horse a purgative and two drams of turpentine which raises his temperature and develops the disease at once if it exists."

A MEAN TRICK.

He Wanted to Become a Mason and He Was Taken In.

"I had the meanest joke played on me over at Indianapolis the other day that a white man was ever called upon to endure," said Frank Gilderoy, as he got outside of a rectangular meal at the tabled'hote. "I had been wishing for some time past to become a Mason. I had talked a great deal about it, and my ambition became pretty well known to the traveling fraternity. About a dozen drummers were Sundaying at a hotel in the Hoosier hub, and they put up a job on me that for breadth and depth of depravity stands without a parallel.

"Tom Gaines—every boy knows Tom—lives in Indianapolis. He was selected to steer me against the game. He pretended to be 'way up in G in Masonry, grand master mortar mixer, or something or other of a small lodge in the city. Tom said that his lodge met on the Monday night next, and that if I desired to become a member he would see me through and give me all the sixty-six degrees; said the usual fee for going through the entire gamut was $200, but that business was a trifle dull and they had reduced the rate for the month and I could go through a-flying for $50. Bit? Of course I bit, and bit hard. No sucker ever made such hot haste to swallow a hook incased in red flannel. The rest of the gang pretended to leave town next day, but it was only a blind.

"Well, sir, next night Gaines steered me against the goat. I had an idea that the initiatory rite was a hair-riser, but I had no conception of its true horror. I was ushered into a dimly lighted hall among goblins, ghosts and chimeras dire. I was tied on the back of a large he-goat that bucked like a Mexican mustang, and the whole gang of goblins chased my Pegasus over benches and boxes for half an hour. Then I was plunged into a hogshead of ice water. After I had partially recovered I was stripped, stood on a pedestal and painted like a zebra. Suddenly the lights went out. The mystic brotherhood chanted a lot of rot around me, the grand master mortar mixer leading the strophe and the grand master hod-carrier doing the antistrophe act. Then I was informed that I would be required to stand without moving for one hour as a test of my endurance. I was told that I was circled about with spear points, and that to move meant death in large quantities, delivered suddenly.

"Then the grand master ladder holder commanded silence, and I proceeded to endure. It was the longest hour I ever saw. It seemed to stretch out through all eternity and lap over the edge. I stood there from midnight until 5 o'clock. Then daylight began to creep through the windows, and I found that I was alone. The grand master mortar mixer and his gang of fiendish Piutes had made a sneak, leaving me standing there in the cold, like Patience on a monument, with only red, white and blue stripes for covering. I bought a double-action revolver that carried a ball as big as a door-knob and started out to look for Tom Gaines, but learned that he had gone to Mexico for the winter. If he yearns to see his grandchildren playing about his knee he had best stay there."

Wigs and Christianity.

A century and a half ago wig-wearing was at its height, and little boys four or five years of age submitted to having their heads shaven preparatory to donning their false head-dresses. A Leydon professor—Rivers by name—shocked all churches by declaring that a Christian must necessarily wear a wig or be eternally lost. On the other hand, Dr. Thiers, a celebrated Catholic, assailed the wig-wearsng priests in a good-sized volume. The ancient Egyptians all wore wigs, and the early Christians, from A. D. 427 to A. D. 917 considered a false head-covering a badge of distinction. This, too, in direct opposition to Tertullian, who in vain declared them devices and inventions of the devil, and Clement of Alexandria, who warned his hearers that when the sacred hands of the clergy were laid on their heads the blessing would not penetrate through false hair.

India Rubber "Paving Stones."

New ideas in paving have lately attracted attention. Among these is the paving of a bridge by a German engineer with India rubber, the result having been so satisfactory as to induce its application on a much larger scale, a point in its favor being that it is much more durable than asphalt and not slippery. In London a section of roadway under the gate leading to the department platform of the St. Pancras terminus has for some time past been paved with this material, with the effect of deadening the sound made when being passed over on wheels, besides the comfortable elasticity afforded to foot passengers. Another material which is being satisfactorily introduced for this purpose is composed of granulated cork and bitumen pressed into blocks and which are laid like bricks or wooden paving, the special advantage secured in this case being that of elasticity.

Seeking Revenge.

A western farmer who received some seeds from the agricultural department at Washington writes the secretary as follows: "Your blamded cucumbers robbed me of my wife, so instead of sending the cucumber seed this spring send me another wife. I hear there are a number of likely women in your department." In reply the secretary said he had no appropriation from which he could draw money to send a wife to the widower, but suggested that the latter come to Washington and pick out one for himself. The secretary informed his correspondent that he has in his department "some beautiful maidens, some sprightly widows, and several well-seasoned old maids."

Exercise Enough.

The French Marshal Vivonne and the Comte d'Auvergne were probably the most corpulent men of the court in Louis the Fourteenth's time. "Marshal, you are really getting too fat," said the king; "you ought to take more exercise." "Your majesty does not know, then, that I take a great deal of exercise?" "No; what do you do?" "I walk around the Comte d'Auvergne three times every day."

Ambition Crushed.

Nice little boy—"I wish you would teach me to black boots."

Bootblack—"What fur?"

"I'm not satisfied with my aimless existence at home and I wish to be independent."

"I see. Kin you lick one boy twice as big as yerself wid one hand, hold y'r kit in th' other an' keep off two other boys wid y'r feet?"

"N—o."

"Too bad. You won't do fur a boot black. I'm 'fraid you'll have to go home an' grow up a dude."—Good News.

Here's a Question.

"Has the Jew, with his reputation as the champion of prosperity, not found in the Yankee more than his match? Has he not in reality been outdone and does not his future in these parts seem but a dreary one?" The foregoing inquiry appears in the American Hebrew, and the inquirer is Max J. Ullman of New Bedford, Mass.

Great Minds Think Alike.

Malagasy proverbs are very much like other people's. "Birds of a feather" is "Akanga tso roa volo"—"guinea fowls of the same plumage." "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" is "Seeing a beautifully marked guinea fowl and throwing away the fowl at home in one's house." "Union is strength" is expressed "guinea fowls in a flock are not scattered by the dogs."

Any sudden change in the condition of the atmosphere is certain to bring its harvest of coughs and colds. These, if suffered to run on, are likely terminate in consumption; but they may be readily cured by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Seldom at Home.

Stranger (on train)—A man in your business can't get home very often, I presume.

Drummer—Home? I should say not. Why, sir, I get home so seldom that I can't remember half the time where I live. Have to telegraph to the firm to send me my address.

Stranger—You don't say.

Drummer—That's straight. Why, one time I was away so long that I forgot I'd ever been married, and I took such a fancy to a pretty woman I met in a strange town that I eloped with her.

Stranger—My! My!

Drummer—Yes, it would have been a terrible thing, but when I called on the firm during my wedding tour, and introduced her, the old man told me she was my wife before.

Carpenters, and other mechanics, who are so apt to fall from scaffolds and dislocate a limb, will please remember that there is nothing so good for inflammation as Salvation Oil, the greatest cure for sprains and bruises.

Professional Biz.

Boggs—Lend me a quarter to buy a cocktail, will you?

Fogg—Cocktails are only fifteen cents, I believe.

Boggs—That is the usual price; but they are a quarter at Delmonico's

Fogg—But why do you go to Delmonico's?

Boggs—Because I want to be seen there as much as possible. You know I am struggling to gain a foothold as a painter.—Puck.

If the Baby Is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

The nearest fixed star is 21,000,000,000 miles from the earth.

Saying good-bye to our sins one at a time is slow work.

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.

Human nature on the throne is no better than human nature in the gutter.

FITS—All fits stopped free by DR. ELINE'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. Eline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Whoever opposes truth is bound to come out a loser by it.

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 devil has no fault to find with the man who is in love with himself.

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.

Both Sides.

A lady school teacher in Boston, who is rather proud of her profession than the reverse, is not pleased at having her occupation thrust forward when she meets strangers. Not long ago at a reception, the hostess regularly mentioned her occupation in introducing her.

At length the hostess presented a young man, adding to the introduction, as usual, "Miss Faneuil is one of our school teachers."

The gentleman bowed, but Miss Faneuil said:

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Allen, but I did not catch what the gentleman's business is."

"What the gentleman's business is?" repeated the hostess in perplexity.

"Yes," Miss Faneuil said, "I thought it only right that this acquaintance should start fair, and as you told him my employment, it seemed only fair that I should know his."

The point was understood, and taken good naturedly, but the teacher was no longer introduced in her official capacity.—Youth's Companion.

Sizing Him Up.

Paragraphist—"Have you seen the new editor in chief yet?"

Literary Editor—"No; have you?"

Paragraphist—"Yes, and I have been sizing him up."

Literary Editor—"You have?"

Paragraphist—"I have, indeed, and I have come to the conclusion that he has no hayseed in his hair."

Literary Editor—"What makes you think so?"

Paragraphist—"He is entirely bald." New York Press.

Coming Out of His Shell.

As they were sitting loooking at the fire, he suddenly stole a kiss.

"Well," she said, "you surprise me."

He made no reply.

"I did not expect you would do that."

No answer.

"I'm beginning to think," she added, after a pause, "that you are not such a ninny as you sometimes make out to be, John."

And she proceeded to do up her back hair, which had suddenly tumbled, with a look of great satisfaction on her face.—Yarmouth Register.

Injust Taxation.

It is unjust to tax the stomach with burthens that it cannot bear. Many silly people thus tyrannize that faithful servitor until it rebels and punishes them as they deserve. Dyspepsia is usually the child of gastronomic folly, but whether this or the natural associate of inherent feebleness from childhood, it is surely and pleasantly remediable with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest and most highly sanctioned gastric panacea in existence. As a result of the tone imparted to the stomach, and the increased activity of its digestive and assimilative action, insured by the persistent use of this benign invigorant, general stamina is augmented, the nerves strengthened and tranquilized, and a tendency to insomnia and hypochondriasis defeated. Biliousness, chills and fever, rheumatism and kidney troubles are conquered by this admirable medicine.

His Eye Was Cold.

"Ah, yes," she murmurs, "you say that you love me. But I find nothing in your eyes but coldness."

"No; you wrong me. What I say I feel—so deeply."

"My dear, you don't look it."

"Tell me, dearest, tell me that you can love a man with a glass eye!"

Then she fainted.—Texas Siftings.

THE EVOLUTION

Of medicinal agents is gradually relegating the old-time herbs, pills, draughts and vegetable extracts to the rear and bringing into general use the pleasant and effective liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs. To get the true remedy see that it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all leading druggists.

Some people speak at least twice before they think.

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.

Some of the stars move with a velocity of nearly fifty miles a second.

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.

The moon is without water and destitute of an atmosphere.

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

The man who talks much about himself will always have a tired audience.

Baker's Cod Liver Oil. The best in the world. Cures consumption. Makes new blood and flesh. Sold by druggists.

The Argument Used

By the makers of the second-class baking powders to induce the dealer to push them off on Royal consumers is that they cost less than Royal and afford the dealer much more profit.

But you, madam, are charged the same price for them as for the absolutely pure Royal, which is perfectly combined from the most highly refined and expensive materials. The lower cost of the others is caused by the cheap, impure materials used in them, and the haphazard way in which they are thrown together.

Do you wish to pay the price of the Royal for an inferior baking powder, made from impure goods, of 27 per cent. less strength? If you buy the other powders, insist upon having a corresponding reduction in price.

HALL'S ★ ★ ★

City of Toledo, Lucas Co., State of Ohio. } S. S.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of **ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS** for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Frank J. Cheney

Sworn to before me, and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1889.

NOTARIAL SEAL LUCAS CO., O.

A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE IS TAKEN **INTERNALLY**, and acts directly upon the Blood and mucous surfaces.

CATARRH

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

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

J. C. SIMPSON, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh."

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is Sold by all Dealers in Patent Medicines.

PRICE 75 CENTS A BOTTLE.

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