The Complexion of a Chinese

Is not yellower than that of an unfortunate individual whose liver complaint has assumed the chronic form. The eyeballs of the sufferer assume a saffron hue, there is dull pain in the region of the organ affected, the tongue is coated, breath sour, sick headaches usually but not always occur, and there is sometimes dizziness on arising from a sitting posture. Constipation and dyspepsia are also attendants of this very common ailment, always in its aggravated form, liable to breed abscesses of the liver, which are very dangerous Hostetter's Stomach Bitters wholly eradicates it, as well as the troubles complicated with it and which it originates. In chills and fever, a complaint which alwas yields to the Bitters, the liver is seriously involved. This fine alterative tonic removes costiveness and indigestion, rheumatic, nervous and kidney troubles and debility.

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DECOYED INTO DANGER.

What did you say?" asked the colonel of the shepherd, a Mexican, who had just come in.

"Indians, sir, in the plain — Apache!"

"Nonsense!" was the reply, mingled with some stronger terms, but the man stuck to his text, and offered to show the colonel and his companions the Indians. He seemed very anxious I thought.

Among us at the time were Ben Mellor and his sister, her friend, a Miss Nevil, and two other men named Radcliffe and Mitchell. The colonel was my partner in the rancho (ranch). Bowler was his name—mine doesn't matter.

"Indians!" exclaimed Miss Mellor; "surely they won't come here!"

"Indians is queer cusses. But you may depend when they do come they won't give us much notice. Let us ride up and see."

In the course of a few minutes we all rode out into the plain. On we went until road gave way to path and path to desert track and this to desert—a world of grass, with here and there a tree. Beyond a pond of water, called by the natives estanque, near which the herds of sheep and goats were gathered. Out on the plain was a moving mass, which the dark shepherd called Indians.

"Why, it's buffalo!" cried my partner. "Hurrah, hurrah!"

"You must ride back, ladies," I said; "this chase will be a long one. Radcliffe will escort you, perhaps."

"Oh, no; we can take care of ourselves. We are armed and can shoot if necessary," replied Miss Mellor. "Come on, Violet; let these hunters go their own way. Manuel (the shepherd) will accompany us."

So we parted. We all had pistols, and two of us carried rifles as well. Mine was hung by my saddle, but we did not anticipate any attack. The shepherd had turned back with the ladies. I did not altogether trust him, and mentioned my suspicions to the colonel.

"Oh, he can't hurt; they'll soon settle him," was my friend's reply; "he's a hillman certainly, and I'm not sure that he's over-honest, but he can't hurt the rancho."

We saw the ladies picking their way along the brown prairie, for the paths are many and puzzling; then we started full gallop on the trail of the buffaloes, which had stampeded toward the hilly country. We rushed on pell-mell, in no order, until we reached the summit of a rising ground, whence we perceived the herd—a few only, attended by two splendid bulls; one of these standing sentry, as is the habit of the buffalo to do.

REMARKABLE TABLEAU.

He knew our object and perhaps in some rough bullish way guessed that he would be the first victim. He gave the alarm and away fled the herd lumbering along in front of him. We dashed down the slope and scattered. To my surprise the sentinel bull, instead of running with the remainder, made a detour, which, if he continued in his course, would bring his pursuer back by a wide circle to our ranch again.

This fellow attracted me, so I quitted the line and went after him, believing that my mustang would soon overtake him, for buffaloes are not rapid runners. But to my astonishment, Pedro, my horse, showed signs of fatigue, and I perceived that some time must elapse before I could overtake the bull. My Winchester rifle was now across my saddle; the buffalo headed for home, a most unusual course, and I could not imagine what instinct guided the animal to rush in a direction opposite to his comrades and toward our rancho.

But I pressed on, getting nearer and nearer. By this time the ladies must be safe at home, I thought, and they will be rather surprised to see me hunting a buffalo close up to the station. They could thus witness the denouement and my prowess, for I was not altogether insensible to Miss Mellor's charms and glad to display my unerring aim and my skill in hunting.

Now was my chance! True, I could not see the house, but if I wished to kill my buffalo now was my time. I fired, and to my astonishment, missed! Missed! Yes! The bullet went flying on its mission. Little did I imagine what that mission was.

Once again I fired, stopping my mustang in order to take a steadier aim. The buffalo swerved; the bullet struck a tree and in another moment I heard a loud cry. The animal could not have uttered the sound. It was more like a human voice. Had I shot any one?

Suddenly a horror came over me. Had my random bullet struck one of the ladies? Had I killed or wounded Miss Mellor or her friend? Was it possible?

In my anxiety I spurred poor Pedro and was intent on dispatching the buffalo, when two pistol shots rang out from the direction of our rancho. One lucky shot; the bull fell; another in the heart; my victory stood complete! But my joy was very quickly tempered with alarm, when I heard a savage yell, which I could not mistake.

Great powers! Indians at the rancho! And the ladies—

My heart leaped to my throat. Hastily loading all the chambers of my Winchester, I spurred my steed for home. The house was not far distant and in a few minutes I came within view.

The door stood open. In front were six Apaches, held in check at thirty paces distant by a woman and a servant—a youth—both of whom were armed and actually defying the Indians for the moment.

Why they had opened the door I could not understand. It would not easily have been found, and the windows were handier for the assailants.

Yet here they were, standing irresolute. There was no time to be lost. My approach was almost unheeded as I emerged from the cover of the wood around the house. One glance was sufficient.

Halting, I fired all the chambers of my rifle in quick succession. An answering fire came from the hall. Four Indians dropped; the others fled at once, after discharging a volley of arrows at the defenders, who avoided them by promptly lying down as soon as they saw the bows drawn.

My astonishment was extreme when in the defenders of our house I recognized Miss Mellor and a shepherd—not the young stranger who had informed us of the neighborhood of Indians. In a few moments I was in possession of the facts, but Miss Nevil was missing and Miss Mellor was in the greatest distress concerning her. It appeared that the dark-skinned new shepherd had carried her away into the wood, and the servants who now began to assemble gave evidence that he had actually done so.

As we were discussing the chances, the other members of our party, alarmed by the reports of firearms, had come up. A search was at once instituted. The cry which I had heard while chasing the buffalo was still ringing in my ears. We hurried into the wood, or scrub, and after a search were rewarded by hearing a faint cry for help. We searched in the direction of the sound, and a most remarkable tableau met our gaze. On the ground lay the dark-featured shepherd dead, his body pierced by a bullet from my Winchester. Standing beside him was an Indian pony, and strapped to the body by a belt lay—or rather hung—Miss Nevil, quite unable to move and but half sensible.

A few moments sufficed to relieve her from her perilous position. She afterward told us how the shepherd, in league with the Apaches, had attempted to plunder our house and carry her off. The buffaloes were only a decoy, driven in by some of the tribe, while others plundered us. The traitor shepherd had attempted to carry off Miss Nevil, but the first shot which I had fired struck him and put an end to his career. My second bullet had glanced away, fortunately, perhaps; but Miss Nevil's scream of terror had guided me to the house.

I need hardly say that the rescue was entirely due to the course adopted by the bull, and we were very grateful for his share in the business. But, alas for sentiment! we needed beef, and many an excellent meal was made from what Radcliffe ever afterward termed "that blessed buffalo."—Saturday Post.

FLEET-FOOTED ZEBRAS.

Their Dash of Speed When Alarmed by the Whiz of a Rifle Ball.

The rapidity with which the different zebras have been exterminated, owing to the advance of civilization in South Africa, is shown by reference to such works as that of Sir Cornwallis Harris, written in 184[illegible], in which the author tells us that the quagga was at the time found in "interminable herds," bands of many hundreds being frequently seen, while he describes Burchell's zebra as congregating in herds of eighty or one hundred, and abounding to a great extent; but now, after the expiration of about fifty years, the one species is extinct or practically so, while the other has been driven much farther afield and its numbers are yearly being reduced.

This author's description of the common zebra is well worth repeating, says the Saturday Review. He says: "Seeking the wildest and most sequestered spots, haughty troops are exceedingly difficult to approach, as well on account of their extreme agility and fleetness of foot as from the abrupt and inaccessible nature of their highland abode. Under the special charge of a sentinel, so posted on some adjacent crag as to command a view of every avenue of approach, the checkered herd whom 'painted skins adorn' is to be viewed perambulating some rocky ledge, on which the rifle ball alone can reach them. No sooner has the note of alarm been sounded by the vidette, than, pricking their long ears, the whole flock hurry forward to ascertain the nature of the approaching danger, and, having gazed a moment at the advancing hunter, whisking their brindled tails aloft, helter-skelter away they thunder, down craggy precipices and over yawning ravines, where no less agile foot could follow them."

Of Burchell's zebra he says: "Fierce, strong, fleet and surpassingly beautiful, there is, perhaps, no quadruped in the creation, not even excepting the mountain zebra, more splendidly attired or presenting a picture of more singularly attractive beauty." Zebras are by no means amiable animals, and, though many of the stories told of their ferocity are doubtless much exaggerated, they have so far not proved themselves amenable to domestication.

Why She Shook Him

"I'll never, never speak to him again!" she exclaimed. "Never in this wide, wide world!"

"Why, Ciara, he adores you!"

"Perhaps he does, but he has no appreciation, no judgment, no idea of the fitness of things. Why, the other night when he called I put on that new gown I have just had made."

"Yes, what of it?"

"What of it? You know what a beautiful and artistic creation it is?"

"Yes, indeed."

"And how perfectly it fits?"

"Yes."

"Well, I asked him how I looked and he said I looked like an angel. Why, I could have cried for mortification, and my dressmaker was nearly heart-broken. She felt it keenly. Such a reflection on her work, you know."

An Undiscovered Cold.

Four hundred and sixty-one degrees below the freezing point of the Fahrenheit thermometer, lies a mysterious, specially indicated degree of cold which science has long been gazing toward and striving to attain, wondering meanwhile what may be the condition of matters at this unexplored point. Its existence has long been indicated and its position established.

Judging From Experience.

Brown, who has met an old friend—I suppose your son is quite a young man now?

Smite—O, yes, he's arrived at years of discretion. Indeed, he's going to be married.

Brown—Do you call that discretion?—Truth.

Splendid Idea.

Joe Kerr—I was in hopes you would take that joke.

Editor—I never buy a joke unless I can see the point to it.

Joe Kerr—What's the matter with buying it and starting a guessing contest.

HER DREAM OF MURDER.

MRS. DINAN'S VISION OF THE KILLING OF DR. CRONIN.

Before It Was Known That the Unfortunate Physician Had Been Assassinated, She Had a Nightmare in Which the Victim Appeared.

The white horse of Patrick Dinan will forever be famous—not in romance or traditional story, but in the criminal annals of Chicago and of the century. No imaginary horse is he, for he is still alive and active—the dumb witness of and unconscious actor in a tragedy so brutal and sensational in its accomplishments and incidents that the pictured horrors of the stage fade before it. Its environments of personal hate and social and political discord carry one back, for a parallel, to the weird atrocities of the dark ages, says the Chicago Herald.

On the second night after the murder of Dr. Cronin, Monday, May 6—more than two weeks before the mutilated corpse of the doctor was discovered—Mrs. Dinan retired to a bedroom adjoining one in which her husband was sleeping. They then lived over the livery stable on the east side of North Clark street, a little north of Chicago avenue and in nearly a diagonal line from the East Chicago avenue police station. She fell asleep with nothing unusual in her thoughts, but about midnight felt a horror creep into her eyes and soul. Startled by the dread vision, into which unutterable pity mingled, she thought she awoke, and there by her bedside stood Dr. Cronin, with blood streaming down his face like little rivulets, as if water had been thrown upon his head, and beside him was the white horse which she knew so well and which had borne the doctor in the direction of Lake View. On one side of the forehead of the doctor she saw a hole, from which the life blood was flowing, and the white horse stood there trembling and dejected, with head bowed down and pointing in a direct line toward the East Chicago avenue police station.

Benumbed with horror and overmastering pity she essayed to speak, but could not. She attempted to arise to stanch the wounds of the doctor, whose face was sad and uncomplaining as a martyr's, but her efforts were in vain. She wished to wipe away the blood which was trickling into and blinding the eyes of the doctor, but she could not move. Helpless to assist, while the desire to do so filled her soul and was breaking her heart, she gazed and suffered in agony.

The white horse's head kept bowed, never changing its direction from the police station, and the sad face and blood-bestreamed body of the doctor was motionless. Suddenly but calmly he lifted his right hand, and extending it pointed the index finger toward her, while an expression of sorrow came over his face.

Then in tones calm, but surcharged with sadness and pleading, he spoke three times distinctly and with deliberation the words: "Mrs. Dinan! Mrs. Dinan! Mrs. Dinan!" There was a brief pause between each call. As she heard the pleading words she tried to answer "Yes, doctor!" but speech was denied her.

Near the head of her bed was a sofa on which was a piece of white cloth. She tried to reach it to wipe away the blood from his face, but could not move. As the sounds of the words "Mrs. Dinan!" were fading away for the third time she awoke with the words, "Yes, doctor!" on her lips, and jumping out of bed she reached for the piece of white cloth on the sofa. But the dream was over, the vision had vanished, and the doctor with his open wounds pouring out his life's blood, and the trembling white horse with bowed head passed away into the night.

Frightened and astounded, it was some moments before Mrs. Dinan could realize that the horrible and pitiful picture that she had seen was but the fabric of a vision. But dream though it was, it was none the less a realistic picture of a monstrous crime. Scores of witnesses might trace every step of the white horse the night of May 4, 1889, but all their conclusions could not carry as much moral weight and effect to the mind of Mrs. Dinan as did that startling dream. And those who noted every fact and incident in the tragedy regarded it at the time as a providential proof of their theory and belief.

The dream had produced such an impression on Mrs. Dinan that all of that Tuesday she could neither eat nor drink, and tears kept continually welling up into her eyes. Neither could she rest until all that could be told about the trip of the white horse Saturday night was made known. She insisted that her husband should tell it to all interested, and, as it appeared to do no good to tell it to the police, she urged him to give it to the state's attorney and those active in finding out the murderers. This was done, and had it not been probably the white horse would never have figured as a feature in the trial. That white horse of Dinan" is still alive and doing daily duty in a Western state.

Mary Magdalene in France.

Fifteen thousand pilgrims annually visit St. Baume, in Provence, not far from Marseilles, in France, where Mary Magdalene is said to have spent the last thirty years of her life. The legend, according to the Nouvelle Revue, runs that Mary Magdalene came from Judea in a small boat, with Lazarus, Martha, the two Marys and Salome, bringing with them the body of St. Anne, the head of St. James the Less, and a few wee bones of the innocents massacred by King Herold.

Disobliging.

"John," said Mrs. Trimmles, "there's a burglar in the house."

"Is there?"

"Yes. Oh, John, I do believe it's Jack the Slasher."

"Of course you do. And I suppose you want me to go down and see him and come back and tell you how he looks and all about him. I'm not going to do it. I've got something to do besides gratifying your idle curiosity."

And John turned over and went to sleep.

A Queer Rainbow Superstition.

The Kurds and Armenians, whose many folklore stories and tales of superstitious fancies far exceed those of the gypsies, have some rainbow beliefs which are, perhaps, not duplicated in the popular notions of any others among the races of mankind. They hoot at the idea of its being a witness to God's covenant with man that the earth will no more undergo the ordeal of flood, and declare that it was made for the express purpose of letting the first man and woman down from heaven, the man securely fastened to one end of the great variegated band, the woman at the other. The end of time, according to the Kurds, will be ushered in by the appearance of four rainbows, which will cross at the zenith, furnishing eight passageways for God and his hosts.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

Manners, Conversational Charms, a Noble Heart and Sound Judgment.

It is an easy question to ask, but a difficult one to answer. What is honor? What is value? What is poetry? Though most people can feel, few can define any of these things; and the short answer to the first question is simply this: "A gentleman is a gentleman."

Let me try to define him by a few negatives as well as positives. Firstly, of his costume. He must not be dirty, negligent or slovenly in his person. He must neither be meanly nor magnificently dressed.

He must not wear gaudy and incongruous colors, or affront the eye of onlookers with jewelry or finery. He must not affect eccentricity or singularity, or dress himself in such a manner as to cause the vulgar to stare or the judicious to grieve as he passes by.

He must dress as Polonius—not at all a fool, though every actor who plays the part endeavors to make him so—advised his son Laertes to dress in golden words of true wisdom.

But dress, though it be the first and most obvious, is the least characteristic of the gentleman. In his manners he must not think himself the principal person in the world, the kingdom or the company, but without parade of humility, which is in itself an offense, he must think himself the least—or, at all events, he must act as if he thought so.

He must not fail in deferential politeness, either to man or woman. He must not take the first place as if it were his inalienable right. He must not, at table or elsewhere, commit acts which, though they may be harmless in themselves, are contrary to the prevalent notions of his time and country.

A hundred years ago a man might get drunk after dinner without losing his social position, but to any one aspiring in our day to that high and illustrious rank, the slightest tendency to drunkenness at table or any where else is fatal to his pretension.

To be loud in talk is almost as great a derogation from the ideal of the character as to be "loud" in costume—I know that the word is a slang word, but it expresses a meaning not to be reached even by a periphrasis, and may, for that reason, be looked upon leniently.

To hear one man's voice overriding every other's and one man's opinion thundered into the ears of too timid, too indolent or too cuorteous to do battle with a Stentor, is fatal to Stentor's claims to be considered a gentleman.

And quite as essential as manners to the perfection of the character is conversation. A man in the dress and with the manners of a gentleman must not talk vulgarly, indecently, obscenely, irreverently, or even ignorantly—if the ignorance be very gross—without forfeiture of the rank to which his dress and his manners would seem to entitle him.

But granting all these three essentials—the would-be gentleman would not be a gentleman if his heart be wrong. Dress is an ornament—manners a grace—conversation a charm; but these three may be possessed in all possible perfection by a scoundrel. But these three combined with a noble heart and a sound judgment—the one balancing the other—combine to form a true gentleman.

Temperature of Forests.

For twenty years the Swiss government has been making observations through its forestry stations on the temperature of the air, of the trees and the soil in the forests. These observations show that the temperature in the forests is always below the temperature outside. The temperature also varies according to the trees composing the forests. A beech forest is always cooler than a forest of larch. As to the trunks of the trees, they are always colder than the surrounding air. Regarding the temperature of the soil, it is found that in the forest the temperature is invariably below that of the air. Outside the forest the soil is always warmer than the air in summer and colder in winter.

Simplifying a Problem.

Teacher—If I should give you ten cents and your father should add twenty-five cents, and your mother five and your sister one, how much would you have?

Dull Boy—Nothing like that ever happened to me.

"Just imagine it has happened. Can't you imagine?

"Yes'm."

"Well? Come! Seems to me you are a long time at it."

"Yes'm. I'm imaginin' I'm runnin' to a candy store so it will be easier."

"How will it?"

"'Cause then there won't be any left."

Began Work at Once.

Fond Mother—And so my little angel joined the Little Defenders today, and will always be kind to dumb animals?

Little Angel—Yes'm. Comin' home I met a man wif a bag full of kittens 'at he was goin' to drown, and he promised to bring them home for us to be kind to."

His Experience.

Mr. Pry—You must have had some peculiar experiences in your army practice, Dr. Lancet.

Dr. Lancet—Very. I have noticed, for example, that some of the patients who did the least fighting during the war have done the most bleeding since.—Life.

The Almighty Dollar.

Mme. Newriche—I want a first-class passage to Havre.

The Agent of the Standard Line—Yes, ma'am.

Mme. Newriche—And I insist upon having a smooth passage, no matter what the cost.—Chicago Record.

A Frank Confession.

"That was a very fine speech you made in defense of that fellow who was charged with murder."

"Yes, it was pretty good, but I could have spoken with much more eloquence if I had been on the side of the prosecution."

Foolish Extravagance.

"Is Cashley very extravagant in his habits?"

"Great guns, yes! He pays for everything he gets!"—Inter Ocean.

A Race Peculiarity.

"Sambo, are you as dark as your complexion all over?"

"No, boss; Ise light-fingered o' dark nights."—Truth.

A Mexican Kitchen.

A Mexican kitchen contains no cooking stove nor even a fireplace. Instead, on one side of the room a shelf is built into the wall about breast high, on the center of which a small fire burns built of gnarled and knotty sticks, which thrifty American housewives would consider unfit for use. Occasionally this method is varied by making a charcoal fire in a large earthern pot and setting smaller cooking utensils upon the coals. So little baking is done that many households dispense with an oven entirely, but when one is used it is built of mud, either out of doors or at one end of the fireshelf.

Tortillas are the staff of life in Mexico, and consist simply of crushed corn which has been previously boiled in a weak lye, rolled into balls. Dishwashing in a Mexican kitchen is conducted on a novel plan. There is no soap, no dishcloth and no wiping towel, much less a table provided with a dishpan and draining rack. The dishwasher seats herself comfortably on the floor with a pail of water beside her and some sliced amole root, which makes excellent suds, and in place of a dishcloth she uses a tiny, stiff whisk broom. Dishwiping is unknown. The dishes are simply turned up against the wall to dry, and somehow or other they always come to the table clean and shining. The spoons and knives of brass and steel are as bright as the traditional dollar, though no brick dust or patent silver polish is applied to them, nothing but common Mexican dirt, dug up in the dooryard.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Can't be beaten! Mr. J. G. Wittig, Blue Mound, Ills., writes: "I have used Salvation Oil with wonderful success for inflammatory rheumatism in my foot. It cannot be beat.'.

New York city has $16,000,000 invested in school sites and buildings.

The University of Michigan has enrolled two Chinese women as students.

Every one gives it the highest praise. H. Gradel, Druggist, Walnut and Allison Sts., Cincinnati, O., says this of his trade: "I sell my share of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and my customers that have used this preparation speak of it in the highest terms."

Buckingham Palace Uninhabitable.

So serious have been the discoveries in connection with the sanitary condition of Buckingham palace that the question is now being discussed as to whether it can ever again be used as a royal residence. Not only is the drainage in a shocking condition, which will necessitate the expenditure of a fabulous sum to set aright, but it has also been found that one of the largest of the main sewers of the metropolis passes immediately under the palace, and that the gases arising therefrom permeate the foundations of the royal abode. The proposal to alter the course of the sewer in question is declared impracticable.

Facts Worth Knowing.

In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy used must be non-irritating. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs or powders, because they are all irritating, do not reach the affected surfaces and should be abandoned as failures. A multitude of persons who had for years borne all the worry and pain that catarrh can inflict testify to radical and permanent cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm.

Aerial Trolley Railroad Scheme.

An electre aerial railroad, to carry mail and perishable freight at the rate of over 250 miles an hour, is projected to be constructed between Detroit and Cleveland, a distance of 170 miles. Albert L. Wddis is the inventor of the scheme for the road, and he believes he has amply demonstrated its practicability. An experimental line was in operation at the Chicago fair and made surprising speed. A car fifteen feet long and four feet square is suspended by four wheels on an elevated rail, and operated by motors deriving power from a trolley wire. The ends of the car are cone-shaped to reduce the atmospheric resistance. Mr. Widdis does not propose to carry passenger on his railroad, but says that with it perishable freight, mails and such matter could be carried across the continent in a day. The plan seems feasible when the prodigious speed attained by dynamos is considered.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Mme. Nuflye, whispering to her father from the country, who is dining with her at a party of city guests—Father! You mustn't tuck your napkin under your chin. Her Father, in robust tones—I know it, Em'ly, but I ain't got no safety pin fer to fix it.

The Western Trail

Is published by the Great Rock Island Route, and is issued quarterly. It will be sent free for one year by addressing Editor Western Trail, Chicago.

Jno. Sebastian, G. P. A., Chicago.

Jeweler—I have shown you all the rings I've got for girls of twelve years old. Lady Customer—I have changed my mind. I believe I'll wait until my daughter is fifteen years old. Jeweler—All right, madam. Will you have a chair?

Five Famous Etchings.

The Passenger Department of the New York Central has just issued a series of five beautiful etchings, which artistically outrank anything of the kind ever issued by a railroad company, while the absence of any advertising feature renders them suitable for hanging in your office, library or home.

A brief description of each, with a glance at their titles, is all that is necessary to obtain a fair idea of the pictures.

No. 1 is "Washington Bridge," which spans the Harlem River at 181st Street—one of the finest bridges in the world, and a marvel of engineering. In the distance is Highbridge, the Croton Viaduct. In the foreground a characteristic river scene, that will be recognized by any one at all familiar with the locality.

No. 2—"Rock of Ages, Niagara Falls," from a photo by William H. Jackson & Co., Denver. A view that has been admired by every one who has seen it. The soft tones in which it is printed add greatly to the effect of the falling waters and spray.

No. 3—"Old Spring at West Point," also from a photo by William H. Jackson & Co., Denver. A romantic scene, recalling memories of summer days at the famous military academy.

No. 4—"999 and the DeWitt Clinton." The famous Empire State Express Engine "999" which occasioned such widespread comment at the World's Fair, occupies the top half of the card, and below appears the old "DeWitt Clinton," affording a truly remarkable example of the progress of railroad science in the past fifty years.

No. 5—"Rounding the Nose, Mohawk Valley." One of the handsomest railroad pictures ever made. The scene is just below Little Falls.

These etchings are all printed on fine plate paper, 24x32 inches, suitable for framing. Copies of either of them can be procured at the office of W. B. Jerome, 97 Clark street, Chicago, for 50 cents each, or will be mailed in stiff tube, secure from injury, to any address, post paid, for 75 cents, in currency, stamps, express or postal money order, upon application to George H. Daniels, general passenger agent, Grand Central station, New York.

"I don't care an ace," is the cant of a pack of fools.

IN all receipts for cooking requiring a leavening agent the ROYAL BAKING POWDER, because it is an absolutely pure cream of tartar powder and of 33 per cent. greater leavening strength than other powders, will give the best results. It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor and more wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

The Locomotive Whistle.

When locomotives were first built and began to trundle their small loads up and down the newly and rudely constructed railways of England the country roads were for the most part crossed at grade, and the engine driver had no way of giving warning of his approach except by blowing a tin horn. This horn, as may be imagined, says a writer in the Cardiff Mail, was far from being a sufficient warning. One day in the year 1833 a farmer of Thornton was crossing the railway track on one of the country roads with a great load of eggs and butter. Just as he came out upon the track a train approached. The engine man blew his tin horn lustily, but the farmer did not hear it. Eighty dozen of eggs and fifty pounds of butter were smashed into an indistinguishable, unpleasant mass, and mingled with the kindling wood to which the wagon was reduced. The railway company had to pay the farmer the value of his fifty pounds of butter, his 960 eggs, his horse and wagon. It was regarded as a very serious matter and straightway a director of the company, Ashlen Bagster by name, went to Atton Grange, where George Stephenson lived, to see if he could not invent something that would give a warning more likely to be heard. Stephenson went to work and the next day had a contrivance which, when attached to the engine boiler and the steam turned on, gave out a shrill, discordant sound. The railway officials, greatly delighted, ordered similar contrivances attached to all the locomotives, and from that day to this the voice of the locomotive whistle has never been silent.

216 BUS. 8 LBS. OATS FROM ONE BUS. SEED.

This remarkable, almost unheard-of, yield was reported to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., by Frank Winter, of Montana, who planted one bushel of Great Northern oats, carefully tilled and irrigated same, and believes that in 1894 he can grow from one bus. of Great Northern Oats three hundred bushels. It's a wonderful oat.

If You Will Cut This Out and Send It

With 8c postage to the above firm you will receive sample package of above oats and their farm seed catalogue. w

A Scotch preacher who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he had fairly begun, suddenly stopped and exclaimed: "Brethren, it is nae fair. Wait till I get a start, and then if I am nae worth listening to gang to sleep; but dinna nod your pows before I get commenced. Gi'e a mon a chance."

The human system needs continuous and careful attention to rid itself of its impurities. Beecham's Pills act like magic. 25 cts. a box.

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$4 to California.

This is our Sleeping Car Rate on the Phillips-Rock Island Tourist Excursions from Chicago to Los Angeles or San Francisco, via the Scenic Route and Ogden. You can go with Phillips, the best of all Excursion Managers, for he has each party accompanied by a special agent who goes the entire trip with patrons. These personally conducted Excursions leave Chicago twice a week, Tuesday and Thursday.

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Twenty-one law firms in this country are conducted jointly by husbands and wives.

See Colchester Spading Boots adv. in other column.

A good appetite is no proof of a clear conscience.

THE REV. W. J. WALKER'S PRAYER.

Vancleave, Jackson Co., Miss.

REV. W. J. WALKER.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: *Dear Sir*—I wish to inform you of the benefit my wife has received from the use of your medicines. I must say that your "Favorite Prescription" is the best female regulator on earth; my wife has been cured by the timely use of it.

I have been using the "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pleasant Pellets," and I am fully satisfied they are all you claim them to be; so, wishing you abundant success, and hoping that the Almighty God will continue His blessings toward you in your noble work, I am,

Respectfully,
W. J. WALKER.

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OR MONEY IS REFUNDED.

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Don't Polish Your Nails.

If you want to be quite up to date don't polish your finger nails any more. It isn't considered good style to have them shine as though they had just been dipped in the butter. And leave it to nature to tint them; which she will do quite sufficiently if you have any good, healthy blood in your veins. The pink slaves and powder and the polishing are meretrious and in bad taste, and were invented by the manicures to make people believe they were getting something for their money when they sat for an hour letting a young woman fuss over their hands and do what they could just as well have done for themselves in half the time and at no expense.

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