A WOMAN'S SECRET.

She is over-worked, poor thing! Proud, honorable, faithful, womanly, she determined to keep expenses down, and do the work herself. Right nobly has she done it, but at terrible cost. The sparkle that was in her eye when she was a bride is gone. Her once plump and rosy cheeks are now hollow and colorless. She used to step lightly and gracefully; but now she drags one foot after the other with painful weariness.

For the sake of the family she does not mention her aching back, her acutely-painful nerves, her rheumatic twinges, her dyspeptic troubles, or the heavy weight she feels in her right side, that tells her her liver is going wrong. She thinks nobody knows about all that, and she will suffer on in quiet and unrepining patience. Alas! her secret is an open one, for it tells its own tale.

Whisper this in her ear, she ought to know it: *Madam, Brown's Iron Bitters will heal your back, calm your nerves, kill your rheumatism, drive out your dyspepsia, and correct your liver.* Dollar a bottle. Nearest druggist.

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FOR THE CURE OF ALL DISEASES OF HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP, DOGS, HOGS, and POULTRY.

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NERVOUS DEBILITY

HUMPHREYS' Vital Weakness and Prostration from over work or indiscretion, and promptly HOMEOPATHIC is radically cured by it. Been in use 20 years, —is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post-free on receipt of price. Humphreys' Homeo. Med. Co. Illust. Catalogue free.] 109 Fulton St., N. Y. SPECIFIC No. 28.

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No nauseous doses of cubebs, copaiba, or oil of sandal wood, that are certain to produce dyspepsia by destroying the coatings of the stomach. Price $1.50 Sold by all druggists, or mailed on receipt of price For further particulars send for circular.

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is offered for every pair of Dr. STRONG'S TAMPICO in which a Tampico stay breaks. Its Patent Triple Back prevents back-aches, spinal irritation and allied diseases; secures a uniform temperature around the body, protecting lungs and spine, so necessary to health in all climates. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. Buy only Dr. STRONG'S TAMPICO Corset. The best ever retailed for $1.25. SOLD BY LEADING MERCHANTS EVERYWHERE. J. B. FITZPATRICK & CO., M'F'RS, NEW YORK.

IN THE MANAGERS' OFFICES

New Plays Preparing for the Hudgry Public.

Mr. Colville's "Pavements of Paris" —The Story of the New Play.

N. Y. Times.

"I did think," observed Mr. Colville, meditatively, last night—"I did think of having a brass band on Monday afternoon and evening; but, on the whole, I hardly think it will be necessary. I shall celebrote Evacuation Day, however. I have been getting together an immense number of flags for some time past, with a view to the requirements of the day, and the Fourteenth Street theater will be hung with more bunting on Monday than you ever saw on any one building in New York. In the evening I shall send off rockets and other fire works from the front balcony, and shall present stereoscopic views of various historical events to whomsoever may care to come and see them."

While The Times's writer was lost in mute contemplation of the prospect of seeing Mr. Colville set off rockets with one hand and manipulate a magic lantern with the other, the manager paused, with a paternal smile, and then went on talking, with continued good humor:

"There is no use," said he, "in doing a thing in any half way fashion. We are going to be festal on Evacuation day, and shall decorate the house inside with many flowers. It now seems possible that Miss Davenport may not remain in my theatre beyond December 24, though she could play here to important profits for a long time after that. The out-of-town managers are anxious to have her engagements kept, and she will have difficulty in postponing them longer. That is what makes me sorry. I have arranged for the production of the "Pavements of Paris" at Niblo's Garden. I think that play is going to be a strong success. It is, to my mind, a piece of much the same general tone as the 'Streets of New York,' 'Streets of London,' and similar dramas, but it has the advantage of a general interest not unlike that of the 'Two Orphans.' I have already laid out more than $12,000 in preparing for the production. Mr. Hoyt and his assistants have been at work on the scenery for the past eight weeks, and Mr. Goatcher has also done a good deal to help us out. Then I have had Mr. Haley and his corps of 24 people employed for the past three months on the properties, and all these things cost money. Then, of course, I had to pay heavily for the Brooks and Dickson interest. They had the play arranged in eight tableaus, as it was played in Paris. Frenchmen like things to be done in this way. But in this country we are not fond of a large number of acts. I saw that Brooks and Dickson would not be able to agree with me on this point, and I bought them out entirely. Mr. Poole, of Niblo's, Mr. Fred Williams, and myself have been at work together over Mr. Cazauran's bare translation, and we have condensed it into a four act play. The first scene is laid in a Parisian railway station, and it serves to introduce all the important personages of the play. The effect is made picturesque by a large group of rag-pickers, coffee-sellers, railway porters, and the like. It is developed that a wealthy Countess has a number of years prevously given birth to a daughter, whose father had been exceedingly anxious for a male heir. The child was sent to be reared in a respectable family in the province of Lorraine. When she was still a little thing the Prussians invaded the district and she was supposed to have been killed in the general slaughter. She was, however, saved by a young French soldier and brought up among the peasantry. In company with a green young fellow from the same province she has come to Paris in search of work. There her companion finds the advertisement of a man who has just opened an intelligence office on a great scale. In the second scene they are found applying for work at this agency, the proprietor of which is an eccentric individual who is always launching out into some speculation of gigantic proportions and always failing to accomplish anything. The two ingenious characters from Lorraine apply here for work, and the young girl, who is the heroine, of course, is taken in tow by a flashy woman who keeps a restaurant in the day time and a gambling house at night. This woman hires her ostensibly to wait on the table, but in reality with other designs in view. Her uncle, who is heir to the vast estates of the count in case of the girl's death, is searching for proofs that will convince the authorities of her removal. This matter is developed in the intelligence office scene. The third act represents one of the Paris markets. After some characteristic business the heroine and her new employer enter, and it comes to the young girl's knowledge what use is to be made of her. She attempts to escape, and an exciting scene follows, which brings the act to a close with her rescue by the young soldier. In the second act the scene is laid in the ragpickers' quarter of Paris. The people are on the verge of revolt, and are having a frantic sort of a time on the streets. They are celebrating the nuptials of two celebrated members of their craft, and a general and grotesque jolity prevails. Here the villainous uncle, who has learned of the actual existence of the young girl who stands between him and the attainment of 300,000f., comes to take steps for her removal. He finds a rascally eccentric named Flachon, who is agreeable to the perpetration of an assassination or two, and the twain proceed to lay their plans. Thus far the plot proceeds when the act terminates with a clodoche dance as a culmination of the ragpickers' jollification. The third act is where the main effects of the play are to be brought forward. It opens in the home of the young soldier and his mother. Here the heroine has been brought for safe-keeping after the market affair. The day marks the anniversary of the birth of the soldier's mother, and there are some pretty home services in connection with the event. The heroine has meantime been apprised of the existence of her own mother, and that very day she is to go with her soldier lover and seek her out. She ascends to her room in an upper story to complete her toilet for the trip. In her apartment the uncle and his accomplice, the comic villian, have secreted themselves for the purpose of accomplishing her death. They throw a sack over her head, and there is a struggle, which is overheard. People approach, and the uncle seeks to make his escape. But he is seen and recognized by the country boy, who is on the roof. As the uncle starts down the stairs, the effect of the working staircase is introduced. He goes down as the stairs go up, and he is seen descending through the entire five stories of the building until he reaches the ground floor, where he meets the concierge coming up out of the cellar. They have a struggle, the concierge is overcome, and the villain escapes into the cellar. This underground apartment is next shown, with the fleeing uncle apparently caged. In his desperation he is tearing at the walls, and he finally hits upon a loose flag-stone, which, being lifted, shows an aperture into a railway tunnel beneath. He finds a bit of cord and lowers himself through this outlet as the scene changes to the tunnel itself. The man is suspended by his cord, and just then the train comes along. As it passes beneath him he falls and is supposed to be killed. But in reality he is carried on to the next station, which is shown in the following scene. Here he is confronted with the boy who has seen him commit his crime from the roof, and, driven fairly to the wall, he kills himself. The last act is what I consider certain to raise the play above the ordinary run of gutter dramas. It is almost purely an ideal piece of work. It shows the apartments of the countess, who is the heroine's mother. She is revealed as a good and wealthy woman, whose deeds of charity have endeared her to all with whom she has come in contact. Her life has been saddened by the loss of her daughter, and she has under some mesmeric influence received the conviction that the child still lives. Reclining upon her couch, she falls into a doze, and the various incidents in the early life of her child pass before her. A number of moving tableaux have been arranged to occur behind gauze drops at the back of the stage, giving a picturesque effect to this scene. At the proper moment the principal characters are introduced, the mother receives her daughter and her soldier lover, and the play ends.

The peculiarity of the piece is that nearly all the characters are eccentric comedians. There is nothing of the cut and dried order in this direction. Even the assistant villian is a comic character. He will be played by Harold Forsburgh. Mr. C. G. Craig will appear as the young soldier, and Miss Kate Meek is to play the countess. The piece will be produced on the 10th of this month if it can be made ready. If not, the opening will occur on the 17th, and 'Excelsior' will be retained until everything is completed."

What fate imposes, man must needs abide,
But from St. Jacobs Oil, no pains can hide.

THIEVING HERDERS.

How Colorado Stock-Raisers Are Robbed of Their Cattle—Attempts to Check the Depredations.

Denver Tribune.

The Cattle Growers' Association of Colorado, at its annual meeting which will be held in January, will take action as to what is the best means to rid this state of thieving herders: The action will be taken—it is a foregone conclusion that it will—to comply with a similar move made by the Cattle Growers' Association of Wyoming, which met at Cheyenne a few days ago. The ranchmen of Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico, and in fact of the other territories and states where cattle-raising has been carried on to any great extent, have suffered many wrongs at the hands of herders, who have, by their propensities for stock stealing, grown rich faster, frequently, than their employers.

The manner in which herders succeed in stealing stock is bold, yet but few of the thieves have been brought to justice, owing to the lack of evidence to convict them. A herder applies to a ranchman for employment. He is questioned as to what experience he has had, and his answers invariably prove satisfactory. He is given a position, and begins his work. He rides over a tract of land owned by his employer. In a gulch or some secluded spot he finds a heifer with a good-looking calf. He pulls out his pistol and shoots the heifer dead. The thief carries a brand of his own and immediately places it on the calf. The carcass of the dead heifer is soon devoured by wild beasts. At the "round-up" in the spring or fall the cattle are brought in and the thieving herder then puts in his claim. He says that he owns a certain number of cattle bearing his own brand. His brand has been registered, and the stock raiser has no other course to pursue, although he knows that the cattle have been stolen from him, but to turn them over to the herder. In most instances the thief is discharged, only to deceive other ranchmen in a similar manner.

Up to the time of the meeting of the Cattle Growers' Association of Wyoming there had existed between the stock-raisers of that territory, Colorado, and New Mexico an agreement which it was thought was a sufficient safeguard against the thieving herders. The operation of this agreement has proved of little or no avail. When one ranch had been robbed by a herder he notified the other members of the associations and thus it was expected to stop the nefarious practice. The herders learned of the agreement existing between the stock-raisers, and to avoid being identified by ranchmen from whom they expected to receive employment they assumed a fictitious name. By this means they avoided identification and succeeded in carrying on their thieving operations. During the meeting of the Wyoming cattle-growers the matter was fully discussed and the general determination of those present was that the thieving herders must go.

A system was adopted by which the thieving herders can be identified, and it will be adopted by the Cattle-growers' association of Colorado. It is this: A herder is employed by a cattle-raiser and told that he can have cattle, but they must run with those of his employer and bear the latter's brands. To avoid any dispute at the "round-up," the cattle-raiser gives the herder a certificate, which certifies that he owns a certain number of stock. The herder must not be the owner of a brand. By this means, as soon as a herder registers a brand, the stock-raisers are informed, and the would-be thief is summarily bounced. Before this, however, if it has been possible to do so, photographs of all the herders employed by the stock-raisers have been obtained. If the photograph of the thieving herder has not been procured, a minute description of him has been obtained. This is sent to all the members of the Cattle-growers' association, and thus the thief is debarred from obtaining a position.

Capt. L. W. Cutler, editor of The Journal of Commerce, of this city, who is a member of the Cattle Growers' Association of Colorado, and was present at the meeting of the Wyoming association, held at Cheyenne, was approached yesterday by a reporter for The Tribune, and from him some interesting information as to the proceedings were obtained. He said:

"The thieving operations of herders has been carried on to a very great extent, but it now looks as though they would be stopped. A good many of the herders who have been engaged in these systematic thefts come up here from Texas and Arizona, and not a few of them have committed murders or crimes of a greater or less enormity. Some time ago the stock-raisers thought they would try and weed out the old herders. They sent east, and a large number of young men came out to Cheyenne and Laramie City. They were given employment, but soon became as accomplished thieves as the old-timers. They were brought into association with the old-time herders, and being told of the fortunes that had been amassed in a few years by stealing stock, they readily concluded to commence similar operations. The system adopted by the Wyoming stock-raisers is a good one, and when adopted by those of Colorado will exterminate the thieving herders.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate For Wakefulness.

Dr. WM. P. CLOTHIER, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I prescribed it for a Catholic priest who was a hard student, for wakefulness, extreme nervousness, etc. He reports great benefit."

A HAPPY MILLIONAIRE.

The Vast Possessions of Dr. David Ward, the Richest Man in Michigan.

Northwestern Lumberman.

We often see going the rounds of the press figures showing the wealth of America's rich men, but the name of Dr. David Ward is never among them. His modesty, in this age of the world, is certainly a curiosity. In early life Mr. Ward saw the possibilities of wealth that were locked up in the Michigan forests, and invested every dollar he could spare in pine lands. He now owns 2,200,000,000 feet of standing pine in Michigan and Wisconsin, fully three-fifths of it being the cork variety and the balance mostly bull sap. It is said that all told he does not own 7,000,000 feet of Norway. Ask any lumberman who is acquainted with the Michigan pineries who owns the choice pine of that state and he will answer, Dr. Ward. On the head waters of the Ministee he has rich possessions of cork pine. The ax, to him, has been a horror, and although for many years he has been engaged, directly or indirectly, more or less in the manufacture of lumber, we believe he has never lumbered a tract of land except when the timber upon it was imperiled by fire from the operations of his neighbors. For much of his sap and bull sap pine he has been offered $5 per thousand, and from $6 to $8 per thousand for his cork. Without doubt his Michigan and Wisconsin pine is worth, at current price, $15,000,000. This, however, by no means measures the extent of his possessions. He owns valuable hard wood and mining lands, which we believe will swell the above amount to $25,000,000.

Not a cent of this collosal fortune has been obtained in the whirlpool of destructive speculation. The possessor of it has been content to wait year after year, and work assteadily as the mechanic does who earns his daily bread. To-day he is as fun-loving as a boy, and nearly as spry as one.

Your health depends on the purity of your blood. People who realize this are taking Hood's Sarsaparilla with the best tesults.

SEVEN MOUNTAINS OF FLESH.

The Prominent Fat Women Who Amuse an Apreciative Public.

Philadelphia Call.

Philadelphia has the most distnguished honor of furnishing the first fat woman in the show business. Hannah Battersby, who lives in Frankford, and whose weight is 600 pounds, is the largest, the heaviest, the most attractive, and, despite her rapid approach to her half century anniversary of her brith, the handsomest of all the fat women. She has been on the stage since 1860, and has made barrels of money for herself, P. T. Barnum and a host of other showmen who have at various times exhibited her and her husband. John Battersby, who acts as her agent. In striking contrast to his better-half, he is one of the thinest men in creation. For years he made a livelihood by exhibiting as the "living skeleton," but lately the revenue from his wife's attractions has been sufficient to maintain both of them, and John has now what the show people call "a soft snap." Mrs. Battersby is now in Washington, D. C., where she is pulling in ducats to the tune of $125 per week in compensation for the display of her ponderosity to the curious and paying public.

Mme. Clarke, who has been known in the show world since 1863, comes next to Mrs. Battersby in the order of seniority in the fat-women business. She weighs 500 pounds and is about 45 years of age. She was married when she entered the business and little is known of her save that she hails from an obscure town in the state of Illinois.

The Mormon community is entitled to the credit of at least one fat woman in the person of Annie Woods, who at the tender age of 13 years brought out her 400 pounds avoirdupois for exhibition throughout the country. Miss Woods died about eight years ago in her 21st year. She was known as the "Utah Fat Girl," and was said to be of Mormon parentage, her father, according to rumor, being the possessor of several wives.

Another fat woman, who recently passed into the other world, is Mme. Powers, who died about two years ago. She was a native of New York state and weighed 587 pounds. Her age at the time of her death was 34 years.

The "African Giantless," a colored lady of enormous proportions, for whom she claim was made that she had the biggest arm of any person in the world, was only on exhibition about two months ere she, too, died. She always refused to allow her real name to be known to the public, and did not live long enough to become a celebrity in the fat-woman line.

Another heavyweight female, who hails from New York state is Ada Briggs, who is now on exhibition at Milwaukee, Wis. She is 21 years of age, unmarried, and weighs 510 pounds.

A Connecticut girl, named Amelia Hill, is the latest comer in this branch of show life. Miss Hill is not yet 14 years old, but her weight has already reached 500 pounds, and she hopes to grow. She is filling her first engagement in St. Louis, and will open at the Dime Museum in this city on Dec. 3.

Managers who have had fat women under their charge generally agree that this class of curiosities is an excellent one in all respects. They are always of amiable disposition and easy to get along with; always enduring the discomforts of travel—from which they suffer more than most people—with philosophical good humor. In the matter of eating they are not particular, ordinary food being good enough for them, and they do not generally expect to have their appetites pampered. Often the fat woman is the smallest eater with the show, and in no case are they known to be very large eaters.

They are, of course, not adapted to travel with wagon shows, as they could not endure the fatigue nor the vehicles the strain. The salaries of fat women vary from $40 to $125 per week, according to size, weight, appearance and ability to be attractive to the patrons of the show. None are paid lower than the first figure named, and but few are contens with this after the first season.

Every lady uses Pozzoni's medicated complexion powder. It is a household treasure. The madam finds it impossible to go down town without first rubbing it on. If the baby cries she goes for the puff-box. If the "old man" comes home ruffled or chafed, because business is dull, &c., Pozzoni's powder cools and allays his troubles. Then all is gladsome joy. No family should be without it.

THEY SAW SNAKES.

A Sensation at the New Chicago Museum—Utility of a Five-Legged Tomcat.

"Great snakes!" yelled a carpenter at at the new Chicago museum the other day. "There goes one of those rattlers up the stairsway, and the five legged cat after him. Get out of the way everybody; the whole den of snakes has got loose!"

To say that such a cry caused consternation around the metamorphosed McCormick hall is putting it weak. With a wild yell of dispair Manager Croup climbed on the pinnacle of the $10,000 astronomical clock; his partner, Uffner, snatched a New Zealand boomerang and scooted for the "gridiron;" Stage Director Blaisdell saw the rattler coming up stairs into the theatrical auditorium and swung himself into Signor Onzalo's flying trapeze from the gallery; Halbert, the advertising director, mounted a decorator's scaffold with a whole sheet poster wrapped about him, yelling like a Pawnee; Professor Worth locked himself up in a coin cabinet, and several members of the dramatic company, including two or three ladies, set up the most unearthly cries for deliverance from the fangs of the deadly reptile.

"Catch him! Kill him!" yelled the party in chorus, but not a man much less a woman, dared approach his snakeship, who was quickly crawling up into the theatre, and would probably find a hiding place that would prevent any performance there until he could be gotten out. Pandemonium paled before that scene. The poll parots screeched, laughed, and cried, the monkey that smokes a pipe squealed itself hoarse, the Witch of Wall street pronounced some mysterious speech and fainted, the English giant made one stride and landed out in the alley from a second story window, the German giantess stepped across the alleyway into a window of the Revere house, General Mite and his wife hid under the workman's dinner pail, and Herr Schlam, Professor Cook, and Mlle. Andrews, little Dot Pullman, and other living curiosities made a bee line for the window sills, which they thought the reptile could not reach. Some one out in the hall thinking there was trouble ran for a policeman. But the five-legged tomcat was equal to the occasion; he made several bounds up the stairway and quick as lightning seized the hissing rattler just back of its head, and with a "meow" of triumph ran down stairs and into the room where all the managers and others were ensconced. The stage carpenter came to the rescue by causing Tommy to drop the squirming snake, while he threw a blanket over it and thus secured it until it could be put back into the den. Then all breathed freer, came out of their hiding places and went on with their preparations for the opening.

"Just imagine my playing a leading part," said a prominent lady member of the company, "when such horible things are running loose in the theatre."

But the snakes have all been secured so that none of them will ever get out again.

The glory of a man is his strength. If you are weakened down through excessive study, or by early indiscretion, Allen's Brain Food will permanently restore all lost vigor, and strengthen all the muscles of Brain and Body. $1; 6 for $5. All druggists

Novel Use of Greenbacks.

Hartford Globe.

"What becomes of all the greenbacks and bank notes after they have served their few years of usefulness?" is a frequent query. A bank note has its life just the same as all other things useful. What an interesting story the travels of a greenback from the moment it leaves the press until it returns to the macerating machine would make. The average life of a bank note is about three years, perhaps a little longer. After serving its purpose as currency, it is metamorphosed into rabbits, birds and other figures. The process of the destruction of the note is an interesting one.

The readers will often see in the daily papers a paragraph something like this: "National bank notes received for redemption to-day, $500,000." The next day those notes are carried to the bureau of engraving and printing and placed in a machine containing immense knives, which chop the notes into fragments. This operation is conducted under the supervision of three officers of the treasury department especially detailed for this business. No one is allowed to be present at this daily maceration of the notes except the officials and the men who run the machine. They are compelled to remain in the room until each separate note is destoyed. They must account in detail afterwards to the redemption bureau for each note; and should one become lost or mislaid, and afterwards find its way into circulation, the result would be the immediate discharge of the three gentlemen who daily have in their custody from $500,000 to $2,000,000 or $3,000,000 of notes and bonds. The shreds are reduced to pulp, and then by a patented process this mass is moulded into figures of birds and animals and sold as mementoes to visitors. Oftentimes it will happen that one little object will be composed of what once was $100,000,000 worth of money.

If you suffer from looseness of the bowels, Angostura Bitters will surely cure you. Beware of counterfeits and ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

How to Cut Off the Dog's Tail.

Boston Herald.

The Boston Journal favors the abolition of the duty on sugar, and would pay a bounty of "$4,000,000 or $5,000,000 a year" to the sugar planters of Louisiana. That would be about a cent a pound on their present production, which is estimated at 225,000 tons or 445,000,000 pounds. The sugar planters say that they just manage to squeeze along now, with a duty of 2½ cents a pound. The most merciful way to cut off a dog's tail is to cut it off all at once.

Buy B. B. Douglas & Cons' Capsicum Cough Drops for your children; they are harmless pleasing to the taste and cure their colds. D. B. and Trade Mark on every drop

CHARLES SHIVERICK,

Furniture!

ETC.,

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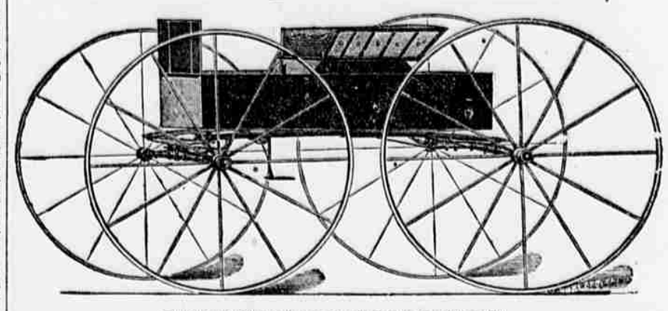

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