## うしを参うしのを参称のうりを参うう AARON IN THE WILD WOODS The Story of a Southern Swamp. By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

APPARITION THE FOX HUNTERS SAW. As the fall came on the young men (and some of the older ones, too) began to indulge in the sport of fox hunting. They used no guns, but pursued Reynard with horse and bound in the English fashion. The foxes in that region were mostly gray, but the red ones had begun to come in, and as they came the grays began to pack up their belonglags (as the saying is) and seek homes

The Turner old fields, not far from the Abercrombic place, and still closer to the Swamp, were famous for their foxes-first for the grays and afterward for the reds. There seemed to be some attraction for them in these old fields. The scrub pines, growing thickly together, and not higher than a man's waist, and the brier patches scattered about afforded a fine covert for Mr. Fox, gray or red, being shady and cool in summer time and sheltered from the cold winter winds. And if it was fine for Mr. Fox it was finer for the birds; for here Mrs. Partridge could lead her brood in safety out of sight of man, and here the sparrows and smaller birds were safe from the blue Falcon, she of the keen eye and swift wing,

との参索し (10参告券) しの参索しつ was seemed to blur the vision rather than aid it. But when the young man turned in hip saddle he saw enough to convince him that he was likely to have company in his ride after his companions. He hesitated a moment before urging his

horse into a more rapid gait. He wanted to see what it might be that was now so vaguely outlined. He strained his eyes, but could see nothing but a black and shapeless mass, which seemed to be following him. He could see that it was moving rapidly whatever it was, but the gray light was se dim and gave such shadowy shape even to objects close at hand that he found it im-possible either to gratify his curiosity or satisfy his fears. So he settled himself firmly in the saddle, clapped spurs to his horse, and rode headlong after his com-panions. He looked around occasionally, bu the black mass was always nearer.

Each time he looked around his alarm rose higher, for the Thing was closer whenever he looked. At last his alarm grew to such proportions that he ceased to look back, but addressed himself entirely to the work of urging his horse to higher speed. Presently he heard quick, flerce enorts on his right, and his eye caught sight of the Thing. It course was parallel with his own, and i he keen eye and swift wing.

'ox was as cunning as his nose He saw enough for his alarm to rise to the He knew that the bird that height of terror. He saw something that had



WHAT THE HUNTER SAW.

roost low; and what could be more convenient for Mr. Fox than that—especially at the dead hours of night when he went creeping around as noisclessly as a shadow. made its home in the Turner old fields must | the head and feet of a black horse, but the pretending that he wanted to whisper a secret in their ears? Indeed that was the main reason why Mr. Fox lived in the Tur-ner old fields, or went there at night, for he was no tree climber. And so it came to pass that when thoses who were fond of fox hunt-ing wanted to indulge in that sport they e before dawn and went straight to the

Turner old fields. Now, when George Goesett and his patrolling companions ceased for a time to go frolicking about the country at night on the plea that they were looking after the safety of the plantations, they concluded that it would be good for their health and spirits to go fox hunting occasionally. Each had two or three hounds to brag on, so that when all the dogs were brought together they made a

pack of more than respectable size.

One Sunday, when the fall was fairly advanced, the air being crisp and bracing and the mornings frosty, these young men met at a church and arranged to inaugurate the fox hunting season the next morning. They home, get their dogs, and meet at Gossett's, his plantation lying nearest to the Turner old fields. This program was duly carried out. The young men stayed all night with George Gossett, ate breakfast before daybreak, and started for the Turner old fields. As they set out a question arose whether they should go through the Abercrombie place-the nearest way-or whether they should go around by the road. The darkness of night was still over wood and field, but there was a suggestion of gray in the east. If the hunting party had been composed only of those who had been in the habit of patrolling with George Gossett, prompt choice would have been made of the public road; but young Gossett had invited an acquaintance from another softlement to

join them—a gentleman who had reached the years of maturity, but who was vigorous to enjoy a cross-country ride to This gentleman had been told of the strange experience of the patrollers in Mr. Aber-cromble's pasture lot. Some of the details had been suppressed. For one thing, the

young men had not confessed to him how badly they had been frightened. They simply told him enough to arouse his curiceity.
When, therefore, the choice of routes lay between the public road and the short cut through the Abercrombie pasture the gentleman was eager to go by way of the pasture where his young friends had beheld the wonman was easer to go by where his young friends had beheld the won-derful vision that has already been described. When they displayed some hesitation in the matter he rallied them smartly on their lack matter he rallied them smartly on their lack of nerve and in this way shamed them into going the neatest way. George Gossett, who had no lack of mere physical courage, consented to lead the way if the others would "keep close behind him." But none of them except the gentleman, who was moved by curiosity and who attributed the mystery of the affair to frequent visits to Mr. Fullalove's still house, had any stomach for the fourney through the pasture, for not even journey through the pasture, for not even George Gorsett desired to invite a repetition of the paralyzing scenes through which they

ad passed on that memorable night.

As they came to the double gates the oung man who had insisted that Timeleon was Beelzebub concluded to leave an avenue by which to escape if the necessity arose. he rode forward, dismounted and opened the gates. Then he made a great pretense of shutting them, but allowed them to remain open instead. This operation left him somewhat behind his companions, as he in-tended it should, for he had made up his mind to wheel his horse and run for it if he heard any commotion shead of him. In that event the delay he purposely made would

Seeing that the young man did not come up as quickly as he should have done. George Gossett, in whom the spirit of mischlef had no long periods of reposs, suggested that they touch up their horses and give their companion a scare. This suggestion was promptly acted on. The commotion his com-panions made caused the young man to pause moment before putting spur to his horse rejoin them. This delay placed several hundred yards between him and the party after them, but was consoled by the fact that, in the event of any trouble, he had a better opportunity to escape than they did. But he had hardly gone fifty yards from the double gates before he heard some sort

the Black Demon that the young man had seen in this pasture on a former occasion he was now more terrified than ever, for he

was guided by a headless rider! The young man would have checked his horse, but the effort was in vain. The horse had eyes. He also had seen the Thing and had swerved away from it, but he was to frightened to pay any attention to bit or rein. The Black Thing was going faster than the frightened horse and it soon drew away, the pale, gray robe of the rider flutter-ing about like a fierce signal of warning. he young man's horse was soon under con rol and in a few minutes he came up with its companions. He found them huddled tosether like so many sheep, this maneuver aving been instinctively made by the horses

he dogs, too, were acting queerly. The men appeared to be somewhat sur-prised to see their companion come gallop-ing up to them. After riding away from the young man who had taken it upo elf to leave the double gates open the hunts men had concluded to wait for him when they came to the bars that opened on the public road. But the gallop of their horses had subsided into a walk when they were still some distance from that point. They were conversing about the merits of their

favorite dogs, when suddenly they heard from behird them the sound of a galloping horse. They saw, as the young man had seen, a dark, moving mass gradually as sume the shape of a black horse, with headless rider wearing a long, pale, gray robe. The apparition was somewhat further from them when it passed than it had been from their companion, whom, in a spirit of mischief, they had deserted, but the Black Thing threatened to come closer, for when it had gone beyond them it changed its course, described a half circle and vanished from sight on the side of the pasture op-

posite to that on which it had first appeared 'What do you think now?" said George Gossett, speaking in a low tone to the gen-tleman who had been inclined to grow merry when the former experience of the patrollers

'What do I think? Why, I think it's right queer if the chap we left at the double gates isn't trying to get even with us by riding around like a wild Indian and his saddle blanket," replied the doubting

gentleman. "Why, man, he's riding a gray horse," of the others explained. This put another face on the matter, and

the gentleman made no further remark. In fact, before anything else could be said the young man in question came galloping up.
"Did you fellows see It?" he inquired.
But he had no need to inquire. The attitude and the uneasy movements of their tude and the uneasy movements of their horses showed unmistakably that they had seen It. "Which way did It go?" next question. There was no need to make reply. The direction in which the hunts-

men glanced every second showed unmis-takably which way it went.

"Let's get out of here," said the young man in the next breath. And there was no need to make even this simple proposition for by common consent and as by one impulse horses and men started for the bars at a rapid trot. When the bars were taken down they were not left down. Each one was put carefully back in its proper place, for though this was but a slight barrier to inter-pose between themselves and the terrible

Black Thing, yet it was something.
Once in the road they felt more at ease not because they were safer there, but be cause it seemed that the night had suddenly trailed its dark mantle westward.

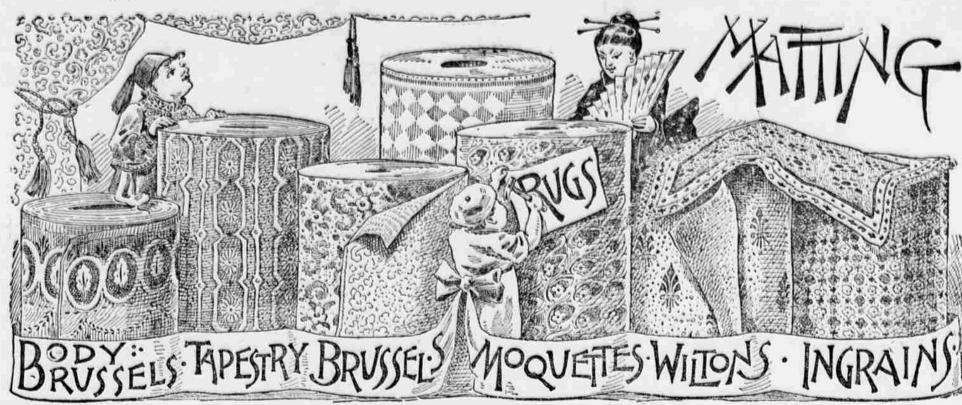
"Did you notice," said the young man who was first to see the apparition, "that the Thing that was riding the Thing had no head?"

plied the doubtful gentleman, "but—"
"No 'buts' nor 'ifs' about it," insisted the
young man. "It came so close to me that I could a' put my hand on it, and I noticed particularly that the Thing on the back of the Thing didn't have sign of a head, no more than my big toe has got a head." The exaggeration of the young man was un

blushing. If the Thing had come within ten yards of him he would have fallen off his horse in a fit. "And what was you doing all that time?" George Gossett inquired. His tone implied a

grave doubt. the double gates before he heard some sort of noise in that direction. He half turned in his saddle and looked behind him. The vague gray of the morning had become so inextricably mixed and mingled with the

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"I know how skeery you are," said George Gorsett, disdainfully, "and I don't believe you took time to notice all these things," "Skeer'd!" exclaimed the other; "why, that ain't no name for it—no name at ali. But it was my mind that was skeered and not my eyes. You can't help seeing what's

right at you, can you?"

This frankness took the edge off any criticism that George Gossett might have made, seeing which the young man gave

between the first faint glimpse of dawn and daylight was the most convenient time to give Timoleon his exercise and to fit him in some sort for the vigorous work he was expected to do some day on the race track. Aaron had hit upon that particular morning to begin the training of the Black Stallion, and had selected the pasture as his training ground. It was purely a coincidence that he rode in at the double gates behind the fox hunters, but it was such a queer one that Little Gessett laughed until the tears came into his eyes when he heard about it.

Aaron's version of the incident was so enthat those who heard both would be unable to recognize in them an account of the same from different points of view. Aaron saw it and knew it the incident was as eimple as it could be. As he was riding the horse along the lane leading to the double gates (having left Rambler behind at the stable), Timoleon gave a snort and lifted his

head higher than usual. "Son of Ben All," he said, "I smell strange men and strange horses. Their scent is ho on the air. Some of them are the men that went tumbling about the pasture the night you hade me play with them." "Not at this hour, Grandson of Abdallah, eplied Aaron.

All, but the men. If we find them, shall I use my teeth?" dallah. This is not their hour.

"I am not smelling the hour." Son of Be

"But if we find them, Son of Ben Ali?" per-sisted the Black Stallion. "Save your teeth for your corn, Grandson of Abdallah," was the response.
As 'hey entered the double gates,

Aaron was surprised to find open, Timoleon gave a series of flerce snorts, which was the same as saying, "What did I tell you, Son of Ben Ali? Look yonder! There is one; the others are galloping further on." "I am wrong and you are right, Grandson of Abdallah."

As much for the horse's comfort as his own, Aaron had folded a large blanket he found hanging in the stable and was using in place of a saddle. He lifted himself back toward Timoleon's croup, seized the blanket with his left hand, and, holding it by one corner, shook out the folds. He had no in-tention whatever of frightening any one, his sole idea being to use the blanket to screen himself from observation. He would have turned back, but in the event of pursuit he would be compelled to lead his pursuers into the Abercrombie place, or along the public road, and either course would have been embarrassing. If he was to be pursued at all, he preferred to take the risk of capture in the wide pasture. As a last resort he could slip from Timoleon's back and give the horse the word to use both teeth and heels. And this was why the fox hunters saw the

apparition of a black horse and a headless "Shall I ride him down, Son of Ben Ali?" norted the Black Stallion. "Hear to the right, bear to the right Grandson of Abdallah," was the reply. And so the apparition flitted past the young man who had left the double gates open, and past his companions who were waiting for him near the bars that opened on the big road, flitted past them and dis-

Finding that there was no effort made to pursue him Aaron checked the Black Stallion and listened. He heard the men let down the bars and put them up again, and by that sign he knew they were not Later on in the day the doubting gentle-

nan, returning from the fox hunt, called by the Abercrombie place and stopped long enough to tell the White-Haired Master of

appeared.

the queer sight he saw in the pasture at "The boys were badly scared," he plained to Mr. Abercrombie, "and I tell you it gave me a strange feeling—a feeling that I can best describe by saying that if the earth had opened at my feet and a red flame shot up, it wouldn't have added whit to my amazement. That's the honest

truth. Abercrombie could give satisfaction, though he might have made

could 'a' lit a cigar by holding it close to his eyes."

Little Master that night, knew for the first time that he had scared the fox hunters when he was 6 years old his father accidentally discovered that his boy, who had consert disclarately.

the banks of Cataract creek, a stream that runs through the town of Williams. It is usually only a narrow, dry arrayo. But for the past week or more the warm weather has melted the snow on the mountains near to Williams and the creek is now a raging little torrent, swollen quite out of its natural channel, and it is dangerous for even a strong man to attempt to breast it.

Cataract creek rises far up in a box canyon on the side of Bill Williams' mountain, and when it reaches Williams it courses through the town within a stone's throw of Jennie heads were to blame for letting these three tirely different from that of the fox hunters small maidens play so near the stream, but that those who heard both would be unable they had done so many times before. It was their accustomed playground, in fact, and though but babes in years, the children of these frontier towns are inured to many dangers.

Across the stream, but a few yards from Jennie's house, is a small foot bridge. It was from this narrow plank that Maggie Brady, the eldest of the trio, lost her balance and plunged headlong into the stream She was throwing flat stones into the water trying to skim them up the stream against the current.

Jennie was several yards farther up the tream collecting an apronful of stones to bring down to her playmates, who were skillful in casting them than she Mazy was only a few feet from Maggie when the latter fell. Without an instant's hesitation brave little Mazy plunged into the icy water and swam out to Maggie. Exactly what happened at this critical mo-

ment will never be known in detail, for the only eyewitnesses to the tragedy were the three small maidens, and the coolest head of these is now silenced forever. "Mazy helped me reach the bridge," what Maggie Brady told her mother half an hour later, when Mazy Gray's brave little body had been taken out of the water half a

mile further down the stream. But what became of Mazy then? How did she miss her hold? How was she swept away by the current after saving the life answer these questions, for the natural stinct of self-preservation had selzed her with frantic zest, and she was clamoring up on the narrow plank out of death's clasp Jennie saw the whole thing, but she was only a wee child and she was too excited to remember just what she saw. "Mazy helped Maggie reach the bridge, but Mazy could not catch hold. Her hands slipped and she went under the bridge." This is

all the detail that Jennie could give. However, if some of the details are missing, the main facts are clear enough. the three girls only Mazy could swim. She was the youngest, coolest in danger, the bravest. It was her body they fished out of the stream, stark and silent. The little heroine was born on Lamish lake, Whatcom county, Washington, Novem-

by the Postal Telegraph company. She was

1891, where her father was employed

strong, hardy baby, wonderfully precocious with big eyes and a wealth of silken tresses. She was tall and stout of limb for her age, and had learned to swim when only 4 years For two years she had lived old. paps and mamma at Williams, and it is no exaggeration to say that she was the favorite child of the town. Almost the entire population of the vicinity turned out to at-tend the funeral. It was the largest funeral ever held in that part of Arizona. And the beautiful little maiden, upon whose bler were heaped scores of armfuls of wild mountain flowers, and whose memory will enter into the history of Williams, was the bravest little soul that ever won a martyr's crown.

ZERAH COLBURN.

The Wonderful Boy Calculator and the Slow-Going Student.

It is a bit of solid comfort for a school boy or girl to realize that if they are plodding along patiently in mathematics and once get the multiplication table fixed in the memory their work will stay by them and be of clear which is your left hand! practical use. If this same plodding often seems dull work it is well to bring to mind how short lived has been the glory and of grenadlers mightily.

"Prigoners?" asks the quickest of all, in "Prigoners?" asks the quickest of all, in the "infant prodigies" or "lightning calcu-lators" that so dazzled our grandparents in the king himself at his back, and the other

time that he had scared the fox hunters nearly out of their wits.

(To be Continued.)

DIED TO SAVE HER PLAYMATE.

Herole Deed of Five-Year-Old Eva Mazy Gray.

An almost unparalleled case of youthful feminine heroism occurred last week at Williams, in Arizona.

Little Eva Mazy Gray, the 5-year-old daughter of E. N. Gray, manager of the

60c

computed in the child's mind so quickly that the person who was writing down the answers asked him to give out the figures more slowly, as he could not write them down as swiftly as they were given. He would tell in this same quick manner the exact product arising from the multiplication of any number consisting of six or seven places of figures, and all the factors of which it is composed. Not only was he thus marvelevely quick at the raising of powers, but he would in a twinkling extract the square and cube roots of the numbers proposed and determine whether it was a prime number. One day a very wise set of men came with specially prepared questions and asked the lad to name the factors which produced the number 247,483, which he did at once, naming the numbers 941 and 263. which in fact are the only two which will produce it. Now comes a "poser." "Give, said the questioners, "the factors of 36,983. Almost immediately came the reply: "There are none," and sure enough this is the case, as 36,083 is a prime number, and therefore

f course, has no factors. Zerah would move his lips when outing, showing that he was actually multiplying, just as an ordinary boy would, but when asked to tell other lads just how he did the sum, replied that he did not know how the answer came in his mind. A pencil and paper were given him, but he could not do the simplest example in multiplication or di-vision; neither did he know rules. Now comes the comfort for the ordinary boy or girl, though it must have been very cold comfort for young Colburn's parents. The boy was put to school, hoping that he might become a great teacher, and finally a

learned professor. However, he never could as his mind matured he could throw a light to help boys and girls in the mazy bogs of factors, prime numbers, prime factors and the like

FOUR SMART PRIVATES

A Notable Occasion When Quick Wits Made Up for Slow Legs. Once upon a time four private soldiers captured and made prisoners fifty-two soldiers, men and officers. Does not that beat any feat in the "Three Musketeers" or even any feat that Mulvany and his friends ever accomplished? And the feat of this brave, long-headed quartet is authentic history, though history has not taken the trouble to tell us what their names were, as she ought to have done, even if she left out some ac-

count of some dull kings' dull lives to make room for them.

They were Prussian grenadiers, these four. and the deed was done in the very first Prussian battle under the young king, who was afterward to be known as Frederick the

March, 1741, King Frederick had invaded Silesia, because Silesta belonged of right to him, but was claimed by the great Maria Theresa, empress of Austria and queen of Hungary. Glogan, Silesia, was a town held by the Austrians that the Prussians determined to take by storm; the battalions marched up to the walls before midnight more like cats than like soldiers, so still were they, not a jingle of spurs or saber in the whole attacking force, not a word above a whisper spoken, and no more whispers than thees must. When the great town clock struck 12 the Prussians at three points began scaling the fortifications, hewing down palisades, pouring into Glogan before the Austrians well knew whether or not they were awake or only had the nightmare. Now our four grenadiers were at the tail end of their regiment and got over the glacis the last and some way behind their comrades; on getting to the top they were in a con-fusion and turned to the right instead of to the left, as their comrades had done. In two minutes, if you please, they were rushing right into a mass of Austrians still ranked in arms. Here was a how-d'ye-do, indeed! So much for being slow on your legs at climbing fortifications, and then not being wits can sometimes more than make up for slow legs and bad memories, and the pros-pest of imminent death quickened our

tude, and the Austrians, bless you, thought the army was on them, and the game up and they said:

"Yes, they were prisoners."
"Pile arms, then," commands a grenadier and he is obeyed there in the darkness, and then leaving his companions to "make be lieve" as best they can for a few minutes he slips away to get help; the help came before the Austrians found out how they were fcoled, and the whole fifty-two were made prisoners sure enough.

The story was told to King Fritz, and he said, "I must make acquaintance with these Little Eva Mazy Gray, the 5-year-old daughter of E. N. Gray, manager of the struck fear had made a place for in the minds of his companions.

But it was all the simplest thing in the world. The apparition the fox hunters saw was Aaron and the Black Stallon. The Son of Ben Ali had decided that the interval

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS There is a little lady in Kentucky who, although only 6 years of age, teaches school She is the youngest school teacher in the

United States, if not in the world, Her pupils are younger than herself, and they show a deep attachment for their teacher, who is bright beyond her years. This little girl is Myra Tevis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Tevis of Rich-

Miss Florence Hood teaches a kindergarten school in the neighborhood, and from this school little Myra Tevis graduated last June. Miss Hood was much impressed by the little lady's brightness.

She displayed an intelligence far beyon her age, and had occupied the head of her class from the very start. Before she grad-uated she was frequently observed to assist other scholars in their work, seeming to e naturally fitted for teaching. Miss Hood, in view of these facts, em ployed the little girl to assist her this year. she is a blue-eyed little girl, and is much impressed with the dignity of her new posi-

A little Philadelphia girl 6 years old was on a visit to her grandfather, who was a New England divine, celebrated for his logi-'Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Robert

says."
"What does he say, my dear?" 'Why, he says the moon is made of green heese. It isn't at all, is it?"
"Well, child, suppose you find out for your-

"How can I, grandpa?"
"Get your bible and see what it says." "Where shall I begin?" Begin at the beginning."

The child sat down to read the bible. fore she got more than half through the second chapter of Genesis, and had read about the creation of the stars and the ani-mals, she came back to her grandfather, her eyes all bright with the excitement of discovery. "I've found it, grandpa. It isn't true; for God made the moon before he made the cows."

Early last week a little girl went to the white house with her mother to shake hands with the president, relates the Washing-ton Capitol. They were a few moments too late. Just as they arrived under the por tico some one said, "There goes the presi dent now," and, sure enough, he was jus getting into his carriage for his afternoon Impulsively the little maiden ran toward

"Oh, Mr. President, I wanted to see you "Well, here I am, my dear," said the esident, "you can see me if you wish."
"But I wanted to shake hands with you," she persisted.

"Well, you can do that, too," answered the president, and he stooped before getting into the carriage and shook the little maiden's hand warmly; and I suppose she was just about as happy as a little girl could be as she walked away.

THE OLD-TIMERS.

General Cadorna, who commanded the Italian troops when they took possession of Rome in 1870, died recently at the age of 82 years.

The Nestor of newspaper reporters lives in Worcester, Mass., where he has been in service sixty years. His duties at first were light, and he worked eleven years before there was a policeman in the town.

The venerable Gabriel Harrison, manager, dramatist, historian of the drama, teacher, deguerreotyper, photographer and painter, and acquainted with the most famous men of forty and fifty years ago, still lives in Brooklyn, on the verge of 80 years, and is yet busy in writing teaching and painting.

The anniversaries of victories won in the Crimean war are never forgotten by Flor-ence Nightingale, in spite of her 76 years and her broken health. She always rememhers to send a message to the veterans of lators" that so darried our grandparents in the king himself at his back, and the other the Crimes and at Christmas time she never three catch the idea in an instant, and try fails to send some token of remembrance to own daughters are entitled, was presented instance, the case of Zerah Colburn, born in to make noises to suggest an armed multi- the workers in the institution for trained to her on January 1, 1898.



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nurses, which she founded at St. Thomas nospital not long after the close of the war. Mrs. Charlotte Dewey Ross, the oldest native resident of the town of Poultney, Vt., who died at her home in East Poultney on Monday at the age of 93 years, was the friend and associate of Horace Greeley during his four years' apprenticeship in that village to the trade of typesetting. She was also the schoolmate and associate of George Jones, the founder of the New York Times? and of Jared Sparks, the historian.

Ex-Mayor Stokeley of Philadelphia, who nas just celebrated his 74th birthday, has held nearly all the great municipal offices in Philadelphia. "Under the new city char-ter," says the Philadelphia Record; "he was the first director of public safety, holding the office from 1887 to 1891, and he is now active in the public buildings commission Judging from his present excellent state of health, he bids fair to reach the century

Silas Ireland, aged 80 years, lives at Presque Isle, Me. Although he never attended school a day in his life, he learned to read and write by himself, and is reckoned a capable business man. He has been a selectman, and filled other offices at Presque Isle. He has raised a family of twenty-three children, and declares that his health is as good today as it was when he was 20. He never drank a glass of liquor and never used tobacco in any form.

Miss Anna Maria Benton of Windsqr Conn., was 100 years of age last week. Her father, Elihu Stanley Benton, was a sailor in the revolutionary war, and in view of this fact she was voted an honorary member the Martha Washington chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution at a Daughters of the American Revolution at a meeting held October 20, 1895. She is said to be the sidest living "own daughter" in Connecticut, and a gold spoon, to which al