And the Way Luella Cured Her. By GERTRUDE SMITH.

"You can't expect your cousin to make any difference between you two. Now stop pull-Ing, I say, Louise, stop pulling."

Louise, hidden away in her slat sunbonnet, was the exact reproduction of Luella in straight lines of pink called.

away from her round face, and, opening her mouth, she ecreamed shrilly, shaking from "Now, Louise, you know what happens

when you have tantrums. Are you going to For answer Louise stiffcoed rigidly. Her

face became the color of sorcistone, and she fell forward into the deep grass.

"She's in one! Run for pa, Luella!"
Luella strolled leisurely out of the yard
and crossed to the big red tarn on the other
side of the road. 'Pa, Louise is in a tentrum," she said

Her father sat on the barn floor husking He sprang up and ran past her toward

looked out of her pink sunbonnet across the warm October fields and frowned.

'That's how Louise always gets what she wants." she thought. "They'll 'tend her, and ma will say, 'Luella, your sister ala't so strong as you. Da't you think you might give in and let her go to town this once?' And pa will zay 'Yes, Luella, supposing your sister was to die in one of these spells, how bad you'd feel.' And Louise will tremble and collect her was to die in one of these spells, how bad you'd feel.' And Louise will tremble and quiver her lips, and I'll give in, like I always do. If she wean't so proud of having them, I wouldn't mind. Now I'll go back and see if it won't happen just as I say." Lucila walked slowly back into the yard,

with the hoe. 'There is, too, something the matter of me!" cried Louise, stamping her foot. "I've always been delicate and you know it!" "You can go to town if you want to in my

place to make up for my telling," said "I feel too sick to go to town. I c.u hardly stand up!"
"Well, then, go to the house and lie around all day and pa sod ma will think you are sick and that I don't know." As her mother spoke the sunbonnet fell

"You say that so you can go to town."
"No, I don't; but if you go they'll know
you're putting co. If you stay they'll feel
sorry and think how mean I was to hit you." Louise walked clowly book to the bouse and lay down on the old settee under the pine trees in the corner of the yard.

After awhile her mother blew the horn for dinner and her father passed near her and entered the kitchen door without speak-

ing to her. Louise was not really a deceptive child. She had always been humored and all her little aches and allments paid attention to and she had only very recently begun to realize that her tantrums were something over which she might have control. It is hard to give up an idea of any im-portance and Louise's tantrums had given her dictinction in her own home and in all the neighborhood about.

Louise thought of course Luclia would be sert out to coax her to come in to dinner. She was very hungry, but she had determined to refuse to eat. They were having fried chicken and she could smell it. Never in the ten years of her life had Louise been treated like this.

Often her father had come out to the old settee and carried her in when she had not



LOUELLA HAD ROLLED HER OVER AND OVER.

"You haven't any feeing, Luella Brock-"You saunter about, and don't think to do a thing for your

"That's what you aways say," repied Lu-ella, with her usual daring. "Every time she has one you turn on me." where Louise still lay, seemingly uncon Her father was chafing her hands "I never saw her to long coming to," said her father, looking up with an anxious face. "Run and get another dipper of water, Lu-

"I know a quicker way that that to get her out," replied Luella. "I don't care if I do tell." "What way do you know, Luella?" don't

stand there and say that you know and not Luella threw her sunbonnot on the ground. Louise squirmed and showed signs of com-

But before she had time to recover Lu-

on each cheek. "Stop that, Lucila Brockway! stop cruel, that!" cried Louise, clutching at her sister's arm and drawing herself into a sitting po-

sition, and then, looking from her mother to her father, she began to cry.
"Of course I'd come to if she slaps me in the face like that!" she sobbed.

Mr. Brockway turned and walked away to

the barn without a word. Mrs. Brockway, after standing a moment in open-eyed amaze-

"Louise Brockway, do you mein to tell me you were letting on? Luella, was she letting 'No, not exactly. She's done it so long

she thinks she can't stelp it, so she doem't try," answered Luella. "You get right straight up and go and dig the potatoes for dinner! Luella, don't you help her."

She caught her youngest daughter to her feet and pushed her toward the hoe and pail that stood by the kitchen door. Louise took them and walked away quite firmly for one who had been so recently unconscious. "How did you find out you could bring he



LOUISE NESTLED HER HEAD

AGAINST HIM. to that way, Lucila? I don't see how you ever dared," said Mrs. Brockway. "Once when you and pa were gone to town I got exciteed when she was in one and did it before I thought."

"She's always had 'em since she was baby. She couldn't have been letting on said the mother, medibitively,
"I don't believe she'll have one in a hurry

again now you and pa know a new way to bring her out," said Luella. "She coaxed me not to tell, but I difa't care; she jus-has 'em to get paid attention to." "Well, you are the one that is going to

well, you are the one that is going to town with your coush this afternoon, that's petiled, so go right upstairs and get ready." "Louise wasn't asked to go, anyway. I was pinching her in fun, to make her say she wasn't asked, when she got angry." "The idea! A great girl, 12 years old, picch-ing! I must say I don't know what you two will come to!"

Mrs. Brockway went into the house and closed the door behind her. Lucila went out the petato field and, going up softly be-id her sister, oxught her hoe out of her

"You go on to the house and lie down and I'll dig the potatoes." she said.
"Ain't you mean, Luella Brockway, making pa and ma think I could help it? You know I couldn't and you said you model?"

couldn't and you said you wouldn't tell!"
"It isn't anything to tell. Perhaps all they know is that making you angry will bring

They think there is nothing the matter with me!" sobbed Louise.
"Well, there win't, I don't believe. You've just got used to thinking there is so you'll got your own way," answered Lucia calmiy,

and her mother was sprinkling water in her | felt half as ill as she did today. Or her mother had come to the door and said: 'Come, poor little sick Louise, come in to

dinner. making her a second time angry would bring her out of a tantrum she had been kinder

than anyone else. The fried chicken choked Luella and she begged her father to let her go out and bring her sister into dinner. She was yery tender-hearted and she felt aimost as though she had done wrong to make light of her sister's weakness.

"You sit still and don't you or mothe speak a word to her for twenty-four hours," said her father. "Louise is going to have the best lesson she's ever had in her life." Luella had never heard her father's gen-

tle voice so stern.
Louise, out on the old settle, heard him, door was open. He had intended she should

And then in her little heart a wicked de eila had rolled her over and over three termination came. She would never, never times, and ended by giving her a charp slap stir from that settle until her father believed she was sick and was sorry for being so

Just then Johnny Brockway, her cousin drove into the yard in a light spring wagon. Louise did not raise her head or open her

"Hello, are you sick again, Louise?" he called, cheerfully. Louiso did not answer. He sprang out of the wagon and came to the side of the old

"Sick?" he asked again Louiso shut her eyes tighter, "Your face is awful red!" said Johnny. "Did you have another spell? I'll call Aunt Kate.

"Johnny Brockway, don't you call ma! said Louise. "Whew! I thought you was sick!" H came back to the settle again.

"You want to go to town with Luella and me?" he asked. Louise gave a gasp and closed her eyes again. Johnny darted to the blue pump that stood near and hastily pumped a dipper of water and was back at her side. He sprinkled a handful of water in her face. Louise gasped and tried to tell him

stop, but Johnny, becoming more alarmed, emptied the entire dipper of water over her and hurried to the kitchen door. "Oh, Aunt Kate, Louise is in a spell!"

"You sit down, Johnny," said Mr. Brock way, rising from the table, and he went to "Louise, you get up and go up to your room and undress youself and go to bed and stay there till I come up to talk to

you."

And what was Johnny's amazement to se Louise rise, dripping from the ducking he had given her, cross the yard, and go by him through the kitchen and up the stairs Johnny had lest faith in her, too, and he would tell her aunt and uncle and all the boys and girls in the neighborhood! Truly exhausted, Louise crept into bed and slept away the long afternoon.

"Johnny and Luel'a went to town and bought striped pink and white coundy and gumdrops, and watched the express train come in from the east. And then they drove home at a great speed, for Johnny was an accomplished horseman. His driving was the

terror of his father and mother. When they reached home Lucila hid some cookies in her pocket, and with all of her candy stole up to Louise's room.

ing," she said, sitting down on the edge of the bed. "Ma will be coming up with something for you by and by, and I will be

"I don't want to get up," walled Louise munching her candy. "You think it is fun to have me sent to bed while you go off "I don't see why you want folks to be sorry for you, anyway, and petting you all the time. You don't have half as much fun as if you acted well."

"You be not in the habit of drinking to excess. In fact, I doubt if he ever was in that condition which could properly be called intoxication.

"On the particular night I speak of he

"You know I can't help it," said Louise.
"At school it always seems as though you

"I don't think of myseif all the time. I greatly alarmed and fearing that he might wish you'd go down stairs and not sit there, die, carried him to a coach and went home

wish you'd go down stairs and not sit there and scold all night."

"You watch, next week at school," continued Lucila. "You'll make the new teacher know inside of two days that you have spells when things don't go right."

"Go away!" screamed Louise, beating the bed.

"I asked the doctor how he accounted for

"I don't want to have one," said Louise, and hid her head under the bed clothes. Lucija dived under after her and hugged and kissed her.

"I'm a mean old thing, but I love you just the same, Louise," she said.

The next morning Mr. Brockway went up to Louise's room and stayed for a long time, and what was Lucila's surprise to see them come down hand in hand and go out to the old settle under the pine trees.

And there they sat and talked, and her, father's arm was around Louise and Louise nestled her head against him.

Luella watched them enviously from the window. She had never dared in any way to express her love for her father and mother.

When Louise was 9 years old she had spent a winter with her grandmother in a distant city. The children she had met there were not like the country children she had

Lucila had listened with wonder and long ing to Louise's account of the love carents and children showed each other in the city.

"I'm not going to be afraid of ma and pa any more," she had announced in conclusion. "You just walt and see." Her father and mother after the first sur-prised acceptance of Louise's caresses came to believe that she loved them more than Luella, and often told Luella so when she

was raughty.
"Now, she's just coaxing pa to believe she was not to blame." Luella thought, taking another peep out of the wiedow.

And then Luella dreimed a day dream often dreamed before—she was sitting on her father's knee out on the old settle, and he was calling her pet names, just as he did

She looked out of the window again and the day dream ended. Louise was crying and her father's face was very stero. After a few minutes Louise came into the room and said:

"Pa wants you to come out where he is."

And Louise stayed in the house and finished setting the table and Luel's went out "I've been talking to Louise, and she understood why she was punished, and I've made her see that she has been working on

our feelings to get more than her share of attention. You have been thinking that we care more for Louise than we do for you. Lucibi's eyes filled with tears. "Yes, sir,

she answered timidly; "I have," Her father put his arm around her. "Well we don't," he said, simply; "we've never been the klad of carents to show what we feel and I'm afraid our thinking Louise was deli-

Lucila nestled her head against him.
"You're the elder, but you've got a perfect right to your share of the petting."
Lucila jumped up and threw her arms around his need. "I love you just as much as Lou'se does but I've been chaid to show it." she said. "Dear old pussy cat, of course you do! said her father.

LIVING DEAD MAN.

Buffalo City Official Sent Into a Trance by Ginger Ale. don't ever breathe it to anybodybecause, if you did, my reputation would be blasted-but I had an experience the other day that has almost frightened me to death, and I haven't got over it yet. It had made me afrais of myo'f. It makes me fee, like a man who has escaped some awful doom, and the cold shadow of that peril still chills me."

A well known and popular official at the

city hall was the speaker, relates the Bu-fulo Express. He looked around him to see if any one else was within hearing distance mopped a few cold beade from his forehea and continued.

"You know, a few nights ago I had a friend up here from Pensylvania. He was in Euffalo on business, and as I knew him very well he came in to see me. On the night he went away I accompanied him to the station. When we reached the station we found we had quite a few minutes to spare before the train left, and my friend proposed that we go out and get a drink. Now, I am not a drinking man. You know that. It's a good many years since I have touched a drop of liquor. All my friends know that to be so. But when my friend asked me to go out and have a drink with him I said nothing about my temperates habits, but went with him, because I sur posed he winted a drirk himself, and i would not have been courteous or consider ate if I had interposed my personal prefe, or made a display of my virtu 'We stepped across from the station to we stepped across from the station to scale. My friend ordered some whisky, and I saked for ginger ale. My stomach wean't feeling exactly right at the time, and after the bartender had poured out my drink i asked him to put a little ginger in it, watched him while he was doing it in orde

to let him know when he had poured in rough. Then I drank it.
"Wel! we stood there about fifteen minutes and during that time we had three drinks. I swear that each time I took ging:r ale and never touched anything stronger. For the matter I had not had anything to drink be fore that, neither have I had anything in-toxicating since. When I had seen my friend on board his train and 1-ft the station remember leaving the station to return hom in the full possession of my senses. My head was as clear as a bell; I felt, as I sometimes do, the exultation that comes with the knowledge of perfect health. In fact, I felt perfectly normal. I remember starting up Exchange street on a brisk walk, but after that my memory is a perfect blank. My senses must have left me as completely as if I had been sandbagged. I do not even remember having had a dream, not the slight-est recollection of anything that took place

after that. So far as my recollection goes and that, after all, is the only proof of life, I was perfectly dead, bodily, mind and soul. "I awoke next morning in my room. How nere I do not know. Strive as I might I could not penetrate into that period of my existence covering the intrim between the time I left the station and the time at which I awoke. It was like thinking of the awful expansiveness of the universe—the more I thought the more bewil-dered I became, until I was forced to give it up for fear of becoming insine. My head felt queer, but not the way a man

head does on the morning after a debauch and I was frightened. "When I went downstairs to breakfast the landlady looked at me rather peculiarly, and I asked what the trouble was. Then she told me I had come home the night before gone to my room and raved like a man'ac for hours. She said I had addressed jurits, said the most ridiculous things, and tramped

around my room like an insane prisone in his solitary cell.

"I didn't lose any time calling on my
physician. I told him the whole story. He
thought it over for awhile and then asked me if I had lost any of my valuables on the night before. I told him I had thought of

knockout drops myself, but that the fact that I had not been robbed made me believe there could be nothing in that theory. asked me if served me might not have made a mistake and given me chloral instead of ginger. I told him I could almost swear he had used the right bottle.

said the doctor, 'it is a peculiar case. Only one similar case has ever come under my personal notice, but I have heard of others. I'll tell you about the one I came Buffalo club, a very prominent business man went to the club house one night. He drank but is not in the habit of drinking to excess

was at the club early and his friends could see that he was in the best of health, per-fectly sober and in good humor. After a and everybody make a fuss over you. You're always teacher's pet, because you tell her you are delicate."

"It isn't true! It isn't true!" said Louise,

"Yes it is. Pa says sick people just think of themselves all the time. You know how disagreeable grandma was."

"I don't think of mysolf all the time.

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man's life, perhaps only once in a lifetime, is even greater than in the city. Now she lies broken in health and spirit in her little when his physical condition is in such a pe-culiar state that if he takes the slightest room, almost penniless. his brain refuses to retain the slightest impression of events, time or sensations. In other words, that he becomes a living dead

AN AERONAUT'S LIFE STORY.

Girl, Balldonist, Wire-Walker "Mme. Adair," the little aeronaut, whose corrowful experience led her to seek death by drinking carbolic acid Monday night, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, has had a varied and interesting career. Locally, she is known as a public performer and bishe is known as a public performer and of-cyclist, but her life has led her into various novel situations. Yesterday she lay in a small dingy room on the third floor of the business block at 820 Franklin avenue slowly recovering from the effects of the poison she had taken. The room was scru-pulously neat, but painfully small—so small, in fact that the door can swing but partially in fact, that the door can swing but partially open to admit the visitor. About the walls are photographs of the madame's profes-sional triumphs. All over Illinois and Missouri "Mme. Adair" is known as an aeronaut.
female boxer, bicyclist and athlete. More
than once she has mot men who scemed
more than her equal physically and deteated tinued Luella. "You'll make the new teacher know inside of two days that you have spells when things don't go right."

"Go away!" screamed Louise, beating the Luella deliberately sat on her sister's feet and held them still, laughing.

"Go on, have a tantrum, if you want to,"

"The nan was all right the next day, but, like you, he had no recollection of what took place after he had become ill at the club."

"I asked the doctor how he accounted for such a thing and he replied that he was not sure of his ability to account for it, but tricts and the patrons of the county fairs, agricultural shows and cld settlers' picnics."

Monday night, driven to desperation, she tried to take her own life by swallowing the contents of a bottle of carbolic acid. The arrival of a physician saved her life. As Mme. Adair the public knew her, a woman beautiful in face and figure, clad in tights and glittering with the spangles and timed of a public performer. Among her friends and to those who have watched her private as well as public orreer she was "Frida" Baum, wife of Jim Baum. Reared in a quiet town in Iowa, she knew little of the outside world until she formed the acquain ance of a couple who owned balloons and made ascensions. . One day while at Council Bluffs the man broke his back and Alfrida was offered a place to do "team ascensions" with the wife. She was not afraid, and from the first

made successful ascensions. Her first "dates" were at Bloomington, Ill., and there her fearless work attracted the attention of Milton Forsman of Peoria, Ill., one of the great aeronauts of the northwest. He inmost immediately Baum stopped working and "managed" his wife on her moneyduced Alfrida to come to Peoria, and for four years ahe made ascensions all over the north-west. At Sylvan park, in Peorla, her ascenwest. At Sylvan park, in Peorla, her ascen-sions were made nearly every Sunday after-noon, and the citizens became familiar with Mme. Adair's balloon floating over the city. Those were the palmy days of the aeronaut, when, for each ascension, from \$200 to \$500 was paid. Exciting incidents were not wont-ing in her career. One day as her balloon was leaving the ground a luckless Peoria printer among the spectators became entangled in the ropes and Mme. Adair distin-guished herself by keeping him in place and

It was while in Peorle that she met Jim

not allowing him to disentangle himself while

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Baum, hotel clerk at the Peoria house, a

Pain's spectacular shows was given at Peoria and Mme. Adair was engaged to give

an exhibition during the pyrotechnic display

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is still a comely woman. Yet few of the famous old hostelry. Jim was among the thousands who have seen her would now most ardent of her admirers each Sunday at the park. In the summer of 1891 one of feats of daring they had admired.

Must Pay Duty on Dyed Skins. NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—The protest of Stearns & Spingarn of New York City an exhibition during the pyrotechnic display in the park. One hot night in August, while the show was in progress, a tornado swept across Peoria lake, nearby. On the lake at the time was the Frankie Folsom, a big Illinois river excursion boat, with several hundred people aboard. The boat was overturned, and a dozen or more people were drowned. Scores of people floated into the willows and hung there until rescued or until they released their hold and dropped exhausted into the water. First among the rescuers of the sufferers of the Frankie Folsom disaster was Mme. Adair and Jim Baum, then her acknowledged lover. In her room on Frankiln avenue she still preserves a strip of wood from the Frankie Folsom's a strip of wood from the Franki

J. A. Perkins of Antiquity, U., was for thirty years needlessly tortured by physi-cians for the cure of eczema. He was quickly cured by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel

and "managed" his wife on her moneymaking tours. A year ago an abscess developed in Mrs. Baum's side. It was removed by a St. Louis physicion, but she
did not grow well and strong. Last year
she made no ascensions, but did her highwire bicycle act. Recently she has been
unable to work and she declares that a
week ago her husband deserted her. Monday, while she and her sister were away
from her room, her husband returned and
took her bicycle and trapeze bars. Brokert
in health and overcome by melancholla, the
woman sought to end her life. In this she
was unsuccessful. Despite her swollen lips
and the traces of suffering in her face, she

I. A. Perkins of Antiquity, U., was for
thirty years needlessly tortured by physiclans for the cure of eczema. He was
quickly cured by using DeWlit's Witch Hazel
Salve, the famous healing salve for piles and
skin diseanes.

Epidemte of Fatal Fires.
SCOTTDALE, Pa., Dec. 28.—The farm
house of Jacob Stryer in Salt Lick township, Faystic county, was destroyed by
fire last night and Jacob Stryer and his
wife cremated. Their son Jacob narrowly
escaped and was baddy burned. During
the past forty-eight hours eight persons
have been burned to death in Fayette

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