THE EASIEST WAY.

BY RUTH HALL.

Your letter just came to me, Willy,
And you find than you don't forget?
You've tried for three months (oh, you silly!),
And are sure that you love me yet?
Ah! those days were sweet, I acknowledge,
In that dear old town by the sea,
When the head of his class in college
Took a fancy to me.

Don't say that I haven't a heart, Will;
I think of the past with regret;
And though we've so long been apart, still
I too find it hard to forget.
What nonsense I'm writing! Ned Casey
Has broken with Lillian Lee,
And he and Ralph Sands—you know Mary—
Are devoted to me.

Jack Whitney has come into money;
And so has Nell Page; by the way,
She married old Dale—ain't it funny?
He's seventy if he's a day.
Her trousseau, of course, came from Paris;
Her bridesmaids were Maggie McKee,
The Weston girls, Beatrice Harris,
Celia Carter, and me.

Another, they say, in September
Will be the event of the year.
The groom is young Boyd—you remember
Your trio: Boyd, Billiards, and Beer?
'Tis Grace wed to Gold, says Dame Grundy;
That his gifts are a night to see;
That she tries on her dress on Monday;
That it's ordered by me;

That mine's the opinion that's asked for
The flowers, the feast, and the wine;
That my poor little wife are tasked for
The entire performance, in fine.
The happy girl isn't Grace Greeley,
Nor even my cousin Marie;
They say—you know tongues run so freely—
That the bride, too, is me.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

HER BOATMAN.

BY SARA B. ROSE.

It was a moonlit night. The river, dark and sullen, moved in its rocky bed like some gigantic serpent half overcome by the lethargy of sleep.

Here and there the moonbeams fell upon the surface of the water, great spots of silvery whiteness, amidst the dark shadows cast by the heavy foliage of the cedar shrubbery which grew between the almost perpendicular rocks of the high banks.

Fifty feet above the surface of the water they reared themselves, and at one point they jutted forward as if to salute each other, while the river beneath them deepened and narrowed.

At this point a bridge had once been thrown across—a bridge which had become a complete ruin, one timber alone remaining to mark the spot, one long and narrow beam—it could not have been more than six inches in width—still maintained its place, and in mute language informed the stranger that once there had been connection between Rocky Hill and the mountains upon the other side.

Upon the surface of the river there was a small row-boat containing a slender, crouching form wrapped in a dark cloak.

From the top of the bank upon either side this row-boat would have been invisible, but it was there, making its way up and down past the rocky buttress which upheld the beam, always avoiding the moonlit spots upon the river.

The sounds of carousal were usurping the place of the quiet of the night, the drunken jest and the coarse laughter breaking in upon the sentimental notes of "Home, Sweet Home"—sung, you would have swerved, by some lonely youth who was far from the scenes of his boyhood—came plainly to the ears of this silent watcher upon the river, who, it seemed, would not tear herself away from the sounds which came from the saloon upon the river's bank.

Once only did the moonbeams fall upon her fair, upturned face.

It was the face of a woman who should never have been in that wild, lonely spot, listening for the sound of a voice which had grown to address her with refined words which were the cruelest of the cruel, falling there upon that lonely river for—she knew not what.

Muriel Warner was the daughter of wealthy parents. She had married when very young a man whom she had worshipped and found the embodiment of manly worth and the perfection of manly beauty. Friends and relatives had crowded about her with devious congratulations, and for a time her life was perfect happiness.

But a change had come. Fred Warner was not what he had seemed. Only a few short weeks of happiness and the loathsome husband plunged into the vilest dissipation. Friends remained to her as long as the money remained, and then they began to hint that perhaps Muriel was not altogether blameless.

There was something which the spirited wife would not stand. She broke with relatives and friends, and clung to the degraded man who was her husband. From one city to another he had dragged her with him, and now he had deserted her and she had followed him.

He was the cultivated voice which warbled of "Home, Sweet Home," while his wife was a penniless, half-crazed creature, sat upon the river.

And she was penniless, for, regardless of food or shelter, she had paid out her last cent for the use of the boat which brought her, unseen, yet nearer to him.

A quick, sharp report broke in upon the mellow voice of the singer.

It was repeated again and again.

It was the report of a revolver. Muriel could hear the excited shouts, the heavy tramping of feet, the banging of a door, and then the weird cry, "*Murder.*"

Half paralyzed the frightened woman rushed upon her oars just under the beam which had once belonged to the old bridge.

The sound of heavy feet rapidly approaching came from the bank close at hand, and then a dark form rushed out between her and the moonlit sky above her.

It was a man's figure and he was attempting to cross the river upon the narrow beam.

Excited shouts and the tramp of hurried feet followed him to the river's brink.

"Stop!" shouted a voice. "I arrest you for murder."

No reply came from the escaping figure which sped nimbly along its narrow way.

A sharp chorus of revolvers followed; shot after shot was fired, and then the dark figure wavered, the hands grasped wildly at the air, and then there was a fall.

The water deluged Muriel with a shower of drops as the body entered the water. Shouts and the excitant retreating voices above her held her attention until she felt something creeping into the boat behind her.

She turned and uttered a faint shriek.

A man, and more than likely the murderer, had taken possession of her little craft.

"Give me the oars" said a stern musical voice.

"You are not wounded then?" she said, shrinking away from the dripping figure.

"I am not wounded," returned the voice, and then silently the boat was rowed into the darkest shadows and up the stream.

Minutes, after minutes crept by. The moon rose down, darkness fell entirely over the mountain views of the river and yet the voyage continued.

The boat rowed down the stream, the stream grew narrower, and at last the voyager turn the craft about up to her shore.

"I think that you have shot some one," said Muriel, endeavoring partially from the feeling which had crept over her and she had followed him.

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"I think that you have shot some one," said Muriel, endeavoring partially from the feeling which had crept over her and she had followed him.

"You are right. To-night I became the murderer of Fred Warner."

"Fred Warner is my husband, and I was in the river listening to his voice," she said, in the same calm tone.

You will listen to his voice no more. The woman that he brought to Rocky Hill is my wife."

And then Muriel knew the name of the man who had rowed her boat that night.

It was Ralph Resseguie, the banker and the millionaire, whose home and happiness her husband had ruined.

She had never met him before, but she had heard often of his generosity and of his great wealth.

"God have mercy to-night upon four of His miserable creatures," she said, still calmly.

"Three," corrected Resseguie, grimly. "Muriel Warner, I know the entire history of your life. I learned it while I was hunting your husband down. I ask no sympathy. I have done a deliberate murder. I do not wish you to conceal the mode of my escape. Fred Warner was your husband. He would have returned to you after a time. I have made this impossible. You have neither home nor friends. I have money, the accused stuff with which I bought my false wife. In a short time I shall be hung for this murder. I have no relatives on whom to bestow my wealth. It will all go to strangers. Accept this packet then; it is yours to do with as you think best, and I cannot but be thankful for the chance which has thrown you in my way."

A packet dropped into Muriel Warner's lap as these words were spoken. The boat rocked slightly as the tall figure sprang upon the shore, and then she was alone in the darkness upon the river.

After this she wandered about the world, a woman whose life and feelings seemed benumbed forever. She knew what had happened at Rocky Hill, but she had no desire to return there and gaze upon the dead face of her husband. She had no wish to return to the friends who had grown cold when misfortune came upon her. She knew that Ralph Resseguie had made her a wealthy woman, but she felt none of the scruples which she once would have felt about accepting his money.

She never spoke of that night in the boat to any with whom she came in contact. She never heard whether Ralph Resseguie was captured or not. She never knew what became of his miserable wife.

Her past life seemed a half-forgotten dream, and she was only dimly conscious of the reality of anything.

At 35 years of age, Muriel Warner was a beautiful and cultured woman. She had visited nearly all of the countries of the old world. Acquaintances she made, but never friends, and these often wondered when in reply to their inquiries she would say:

"I never read a newspaper. I never write nor receive a letter."

But her time of awakening came, and the one to stir the dormant emotions of her woman's heart was a stranger, and a man.

It was at the Bahama Islands where she first met Norman Van Ness.

He was 40 years of age—a Hercules in the fullness of his manhood, and he seemed to be attracted, nay, to love her from the very first.

Her deep blue eyes soon grew to watch for him, and became soft and tender beneath the light in his dark ones, and with the growth of her new love many of the feelings of her youth came back to her.

Father and mother, long forgotten, became dear once more to her, and often she caught herself thinking.

"If he ever speaks, and if after I have told him all, we are ever married, I will get him to take me home to my parents."

But he did not speak. Weeks grew into months, and the longed-for love-words never came. Muriel's heart again began quivering with pain. She knew now that its numbness had departed forever.

Sometimes she felt that she ought to move on; to get away from influences which more than likely would prove saddening to her, but she could not at once bring herself to do this.

While she was debating the subject in her mind the crisis came.

A storm had been sweeping over the Bahamas, a vessel was going to pieces upon the reef. Muriel was out upon the wave-washed shore, her eyes bright and her cheeks rosy with excitement. Her golden brown hair had been loosened by the driving wind, and she was that rare but delicious creature, a woman beautiful when she is mature.

Norman Van Ness was by her side, and Muriel expressed a wish to row out near to the life-saving boats which were battling with the waves, and overladen with human beings whom they had rescued in a half-drowned state.

"Let me be your boatman," pleaded Van Ness, and Muriel could not repress her thoughts, which whispered to her of that long-forgotten night when her husband's murderer had been her boatman.

The strong man took his place at the oars. Out over the waters they rowed together, the dreadful past rising so strongly before the woman that she had no thought of the man so near to her.

"Muriel," said he in a low voice; "Muriel, Muriel, I love you, I love you, but I have no right to say these words to you. Muriel, have you never thought that I might be Ralph Resseguie?"

"Can it be?" she said, slowly. "I did not see your face by daylight, you know."

"Yes, it is I, a married man and a murderer, but still I love you, Muriel."

"And I love you," she said, in a tone of despair.

They were nearing the life-boats now, and one of the crew shouted:

"Van Ness, we cannot go back just yet, and here is a man and a woman who need immediate attention, if they are not already dead. We will put them in your boat, and you can take them ashore."

Ready hands laid the dripping bodies in the bottom of the boat, and with strong strokes and averted head Ralph Resseguie pulled for the shore.

When they were nearing land he glanced for the first time at his burden.

"My God, my wife!" he cried.

"And Fred Warner," said Muriel, with a thrill of relief and horror.

It was true. Fred Warner had not died, and the deed which had made these two wanderers upon the face of the earth, had been a farce, after all.

The days of the guilty pair on earth were numbered. Mabel Resseguie never recovered consciousness. Fred Warner lived a few days, long enough to ask the forgiveness of the two he had wronged, and then expired.

Ralph Resseguie and Muriel Warner were married, and returned to Muriel's old home, where in the sunshine of happiness the dark days of their lives were forgotten.

MAGGIE MITCHELL, it is said, looks as young as ever. When Maggie was really young she yearned to play Juliet and kindred parts, says the Boston *Times*, but yielded to advice and assumed the line of characters with which she has become identified.

A CARRIAGE-RUG for the baby is of alternate strips of red and white in Afghan stitch, bordered with red and finished with knotted red fringe. In each of the white strips is a trailing design of lilies worked in red, in cross-stitch.

THE real lucky fisherman is the one who doesn't catch the rheumatism.

FASHION'S REIGN.

Chat About Styles, Materials, and Colors of Feminine Apparel.

SOME CAPRICES OF FASHION.

A Variety of Information on the All-Important Female Question, What Shall We Wear?

Linen Collars.

Linen collars with turned-over points are popular; the tiny point has been worn, but it is so neat and jaunty that it is still worn. A later collar has very deep turned-over points, the points are the depth of the collar, they look well with high-open dog collars, but not with an ordinary dress collar. Embroidered collars are also shown, but as yet they are not so much worn as the plain linen. Linen ruchings which are flat resemble a collar when on the neck. They are colored, and red and white and red and blue are the favorite colors.

Elegant Lace Handkerchiefs.

The latest handkerchief is one edged with a very narrow border of Dutchess lace. The patterns are very dainty and the corners are turned with a pointed piece in the pattern which is deeper than the rest.

Point handkerchiefs are to be worn by those who can afford to put a good round sum in trifles of the toilet. The lace itself is about two inches deep and the whole handkerchief is small.

Handkerchiefs of the above sort are not much in the pocket; they embellish the hand, or laid in a heap with the fan, or they are elegant to drop if there are no masculine feet too nigh. (A woman would never step on lace). They are a pretty finish, and a nice handkerchief is quite a comfortable luxury.

Elegant Black Toilets.

Black dresses for evening have a low velvet corsage, with tulle skirts that have flounces across the front and sides, while the full tulle back breadths are striped lengthwise with velvet ribbon three or four inches wide. The fancy for silver trimming is seen in a beaded passementerie that edges the waist at top and bottom, and in silver bow-knots that are mounted above the festooned flounces that cross the front, each scallop being further marked by a long-stemmed-rose—pale pink or else yellow—not quite full-blown, and posed with the flower hanging down. Short black tulle dresses have layers of tulle in ballet-dress fashion, with the only decoration a bouquet of pale roses on one hip or on both, and *flot* bows of moire ribbon. A trailing vine of roses crosses the low corsage like an order, beginning on the right shoulder, and crossing to the waist-line on the left.

Dress Handkerchiefs.

Besides lace handkerchiefs there are some beautiful ones with a draw thread or two, or with two tiny tucks, or with a slight tracery embroidery. These are all dress handkerchiefs and are very pretty. Very fine handkerchiefs with scalloped edges are new and are dainty. They come in all white, and then the colors are sometimes solid and again they are mixed. One of these had the scallops done in orange, and the border embroidery in cardinal and black. One with a blue edge had the wreath-like border in blue and pink, Besides these there are others in red and white, orange and black, pink and cardinal, brown and yellow, and so on through the list; in the words of a purchaser, "they are so pretty and so very stylish-looking."

Children's handkerchiefs have borders which are not very deep; the more brilliant colors are selected for both boys and girls.

New Ball Fabrics.

Some of the greatest efforts have been made to devise novelties in materials for evening wear.

Used as we have seen to delicate colors, materials, and patterns, we will have all combined for this winter. The most delicate tints in tulle are shown, both plain and ornamented with chenile and beads.

A lavender tulle, with a quince-shaped outline filled with lavender chenile dots, is a new pattern which combines beauty and grace. Lavender tulle and net with pearl beads is another style. A shell pink net, with a blue wax bead, is a new combination.

But the newest thing out in thin goods is a silky looking tissue, with crosswise stripes made by closing the tissue at regular intervals. The only color on our counters is a tint which is neither cream nor tobacco brown, but between the two. It is a lovely fabric used alone or to combine with other frail fabrics.

Colored, raised chenile patterns on light tints of tulle are also shown, and will be used as trimmings to plain tulle.

Black Satin and Passementeries.

Black satin dresses of very rich quality are decorated with steel or with silver passementeries, and made up in the new severe styles for afternoon visiting dresses. The passementeries in pointed designs, or with a short fringe on the lower edge, are laid along the edges of front pleats, of panels, of squares on the hips, of the short box-pleats across the hips, and down the straight edges of the back breadths, where they turn backward as revers. A favorite design with such dresses omits all cross-folds or drapery in front and on the sides, being made of three or four very wide pleats turned forward from each side, meeting at the belt, and falling open below to disclose a smooth V-shaped panel in front that is crossed at the foot with three rows of fringe, especially the new fringe of silk cord, with jet, or silver, or steel beads in drops on each strand. The pointed passementerie then trims each wide pleat along the edge. Another distinguished design has the smooth, satin panel in front, extending back at the top to form a great box-pleat across each hip, all edged with steel fringe; while below this on each side is a full, straight breadth, gathered in two bunches of shirring half-way down, and edged with fringe at the foot.

Late Fads in Jewelry.

THE English twist bracelet is now one of the leading styles.

THE small enameled forget-me-not now serves as a scarf pin.

THE diamond band ring is one of the most popular styles of the day.

ENAMELED apple-blossoms in creamy tints are favorite flowers for pins.

AMONG the flowers now utilized for pins is the gay tulip in brilliant enamel.

THE English violet pin with oscillating dewdrop is one of the hits of the season.

A SPRAY of jessamine in enamel, with glittering diamond-set leaves, make a pretty pin.

BALLS on queen chains are now covered with the favorite forget-me-not in varied tints.

A DRAGON-FLY, with green enamel wings and diamond-set back, is a new design in pins.

AMONG new ideas in clocks is found the æsthetic sunflower with dial in place of the yellow center.

A CRESCENT of garnet, with a pearl or diamond representing a star, is one of the prettiest of recent novelties in garnet rings.

PADLOCK and key and horseshoe designs are now seen in clocks, the latter in bronze finish, with the clock in the toe of the shoe.

VELVET pins representing grasshoppers are a new form of insect pin. The ruby head and legs, diomand-set body and pearl wings make the imitation almost perfect.

TEN thousand five hundred pounds sterling is the figure at which several European journals value a pigeon-blood ruby that is now being shown to the crowned heads by an English firm.

A NEW pin consists of two crescents set with sapphires and joined at their horns by a star, each crescent including a moon-stone face in its concave. The single crescent in the same style makes a pretty brooch to match.

Fancies in Dress.

UNDER-PETTICOATS of silk in dark and light colors, white and black, are made with gathered pink flounces.

FUR will be much used for trimming both house and walking costumes, light, soft fur taking the precedence.

THREE sizes of buttons are used in costumes—large for skirts, medium for jackets, and small for closing bodices.

BLACK wooden beads, sequins, and other pendants adorn galloons and edging braids used on mourning dresses.

WIDE braids, bands of applique galloon and other border trimmings are used on the bottom of the skirt as well as to form panels on frocks of cloth, wool fabrics, Sicilienne, and even plain silk, when made up for demi-toilets.

SLENDER gold threads are frequently seen crossing each other at right angles in the new indefinite plaids of the richer kinds that are formed of bars of cut and uncut velvet or plush on ground wool serge, diagonal, chevron, or herring-bone stripes.

RED remains in favor and is shown in a variety of shades, terra cotta, brick, poppy, ruby, cherry, and cardinal being a few of the darker shades. Rose-pink, plush, salmon, and shrimp, are the evening tints, and strawberry and raspberry are again seen.

A CAPOTE of brown plush is trimmed with old-gold tulle Russe, which is laid in folds about the brim. Two large bows of the tulle and an aigrette of gold-colored feathers are arranged a little to the left of the front. Wide strings of the tulle complete the trimming.

REDINGOTES slightly varied in cut are to continue in vogue. Some of them will be trimmed with ornaments and passementerie, and will have the plaits lined with corded silk. They will also be embroidered and have the backs and fronts differing from each other.

A BLACK figured cloth mantle has the designs outlined with jet. It is of rounded shape, scarcely longer in front than at the back. It is bordered with two rows of wide lace beaded with passementerie. The cape sleeves (beginning at the waist-line) and the high collar are trimmed to correspond.

IT is becoming a custom with some of the leading modistes, when executing a large order, to place a dainty pincushion in the box which carries the bonnets to their destination. When the millinery is to be worn at a wedding the materials used in the fabrication of the cushion are a replica of those which enter into the headgear of the bridesmaids.

THE small balls and carved designs seen upon combs are now yielding the palm to those of chased tortoise-shell. This style of head decoration is also increasing in size, as the fashion of dressing the hair is progressing toward a greater height, while it is not unusual to find as many as four or five of these combs arranged on the top of the head. They likewise prove useful lower down, in holding the twist of the hair and supporting the bonnet.

AT one of the President's recent receptions one gray-headed gentleman, whose long white beard extended below the bottom of his waistcoat, placed his mouth close to the President's ear and said in a voice loud enough to be heard in the most extreme corner of the room: "You are the best President this country has ever had, and the people in my section of Pennsylvania are stronger than ever for you." The man was quite deaf and really thought he was whispering. Mr. Cleveland found considerable difficulty in making himself understood in replying to the compliment, and as a last resort was compelled to indicate his appreciation by a vigorous and repeated nodding of the head. There was one small boy who, as he took the President's hand, said to him that he had once met him in New York. Mr. Cleveland looked at the lad for a full minute, then called him by name and mentioned the time and place the little body had called upon him. The President's faculty for remembering names and faces is remarkable. The boy had called to see him with his mother on last Decoration Day, when the President was stopping at the Gilsey House, and had seen him but for a minute or two.

"AFTER all," says an actor, "the members of the profession should be thankful for the oldest nut bell. Texas audiences now express their disgust at bad shows by ringing them. They are a great improvement over pistols."

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expressage, and $3 carriage hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

613 rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A Patient Wife.

"I have heard," said the kind-hearted Austin female philanthropist to the woman who lived in a dilapidated shanty in the suburbs, whose head was tied up, and who had one arm in a sling, "I have heard that your husband beats you, and I thought I would consult with you to see if we could not restrain him."

"You are mistaken, madam; my husband never beats me. We have lived together fifteen years, and he has never beat me yet," and the woman adjusted her arm in the sling.

"I am so glad to hear that I am mistaken," replied the female philanthropist.

"No," continued the woman, sadly, putting the bandage over her eye, "he has never struck me a blow yet. He has kicked me in a dozen different places forty different times, he has taken me by my two ears and bumped my head on the floor, or on the corner of the mantelpiece, he has poured hot water down my back, pulled out my hair by the handful, and he has stuck pins in me a time or so; he feeds the horse on my new spring bonnet, but he has never beat me yet, and, until he does, I don't think I ought to complain." —*Texas Siftings.*

A prominent farmer of Bowling Green, Howard County, Md., Mr. J. T. Ridgely, said his four children were sick with sore throat and coughs at the same time. Red Star Cough Cure cured them in a week. No opiates.

A CONTENTED man is better than riches; and yet you can't buy a brick block nor pay a board bill with it.

Baby falls and bumps its head,
Baby bawls, they think it's dead,
Mamma gets St. Jacobs Oil,
Rubs the baby; stops turmoil.

The Melodious Hand Organ.

The poet Grillpazger says of Vienna: "Happy the young man of artistic endowments who can live in Vienna. His imagination will here receive food and stimulants in the life of the people and every possible way; but the ripening man belongs to the more stable North. The air of Vienna is too balmy, the women too beautiful, and Strauss's music warms the blood too much. We lack the dot on the 'i' in all our serious work, oft, perhaps, because a hand-organ is just playing our favorite melody on the street."

THE way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.—*Socrates.*

The Weaker Sex

Are immensely strengthened by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all female derangements, and gives tone to the system. Sold by druggists.

THE most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging; alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.—*Lessing.*

HANSOM cabs are run in Philadelphia by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and passengers are carried to nearly any point in the city for 25 cents, or two persons for the same price.

THE estimated annual output of paper mills in the United States is 1,266,096,000 pounds.

WHEN everything else fails, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

CHURCH collections are a sort of a catch penny affair.

BUCKINGHAM'S Dye for the Whiskers is easily applied, and colors brown or black.

IT takes very little expedition and energy to catch a cold.

FOR dyspepsia, indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

TALK is cheap—except you employ a stenographer.—*Somerville Journal.*

A Guilty Sacrifice

Should never be made, but ambition and enterprise deserve reward. Wherever you are located you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and learn about work that you can do and live at home, earning thereby from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over $50 in a day. All particulars free. Both sexes. All ages. Capital not needed; you are started free. All is new. Those who start at once cannot help rapidly making snug little fortunes.

Prize Stories.

The Youth's Companion maintains its reputation for publishing the best Serial and Short Stories, as well as striking stories of adventure. The next volume will contain the eight prize stories selected as the best from over 5,000 manuscripts sent in competition. The first Serial Story to appear, beginning in January, will be "Blind Brother," in eight chapters, fully illustrated. Every one will want to read it. If $1.75 is sent now, it will pay for the paper to January, 1888.

"ROUGH ON RATS"

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, beetles, insects, skunks, jack rabbits, sparrows, gophers. 15c. At druggists.

"ROUGH ON CORNS."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." Quick relief, complete cure. Corns, warts, bunions. 15c.

"ROUGH ON ITCH."

"Rough on Itch" cures skin humors, eruptions, ring worm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains, itch, ivy poison, barber's itch. 50c jars.

"ROUGH ON CATARRH"

Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic cases; also unequaled as gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.

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