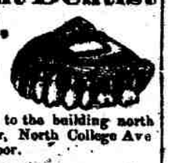
Resident Dentist

Dr. J. W. CRAIN.



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I HAVE JUST OPENED a new Stable on 3d street, Bloomington, Ind., at John Alexander's old stable and have on hand Buggies, Carts, Carriages, Spring Wagons, and Hacks for sale, or to exchange for stock. I will pay the highest market prices for mules and horses. Don't fail to call and see me before you leave town, as it will be to your interest.
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I have the largest and best selected stock ever brought to Bloomington, and will sell you goods cheaper than any one. I have a fine display of

Chamber Suites,

PARLOR SUITES, LOUNGES
FANCY CHAIRS, BABY WAGONS
CARPET SWEEPERS, MIRRORS,
PICTURE FRAMES. ORGANS kept in stock, and sold on monthly payments. I have the Household Sewing Machine the best Machine made, and the cheapest. I also keep

Clothing for Funerals

which only costs about one-half as much as other clothing. Come and see me, north side of square, in Waldron's Block

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THE WOODLAND RILL.

BY ARTHUR E. SMITH.

We wander down the aisles of pine,
And turn the brow of the hill,
And there within the wooded vale
Swift flows the woodland rill.
Its banks are lined with briar and vine,
And graceful arching trees,
Whose sun-kissed leaves and cooling shade
Invite the summer breeze.

At early morn, when the bright sun
Rounds slowly into sight,
And floods the woods and vales around
With a rich, golden light,
The timid partridge and her brood
E'er come to take their fill
From this sweet fountain, crystal clear,
This little woodland rill.

We stoop and quench our thirst from where
The waters slowly run,
And where they form a little pool
Sheltered from the sun.
We prize this gift that Nature gives,
These waters cool and clear,
Which leap and sparkle through the vale
The whole of the long year.

Pure as the tear which sorrow draws
From the eye's hidden well,
Pure as the dew of heaven caught
In the modest lily's bell,
And purer than the rain which clouds
Scatter o'er vale and hill
Are the laughing, sparkling waters of
This little woodland rill.

Here lovers meet, at night's fond hour,
To hold communion sweet,
Here hunters cool their heated brows,
And rest their weary feet,
Here beauty lingers longest, here
Are first seen smiles of spring,
And here the joyous birds of song
Their sweetest anthems sing.

Fair woodland stream! a charm thou hast
For all who do thee love!
Round thee, with light and joyous wing,
Fancy doth ever move!
We count life dear if we can not
From Nature pleasures cull;
But thou art glad, for thou dost breathe
E'er of the Beautiful!

APPLETON, Wis.

The Piccadilly Puzzle.

THE STORY OF A TERRIBLE EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.

By F. W. HUME

CHAPTER III—Continued.

The case seemed to be more mysterious than ever; instead of the maid it was the mistress. Dowker took a photograph of the deceased and gave it to Lydia.

"Who is that?" he asked, eagerly.

"Miss Sarschine," she replied, quickly; "but what is the matter with her face?"

"Swollen by poison."

"Poison?"

"Yes; on Monday last she was found lying dead in Jermyn street, killed by a poisoned dagger."

"Last Monday night!" said Lydia, with a gasp, "that was the last time I saw her."

"Look here," said Dowker, quietly, "you'd better tell me all about it. I am employed in the case, and I want to discover who murdered your mistress; so tell me all you know."

Lydia Fenny, who seemed to possess strong nerves, sat down and began to speak deliberately.

"I will tell you everything, and help you to bring the murderer of my poor mistress to justice, but I don't know any one who would have killed her. She lived a very quiet life and had few friends. Lord Calliston came here very frequently, and she was very much in love with him. Where she came from I don't know, as I have only been with her about a year, but he often told her he would make her his wife, and she was always imploring him to do so. About three months ago he met some great lady—"

"Lady Balscombe?"

"Yes, that was the name—and fell in love with her. He neglected Miss Sarschine and she reproached him. There was a lot of trouble and quarreling between them, and Lord Calliston stayed away a good bit. Three weeks ago I went away for a holiday, and when I came back I found my mistress in a terrible state. She had discovered in some way that Lord Calliston had determined to elope with Lady Balscombe, and go off to the Azores in his yacht. Miss Sarschine was mad with rage; she said she would kill them both, and then thought she'd play a trick upon Lord Calliston and go off with him instead. This was on Monday last."

"The time of the murder," murmured Dowker.

"She went to Lord Calliston's rooms in Piccadilly and found out from his valet that he intended to leave town that evening for Shoreham, where his yacht was lying, and that Lady Balscombe was to follow him early next morning. So she came back here, and, waiting till the evening, dressed herself and put on my hat, as less conspicuous than her own. She intended to catch the ten minutes past nine train from London Bridge Station, and go right on board Lord Calliston's yacht and insist upon his sailing and leaving Lady Balscombe in the lurch. She went out about seven with that intention, and since then I have heard nothing of her. I thought she had carried out her scheme and gone off with Lord Calliston to the Azores."

"Did you not hear of the Germyn street murder?"

"Yes, casually, but I never thought of connecting it with my mistress, and all the servants here live very quietly, so they would never think Miss Sarschine was the victim."

"What was she doing in Jermyn street?"

"I can't tell you. Lord Calliston has rooms in Piccadilly, so perhaps she went there first and then through Jermyn street on her way to the station."

"You do not know any one who had a grudge against her?"

"No—no one."

Dowker arose to his feet.

"I will call and see you again," he said, "but meanwhile give me Lord Calliston's address in Piccadilly and I will find out if Miss Sarschine was at his rooms on that night."

Lydia Fenny, who was now crying, gave the necessary address and followed him to the door.

"One moment," said Dowker, stopping. "Where is the dagger that used to be on the wall?"

Lydia looked round for the weapons and gave a cry of astonishment.

"They are gone."

"I have the one, but the other—where is it?"

"Miss Sarschine took it down on Monday, and said if Calliston did not take her with him she'd kill him."

"Kill him—not herself?"

"No, she had no idea of committing suicide. What are you going to do with the other?"

"Try it on a dog, and find out if the symptoms of death are the same; then I will know the companion dagger to this was the cause of your mistress' death."

"But who would take it from her and use it?"

"That's what I've got to find out. She must have met some one in Jermyn street who killed her with it."

"It can't be suicide?"

"Hardly. The wound is in the jugular vein in the neck, so it could hardly have been self-inflicted. Besides, she would not choose a public street to die in."

"When shall I see you again?"

"After I have found out what took place in the Piccadilly chambers on Monday last."

And Dowker departed, very well satisfied with the result of his inquiries.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PICCADILLY ROOMS.

Calliston occupied a suite of rooms in a side street leading off Piccadilly; and very comfortable apartments they were, being luxuriously furnished in the prevailing fashion of the day. His sitting-room was hung with dark-red curtains and carpet to match, and the furniture being of the kind designed to promote ease and comfort, it looked very snug, particularly at night. There was a desk in one corner of the room piled up with a disorderly heap of papers. Over this were fencing-foils and boxing gloves, arranged against the wall, and the pictures mostly consisted of photographs of pretty women and paintings of celebrated horses. There was a small table near the fireplace on which lay pipes, cigar-boxes, and tobacco jars, and on a side-board a spirit stand, which was much in favor with Calliston's friends. A small book-case contained an assortment of French novels, principally of the Zola and Mendes school, and, judging from the shabby appearance of the books, must have been pretty well read. The whole apartment had a dissipated air, and the atmosphere was still impregnated with a faint odor of stale tobacco-smoke. Opening off this apartment were a dressing-room and bedroom, and, though the whole menage was somewhat limited, yet it made up in quality what it lacked in quantity.

When Calliston was away his Lares and Penates were looked after by a worthy lady, who rejoiced in the name of Mrs. Povy, generally known by the name of Totty. She was elderly, very stout, with a round red face, the tint of which was due to health and not drink, as she seldom imbibed anything stronger than tea. Totty was addicted to a kind of regulation uniform, consisting of a black dress, a huge white apron, and a muslin cap, set coquettishly on the side of her elderly head. She was one of these quaint old motherly creatures who never offended, no matter what they say, and she frequently lectured Calliston on the irregularity of his life, which that noble lord accepted with an amused laugh.

The late Mr. Povy had long since departed this life, and having been what is vulgarly known as a warm man, had left Totty comfortably off, so that lady occupied her present position more from choice than necessity. She had a gruff voice, and her casual remarks had the sound of positive commands, which she found of great use with refractory servants.

Totty learned from the papers that Lord Calliston had gone off to the Azores with Lady Balscombe, and expressed her disapproval of his action in the most emphatic manner to Mrs. Swizzle (a friend of her youth) as they sat over their four o'clock tea.

"Ah," said Totty, fixing her eyes pensively on the little black teapot, "it ain't no good being a reformatory. The way I've talked to him about his goings on, and now look at his goings off."

"Perhaps he couldn't help himself," said Mrs. Swizzle, who was tall and thin, and spoke in a kind of subdued whistle.

At this moment there came a ring at the door, and Totty hurrying away to attend to it, Mrs. Swizzle made the best use of her time by eating up the buttered toast as rapidly as she could.

When Mrs. Povey opened the door she was confronted by a lank figure in gray, which was none other than Dowker, come to prosecute his inquiries concerning Miss Sarschine.

"Well," inquired Totty, gruffly, annoyed at being disturbed, "and what do you want?"

Dowker gazed on the substantial figure before him and sighed.

"A few words with you about Lord Calliston," he said, softly.

"What's up?" she gasped. "Has Lord Calliston bin doing anything wrong?"

"No, no," replied Dowker, soothingly. "I only want to obtain some information about Miss Sarschine."

"I don't know that kind of pusson," said Totty, angrily.

"Never mind if you know her or not," retorted Dowker, sternly, "but answer my questions."

Mrs. Povy sniffed and would have refused, but there was something in the detective's eye which quelled her, so she yielded an ungracious assent.

"When did Lord Calliston leave town for his yacht?"

"About a week ago—on Monday last."

"Where was his yacht lying?"

"At Shoreham. He went to London Bridge Station to catch the ten minutes past nine train. His yotsh was to leave next morning.

"Did he go alone?"

"As far as I know," retorted Totty. "If Lady Balscombe went with him you can see it in the papers. I know no more than that!"

"How often did Miss Sarschine call on Monday?"

"Once, in the afternoon, to see Lord Calliston."

"Did she see him?"

"No; he was out, so she said she'd call again in the evening."

"And did she?"

"Yes; but Lord Calliston had gone about eight o'clock to catch his train. I suppose she thought he wouldn't go till next morning."

"Did she know he was going to elope with Lady Balscombe?"

"Not that I know of."

"Did she see any one when she came the second time?"

"Yes; Mr. Desmond, my Lord's cousin."

"What time was that?"

"About twelve—between eleven and twelve."

Dowker pondered a little. So she called here to see Calliston just before she was murdered, and saw Desmond. Now, the question was, what had Desmond to do with the affair?

"Was Mr. Desmond here on that evening by accident?"

"No; he told me he had come to give Miss Sarschine a message from Lord Calliston."

"You did not overhear their conversation?"

"Me!" growled Totty, indignantly, "I never listen—but when she was leaving they were having a row."

"About what time?"

"I think at ten minutes after twelve."

"Did she go out alone?"

"Yes; Mr. Desmond followed shortly afterward."

"Did he say anything?"

"No; not a word."

Dowker felt puzzled. It was evident Desmond had given her a message from Calliston that made her angry, and she left the house in a rage, but then this did not connect any one with a design to murder her. Suddenly he remembered that Ellersby had mentioned that he had met Desmond coming up St. James street a short time before the body was found. Was it possible that he had killed Miss Sarschine and was then coming away from the scene of his crime? Impossible, because the doctor said the woman must have been dead some hours. And yet he might have killed her and gone down St. James street to avert suspicion; and then come up again when he thought the coast would be clear. Unfortunately, he had met Ellersby, and then—well, Dowker made up his mind he would go and see Ellersby, find out what he could about the meeting, and afterward call on Myles Desmond. He perhaps might give some satisfactory explanation of his interview with Miss Sarschine, and account for his presence after the interview. If he did not, well, it would appear suspicious.

While these thoughts were rapidly passing through his mind, Totty had her eyes fastened eagerly on him.

"Well, now I've answered all your questions," she said, "perhaps you'll tell me what it all means?"

"Murder!"

Mrs. Povy became quite excited, for she had a keen relish for horrors.

"Lor'! Who's dead—not Lord Calliston?"

"No; Miss Sarschine."

"Miss Sarschine!"

"Yes; she was murdered shortly after she left these rooms and after her interview with Mr. Desmond."

"Oh, he is innocent, I'm sure," said Mrs. Povy, eagerly. "What on earth should he want to kill her for? Besides, he's in love with Miss Penfold."

"Oh, and she, I understand, was going to marry Lord Calliston."

"I don't believe she'd ever have married him," said Totty, disbelievingly; "she's that fond of Mr. Desmond, as never was. Where are you going?"

"To attend to business," replied Dowker, "and, by the way, where does Mr. Desmond live?"

"You ain't going to arrest him for this murder?" shrieked Totty.

"No—no—there's no evidence," retorted Dowker, lightly. "Where does he live?"

"Primrose Crescent, in Bloomsbury," replied Mrs. Povy.

The detective took the address and went down stairs, followed by Mrs. Povy.

"You don't think Mr. Desmond did it, sir?" began Totty, "for a more——"

"I don't think anything," said Dowker, putting on his hat. "You'll hear soon enough what is done."

As he hurried away Mrs. Povy shut the door and returned to her room, where she implored Mrs. Swizzle to mix her a glass of brandy.

"I've 'ad such a turn," she wailed, "as never was. Oh, it's a blessing Povy died afore he saw his wife mixed up with them nasty police."

CHAPTER V.

A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

Dowker walked along Piccadilly thinking deeply about the curious aspect the case was now assuming. As far as he could make out, Myles Desmond was the last person who saw Miss Sarschine alive, and he having gone out a few minutes after the interview, it seemed as though he had followed her. The only thing to be done was to see Ellersby, and as he was stopping at the Guelph Hotel, Dowker went along in that direction. He followed the same path as he surmised the dead woman must have taken, but what puzzled him was the reason she had for going into Jermyn street.

"After she found out Calliston had gone off with Lady Balscombe," he muttered, "the most obvious course would be for her to go home, but she evidently did not intend to do so. I wonder if she walked or took a cab? Walked, I suppose. Let me see; it was a foggy night, and she got lost, that is the explanation. But then this man or woman she met; it must have been a friend, as she would hardly have stopped talking to a stranger, unless, indeed, she asked the way. Lord," ejaculated Mr. Dowker, suddenly stopping short, "fancy if this murder turns out to be the work of some tramp; but no, that's bosh; tramps wouldn't use a poisoned dagger—unless they took the one she carried. Hang it! it's the most perplexing case I was ever in."

He had by this time arrived at the Guelph Hotel and sent up his card to Mr. Ellersby. The waiter soon returned with the information that Mr. Ellersby was in and would see him, so he went upstairs and was shown into a sitting-room. At one end near the window sat Spencer Ellersby in a comfortable armchair, smoking a pipe and reading a French novel. A remarkably unpromising bulldog lay at his feet and arose with an ominous growl as Dowker entered the room.

"Lie down, Pickles," said Ellersby to this amiable animal, who obeyed the command in a sulky manner. "Well, Mr. Dowker, what do you want to see me about?"

"That case, sir," said Dowker, taking a seat.

"Oh, of course," replied Ellersby, shrugging his shoulders; "I guessed as much. I thought I'd done with the whole affair at the inquest."

"As far as it then went, sir," said the detective, quickly; "but I've found out a lot more since that time."

"Ah, indeed! The name of the assassin?"

"Not yet, sir—I'll do that later on—but the name of the victim."

"Yes? And it is——"

"Lena Sarschine."

"Hum! And what was she doing in Jermyn street that night?"

"I don't know, sir. That's one of the things I've got to discover."

"Well, what else have you found out, and how did you manage to acquire your information?"

"That was easy enough," said Dowker, confidentially. "I'll just tell you all, sir, for I want you to give me some information."

"Delighted—if I can."

"As to the finding out, sir. The hat worn by the dead 'un had a ticket inside, showing it was made by Mme. Rene, of Regent street. I went there and found out it had been sold to a woman called Lydia Fenny, of Cleopatra Villa, St. John's Wood. I, thinking Lydia Fenny was the victim, went there and found that she was alive, and had lent the hat to her mistress last Monday night."

"Curious thing for a maid to lend her mistress clothes," said Ellersby, smiling. "It's generally the reverse."

"I thing she did it for a disguise, sir," explained Dowker, "because Miss Sarschine went to Lord Calliston's chambers in Piccadilly."

"What for?"

"To get information concerning his elopement with Lady Balscombe."

"The deuce!" said Ellersby, in astonishment. "This is becoming interesting."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Gardening in China.

The following description of the manner in which floating fields and gardens are formed in China was condensed from an article by Dr. Macgowan, which originally appeared in the *China Review*: "In the month of April a bamboo raft, ten or twelve feet long and about half as broad, is prepared. The poles are lashed together with interstices of an inch between each. Over this a layer of straw an inch thick is spread, and then a coating two inches thick of adhesive mud taken from the bottom of a canal or pond, which receives the seed. The raft is moored to the bank in still water, and requires no further attention. The straw soon gives way and the soil also, the roots drawing support from the water alone. In about twenty days the raft becomes covered with the creeper (*Ipomœa reptans*), and its stems and roots are gathered for cooking. In autumn its small, white petals and yellow stamens, nestling among the round leaves, present a very pretty appearance. In some places marshy land is profitably cultivated in this manner. Besides these floating vegetable gardens, there are also floating rice fields. Upon rafts constructed as above, weeds and adherent mud were placed as a flooring, and when the rice shoots were ready for transplanting they were placed in the floating soil, which, being adhesive and held in place by weed roots, the plants were maintained in position throughout the season. The rice thus planted ripened in from sixty to seventy, in place of 100, days. The rafts are cabled to the shore, floating on lakes, pools, or sluggish streams. These floating fields served to avert famines, whether by drought or flood. When other fields were submerged and their crops rotten, these floated and flourished; and when a drought prevailed they subsided with the falling water, and while the soil around was arid, advanced to maturity."

Wanted Inducements.

An old fellow, after standing about the corridor of the Grand Pacific Hotel nearly all day, at last found an opportunity to speak to the clerk.

"I reckon you have noticed me around here."

"I don't know that I have," the clerk answered.

"Why, I've been here all day; but no matter. I have been wanting to speak to you on business, but you have been so busy that I couldn't get a chance. I am from Michigan, and expect to stay in this town nearly a whole week, and I'd like to know what inducements you offer for folks stoppin' at your hotel."

"No inducements except that we do our best to please."

"No discount for cash in advance?"

"None."

"Don't make a man a little present when he leaves, I reckon?"

"No."

"Just let him go on away as a matter of course?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't reckon we can trade. I have lived too long and l'arned too much to throw away money without any inducement."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Carl Pretzel's Philosophy.

Der great succeed of a sinner vas deceetful like der deuce.

Dhere dond vas a shtreet in dis life but vat vas filled mit misfordunes und disabbointments.

Der brincible of integridy vhich shteers a goot feller vas blaindy goot vays from oxeloodin proodence in his conduct of life.

Vhen we vas come der vorldt in we vas bring us notting dherein. Der vay some fellers lif would make der Lord plush when he saw em go out.—*Sunday National.*

CHILI declared its independence of Spain Sept. 10, 1810, and by the decisive victory over the royal forces at Chacabuco, Feb. 12, 1817, broke forever the Spanish connection.

Many Times Killed.

The blow of a bullet will ordinarily paralyze so many nerves and muscles of a white man as to knock him down, even though no vital part be hit. The Indian gives little heed to such wounds, and to "drop him in his tracks" the bullet must reach the brain, the heart or the spine. "I have seen an Indian go off with two bullets through his body," writes Col. Dodge, "within an inch or two of the spine, the only effect of which was to cause him to change his gait from a run to a dignified walk."

A cavalry force of some twenty-five men surprised a small party of Indians in a thick chaparral, through which, however, there were numerous glades and openings. The Indians scattered at once, and the soldiers separated in pursuit.

After some time, when the cessation of firing indicated that the affair was over, the commander had the recall sounded.

Soon one and then another came in, until the whole command was assembled, when, to the gratification of the officer, almost every man claimed to have killed an Indian. They went to collect the bodies.

On reaching the first one it was found that nearly every soldier claimed to have killed him.

A sergeant dismounted and approached the body. The prostrate Indian rose up and dealt a vicious blow with his knife, which the sergeant barely escaped. When the Indian was finally killed, it was discovered that he had not less than twenty wounds.

One bullet, probably the first one, had broken his hip and thrown him from his horse. After that he had shot at every soldier that passed near him, attracting attention and being "killed" again and again, only to rise up and fight the next soldier who came along.

Instead of twenty Indians, the soldiers found one.

Where the Old Ships Go.

A man stepped into one of the shipping offices on Front street the other day to have a look at the *Maritime Register*. An old sea captain who had been reading it remarked, as the visitor laid the sheet aside, after an apparently fruitless inspection, "Don't find what you were looking for, eh?"

"No," was the answer. "I was looking for the B——, but she isn't in this number."

"Old ship?"

"Yes. I sailed in her twenty years ago."

"Oh, well, then she belongs to the Germans by this time."

"How's that?"

"Well, the Germans don't build ships, leastwise not wooden ones, so much as some other people. They buy second-hand ships, and they do most of their buying in America. The German merchants operate on smaller capital than ours, and they can't or won't put as much money into timber as they do here. They have a sharp eye for bargains, too, let me tell you, and when they find a tub that's somewise slow or leaky, but presentable and cheap, they buy her, copper-bottom her, and start her on her travels again. Lord! There's lots of American-built ships flaying the Dutchman's flag at our wharves. Some Norwegians buy 'em, too, but it's mostly Germans that get 'em."

This throws a light on old ships, but pins, piano, and sewing machines are still to be accounted for.

The Too Fluent Converser.

Few things are more vulgar or disagreeable to others than the habit of endeavoring to monopolize the talk of a mixed company. Now, as no well-bred man will ever make himself the subject of conversation, so neither will he seek to engross the whole. As every man had rather please others by what he says, than be himself pleased by what they say—or, in other words, as every man is best pleased with the consciousness of pleasing, so should all have an equal opportunity of aiming at it. A polite man, therefore, will not take more of a general discussion than falls to his share. The information of the company is his apparent aim, not the indulgence of his own pride, or an ambitious desire for victory.—*Texas Siftings.*

Wherever Malaria Exists

The bilious are its certain prey. In intermittent and remittent fever, dumb ague, and ague cake the liver is always seriously affected, and the blood contaminated with bile. One of the chief reasons why Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is such a sure defense against chills and fever and every form of malarial disease is that it does away with liability to the disease, by reforming irregularity of the biliary organ in advance of the arrival of the season when the disease is prevalent. There is no finer fortifying preparative for those about visiting or emigrating to a locality where the miasma-taint exists. There is no certain immunity from disease in an endemic or epidemic form to be secured by the use of the average tonics and anti-spasmodics. But where quinine fails the Bitters succeeds both in preventing and curing. Moreover, it removes every vestige of dyspepsia, and overcomes constipation, rheumatism, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, and tranquillizes and strengthens the nervous system.

Sudden Gush of Sympathy.

"Mamma," said the petted young heiress, "is it true that Auntie Simpson's fever left her quite deaf and nearly blind?"

"That is what your Cousin Simpson writes, dear."

"Let her come and live with us, mamma," pleaded the daughter, with eyes almost tearful in their tender sympathy. "I want her for a chaperon."

Played Out.

Smith—What do you think of the new fad of New York theater managers in playing their audiences out with the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner?"

Jones—All unnecessary.

"Why?"

"After sitting two or three hours listening to one of these foot plays which they call "the American drama," the audience is pretty thoroughly "played out," anyhow.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Swindled Landlord.

Tenant—I don't think I ought to pay any rent for this month."

Landlord—Why not?

"Because the roof leaks so that the water runs down the wall."

"What! There is running water on the premises? You will have to pay $5. I wonder how long you have been enjoying water privileges at my expense.—*Texas Siftings.*

We will give $100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

He Was Touched.

A—Wiggles is a tough man. He has a heart of flint. I don't believe anything could touch him.

B—I saw him once when he was touched.

"Where was that?"

"On the race course. A pickpocket 'touched' him for his watch."—*Texas Siftings.*

Opposed to Ground Floors.

Broker (persuasively)—It's a splendid opportunity, and remember you get it on the ground floor.

Capitalist—Don't want it. Last time I was let in on the ground floor I dropped right through into a sub-cellar, and I've been there ever since. No, you'll have to let me off.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Bad Break.

Bookkeeper—I'm sorry to say, sir, that my grandmother is dead.

Boss—That's sad. Is she going to be buried this afternoon?

Bookkeeper—Yes, sir, if it doesn't rain.—*Life.*

FOREIGNER—Ah! cher monsieur, I forget ze yourre name, eet iz so queer and strange—— He—My name is Smith.—*Town Topics.*

AN editorial writer employs "the sword of Damocles" so often that the exasperated compositor cries, "D—mocles!" — *Texas Siftings.*

An Unlucky Man.

A certain Western murderer, who had killed his partner during the progress of a heated discussion on business affairs, was convicted and sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment.

"What, can't I go out at all?" he inquired anxiously of the Judge.

"No."

"Then it would have been better all around if my partner had killed me. He always attended to inside affairs, while I worked on the outside. He was a man of sedentary pursuits, and would have stood such kind of office work much better than I shall. Yes, it is very unfortunate that I am not in his place. I really regret the serious turn affairs seem to have taken."—*Texas Siftings.*

Facilities of Travel.

"How did you get here from Chicago?" asked an actor of a shabby brother actor, whom he had not seen in some time.

"I came to New York on a limited ticket," replied the shabby one, with a knowing wink over the left shoulder in the direction of a sour mash bazar.

"What is a limited ticket?" inquired the other party, accepting the hint and moving in the direction of the saloon indicated.

"Well, it's a ticket limited to an outside passage."

"Outside passage! I fail to comprehend. I still grope. Perhaps I am obtuse."

"Why, an outside passage is the right to perambulate the cross-ties and count the exact number of them in a mile."—*Texas Siftings.*

Children Enjoy

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious the most gratifying results follow its use, so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

A New Name for Them.

"Mr. Pastern," said old Mr. Bosser, looking over the ledger index, "what is the meaning of this title, 'Bitters that you have here?'"

"Why, sir," replied the book-keeper, "that stands for bad debts."

"Well, what has bitters got to do with it?"

"Don't you see," said Pastern, "the dictionary tells us that aloes, and if allowes are"—but he never finished the remark, for old Mr. Bosser died of apoplexy right there before his eyes.—*Texas Siftings.*

Our Hannah Jane.

Our Hannah Jane was thin and weak,
And ashy white her lip and cheek.
We often thought—and thought with pain,
"We soon must lose our Hannah Jane,"
With change of doctors, change of air,
She sought for healing everywhere.
And, when our hopes were almost past
"Favorite Prescription" tried at last.
It gave us joy, it gave us hope,
She ceased to pine, she ceased to mope,
(Pierce's remedies are sure and true)
Now Hannah Jane is good as new.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—cleanse and regulate the stomach, bowels, and system generally. One a dose; purely vegetable.

Result of the Carpenter Strike.

Friend (to Chicago Carpenter)—You won the day, I understand.

Striking Carpenter—Yes, indeed. The bosses had to come down to eight hours.

"Any immediate result?"

"Well, yes."

"What is it?"

"Landlords have raised the rent on us."—*Texas Siftings.*

WHEN you think your children have worms ask your druggist for Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers and do not take any other. They taste good and are always sure.

Another Kind.

"How did Blowhard lose his eyes?"

"He had an encounter with an Indian, I believe."

"Why, I never knew that he had been further West than Buffalo!"

"He hasn't. He ran into a cigar sign when he was coming home from the club one night."—*Lawrence American.*

FREE-TRADE VERSUS PROTECTION.

Uncle Zeb, an ardent free-trader and cross-roads statesman, was denouncing protection with all the arguments he could muster.

"I'll bet, Uncle Zeb," interrupted one of the crowd, "that you are a protectionist, after all."

"I'll bet, I ain't," shouted the old man warmly. "Come now. How am I a protectionist?"

"Why you protect your system from spring and summer complaints by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

When the laugh subsided, Uncle Zeb replied, with a grin, "Well, yes; I'll allow that to *that* extent I *am* a protectionist, because I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best blood-medicine ever made, not only for spring, but for all seasons."

A Business Woman.

Mabel—The man who marries me must have a good big bank account.

Ethel—You don't mean to say you will marry solely for money?

"No, not exactly; but if any one swears he loves me I shall require a deposit merely as an evidence of good faith."—*Judge.*

A Great Surprise

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that any druggist is authorized by the proprietor of this wonderful remedy to give you a sample bottle free? It never fails to cure acute or chronic coughs. All druggists sell Kemp's Balsam. Large Bottles 50c and $1.

He Could Trust Him.

Pater—My boy, when I was your age I was at my desk at 7 o'clock in the morning.

The Son—That may be, but I know the business is perfectly safe in your hands, even while I'm away."—*Life.*

BY a wise provision of Providence, close beside the little tree on which nutmegs grow often stands a greater.—*Texas Siftings.*

Six Novels Free, will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philada., Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

No, John Henry; no; the history of "The Forty Thieves" is not a history of Chicago.—*Newman Independent.*

A POCKET mirror free to smokers of "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigar.

A FAST man is very slow when it comes to paying his debts.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

ODE to bald-headed men—There'll be no parting there.—*The Judge.*

Creates An Appetite

There is nothing for which we recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla with greater confidence than for loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache, and other troubles of dyspeptic nature. In the most natural way this medicine gently tones the stomach, assists digestion, and makes one feel "real hungry." Ladies in delicate health, or very dainty and particular at meals, after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a few days find themselves longing for and eating the plainest food with unexpected relish and satisfaction. Try it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

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