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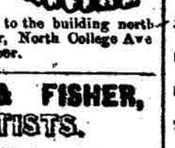

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WHAT BREAKS SO MANY ROCKING-CHAIRS.

BY OTIAS MIDSUMMER.

FIRST EXPLANATION.

The woo tender moments of night had enveloped
The rocking-chair Sarah Jane rode;
When James, for its sake, took the chair and developed
A scheme that should lighten its load.
Just what the scheme was, or how planned, no one knoweth,
Nor mentions it if ever known;
But, if a man reaps of the kind that he soweth,
Then sowed he that good to be sown.

For while the dim light of the lamp seemed to flicker,
As though it would wither and die,
The chair that he left seemed to giggle and snicker,
While that which he took shed a sigh.
But why all this insult of chair to another,
And why all this heart-ache and pain,
If two deemed it best to economize bother,
And sit on one chair, where's the blame?

SECOND EXPLANATION.

The darkness of night had long been in the county,
And covered with blackness the townships about,
When old Mr. Mason awoke from his slumbers,
And said, "I will see what that noise is about".
For as ticked the clock on its way toward morning,
And as crowed the rooster to welcome the day,
A "squeak-ett-a-squeak-ett-a-squeak-ett-a-squeak-ett"
Arose from the region beneath where he lay.

The wife of his bosom was loath he should venture,
And said, "It is nothing, lie down and be still;
'Tis but the limbs brushing the side of the building;
You'll take your death's cold if you go, so you will."
He dropped his old head on its soft, yielding pillow,
And said, "I have heard that sound somewhere before."
"A-squeak-ett-a-squeak-ett-a-squeak-ett-a-squeak-ett."
He said to himself, "It is under the floor."

Once more in soft breathings they soon told that slumber
Was giving them rest from the toil of the day,
When soon with a flutter on fancy's bright pinions
They whitherward floated in dreamland away.
"Of course," said wife, dreaming, "the noise is familiar;
How sweet to my ears is the squeak of the chair,
As squeak-ett-a-squeak-ett-a-squeak-ett-a-squeak-ett,
It went as you sat in it, holding me there."

"Ha, ha!" dreamed the man, as he laughed up his shirt-sleeves,
"I'll bet a red cent hired girl has a bean.
Is the sound familiar? I guess so. I'll bet you
A weed to just make that old rocking-chair go.
Away with your winds and your brush at the building,
The happy old music fills me with delight.
'A-squeak-ett-a-squeak-ett-a-squeak-ett-a-squeak-ett;'
Go it, lemons, get squeezed if it takes you all night."

CHICAGO, ILL.

JANET LEE

—OR—

In the Shadow of the Gallows.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"'Tis not of him I was speaking. Would that all the world were like Master Lee."

"Who, then, of the Lees——"

"If you command me to speak plainly——"

"I command nothing, nor can I, by virtue of my office, command any man. I simply execute the will of those in authority, as you well know. And I tell thee, Giles Ellis, I like not the duties of my office in ill times. God save us all from making more of our office than strict, even justice calls for in perilous seasons."

The Marshal of Salem exhibited more feeling than he had ever been known to reveal. Giles Ellis, too, looked very grave now.

"Since you speak so plain, Master Hobbs, I must even speak as plain in return, lest you misconstrue my meaning. And since you are a friend of John Lee's, all the more reason for plain speaking. It is said some of his family has dealings with the evil one."

"It is said!" the Marshal repeated, in visible alarm. "Oh! an it come no closer than 'it is said'——"

"I do not say it of my own accord. 'Tis in friendship I say it. Neither can I say anything touching this of my own knowledge. I but do this to advise you in time, so you may prepare John Lee in case you are compelled to do your duty."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Marshal, greatly relieved; "so you know nothing more than idle rumor?"

"Nothing but what report says."

"Aye, but report, as you know well, may hang the best man in Salem. But I'll make a note of it, and I thank thee, Giles Ellis, for a timely warning. And, now, what is this rumor?"

The misfortune that befell John Winslow was in everybody's mouth. The Marshal of Salem was on the point of asking Giles if any of Lee's family were suspected or mentioned in connection with the monstrous cruelty, but Giles anticipated him.

"An it go no farther, it is said that if the truth were known some there are in John Lee's household who could explain how John Winslow's horse and lambs were killed."

"'Tis past belief," said the Marshal. "Mistress Lee is as kindly as any woman in Salem. Janet is as like her mother as any daughter born of woman may be. 'Tis a thing past all belief."

"I am glad we are of one mind, Master Hobbs. But if the people will talk—aye, and if any accuse John Lee of harboring witches——"

"Why, then, I will say 'tis false. I will stake my life on it."

"Easy, Master Hobbs."

"True—I had forgot. There is his apprentice—but there is neither force for much good or evil in Ezra Easty—and as for the maid—it would go hard with me indeed to be compelled to take any of John Lee's household in charge."

"That I believe, and it does you credit," Giles Ellis answered. "My interest in the welfare of the family is so great I could not forbear speaking to you."

"A very proper man, and a kindlier than I had thought him," said the Marshal to himself when Giles Ellis passed on. "A very good citizen. I will do my best to defend John Lee from foolish and evil tongues. No harm shall come to him or his an I can prevent it."

Pondering thus, the Marshal of Salem pursued his way, marveling at the evil times.

CHAPTER VII.

LIKE A FLASH OF LIGHTNING FROM A CLEAR SKY.

Silence reigned in and about John Lee's house; the restful calm of a quiet, well-ordered, happy home prevailed. The old-fashioned clock in a high case, made by John Lee, ticked loudly, measuring the hours with a precision that seemed a characteristic of John Lee's movements, public or private. Whether at home or abroad, in all his dealings with the world, everything was done precisely, promptly, quietly.

A man of few words, save when speech was a virtue, no man in Salem had proved in time of need a man of action as plainly as John Lee.

Dorothea Lee and her daughter Janet met each other in the narrow passage to their sleeping apartment. The mother was on the point of speaking. Janet also seemed to be framing a speech, but before either found suitable words, John Lee's voice was heard, saying:

"Dorothea, it is time for worship."

Dorothea turned and entered the room where John Lee sat, saying to Janet:

"Speak to Ann."

Presently Ann and Ezra Easty followed Janet into the room, where John Lee sat, with a preoccupied air, while his wife handed him the Bible from a shelf, and seated herself near her husband. John Lee took his spectacles from their case carefully, rubbed them slowly with his handkerchief, like one in deep thought, placed the Bible on his knee, glanced at the light, and spoke in grave tones:

"These are troublesome times. We are surrounded with perils. There are things said and done such as only the evil one can instigate. I have lived in dangerous times. I have seen enough to convince me that a providence overrules the wisest of mankind. But I have never known, nor do I believe there ever was a time when men stood more in need of the counsel and comfort given in this book"—John Lee's fingers seemed to caress the cover of the well-worn Bible on his knee—"than at the present time. Every home is threatened. No man or woman knows the moment they may be called upon to answer charges that the vilest would blush to meet. No house is secure, no man or woman's life so free from reproach——"

A loud knock on the door caused Ezra Easty to bounce on his seat. He cast a terrified look at Ann Bigger; she, too, was in a tremor. Janet Lee rose quietly and opened the door. Samuel Hobbs, the Marshal of Salem, entered. John Lee placed the Bible on the table at his elbow, and rose.

"You are somewhat late, if you are come on business—but you are always welcome, as you well know," said John Lee.

The Marshal did not take the seat proffered him. On the contrary, he looked like a man ill at ease. He moved his hands uneasily, and stammered when he spoke.

"The business is none of my choosing. I never did more unwilling work—never made more unwilling errand."

"Since that is the case, the sooner the business is dispatched the better. Speak out freely. The way is open to you."

"My business concerns you nearly."

"Say you so, Samuel?" John Lee looked down and reflected. "Does it concern any one beyond those you see here?"

"No."

A silence fell upon the little circle so oppressive that Ezra Easty was sure the Marshal could hear his heart throbbing. At last John Lee, still standing with his face to the Marshal of Salem, broke the silence.

"Since it concerns all here, what may your errand be?"

The Marshal strove to clear his throat, but could not on the instant. He looked at Dorothea Lee's face. She was regarding him calmly; if there was more than reasonable surprise or curiosity, her eyes did not reveal it. Janet Lee contemplated her mother and father with an undisturbed countenance. At last the Marshal cleared his throat, and with hat in hand, in a voice that was far from clear, said:

"I came as a friend, rather than in my official capacity."

"For which I thank you," John Lee answered. Then leaning nearer the Marshal, he added: "Speak on. As friend, or Marshal of Salem, I am ready to listen. What may thy errand be, Master Hobbs?"

"I came to warn you you are suspected of harboring witches."

Upon hearing this, Ann Bigger made the sign of the cross in the air unperceived by the others. Ezra Easty's knees trembled, his teeth were inclined to chatter; but he braced himself firmly on his seat, looking with shifting, fearful glances at the Marshal, the picture of abject fear.

"Witches! God save all here!" exclaimed Dorothea Lee, standing upright in her alarm. Janet Lee alone looked calmly from her parents to the Marshal. John Lee made a movement as though he would resent the charge, then reconsidered, turned toward his wife, and, realizing that the amazement in her countenance was reflected in his own, placed a hand heavily upon the table beside him, and sank into his seat overwhelmed, stupefied with amazement and horror that could find no utterance in words.

The Marshal did not anticipate the effect his words produced. He seemed, now that he had accomplished his errand, at a loss what to say or do next. He looked from one to the other, advanced slowly to the door, opened it noiselessly, turned, swept the circle with a comprehensive glance, then closing the door after him as people do when entering and leaving the presence of the dead, walked soberly away.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SHADOWS IN THE HOUSE.

On the day following the visit of the Marshal, Ann Bigger and Ezra Easty approached each other when unobserved, casting furtive glances from side to side as they availed themselves of the first opportunity to speak.

"Did I not tell you pride would have a fall?" said Ann.

"And have I not said, time and again, water will find its level?"

"Yes; more times than you need. 'Tis the one thing comes out of your head. And if you say no wiser thing folks will think you are empty-headed. Water is sure to find its level—what mystery is in that?"

"Since you take me up so sharp, why do you speak to me?"

"Because I would make a man of you if you would let me. But I was saying, see how our Janet goes about now. No longer high-headed is she. But, truth to tell, I never would have looked for witches here."

"Nor I."

"My sister says it's a sure sign witches are near when a cow turns three times and holds her nose out. And I can be sworn our cow did so this morn."

"Did she so?" Ezra's eyes were opened wide.

"But nothing is so bad as to meet a black dog on the road. A wise man or woman turns back, and is sure to eat, if it's only a bite—a crust."

"My tongs fell out of my hand yesterday, and the bit fell from master's plane to-day."

Ann held a hand up, warningly.

"I thought some one was near. I found a straw lying across the door when I opened it this morning. That is a sign of evil. Worse still," Ann moved nearer the apprentice, "I found the broom lying fair across a crack in the floor. It's all come of Martin Lee's wickedness, I'll be bound. He is a wicked man, else master would not quarrel with mistress about him."

"But master is not to blame. I heard him say—and so did you—that his brother deserved no better than others from the law—meaning the worst the law could do for him."

"Look! Look!" Ann exclaimed; whereupon Ezra glanced around and beheld a large spider swinging in the air.

"Kill it!" Ann hissed, as she seized a poker and struck at the spider. Instead, she hit Ezra upon the knuckles, who whipped his hand to his mouth and blew on it lustily. The spider fell and disappeared in a crack.

"Now, I'll swear there are witches in the house. That is one of their familiars. You saw it as plain as I did."

"Hush!" Ezra said, "here comes the master."

But John Lee passed on, paying no attention to them. When he was out of earshot Ezra said:

"Wonders will never cease. 'Tis the first time he found me out of the shop and did not ask why I was idling. There is more in this than the Marshal suspects."

"There is much more than any one knows," said Ann Bigger; "but some things I know. I know milk and cake are stolen. See!" pointing to the dresser. "I put more cakes there an hour ago than would serve the family."

"Who has taken them?"

"That is the question I would like to answer. Who?"

"Who but the mistress or Janet."

"Why should they take the cake?"

"My mind misgives me; 'tis mistress or Janet."

As if to illustrate the saying, listeners hear no good of themselves, Janet entered. It was one of Janet Lee's marked traits that she never beat about the bush, but went to the point at once.

"What were you saying of me, Ann?"

As the apprentice and Ann looked at each other, Janet added, quickly:

"Do I look like a witch, that you should stare at me so?"

The apprentice and Ann, marveling at the suddenness with which she came on them, and remembering the spider, were frightened, and betrayed it in their looks. Ann edged to the door and disappeared without answering. Ezra, trembling, followed her quickly, and Janet was left alone.

As the servants withdrew, a handsome young man, with an expression of candor and a bearing indicating high breeding, entered. As he approached, Janet held up a finger warningly.

"Are you not afraid to come near me?"

"What is this I hear?" the young man said, with concern.

"Do you not see? I am a witch, Arthur."

"I have said so many times."

He would have said more, but she covered his lips with her hands.

"Hush! if the Parris children said the half you have said, it would hang them. Call me anything but a witch. 'Tis no true-love term to me in these times."

Arthur Proctor replied lightly, "What is this story Ann Bigger's sister tells? Is it true your father is charged with harboring witches?"

"Oh, Arthur!" Janet exclaimed, in a burst of passion which surprised her lover, "I do not care for myself! but my father and my poor mother! Do you think there is danger?"

To which Arthur Proctor soberly replied, considering well each word:

"We cannot tell what is or what is not a serious matter. The slightest jests may prove terrible earnest. There are those who make mountains out of mole-hills. The father of lies is loose."

"Shame on the people of Salem, then," exclaimed Janet Lee. "Who has done more for Salem than my father? Was he not foremost in the fight with the Indians? Did he not stand guard that Salem might sleep safely? Who was it ran into Polly Turner's house when it was burning, and carried her out in his arms? There is no truer man in Salem than John Lee. No more God-fearing man or kinder. And all know there is no gentler woman—none more generous to the poor, or more considerate—than my mother, else she would not have preferred you before Giles Ellis."

"And did she so?" Arthur Proctor's face beamed with pleasure.

"Or I would not say so. My father's heart was set on Giles Ellis—but my mother likes thee best."

Arthur Proctor clasped her hand fervently. "Trust me to serve you both. I could not rest until I learned the truth concerning this wild rumor from your own lips. The very air is burdened, poisoned with malice and folly of all kinds. Old women's gossip, children's talk, matters men should not repeat in earnest, become as grave as though the breath of life depended on it. Now that I know how it lies with you I will go straight to the Marshal and get his ear. I will find him at Thomas Boadles' tavern, I dare say. 'Tis there all the gossips gather—except such as wear women's clothes," added Proctor, scornfully.

"Beware of Giles Ellis."

"Why should I beware of Giles Ellis?" he asked.

"Because he left me with an evil look. He will not harm me. He will wreak his hatred on some one dear to me, I know. 'Tis in his heart, and he has the power."

"Let him try his worst with me. I defy him."

"You do well to keep up a stout heart."

"And do you, too, keep up a stout heart. Now I'll away to the tavern and see what I may."

A moment her hand was clasped firmly, then Janet Lee stood alone, sighing, saying to herself: "I must keep up a stout heart. Trouble never comes singly. Poor Uncle Martin. This will be worse than all. How it will end heaven only knows!"

She pondered long, then walked to the dresser, and, taking some cakes from the plate, hastily concealed them, but not so quickly as to escape the lynx eyes of Ezra Easty, who stood near the window observing her in obedience to the command of Ann Bigger. He waited outside until Janet entered the adjoining room, then, seeing the way clear, entered and approached the dresser, smiling grimly over his discovery. He was looking at the cakes when John Lee came upon him so suddenly that the apprentice started. His master demanded, in stern tones:

"What now, Ezra?"

"I was looking at the cakes."

"Do not add lying to theft."

"I am no liar."

"There there; say no more. You only make a worse of it."

"But, Master Lee——"

"Go, go, before Dorothea come. Cease, I say. We will discuss this after prayers."

The apprentice's face was wrathful as he seated himself in his usual corner, for Dorothea Lee, entering at that moment, lit the rushlight and placed it on the table. Janet and Ann, following her into the room, seated themselves, while John Lee sat with bent head, his thoughts seemingly far away. He held his spectacles idly in his hands many minutes, a thing unusual. Rousing himself at last, he looked about him, and said:

"I will read a lesson from the Book of Life."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Haunted Pitcher.

About five miles from Aiken, S. C., on the Charleston dirt road, and in sight of the railway, is a little place that was first christened Polecat, but afterward changed to Montmorenci, the French for that odorous little animal. Many years ago a young woman came with her pitcher to draw a bucket of water from a well at Montmorenci, and set the vessel in the hollowed top of a stone post that some of the railroad men had moved there.

While drawing the water a flash of lightning came and struck the chain to which the well bucket was attached and the woman was killed in her tracks. Her remains were removed, but the pitcher was left just where the dead girl had set it. To this day the pitcher remains in the same place, and so far from being removed, it is said that no living hand has ever touched it save its owner's, although near the side of the public road. But the most wonderful thing is the superstition attached to the pitcher. There is an indescribable influence surrounding it that prevents its touch.

Hundreds of people have gone with the firm determination of lifting the pitcher, but when they approach it a strange repugnance comes over them, and they hurriedly depart without carrying out the object of their visit. One night a bully in the neighborhood while under the influence of whisky made a bet with some friends that he would go and bring back the pitcher. He left to do so, but soon returned as pale as a sheet and empty handed. "Boys," he remarked, "no person alive can lay hands on that pitcher, and I would not attempt it again for the whole of Aiken County." He refused to tell his experience and said he would not talk about it. Other parties have gone to see it, but met with the same repulsive feelings—*Athens (Ga.) Banner.*

The Horse in Battle.

AN officer of experience, writing on the behavior of horses in battle, says: "When it comes to battle, a horse seems to know everything that is going on; but he does his duty nobly, and seems to be in his element. He enters into the spirit of the battle like a human being. He shows no fear of death, and it is singular that if his mate is shot down he will turn to look at him and seem pleased. A horse in my battery was once struck by a piece of shell which split his skull so that one side was loose. The driver turned him loose, but he walked up by the side of the gun and watched the firing, and when a shot was fired would look away in the direction of the enemy, as if to see the effect of the shot. When a shell would burst near by, he would calmly turn and look at it. When he saw his own team going back for ammunition, he ran back to his own place and galloped back to the caisson with the rest. When the lieutenant pushed him aside to put in another horse, he looked at the other one sorrowfully while he was being harnessed up, and when he seemed to realize that there was no further use for him he laid down and died. The lieutenant strongly asserted that he died of a broken heart. —*Court Journal.*

THERE were great political possibilities in the man Ananias. He lived at a wrong period when his strong points were not appreciated. Men of his ability have exerted considerable "influoence," even in the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

Mrs. Mackay's Manifold Woes.

Mr. Edmund Yates, understood to be a cockney writer of some note, is the London correspondent of a New York paper, his letters consisting principally of society gossip. He recently said that Mrs. Mackay (wife of the millionaire Californian), who resides in grand style in London and Paris, is the object of "cowardly persecutions." Some time ago it was alleged in a London society paper that in her early life she had been a washerwoman at a mining camp in California, and her indignation was unbounded. There was some talk then of a libel suit growing out of this newspaper allegation.

The recent "cowardly persecution," according to Mr. Yates, consisted of a "fresh batch of type-written libels sent broadcast to nearly all of her friends and acquaintances." Probably the atrocious charge that in her younger days she had scaped and scrubbed the soiled flannel shirts of the mining population is revived.

But Mr. Yates really alarms us about the matter. He says that detectives have been employed, and that "a clew" has been obtained. Then comes the startling announcement that if the clew leads to the offender "a criminal libel case of extraordinary interest on both sides of the Atlantic may be confidently expected."

In mercy Mr. Yates should forbear. On one side of the Atlantic (this side) Mrs. Mackay and her troubles are of as little interest as possible. Nobody cares for Mrs. Mackay, nor for her "cowardly persecutions," nor for her libel suits. Do not cause the echoes of the coming scandal to be heard here, for the disturbance and distraction of our peace of mind!—*Chicago Journal.*

Measuring a Man in a Bank.

"What's going on there?"

This question was asked by a man who happened to be in a Pittsburgh bank the other day when a customer was being measured for the purpose of identification, preliminary to the issuance of a letter of credit, says the Pittsburgh *Chronicle-Telegraph.*

By the way, it seems odd to go into a bank and ask to be measured for a letter of credit, just as one would go to a tailor and have his dimensions ascertained preparatory to the preparation of plans and specifications for the erection of new garments; but let that pass.

Bank officials do not propose to let a short, thick-set man draw cash in Europe which has been deposited in America by a tall, slender individual.

On second thought, however, we don't see how a "short" man could get a letter of credit anyhow, but let that pass, too.

"Why," exclaimed a man who knew, "they are taking his measure so that he can be identified. Then they will give a letter of credit for $1,000, which he can draw on as he needs it, when he's traveling."

"A thousand dollars!"

"Yes."

"Why he's only about five feet two inches tall."

"That's about his height."

"I believe I'll let them measure me," exclaimed the inquirer, with animation; "I'm over six feet, and that would give me credit for about $1,200, wouldn't it?"

On a Country Road.

Summer Outer—I have engaged board with a Mr. Hayseed. Am I near his place?

Native—Yep. Next farm to this.

Tourist—By the way, whose fine property is this?

Native—Mr. Suburb's. He's a gentleman former.

Tourist—Is Mr. Hayseed a gentleman farmer, too?

Native—Nope. He's a farmer.

Tourist—What's the difference?

Native—Mr. Suburb sells what he can't eat, and Mr. Hayseed eats what he can't sell.—*Good News.*

Misinterpreting a Badge.

Faustle Roy—Mamma, I saw a man the other day who wore a badge with the legend, "Philadelphia, 1876." What does it mean?

Mrs. Roy, of New York—It signifies, my dear, that Philadelphia is about fourteen years behind the times."

In Town and Hamlet.

The seeds of intermittent and bilious remittent fever germinate and bear evil fruit. No community has altogether escaped it. In populous wards of large cities bad sewerage causes it, and in their suburbs stagnant pools in sunken lots breed it. There is at once a remedy and a means of prevention. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is, without peradventure, the most potent antidote in existence to the malarial virus. Fortified with this incomparable, saving specific, miasmatic influences may be encountered with absolute impunity. Disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, begotten by miasma-tainted water, or any other cause, succumb to the beneficent corrective named, and rheumatic, kidney and bladder troubles are surely removable by its use when it is given a persistent trial.

They Both Snored.

Hotel Clerk—Good morning, Colonel, how did you sleep?

Colonel—I did sleep some, I suppose, but I was awake most of the night listening to the snoring of the man in the next room. He is a good one at that. He makes more noise than a steam whistle.

Another gentleman approaches.

Hotel Clerk—Good morning, Major, how did you sleep?

Major—I got asleep occasionally during the night, but there was a fellow in the next room to me who snored as if he was filling a contract to saw forty cords of wood before daylight. At least, that's the way it sounded.

Colonel—That's just what I had to listen to all night long. What is the number of your room?

Major—Number twenty-two. What is the number of yours?

Colonel—And mine is number twenty-three.

Tableau.—*Texas Siftings.*

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

The Horse Blew First.

A veterinary surgeon told his assistant to give a powder to a sick horse.

"You take the powder," he explained, "put it in a tin tube, open the horse's mouth and blow the powder down his throat."

Not long afterward the assistant came back, looking as sick as people ever get to be.

"Did you give the horse the powder?"

"I tried to. I put the powder in the tin tube, forced open the horse's mouth, put the tube between his teeth, and——"

"Did you blow the powder down his throat?"

"No; I was going to, but the horse blew first, and the powder went down my throat."—*Texas Siftings.*

Three Harvest Excursions.

The Burlington Route, C., B. and Q. R. R., will sell from principal stations on its lines, on Tuesdays, September 9 and 23, and October 14, Harvest Excursion Tickets at *Half Rates* to points in the farming regions of the West, Southwest and Northwest. For tickets and further information concerning these excursions, call on your nearest C., B. and Q. ticket agent, or address P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

A Considerate Maiden.

The Visitor—But why become engaged if you never meant to marry him?

In the Hammock—Because he is so sensitive. You know it mortifies a man much more to be refused than to have an engagement broken.—*Life.*

The Man with a Mighty Pull.

A.—Who is your friend?

B.—His name is Mr. Smith. He's got an awful pull.

"He's a politician, is he?"

"No; he is a dentist.—*Texas Siftings.*

A STITCH in Time must make the old chap feel sew-sew.

What One Woman Can Do.

"My own firm conviction is that no education can make a writer," says Amelia E. Barr. "The heart must be hot behind the pen. Out of the abundance of life and its manifold experiences comes the power to touch life. Before I lifted the pen I had been half over the world. I had been a happy wife seventeen years. I had nursed nine sons and daughters. I had drank the widow's bitter cup.

"I had buried all my children but three. I had passed through a great war; been on the frontiers of civilized life in Texas for ten years; as the Scotch say, 'I had seen humanity in a' its variorums.'"

Its Excellent Qualities

Commend to public approval the California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasing to the eye and to the taste, and by gently acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, it cleanses the system effectually, thereby promoting the health and comfort of all who use it.

Not So Stupid as He Looks.

Jane—You seem to be unhappy, Emma.

Emma—Yes, I have been deceived in my husband. When I married him I supposed that it was not my money but myself that he loved.

"And now you have found out that it was not you at all, but only your money he was after."

"Alas! That is what I know now for a certainty."

"Well, there is one consolation for you, and that is that your husband is not as stupid as he looks."

A GREAT mistake perhaps was made when Dr. Sherman named his great remedy Prickly Ash BITTERS; but it is presumed that at that time all remedies for the blood, etc., were called Bitters. Had he called it Prickly Ask "Regulator," "Curative," or almost anything but *Bitters*, it undoubtedly would have superseded all other preparations of similar character. The name Bitters is misleading; it is purely a medicine, and cannot be used a beverage.

Wanted Things Brought to a Climax.

"Have you been reading the serial: 'The Scout of the Sierras, that has been running in my paper?"

"Yes, I am very much interested in it. Who is the author?"

"I am the author."

"You are, oh? Well, I want to tell you now that unless the hard-hearted adventuress comes to grief and the brave scout rescues and marries the captive maiden pretty soon, I'll stop my paper."—*Texas Siftings.*

GOOD wives grow fair in the light of their works, especially if they use SAPOLIO. It is a solid cake of Scouring Soap. Try it in your next house-cleaning.

A Case for Arbitration.

Mrs. Fussy—I wish you would either shave yourself or let your whiskers grow; it is frightful for you to be going around with a week's beard on your face.

Mr. Fussy—My dear, you make my life a burden. If I shave you say that I look like a dried mummy, and if I don't you declare in two weeks that I am a wild beast! What's to be done?—*Texas Siftings.*

MORE diseases are produced using brown and perfumed soaps than by anything else. Why run such risks when you know Dobbins' Electric Soap is pure and perfect. Dobbins' prevents hands from chapping.

She Knows the Market.

American Novelist (of the realistic school)—Well, Maria, there isn't a penny in the house, and as for writing, why, I haven't an idea in my head.

Maria—Goodness gracious, Edward, then don't wait a minute! Sit right down and turn out a novel; you'll take the country by storm, and make a fortune.—*Life.*

EMERSON said: "There is always room for a man of force." He had probably met Sullivan in a crowd.—*Kinderhook Notes.*

DR. BULL'S Worm Destroyers are not new and untried. For thirty years they have stood the test of usage, and their large sale is due to merit only.

THERE is talk of lynching the man who evolved this toast: "Our fire-engines, may they be like old maids—ever ready, but never wanted."

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

IF they take the tax off whisky it will go down. The kind they make now shows an occasional disposition to come up.

"I AM the power behind the throne," soliloquized the mule, as he pitched his rider heels over head to the ground.—*Fulton Times.*

BECKHAM'S PILLS cure Bilious and Nervous Ills.

THE balloon that will not go up is not good for ascent.

The Census

May Not Please You, But You Will be Fully Satisfied With

Hood's Sarsaparilla

PURIFY YOUR BLOOD.

But do not use the dangerous alkaline and mercurial preparations which destroy your nervous system and ruin the digestive power of the stomach. The vegetable kingdom gives us the best and safest remedial agents. Dr. Sherman devoted the greater part of his life to the discovery of this reliable and safe remedy, and all its ingredients are vegetable. He gave it the name of

Prickly Ash Bitters!

a name every one can remember, and to the present day nothing has been discovered that is so beneficial for the BLOOD, for the LIVER, for the KIDNEYS and for the STOMACH. This remedy is now so well and favorably known by all who have used it that arguments as to its merits are useless, and if others who require a corrective to the system would but give it a trial the health of this country would be vastly improved. Remember the name—PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. Ask your druggist for it.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Ely's Cream Balm WILL CURE CATARRH

Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER. ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED.

Dr. Ketchum, 46 and Dyckman Sts., New York, treats fat people with perfect safety. I was troubled with obesity, weighed 190 lbs. My feet and limbs pained me so I could not sleep well. I was called a walking apoplectic cork. I have lost 35 lbs. in two months and feel like a new man. I will do my work with your medicine. I can cheerfully recommend all suffering with obesity to use it. I will answer all letters with stamp. Mrs. BETA M. KLINZAR, 86 and Dyckman Sts., New York.

PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. Dr. Sevaan, Specialist for the cure of Obesity, Eczema (Red Welling), Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Kidney, Blood and Skin Diseases. Consultation free. Office hours 9 to 5. In europe. DR. O. W. F. SEVADE, 242 State Street, Chicago.

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Women are not slow to comprehend. They're quick. They're alive, and yet it was a man who discovered the *one* remedy for their *peculiar* ailments.

The man was Dr. Pierce.

The discovery was his "Favorite Prescription"—the boon to delicate women.

Why go round "with one foot in the grave," suffering in silence—misunderstood—when there's a remedy at hand that isn't an experiment, but which is sold under the *guarantee* that if you are disappointed in any way in it, you can get your money back by applying to its makers.

We can hardly imagine a woman's not trying it. Possibly it may be true of one or two—but we doubt it.

Women are ripe for it. They must have it. Think of a prescription and nine out of ten waiting for it. Carry the news to them!

The seat of sick headache is not in the brain. Regulate the stomach and you cure it. Dr. Pierce's Pellets are the Little Regulators.

Tutt's Pills

The dyspeptic, the debilitated, whether from excess of work of mind or body, drink or exposure in

MALARIAL REGIONS,

will find Tutt's Pills the most genial restorative ever offered the suffering invalid.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

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PENSIONS!

The Disability Bill is a law. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Dependent widows and parents now dependent upon those some died from effects of army service are included. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully prosecuted, address JAMES TANNER, Late Commissioner of Pensions, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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