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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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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 Paupers

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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JANET LEE

—OR—

In the Shadow of the Gallows.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XXI.

A TRUE LOVER.

Eight and forty hours had elapsed since Dorothea Lee and her daughter were cast into prison, and no one came to see them.

"Janet," said Dorothea Lee to her daughter, "it is the will of heaven we shall see your father no more. We are deserted by all others, and your father is kept from us."

"That can never be. 'Tis not like my father to be barred out. He would walk to Boston to free us—he would walk ten times that distance to see us. Have patience—all will be well. My father will not sit idle while they are bringing the rope to hang us."

Here Janet sighed deeply. Her mother looked at her lovingly, but said never a word. She knew Janet was thinking of her lover. Had she not talked to him in her sleep.

There was a voice at the door—the jailer's. He was questioning a visitor, who seemed to be irritated.

"There—there—can anything be plainer than that? Why, any one might read it with half an eye. 'Tis very plain—Thomas Danforth."

Then the door was opened hastily, and Arthur Proctor entered quickly. He uttered a cry as he beheld Dorothea Lee, as well he might. She looked ten years older than when he saw her in the meeting-house in Salem.

"Said I not we had friends, mother?" Janet asked as she gave her lover her hand, and looked on him with pride.

"Where is my husband, Arthur Proctor? Why did he not come with you?"

"He did not know I was coming. Besides, I think he has that on his mind which will occupy him till late to-morrow. Be not concerned on John Lee's account. He is doing all mortal can do. And I hope he will succeed. But there are other friends as well. Trust in us."

"And what say the people of Salem now, Arthur Proctor?" Dorothea Lee looked at him eagerly; she hung on his answer.

"There are some who do not know what to think—and many who are led like sheep that follow the bellwether. Not one has said aught of either of you that ought not be said in your presence. 'Tis true—the charge of murder is in the people's mouths—and you are considered as good as given over to the evil one by the foolish ones."

"When will we know what they will do with us?" Janet looked at her lover anxiously.

"It will be ended one way or other very soon. You misapprehend me," he added quickly, as Janet's countenance changed, and she grew deadly white, while her mother put her hand to her heart. "What I mean by one way or other is not as you think. It is a matter I may not mention until I see you next. I will not say some one—'tis neither of you—will not hang, for I know—and others know a terrible deed has been done. Stay! be not alarmed—'tis not Martin Lee's crime. 'Tis more like he will be a free man—if he is alive. But it's that that puzzles the justices."

Here Arthur Proctor endeavored to assume a look of indifference, but he looked so intently at Janet Lee that she turned her face from him.

"No. There is no danger at this hour of any greater evil coming to you. Keep up good heart. I came to tell you this. Other news have I none. The air is full of rumors—false reports. The best women, and the best men, are suspected. The busybodies laugh one minute and shudder the next. To tell the truth, I think half the people are mad. But, thank the Providence that has us all in keeping, there are men in high places who are disposed to sift all stories, to stop the clamor, and to call on the people to consider where this will end, unless greater care is displayed than has been. There is much anger over the case of Martha Carrier. And wise heads hint that the leaders—aye—the very foremost in the pulpit, as well as some judges—are blinder than the people they are leading."

"O! have a care, young man, how you give reign to your tongue!" exclaimed Dorothea Lee. "For less than that men and women are put in prison."

"I am mindful where I say it and to whom," Proctor answered. "But if all men hold their peace—if no man is brave enough to raise his voice—what is to become of the innocent and helpless women? It is the women, not the men, who suffer most. 'Tis women like you and Martha Carrier, whose lives are without reproach, who are the victims. Why do they not select the lewd? Aye, the leaders are making beds for themselves, Mistress Lee, that will burn and sting them. If they have the hearts of men—if they live to realize the awfulness of their responsibilities—'tis men like Cotton Mather who ought to go mad."

"O, do not say more! 'Tis death to speak ill of one like Cotton Mather.

Dorothea Lee wrung her hands, but Janet nodded her head approvingly.

"Nay, mother; rather let us thank God that there are those who see the terrible wrong done us. It is men like Cotton Mather who have wrought our neighbors up to this frenzy. All the crack-brains of the world could do no worse evil than has befallen Salem to-day. I like to hear him speak his mind. If he cannot say so much before the world, 'tis good to know there is one who feels the awful weight of the wrong the people over us are doing us and others like us. It is some comfort to know that the man I have promised to marry is not afraid to speak his mind."

"But the danger—the danger, Janet. Oh! it were much better he held his peace, lest he, too, be placed here beside us."

Arthur Proctor laughed.

"Fear not. There are those who would place me here, but it is not yet in their power. And I would be tame, indeed, if I did not hold myself in a manner that inspires others who may be less inclined to speak out, but who want a leader, to imitate me. If I had ten years more over my head! But a young man is no match for the graybeards! And yet, some of the oldest are on my side—aye; and you will soon see a turn."

"Pray God it come soon," said Dorothea Lee, earnestly.

"Amen," answered Arthur Proctor. "Is there aught you will say to me?"

He spoke to Dorothea Lee, but he looked at Janet. Dorothea Lee shook her head.

"I have naught to say."

"You need ask me nothing," said Janet, "unless it be to do us the favor to say to my father to be of stout heart, as we have been."

Then Janet, placing her arms around her mother, both shed tears freely, while Arthur Proctor turned his head aside. Once more he turned, as he heard the jailer approaching.

"Think, is there nothing—nothing you will trust me to keep for you? You have faith in me, surely?

"Nothing. You know I have all confidence in you, Arthur," said Janet Lee, sadly.

"If you will not trust me——"

"We do. We could not trust human more than we both trust you," said Janet again, as she turned and looked at her lover; "and never was woman prouder of promised husband than I am of you."

Her lover advanced, took her hand in his own, bowed over it lowly with the reverence a knight of the olden time might have displayed, then turning slowly, bade the mother and daughter a good day, prayed the Almighty would preserve them, and slowly left them to weep again in each other's arms.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

The events of the fortnight proved profitable to the innkeeper beyond all calculation.

In the first place, Daniel Meade had the sympathy of the people all along the coast from Weymouth to Gloucester, as far as the murder of his son could be carried in those slow-going days. The murder was told with bated breath by the fishermen and their wives along the coast. People traveled from Marblehead and Lynn to see the place where the murder was committed. The visitors were so numerous that the Globe Inn was rarely silent now. Grizzle Meade was as brisk, aye, brisker and livelier; she had more to say than when she was ten years younger.

On the other hand, the landlord of Globe Inn was gloomy and silent. The customers, seeing him standing silent, with gathered brows, and seeing his wife bustling about, nudged each other's elbows and whispered:

"See how the landlord takes it to heart."

"Aye, and see how his wife carries it off with a light outside."

"'Tis an awful thing to have a child murdered."

"Aye; but it's worse after he has just come home from the seas."

"The like was never known before."

"Aye; but there's many a penny coming in here now."

"A good—a fine thriving business it is."

And thus the gossips ran on as they drank their favorite liquor, and told stories of murder and rapine that made them afraid to leave the inn in the dark.

Meantime Grizzle Meade was rating her husband for permitting himself to become absent-minded before customers.

"Ah! Rouse yourself! Do you not see folks' eyes on you?"

"As well that as have your tongue on me."

"I'll keep it on till it blisters, an you don't move about and look after the people."

"There's a many people."

"What! Thou fool! Finding fault with the gold and silver coming into thy lap!"

"I'd like some quiet."

"And I want as much company as can come."

"Then want on, then."

"An I do, I'll not let you sleep on your feet. Dost not know 'twill set their wits to work?"

"I'd rather sleep all the time."

"An you don't have a care, you'll sleep sooner and longer than you wish. I've no mind to keep your company if you persist in your folly."

The landlord of Globe Inn at that turned and looked at his wife very deliberately.

"Aye; so he it. I'll not ask company; but they may send company with me spite of all I can do."

From that hour the landlord of Globe Inn feared and distrusted his wife. Grizzle Meade from that hour suspected her husband. He no longer drank a mouthful of water that he did not bring himself. He toasted his own bread. No meat passed his lips until his wife partook of it.

One morning Grizzle Meade observed the innkeeper standing near the dresser. He had a knife in his hand. The other held a piece of cured ham. He spat out of his mouth a piece he had nibbled, and laid his knife down.

"Aye, man, is it not to your mind? I've seen the time you would have grudged me more than my share of such meat, and not so long ago either."

The landlord of Globe Inn looked at her.

"Is it not good enough? Then mayhap you will get us better. I found no ill with the meat. What ails it?"

Still her husband did not answer. Grizzle's temper was fast getting the better of her judgment.

"An you don't eat the meat, no other will come into the house till it's done. What is good enough for custom is plenty good for us. No one has said ill of the meat."

Still Daniel Meade preserved silence. But he looked steadily at Grizzle, until his wife, white with passion, strode past him, and, seizing the knife, cut a large piece of the meat and flung it on the pan, where it sputtered and was speedily cooked. Then she sat down and ate it heartily.

The first tinge of color that had shown itself in Daniel Meade's cheeks in weeks flushed his face as he turned away, while Grizzle's glance followed him contemptuously. All that day her glance followed him scornfully. He could not meet her eyes.

Now Grizzle Meade had proof that her husband feared her and was resolved she should not poison him if due caution could prevent it.

One evening, after the last customer left the inn, Daniel Meade sat in the tap-room alone. Grizzle Meade lay awake, wondering why Daniel did not go to bed. Heretofore he was glad to be alone, and sank into heavy sleep as soon as he was well in bed. What new fancy had he taken?

Grizzle rose quietly and stole noiselessly to the tap-room. Seeing the landlord sitting there gazing gloomily into the fire, Grizzle was suddenly seized with a trembling. Thus he sat and brooded before he prepared to kill the sailor. Was he planning her murder?

Grizzle steadied herself with an effort and returned as quietly as she came. But not to sleep. Sleep had departed from her eyelids. Never again was Grizzle Meade to enjoy the pleasure of undisturbed rest. She turned from side to side, listening for the sound of her husband's footsteps. At last the suspense became intolerable. And the dread—the horrible fear that suddenly possessed her was unbearable. She rose a second time, and sat on the side of her bed, thinking. Then she opened a closet door, stood on a bench, and reaching into the uppermost shelf, took out of the closet an Indian's tomahawk. It was captured in the wars with the Indians. It had been exhibited long in the tap-room, then was tossed away with other useless things on the uppermost shelf in the closet.

Grizzle lifted the tomahawk and placed it under the bedtick. Then she laid down again and courted sleep in vain. Once more she rose, and stole noiselessly to the tap-room.

Meantime the landlord had removed his shoes, an unusual thing. He always took them off at his bedside. Now he walked into the back room, and feeling his way in the dark to the only cupboard in the house, reached into the lower part of it, until his hand came in contact with a large handle. Then he closed the door softly and returned to the tap-room.

The thing he carried in his hand was a sickle. It had cut much grass, and was dull and somewhat rusty. The landlord felt its edge, and sighed wearily as he placed the sickle on a chair, and turned to the wall, where a great coat was hanging. He took the coat from the wall and placed it on the floor back of the door leading to the stairs. Then he went back of the cask of wine that screened the rum and gin, pulled out of the corner a large bearskin, and carried it likewise back of the door where the coat lay. He looked at the rum cask, at the gin, and the wine casks. He drew a glassful of rum and swallowed it quickly.

"Mayhap I may sleep now," said the landlord, as he walked again to the fire, took up the sickle he had placed on the chair, and was again going to the door, when he beheld his wife entering. He started back in affright.

"Monster! I have caught thee in the act! Wouldst murder me, too? You thought to find me sleeping."

At first the landlord could not find his voice. But he gathered strength to say:

"It never entered my mind."

"You would lie to me, holding the thing I see in your hand. Murder is in your heart, Daniel Meade, and in your face."

He caught her roughly as she spoke, and the tomahawk fell heavily on the floor. He picked it up quickly and turned it over in the light.

"Now who is the murderer? Did you steal in on me to deal me a blow like the Indians strike the sleepers? There!"

He pointed to the great-coat and bearskin.

"See! I was not sure how I might lie if I went with you. I was but going to fasten the door for security when you came in with this to brain me."

He tossed it back to her with an oath. "Take it, and I'll keep this to defend myself with."

He pushed her out of the room and flung himself at full length on the floor, while Grizzle, trembling with fear, cowered on her bed, her hand clasping the Indian tomahawk that was thrust under her pillow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOAP bubbles blown with newly generated hydrogen gas have been found to act as electrical condensers, the liquid of which, when broken, exhibited a negative charge. It is suggested that this fact explains the so-called fireballs sometimes seen during thunderstorms.

THE NEW TARIFF LAW

INCREASES THE FARMER'S PROFITS.

It's American Throughout — Protects American Workingmen and American Consumers—Recovers Lost Markets and Secures New Ones.

In the Congressional elections now pending, nothing is more clearly in issue than the Tariff Bill just passed by a Republican Congress and approved by a Republican President. The necessity of a new adjustment of tariff rates has long been admitted by both political parties. The question at issue is purely one of purpose and method.

In the Fiftieth Congress the House was Democratic and the Senate Republican. Each passed a tariff bill, but each bill was so unlike the other, both in the principles that had controlled its making and in the results it contemplated, as to render an agreement between the Houses wholly impossible. The only thing that could be done was to take an appeal to the people.

The people responded promptly. The Democratic party, its candidates and its tariff plan were rejected. The Republican party, its candidates and its tariff plan were sustained. So radical was the people's verdict that it tore from the Democrats every vestige of the power they had previously enjoyed, and transferred every branch of the Federal Government to the Republicans! The Republican party's commission, then, was indisputable. It was directed to frame a tariff bill on the lines laid down in its platform pledges. In doing this the people have been taken literally. Their commission has been executed exactly as it was given. In the law which has now been placed upon the statute books, these features are paramount: The internal taxes on tobacco have been materially reduced, on the theory that all direct taxation should be brought down to the lowest possible figure.

The free-list has been enormously increased by the addition of practically every article known to our commerce that is not or can not be profitably produced in this country, on the theory that the proper subjects of importation into a well-ordered country are not those articles that its people can supply to themselves, but those they cannot supply, and that goods of this character should be brought to the consumer at the cheapest possible price.

The dutiable list has been thoroughly revised, so that: (a) The revenues necessary to carry on the Government shall be collected as largely as possible from foreigners in return for the privilege of selling their goods in our markets; (b) Foreign competition in cheap labor, a competition in flesh and blood—shall be checked wherever it threatens to lower the American standard of wages and to drive American producers out of business; (c) Numerous branches of industry never heretofore carried on in America, shall be encouraged to undertake production, thus increasing the opportunities for the profitable investment of capital and the profitable occupation of labor; (d) The cost of necessary supplies to the American consumer shall in no case be raised, but shall in response to the law of free domestic competition, go on decreasing in the future, as it always has under the protective policy, in the past.

This is the McKinley bill. It is not the McKinley bill that the Democrats are now ranting and raving about. That McKinley bill has no existence whatever. It is a huge, unpardonable lie. It is a most knavish lie, for its purpose is essentially corrupt. It has been sent out over the country as the servant of the Democratic party and of a group of Eastern importers who have combined in a deliberate effort to deceive the American people as to the contents, purposes, and effects of the McKinley bill. In carrying out this scheme they have not hesitated to attribute to the McKinley bill provisions that it does not contain, and that its authors never dreamed of, and by an ingenious and utterly fanciful system of what they call "equivalent ad varorems," based on impossible prices, they have distorted its rates beyond recognition.

The Republican party has enacted the McKinley bill after ten months of profound investigation and elaborate debate. It undertakes to say that a wiser, braver, fairer revenue bill has never been provided in all the history of the Republic, and that under the operation of this new tariff the American people will pay a smaller proportion of the expenses of the Government than ever before. This conclusion will be forced upon any fair-minded man who takes the trouble to examine its provisions.

For the reduction of the revenues the Mills bill relied chiefly on free wool, the McKinley bill on free sugar. This circumstance admirably illustrates the difference in spirit and purpose between the two measures. We consume 600,000,000 pounds of wool annually, and we can produce the whole of it. We do not need to go abroad for a single fiber. We consume 1,423,000 tons of sugar, and we can produce only 226,000 tons, not 20 per cent. of our demand. Now, the Republican policy is to protect wool, which we can and do produce, so as to hold our market for our own producers, and to encourage wool-growing and wool-manufacturing; and on the other hand to freely admit sugar, which we are not largely producing, so as to put it into the coffee-cups of our own people at the lowest possible price. The Democratic policy is to admit wool free, thus drawing the semi-savage wool-growers of Asia and South America into competition with our farmers, to the inevitable destruction of our wool industry, and to tax sugar.

The extent to which the bill has gone in protecting the products of the farm and in reducing the expenses of the farmer is a striking witness of the care which the Republican party has always exercised over the interests of that immense portion of our population engaged in industrial pursuits. The duty on binding-twine has been placed at seven-tenths of a cent, which is 50 per cent. lower than the duty fixed in the Mills bill. The farmers of the country will realize the hollowness of Democratic pretensions and the wickedness of Democratic falsehoods when they consider that, whereas under the Mills bill every one of their products was placed upon the free list, or left with the affliction of a revenue duty, and almost all of their necessities heavily taxed, by the McKinley bill increased protection has been accorded them for everything they have to sell, and lower duties established upon substantially everything they have to buy.

ODDS AND ENDS.

TRUTH is hardly so plentiful as fiction.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A GOOD fit—a fit of laughter.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

AN auctioneer is valuable only for his soliloquitorary ability.—*Burdette.*

"THIS is a new wrinkle," as the maiden said, on consulting her mirror.

A MAN that can be flattered is not necessarily a fool, but you can always make one of him.

WHY is a buckwheat cake like a caterpillar. Because it's the grub that makes the butter fly.

GIRLS look upon the engagement ring as a very promising affair.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

A MAN who always tells the bar-keeper to "hang it up" is a great bar-ower.

THE breeches of promise, young man, are the ones you haven't paid for yet.

SCRIPTURE rendered in the prevailing fashion of speech: "The lady tempted me, and I did eat."

THE man who thought he could live on the "milk of human kindness" died in the poorhouse, of dyspepsia.—*Chicago Eye.*

WHY is a woman like a locomotive? Because she draws a train after her, scatters the sparks, and transports the males.

A wrong impression—Kissing your wife on the back stairs in the dark, supposing her to be the hired girl.—*Waterloo Observer.*

THE reason men never stop at one glass when taking whisky is because it is a cereal drink, and always has to be continued in the socks.

A LEVEL HEAD.

The Advantage of Presence of Mind in an Emergency.

During the late strike on the New York Central Railroad, the militia were ordered to be in readiness in case of a riot, but they were not called out.

In an interview Gov. Hill said the troops were not to be called upon except in case of an emergency. The emergency had not arisen, therefore they would not be ordered out. He remarked that this was the first great strike with which he had had experience, and he did not propose to lose his head; the only point at which there had then been any serious trouble was at Syracuse, and there a deputy sheriff had lost his head and precipitated an encounter.

The strike continued several weeks, and there was riotous action at various points along the road, but the civil authorities were able to cope with it without calling on the militia.

The test of a man's real ability comes when an emergency arises which makes a hasty call on his good judgment and discretion. The man who retains his presence of mind, maintains his equipoise and exercises sound discretion at such critical junctures, is to be relied on and will be put to the front.

Men with level heads have the staying qualities which do not falter in the face of danger. Otis A. Cole, of Kinsman, O., June 10, 1890, writes: "In the fall of 1888 I was feeling very ill. I consulted a doctor and he said I had Bright's disease of the kidneys and that he would not stand in my shoes for the State of Ohio." But he did not lose courage or give up; he says: "I saw the testimonial of Mr. John Coleman, 106 Gregory St., New Haven, Conn., and I wrote to him. In due time I received an answer, stating that the testimonial he gave was genuine and not overdrawn in any particular. I took a good many bottles of Warner's Safe Cure; have not taken any for one year."

Gov. Hill is accounted a very successful man; he is cool and calculating and belongs to the class that do not lose their heads when emergencies arise.

German Coinage.

The German East African Company has just had coined a new lot of metal money for the German colonies. The silver pieces are of about the size and value of an Austrian gulden, approximately forty cents. The coat of arms consists of a lion and a bust of the German Emperor in the uniform of the Guraissier Guards. The copper coins are worth about one and one-third cents each, and are inscribed with Arabian characters. Italy, too, has instituted a new coinage for her African possessions. The silver pieces are worth a little less than a dollar each, and bear the face of King Humbert and a statement of the value in Italian and Arabian. The bronze coins represent a value of two cents or one cent each.

Leaving All Hatred Behind.

An immoderate drinker about to die, asked his wife to bring him a glass of water.

"Water!" she exclaimed, in amazement, "did I understand you to ask for water?"

"Yes,' said he faintly, "before leaving this world I would wish to reconcile myself with the object of my chief hatred."

A. M. PRIEST, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure give the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Perhaps the Boy Was Getting Lazy.

Corner Groceryman—Is your little boy Johnny feeling well?

Mrs. Smith—Yes, I think so. Why do you ask?

"O, nothing, only he passed here three times this morning and didn't snatch a handful of beans or kick over a box, so I thought he must be ailing.—*Texas Siftings.*

This Is Meant for You.

It has been truly said that half the world does not know how the other half lives. Comparatively few of us have perfect health, owing to the impure condition of our blood. But we rub along from day to day, with scarcely a thought, unless forced to our attention, of the thousands all about us who are suffering from scrofula, salt rheum, and other serious blood disorders, and whose agonies can only be imagined. The marked success of Hood's Sarsaparilla for these troubles, as shown in our advertising columns frequently, certainly seems to justify urging the use of this excellent medicine by all who know that their blood is diseased. Every claim in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla is fully backed up by what the medicine has done and is still doing, and when its proprietors urge its merits and its use upon all who suffer from impure blood, in great or small degrees, they certainly mean to include you.

His Reward.

Sniggs—Brash was a bad man in his youth. What has become of him?

Jiggs—Went West and became a precedent of his party.

Did? What party?

Lynch party.

Young married ladies find in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trusty friend and in the "Guide to Health and Etiquette" a book that answers all their questions.

(Im)pertinent.

Teacher (indicating a place on the map with his finger)—Now, what is this?

Pupil (presently)—A dirty nail.

Worth Hundreds of Dollars.

My wife used only two bottles of "Mother's Friend" before her third confinement. Says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars. Had not half as much trouble as before. DOCK MILES, Lincoln Parish, La. Write The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

IF the good all die early, why are the bad like the pupil of the eye? Because they dilate (di-late).

MEN think house-cleaning easy, but unless a woman uses SAPOLIO the proverb is true, "Easier rule a kingdom than manage a house."

WHY is death like a tin-pan tied to a dog's tail? Because it is bound to occur (a cur).

FOR A DISORDERED LIVER try BECHAM'S PILLS.

IS THE black man who runs the three-card game a native of Monte-negro?—*Cincinnati Traveler.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

WHEN Murphy got up at 4 a. m. he said he belonged to the early rose variety.

White Swelling

"In 1887, my son, 7 years old, had a white swelling come on his right leg below the knee, which contracted the muscles so that his leg was drawn up at right angles. I considered him a confirmed cripple. Hood's Sarsaparilla woke up his appetite, and soon pieces of bone came from the sore. The discharge decreased, the swelling went down, the leg straightened out, and in a few months he had perfect use of his leg. He now runs everywhere, and apparently is as well as ever." JOHN L. MCMURRAY, Notary Public, Ravenswood, W. Va.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

One of the most important organs of the human body is the LIVER. When it fails to properly perform its functions the entire system becomes deranged. The BRAIN, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS, all refuse to perform their work. DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY DISEASE, etc., are the results, unless something is done to assist Nature in throwing off the impurities caused by the inaction of a TORPID LIVER. This assistance so necessary will be found in

Prickly Ash Bitters!

It acts directly on the LIVER, STOMACH and KIDNEYS, and by its mild and cathartic effect and general tonic qualities restores these organs to a sound, healthy condition, and cures all diseases arising from these causes. It PURIFIES THE BLOOD, tones up the system, and restores perfect health. If your druggist does not keep it ask him to order it for you. Send 2c stamp for copy of "THE HORSE TRAINER," published by us.

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

The Way Made Clear.

One of the most serious obstacles to success in the way of man is planted right in the middle of the road to health. How to restore and to maintain a regular habit of body and digestion is too often a source of needless and unhappily, of vain inquiry. It is not necessary to inveigh against drastic purgatives. They who have used them continuously know the consequence. A remedy which unites the action of a regulating medicine for the bowels with that of a tonic both for those organs, the liver and the stomach, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, sanctioned by the best medical authority, and receiving daily the indorsement of our fellow-countrymen. With this effectual, though gentle, laxative at hand, it is possible to defy those changes of temperature productive of constipation, as well as constitutional attacks of biliousness, which beset even people naturally healthy. Malaria, dyspepsia, rheumatism, and kidney troubles are remedied and prevented by the Bitters.

Carl Pretzel's Philosophy.

A Christian mit a conceited frame, und a shmall waisted mind, makes more troobles by a church house as six infidools.

Don't fergot, vhen you vas feel for der poor to feel your pockets dherein.

Dhere vas two obchecks dot got no abbreciations for adwice, der printer und der mule.—*The National Weekly.*

What Bees Live On.

Teacher—What do bees live on.

Boy—Revenge.

How do you make that out?

Well, revenge is sweet, ain't it? Bees live on sweets.

THE WABASH LINE.
H-andsome equipment,
E-legant day coaches, and
W-agner palace sleeping cars
A-re in daily service
B-etween the city of St. Louis
A-nd New York and Boston.
S-pacious reclining chair cars
H-ave no equal
L-ike those run by the
I-ncomparable and only Wabash.
N-ow trains and fast time
E-very day in the year.
From East to West the sun's bright ray,
Smiles on the line that leads the way.

MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS, running free reclining chair cars and palace sleepers to St. Louis, Kansas City, and Council Bluffs. The direct route to all points in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Texas, Indian Territory, Arkansas, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Washington, Montana, and California. For rates, routes, maps, etc., apply to any ticket agent or address R. G. THOMPSON,
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Fort Wayne, Ind.

Bad News.

"Are you prepared for the worst?" asked the lawyer of the convicted murderer.

"Yes; what is it?"

"The Westinghouse Company has interceded in your behalf, and may Heaven help you!"—*Puck.*

IS PRICKLY ASH BITTERS good for anything? Read what Frank Griggsby, of Dodge City, Kas., says: "For three years I suffered from a disease that my physicians pronounced incurable. My friends had given me up to die, when I was induced to try your remedy. I took it for three months and have gained 62 pounds in weight. Am a well man and Prickly Ash Bitters saved my life. I am under life-long obligations to this medicine, and will never cease to recommend it."

WHY is a peacock like the figure nine? Because it is nothing without its tail.

DOBBINS' Electric Soap does not chap the hands, being *perfectly pure.* Many people afflicted with Salt Rheum have been cured by its use. Preserves and whitens clothes. Have your grocer order it and try it *now.*

THE ship of state is dressed in sails made from political canvas, and guided by the tiller of public patronage.—*Waterloo Observer.*

WHEN medicine is given a child, parents like to feel it is a safe and proper one. Such a remedy is Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers.

WHY is a snow storm the best of jokes? You can always see the drift of it.

"Well! Well!"

That's the way you feel after one or two of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have done their work. You feel well, instead of bilious and constipated; your sick headache, dizziness and indigestion are gone. It's done mildly and easily, too. You don't have to feel worse before you feel better. That is the trouble with the huge, old-fashioned pill. These are small, sugar-coated, easiest to take. One little Pellet's a laxative, three to four are cathartic. They regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels—quickly, but thoroughly. They're the *cheapest* pill, sold by druggists, because you only pay for *the good* you get. They're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, every time, or your money is returned. That's the *peculiar* plan all Dr. Pierce's medicines are sold on.

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THE POINT.

"A 1" From a Catholic Archbishop down to the Poorest of the Poor all testify, not only to the virtues of

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The Great Remedy For Pain,

but to its superiority over all other remedies, expressed thus:

It Cures Promptly, Permanently;

which means strictly, that the pain-stricken seek a prompt relief with no return of the pain, and this, they say, St. Jacobs Oil will give. This is its excellence.

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Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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YOU NEED NOT FEAR that people will know your hair is dyed if you use that perfect imitation of nature,

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No one can detect it. It imparts a glossy color and fresh life to the hair. Easily applied. Price, $1. Office, 39 Park Place, N. Y.

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We are happy because of our glorious health; for "Health, my boy, is Happiness."

What picture can equal that of a young mother and child in perfect health? and what a rare sight it is.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound possesses those health-giving properties so important to both mother and child. It is the only Legitimate Remedy and Positive Cure for those peculiar weaknesses and ailments incident to women. Every Druggist sells it as a standard article, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00.

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