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Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.

The Great Specific for "Bright's disease," urinary troubles, kidney difficulties, and impure blood.

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Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if you are not benefited, Druggist will refund to you the price paid.

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This GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE is sold by druggists on a positive guarantee, a test that no other Cure can stand successfully. If you have a COUGH, HOARSENESS or LA GRIPPE, it will cure you promptly. If your child has the CROUP or WHOOPING COUGH, use it quickly and relief is sure. If you fear CONSUMPTION, don't wait until your case is hopeless, but take this Cure at once and receive immediate help. Large bottles, 50c. and $1.00. Travelers convenient pocket size 25c. Ask your druggist for SHILOH'S CURE. If your lungs are sore or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Price, 25c.

DONALD KENNEDY

Of Roxbury, Mass., Says:

Strange cases cured by my Medical Discovery come to me every day. Here is one of Pure Idiocy—Blindness—and the Grip. Now, how does my Medical Discovery cure all these? I don't know, unless it takes hold of the Hidden Poison that makes all Humor.

VIRGINIA CITY, Nevada, Sept. 2, 1891.

DONALD KENNEDY—Dear Sir: I will state my case to you: About nine years ago I was paralyzed in my left side and the best doctors gave me no relief for two years, and I was advised to try your Discovery, which did its duty, and in a few months I was restored to health. About four years ago I became blind in my left eye by a spotted cataract. Last March I was taken with La Grippe, and was confined to my bed for three months. At the end of that time, as in the start, then it struck me that your Discovery was the thing for me; I got bottles, and before it was half gone I was able to go to my work in the mines. Now in regard to my eyes; as I lost my left eye, and about six months ago my right eye became affected with black spots over the sight as did the left eye—perhaps some twenty of them—but since I have been using your Discovery they all left my right eye but one, and, thank God, the bright light of heaven is once more making its appearance in my left eye. I am wonderfully astonished at it, and thank God and your Medical Discovery. Yours truly. HANK WEITZ.

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IVORY SOAP

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... he ... wagon as it ... usually struck the ... and bruised, he was half ... that the horses had become ... from the vehicle, and that the ... badly shattered, was floating down the stream.

It had now become so dark, especially in the shelter of the cliffs that lined the river perpendicularly, that he could not estimate his situation except that he was being borne rapidly away from the scene of the accident by the stream's swift current.

"I'm rid of the outlaws, any way," he muttered grimly, "and probably near their stronghold. I wonder if young Grey has managed to find the girl, or if she is still a captive and on her way to this desolate place?"

His predicament was not a pleasant one, for the wagon box was immersed in water and he was wet through from the dip in the stream.

Finally it began to sink so low that he was compelled to climb out on the seat, and thence later to the top of the wagon cover itself.

From here he regarded the fast-flying landscape silently and clung to his frail raft as it was driven hither and thither by the rock-choked current.

There was a final crash, and Ranger Ralph was flung head foremost into the river.

The wagon was splintered to pieces as it came in contact with a huge rock in midstream, and floated away leaving the scout floundering in the water.

He managed to reach the shore, and stood with dripping garments ruefully surveying his situation.

Darkness and solitude surrounded him, and there seemed no means of leaving leaving the narrow, confined canyon except by the waterway up and down stream.

Suddenly a light appeared in the distance, and the scout stood peering at it for some time, vainly endeavoring to make out its location and cause.

"It must be a lantern or camp-fire of the outlaws," he decided, and he determined to endeavor to make his way toward it.

In the darkness and amidst unfamiliar scenes this was no easy task, and his progress was slow and laborious.

Clinging to trailing vines and shrubs, scaling rocks, fording and swimming, he managed finally to gain a pile of rocks directly beyond which was the light he had seen.

It proved to be as he had surmised, a camp-fire, built somewhat back in a cave-like aperture of the rocks.

It was accessible by a narrow, dangerous path from the cliff above, and was evidently one of the entrances to the mountain fastness of the bandits.

A dozen rough forms were visible in the glow of the firelight, and among them Ranger Ralph readily recognized several whom he had known to be members of Despard's outlaw band.

From his place of espionage the old scout could watch his enemies and determine at leisure the best course to pursue.

There was no fear of interruption, for while he might gain the entrance to the cave it was not likely that they would come his way. He was so near to the entrance of the cave that he would almost hear the laughter and conversation. There was only this ledge of rock between him and the open space in front of the cave.

The scout crouched low as two men came toward where he was. At first he determined to retreat, as he feared they were coming over the ledge; but as they paused at the edge of the stream near by he discerned that one of them bore a bucket in his hand, and that they had come to obtain some water for the camp.

"What's the programme, anyway?" he heard one of the men ask; and the other replied:

"A general breaking up of the band, I hear the boys say."

"And a division of the profits?"

"Yes. It's whispered about that Despard is tired of the life, and that it has become too dangerous to suit him. He's afraid of trouble with Shadow Snake, and he's got some scheme for a fortune about the girl he has brought here."

"What trouble could he have with Shadow Snake?"

"He's afraid the old Modoc chieftain will learn about his treachery in regard to the princess."

"White Fawn?"

"Yes; and Danton and he have played the Indians false."

"About what?"

"The emigrant train. They stole most of the plunder, and the Snake will resent this and our desertion. I wouldn't wonder if the Modoc chief sent a messenger to demand restitution. Anyway, he's made enemies of the savages by his actions."

The men returned to the cave just then, but their conversation formed a theme of thought in the scout's mind for some time after their departure.

"The girl is here," muttered the ranger, "and Despard has some plan for leaving the country. I must learn what his schemes are, and at once. But how?"

Ranger Ralph reflected deeply for over an hour. Then, as a bold idea flashed upon his mind, he determined on its immediate execution.

He theorized readily that Despard meditated leaving the country, and that he would probably take Inez Tracey with him. The girl was now doubtless a prisoner in the outlaw's stronghold. The fortune her father had left her was the object of Despard's plot.

To rescue the girl and foil the renegade in securing that fortune, the scout felt that he must act quickly.

Ranger Ralph was noted along the frontier for his shrewdness, not only as a scout but as a detective.

It was in the latter capacity that he had now decided to act, and although his design was a bold one, he believed that he would be able to successfully carry it into execution.

Rapidly he formulated his plan. It consisted, first, in the assumption of a perfect disguise, and the hardy old ranger, fully prepared for just such contingencies as the present one, was soon at work on a thorough transformation of his personal appearance.

With a keen-edged razor he shaved off his luxuriant beard. Then he proceeded to paint his face and arrange his attire in accordance with his designs.

When he had completed his toilet it is doubtful if his nearest friend would have recognized him.

He resembled a half-breed, and his stained skin one eye shaded by a bandage, limping gait and general uncivilized appearance gave him just the look he desired, to enable him to penetrate to the enemy's camp with his identity unsuspected.

When he had fully completed his mental plan of action, the scout cautiously clambered over the ledge of rocks and made his way toward the camp fire.

Several forms sprang to their feet and impeded his further progress as he reached the entrance to the cave. A man whom he recognized as Vance raised a gun menacingly.

"What do you want? Who are you? How came you here?" he demanded quickly.

In accordance with his assumed character, the scout ... his arms over his ... uneasily beyond the supposed messenger from the Modocs.

"Did Tallula come alone?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Sit down by the camp-fire there; I will speak with the Crow."

Ranger Ralph smiled complacently to himself at the success of his imposition so far, but assumed a studied attitude of sullen silence until Vance had returned.

"Come," said the latter; "the Crow wishes to talk with you."

"Ugh!"

The scout was led into the cave through several long passages, and finally into an apartment that was apparently a portion of a wooden hut that was built over the river and into the cliff.

Despard and Danton sat at a table drinking, and the former glanced at the somber figure of Vance's companion.

"Here is the half-breed from the Modocs," explained Vance.

"From Shadow Snake?" asked Despard.

"Ugh!" replied the scout in a disguised tone of voice.

"What does he want?"

"His share of the plunder taken from the emigrant train. The Crow has played him false, and he seeks restitution or revenge."

Despard evinced a cool unconcern of the scout's somber threats. He listened calmly while the disguised ranger in guttural tones told of the dissatisfaction and anger of the Modoc chieftain. Then he said:

"Shadow Snake demands gold?"

"Ugh!"

"And if it is not sent to him?"

"War," was the laconic reply.

"When must he have his answer?"

"In two suns."

"Good. Before another day is past, Tallula shall know my decision. You can stay here until then."

Ranger Ralph retired with calm dignity, and congratulated himself upon the fact that he had not been recognized by the outlaw.

"Watch that half-breed closely," said Despard to Vance; and the latter followed the scout from the room.

"We have no time to lose," said Danton, when they were alone.

"That is true."

"The Modocs will march against us unless we return a share of the booty."

"Then we will act at once. I have located the haunt of the old hermit."

"Wafford?"

"Yes; and in the morning I shall go there. Once I secure the secret of Inez Tracey's fortune, I shall leave a small amount of plunder for them to divide, and you and Vance, the girl, and myself will leave this part of the country forever."

Meanwhile Ranger Ralph had been led toward the river end of the cave by Vance.

He paused ere they reached the camp-fire.

"Tallula is weary," he said.

"All right; you can sleep anywhere here."

The pretended half-breed flung himself upon a broad rock. Vance contented himself with proceeding to the spot where his companions were, and after telling them to see that Tallula did not leave the cave, paid no further attention to the scout.

The latter had fully decided to explore the bandits' haunt, in the hope of finding Inez.

After a while he left the rocks, and, unperceived by the men around the camp-fire, began examining the various passages and apartments of the great underground cavern they occupied.

There was one dim corridor down which he could see a light burning, and he stealthily made his way toward it.

He drew back in the shadow of a projecting shelf of stone as he saw, directly ahead of him, in an embrasure in the corridor, a man seated on the floor of the cave.

His back was to the scout, and he seemed to be lazily nodding as if in sleep.

"A guard," muttered the scout, thrilling to quick interest at his discovery. "There must be some one in the cave beyond, perhaps the girl herself."

Ranger Ralph peered cautiously beyond the spot where the corridor enlarged. He started as he discovered that a large apartment terminated the passageway. Upon a rude log table was a second lantern, and its rays showed a couch covered with a panther-skin.

Upon this the scout made out a familiar form. It was that of the very maiden who was the theme of all his anxious thoughts.

He stood spell-bound, yet excited, gazing silently at the girl, whose head was bent in her hands, as if in grief and despair. Rapidly he began to form a plan for evading the guard in the corridor and reaching Inez.

As he stood there a sudden episode balked all his plans. He saw Inez Tracey start to her feet and stare in wild emotion at the opposite side of the cave. This portion of the cavern was at that moment completely shut out from Ranger Ralph's range of vision.

Vaguely he heard a voice speak her name. He saw the girl's face express the deepest joy and relief. At that moment the attention of the guard seemed directed to the apartment. He arose seized a revolver from his feet, and began to creep towards the cave.

Intensely interested and yet perplexed Ranger Ralph stood watching the scene of what promised to be a most exciting and momentous episode.

CHAPTER XVII.

Whoever it was that had apparently entered the cave apartment where Inez Tracey was, that person did not evidently see or know of the near proximity of the bandit guard.

Even the imprisoned maiden seemed unaware of his presence, for her beautiful face, fully revealed to the gaze of the scout in the light of the lantern, glowed only with emotions of gladness.

The guard, adopting a stealthy, crouching movement, began to step gradually toward the apartment.

Ranger Ralph's attention was divided between him and Inez. He saw that the outlaw was too thoroughly engrossed in watching the inmates of the apartment to pay any attention to him. Cautiously, therefore, the scout began to steal after him.

A few steps enabled him to gain a complete view of the interior of the cave. He came to a dead stop with sheer surprise as he saw the cause of the girl's emotion.

"Darrel Grey!" he muttered under his breath.

It was indeed the young scout.

As the reader will remember, after he left White Fawn he had penetrated to the cave of the outlaws from the inclosed valley into which he had fallen.

When Despard had removed Inez to the cave, Darrel had reached a spot where a huge rock blocked up the entrance to the apartment. For over an hour he sought to push this barrier away and at last he had succeeded.

It was his entrance that had so startled the captive maiden.

"Inez!" he cried, and sprang toward her with outstretched arms.

In the first impulse and rapture of love and joy Inez had glided to speed him. A modest flush surmounted her brow, and she paused, trembling and confused, as he seized her hands fervently.

... in the wall, when the guard raised his revolver.

Ranger Ralph had taken in the scene at a glance, and resolved to act quickly, as he discerned the peril of his young friend Darrel Grey.

With a rapid spring he was fairly upon the guard. Too late, however, to prevent the shot the latter had directed at Darrel.

The bullet sped wide of its mark. The report of the pistol, however, awoke all the silent echoes of the cave.

With one blow the old scout felled the guard insensible to the floor of the cave. Then, springing over his prostrate form, he seized the revolver that had fallen from his grasp.

Darrel Grey recognized him with a joyful cry.

"Ranger Ralph!" he ejaculated.

Inez glanced with quick interest at the man she knew to be her father's old-time friend and her own.

The scout glanced back at the corridor with an alarmed face, as he heard a new commotion. Two men had come suddenly into view. Ranger Ralph divined in a flash that they had been companions of the guard.

Doubtless they had been sleeping in the embrasure in the corridor, and he had not noticed them. The shot had aroused them, and as they entered the apartment they comprehended the situation at a glance.

"Fly!" ordered the scout to Darrel and Inez.

"But the outlaws will be aroused——"

"I will hold these two at bay, and cover your escape."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Earnings of Railroads.

The advance sheets of the introduction to Poor's Manual for 1891 show that the number of miles of railroad completed in the United States at the end of the last calendar year was 166,817, and that the number of miles constructed during the year was 5,739. Since then enough track has been laid to make the total mileage to this date 170,000 miles. The increase in share capital during the year was $146,140,260, which was equal to a little more than $25,300 for each mile of road constructed during the year. The increase in the funded debt of the roads during the year was $277,536,254, which was equal to not much less than $50,000 per mile of road constructed. It will, however, be understood, of course, that the increase in funded debt did not necessarily, or probably, all fall on the new roads constructed. The total amount of share capital at the end of the year was $4,640,289,578 and the total amount of funded debt was $5,105,902,025. This gives a total of share capital and funded debt of $9,746,141,603. This total is equal to more than $58,400 for each mile of road in existence at the end of the year. Mr. Poor states that, counting in all forms of indebtedness, the cost of the roads as measured by the total was $59,638, or close to $60,000 per mile on the average, the total indebtedness having been $10,122,635,900. One would expect the average indebtedness per mile to decrease, but according to Mr. Poor it increased last year $1,364. Regarding net earnings, Mr. Poor reports that in 1890 the average was 3.4 per cent., against 3.3 per cent. in 1889, 3.2 in 1888, 3.9 in 1887, 3.7 in 1886, and 3.4 in 1885. These are the averages, of course, on the nominal capital. If we suppose the actual capital invested to be one-half the nominal amount, which is in accordance with Mr. Poor's estimate in former years, we find that capital invested in railroads pays on the average fairly satisfactory profits. The earnings pay interest on the funded debts, which in the aggregate exceed the actual capital invested, according to Mr. Poor's estimate, and give an average of about 3½ per cent. for dividends besides. While it is true that many roads do not earn dividends, or even fixed charges, yet on the whole the railroads of the country are paying concerns. Those which are not have been prematurely built, or built where railroads are not needed, or wrecked by intentionally or ignorantly bad management. It will be observed that there was a slight improvement last year over the year before in net earnings, which, however, were still below those of 1886 and 1887.

The Great and the Little.

About 9 o'clock at night, and almost directly overhead, one sees the bright star of the first magnitude known as Arcturus. Recent and most careful investigations relating to this star show some astonishing results. That great sun is now known to be distant from us 181 light years; that is, it takes light from it, traveling 186,000 miles in a second of time, 181 years to reach us, or 1,061,000,000,000,000 miles away. This star is 550,000 times larger than our sun. If Arcturus were a hollow sphere, it would hold 680,000,000,000 balls as large as the earth we inhabit. The star is now coming nearly directly toward us at the rate of 19 miles a second, but goes athwart our position about 350 miles a second, so that in a few millions of years it will wholly disappear from our range of vision. Such distances and such magnitudes are wholly beyond the conception of finite minds, and are absolutely appalling. What may this great solar center have revolving around it in the form of planets? And here we are, puny mortals, upon this bit of stellar dust called the earth, pluming ourselves with our penny-whistle doings. The greatest of mortals and of mortal deeds are as nothing in the infinite scheme of existences. Probably within five millions of years some great star like Arcturus may strike and instantly vaporize this solar system. Think of it, little man, for where will you and your deeds be then?

LIGHTNING played a serious trick upon Geo. Rood, a resident of Jewett, Conn. A thunderbolt struck him, causing severe but not dangerous burns. Since the accident his body seems full of electricity. When he places his hands together they adhere, and when his feet touch it is difficult to separate them.

FOREIGN papers announce that an engagement has been arranged between the young King of Servia and Princess Xenia, the daughter of the Prince of Montenegro. The young lady is only 11 years of age. It has long been known that the Czar favored such a match.

SEVERAL pigs were missed by a farmer in Gladwin, Mich. After watching several nights for the rogue, the vigilance of the sentinel was at last rewarded. He saw a snake carrying off another young pig. The snake was dispatched, and found to measure over nineteen feet in length.

... on his way to ... is the outgrowth of the famous feud between Judge Botkin and Sam Wood, who was shot by James Brennan June 23.

Information received shows that plans to kill Judge Botkin were laid three weeks ago, and that the intended victim was made aware of it the day following that on which the assassination had been arranged. Botkin lives on a claim three miles from Springfield. His term of court was to open there, and the murderers were to lie in wait for him in a deep canyon and kill him when he started for Springfield. It was one of the conspirators that disclosed the plot two weeks ago, and Judge Botkin kept absolutely quiet, telling only the sheriff and his deputy. Accordingly the sheriff and six deputies met at Botkin's house and remained there till 2:30 in the morning, when they started for the deep canyon to hide until the murderers should appear.

At daybreak forty citizens of Woodsdale and Springfield, armed with Winchesters and revolvers, rode up, and, finding the sheriff and deputies in ambush, commenced firing. A desperate battle ensued, lasting until sunrise. The sheriff and two deputies lost their lives at the hands of the assassins. The mob then dispersed and the three deputies who escaped unhurt went to Springfield and reported the killing. Then they proceeded to Judge Bodkin's place and warned him of the danger. He immediately fled with his family to Arkansas, where he is being guarded till the militia arrives.

Attorney General Ives, received a dispatch stating that warrants had been issued for the arrest of the murderers. He said that would do no good, however, for one-half of the people were in sympathy with the outlaws.

Adjutant General Roberts has ordered the two companies of militia at Sterling and Hutchinson to proceed to Arkalon, where Judge Botkin's life is in peril.

When Sam Wood was murdered last June it was generally charged by his friends that Judge Botkin and the adherents of the latter were responsible for the assassination, but no one except James Brennan, the man who did the shooting, was arrested. Judge Botkin, however, did not feel safe in that part of the country, and spent a great portion of his time during the summer months in Topeka, and with his brother, near Fort Scott.

When court convened at Hugoton, Stevens County, in September, Attorney General Ives was present to conduct the examination of Brennan, and a special State officer was present to preserve the peace, but as no attempt was made to create any kind of a disturbance the State authorities relaxed their vigilance and for some time the Botkin district has been considered a safe and peaceable part of the State.

Since July, 1888, there has been turmoil in Stevens County. The county seat contest between Woodsdale and Hugoton culminated in a massacre of Sheriff Cross and his deputies by Sam Robinson and his gang of about twenty-seven men from Hugoton. There was an abatement of the killing then until early last year, when James Brennan, of Richfield, Morton County, shot and killed Sam Wood, of Woodsdale, the acknowledged leader of the Woodsdale faction. This killing occurred in front of the little church in Hugoton, Judge Botkin having converted the church into a court-room, where the June term of the Stevens County District Court was being held. Brennan was arrested and after two attempts to give him a trial on the charge of murder, was taken to the jail at Hutchinson to await the third and last attempt to secure a jury this month. Since Woods' death hostilities have ceased in Hugoton, and apparently have now been transferred over the boundary line into Seward County, which has been peaceful heretofore, though it has always been acknowledged that Springfield, the county seat of Seward, has been in sympathy with Woodsdale and Arkalon, the prospective county seat in sympathy with Hugoton. This feeling of favoritism, which unquestionably exists, has evidently risen to that point where it became uncontrollable, and the Springfield people have gone in to help out the Woodsdale faction.

The new killing increases the number of men slaughtered in the counties of Southwestern Kansas to about twelve, not taking into account the famous Leoti-Coronado County seat fight in Wichita County. There has never been a feeling of security in Stevens County since the famous Hay Meadows massacre of 1888, though at times the public pulse has been serene and bloodshed seemed an impossibility. But those men in Stevens, Seward, and Morton Counties, and in all other counties surrounding that quarter, never forgive a wrong or forget an injury. The direct cause of the attack on Judge Botkin lies in the fact that ever since the feud began his sympathies have been with Hugoton, though his home is at Springfield, in Seward County, forty miles away. James Brennan, who killed Sam Wood, was his counselor and friend and traveled about with him on his judicial journeys through the counties comprising the district. At the first attempt to try Brennan in September last at Hugoton Judge Botkin refused to preside, for the reason, he said, that Brennan had been his friend. So no trial was had nor any attempt made to secure a jury until Nov. 4, when Judge Wall, of Wichita, made the effort. Judge Botkin was in Hugoton when the last attempt to try Brennan was made, and it is remembered that when he drove out of town after the court had failed to get a jury the sheriff of Seward County went with him with a Winchester over his shoulder. The sheriff of Seward County had simply taken Brennan's place as Botkin's body-guard.

Poisoned Her Whisky.

THE conviction of Dr. Graves for the poisoning of Mrs. Barnaby will probably convince that gentleman that whisky is a bad thing to fool with.—St. Joseph News.

DENVER juries differentiate between death by poison and pistol, evidently. Hence Dr. Graves has been convicted of murder in the first degree for Mrs. Barnaby's death. The pistol, however, has not yet reached the dignity of first degree murder in Colorado.—Philadelphia Press.

DR. GRAVES, convicted at Denver of the crime of poisoning Mrs. Barnaby, of Providence, R. I., has confessed that he had a hand in the crime, but he is careful to implicate Colonel Ballou, a lawyer now trying to absent himself from the country. The Doctor seems to have administered the poisoned whisky after taking legal advice.—New York Advertiser.

IT is a crime that has excited a great deal of attention, and that will go on the list of celebrated cases. Dr. Graves has money enough to keep the lawyers busy in his behalf for some time yet.—Buffalo Commercial.

THE confession of Dr. Graves that he is guilty of the charges against him in the famous Barnaby poisoning case, and that the whole scheme was suggested and prompted by Lawyer Ballou, makes a fitting end to one of the most extraordinary tragedies of the day. The flight of Ballou may be accepted as corroboration of Graves' confession.—New York Recorder.

Think of Women.

... to three-fourths of ... farming in proper-ty. ... neers at the down-... faint herself. ... flirts on the ... her silly, insane, ... know how to ... by immediate ... or not. ... blondines her ... much of her ... eshes for fall ... days, that woman are past ... hanging out who ... lls against the male sex for chewing ... cent plugs of tobacco and expectorating on the sidewalk, yet who goes herself and deliberately wipes up that same sidewalk with a $35 or $50 gown that her father or husband earned by the sweat of his brow.—Albany Sun.


Taken for a Crank.

A semi-fiendish delight often seems to possess people of strong nerves in sneering at those with weak ones. The irritability of the nervous hypochondriac is ridiculed as natural ill temper. The very genuine and distressing symptoms from which he suffers are made light of. "He" or "she is a crank!" is the cheerful sort of sympathy with which the nervous invalid meets from the unfeeling and the thoughtless. At the same time no complaint is more defined and real, none has a more easily explainable origin when it is chronic. Imperfect digestion and assimilation are always accompanied by nervous debility and anxiety. Build up the powers of assimilation and digestion with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and nervous symptoms, sick headache and a generally feeble condition of the system are remedied. Remember that fearful ravages are produced by la grippe among weakly, nervous people. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters cures it, and prevents malaria, rheumatism, and kidney complaint.

A Matter of Honor

Tramp—Here's 25 cents I want ter pay it to you for that free lunch, and then you throw in five glasses o' beer. See?

Bar Tender—Twenty-five cents will buy the beer. The lunch is free you know.

"I don't want 'er that way. I want ter pay a quarter fer the lunch and git the beer free. See?

"It's all one either way. What difference does it make?

"It's a matter o' personal honor, sir. I promised th' ole lady wot gave me the quarter that I'd spend it fer something to eat. See?—New York Weekly.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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"I don't think it's any advantage to know other tongues than your own."

"You don't?"

"No; there's Prof. Polyglot, for instance; he speaks ninety-seven languages and his wife speaks only one."

"Well?"

"Well, he can't understand any of the gibberish his baby uses while his wife knows every word of it.—New York Press.


The Magnetic Mineral Mud Baths,

Given at the Indiana Mineral Springs, Warren County, Indiana, on the Wabash Line, attract more attention to-day than any other health resort in this country.

Hundreds of people suffering from rheumatism, kidney trouble, and skin diseases, have been cured within the last year by the wonderful magnetic mud and mineral water baths. If you are suffering with any of these diseases, investigate this, and cure your own remedy, at once. The sanitarium buildings, bath-house, water works, and electric light plant, costing over $150,000, just completed, open all the year round.

Write at once for beautiful illustrated printed matter, containing complete information, and reduced railroad rates. Address P. Chandler, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis Mo., or H. L. Kramer, General Manager of Indiana Mineral Springs, Indiana.


In an address before the Girls' Friendly Club of Utica, N. Y., Bishop Potter recently said: "I realize how different the present conditions are from those that prevailed when I was a boy. Then there were only two kinds of employment for girls besides housework—teaching and sewing. Probably there are in this city 100 kinds of work for women. They are doing the things men used to do and doing them better. But they need not in consequence have the manners of men, talk as men talk, use slang and cigarettes, or dress after the fashion of men."


The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you BOOK, BEAUTIFULL LITHOGRAPHS, OR SAMPLES FREE.

THE Sultan of Zanzibar, Africa, has taken novel and effective steps to have the streets of his capital better lighted, whereby he hopes to diminish the danger of midnight assaults and robbery hitherto rife. The owners and occupants of all houses are ordered, under severe penalties, to display a light outside their dwellings from sunset till sunrise.

AN AGGRAVATING SORE THROAT is soon relieved by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, an old-time remedy for Bronchial and Pulmonary affections.

VACCINATING with steel pens is recommended by a French physician. The pens are cheap enough to allow of a fresh one being used for each operation, and thereby all danger of infection from the lance is avoided.

ACTORS, VOCALISTS, PUBLIC SPEAKERS recommend HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR. PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS Cure in one Minute.

CROW Island passage, Grand Manan, was literally choked with a school of mackeral one day recently, and the native fishermen took 2,000 barrels. At Bar Harbor more than $6,000 worth of mackeral have been taken from the weirs this season.

The Most Pleasant Way

Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches, and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only. For sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles.

The White Poplar Attracts Lightning.

M. Covaroff, a Moscow scientist, has discovered that when lightning strikes in a forest the whith poplar (populus alba) is the first to attract it. He came to the conclusion that the tree can be used as a natural lightning rod, and he submitted a memorial to the Minister of the Interior advocating that the planting of a white poplar before every house in a village be made obligatory upon the peasants to prevent fire by lightning.

To Subscribers of This Paper.

After twenty-five years constant use of various Pile Remedies I never found anything to do me any good until I tried Dr. Kilmer's U & O Anointment. I used it in connection with the Swamp-Root, and I tell you it made a new man out of me.

J. P. BROWN, Osgood, Ind.

IN Virginia there are 15,000,000 acres of arable land lying untilled. The greater part of it is the property of land holders, who get no income from it and who do not possess the capital needed for its cultivation. The State authorities have come to their aid and are striving to attract immigrants, who will take it up and put it to service.

AN EXTENDED POPULARITY. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have for many years been the most popular article in use for relieving Coughs and Throat troubles.

It takes a long time for the cocoanut tree to attain its full condition of bearing, seven years, but when this time has passed it is a mine of wealth, and happy is he who can call a plantation of 100 acres his own.

If you are constipated, bilious or troubled with sick headache, Beecham's Pills afford immediate relief. Of druggists. 25 cents.

A GERMAN chemist has succeeded in producing artificial silk, which has all the qualities of the natural article except strength, wherein it is deficient, being only two-thirds as strong.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

THE man who deals at the faro table is a vice president.

Shut the door against disease. Danger comes oftenest through impure blood. Keep your blood in order, and you keep in health. For this, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It invigorates the liver, purifies and enriches the blood, and rouses every organ into healthy action. By this means it cures. Every part of the system feels its saving influence. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Scrofulous, Skin and Scalp Diseases—even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages, all yield to it. It's the only Liver, Blood and Lung Remedy that's *guaranteed* to benefit or cure, or the money is refunded. Trying terms to sell on that's a medicine that can carry them out.

"Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol to inebriate, and no syrup or sugar to derange digestion.

It's a concentrated vegetable extract; put up in large bottles; pleasant to the taste, and equally good for adults or children.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

A Perfect Success. VII.

The Rev. A. Antoine, of Refugio, Tex., writes: As far as I am able to judge, I think Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is a perfect success, for any one who suffered from a most painful nervousness as I did. I feel now like myself again after taking the Tonic.

ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL, Toledo, O., June 9, 1890.

We used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for epileptic fits in the case of a Mrs. Gormam, and it stopped the fits from the time she commenced taking it. We wish you an extensive sale for this beneficent remedy.

SISTER BRADY, Secretary.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Oct. 8, 1890.

I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic in Mrs. Sullivan's case, and it gave entire satisfaction, and she has no end of praise for it, and never forgets to recommend it to the sick and suffering. I have heard others say they used it with the same good results. THOS. KEATING.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

THE SMALLEST PILL IN THE WORLD!

TUTT'S TINY LIVER PILLS

have all the virtues of the larger ones; equally effective; purely vegetable. Exact size shown in this border.

FARMERS: LOOK OUT!

You are exposed to sudden changes of temperature, and to injuries.

ST. JACOBS OIL

Cures RHEUMATISM,

SPRAINS, BRUISES, CUTS, WOUNDS, SORENESS, STIFFNESS, SWELLINGS, BACKACHE, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, BURNS.

A PROMPT AND PERMANENT CURE.

ELY'S CREAM BALM—Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores Taste and Smell, and Cures

CATARRH

Gives Relief at once for Cold in Head. Apply into the Nostrils. It is Quickly Absorbed. 50c. Druggists or by mail, ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

Indianapolis Business University

OLD BRYANT & STRATTON, NORTH PENNSYLVANIA ST., WHEN BLOCK, OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE.

THE HIGHEST GRADE BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND SCHOOL.

Established 1850; open all the year; entering any time; individual instruction; lectures; large faculty; time short; expenses low; no fee for Diploma; a strictly Business School in an unrivaled commercial center; endorsed and patronized by railroad, industrial, professional and business men who employ skilled help; no charge for positions; unequaled in the success of its graduates.

SEND FOR ELEGANT CATALOGUE. HEEB & OSBORN, Proprietors.

$75 a month salary. Salespeople, either sex, wanted in every town and Co. Steady work. No risk. No Capital. No Exp. needed. Write to Historical Pub. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

"German Syrup"

Asthma. "I have been a great sufferer from Asthma and severe Colds every Winter, and last Fall my friends as well as myself thought because of my feeble condition, and great distress from constant coughing, and inability to raise any of the accumulated matter from my lungs, that my time was close at hand. When nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try thy valuable medicine, Boschee's German Syrup. I am confident it saved my life. Almost the first dose gave me great relief and a gentle refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform thee—unsolicited—that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to thy Boschee's German Syrup. C. B. STICKNEY, Picton, Ontario."

Gentle, Refreshing Sleep.

DO YOU COUGH? DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in its first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

DR. HARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

TRADE MARK

DO NOT GRIPE NOR SICKEN.

Sure cure for SICK HEADACHE, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, torpid liver, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Jaundice, Malaria, Kid