A Low Water Level

In rivers, ponds, wells, and other sources of drinking water, threatens danger from malarial germs. This condition is usually found in the Fall, and it points to Hood's Sarsaparilla as a safeguard against attacks of disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood, and thus guards the system from all those perils. It creates an appetite and gives sound and robust health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

"I have been using Hood's Sarsaparilla occasionally for the last three years. I have suffered from malaria fever for five years, and have tried many kinds of medicine, but found no relief till I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have all confidence in it, and believe it to be far superior to any other tonic." P. J. FITZGERALD, 121 Ninth St., South Boston, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

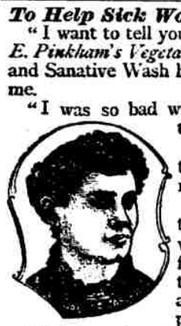
A Cure for Bad Grammar.

A schoolmaster, after giving one of his scholars a sound drubbing for speaking bad grammar, sent him to the other end of the room to inform another boy that he wished to speak to him, and at the same time promising to repeat the dose if he spoke to him ungrammatically. The youngster, quite satisfied with what he had got, determined to be exact; and thus he addressed his fellow-pupil:—"There is a common substantive, of the masculine gender, singular number, nominative case, and in an angry mood, that sits perched upon the eminence at the other side of the room, wishes to articulate a few sentences to you in the present tense."

A PHILADELPHIA newspaper chronicles the fact that a young man of that city who plays in an amateur baseball club, not wishing his own name printed, has taken that of M. O'Lasses. It is thought to be highly appropriate, as he plays in the outfield, and is an excellent fly-catcher.

To Help Sick Women.

"I want to tell you what *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* and Sanative Wash have done for me.



"I was so bad with falling of the womb and Leucorrhœa that I could not stand.

"I had doctored so much without benefit I was entirely discouraged. I expected to die.

"One evening I read in the 'Herald' about this medicine. I went to the druggist, got some, and took 2 bottles of the Compound, and used one of the Sanative Wash.

"I am now well and strong, am never troubled with either of the complaints. If more women would use Mrs. Pinkham's medicines there would be less suffering in the world."—MRS. IDA CASLER, 18 Olive Street, Syracuse, N.Y.

IF YOU HAVE

A Headache,
A Furred Tongue,
Spells of Dizziness,
Hot Hands and Cold Feet
Bad Taste in the Mouth,
Distress after Eating,
Loss of Appetite,
Irritable Temper,
Broken Sleep,
Low Spirits,

YOUR

Liver is Wrong

TAKE

Dr. J. H. McLEAN'S Liver and Kidney BALM.

$1.00 A BOTTLE

OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

MANUFACTURED BY

The Dr. J. H. McLean Medicine Co., ST. LOUIS, MO.

I used Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh and have received great benefit. I believe it a safe and certain cure. Very pleasant to take.—Wm. Fraser, Rochester, N. Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Protects the Membrane from Colds. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents, at druggists or by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

No SHOCKING! A mild, continuous current of electricity cures.
Get a catalogue by writing
THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT CO.
209 State Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

PATENTS. TRADE-MARKS.
Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Washington, D. C.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
FOR DURABILITY, ECONOMY AND FOR GENERAL BLACKING IS UNEQUALLED. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.
WE ALSO MANUFACTURE THE
SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH
FOR AN AFTER DINNER SHINE, OR TO TOUCH UP SPOTS WITH A CLOTH. MAKES NO DUST. IN 5&10 CENT TIN BOXES. THE ONLY PERFECT PASTE.
Morse Bros. Prop'rs. Canton, Mass.

Geraldine

By Mrs. L. B. Walford

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

In vain; the stranger only laughed the more.

"Come, I meant no harm," he said pleasantly. "May I not even touch this rod? Such a clipper as it is, too. I'll do it no harm. I am used to rods," stretching out his hand as the coveted possession was jerked in another direction. "Oh, I see how it is," continued he, "you have 'no English,' and I, unfortunately, have 'no Gaelic,' so what's to be done? (She's furious, the pretty vixen," aside, "I must appease her or we shall come to blows next.) Hoy, young woman—hey, I say. Oh, so you have found your tongue at last, have you? What is it? I can't for the life of me hear a mutter like that, you must speak louder, you know. Louder, miss, louder," nodding at her. "Oh, she is not addressing me at all: too deeply offended I suppose; and it is only to the other wild man of the woods that she will condescend to—" but the speaker's own voice died away, his lips fell apart, and the smile faded from his cheek, as he caught at last one distinct, unmistakable sentence, and that delivered in accents which, in spite of their childish treble, had a ring of command as well as the refinement of modulation.

"Donald, tell this gentleman from me, that this is my burn, and that I give him no leave to fish in it, and that I desire him to go away at once."

If ever tables were turned in the twinkling of an eye, they were now upon that gallant young life-guardsman, Capt. Frederick Augustus Bellenden, the great man of his family, and great match of his county, and the last person in the world to have been made a fool of by his own blunder.

There was no mistaking the seriousness of the situation.

The raged imp, to whom the order for Bellenden's summary ejection was entrusted, turned straight upon himself, and in his own fashion confirmed it forthwith.

"The leddy says it will not be here you will fish, nor this burn you will fish to-day. The leddy says it is you who will go where you come from, and leave this place;" and in further demonstration of the validity of his authority, the sturdy shred of a clansman pointed with his finger up the bank, whence he divined the intrusion had been made.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the amazed Bellenden.

"Fch?" shrieked Donald again, drawing closer to him, and still fixidly pointing up the bank. "Fch? Is it the way you would know? There is no other way but that."

"But I—I want to fish here."

"The leddy says—"

"Surely the lady"—and he glanced still doubtfully round—"surely the lady will permit me to fish—"

"I will do nothing of the kind!" said Jerry, with a stamp.

The next instant she was sliding about on the face of the wet and slippery rock, not altogether free from the danger of slipping over either, and "Good heavens!" again ejaculated Bellenden, for he was now alarmed on a new count. The next instant he had thrown aside his own rod, clasped the swaying form in his arms, seized a birchen branch with one hand, and was swinging himself and his burden by it to a place of safety. At the moment off came the "sou wester," and a glorious profusion of shining hair half hid the crimson brow and cheek beneath it.

"A lovely girl," thought the stranger at once; "and what a blessed fool I have made of myself." Aloud he merely remarked: "Pray, young lady, as long as you live, remember to beware of standing so near the edge of a slippery rock, especially if you are engaged in an absorbing occupation. Upon my word, I thought you were down just now," taking off his cap and brushing his hand across his forehead. "It was horrid. Ugh! I can't think of it."

"I had Donald," said Miss Campbell, but in rather an altered voice, for she, too, had been frightened, and did not feel quite as she had done towards this stranger a few minutes before.

"That child," said Bellenden contemptuously. "He can take care of himself, I doubt not," for Donald was, at the moment, stepping from ledge to ledge of the giddy points as daintily and safely as a mountain cat might, "but what could a little bit of a creature like that do to save you, if you had another trip like this? Do, pray, be warned. You—you are very young yourself. Do your parents know you come to a place like this?"

"I have no parents." Her bosom heaved.

Forgive me," said he, very respectfully; "but you must have some one—some guardian—"

"I have my grandmother."

"And you live with her?"

"She lives with me," quoth the heiress of Inchmarew.

"Oh—h!" Every instant brought a new revelation. He grew more and more grave and courteous.

"And this lady who takes care of you—your grandmamma, does she know this place? Has she ever been with you here?"

But this was to much for Jerry. It was too funny. She really could not help herself; she must laugh if she died for it. Grannyat the high pool! Granny, who had never been near the burnside in her life, who knew as much of her pools as she did of the Falls of Niagara, and of her birchen bank as of the precipices of the Andes! She gave way once for all now, and a laugh so sweet, so jubilant, so frank and childish rang out in the ears of the once again astonished Bellenden, that he felt as if bewitched by a creature only half mortal. What was she up to now?

"Oh, you are so funny! Oh, if you only knew how funny you are," cried the child, laughing her high, clear, bell-like laugh again and again, "to ask if granny comes here! Granny! Oh, dear! oh, dear! And if she knows this place! Oh, dear! oh, dear," and she shook her curly head with eyes that brimmed over, as if the mirth of such a suggestion could never have an end.

"Well, I—I suppose I must be funny since you say I am," responded the stranger soberly, "though upon my word I did not know it. Young ladies of your age," mentally appraising her at 12, for her face was singularly young, though she was tall enough, "young ladies of your age do not generally go about alone, or with only mountain gillies, and I should say that if your grandmamma knew what a dangerous place this is—"

"The real danger was what you did yourself!" retorted Jerry, with a sudden pout. "When you startled me like that I might have fallen off very easily!"

"You might, and I can only say I had not realized the slippery state of the rocks—but anyway I ought not to have done it. But now," he added with a smile, "can you forgive and be friendly? See, I most humbly sue for pardon. I am a total stranger here. I know nobody; and being stranded for the night at the inn down there, was told by the good woman who keeps it, that I might bring her in a dish of trout from this burn, and she especially mentioned this pool within the grounds of Inchmarew Castle."

"She did?" cried Jerry, her eyes glaring.

"I expect she never thought of any one else being out on such a day."

"She had no business to think about it. She knows that this is my burn, and that I keep it for myself, and my friends."

"Oh," said the young man, and the truth burst upon him. "Then you are Miss Campbell of Inchmarew," he said.

CHAPTER III.

"BY JOVE! WHAT A NICE CHILD!"

"But I shall be past making 'ove,
When she begins to comprehend it."

After this admission it seemed all at once as if the clouds rolled away, the sun shone out, and all was right.

A few sentences did the rest. It seemed but a minute ere he had offered a respectful hand down the bank—very different to the grasp which had conveyed her up it—and the two were chatting away as long as they could be heard, and nodding, directing, and approving, as the case might be, when too near the fall for speech—and the sport began afresh.

After a successful hour or so, Geraldine next proposed a move further up, the presence of the new-comer being accepted by Donald with the stolidity common to his kind, and the three all row upon the best of terms.

After the next hunting-ground had been abandoned, "Where next?" cried Bellenden gaily, "where next?"

"I am afraid we have no other really good place," replied his young hostess, almost apologetically, for she was now as anxious to do the honors as she had erst been to avoid them. "I hardly think we shall get many more to-day, but if you would like to come again to-morrow——" she added, shyly, for it was a great event to her to give an invitation of the kind, and she could get no further.

"To-morrow I am afraid I shall be many miles away and I shall be shooting instead of fishing."

"Oh," said Jerry. "That's a pity," she added simply.

"I am on my way to Kincraig," continued the speaker, not unwilling to volunteer a little information in the hope of getting some in return, for things he had heard before had been rapidly coming back to him during the silent sports of the past hour or two, and it was, on the whole, rather interesting to have had an adventure with this odd little witch of an heiress, who, report said, possessed, or would possess one day, the best estate and grandest moor in the country. A part of this very moor was, he knew, at present rented by the very friend with whom he was going to shoot on the following day, and accordingly, "I am on my way to Kincraig," he began; but Jerry interrupted eagerly, and with the pleasurable excitement of one in whose life coincidents and events were rare. "Kincraig," she cried. "Are you going to stay wish Archie Kincraig?"

"No; my friend's name is Campbell. He is Archie, however," said Bellenden.

"Oh, Campbell, of course; but we call him Archie Kincraig, because we are all Campbells here. I should have been called Inchmarew if I had been a man; as it is, I am 'Jerry Inchmarew,' because, you see, I am the head of the house"—and again she drew up her young proud figure, and again, alas the ill-disposed yellow oilskin coat hid the grace of the unconscious movement.

"Your name is Campbell, I know," said Bellenden, amused. "I was told a great deal about Miss Campbell on the boat, as we passed Inchmarew Castle, but I did not hear 'Jerry Inchmarew.'"

"That is only by my friends, you know, not by my people."

"If it had, I might have been a little quicker in guessing who 'Jerry Inchmarew' was."

She laughed. Her wrath had completely gone by

"And so you have let your shooting?" continued Bellenden.

"Only a part of it. Not the best part neither. That is kept for my cousin Cecil."

"Oh!"

"My cousin, Cecil Raymond. He comes to us every 12th of August, and we expect him this evening. There! I believe that is his boat coming in now," eyeing a long, thin streak of blue smoke discernable over a headland in the loch below. "We shall see her directly if it is. Yes, there she comes, rounding the point now," said Jerry excitedly; "look! do you see her? She comes in to our own terry pier next."

"I see her."

"I wonder if Cecil is in her," murmured the little girl to herself, with what seemed to her companion something of a tender interest.

"I know some Raymonds," he observed. "I wonder if this can be one of them—Lord Raymond's family?"

"Why, of course. And Cecil is the eldest son," cried Jerry, with renewed excitement. "Why, how very, very odd! And you know my Aunt Charlotte—Lady Raymond—and—and Ethel, and Alicia, and all of them? Oh dear, how strange it seems."

Bellenden laughed. It was not quite so strange in his eyes, a man of the world, who went everywhere, and made new acquaintances every day; but he was amused and pleased with the impression the wonderful discovery made upon his little friend.

"Oh, yes, I know them all—at least, I suppose I do," he said. "I do not know them very intimately, mind; you must not put me through my facings too severely, but I have certainly met both Lord and Lady Raymond—"

"And Ethel, and Alicia?"

"Not that I remember. I do not remember any Miss Raymonds."

"Oh, but they are hardly Miss Raymonds yet. Ethel is only a year older than I am, and Alicia is just my age. But Cecil is grown up—he is nearly 20."

"Twenty? Yes, the Raymond I know must be about 20. At Oxford?"

"Yes—yes. At Oxford."

"I stayed with him at a house this year. I remember him perfectly. Tall, and fair—and—"

"Yes, that is Cecil—why, it is Cecil, of course. Oh, you must come down and see him. Come along, quick, and we'll meet the boat. If we run down straight from here, we can easily head her, and get to the pier first. Do come; Cecil will like us to meet him."

"Like this?" suggested Bellenden, looking first at her and then at himself, though, truth to tell, it was of her appearance only he had his doubts. For himself, he was all right, roughly but suitably and becomingly clad, but Jerry was—such a Jerry! And he knew well that young Oxonians were sensitive on such points, and not likely to appreciate being hailed, even on a Highland pier, by Highland cousins wrapped in oilskins and topped by sou'westers.

"To be sure, I had forgotten," owned the little lady herself, coloring slightly under the imputation. "I do look rather queer, don't I? And Cecil is most frightfully, dreadfully particular. I should catch it from granny ever so much if he were too see me."

"But you don't mind my seeing you?"

"Oh, no—at least, I mean I never thought about it. Granny would have minded, I daresay; but then you will not see granny, unless" and again the round young cheek was suffused by a blush—"unless you will come home with me, and—"

Now this was the very proposal Bellenden was longing to have made him.

"I should like to see the Raymonds again," he said thoughtfully.

Perhaps he really thought at the moment that he should like it. Perhaps it was only the remembrance of the close, stuffy, whisky-reeking little inn at the ferry, which made a chance of escaping from it so seductive; but at any rate the unfortunate traveler felt that for life or death his only hope was to hang on to Cecil Raymond now, and that never in his life before had an acquaintaneship turned up such trumps.

Until within a few moments he had been forced to contemplate passing a luckless night in a damp, rough bed, amid the coarsest surroundings, with heavy mists obliterating all the beauties of the landscape without, and with no companionship, save his own thoughts, within. He had been positively assured that there was no possibility of reaching his friend's shooting lodge until the following morning, that the boat on which he had depended for proceeding up the loch did not go beyond the ferry on that especial evening of the week; and that the best, indeed the only thing to be done was for him to take up his quarters at Dame Maconochie's little public house, and inhabit her one spare room.

It had been a sorry look-out; but it had been mitigated by the dame's suggestion that he should take her son's rod, and bring her in some trout from the Inchmarew burn, not a mile off, which burn she assured him would be in fine trim after the rain, and was noted for its trout.

The worthy woman had not added that the fishing in its best part was jealously guarded for the benefit of the young mistress of the place, and that any one caught trespassing within the Inchmarew grounds in pursuit of sport would be in an awkward predicament. She had trusted to the gentleman's rod being caught. The odds were that he would not be so; the day being so exceedingly bad, and the stream having been so greatly augmented by the recent rains, she concluded that the little miss would hardly be allowed out, and that, at any rate, if the worst came to the worst, the stranger would say nothing about her. She did not think he would even know her name.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HIS LEVEL BEST.

Heroic Determination of a Boy on a Plague Stricken Vessel.

The British barque Trafalgar has just arrived at London Dock, after an experience which would make an excellent book of adventure, with one youth for the hero. This was a boy between 18 and 19, named William Shatton. The Trafalgar had sailed from Cardiff to New York, and then proceeded to Batavia, where her troubles began. Three of the crew deserted, and only one was found and brought back. Then the second officer got into such trouble by thrashing one of the crew that he was granted his discharge. Orders were issued that the crew were not to go on shore, for fear they would be stricken down with Java fever, but despite this precaution, the captain fell ill of it and died.

The steward and six of the crew, who were present at his burial, soon complained of feeling ill, and as there was little hope of their recovery among the miasmatic vapors of the port, it was decided to set sail for Australia.

The crew now numbered twenty-three, the chief officer having taken the captain's place, one by one, four men, beginning with the captain, sickened and died. The whole responsibility of sailing the vessel now depended on the youth, Shatton, who had just completed his term of service and who had been promoted to the post of third officer mainly because of his knowledge of navigation.

A sailmaker was now the only other person who had the remotest idea of an officer's duties, or who had the confidence to undertake navigating the barque while Mr. Shatton snatched a few hour's rest. The task of sailing the barque to Melbourne sometimes seemed hopeless, but Mr Shatton never lost heart. In the Indian ocean the cook died, the sixth victim of the passage.

The best men had died; the scum of the ship remained. They refused to clean and overhaul the vessel, or to do anything more than was absolutely necessary to get her into port. Mr. Shatton himself had a few days of the fever, but through it all he worked, doing everybody's duty as far as he was able. He was evidently a fatalist, and realizing that he had no authority over the men, did not waste his strength in resentment when they would not obey orders.

"If you don't like to work you needn't," he said. "This has to be done, that has to be done, but if you won't do it, I can't help it, I shall do my best."

Port Fairy was at last sighted, but a day or two later the Trafalgar was overtaken by a terrible gale. There was but one way to weather the storm, and that was to run before it. Sail was gradually shortened, as the gale rose, and the ship scudded before the storm for several hours under the two lower topsails, and the foresail. Before sail could be shortened again, however, the topsail and main lower topsail were blown clean out of the bolt ropes.

As soon as the sea fell, the ship stood in toward the Victoria coast, and was safely piloted up the bay.

An Apple.

Jerry and Frank were two horses hitched to a yellow car. All the morning they had gone back and forth, patiently, with only a rest now and then, but now Jerry was beginning to feel rebellious; he was tired, and it was getting hotter every square. Jerry was not by nature such a meek horse as was Frank, but then, too, he had not been a city carhorse as long as Frank had been. Frank knew the only way to do was to go on and on, whether you were tired or not; the driver had it all to say.

By the time Jerry had made up his mind to be stubborn, the driver stopped the horses on a switch to wait until the car a square away had passed.

Right there on the curbstone sat a a little bootblack. On the pavement lay his torn cap, and he let people go by unnoticed as he rubbed an apple on his jacket to make it shiny. A sweet lady had given it to him, and he was just over his surprise and getting ready to eat, when he looked up and saw Jerry standing near and looking at the apple longingly with his pitiful eyes.

The little bootblack understood. There was not much time to think, the other car was not far away, but he wondered how he would feel if he was that horse; and quick as a flash he broke the apple in two, and put one piece in Jerry's mouth and the other in Frank's. It was delicious.

Jerry forgot about being stubborn as they started on, and Frank forgot his aching bones, while the little ragged bootblack ran away, calling after a man with dusty shoes, "Have a shine, mister?"—Youth's Companion.

MAKE hay while the sun shines, and the sun never shines so steadily and bright as when you are young.

NO MAN is competent to pick out a woman's dress a woman cannot do it satisfactorily herself.

INDIANA INCIDENTS.

SOBER OR STARTLING, FAITHFULLY RECORDED.

An Interesting Summary of the More Important Doings of Our Neighbors—Weddings and Deaths—Crimes, Casualties and General News Notes.

Condensed State News.

THE G. H. Hammond fertilizing plant at Hammond was damaged $10,000 by fire.

MILLERSBURG has petitioned the County Commissioners to extend the corporation limits.

GHOULS are still robbing graves in Hamilton County, and there is intense excitement.

THE new St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Jeffersonville, has just been completed. It cost $40,000.

A PENNSYLVANIA freight train was wrecked near Knightstown, and fourteen cars demolished. Nobody hurt.

LAFAYETTE RUDE fell under a Lake Shore freight train at South Bend. Both his legs were cut off. May die.

SOME South Benders robbed a bees' nest in a hollow tree, the other day, and secured forty-four pounds of honey.

A HIGHWAYWOMAN is the latest at South Bend. A female robber attempted to hold up a man the other night, but he escaped.

THE big fly-wheel in the new electric light plant at Elkhart, flew to pieces, wrecking the dynamo. Harry Hill was painfully injured.

AT Hobart a newly-married women, while preparing dinner, went to a neighbor's and inquired if it was necessary to pound ham very much before frying it.

THE unknown burglar who was shot and killed by W. H. McCord, a Tangier merchant near Rockville, has been identified by a Rosedale miner, of Perryville, Vermilion County.

GEORGE, the 14-year-old son of John G. Wilson, of near Scottsburg, was fatally shot by the accidental discharge of a shotgun in the hands of a cousin named Turner, of near the same age. The boy died within three hours.

THERE was a pitched battle between two convicts and two guards in the Prison South. The prisoners were getting the best of the fight when a life time convict came to the rescue of the guards. He knocked the other prisoners down and beat them into submission.

DRUGGIST J. G. KENNEDY went into the cellar of his place of business at Shelbyville, and found gas escaping from a pipe. He pounded a plug into the end of a pipe and turned off the gas with a wrench. Had it not been discovered a fearful explosion would have occurred.

JOHN MCCAULEY, a wealthy pioneer bachelor, aged 70, was accidentally killed on his farm, six miles north of Kokomo. He was riding on a load of fodder, and while driving through a gate lost his balance and fell to the ground. His neck was broken and death was instantaneous.

W. C. WINSTANDLEY, formerly president of the defunct Bedford Bank has been arrested, chargedwith embezzlement and obtaining money under false pretenses. It is alleged that while he was president of the bank he accepted a large deposit when he knew the bank to be insolvent.

HOG CHOLERA is prevailing to an alarming extent in the northern part of Wabash County, where a large number of thin, scrawny Nebraska swine, driven out of the West by the corn crop failure, were brought in and sold. Hundreds of animals have died, and there are said to be few herds unaffected.

FIRE in West Lafayette destroyed the stables of J. D. Richardson, burning eighteen mules and many street grading implements. The blacksmith shop of Streebe & Wright, and the law office of S. T. Stollard were also burned, as was all the paraphernalia of the Praids. Loss about $5,000. Richardson had some insurance, the remainder being a total loss.

WILLIAM H. MCCORD, one of the leading merchants of Tangier, shot and killed a burglar who had robbed his store. McCord has a burglar alarm from his store to his house. The bell rang and McCord got up and with some neighbors and a traveling man by the name of John Trinch, who was staying over night with him, went to the store. They encountered the burglar on the steps of the store, who greeted them with a "Good evening, gentlemen." McCord covered him with his shotgun and called a halt, whereupon the burglar shot at McCord, striking him on the breast bone, the ball finding a lodgement under the collar bone. McCord shot and the load entered the right side of the head of the robber, killing him almost instantly. He carried in his hands stolen goods, and his pockets were loaded with jewelry, watches, cigarettes, money and other valuable.

PATENTS have been granted the following residents of Indiana: Charles E. Adamson, Muncie, assignor to A. Hallett, Somerville, Mass., producing copied effects on printed matter; Alvin Arnold, Burkett, mole trap; John H. Barr, deceased, Roanoke, J. M. Barr, administrator, automatic boiler cleaner; Daniel B. Conble, Spencer, scythe rack; Joseph Duffy, Terre Haute, horse hood; George W. Farmer, Indianapolis, shuttle guide for looms; Harry Jones, Richmond, pump; Chauncey G. Moore, assignor of one-half to T. F. Scullin, Indianapolis, oil burner; Abraham J. Neff, assignor of one-half to W. B. Lehman, Goshen, saw-filling machine; William H. Northall, assignor of two-thirds to J. H. Polsdorfer & Sons, Evansville, cork-holding bottle cap; Lafayette D. Rattsback, Indianapolis, rotary plow; Raleigh H. Staley, Sheridan, method of and apparatus for removing water or oil from bottoms of gas wells.

AT Peru, while playing bonfire with leaves the clothes of Jessie Quigly, the 4-year-old child of John Quigly, a prominent citizen, became ignited and before assistance could be rendered the child was fatally burned. She died a few hours later.

MRS. GOTTLEIB UNGER and three children ate pancakes for breakfast at Fort Wayne. An hour later they were found in violent convulsions, the symptoms indicating that they were victims of strychnine poison. Physicians worked over them for hours before they were brought out of danger. An investigation is being made.

WILLIAM BURKE of Walton, had an experience with a tiger at the circus winter quarters in Peru that nearly cost him his life. In company with a friend, after selling some old horses for meat they inspected the wild animals. Burke patted one of the tiger's feet hanging from a cage thinking the brute was asleep. In an instant the tiger caught him on the scalp, tearing the flesh badly. Fortunately, the claws slipped to the shoulder, and before the brute could more than tear away nearly all his clothes and lacerate the flesh his companion and the keepers managed to rescue him. He was seriously but not dangerously injured.

INDIANA patents have been issued as follows: James A. Fulton, South Bend, stand band for wagons; Olaf L. Guildin, Fort Wayne, oil feeding apparatus for gas generators; Casper T. Green, assignor to A. F. Huddleston, Randolph County, glass receptacle; Van N. McGee and M. W. Mansfield, Indianapolis, crossing frog for railway tracks; Robert G. Mitchell, Huntington, window cleaner; Louis Rastetter, Fort Wayne, joint for vehicle wheel rims; Hiram W. Raton, Goshen, folding bed; James O. Wright, Lafayette, dumping incline.

THE sawmill of Rummell & Co. of Dale, Dubois County, blew up. Mr. Rummel was killed and several of the employes were badly hurt.

The latest investigations by the United States and Canadian Governments show the Royal Baking Powder superior to all others in purity and leavening strength.

Statements by other manufacturers to the contrary have been declared by the official authorities falsifications of the official reports.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

An Anecdote of Lord Aberdeen.

We have heard so much about Lady Aberdeen that it is really quite refreshing to find a bit of gossip as to the other side of the family. Lord Aberdeen tells the following story of himself. He left London at midnight in a sleeping car for the north. In the morning when he was awakened he saw a stranger opposite him.

"Excuse me," said the stranger, "may I ask if you are rich?"

Somewhat surprised, his Lordship replied that he was tolerably well to-do.

"May I ask," continued the stranger, "how rich you are?"

"Well, if it will do you any good to know," was the reply, "I suppose I have several hundred thousand pounds."

"Well," went on the stranger, "if I were as rich as you and snored as loud as you, I should take a whole car so as not to interrupt the sleep of others."

Not a Pleasant People.

An almost unknown race—or one rarely visited by Europeans—is described by Mr. G. S. Robertson. These people live in the sub-Himalayan region and are called Fakiristans. In many respects they are not a pleasant people. Their worst mental peculiarities are cupidity, jealousy, and intertribal hatred. On the other hand they have a strong family affection and are capable of acts of heroism when at war. For killing one of their fellow tribesmen banishment is the penalty. They have their cities of refuge. They have medicine men. Mr. Robertson intimates that there is a secret valley in Kafiristan where an unknown tongue is spoken the sound of which is like "a soft musical mewing."

"Tonsorial Artist" a Back Number.

When some years ago a humble barber with one fell swoop announced himself as a "tonsorial artist" the world looked on in awe. It was this barber's ambition to have his calling classed not as a trade, but as a profession. He has had many followers since then, and now the sign "tonsorial artist" attracts little or no attention. Fancy, however, the following aerial flight of an ambitious firm in North Carolina in this advertisement:

"Dibble & Brown, Washington N. C. Crinicultural abscision and craniological tripsis, phrenologist hair cutters and hydropathic shavers of beards. Work physiognomically executed. Under Martin's Corner."—New York Advertiser.

Bismarck's Daily Routine.

Prince Bismarck's life at Varzin is marked by the utmost regularity. Shortly after 9 o'clock he rises and takes a bath immediately. He then breakfasts. At out 11:45 he goes for a walk in the park till 12:30, being accompanied by his two dogs, Tyras and Rebecca. When the Prince has ended his walk he takes a substantial lunch, giving preference to cold fowl, crafts and the like. When the weather is favorable he takes a drive in the afternoon, which at times lasts three hours. On his return dinner is served. Regularly at 11 o'clock the Prince retires to bed. He sleeps much better now than in former years, as he is not so much tormented by neuralgic pains.

Another Matter.

James Payn recalls in a certain messroom the conversation after dinner turning upon a Captain Mosely in the regiment, who had the gift of prophecy, though it must be confessed it was mainly limited to sporting events. A guest, who had drunk quite as much champagne as was good for him, expressed incredulity to his next neighbor, who, with a most courteous bow, observed: "Well, that is an opinion I can hardly discuss with impartiality, because I am Mosely." "I do not doubt that at all," was the unexpected rejoinder; "but are you mosely right?"

Misery After Meals.

The oppressive embargoes levied upon the inner man by his inveterate enemy, dyspepsia, after meals, are lifted and the yoke cast off by that sovereign medicinal liberator from bodily ailments, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Heartburn, flatulence, oppression at the pit of the stomach, the presence of bile where it does not belong, are alike remedied by this potent reformer of a disordered condition of the gastric organ and the liver. It is the prince of tonics and stomachics, invigorating at the same time that it remedies. Both appetite and sleep are improved by it. A wineglass before or after meals, and before retiring, will be found an efficient restorative of the ability to digest and assimilate and to rest tranquilly. Use it for malarial, kidney and rheumatic trouble and for constipation. For the aged and infirm it is highly beneficial.

Woman's Way.

When the train made its first stop after leaving home, Mr. Simpkins, who had been in a brown study for several minutes, raised his eyes, which had a troubled look in them, and remarked "My dear, are you sure we haven't forgotten anything?"

"Of course, we haven't," responded the good lady, cheerfully. "I would have thought of it the minute the train started."—Detroit News Tribune.

A RARE record is boasted of by Timothy Dyer of Vinal Haven, Me., who is in his 91st year. Until he was 18 years old he never wore a shoe. He has never ridden on a car, and but once on a steamboat; he has never entered a tavern, never quarreled with any one and a barber has never shaved him.

$100 Reward. $100.

The numerous readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A CROWNED head always seems crowded for room.

"I wish I had not eaten that salad."
"Why? I thought it excellent."
"So it was, but it has given me indigestion. It distresses me fearfully."
"Oh, that's nonsense. Swallow this. You'll be all right in ten minutes."
"What is it?"

"A • Ripans • Tabule!"

"Do you carry them around with you?"
"I do, indeed! Ever since I heard about them I keep one of the little vials in my vest pocket."

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The New York, Chicago & St. Louis R.R.
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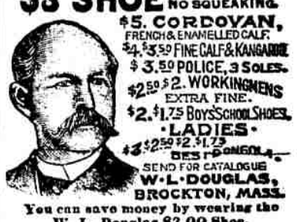
The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.
KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,
Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.
He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.
A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.
When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.
If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.
No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.



$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
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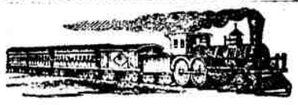
Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.



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