

LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

FRAGMENTS FROM UNWRITTEN HISTORY OF NOTED AMERICANS.

Personal Reminiscences of a Number of Involuntary Generous Actions Performed by Great Men at the National Capital.

A News reporter recently became one of a group of men who were engaged in a discussion of the question as to whether or not statesmen were becoming fewer in number as the years go on, and the truly great men passed away from this life, whether national legislators had not become corrupt as national legislators had become corrupt. Said one of the gentlemen present: "There are few great men now. Few indeed are the seats on the floors of the national congress, which to-day are occupied by men of as much practical worth and use to the country and the world as they were when I was a young man living among them, so to speak, at Washington. No, gentlemen, the congress of to-day falls lamentably short of the character of the congress of twenty-five to thirty-five years ago."

A few stories illustrating the character of some of the "real statesmen" of the time to which he referred. He studied for a moment and then said: "Well, so be it, but let me tell of some of the little deeds of kindness done by great men at Washington which came under my personal observation."

"One chilly fall evening standing on the corner of Seventh and F street was a man who was evidently awaiting the coming of a west bound car. He was a man of striking physique, full six feet tall and straight as an arrow. On his head he wore a broad-brim hat from beneath which, as if forcing its way out, was a luxuriant growth of heavy gray hair that touched his shoulders. He was wrapped in a long, dark blue cloak, fastened well in around his neck. His attire was scrupulously neat and as he stood there, patiently, right in the shadow of the great patent office building, he seemed almost as a modernized 'giant of yesteryear'."

Across the street from the postoffice, convulsed with fright came a dirty and ragged newsboy—a veritable street gamine—pursued by another and larger lad of the same class whose angry renegade the little fellow had incurred. Almost at the feet of the old gentleman the boys came together, and in an instant the small boy had been knocked into the gutter and his bundle of papers scattered in the mud of the street. The big fellow was preparing to continue the assault when he was checked by the command issued in deep, thunder tones: "Stop! Stop, you young ruffian. Touch that little boy again and I will thrash you within an inch of your life!"

The assailant was satisfied. He fled and the old man stooped down and assisted the crying boy to gather up his soiled and ruined papers—at sight of which the youngster cried more lustily. "What are your papers worth, my little man?" kindly asked the philanthropist, but without waiting for a reply, the old boy a dollar and said: "Now go home, boy. Don't fight. It is brutal. Try to be a gentleman." And as he came rolling up, Frederick Douglass, now the American minister to St. Domingo, boarded it and went his way.

"One time a little senate page—a boy who had just commenced work in that capacity, while on his way to the document room fell down the stairway and broke one of his legs. The suffering little fellow, fainting from the very agony of his dreadful injury was raised tenderly, carried up stairs and into one of the committee rooms where he was laid on a luxuriant sofa. In the room at the time was a prominent member of the senate. While awaiting the coming of the surgeon, that gentleman bathed the boy's face with water, held his little hands and as a sharp twinge of pain caused the unfortunate lad to cry out with pain, tears started from the eyes and rolled down the cheeks of the great hearted senator. He caused the boy to be skillfully attended, removed to his home on east Capitol street and, as the boy's mother was a widow and poor, the gentleman caused her to be relieved of all expense and supplied with every comfort and convenience during her little son's illness. After the lad had recovered he was re-instated in his position and the gentleman from his own pocket contributed enough to make the salary of the page sufficient from month to month, to insure his mother a comfortable living without resorting to her needle as of old. That great hearted senator was Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana."

For many years there was an aged woman who made a living by selling the necessary articles for light lunches in one of the corridors on the senate side of the capitol. One cold winter she was taken sick and was unable to pursue the avocation by means of which she had so long earned her living. She did not want for attention and comfort, however, for a great heart found her out in her sore distress and brought her relief and when the spring time again and the poor old creature laid down the burdens of life, she was given christian burial and her two little orphan grand daughters were sent to Mont de Sales academy, near Washington, where they remained until educated. It was Senator Zachariah Chandler of Michigan, who did this great good."

A couple of gentlemen coming out of the door of the saloon of the metropolitan hotel one evening jostled against a diminutive flower girl who was about to pass in through the saloon into the hotel with her little tray of sweet blossoms. In a second her lovely boutonnieres were lying scattered upon the wet tiling and she was in tears. "God knows I am sorry, little one, for this wretched work," exclaimed one, and immediately the two gentlemen gathered up the flowers and quickly placed them on the tray, a crisp bill. These gentlemen were Green Clay Smith, of Kentucky, and Schuyler Colfax, of this state, political enemies but otherwise the warmest friends. Thus, it is, gentlemen; many true stories could be told of the genuine true heartedness of some of the legislators of those days, who were great not only in great things, but also in the little things of life. Of course these things have little to do with the matter we were discussing, but they go far to show that noble hearts beat beneath their coats. Ah, but indeed there is a marked difference between 'the

THE GROWTH OF HYPNOTISM.

Found Under Different Names at All Periods of Human History.

The history of hypnotism, says Dr. Luys in the Fortnightly Review, forms part of the history of the marvelous in human existence. Any one may satisfy himself by reading special books on this subject. The scope of this article does not allow me to lay any further stress upon it. In reality, hypnotism is found under different names at all periods of history, from the incantations of the ancient Egyptian magicians down to the fascinations of Mesmer and the investigations of Braid. These two persons began to separate the wheat from the chaff, and went so far as to show what was real and truly scientific in that series of fanciful practices, bordering on witchcraft, which, under the most varied aspects, have many believers in the credulous who are always prone to swallow marvels.

Modern hypnotism owes its name and appearance in the realm of science to the investigations made by Braid. He is its true creator; he made it what it is, the experimental truth by means of which he proved that, when hypnotic phenomena are called into play, they are wholly independent of any supposed influence of the hypnotist upon the hypnotized, and that the hypnotized person simply reacts upon himself by reason of latent capacities in him which are artificially developed.

Braid demonstrated that in this series of remarkable phenomena hypnotism, acting upon a human subject as upon a fellow field, merely set in motion a string of silent faculties which only needed its assistance to reach their development. Here we obviously have a new idea and a phenomena of the first importance which constitutes one of the most interesting anxieties of the question.

In this field of new research Braid had further opportunity of evincing his clear-sightedness in many other particulars, and it may be said of him the outset he foresaw the different stages of hypnotism just as they have been since defined in France. He perceived their different manifestations and he thus laid the first foundation of the structure which has been so fortunately developed by workers in different countries, and which for the future constitutes an entirely new chapter in general neurology.

"Hypnotism," says Braid, "does not comprise only one condition; it is rather a series of different points, capable of infinite variety, extending from the lightest dreams in which the natural functions are intensified, to the profound state of coma, from which the conscience and the will are completely absent." In another place he speaks with more detail about hypnotic coma. "We are right, therefore," he says, "in describing the different phases of hypnotic phenomena, both the lethargy, which he calls coma, and the state of catalepsy and somnambulism, which he described in very clear language."

Shooting the Rapids.
Arab boys are expert swimmers, and like boys in general, are fond of displaying their skill before strangers, if only they are rewarded by some small coin. Mr. Eden tells how they shoot the rapids of the Nile.

Seating themselves astride a log of wood about six feet long, and buoyant enough to support them waist high out of the water, they ride it with the seat and gestures of a jockey, and with hands and feet keep it straight with the line of the current.

The fall is shot with an ease and grace that does away with the sense of danger one would expect to feel at seeing a man hurried along amid such a boil and turmoil of waters; but once at the bottom they have a hard struggle to induce their horses to turn out of the course.

To do this they avail themselves of the impetus acquired by the log in its shoot, and throwing themselves full length upon it, they seem, with a sudden stroke from the left leg and arm, to drive it and themselves out of the current.

To fall in this would be dangerous even to Arab swimmers. Immediately below lie the ugly rocks, on which the heavy stream breaks with fearful violence.

A Noted Tiger.

A tigress in the Nagpur district has a fondness for the employes of the Bengal-Nagpur railway. She frequents a tract of country only about nine square miles in area, and is possessed of extraordinary cunning and sagacity. This year, up to June, she had killed several people besides wounding others. She lives in a rocky and precipitous spur, in which there is a heavy bamboo and other jungle. Several springs of water rise at the foot of the scarp and there is a cave which shows many signs of being used by her and her family. A big stone just outside of the entrance is scored deep and long by many scratches of their claws. In February last, in broad daylight she carried off one of the gang of permanent way men from under the eyes of his companions. She has been shot many times and her cubs killed but she has got off scratchless. Sometimes the man-eater traverses very long distances.

Clean a Lamp.

To give a brilliant white light, a lamp needs a thorough cleaning every little while. The oil should be poured out of the lamp, leaving no drops on the bottom. The fount should then be washed in strong soap suds, rinsed in warm water, and dried. It should then be filled with fresh oil. The burner should be boiled in soda and water until the net work that crosses it is freed from dirt and dust. If the wick has become clogged with the sediment, replace it with a new one.

LIGHT AT LAST.

It was a great change for Daisy after Mrs. Reed died suddenly to learn that she was only an adopted daughter. Her real name, Clementina Sayre told her, was Margaret Murphy, and her mother was a washer woman. Miss Sayre was Mrs. Reed's sister and heiress, and as soon as possible she packed Daisy off to Mrs. Murphy's humble home.

Dr. Lansing, the young family doctor, in vain tried to find out where Daisy was living, but Miss Sayre having made up her mind to secure him herself, said she was ignorant where the "beggars' nest" had gone.

Could he have seen Daisy in those weary weeks his heart would have ached sorely. There are some natures that in prosperity and happiness seem to be all yielding sweetness, sensitive, lovingly shrinking from a harsh word as from a blow, feel up every pain, mental or physical, intensely, and we think the first breath of adversity will bring death or insanity, and when sorrow comes this gentle, sensitive nature, sensitive to the smallest touch, the smallest change of endurance, and from the delicate child is developed the perfect woman.

She had suffered all the torments self-reproach could bring for having given her child up, to entail upon her misery instead of ease and happiness, and now in her ignorance her secret became a burden hard to bear. She thought of it day and night until at last her suspense became too great for endurance. She said to herself, pitifully:

"I cannot see the child die before my eyes."

So one day she said, as carelessly as she could:

"Whose picture is that, Daisy, in your upper bureau drawer?"

Daisy blushed furiously, but answered gravely:

"That is Mrs. Reed's physician, Mr. Lansing. He was always very kind to me."

"Dr. Lansing? Where does he live, Daisy?"

And Daisy innocently gave the address.

It was evening; office hours were over; but the doctor was in his office when the servant ushered in Mrs. Murphy. He had never seen her and her dress proclaimed her social station, but he won her heart at once by his gentle courtesy.

"He couldn't be," he politer if I had been the first lady in the land," she said once when describing the interview.

"Doctor," she said, hesitatingly, "I am Mrs. Murphy."

But the name did not seem to help him to any recognition of her.

"I am Daisy Reed's own mother. Perhaps you have forgotten her?"

But she knew he had not. She was looking at him intently, and the sudden change in his face told her that his cheeks could not escape her.

"You—remember her?" she said presently.

"Most certainly I do," was the emphatic reply. "I have been much troubled that I did not know where to find her. She is well, I hope."

"Doctor, she is dying by inches. What could you expect?" she asked, bitterly, as he started and grew pale.

"She breathes all day that is just poison if you're not used to it, and she works like a slave. I'm too poor to keep her from work, and she is too good to live in idleness when I am hard at work. Will you come and see her, doctor, and tell me if any medicine will help her? I came to tell you, sir, because she told me you had tended her once or twice when she was ill."

"Yes, I will come in the morning. Leave me the address."

But Mrs. Murphy said nothing of her own visit or of the doctor's promise called when she reached home. She watched for him, and called Daisy from her embroidery to see an old friend, and then disappeared. When she returned she knew that Dr. Lansing had already given Daisy the medicines of hope and happiness, restoring the delicate color to her thin cheeks and brightening, to her large, hollow eyes.

"You will give her to me?" he asked. "She shall be altogether separated from you."

"Gladly! Oh, so gladly!" Mrs. Murphy said, "I will give her to you. Could I love her and kill her? You will take all the brightness from the house but I will bless you all my life for doing it."

Miss Clementina ground her hand, some teeth over the wedding cards, but Mrs. Murphy, in her pretty country home, with an income that relieved her from any heavy, money-earning drudgery, blesses the day when she saw Daisy kissing and crying over Dr. Lansing's photograph.

Chinese Present-Giving.
No matter how high the rank of a Chinese official he seldom recovers from his greed for presents. A Canton Mandarin is now bewailing this fact for on a recent visit of the Viceroy Li to his province he presented that dignitary with a pair of lions, cut in jade stone, of great value. He imagined the Viceroy would admire the work and then return it, but what was his amazement when he received a gracious letter accepting the gift. It seemed he borrowed the jade lions, and now he is negotiating with the owner, who demands a small fortune for the property. It will go hard with the Mandarin's subjects this winter, as it will take many a "squeeze" of rich and poor in the province to recoup his loss.

The Wreck of a Vain Man.

Cumso—What an offensively vain man Brown is. Banks—Dear me, I never thought him so vain. Cumso—But he is though. Just notice how he exaggerates and overstates. Banks—He does so.

AN ANSWER.

Do I love you? I only know
Your presence fills my heart with sweet content;
That in your absence hours lag so,
Like childish feet toward the schoolhouse bent.

That with your coming life seems fraught
With all the spring-time joyousness of May;
Who's gladness leaves the truth untaught—
Each year holds back a dark December day.

I only know that when we meet
We seem to be from all the world apart;
The joy I feel is so complete
My life explores no further than your heart.

It is content, within your eyes,
To find the rest I hungered for so long;
To find that I had been whose skies
Each smile is sunshine and each laugh a song.

Were we to part? There is a vine
Which, finding daily nourishment and food
In trees round which its tendrils twine,
Knows death when parted from their barksy wood.

DUDLEY GIBBARD.

JOB AND THE "GATOR."

In the fall of 1886 I was raising rice on the Cape Fear river. It was the first year we had tried to raise rice with free labor, and I was somewhat in doubt as to the result of the effort. The old hands had become pretty well scattered, as one of the results of the war, and it is difficult to raise rice with labor unaccustomed to its culture, not only because the process of irrigation requires experience, but also because the atmosphere of the swamps is deadly to those unaccustomed to it. The nearest white man was about five miles away. There were about eighty negro men and women on the place, and it took most of my time to look after them.

We had a small mill driven by a stream that came down from a pond through three or four miles of swamps. This creek abounded in fish and in the fall the swamp was alive with ducks. Of an evening I often used to go with Uncle Job, an aged darky raised on the plantation, up the creek angling for trout. Uncle Job was so old, in fact, that paddling the batteau and catching fish were the only labors he performed. I would carry a gun, and sometimes got a shot at a duck or mud hen, and now and then at a "gator." I got Uncle Job one afternoon about 3 o'clock and we went up to the mill with our fishing tackle, live bait, and a gun. We never took a dog, for the moment he left the boat a "gator" would have caught him.

We fished along up the stream and had some fine trout and other fish. It was beginning to grow dark, and I was about to tell Uncle Job to turn the batteau round and paddle for home, for we were fully three miles away, when lying lazily on the bank, not twenty feet ahead of me, as we turned a bend in the stream, was the largest "gator" I had ever seen. I hastily raised my breech-loader, aimed for his shoulder, or just back of it, and fired away. The report resounded through the swamps, and so did a yell from Uncle Job. The monster slumped off into the creek, rose under the bow of our batteau, gave his powerful tail a swing that knocked the bow into splinters, and capsize the boat. The water was eight or ten feet deep, with a mud bottom, but the bank was not far away. I made a few hasty strokes, gun in hand, got hold of a cypress root, and pulled myself out near where the alligator had been.

There were heavy forests of cypress and gum on each side of the stream, and by this time it was so dark that I could not see across it. I looked to see Uncle Job hanging to the upturned batteau, but could see no sign of either Job or the batteau. I repeatedly shouted "Job! Job!" but there was no answer. I waited about ten minutes, and as I could see no near signs of him, I made up my mind that poor old Job had found a resting-place inside that "gator." I pondered out of the swamp, found a road, and reached home long after midnight. I woke up Solomon and Moses, two of my negro foremen, and told them the fate of Uncle Job. They went up to his cabin and the darkies sung and prayed there till daylight.

I changed my clothing and returned and just as I came to the door I heard Aunt Dinah, Uncle Job's sister, say:

"Dar—now, Dar—now I tell dat boy for de past forty years' look out. Br'er Job, 'gators will git ye, and now 'gator done got him suah nuff."

I went in and tried to console Aunt Dinah, telling her that after breakfast I would take some of the men and drag for the body.

"Oh, chile, it's no use—it's no use! 'Gator done got poor Br'er Job now."

Nevertheless, about 9 o'clock I started with Solomon, Moses, and Uncle Bob, a famous boatman. We had, in addition, another batteau and three more men. Each boat had long-handled rakes to drag the stream. I carried my rifle as well as the shotgun. In about an hour we came to the old batteau, splintered and bottom up. Just as we turned the point I glanced forward, and there, in exactly the same spot, lay the same alligator. I made a motion to Uncle Bob to stop paddling, and raising my rifle, carefully put the muzzle within six feet of his head, and fired. The bullet went through the eye and brain. The animal gave a spasmodic struggle, his tail swept a half-circle, and he was dead. We pulled up to the bank, landed, and straightened him out. He was nearly thirteen feet long.

Moses, Sol and Bob turned him over. There seemed to be a ridge down the middle of the back.

"Chile, 'gator!" cried Uncle Moses, "dat's de 'gator' for Uncle Job!"

Uncle Bob said: "Gator done got him suah nuff."

He will appreciate her thoughtfulness. "I am going to bring Mr. Fitzgibbon home to supper," remarked Mr. Squidley. "He's a regular man, so you must try to get up something nice without having any meat."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Squidley. "I'll get some nice cold old oysters."

"Where? Where?" said I.
"Dar, boss, dar—in de 'gator. See how him lie, 'es like a man."

"Yes," said Uncle Bob, "dar's Br'er Job, suah nuff."

By this time the three men in the other boat had reached the shore, and all agreed that we had before us the tomb of Uncle Job. So, with knives and ax, Solomon and Bob set to work to untomb him. They cut into the capacious maw, and finally something black and woolly protruded.

"Dar him," said Moses. "Poor Br'er Job!"

They cut wider, and got hold, and pulled and pulled again; and from out that gloomy sepulcher appeared the remains of a big black sow.

"Fore de Lord!" said Solomon. "If dat nuff 'Sis' Dinah's sow. Dat 'gator gwine for de whole family, suah nuff."

"Say, is you got dat 'gator for suah?" some one asked, in a loud voice, and I looked toward the other bank, whence the voice proceeded. There, sticking out from behind a cypress, was a black face and white and woolly head of Uncle Job. I fired off both barrels of my shotgun in warning, and sent a boat across for him.

"Didn't you hear me call then, Uncle Job?" said I.

"Yes, chile, I hear you, but I too skeered to speak, fear dat 'gator git me, so I jus' crawled off an' foun' a dry spot an' laid down, an' your gun woke me. An', bless de Lord, you got dat 'gator."

"Well," said Uncle Moses, "he done miss you, Uncle Job, but wha's 'Sis' Dinah's Suky? What she gwine do now?"

An' I had to give 'Sis' Dinah another pig to console her.

HOW CHADD PARTICIPATED.

He Turned State's Evidence, but Did Not Furnish Much Information.

Down in central Pennsylvania there is a college in which military instruction is included in the curriculum and the State has placed four heavy cannon, on the campus for use during military drill. Just before the last commencement several students, in the dead of night, loaded the cannon to the mouth and fired them. The reports awoke everyone in the neighborhood and the next morning the faculty were busy trying to get a clue to the perpetrators. Finally they summoned a young sophomore named Chadd to appear before them.

"Mr. Chadd," said the president of the college, "you have been reported to the faculty as being interested or at least as knowing something about the firing of the cannon last night, and the faculty, before taking any decided action in the matter, have given you this opportunity to say something in your own defense. You should know that the leniency of the faculty is extended to those who confess and promise to conduct themselves properly in the future. What have you to say?"

"Do I understand that I shall not be suspended if I make a full confession?"

"The gravity of the offense is such, Mr. Chadd, that, were your guilt established by any other means than your own confession, an immediate suspension would ensue; but as I have said, a confession mitigates the punishment."

"I should be adverse to my own interest if I did not confess under the circumstances. Gentlemen, I'll make a clean breast of it; I took part in the disturbance."

"What particular part, Mr. Chadd?"

"I heard the reports of the guns. When the faculty got over the shock they excused Mr. Chadd."

TO KEEP AN UMBRELLA.

A New Yorker Tells of an Expedient Which He Finds Satisfactory.

"Do you know now I have kept my umbrellas for years?" said a New York man to his companion in the train. "Well, I'll show you," and he lifted up a fold of the handsome silk one he had in his hand. Right in the center of the fold was a round hole.

"First thing I do," he said, "when I get a new umbrella is to cut a hole in it about as big as a corky close to the edge. That doesn't hurt the umbrella for service any, but it looks queer and nobody ever wants it. Nobody at home, however, nobody ever takes it by mistake, or, if it is taken, the 'mistake' never lasts longer than it takes to open the umbrella. It's surer than one's name, even when you put stolen from before it, because nobody ever really believes that legend, you see, and it passes for a joke. I began putting this mark on my umbrella twelve years ago, and I've carried every umbrella I've bought since until the silk wore out. And not one would have been taken off if I had carried it until the hole wore out."

A Railroad to Jerusalem.
A year from next March the railroad now building from Jaffa to Jerusalem will be completed, and tourists will then be whisked away from the coast to Jerusalem in two or three hours, a journey that is now made by camel or in diligences over a horrible road. The money required to build the line is in the hands of Paris bankers, who have just forwarded the second installment of the funds to the contractors.

He Will Appreciate Her Thoughtfulness.
"I am going to bring Mr. Fitzgibbon home to supper," remarked Mr. Squidley. "He's a regular man, so you must try to get up something nice without having any meat."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Squidley. "I'll get some nice cold old oysters."

"I'll get some nice cold old oysters."

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

STANDARD TIME 10 MINUTES SLOW ER THAN CITY TIME.

E. & T. H.
Trains leave for the South at 6:00 a. m.; 8:31 p. m. and 10:00 p. m.
Trains arrive from the South at 5:30 a. m.; 11:54 a. m. and 10:00 p. m.

T. H. & P.
Trains leave for the Northwest at 7:35 a. m. 8:35 p. m.
Trains arrive from the Northwest at 11:00 a. m. and 5:10 p. m.

E. & I.
Trains leave for the South, mail and express 8:00 a. m. North, Mixed 4:45 p. m.
Trains arrive from the South, North mixed 10:50 a. m. mail and express, 4:00 p. m.

C. & E. I.
Trains leave for the North at 8:30 a. m.; 12:11 p. m.; 3:20 p. m. and 1:30 p. m.
Trains arrive from the North at 8:10 a. m.; 10:10 a. m.; 3:10 p. m. and 8:45 p. m.

BIG FOUR.
Trains leave for the East at 1:10 a. m.; 8:02 a. m.; 1:08 p. m. and 3:48 p. m.
Leave for the West at 1:55 a. m.; 10:00 a. m.; 1 p. m. and 7:58 p. m.

VANDALIA.
Trains leave for the West at 1:42 a. m.; 10:21 a. m.; 2:15 p. m.; 3:10 p. m.; 8:04 p. m. and 4:05 p. m.
Trains arrive from the West at 1:30 a. m.; 10:15 a. m.; 2:00 p. m.; 3:05 p. m.; 6:45 p. m. and 9:00 p. m.

VANDALIA NORTH.
Trains leave for the North at 6:00 a. m. and 4:00 p. m.
Arrive from the North at 12:00 noon and 7:00 p. m.

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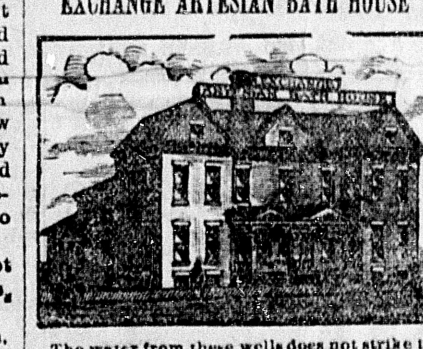
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