

## BREEZY.

A Climate Where Overcoats are Still Used.

Particulars of a Trip up Lake Superior.

Correspondence of the GAZETTE.

Duluth, Minn., July 16, 1898.—It seems almost impossible that the citizens of Terre Haute should be suffering with heat to day, when even the residents of this place are wrapped up in overcoats. The heavy seas roll in from Lake Superior and wash over the low wharves; the stately propellers rise grandly on one wave and then recede; the spray from the next over their bows; the passengers hold on to the railings, tables or chairs, and find it difficult to keep their feet, while others visit the side and distribute their breakfasts to the fishes.

## THE CITY OF DULUTH

is situated at the head of Lake Superior, near the mouth of the St. Louis river, 155 miles by railroad northeast from St. Paul, and 565 miles northwest from Chicago. The Northern Pacific railroad starts from here for Bismarck and Puget sound. The city is located on the side of a rocky hill, facing the east, and the harbor is formed by Minnesota Point, which stretches seven miles out from the city into Lake Superior. A ship canal, twelve hundred feet long, admits vessels into the inner harbor, where they find extensive wharves on which to load and unload, and the freight trains back down almost alongside the boats.

Leopold & Austrian run two magnificent steamers through from Chicago to Duluth, leaving alternate Thursdays from near the Madison street bridge, stopping at all points of interest between Chicago and Duluth. Having just made the through trip of 1,220 miles by water, on the magnificent steamer Peerless, your correspondent can speak in the highest terms, not only of the boat, but of the pleasure and satisfaction derived. But to commence at the beginning.

## CHICAGO TO MILWAUKEE.

Leaving the former city at 8 in the evening, the boat pushed out into Lake Michigan, and if the traveler is favored with as fine weather as your correspondent has been, he will find the lake as quiet as a millpool, and will sleep quietly till 7 A. M., when the first call is made for breakfast, and by the time that is leisurely finished, the boat will glide into Milwaukee river, ninety miles from Chicago, exposing to view one of the cleanest and most elegant of cities. The southern part of Milwaukee resembles Chicago, but passing up East Water street and northwest, the visitor finds himself ascending the bluffs that overlook the lake. On each side are elegant residences with lawns and gardens and fine trees shade the streets. On the bluff or lake side there is a steep descent of fifty feet to the water, and this slope is kept green by closely shaved grass and protected from washing away by bouldered gutters that seem to terrace it to the water. The court house, three stories in height, with a mansard roof and cupola, lends its attractions. The building is of red sandstone, and the cupola is crowned with a gilt figure of justice, with scales, etc. In front is a small park, with fountains, trees, etc. Several handsome churches loom up in this part of the city, and the general appearance is grand. In the central part of Milwaukee, and on Wisconsin avenue and Broadway, are many fine hotels and business houses, prominent among which are the Newhall and Plankinton houses, and Mitchell's banking house. Leaving Milwaukee at noon, and finding the lake as smooth as glass the traveler reaches

## SHEBOYGAN AT NIGHT.

This city is fifty-one miles from Milwaukee, and presents a fine appearance from the lake, but upon arriving at the wharf the illusion is dispelled and nothing very attractive is to be seen although the place contains 8,000 people. If the traveler has time, a walk to the mineral springs, near the center of the place, is worth the trouble, and a drink of water resembling Kissingen can be had for the trouble. Stops are next made at Port Washington, Manitowoc and Two Rivers, but these towns are reached at night and your correspondent did not see them. A long run of 210 miles brings the boat to

## MACKINAC OR MACKINAW.

This island is located on the north side of the straits of Mackinac, and is three miles long and two miles wide. The highest hill or plateau is crowned with a fort, and seventy soldiers are stationed there. This fort is over one hundred years old, and from its elevated platforms a splendid view of the island and surrounding bay can be had. Quite a number of our party stopped off to indulge in fishing and look over the island. The Peerless left Mackinaw at dark and by daylight we reached the mouth of the

## ST. MARY RIVER.

This river connects Lake Huron and Lake Superior, and is sixty miles in length. On the east side is Canada and opposite is the west shore of Michigan. At the entrance the river is about a mile wide and very deep. After passing Drummond, Pine and St. Joseph islands the boat enters Potemansing bay, dotted with numerous small islands, mostly belonging to the United States. Mud Lake is then entered, having an expanse of four miles. The Canadian side has been set apart as an Indian reservation, and the birch bark tents and canoes can be seen all along the shore. These Indians cultivate the land and catch fish, in summer, and hunt and sleep in the winter. A small town called Sailors Encampment is then passed and the boat enters the Nebish rapids, which are not very swift. Then Lake George is passed through. This Lake is four miles broad and nine miles in length, with an average depth of thirteen feet. The two towns are reached.

## SAULT ST. MARIE.

Michigan, and its namesake on the Canadian side. On the American side is Fort Brady, where two companies of the Twenty-second U. S. Infantry, consisting of seventy men, under command of Capt. Hooton, keep watch and ward over about twelve acres of government property, consisting of a parade ground open to the east, and surrounded on three sides by two-story frame buildings, officer's quarters, etc. On the river bank are two one-hundred pound rifled cannon and two twelve-pound brass pieces,

pointing toward St. Mary's, Canada. This fort was erected in 1823, and is considered quite an important military post, but your correspondent thought the seventy men had better be sent to fight the Indians.

## THE SHIP CANAL.

just northwest of the town, enables steamers and vessels to raise eighteen feet and enter Lake Superior. There are two locks, each three hundred and sixty feet long and six feet wide, built by the authority of Michigan. The government is now building two additional locks, each 515 feet long by eighty feet wide, to accommodate the increasing business. One of them is nearly finished. The old locks have a fifteen feet rise; the new ones will have an eighteen feet rise. It is a very interesting sight to see vessels passing through, and at the time our vessels reached there four propellers and six vessels were waiting their turn.

Parallel with the canal is the rapids of the St. Mary river, having a fall of eighteen feet in a half a mile. The channel is filled with sharp rocks, but in spite of these the Indians run them safely with their birch-bark canoes, and several of our party made the hazardous run and got badly scared and wet through, as the Indians use their paddles rather carelessly. About the fall a number of Indians reside and eke out a scanty subsistence by scooping up the fish as they try to ascend the stream. Leaving this attractive point our boat dashes out into

## LAKE SUPERIOR.

which presents a grand appearance, being 460 miles long with an average width of 100 miles. The first prominent place seen is White Fish Point and light, forty miles from St. Mary; then the Grand Island, celebrated for its bays, inlets, and caverns. Then the Pictured Rocks, which can only be seen to advantage by taking a rowboat.

## MARQUETTE.

the chief city of the upper peninsula, is reached by daylight. This place was named after Father Marquette, the great French missionary and explorer. It is handsomely located on a bay, famous for fishing and boating. Among the attractive buildings is a public school house, two stories and a half high, built of red sandstone; also several churches and private residences on the hill overlooking the harbor. This place is the great shipping port of Lake Superior. The peerless reached Portage river at sundown, and then the passengers had the pleasure of passing through the

## MOST ATTRACTIVE OF CANALS.

Quiet little fishing stations, wharves and wood yards relieve the monotony of the trip, and for seven miles the boat was carefully steered through an artificial canal into Portage lake a broad and deep lake that narrows again as the boat reaches Houghton and Hancock, towns on opposite sides of the river. Hancock was first laid out in 1858, and contains about 3,000 inhabitants, its prosperity being identified with the rich deposit of native copper, in which this section of country abounds. The town is located on the side of a hill, rising from the lake level to a height of 500 feet, where the opening to the mines is situated. Here the ore is raised to the surface from a mine 1,000 feet deep, and run down an inclined plane on small cars to the crushing mills, where it is crushed and then separated and melted. These establishments run night and day, and the water used to wash the ore runs back into the river, coloring it a dark red, and destroying all the fish that enter it. After leaving Houghton and Hancock the boat again enters Lake Superior, and after passing Eagle Harbor, Ontonagon and the Apostle Islands, reaches Bayfield, Wis. Just opposite, at LaPointe, your correspondent visited an old French Catholic church, said to be 200 years old. Among other articles shown is an oil painting of the crucifixion, said to have been sent to the church from France.

E. W. A.

## WHAT A GREAT NEWSPAPER SAYS OF THE COMING GREAT SHOW.

Unquestionably, by far the greatest Menagerie and Circus that has ever visited this place will reach here by its special trains, on Saturday July 27th, and that is the Great European Seven Elephant Railroad Exposition of the Sells Bros. Its proportions are simply enormous, and its educational and amusement resources almost beyond computation. It is also as superior in refinement and elegance of presentation as it is overshadowing in vastness, and comes recommended and indorsed in the highest and most unqualified terms by the entire press wherever it has pitched its mammoth tents. Such indisputable authority as the Pittsburgh Daily Dispatch emphatically praises it as follows:

"The 7 elephants, to which such prominence has been given in our advertising columns, arrived by the Pan Handle yesterday, together with the balance of the big new menagerie and circus by which they are employed as a distinctive title. The really superb and sensational parade on the South Side in the morning, together with the highly original and successful advertising escapade of the two-horned rhinoceros, gave the show such a first-class send-off that business was excellent in the afternoon, and extraordinary at night, when the smoldering brown and muscle of Birmingham rallied in admirable disorder to forget the furnace, factory and forge in the presence of the 'Tropical Terrors' and the 'Monarchs of Muscle.' Well recommended as the show has come, and liberal as were its promises, it fully merits the one and redeems the other. Much liberality, originality and ingenuity is displayed in its street pageant, which seems to compass the limits of possibility in that direction, and give an excellent free idea of what comes after for pay. The menagerie is very large and complete, and notably cosmopolitan. The circus troupe is an unusually large one, and combines a wide diversity of talent. The bareback riding is of the best, and the various gymnastic feats command continued applause. Willis Cobb's educated dogs, monkeys and goats give most entertaining and laughable variety to the programme.

In the commencement exercises of the Western Female high school, in Baltimore, the Rev. Dr. Wilson prayed: 'Oh God, grant that not one of these young ladies may be the victim of unrequited love.' Mrs. Snow, an aged lady, fell into the canal while crossing a bridge at Cohoes, N. Y. As she was going down for the last time the lock-tender caught her with a pike-pole and saved her life.

## A CIRCUMSTANCE FROM REAL LIFE.

Click! In the dead of the night a sharp sound awakened Mrs. Halifont. The room was dark. Not even a gleam of moon or starlight fell through the curtains of the window. It was a very strange sound, indeed, but she saw nothing, heard nothing more.

She sat up, leaning on her dimpled left elbow, and put out her right hand and touched her husband's shoulder. He lay upon his pillow sound asleep, and did not wake at her touch.

"It must have been a dream," said Mrs. Halifont; and her young head—she was only the bride of a year—nestled down again closer to her husband's arm, and she slept again.

Click! This time the sound did not arouse Mrs. Halifont. It was her husband who awakened. He did not stop to listen, but grasped his revolver beneath his pillow and jumped out of bed at once. In an alcove in the next room stood a safe which contained money and valuables. It was not one of the wonderful new safes which defy fire and burglars, but an old one that had been in the family a long while. Mr. Halifont knew on the instant that some one was opening the safe.

A man of courage, a man who never hesitated in the face of danger—one, too, who had warm regard for his worldly possessions. Mr. Halifont strode at once into the room where he knew house-breakers were at work, and running in the dark against a powerful man, tackled him at once.

The light of a lantern flashed across the room. There were two more men. Three against one.

The sound of blows, struggling and the reports of a pistol aroused the young wife once more. Amidst her terror, she had the good sense to light the gas. It shone upon a spectacle of horror. Her husband weltering in his blood, wrestling with a gigantic man, whose features were concealed by a mask of black crape; a man, the upper part of whose person was clothed only in a knitted woolen shirt, of some dark color, with sleeves that left his great arms bare. On the right one, the one which clutched Mr. Halifont's throat, was a red mark or brand, a scar, a birthmark. It would have been impossible for Mrs. Halifont, even in a calmer moment to tell what it was; but it indelibly impressed itself upon the struggle and fought with all her might to drag the horrible hand from her husband's throat, screaming all the while for aid.

A blow, a kick would have silenced her. The burglar must have known that, but there were very bad men who could not use violence toward a woman. This man could not. His companions had flown with their booty, help might have arrived at any moment. With a great effort he wrenched himself from the clutch of his victim, and let go his throat and sped away. It was not too soon; assistance arrived now that it was too late, but Mr. Halifont did not live to tell the story. He was mortally wounded. His young wife watched by his bedside until he breathed his last, and then dropped beside him senseless.

For weeks she raved in wild delirium of the murderous hand, of the great muscular arm with the scar upon it, and called upon them to save her husband's life; but she was young and had a fine constitution. After a while her health returned, and, at last, her mind regained its equipoise.

She removed from the city and took up her abode in a lonely country place, with a favorite sister for a companion. She had resolved, as all widows who loved their husbands do at first, to remain a widow forever. And indeed, though many men would gladly have tempted one so young, beautiful and wealthy to change her mind on this point she seemed to care less for any one of them than for the kitten which purled upon her knee or the little black and tan terrier which ran by her side along the garden paths. She was nineteen when her husband was murdered; at thirty-two she was still true to his memory.

Is any one forever utterly true to another's memory out of romance—any one who does not die young? I fear not. In this the lapsing summer of the woman's life, when she pretended to believe that autumn had actually come, temptation to inconstancy assailed her. For many years a fine house upon the neighboring estate had been empty, but now there came to take possession of it a gentleman not yet forty. A widower with plenty of money and no children, a handsome man, well built and stalwart, with magnificent black hair, and eyes that were like black diamonds. A Spaniard, and his speech betrayed a foreign accent.

The dark eyes and the blue eyes met, a few neighborly words exchanged, a call followed soon. Mrs. Halifont felt a new emotion creeping into her heart. She felt pleased and flattered by this stranger's admiration. Then she knew she was loved, and rejoiced—and soon discovered that she herself loved again.

At first she was angry with herself, then she swept over her inconstancy, but at last she yielded utterly. After all, it was the love that made her untrue—since she had loved she could never pride herself on being faithful again, and so she listened to the sweet words, that, despite herself, made her happy, and promised to marry Colonel Humphries.

When a widow does marry a second time she generally contrives to make a fool of herself. Mrs. Halifont had certainly not done as foolishly as some widows do. She had neither chosen a little boy, or a titled Italian without money enough to keep himself in macaroni. Her future husband was older than herself, and too rich to be suspected of being a fortune hunter, but after all, no one knew him. He came into the neighborhood without letters of introduction to anyone, and whether he won his fortune by trade, or came to it by inheritance, remains a mystery.

There were those who shrugged their shoulders and declared that Mrs. Halifont would regret not having chosen some one of whom was more known—some retired merchant, some gentleman of fortune, whose father had been known to her friends. Nothing, to be sure, could be said against this Spaniard or Cuban with the English name; but who knew anything in his favor?

However, no one said this to Mrs. Halifont, and if any one had, words never changed a woman's fancy yet. Mrs. Halifont believed in Colonel Humphries, and meant to marry him.

Indeed the trousseau was prepared, the wedding was prepared, the wedding day fixed, and all was ready, and Ida Halifont believed herself to be a very

happy woman. She once more built castles in the air. Her old sorrow seemed to fade away in the distance. She was a girl again.

At last only twenty-four hours lay between her and her wedding day. She was busy in her sewing room on this last day, finishing some ruffles in a lace and ribbon, and singing softly to herself, when suddenly the house was filled with cries.

An old man servant, while cutting the grass upon the lawn, had wounded himself seriously. The doctor was sent for at once, but was not at home, and meanwhile poor Zebedee was bleeding to death.

Suddenly Ida Halifont remembered that Mr. Humphries had said that he understood wounds as well as though he had been bred a surgeon. Without this it would have been natural for her to call on one who was soon to be her protector, in a moment of anxiety. She would call him herself, that there might be no delay; and, seizing her garden hose, she ran along a little path that led from her ground to that of Mr. Humphries, climbed a low fence, to save time which would have been lost in reaching a gate, and so gained the rear of the dwelling, of which to-morrow she would be mistress.

She thought herself terrified and distressed. She felt rather injured in that such an unpleasant as the wounding of poor Zebedee should have happened on the eve of her wedding day. Ten minutes after she thought of herself at that moment as utterly at ease, wondrously happy—for as she reached those windows and peeped half timidly through the curtains, a thing happened that made all she had ever suffered appear as nothing.

The room, the window of which she had approached, was one that opened out of a conservatory. She saw Col. Humphries busy with some rare plants he had just set out to the warm sunshine that fell through the glass. He had taken off his coat and rolled his sleeves. Now he left the conservatory, and coming forward proceeded to wash his hands in a basin of water that had been set ready for him. He was close to Ida Halifont. He did not see her, but she could have reached out her hand and touched him.

Why did he not speak and call him by name? Why did she sink down upon her hands and tremble like an aspen leaf? Alas! the awful reason was this: Upon that arm to which she was about to give the right to clasp her in tenderest embrace she saw a terrible mark—a mark she had seen before. She knew its shape and size and color. Her eyes had been riveted upon it as the sinewy hand, at the wrist of which it ended, grasped her dying husband's throat.

She had learnt it off by heart; she could not be deceived. Though years had rolled away, that horrible marked arm was not to be forgotten or mistaken for any other.

Suddenly Col. Humphries felt himself grasped by a hand, that small as it was, had the fierce clutch of a tiger's jaw. The fingers closed over that red mark—a white face came close to his.

"You are my husband's murderer!" hissed a voice in his ear.

Then the two stood staring at each other. He made no denial. He only looked down at the red mark upon his arm and cursed it aloud.

"How dared you make love to me?" she gasped. "You—"

"Because I loved you," he said. "Woman, if I had not fallen in love with you that night I would have killed you also. It was risking my life to spare you, with your screams calling men to hunt me down—"

"Oh, if you had but killed me then?" she moaned.

"Well, I am at your mercy now," he said.

She answered: "You can kill! I wish you would. I pray to do. You killed my husband. The murderer of my husband must be brought to justice, and I—yesterday, nay an hour ago—I loved you! Oh, God pity me! I have loved this thief, who came in the night to rob my husband, and who murdered him!"

She remembered saying this. Afterwards a strange drowsiness overcame her. She seemed to let her hold upon the world. She faintly recognized the fact that Col. Humphries knelt at her feet and kissed her hands. Then there were blank hours, and strange wild dreams, and she awakened in the twilight, found herself bound fast to a great armchair, long cords about her arms tying her hands and confining her feet.

So her servants found her; but she was the only living being in the great house. Col. Humphries and his two black servants had vaned, no one knew whither.

The empty bottle of chloroform on the floor—the fact that he had always kept his money in a form that left him free to leave the country at any time, all proved that detection had been prepared for. And he was never traced—or had the means to bribe those who were set upon his track.

Ida Halifont lived through it all. She lives to-day in the quiet house beside the river, but no one has ever seen her smile since that hour. No one will ever see her smile again; and from her deepest slumbers she often starts in terror, fancying that she sees uplifted menacingly above that cruel, terrible arm marked with the blood red stain. There is no hope of happiness for her, for she never can forget that this arm has also embraced her.

They were strolling down Third street, bathed in such glorious moonlight as is known only to Minnesota and Italy. His arm was twined lovingly around her waist, and her arm was twined caressingly around his waist, and the waist pieces were made glad. He was telling her that he could buy a top-eared mule for \$27, and she was tenderly describing a second hand cook stove she could get for \$3, and a cow reclined directly in their path. Neither of them saw that cow, and in the sweet forgetfulness of love, they meandered peacefully over it, and as the cow took the floor a pair of number nine boots, and a pair of number two button gaiters hung for a moment in suggestive proximity over that cow's back. There are moments when soul melts in soul, too holy, and too blissful to be rudely disturbed by any third presence, and we left that loving pair to bright dreams of the future, and silently stole away. So did the cow.—Stillwater Lumberman.

On a steamer recently crossing the ocean, a traveler remarked to a very stylish but pale looking American belle: "What! you scissick!" Looking around at the rest of the company leaning over the railings, the unhappy lady faltered out: "Y-y-you don't s-s-suppose I'd be out of fashion, do you?"

## VEGETINE FOR DROPSY.

I Never Shall Forget the First Dose.

PROVIDENCE.

MR. F. R. STEVENS:—Dear Sir—I have been a great sufferer from dropsy. I was confined to my house more than a year. Six months of the time I was entirely helpless. I was obliged to have two men to help me in and out of bed. I was swollen 19 inches larger than my natural size around my waist. I suffered all a man could suffer. I tried all remedies for dropsy. I had three different doctors. My friends all expected I would die; many nights I was expected to die before morning. At last Vegetine was sent to me by a friend. I never shall forget the first dose. I could realize its goodness to me from day to day; I was getting better. After I had taken some five or six bottles, I could sleep quite well at night. I began to gain my weight quite fast. After taking some ten bottles I could walk from one part of my room to the other. My appetite was good; the dropsy had at this time disappeared. I kept taking the Vegetine until I heard of a great many cures by using the Vegetine and I was able to attend to my work. I am a carpenter and stair builder. I will also say it has cured a great many of my wife's neuralgia, who has suffered for more than 20 years. She says she has not had any neuralgia for eight months. I have given it to one of my children for constipation. I have no doubt in my mind it will cure any humor. It is a great cleanser of the blood; it is safe to give a child. I will recommend it to the world. My father is 80 years old and he says there is nothing I like to give strength to a life to an aged person. I cannot be too thankful for the use of it. I am, Very gratefully yours,

JOHN S. NOTTAGE.

ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD—If Vegetine will relieve pain, cleanse, purify, and cure such diseases, restoring the patient to perfect health after trying different physicians, many of which, in suffering for years, is it not a noble, self-sacrificing effort, to suffer, not only to cure, but to cure the sufferer? Can it be cured? Why is this medicine performing such great cures? It works on the blood, in the circulating fluid. It is a true and reliable blood purifier. The great source of disease originates in the blood; and no medicine that does not act directly upon it to purify and renovate, has any just claim upon public attention.

NEWPORT, KY., Apr. 29, 1897.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:—Dear Sir—Having suffered from a breaking out of cancerous sores for more than five years, caused by an accident of a fractured bone, which fracture ran into a running sore, and having used everything I could think of, and nothing helped me, I had taken six bottles of your valuable medicine, which Mr. Miller, the apothecary, recommended very highly. The sixth bottle cured all pain, and all that I can say is that I owe my health to your valuable Vegetine.

Your most obedient servant, ALBERT VON ROEDER.

It is unnecessary for me to enumerate the diseases for which the WABASH should be used. I know of no disease which will not admit of its use, with good results. Almost all the diseases of the blood, which can be entirely expelled from the system by the use of the Vegetine. When the blood is perfectly cleansed, the disease rapidly yields; all pain ceases, healthy action is promptly restored, and the patient is cured.

Prepared by H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

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\$66 a week in your own town. \$5 out of town. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT, & Co., Portland, Maine.

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