

Cuticura

THE CUTICURA TREATMENT, for the cure of Skin, Scalp and Blood Diseases, consists in the internal use of Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, and the external use of Cuticura Soap, the great skin cures.

SALT RHEUM.

Wm. McDonald, 2542 Dearborn St., Chicago, has recently acknowledged a cure of Salt Rheum on his neck, face, arms and legs, for seventeen years; not able to walk except on hands and knees for one year; not able to help himself for eight years; tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced him case hopeless; perfectly cured by Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally.

PSORIASIS.

H. E. Carpenter, Esq., Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years standing, the first case known internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally. The most wonderful case on record. Cure certified to before a Justice of the peace and prominent citizens. All afflicted with itching and scaly diseases should send to us for this testimonial in full.

SKIN DISEASE.

F. H. Drake, Esq., Detroit, Mich., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease which appeared on his hands, head and face, and nearly destroyed his health. The most effective medicine applied to help him, and after all had failed him, he used the Cuticura resolvent (blood purifier) internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally, and was cured, and has remained perfectly well to this day.

SKIN HUMORS.

Mrs. S. E. Whipple, Decatur, Mich., writes that her face, head and some parts of her body were almost raw. Head covered with soabs and sores. Suffered fearfully and tried everything. Permanently cured by Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally, and was cured, and has remained perfectly well to this day.

CUTICURA.

Remedies are for sale by all druggists. Price of Cuticura, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50¢; large boxes, \$1. Cuticura Resolvent, 25¢; Cuticura and Cuticura Soap, 25¢; Cuticura Medicinal Shaving Soap, 5¢; Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally, and was cured, and has remained perfectly well to this day.

WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

CATARRH



Sanford's Radical Cure.

Head Colds, Watery Discharges from the Nose and Throat, Burning Noses in the Head, Nervous Headache and Chills and Fever instantly relieved.

Choking, putrid mucus is dislodged, membrane cleansed, disinfected and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste and hearing restored and constitutional ravages checked.

Cough, Bronchitis, Droppings into the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Dyspepsia, Wasting of strength and Flesh, Loss of Sleep, &c., cured.

One bottle of Radical Cure, one box Catarrh Salve, and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, of all druggists, for \$1. Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure.

WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

COLLINS' LIGHTNING PLASTERS

Is not quicker than COLLIN'S VOLTIC PLASTERS in relieving pain and Weakness of the Kidneys, Liver, Stomach, Bowels, Heart, Nervousness, Hysteria, Female Weakness, Malaria and Fever and Ague.

Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere.

THE Admiration OF THE WORLD.

Mrs. S. A. Allen's WORLDS

Hair Restorer

IS PERFECTION!

For RESTORING GRAY, WHITE or FADED HAIR to its youthful COLOR, GLOSS and BEAUTY. It renews its life, strength and growth. Dandruff quickly removed. A matchless Hair Dressing. Its perfume rich and rare. Sold by all Druggists.

Established over 40 years. Increasing sales throughout Europe and America.

ZYLO BALSAMUM (Mrs. Allen's)

A lovely tonic and Hair Dressing. It removes Dandruff, allays all itching, stops falling Hair and promotes a healthy growth with a rich, beautiful gloss, and is delightfully fragrant. Price Seventy-five Cents in large glass stop Bottles. Sold by all Druggists.

STARTLING DISCOVERY!

LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

A victim of youthful imprudence, causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., with a trial of this known remedy, has discovered a simple self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers, address J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., N. Y.

THE C. & E. I. R. B.

DANVILLE ROUTE

FOR CHICAGO,

MAKING CLOSE CONNECTIONS

FOR MILWAUKEE

La Crosse, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Green Bay, Fondulac,

DES MOINES, OMAHA,

And all points in Wisconsin and Minnesota.

For rates, time table call on or address

R. L. BUSHNELL,
94 Main St., Terre Haute, Ind.

Or, 3 DUNHAM, G. F. A.
125 Dearborn St., Chicago.

MY COLOR.

It glistens in the ocean wave,
It lives in yonder summer sky,
The harelip, and forget-me-not,
Are tinted with its brightest dye.

It sparkles in the sapphire's depths,
Its touch is on the turquoise laid;
And in the robin's speckled egg
Its faintest tinges are displayed.

So far, perhaps, you have not guessed,
But ah! I fear you may surmise
When I confess this heavenly hue
Shines fairest in the baby's eyes.

—[Marcia D. Stadbury in St. Nicholas.

THROUGH THE TUNNEL.

It was a bright, clear, cold, morning in early December. When Kathie entered the car there was scarcely a vacant seat to be seen. To be sure, there was one stout old gentleman sitting alone, but he was next to the aisle, and seemed so deeply absorbed in thought that Kathie desisted to disturb him. Then there was a middle-aged woman, but she had numberless parcels and wraps in the seat beside her, and her appearance, take her all in all, was so forbidding as she looked fixedly out of the window, that Kathie passed her by. There was but one more seat unoccupied. It was beside a gentleman who sat close to the window reading a paper.

"Is this seat engaged?" asked Kathie, with a timid hesitancy.

"It is not," was the answer, in a pleasant tone; "but," springing up as he spoke, "would you prefer the seat by the window?"

"Oh no! Thank you! Not at all!" murmured Kathie, and she sat down beside him.

The gentleman turned his attention again to his paper, and Kathie immediately fell to wishing that she had taken the seat by the window. For the gentleman sat at her right hand and her purse was in her cloak-pocket, and had not her Aunt Kate warned her over and over again to be on her guard against pick-pockets, and had declared that they were quite as likely to be young, agreeable and polite as the reverse? And was not this person all three! Kathie stole a shy glance at him. His dark eyes were intently fixed on his newspaper. He was fine looking and well dressed, and, to all intents, quite oblivious of her existence. Kathie wondered demurely what sort of an expression his face would wear if he knew that any one thought that he might perhaps be a pick-pocket. She might take her purse and hold it in her hand, but that would seem ostentatious and tiresome; moreover there would be ample time for that when the gentleman—he looked like a gentleman certainly—should put down his paper and Kathie could no longer see his hands.

It was her first trip to Boston quite alone. Aunt Kate had always been with her before, to take care of her but this year Aunt Kate's rheumatism, was so much worse than usual that she did not hope to be equal to a trip to Boston.

And so it came about that Kathie, feeling quite old and responsible, was on her way, this bright December morning to the city. She mentally planned her day's work and portioned out her money for the various things she was intending to buy. While Kathie was thus engaged the train swept into the tunnel.

As it grew dark the gentleman beside her put down his paper, turning slightly towards Kathie as he did so. And then Kathie was sure she felt a stealthy motion towards her cloak pocket. Quick as thought her hand went down to seize her purse, when—oh, horrors!—there was the man's hand in her pocket. Kathie did not withdraw her hand. On the contrary, being resolved to protect her property at all hazard, she felt about with her fingers as well as she could for her purse, but could not find it. It was already gone.

Then Kathie seized the intruding hand with the firmness of desperation, fully determined to make an alarm as soon as the cars emerged into daylight again. If he did not have the purse in his hand, there at least was his hand in her pocket, and some of the passengers would see her righted and her purse restored. Fortunately, her purse had her name printed on the inside. How long the minutes seemed before the train came out again into the light! Then Kathie, still clasping firmly the man's hand, looked up and down the aisle with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks, for the conductor.

"I beg your pardon," said her captive, in such low tone that Kathie could scarcely catch the words, "but have you not made a mistake in the pocket?"

Kathie gave one swift glance. Good heavens! Her hand was in his pocket! If she had touched a burning coal she could not have relinquished her hold and withdrawn her hand more promptly. She was overcome with confusion. She ventured one deprecating glance at the gentleman. His expressive face wore a mischievous smile.

"I thought—" began Kathie, tremulously, but she could get no further. The revulsion of feeling was too great. The brightness of her eyes was suddenly quenched by gathering tears, and her lip quivered ominously.

"That it was your pocket, of course," said the gentleman, completing her sentence. "I understand perfectly. Pray do not let the mistake disturb you," he continued, with imploring earnestness. In the midst of her distress Kathie

could not help thinking how musical his voice was.

Kathie became outwardly composed after awhile, but her mind was still in a tumult. Suppose he had turned the tables upon her, and denounced her as a pickpocket, as he might very well have done! She shivered at the mere thought of it.

Once or twice as they neared the city the gentleman glanced at her as if he would speak; but Kathie's resolutely averted face and downcast eyes gave him no opportunity, and not another word was spoken till they reached the station, where he left her with a courteous bow and "Good morning."

"Hateful thing!" said Kathie to herself, "I hope I shall never set eyes on him again!" and then she watched him with admiring eyes as long as she could distinguish his fine form in the hurrying crowd.

Her purse, it is scarcely necessary to say, was safe in her pocket, and she soon set about diminishing its contents. Notwithstanding the inauspicious beginning of her trip, her day proved quite successful and satisfactory. Her own errands and Aunt Kate's commissions were all executed, and there was still a half hour to spare for a call to Cousin Will's office, and when the time drew near for her train to leave, he escorted her to the station. The train was in readiness when they arrived, and as they walked along to reach the right car, a form approached them from a side entrance, a glance at which sent a thrill through Kathie's veins, and the hot blood to her cheeks and brow.

"Ah! here's Harry Thorn going down on your train, Kathie," said her cousin. "He will be agreeable company for you, and will see to your parcels," and then, before Kathie was at all prepared for it, came the inevitable introduction.

Kathie could hardly force herself to meet the glance of the mischievous dark eyes bent upon her, or to touch the proffered hand. It was utterly impossible for her to speak a word, but the gentleman talked on till Will left them at the entrance to the car.

"You will take the seat by the window this time?" questioned Mr. Thorn, and Kathie silently took it.

After he had arranged her parcels in the rack and seated himself, Kathie said with a frank smile, "I really hoped that I should never see you again."

"Did you think I deserved eternal banishment?" he asked lightly.

"Oh, no! It was rather I who merited it," said Kathie. "So long as you did not know me it did not matter what you thought of me, but now,"—ah, where were Kathie's words leading her?—"but now, if you should tell Cousin Will," she continued quite illogically, "they would tease me unmercifully, and I should never hear the last of it."

"I assure you," was the earnest answer, "that I will never mention the mistake to which you refer to Will or to anyone else. No one besides ourselves need ever know aught of it." And then he skillfully turned the conversation, and Kathie was soon quite at her ease, and they were conversing like old friends.

That memorable ride through the tunnel occurred some years ago, and Kathie's relations with Mr. Thorn have changed so greatly that now, instead of suspecting him of taking her money, she appropriated with great coolness funds from his pocketbook for the shopping.

Mr. Thorn sometimes laughingly declares that instead of his wife waiting for him to offer his hand, as ladies usually do, she took possession of it the first time that she ever saw him; but his most intimate friends ask in vain for an explanation of his jest.

A Prudent Yankee Constable.

Mr. Elijah Hitchcock was a Connecticut constable, whose character was under scrutiny. Deacon Solomon Rising was inquired of about him.

"Deacon Solomon Rising," said the questioner, "do you think Mr. Hitchcock is an honest man?"

"Very promptly—" "Oh, no, sir! Not by any means."

"Well, do you think he is a mean man?"

"Well, with regard to that," said the deacon, a little more deliberately, "I may say that I don't really think he is a mean man; I've sometimes thought he was what you might call a keefer—a prudent man."

"Well, with regard to that," said the deacon, a little more deliberately, "I may say that I don't really think he is a mean man; I've sometimes thought he was what you might call a keefer—a prudent man."

"Well, I mean this: that one time he had an execution for four dollars against the old Widow Witter, back here, and he went up to her house and levied on a flock of ducks. He chased them ducks one at a time, round the house pooty much all day; and every time he caught a duck he'd set right down and ring his neck and charge mileage; and his mileage mounted to more than the debt. Nothin' mean about it, as I know of, but I always thought after that, that Mr. Hitchcock was a very prudent man."

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An exchange says that: "New Mexico is perhaps the most noted country in the world for research." Yes, the research of robbers for the loose change of travelers is a thriving industry, surpassed by no country in the world.

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