CHLOE'S JUG.

My mother did not want me to go to the war. I was her only son, and but sixteen years old. She said she would freely give me up if she could think it had come to the point where lonely women's only sons were needed to save the country, but it had not come to that point yet.

I was wild to go. I would stand and plead and argue by the hour, but when she began to cry I had to give it up. And she always began to cry as I began to get the better of the argument.

Just after a painful scene of this kind came the news of the battle of Fredericksburg. It was terrible! Ten thousand of our brave boys fallen and the army driven back. I read all about it aloud to her and it made us both very solemn. Presently the tears came into my eyes and then into hers.

She laid her hand on my knee and said: "The time has come for you to go, my boy. I give you to my country!" It may sound stilted to repeat these words now, especially in the ears of a younger generation, but to the memories of tens of thousands of gray-haired men they will bring back a scene of sacrifice and parting—oh, so cruel!

I enlisted the very next day. Before I left my mother she asked me to pledge her my word of honor I would never taste a drop of intoxicating liquor. I gave the promise. In two days more I was dressed in blue and belonged to Uncle Sam.

I had not been very long in the service before I had trouble about my promise not to drink. We were in a highly malarial country in North Carolina, and our force was about equally divided between those whose blood seemed to be turning to ice—those who were shaking with the chills—and those who were burning with fever.

Our regiment, though in this condition, was performing the arduous and important work of picket duty, and every man of us had to be kept "braced" artificially. A tonic, heavy with the fumes of alcohol, was served one morning, each man being ordered to drink it. When the sergeant poked it at me I refused to drink it and began to tell him about my temperance principles.

"Silence!" he bellowed. "Swallow this at once, or I'll have you tied up by the thumbs till you beg for it!"

I told him he might do as he pleased about that, but I had given my word of honor and I couldn't break it. He flashed out an order to have me tied up and strode on with vast contempt.

The corporal with whom I had been left was one of the most brutal human beings I ever met. He was an Englishman and had seen service in India, where, it appears, the officers amused themselves flogging the men. Reynolds had scars all over his body where he had been flogged and stabbed and shot, and there was nothing he enjoyed so much as to furnish scars to other people. He and I were about as opposite as two creatures with similar attributes and organs could be. We instinctively hated each other. When the sergeant left me, a grin spread over Reynolds' face. "Well," he exclaimed, "this 'ere wot beats me! Last night I ties a man up for bein' drunk, an' this mornin' I ties one up for being sober. This 'ere is what I calls discipline! Now, then, you tow-headed little brat wot thinks you's so much better than the rest of us, come along."

He then tied my hands behind my back and passing a cord around my thumbs, he put it through a ring in a post and drew me up until my toes just touched the ground, and fastened it there.

"Now my little saint," he said, "I'll be around in half an hour and we'll see how you feel then."

If any old soldier who reads this was ever punished in this way, he knows what I suffered in that half hour, but no one else ever will. I can quote in words no idea of the agony of hanging there. It seemed a week, and I believe I was nearly unconscious, when the corporal came with a cup of water and threw it in my face.

"O ho, my pet!" he cried, grinning horribly. "How do you like it as far as you've got?"

"For God's sake, corporal, let me down!" I gasped.

"Nary a let down till you ask for the rum. Perhaps in another half hour you'll want it more'n you do now," and he turned to walk away.

I could endure no more. Perhaps I wasn't heroic enough for a first-class martyr, but I had to give in. I feebly called him back.

"Please let me have it, corporal, and let me down!"

He stood off and leered at me and said, "Why, wot would mamma say?"

How I should have liked to kill him! But I could only wish. He gave the rope a twist, and I fell in a heap on the ground. Then he fetched a glass of whisky and poured it down my throat.

About half a mile from camp there lived an old couple who had been free before the war. They had a comfortable cabin and a few acres of land that they cultivated, and seemed to be living well on their little farm.

They went by the names of "Simon" and "Chloe," and were well known to all of us, as we often employed them to do our washing. The old man would come and collect the clothing from those who were unable or indisposed to do their own washing, and old Chloe would send them back sweet and clean and neatly mended.

Shortly after my experience with Reynolds and the rope I had occasion to visit old Chloe. As I entered the cabin I saw the old woman sitting with her bare feet in a little tub. Close by her side was an old jug, and I noticed in the room a peculiar odor. It was that of some kind of alcoholic mixture, but its nature was new to me. She did not attempt to rise as I went into the room, but began to rub her feet and groan.

"What's the trouble, Chloe?" I inquired.

"De good Lawd bress yo', young marser," she exclaimed, "Dey's trouble 'nuff now, sho'. I'se turr'ble bad off dis mawhin' wiv de rheumatiz. My po' feet's dat bad I can't do no walkin', and I'se got 'em in dis yer likker. Dat mos' allers does 'em heaps o' good."

"What sort of liquor is it, Chloe? And how did you come by it?" The rules forbidding anyone to supply the darkies with intoxicating liquors were very strict.

"I's had dis jug o' likker mos' twen'y year, young marser," she replied. "I keeps it to put my po' old feet in when dey gets bad. And Marser Taylor, him as keeps de tavern in town, has allers knowed me since I was a piccaninny, an' he lets me have a pint to put in de jug when I wants it, 'kase he knows I nebber drinks it. I nebber gets the same kind twice runnin', fo' it better to mix 'em. Sometimes it's whisky an' sometimes applejack, and onct when I done got plenty ob money I buy a quart ob de bes' brandy. I makes it a pint to allers keep dis ole jug full fo' my po' feet, and I t'ink de more I mixes 'em, de better it be: I specs deres mo' 'n a dozen kinds ob liquor in dis yere ole jug."

As Chloe finished her explanation, she wiped her feet, and hobbling to a cupboard, she took a funnel made from a gourd, and carefully poured the compound from the tub back into the jug, and carried it out of the room. She returned in a few moments, saying: "I has to be mi'ty careful an' keep dat jug out ob sight, or some ob de soger boys will steal it; but I knows you won't say nuffin 'bout it, kase I's bin good to you, an' cured your thumbs when dey was drefful sore." And she had, for when Reynolds had untied me, the cord around my thumbs had cut deep into the flesh, and Chloe had dressed them and bound them up with salve of her own make, and they were soon well.

The city of Newberne is situated at the junction of the Neuse and the Trent rivers. On three sides it was protected by our gunboats and batteries, while on the west side there were heavy fortifications, and eight miles from town was our outside picket line extending across from the Neuse to the Trent.

This was considered to be the point of attack from the land forces of the enemy, and was closely guarded.

On October 27th, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the enemy came down in large force and drove in our pickets, and planted a battery within a half mile of our camp, and challenged us to a game of ball. Our two brass howitzers were put into position, and the fun was soon at its hight; but while their rifled guns shot far over our heads, our smoothbores dropped our shells right among them, and a great jubilee was created among our boys when they limbered up their pieces and fell back out of range. We soon laughed from the other side of our faces, however; for they opened on us again with a vengeance, and our stockade, tents and stables were riddled. We were driven behind the works, where we could do nothing but watch and listen to the singing of the shells.

A line of pickets was put out, and my old enemy, Reynolds, who was now a sergeant, was in command of them, with the reserve close by old Simon's cabin. At the first alarm Simon had bundled Chloe into his cart and started for Newberne "to keep outen de way ob de secesh," so that the cabin was quite deserted.

I was one of Reynold's men that night, and while standing near him I heard him say to Corporal Sheehan: "Pat, if we had a small drop of whisky now, it would not come bad."

A wicked idea flashed across my mind. It affected me so that I could with difficulty restrain myself from laughing outright. "Now, my fine fellow," I said to myself, "I'll get even with you."

I stepped up to him and whispered: "Sergeant, old Chloe keeps a jug of liquor in that cabin; I've seen it."

"What's that, whisky! No, now really? If you'll find that jug and pass it out of the window, I'm yer friend for life."

I crept through the window, and, going into the little back room, struck a match and soon found the jug on a little shelf in the corner, hidden by an old skirt hanging over it. I passed it out to the Sergeant, and it was wonderfully comforting to me as he pulled the cork, and, after smelling it, said, "Whitney, yer a brick!" He put the jug to his mouth, and I heard the stuff gurgling down his throat.

He then passed it around among the boys, saying, "Mind ye, now, boys, this is the rale stuff, and ye'll get but one pull at it, for it would be the death of ye if ye got the worse for liquor to-night. We may be attacked at any minute, and we must keep ourselves straight."

"Well, if we can't have but one pull, we will make that a good one!" said the boys, and they did. When it got around to Reynolds again he said, "Well, Pat, you and I are two hard old pilgrims; we can walk away with the balance." He took the last swallow, threw the jug over the fence and cried out, "By the powers, let them come now; we can whip the whole rebel army!"

"Phwat the divil did the old naygur have in it?" cried Sheehan. "Be the saints I niver tasted the like o' that in me loife before, and I fale it clane to me toes already!"

"Sergeant, it is 10 o'clock—time for the second relief," said one of the men.

"Don't ye bother telling me my duty. I am in command of this point. Relief to blazes! I can whip the best man here!"

Reynolds was gloriously drunk. He tossed off his coat and sprang at the man who had spoken.

"Hold on, Tom Reynolds, ye're drunk!" said Sheehan, seizing him by the arm, and in a moment the sergeant and the corporal were rolling on the ground in a rough and tumble fight.

Just then the grand rounds came up and were halted by the man on post near the reserve. The boys got in line, but Reynolds and Sheehan were too far gone, and they kept on trying to pound each other. At length the officer of the day rode up, saying, "What does this mean? Who is in command here?"

Reynolds tried to get up, but fell back muttering: "I'm Tom Reynolds, of Company I, and I can whip Pat Sheehan any day!"

"Orderly, arrest those two men, and put them under guard. Sergeant Peck, you will remain here and take charge of this post. This is serious business, and may cost these men their lives. Getting drunk on picket, in the face of the enemy, is worse than desertion itself. Good night, sergeant."

This officer was our new Captain. We had not got acquainted with him before, and his first experience with his men was peculiar at least.

The night passed without any alarm, and in the morning we were relieved and joined our regiment behind the works. All that day the enemy remained quiet, and as we had learned they were in large force, it was evident they were waiting for some purpose, but what that could be we could only conjecture. We afterward learned that the ram Albemarle, then lying at Plymouth, was to have co-operated by coming down the Pamlico sound and up to Newberne, destroying our gunboats and batteries, while the land force attacked us in front. These plans might have succeeded but for gallant Lieutenant Cushing, who sent the ram to the bottom on the very night she was to have started.

Our new Captain was a very tender-hearted man. Reynolds and Sheehan begged so pitifully that he punished them lightly. They were reduced to the ranks and tied up by the thumbs for one hour. My revenge was sufficient, but there was more to come.

Meanwhile, Simon and Chloe had returned to their cabin, and the morning after they got back, which was the day after Reynolds had been tied up, Chloe was at the Captain's tent bright and early, with her empty jar. What she told the Captain seemed to amuse him immensely, for he came with her to the Orderly Sergeant's tent and said: "Orderly, have the company fall in at once." The bugle rang out the assembly call, and we all fell into line. The roll was called. Then the Captain, his face full of smiles and dimples, stationed Chloe at his side, and announced that she had a statement to make.

"Go on, Chloe," he said, encouragingly. "Tell your story just as you told it to me."

"Well, marser cap'n," began the old woman, solemnly, "I's allers bin good to dese men, and I nebber specs dey want to rob a po' ole lame cullud ooman like me. But when we gets home yesterday, we finds eberyting upside down, an' dis yere jug out in de gawden, an' de likker wot I lef' in it all gone. I's had dat jug ob likker mos' twenty yeahs, and soaked my po' feet in it, I specs, mo'n fi' hunnerd times; an' Ise put so many diff'rent kinds in it, it was gettin' powful good fo' de rheumatiz, an' now dese ongrateful men done gone an' drunk it all up, an' I jest wants 'em to gib me money nuff to git full onct mo'!"

There was a hoarse murmur from the ranks. I squinted through the corners of my eyes at Reynolds. He was as white as snow, perspiration was pouring from his face and his knees knocked together.

"Silence!" cried the Captain. "Orderly, pass your hat along the line! Come, now, you men who drank the liquor in which this afflicted lady has been bathing her feet for twenty years, go down in your pockets and pay her back!"

There was a pause, then groans, and poor Reynolds, still weak from his punishment, unable to control himself longer, fled precipitately from the ranks.

Chloe got her money.—*Marcus Jocelyn in New York Tribune.*

TO CURE constipation, sick headache and dyspepsia, Simmons' Liver Regulator has no equal.

"COMANCHE JACK."

PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF A FAMOUS BORDER HERO.

He Has Hanged Seventeen Men and Killed Thirty-one—Capture of "Mexican Joe."

[From the Philadelphia Press.]

No scout in the Indian Territory is better known than "Comanche Jack;" no Deputy Marshal is more feared by the Territory desperado than John Stillwell. The individual answering to either of these names, the latter given him in youth, the former achieved by a life of daring and years of residence in the land of the hostile Comanche, is a striking figure. He has just turned 50, and time has sprinkled with gray the black hair that curls over his large, well-formed head. Exposure has bronzed his fat, chubby face until it is almost as dark as an Indian's. His massive form of five feet eleven would be as erect and as athletic as when he was an adventurous young man were it not for the wounds given by battling savages and desperate men—ten in all he carries upon his body; one, a bullet wound in his leg, necessitates a limp and the use of a cane. His big blue eyes, however, are as bright as ever and sparkle with the same good-natured cunning as in the past.

Stillwell is one of the best shots of the Territory, and no man is quicker than he in drawing a gun and pulling the trigger. Two beautiful ivory-handled revolvers, a present from army officers at Fort Reno, are never out of his reach, asleep or awake. There is not a desperado in the Territory but knows this to be true, and dreads the day when Jack gets on his trail. He knows that the deputy will have him, dead or alive, unless the old man himself is killed. Jack is thus often hunted as he is hunting, and a less cunning plainsman would have been sent "over the divide" years ago. Whenever a desperate character is wanted Jack is called upon to make the arrest.

Early in the '80's Stillwell was sent after "Mexican Joe," a notorious thief and desperado, who had stolen herds of cattle and killed two Deputy Marshals in the Chickasaw Nation. As soon as the desperado heard that Stillwell was looking for him, he sent word that he would kill the officer on sight. A week afterward Jack stopped for night at a deserted ranch on the Chisholm trail. He had scarcely lariated his horse when he saw coming towards the place a man on horseback, and the nearer he came the more convinced was he that the rider was the notorious "Mexican Joe."

"MEXICAN JOE" DESCRIBED.

The stranger was mounted upon a mustang, a lariat hung from the pommel of his saddle and a double row of cartridges glistened like the teeth of an angry beast in the belt around his waist. On each hip was a large revolver, and a Winchester rifle swung in the scabbard of his saddle. His small black eyes and dark face looked even uglier as he stopped in front of the cabin and deliberately eyed the Deputy. The latter returned his scrutiny carelessly and felt easy in the thought that he was not recognized.

The latter dismounted at Jack's invitation, and, after tying up his horse, walked toward the cabin, carrying with him his saddle and arms.

"Pretty well armed, stranger," said Jack. "Yes," was the reply, "and there is one man I am laying for. When I find him I am going to use them all at once."

"Who is that?" innocently inquired the deputy. "Jack Stillwell. Do you know him?"

"Know him? Well, I should say so," replied Jack, with an oath, "and I will shake with you, stranger. Between us both we can 'do' him."

They spread their blankets side by side on the floor of the cabin, and, at the Mexican's request, Jack gave a description of the hated deputy which would have ruined a saint's reputation for truth. Joe soon fell asleep, but was awakened by Jack rolling clear over him.

"Beg pardon," said Jack, apologetically, as the desperado sat up eyeing him closely by the light of the moon, which shone through the broken window, "I am a terrible fellow to roll in my sleep."

They both lay down again, and were soon apparently asleep. Again Jack rolled over the Mexican, and when the latter awoke he found himself handcuffed.

"Well, stranger, you are a —— of a fellow to roll in your sleep," said the desperado, still game, "What be your name, anyhow?"

"Jack Stillwell," was the cool reply.

The desperado, seeing that he had been cleverly caught, and knowing that resistance was useless, was hurried of to Fort Reno. He was tried at Fort Smith, Ark., at the following term of the United States District Court, convicted and hanged.

How many arrests Stillwell has made in his lifetime he pretends not to know. But seventeen men he has sent to their death by the hangman's noose. Thirty-one, it is said, he has killed. Even in that wild country, where men who have killed "their man" are not a few, he is pointed out to strangers with a feeling of mingled awe and respect. He never speaks of himself except when he has been drinking too freely. Then he will tell, in a way peculiarly his own, how some one met his death through his assistance.

In the northern part of the Territory there operated about five years ago a most notorious gang of desperadoes, headed by the Wade brothers and called the Wade gang. Many thefts and murders were laid to their credit. Jack, with a trusted party of men, determined to break them up. As a result of this raid Bob Wade was, in September, 1886, brought before Judge C. G. Foster, of the United States Court of the District of Kansas, found guilty and sent to the penitentiary. His brother sought refuge in the wilds of the Missouri mountains, and the members of the gang, with a few exceptions, were arrested the following year and either sent to the penitentiary or driven out of the Territory. Those who did remain knew that a price was set upon their heads, and were determined to sell their lives dearly.

One day in the spring of 1888, as Jack was riding from Fort Reno to Kingfisher, he saw along the trail, far before him, a horseman. As the two men approached each other the deputy recognized Gray, a member of the Wade gang, who had sworn to kill him if ever they met. It was a beautiful day, the sun shone bright, and the air had that peculiar clearness and buoyancy that add a zest to existence. Before and behind them stretched the trail until lost over the "divides." There were no other human beings in sight. Not a human habitation broke the level monotony. Life was sweet to both of these men, yet they felt that one or both would never leave the trail alive. Neither slackened the pace of his horse, and each was ready to "draw" at the least sign from the other. They were within five feet of each other, when there was a flash of light, a report and the desperado dropped from his saddle. Jack rode on and to the first man he met he said, "There's a dead man lying back there on the trail."

JACK'S LIFE ROMANCE.

Jack's home is at Fort Reno, in the Cheyenne nation. It is as modest as the man himself. He is fond of good dogs, and has around him as many as he can secure. He never was married, and the reason is said to be the key to his romantic career. When a young man he fell deeply in love with the comely daughter of an old pioneer. The father had other plans for her, and she married, in accordance with his wish, a man who afterwards became prominent in public life. Jack never forgot her, and persons who have at times unexpectedly come upon him in his cabin have seen him gazing tenderly upon a face in a small locket, which he would hastily conceal when surprised. Through all of his years of hardship that girlish face has been the one sweet memory which lightened up his adventurous life.

His whole life has been spent upon the plains, and his long residence with the Indians has made him familiar with their languages and customs. He is thus a most valuable man to the troops. The act that first brought him into prominence was breaking through the lines of Cheyennes that hemmed in a party of soldiers in the quicksands of the Arkansas Valley. Stillwell ran a distance of twenty miles, pursued by Indians, to Fort Dodge, and guiding back reinforcements, rescued the soldiers when, through hunger and want of ammunition, they were about to fall into the hands of the red men. From that time he became one of the most trusted scouts, and was often called upon to settle difficulties between settlers and hostile tribes.

The Indians look upon him as their protector, and when he comes to Wichita to attend the yearly sessions of the U. S. District Court he is usually followed about the streets by Indians in their primitive costumes. Jack's opinion of his charges, however, are not very high, for he looks upon them as a lot of thieving, dirty, lazy scamps.

The attendance upon the U. S. Court is considered by him, as by most of the other attendants from the Territory, as a season of amusement and festivity. He is lionized in a way, and on the strength of it generally keeps himself in good form upon prohibition whisky.

Judge Foster, who has held his present position on the bench since 1874, is viewed by Jack with admiration, by the Indians with awe, and by the desperadoes with terror. The expedition with which he disposes of the vast amount of legal business, the fairness with which he pronounces a sentence of imprisonment for a day or "to be hanged by the neck until dead," makes Jack fairly bubble over with delight at the thought of being an officer of such a Court.

On the occasion of the session in 1889, Jack was introduced to a Mr. Bradshaw, a wealthy young Englishman, who expressed a desire to make his acquaintance. Possibly the foreigner was writing a book.

"I was thinking, don't you know," said he, putting his monocle to his eye and leaning carelessly against the counter of a hotel in Wichita, "of coming down to Fort Reno and calling upon you. What do you think of it?"

Jack eyed him carefully from head to foot and said brusquely: "Well, if you do come, come to see me, but," with an oath, "don't you come. Let me give you a pointer; if you do come, don't think you can ride anything that's got hair on, for things do buck down that way all-fired sometimes."

PRECEPT VERSUS PRACTICE.

Of all the characters I have met during my experience, especially among the rough, picturesque characters of infant Western civilization, this man Stillwell is the most striking in his peculiarities. Under his rough exterior beats a heart as tender as a woman's. A lion in anger, he is generous and forgiving when he looks at things in the light of his homely philosophy. He even forgave a cowboy who nearly perforated his head one time. The cowboy was drunk, and Jack let him off with a solemn lecture on the virtues of temperance when he was sober, and sent him away full of contrition.

But there is an impassable gulf between him and old Ben Clark, a character who for border daring is equally as well known as Stillwell himself. The two were friends before the incident took place, and what was it, after all?

At Wichita, during a session of Court, Jack sent a hotel bell-boy out for something to drink, telling him to bring it quietly up to his room. At the same hotel Clark was stopping. The two days that he had spent in civilization had swallowed up his last penny and left him very thirsty. As he walked restlessly through the lobby of the hotel, wondering how he could get a drink, he saw the colored boy return and go up to Jack's room. Divining the object of the errand, he met the boy as he came down the stairs.

"Where did you take that whisky?" he asked with a serious expression upon his face.

"To Mr. Stillwell's room, sir."

"Is that possible?" asked Clark, with great severity. "Don't you know that you must not get whisky for an Indian, and that Stillwell is a Comanche?"

This was frightful intelligence, in view of the fact that during the day Judge Foster had sent to the County Jail several hack drivers and bell-boys who had aided the red men in obtaining the firewater.

"I will go up and get it, sah, now and bring it down right away. I didn't know Mr. Stillwell was an Injun, 'deed I didn't," said the trembling darky.

He slipped back to the room, and finding Stillwell asleep, had no difficulty in carrying off the uncorked bottle and turning it over to Clark. In about an hour afterwards Jack awoke, and at not finding the whisky, rang the bell savagely. "Where is the whisky?" he savagely inquired.

"I ain't got it, sah," was the scared reply.

"Where is the money, then?"

"That is—is gone, too, sah."

"What?" yelled Stillwell, leaping out of bed. The colored boy darted down the stairs.

"Where is that liquor?" yelled the deputy after him, leaning over the banister.

"That's all right, Jack; I've shored it away," came up from the hotel lobby in uncertain accents.

Jack recognized Clark's voice and saw how he had been duped. The reply that went down over the banisters was heated enough to have raised the insurance on the hotel. Jack, although inclined to forgiveness, could never pardon Clark for that offense. The breach has never been bridged.

EXECUTING THE DEATH PENALTY.

The hanging of a United States prisoner is another important affair to Jack. Many of the condemned men are arrests that he has made, and so his sensitive nature must be well fortified with rum to withstand the ordeal. He claims that he never wants to assist in a hanging, but that he is always urged into springing the trap.

Lee Mosier, a boy who had been sentenced to be hanged by Judge Foster for the murder of an old man in the Indian Territory, about sixteen miles south of Anthony, Kas., in May, 1886, was led out of the Sedgwick county, Kas., jail to a board inclosure for the execution of the sentence of death, one February morning in 1887. Without the least show of fear he marched up the steps and stood upon the trap. Jack, nervous and fussy, with one hand on the lever and the other touching the youth's back, was uttering in his most tender tones his famous remark: "Now be a good boy, be a good boy."

Toward the immense crowd that surrounded the death pen a messenger appeared, running at full speed and waving over his head a large envelope.

"A letter from the President," cried some in the crowd.

"His reprieve," yelled another.

The messenger fell exhausted against the door and threw into the inclosure a large official envelope. Just then Jack, having gotten the condemned man in a favorable position, and fearing, no doubt, that the mob was about to rescue him, uttering again his soothing words, "Be a good boy," pulled the lever. A lifeless body swung from the end of the rope.

One of the few men within the inclosure with a trembling hand picked up the letter, and seeing thereon the imprint, whispered between his white lips, "His reprieve! Jack has sprung the trap too soon."

Within the pen every face was pale as death, and without a howling mob was crying for vengeance upon the executioners of a reprieved man. Nobody apparently had the nerve to open the letter until Jack coolly walked down from the platform, took the dreadful missive in his hand, tore open the envelope and took out, not a reprieve, but an order to proceed with the hanging.

The Nobleman's Daughter.

There was a great and powerful nobleman who had the awfulest beautifulest sweetest daughter that ever tried to get a $20 bill changed on a bob-tailed street car. Whenever she rode out she was received with admiration and applause, and when she walked in the castle grounds about 400 spooney young men sat on the fence and longed to call her their all-wool, gilt-edged, full-jeweled angel.

Now this girl, whose front name was Mirabella, was afraid that some of the scores of chaps who had proposed marriage wanted her for her cash and good looks, instead of a helpmeet to split wood, build the morning fires and keep track of the milk tickets. One day she therefore started out for a walk into the country, taking a basket of eggs on her arm, as if going to market. By and by she came along to where an Abe Lincolnish looking young stranger was splitting rails and busting a suspender at every blow. She put her finger in her mouth, looked very shy, and stubbed her toe, so as to have an excuse to sit down and be spoken to. He caught on and queried:

"Prithe, little gal, but who art thou?"

"I art Mrs. Smith's cook," she liefully replied.

"Can'st thou done a dish of pork and beans—make Johnny cake—build a pudding and fry fat meat!"

"Ah! Excellently well."

"And how about patching and darning—making soft soap—milking a kicking cow and feeding the pigs?"

"'Tis my delight, kind sir."

"Then you art the piece of calico I have been looking for. Suppose we jine?"

"Art sure thou lovest me?" she shyly asked.

"Better than gum."

"Then it's a go."

And only after they had been married a full week did she take him by the hand and lead him home to her castle and say to her father:

"Paw, this is my husband, who married me without a thought of my government bonds and bushels of diamonds. Make him Admiral of the Treasure Fleet."

And it was done, and everything went off acccording to the programme laid down on the small bills.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Ability to Bear Pain

Is the test of fortitude among the Indian tribes. But we defy any Cherokee, Sioux or Comanche to endure the twinges of rheumatism without wincing. These, indeed, are slight at first, but grow in intensity until they become unbearable. No malady is more obstinate in its maturity than that which gives rise to them. The more need, then, of attacking it at the outset. Foremost among remedies for it is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, safer and infinitely more effective than colchicum, veratrum and nux vomica, all remedies which might prove destructive of life in a slightly excessive dose. Mineral depurents, also, when not positively mischievous, are far inferior in remedial power to this salutary botanic medicine. It entirely expels from the blood the acrid impurities which originate the disease, and enriches as well as cleanses it. Constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia and other ailments also give way to it.

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become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. But you can fortify them and build them up, by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

Of Lime and Soda.

They will take it readily, for it is almost as palatable as milk. And it should be remembered that AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. *Avoid substitutions offered.*

PILES SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form and protrude, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT is sold by druggists, or mailed to any address on receipt of price, 50 cts. a box; 3 boxes, $1.25. Address letters, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

ITCHING PILES.

d12-5mTTS

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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fe1-9mWS

THE OLD ENEMY.

It is known as a painful inflammation affecting the muscles and joints of the human body, the symptoms of which are swelling of the joints, acute pains and aches. St. Jacobs Oil cures promptly and permanently this enemy which is:

RHEUMATISM.

Sandyville, Ohio, June 18, 1888.

Was taken with rheumatism in 1861; suffered at times ever since and used crutches. St. Jacobs Oil relieved me about two years ago. GEO. L. NIXON.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

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SEVENTY TO EIGHTY TONS OAT HAY. Apply to EDWIN K. ALSIP & CO., Sacramento. fe27-tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF FOR PAIN

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD

Instantly stops the most excruciating pains; never fails to give ease to the sufferer. For SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACKACHE, PAIN IN THE CHEST OR SIDES, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, CONGESTIONS, INFLAMMATIONS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, PAINS IN THE SMALL OF THE BACK, or any other external PAIN a few applications act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop. All INTERNAL PAINS, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, SPASMS, NAUSEA, FAINTING SPELLS, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS, are relieved instantly and quickly cured by taking inwardly 20 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water. 50 Cents a Bottle. Sold by Druggists. With RADWAY'S PILLS there is no better CURE or PREVENTIVE OF FEVER AND AGUE. WS&w

Pears' Soap

Fair white hands.

Bright clear complexion

Soft healthful skin.

"PEARS'—The Great English Complexion SOAP,—Sold Everywhere."

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Hardwood Lumber, Hardware, and Blacksmiths' Supplies.

HEADQUARTERS FOR SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES, GUNS, RIFLES AND AMMUNITION. ALSO, FINE POCKET AND TABLE CUTLERY.

Parlor Stoves! Parlor Stoves! Parlor Stoves!

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SEAWEED TONIC

Will cure Dyspepsia and Indigestion, and restore to healthy activity those organs of the body, which, by disease or over exertion have become debilitated. A single bottle will demonstrate its efficacy.

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Lowest Market Prices.

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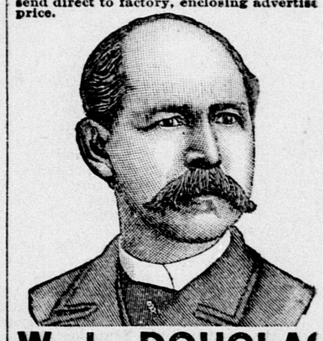
KEY WEST CIGARS!

WHICH HAVE A WIDE FAME. THEY ARE THE BEST KEY WEST GOODS OBTAINABLE IN THE MARKET.

BIG G. Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. We cordially recommend your G as the best remedy known to us for Gonorrhœa and Gleet. We have sold considerable, and in every case it has given satisfaction. Alcott & Link, Hudson, N. Y. Sold by Druggists. Price $1.00. MWF

CAUTION Take no shoes unless W. L. Douglas' name and price are stamped on the bottom. If the dealer cannot supply you, send direct to factory, enclosing advertised price.



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Fine Calf, Heavy Laced Grain and Creedmoor Waterproof.

Best in the world. Examine his $5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE, $4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE, $3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE, $2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE, $2.25 & $2 WORKINGMEN'S SHOES, $2.00 and $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

$3 & $2 SHOES FOR LADIES

$1.75 SHOE FOR MISSES.

Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass. Sold by

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fe1-6mTTS

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(THE WORCESTERSHIRE)

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to SOUPS, GRAVIES, FISH, HOT & COLD MEATS, GAME, WELSH RAREBITS, &c.

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851. "Tell LEA & PERRINS' that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

Lea & Perrins

Signature on every bottle of the genuine & original.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, NEW YORK.

CERTIFICATE OF COPARTNERSHIP.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO. We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are partners transacting business in this State, at the City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, under the firm name and style of CHRISTIANSON, DIERSSEN & CO.; that the names in full of all the members of such partnership are ANTHONY D. CHRISTIANSON and DIEDRICH DIERSSEN, and that the place of our and their respective residences is Sacramento City, Sacramento County, California.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands, this 26th day of March, 1890.

A. D. CHRISTIANSON.
D. DIERSSEN.

State of California, County of Sacramento, ss. On this twenty-sixth day of March, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety, before me, ROBERT T. DEVLIN, a Notary Public in and for said county, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared A. D. CHRISTIANSON and D. DIERSSEN, known to me to be the persons described in, whose names are subscribed to and who executed the within instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed my official seal, at my office, in the said County of Sacramento, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

[SEAL.] ROBERT T. DEVLIN, Notary Public.

mr29-5t8

WILCOX'S COMPOUND TANSY PILLS!

Safe, Certain and Effectual. At Druggists or by mail. Send 4c. for "Woman's Safe-Guard." WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Philadelphia.

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$5 BUYS A CORD

OF STOVE WOOD, OR A TON OF COAL for $6. Get your winter's supply now at the C. O. D. Yard, Fourth and I streets.