A BRIGHT STAR.

A SKETCH OF THE MAN WHO LED MARY ANDERSON TO FAME.

Also Played Leading Roles with Booth, Barrett and Thorne.

[From the St. Louis Chronicle.]

One of the most conspicuous figures in the Stageland of America to-day is John W. Norton. Born in the Seventh ward of New York city forty-six years ago, the friends of his youth were Thomas W. Keene and Frank Chanfrau. We find Keene a star at the age of 25 and Norton in the flower of early manhood, the leading man for Edwin Booth at the famous Winter Garden Theater. He was starred with Lawrence Barrett early in the 70s, and alternated the leading roles with Charles Thorne at the Variety theater in New Orleans. Early in the Centennial year, in Louisville, Norton met our Mary Anderson, then a fair young girl who aspired for stage fame, took her under his guidance and, as everybody knows, led her to fame. Mr. Norton is now the proprietor of the Grand Opera House in St. Louis, the Du Quesne Theater, Pittsburg, and one of the stockholders in the American Extravaganza Company.

One afternoon early in June he hobbled into his New York office on Broadway and encountered his business manager, George McManus, who had also been a rheumatic sufferer for two years. Norton was surprised that McManus had discarded his cane. "Who cured you?" he asked. "I cured myself," replied McManus, "with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"I was encouraged by Mr. McManus' cure, and as a last resort tried the Pink Pills myself," said Mr. Norton to a Chronicle reporter. "You have known me for five years, and know how I have suffered. Why during the summer of 1893 I was on my back at the Mullanphy hospital, in this city, four weeks. I was put on the old system of dieting, with a view to clearing those acidulous properties in my blood that medical theorists say is the cause of my rheumatism. I left the hospital feeling stronger, but the first damp weather brought with it those excruciating pains in the legs and back. It was the same old trouble. After sitting down for a stretch of five minutes, the pains screwed my legs into a knot when I arose, and I hobbled as painfully as ever. After I had taken my first box of Pink Pills, it struck me that the pains were less troublesome. I tried another box, and I began almost unconsciously to have faith in the Pink Pills. I improved so rapidly that I could rise after sitting at my desk for an hour and the twinges of rheumatism that accompanied my rising were so mild that I scarcely noticed them. During the past two weeks we have had much rainy weather in St. Louis. But the dampness has not had the slightest effect in bringing back the rheumatism, which I consider a sufficient and reliable test of the efficacy of Pink Pills. I may also say that the Pink Pills have acted as a tonic on my stomach, which I thought was well nigh destroyed by the thousand and one alleged remedies I consumed in the past five years."

NOT UP IN ETIQUETTE.

As a Consequence the American Sailor Had a Disagreeable Experience.

This one was told a Washington Star reporter of a naval officer on himself. One of our handsome ships, with her handsome officers, was cruising in Peruvian waters, and while in port the grand ball in honor of the wife of the president of the republic was given. The young officer was there in full uniform, which is warm enough at any time, but which in a ballroom, after a number of whirls in a giddy waltz, such as the Spanish descendants in Peru put up, is anything but an ice cooler. Our young hero invited a charming Peruvian to waltz. She consented, and away they went. After several turns about the room he began to wish that the young lady would suggest that they promenade, as most of the other couples did from time to time. But not she. On they went, spinning and prancing. The heavy uniform had become a sweat box. The young man was burning up. "Will she never stop?" asked the young officer under his breath. Early in the game he had exhausted the few Spanish phrases he knew. He did not dare stop until she did, as such a breach of etiquette might mean that her brother would be likely to put a stiletto between his ribs for insulting his sister by stopping in a waltz before she did. The Peruvian waltz lasts twenty minutes. That is a long time in a tight-fitting uniform in a tropical climate. Our ensign began to wabble, but he kept his feet, and that girl never seemed to weary. When the twenty minutes had expired the music ceased. Other couples had waltzed and stopped and waltzed again. Some of his brother officers had waltzed with half a dozen beautiful senoritas, and they were wondering why he was so devoted to the particular one he was still hugging and whirling when the music stopped. He led her to a seat, and for himself sought the open air and unbuttoned his coat.

He was in a pitiable plight. He did not enter the ballroom again for two hours, and when he did he was still too weak to dance or enjoy the festivities. The young lady he had waltzed with avoided him. Other ladies, who had seen the long-distance record, seemed pleased that he did not ask them to dance when presented. Later in the evening he learned that it was the Peruvian custom for the gentleman to suggest that they should cease waltzing or promenade or retire from the floor. It would have been immodest for his partner to suggest stopping. The young officer says the memory of that Peruvian night haunts him still.

Another Dog.

Dumas, the elder, had a dog, as hospitable as was his master, and that dog once invited twelve other dogs to Monte Cristo, Dumas' palace, named after his famous novel. Dumas' factotum-in-chief wanted to drive off the whole pack. "Michel," said the great romancer, "I have a social position to fill. It entails a fixed amount of trouble and expense. You say I have thirteen dogs, and that they are eating me out of house and home. Thirteen! That is an unlucky number." "Monsieur, if you will permit me, there is nothing left for me to do. I must chase them all away." "Never, Michel, never. Go at once and find me a fourteenth dog." —Argonaut.

Couldn't Understand It.

"I never cu'd undustand dis story about Diogenes huntin' around wit' a lantern for an honest man," remarked a New York City statesman.

"Are you surprised that he should have found them so scarce?"

"Naw. W'at I don't see is w'at he wanted wit' 'im."

What We're Coming To.

Bimby—I hear that the Newlyweds have had a row.

Jimby—Yes. Mrs. Newlywed got angry because her husband refused to sew a button on her bloomers.

There are enrolled in the public schools of our country 13,484,572 pupils, who are taught by 373,210 teachers.

MY SISTER-IN-LAW'S BABY.

DEAR Brother Orpheus: I write to let you know that my wife, finding it necessary to go to New York on business, will start from Pokeville Thursday afternoon at half-past 5, and will arrive in your city about 2 the next day.

"She is a very timid, dear girl, and unfortunately, owing to the crops, I cannot travel with her. I have, therefore, proposed that she should stay with you for a few days, instead of going to a hotel. Maria Briggs will be with her. Her business is with the dentist. Your loving brother,

JOSHUA SMITH.

This letter, which the postman brought early one afternoon, alarmed me considerably.

I lived in a neat two-story brick house that had been my father's, smoked where I chose, and kept one deaf old servant, who seldom said and never heard anything.

But having made up my mind that my sister-in-law must come, I began to wonder how, since Hepsiba could not read, the fact might be communicated to her, in order that due preparations might be made.

I rang the bell, Hepsiba saw it shake and came. She stood and looked at me. I pointed to the letter; she nodded. I pointed out of the window at a lady going past; she nodded again. Then I drew another armchair opposite mine and put two plates upon the table, and marked off three days upon the almanac.

Hepsiba gazed with astonishment; looked at me again, shook her head, and putting her apron to her eyes rushed out of the room. I followed her. I found her crying in the kitchen and had matters thus explained to me:

"I'd best take warning. I've kept house for you fifteen years, and a missus will on-settle me. I thought you'd gin up marrying years ago."

I left her. I hoped she did know, but I wasn't sure.

Friday Hepsiba came down in her best gown, and I retired to my study to wonder what I should do with my sister-in-law.

I heard the bell ring after awhile. Then several kittens began to mew in the hall, or I fancied so.

Kitten! no—something more; for in a minute more my study was invaded by Hepsiba, who marched in, holding in her arms a baby, in a dress long enough for a six-footer.

"She's sent the baby on ahead," said Hepsiba, solemnly. "Hadn't you no confidence in an old critter like me? I shouldn't have objected to

AUGUSTA HAD ELLSWORTH LINCOLN GRANT.

your gettin' married, but to keep it from me 't least a couple o' years is kinder hard."

The truth flashed upon me. Some wretched impostor had brought an infant to my door and deserted it. My sister-in-law might arrive before I could rid myself of the horrible little creature.

To find a policeman and get the child off my hands was my only hope. I rushed to my study window and fortunately saw the sturdy form of our particular guardian just turning the corner. I beckoned to him.

And away we drove to the station house, where, having been cruelly cross-questioned, I was informed that the little waif and stray would be sent to the foundling hospital, and that I "might go."

I went. At least my sister-in-law would never know of this absurd affair. My heart was lighter. I grew even cheerful.

But at the door of my own house I halted in terror. Screams of the most fearful description were being uttered within. I burst open the door and rushed in.

In the front parlor a young lady lay upon the floor shrieking and tearing her hair. A servant girl, whom I remember to have seen at my brother's house, sat rocking to and fro in ecstacies of grief.

"Here's your wife, I reckon," said Hepsiba, "and her sister. They come in and asked me suthin'—didn't exactly hear what it was. Then they began to tear up and down the house like mad. Now she's got fits."

Then Augusta sprang to her feet, rushing toward me, clutching my arm with both her hands, and screamed:

"Oh, where is he? Where is he? Where is my son?"

"I—I don't know. I'm not acquainted with him," I stammered. "I—I—what do you mean, Augusta?"

"My dearest angel! My baby!" cried Augusta.

"Baby!" I cried. "Eh, your baby?" and sat down, faint with horror.

"Me and Mis' Smith we kem up from Pokeville," said Mary Briggs, "this mornin' and we fetched the baby along with us, and me and Mis' Smith come to the door in a cab, and he charged us most an awful price, and drove off with the travelin' bags, with the baby's most particular and needful things in 'em, and so says I, 'Let's run after him;' so says she, 'Yes.' And we rings the bell, and I says to the old lady, 'This is Mr. Smith's?' Says she, 'Yes.' Says I, 'Take in the baby and we'll be back turectly.' And off we puts and caught the man. But we got lost somehow, and we've been half an hour inquirin' our way back, and can't find the baby."

"There's been a little mistake, and I'm sorry, but I will rectify it. Come along."

We arrived at the station house.

"Well, sir, what do you want?" inquired the sergeant.

"The baby!" I gasped. "You remember the baby. I made a slight mistake. I want him back."

"You are the fellow who gave us so much bother an hour ago, are you?" asked the gentleman, fiercely. "The unfortunate child has been sent to the foundling asylum. The matter is out of our hands."

"Where is the foundling asylum?" I asked.

The direction was hurled at me, so to speak, and we departed. The dreadful journey, with Augusta Jane in spasms of grief, and the other two women crying I cannot describe.

At last we reached the spot were admitted, ushered into a parlor, and there at last interviewed by a stout lady in black, who called herself the matron.

"The last baby was brought in," she said. "Dear me, it's so hard to tell. Twelve was fetched at once. Was it a dark child in a ragged blanket, or ——"

"It had a white dress, and a white cloak lined with blue, and a white hood and his name was Ellsworth Lincoln Grant Smith," said Anna Maria.

"And his nice white cloak was lined with blue. The Irish lady said he was quite perfectly beautiful. Oh, he has been adopted already, ma'am."

"Adopted! My baby adopted!" cried Augusta.

"By an Irish lady, just starting for Liverpool," said the matron. "Oh, dear! if it is a mistake, you'll have to hurry, or you won't catch the vessel. She starts at 4, and it's 3:30—the Arizona, and the lady is Mrs. Murphy.

We reached the proper pier at last. The crowd was just dispersing.

"The Arizona!" I cried.

"She's off these fifteen minutes," said a man. "That's the smoke of her yonder."

Then Augusta fainted away. But just as she did so a carriage jostled ours.

"Too late!" cried a voice.

"Oh, Murphy, dear, I knew it!" said another. And a child began to cry.

"Maria Briggs, that's him!" cried Augusta, coming to herself in a minute.

"It's him!" cried Ann Maria, and the two, regardless of danger, were out of our carriage, and in that of our neighbor's in an instant, and I saw them seize upon something in a blue-lined cloak and devour it with kisses.

"It's my baby!" cried Augusta.

"It's mine, madam!" cried the Irish lady.

I stood dumb. The Irish gentleman offered to fight it out with me. Maria Briggs it was who explained.

"Me and Mis' Smith we came from Pokeville to-day, and the man went off with our bags; and the deaf critter there thought the baby was a foundling, and gave it to the police, and we've been ravin' distracted ever since," was her version.

"No apologies at all," said the Irish gentleman. "Shake hands, sir. Sure we can adopt another just the same.

Augusta had Ellsworth Lincoln Grant, and was crying softly over him. She returned with the child and Anna Maria to Pokeville by that night's boat. No power could induce her to sleep in my house, and she has never forgiven me.

As for Hepsiba, I have never been able to explain the thing to her, and she still alludes occasionally to "the day your wife came."

The Greatest Whist-Player.

Deschapelles, the greatest whist player the world has ever seen, had but one hand and was an advanced republican. His manual dexterity was remarkable, and it was very interesting to watch him with his one hand—and that his left—collect the cards, sort them, play them, and gather them in tricks. Late in life, when he had developed into ardent republicanism, he was supposed to have been mixed up in some of the attempts at revolution which broke out in the earlier days of the reign of Louis Phillippe. His papers were seized, and it was proved that he had drawn up a list of persons to be disposed of. Among them was an elderly acquaintance, so described: "Vatry (Alphie) to be guillotined. Reason—citoyen inutile. Vatry is a bad whist player." —Argonaut.

A Queer Reason for Suicide.

A singular reason for deciding to end his life was given by Charles Jenkins, whose body was found in the Hunter river, in New South Wales. In a letter to a friend, he stated that he had a fixed opinion that a man over 55 had no right to compete in the labor market with younger men and so he had determined to quit life. He asked that the verdict should not be temporary insanity. The jury returned a verdict of "found drowned."

A Pulseometer.

A pulseometer has been invented with which, it is claimed, it is possible to tell to a fraction the exact condition of the heart beat. An electric pen traces on paper the ongoings, haltings and precise peregrinations of the blood, showing with the fidelity of science the strength or weakness of the telltale pulse. This should, it is considered, be of special advantage to life insurance doctors, as well as to the profession at large.

Will Do Away With Cavalry.

The Hamburg Fremdenblatt thinks that the new magazine rifles will do away with cavalry in general engagements, because every saddle could be emptied in two minutes in a charge of less than a mile. It says that seventy-five per cent of the cavalry will be converted into infantry, and the majority of the rest will become bicyclists.

Kept Secret for Centuries.

The oldest secret trade process now in existence is in all probability either that method of inlaying the hardest steel with gold and silver, which seems to have been practiced at Damascus ages ago, and is still known only to the Syrian smiths and their pupils, or else the manufacture of Chinese red or vermillion.

STATE LEGISLATURES.

OKLAHOMA.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Feb. 19.—Representative Spencer caused a sensation by introducing in the house a resolution calling for an investigation of the Oaklaw insane asylum at Jacksonville, Ill., where Oklahoma's insane are kept under contract. The resolution alleged that the death rate at the Illinois institution was nearly 50 per cent of its patients, that no person sent there was ever discharged, and the information had just reached him (Spencer) that the Oklahoma patients were kept in a wooden building without fire protection.

TENNESSEE.

NASHVILLE, Feb. 19.—Senator A. B. Newson sent his resignation to Gov. Turney as senator from the Fourteenth district. Gov. Turney is not in the city and has not acted on the resignation. Senator Newson gives as his reason for resigning the extravagance of the legislature in forcing upon committees appointed to visit state institutions and coal mines, sergeants-at-arms, reporters and other attaches at $4 per day and expenses who will do nothing but draw salaries. The resignation created somewhat of a sensation.

INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 20.—While the house of representatives was discussing the Nicholson temperance bill a bombshell was exploded by Jackson, of Carroll county. Speaking to the galleries, which were filled with friends of the bill from all over the state, he he exclaimed, dramatically: "You say this house is not subsidized, and you get angry when you are charged with it. No wonder you raise your hypocritical eyes in horror. Here you are talking buncombe temperance legislation to these good people in the galleries, and all the time there is a barrel of whisky in the basement of this state house which is free to the members on this floor." Pandemonium reigned immediately and personal encounters were with difficulty avoided. There were cries of "Prove it" and Jackson continued: "I repeat what I said, and no wonder you want me to hush up. There is a barrel of whisky down there, and it was furnished to you by the whisky league. You are shackled by it." Jackson claimed he had been invited to partake of the whisky, and when the uproar had subsided a committee was appointed to locate the barrel and make a report.

MISSOURI.

JEFFERSON CITY, Feb. 21.—Resolutions passed the house and senate removing the capitol to Sedalia. The resolution does not need gubernatorial approval.

NORTH DAKOTA.

BISMARCK, Feb. 21.—Woman suffrage was beaten in the house, but by a vote of 31 to 55 the house refused to table the usual motion to reconsider, leaving the question open.

Consumptives Ordered to the Pest House.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Feb. 18.—Dr. W. R. Amick, the eminent consumption specialist of this city, has created a national sensation by his decided opposition to the order of the hospital authorities to send 100 consumptives to the smallpox pest house. His experience in the institution convinces him that it is unjustifiable and brutal. He has, through his attorneys, entered protest, and in the Cincinnati Tribune presents a formidable array of scientific facts against the contagion theory of consumption which covers that theory with ridicule. A hot newspaper controversy is the result. The Amick Chemical company, compounders of Dr. Amick's remedies, is mailing free to physicians, consumptives and all applicants extra copies of the Tribune containing explanatory charts of his theory.

IOWA PATENT OFFICE REPORT.

DES MOINES, Feb. 18, 1895.—A copyright has been issued to Reed & Calkins, of Des Moines, Iowa, for their business enterprise and publication called "The Hustler's Emporium." A patent has been allowed to W. F. Cook, of Des Moines, an employe at T. M. Walker's Brick Works for a machine for applying the proper amount of water to the clay before entering the pug mill. The flow of water is automatically regulated and delivered to the mill by means of an endless carrier. This saves the labor of one man and tempers the clay much more uniformly than it can possibly be done by hand. To G. E. Mellen, of Des Moines, for an invention described in one of his claims as follows: "An improved hook and eye, comprising a hook having straight ends parallel with each other, loops formed at the outer end of the hook, combined guards and guides bent upwardly and outwardly therefrom and a hook proper bent to overlap said straight ends with its ends between and below the level of the guards and guides and an eye having loops at one end and its central position bent to enter between the guides and guards and under the hook and bent downwardly at its outer end, substantially as and for the purposes stated."

Eight United States patents were issued to Iowa inventors last week. Printed copies of the drawings and specifications of any one patent sent to any address for 25 cents. Valuable information for inventors free.

THOMAS G. AND J. RALPH ORWIG, Solicitors of Patents.

INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION.

It May Be Created to Arbitrate Labor Difficulties.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—Senator Perkins, from the committee on education and labor, reported a bill for the creation of an industrial commission of twenty-one persons, which is intended to arbitrate labor difficulties. The committee presents a written report in which it estimates the aggregate loss to all concerned on account of strikes during the past six years at $98,556,859.

A Narrow Escape.

CHICAGO, Feb. 18.—Eighteen young men and boys had a narrow escape from being carried out into the open lake on an ice floe. They had skated out to the four mile crib, and when they were making the return trip they found the ice had parted and they were being carried out into the lake. The crib keeper, seeing the trouble, telephoned to the city for a tug. But before the tug was out of the river, however, all of the eighteen were rescued by Henry Tagg, a hunter, who was out in a row boat looking for ducks.

Do You Wish the Finest Bread and Cake?

It is conceded that the Royal Baking Powder is the purest and strongest of all the baking powders.

The purest baking powder makes the finest, sweetest, most delicious food. The strongest baking powder makes the lightest food.

That baking powder which is both purest and strongest makes the most digestible and wholesome food.

Why should not every housekeeper avail herself of the baking powder which will give her the best food with the least trouble?

Avoid all baking powders sold with a gift or prize, or at a lower price than the Royal, as they invariably contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid, and render the food unwholesome.

Certain protection from alum baking powders can be had by declining to accept any substitute for the Royal, which is absolutely pure.

A Dangerous Plot.

Chinese Laundryman—"Me wantee learn play footballee."

College Man—"What for?"

Chinese Laundryman—"So teachee othel Chinese washee-wash how to play footballee."

College Man—"Then what?"

Chinese Laundryman—"Len we go back to China and lickee Japanese like slixty."

WHO WINS THE $300?

A novel way to obtain a suitable name for their great, yes, wonderful new oats, has been adopted by the John A. Salzer Seed Co. They offer $300 for a name for their new oats; their catalogue tells all about it. Farmers are enthusiastic over the oat, claiming 200 bushels can be grown per acre right along. You will want it.

Farmers report six tons of hay from Salzer's Meadow Mixtures; 112 bushels corn per acre in a dry season, and 1,161 bushels potatoes from two acres.

If You Will Cut This Out and Send It

with 10c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you get free their mammoth catalogue and a package of above $300 Prize Oats. wnu

Millionaire—Honesty, my son, is always the best policy. His Son—Well, maybe it is, father, but still you've done pretty well.

Home-Seekers' Excursion.

The Chicago Great Western Railway will sell excursion tickets to western and southwestern points February 12, March 5 and April 2, 1895, at one regular first-class fare plus $2.00 for the round trip. Tickets good returning twenty (20) days from date of sale.

Further information regarding stopovers, etc., will be given on application to any ticket agent of this company, or

F. H. LORD, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

In Australia they have a new word, "stateswoman," and Miss Flora Shaw is the first to be credited with it.

1,000 BUS. POTATOES PER ACRE.

Wonderful yields in potatoes, oats, corn, farm and vegetable seeds. Cut this out and send 5c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for their great seed book and sample of Giant Spurry. wnu

The great lava lake in the crater of Kilauea, Hawaiian Islands, sank 500 feet in one night.

The Modern Invalid

Has tastes medicinally, in keeping with other luxuries. A remedy must be pleasantly acceptable in form, purely wholesome in composition, truly beneficial in effect and entirely free from every objectionable quality. If really ill he consults a physician; if constipated he uses the gentle family laxative, Syrup of Figs.

The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.

Wabash Excursion March 5.

The Wabash Line will sell home-seekers' excursion tickets at one fare for the round trip upon the above date to points in Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee. For further information call at the city office, 220 Fourth street, or address Horace Seely, commercial agent, Des Moines, Iowa.

It is better to be alone in the world than to bring up a boy to play on the accordion.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—MRS. W. PICKERT, Van Siclen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, '94.

An Oregon genius has succeeded in grafting chestnuts on grub oak and proposes to fatten hogs on the nuts.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Storm warnings were first given early in the last century.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Men, like bullets, go farthest when they are smoothest.

Coe's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

In the bicycle business, the greater the number of sales the greater the falling off

"A Cup of Parks' Tea at night move the bowels in the morning."

When it comes to harnessing a horse, there is usually a hitch in the proceedings.

The Greatest Whist-Player.

Deschapelles, the greatest whist player the world has ever seen, had but one hand and was an advanced republican. His manual dexterity was remarkable, and it was very interesting to watch him with his one hand—and that his left—collect the cards, sort them, play them, and gather them in tricks. Late in life, when he had developed into ardent republicanism, he was supposed to have been mixed up in some of the attempts at revolution which broke out in the earlier days of the reign of Louis Phillippe. His papers were seized, and it was proved that he had drawn up a list of persons to be disposed of. Among them was an elderly acquaintance, so described: "Vatry (Alphie) to be guillotined. Reason—citoyen inutile. Vatry is a bad whist player." —Argonaut.

Leaves Food Undigested.

The lamp wick does not burn so long as there is oil on it. As the oxygen which reaches the wick is not sufficient to burn both the oil and the wick, the oil, being most inflammable, is burned, leaving the wick merely charred. So if some highly oxidizable substance, as alcoholic drink, is taken into the system, it will be oxidized first, leaving the proper food elements of the body only "charred" or incompletely oxidized.

Kept Secret for Centuries.

The oldest secret trade process now in existence is in all probability either that method of inlaying the hardest steel with gold and silver, which seems to have been practiced at Damascus ages ago, and is still known only to the Syrian smiths and their pupils, or else the manufacture of Chinese red or vermillion.

The Block to a Loan.

Bigley—Did Janes loan you a ten?

Rice—No.

Bigley—What was his excuse for refusing you?

Rice—He said the popular loan bill wasn't passed yet.

THE ONWARD MARCH

of Consumption is stopped short by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If you haven't waited beyond reason, there's complete recovery and cure.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but *a large percentage of cases*, and we believe, **fully 98 per cent.** are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write those cured and learn their experience. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Backache.

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MARRIAGE paper in plain sealed wrapper, 10c. Hundreds seeking correspondence, matrimony. *The Nightingale*, 1036 Milwaukee av., Chicago.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

FARMERS' SONS $4.00 a day. $150.00 a month. A new idea. Business. No canvassing. Address with stamp BUSINESS MEN'S UNION, 4310 Cottage Grove, Chicago, Ill.

$1.75 PER SQUARE IRON ROOFING

We are selling Galvanized Corrugated Iron Roofing from World's Fair Buildings at above price. We have on hand only 10,000 squares, also all kinds of Lumber and other Building Material.

CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO., 2005 S. Halsted St. (6 blocks north Union Stock Yards)

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To loan, no delay, on improved city or farm property, on easy payment plan. Send for particulars.

Inter-State Savings and Loan Association, New York Life Building, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.

BEST IN MARKET. BEST IN FIT. BEST IN WEARING QUALITY.

The outer or tap sole extends the whole length down to the heel, protecting the boot in digging and in other hard work.

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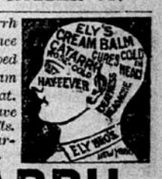

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