

Poiteness Brings a \$5,000 Legacy.

A young lady in a department store has just fallen heir to \$5,000. The money was left her by an eccentric old lady, who was treated with great politeness by the young woman when shopping. Her joy was as great as her surprise when the money was given her. "Surprise and joy will be the lot of many people if they take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters when suffering from malarial fever, ague, loss of strength and appetite. The Bitters make the weak strong, tone up the stomach and assist digestion. In bad cases of dyspepsia, the cures its effects are truly remarkable. It is a palatable medicine. If you feel "out of sorts" try a few doses of these famous Bitters.

Precise Phraseology, Please.

It seems to me, said the Boston girl, coldly, that before you expect me to give you a decisive answer you should get your ideas somewhat straightened out. In what way? He inquired in surprise. Well the first thing you did, she explained was to fall on one knee and ask: Will you be my husband? Then a moment later you said: Will you have me? Naturally this confuses me, and before you go any further I wish you would decide whether you are asking for me or trying to give yourself away.—Chicago Post.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant and safe to take.

Sold by A. C. Ireland.

The Real Thing.

She—There's a good deal of speculation about Dangleton's marriage. He—Indeed? I thought it was in the nature of an investment.

Two Pointed Questions Answered.

What is the use of making a better article than your competitor if you can not get a better price for it? Ans.—As there is no difference in the price the public will buy only the better, so that while our profits may be smaller on a single sale they will be much greater in the aggregate.

How can you get the public to know your make is the best? If both articles are brought prominently before the public both are certain to be tried, and, the public will very quickly pass judgment on them and use only the better one.

This explains the large sale on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The people have been using it for years and have found that it can always be depended upon. They may occasionally take up with some fashionable novelty put forth with exaggerated claims, but are certain to return to the one remedy that they know to be reliable, and for coughs, colds and croup there is nothing equal to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For sale by A. C. Ireland.

Day in the Cortes.

It was a wild day in the Cortes. I ask you how, demanded the Ministerial Deputy, driven to a frenzy by the assaults of the opposition, we are to curtail running expenses. Don't run so much! shouted the Carlisle Deputy. And amid cries of "Viva Espana!" "Put him out!" and "Oh, come off the gridiron!" the session closed.—Detroit Journal.

With an Eye to Business.

Miss Nipperson served Milley in a miserable way the other night. I haven't heard of it. What did she do? Why, he wrote a poem in which he set forth her charms and his love for her, and then when he called the next evening she sang it to him before company at the tune of "The Banks of the Wabash, Far Away."—Chicago News.

Pains in the chest when a person has a cold indicate a tendency toward pneumonia.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on to the chest over the seat of the pain will promptly relieve the pain and prevent the threatened attack of pneumonia. This same treatment will cure a lame back in a few hours. Sole by A. C. Ireland.

The Doctrine of the Brick.

I do not care a blooming red. For Christian charity and such. You hit me on the blooming head. Am I to say 'Obliged'? Not much! I just hit back. The other way. May do for saints and cherubs—When some one heaves a brick at me, I turn and heave a brick at him. The chap who slaps me on the cheek, should look out for a heavy fist; And he who with me tattle would sneak, Should be mites off when it is missed. It's fit for fat, and even up; Eye for an eye, and limb for limb. When some one throws a brick at me I turn and heave a brick at him.

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EAST WIND.

[A lullaby.] Sleep sweet, birdkin, In the nest, mother's breast, Silk soft for birdkin, With wind in the east! Hush, oh, birdkin! Sleep away another day. Much too cold for birdkin Is east wind blows. Creep close, birdkin! Nestle, hide, by mother's side Till upspring for lambskin Daisies for birdkin. Hush, oh, birdkin, Safe in fold from the cold Till south wind for lambskin Her wings unfold! Hush, oh, birdkin, Mother's joy, father's boy! Pearl of price for birdkin, And winds are keen. Dream sweet, birdkin, The golden head in easy bed. Over sleep birdkin Angels lean! —Fall Mall Gazette.

A CUBAN HEROINE.

Why, of course I'll tell the story if you care to hear about it; don't suppose anybody better knows the details of the affair. The Acquanock was attached to our blockading squadron, U. S. S. Acquanock, according to the official register, but, in spite of high sounding title, only a mean little scraggly tugboat with a 1 pounder mounted on the roof of the pilot-house. Ensign Duncan was skipper, and a better seaman or cooler headed lighter under fire I never want to sail with.

One day we were running eastward at half speed. None of the other blockading vessels was in sight. The part of the island along which we were cruising was practically unattended, owing to the Spanish reconcentration orders, and there were no fortifications that amounted to anything for 30 miles or more. With the exception of those actually engaged in navigating, our whole crew were taking it easy, snuggled in shady corners and otherwise recuperating after a night of incessant watchfulness. I happened to be lying on top of a commissariat chest that occupied our after deck. From my position, which was of course a considerably elevated one, I had a pretty wide field of vision by simply turning my head in any desired direction.

"Say, Landis," called our skipper from the shady old deck chair on which he was reclining, "what do you make out of that bright red thing down near the edge of the water, about three points on our quarter?"

"Looks as if it might be a woman, sir," I said at a venture. "Those Cuban girls are full of bright colors when they can get them, and perhaps it is her dress. I'll take a look through the glass."

The binoculars were good ones; had to be for our business. I suppose I must have gazed steadily through them for five minutes at the very least. At any rate the skipper got impatient and came up alongside of me.

"You're taking long enough to see right through the island and half way across the Yucatan," he says jokingly. "May I inquire the reason for this intention?"

"You may, sir," I replied, handing him the glasses as I spoke. "But the best answer I can give is to let you look for yourself. If that sight doesn't give you your own eyes for a dozen dozent's watches, I'm no judge of peacock folk."

It was this way. As pretty a girl as I ever want to look at—big eyes, black hair and face just like an angel's taken bodily out of some great painting—was standing there upon the sand beach gazing directly at us, and at the same time waving slowly and from a big red thing which turned out to be a blanket. Even at that distance I fancied that I could detect a sort of wild longing in the expression of her face. The skipper must have seen as much, if not more than I did. Anyway he took the glasses down from his eyes only long enough to order our course changed so as to head directly for the spot where she was standing, and then recommenced his inspection through the lenses until we were near enough to use the naked eye to better advantage.

"Landis, you and I will go ashore in the small boat and see what this scarlet signal means," said the skipper. "The rest of you boys keep your eyes peeled for treachery, and if any Spanish soldiers try to rush us just drop a shot from our main battery where it will do the most good."

The men cheered him, and even before I got well to the water the boat in I heard the snap of the breech block on the little 1 pounder, which said in the plainest kind of language under the sun, "Now I am all loaded and ready for business."

The skipper sat up in the bow of the skiff, which was just a little dingy such as harbor tugboats usually carry, and told me how to head her. Luckily there was no sea on to amount to anything, and we made the landing without getting very wet.

That Cuban girl looked a real picture through the glasses, a point blank right at her merely improved the effect, if such a thing could be possible; not but what she had a sort of pitifully haggard look, and besides her skimpy dress was torn to rags. But somehow even such disadvantages could not quash her style of beauty. She might have come out a shade prettier when all topped up in ball folderol, although I doubt it. But I'll stop describing her to you, for I couldn't do the subject justice if I tried.

It was a mighty sad story she told the ensign, half in broken English and the rest in her own lingo. I picked out enough of it to size the whole thing up. Her people had been well off, and she was partly educated in the States, but the rebellion came along, and her brothers joined the insurgents, and the Spaniards burned down the plantation and looted everything—the same old story for so. But this girl—her name was a longish one and hard to pronounce. The skipper got it down fine, and we always just called her "the senorita."

Her father and mother and half a dozen aunts or servants of one kind or another were all old and pretty high helpless, so when the reconcentration edicts went into effect they simply could not obey. So what does she do but pitch in and rig up a little hut in among the trees and lug them all there and tried to provide for them. It must have been a tussle to keep out of reach of the dons, let alone finding food for half a dozen mouths besides her own in a country that was well nigh devastated. But she did it somehow or other. Then came sickness to vary the routine, and now her father and mother

"I want a copy of Victor Hugo's masterpiece," said the lady who had entered the bookseller's shop. She expressed herself thus vaguely because she is nervous about her French. "I don't think we have any book of that name," responded the youth behind the counter. "That is not the name of the work. It merely describes it," rejoined the customer. "Published lately, ma'am?" "It was published many years ago. Surely you have Victor Hugo's greatest work?" "I don't know whether we have or not. What's the name of it?" "Lay Mee Say Rabbin," replied the lady desperately. "Oh, you mean 'Les Miserables'! Yes'm, we've got it."—Pears' Weekly.

A setback. Wilkins (to Filkins, who owns to 40)—Ah, got your mustache shaved off! Look ten years you nigger. Filkins (delighted)—Nonsense! And how old do I look with the mustache? Wilkins—Oh, somewhere about 69 or 68.—Boston Transcript.

The Little, Quiet Man. The worst whipping a guilty ever gets is from some man who doesn't want to fight.—Chicago News.

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The equipment of the Chicago Special consists of one sleeping car, one dining car, one library and two chair cars. The cars are of the newest design, and have been in service less than six months. All of them have the new wide vestibule, and are lighted with Pintsch gas. The sleeper is upholstered in peacock-blue, and contains twelve sections and a drawing-room. The toilet rooms are unusually roomy—a circumstance to which much of the train's popularity is due.

In each of the two reclining-chair cars are seats for 56 persons, ladies' and gentlemen's toilet-rooms (with soap, marble wash-basins, comb, brush, towels, and an abundance of water, both hot and cold), and a smoking-room upholstered in leather.

Of the eleven dining-cars operated by the Burlington Route, none is finer than that on the Chicago Special. It is as bright as a new pin. The linen is spotlessly clean, the service is prompt, and on every table is a gorgeous bouquet of American Beauty roses, one of which the waiter affixes to your coat when you have finished your meal. Best of all, the a-la-carte plan prevails—you only pay for what you order.

The library car is the men's favorite retreat. It is a veritable club-house on wheels, a place where comfort reigns supreme, and where the necessity for exerting one's self is reduced to a minimum. If you want anything—today's paper, the monthly magazines, a cigar, a bottle of apollinaris, or a pillow—press a button and the smiling attendant brings it to you.

The Denver Republican calls the Chicago Special the "smoothest train in the United States." The phrase describes it to a nicety. It is a smooth train—inside and out. Its furnishings are in admirable taste, and the track over which it glides is perfection itself. Fortunate is the traveler who goes east on it. Kings fare no better when they travel, than he.

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On Sunday, November 20, the Burlington Route made a radical change in the schedule of the Chicago Special, its finest and fastest Denver-Chicago train. Heretofore, this train has left Denver in the morning—immediately after the arrival of D. & R. G. and Colorado Midland trains from the west. It now leaves at 1:40 p. m., arriving at Omaha in time for breakfast next morning, and at Chicago at 8:15 p. m. the same day. In other words, it runs 1,048 miles in 24 1/2 hours—an average rate of speed of about 36 miles an hour. There are not half a dozen long-distance trains in the United States which are scheduled faster than 36 miles an hour. And there is not one—not a single one—which has as good a record as the Chicago Special for being "on time all the time."

The equipment of the Chicago Special consists of one sleeping car, one dining car, one library and two chair cars. The cars are of the newest design, and have been in service less than six months. All of them have the new wide vestibule, and are lighted with Pintsch gas. The sleeper is upholstered in peacock-blue, and contains twelve sections and a drawing-room. The toilet rooms are unusually roomy—a circumstance to which much of the train's popularity is due.

In each of the two reclining-chair cars are seats for 56 persons, ladies' and gentlemen's toilet-rooms (with soap, marble wash-basins, comb, brush, towels, and an abundance of water, both hot and cold), and a smoking-room upholstered in leather.

Of the eleven dining-cars operated by the Burlington Route, none is finer than that on the Chicago Special. It is as bright as a new pin. The linen is spotlessly clean, the service is prompt, and on every table is a gorgeous bouquet of American Beauty roses, one of which the waiter affixes to your coat when you have finished your meal. Best of all, the a-la-carte plan prevails—you only pay for what you order.

The library car is the men's favorite retreat. It is a veritable club-house on wheels, a place where comfort reigns supreme, and where the necessity for exerting one's self is reduced to a minimum. If you want anything—today's paper, the monthly magazines, a cigar, a bottle of apollinaris, or a pillow—press a button and the smiling attendant brings it to you.

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