



Mrs. S. A. Leifer, Rossmore, Ohio.

Terrible Misery

Helpless With Rheumatism and Without Appetite

Tired Feeling and Pains Dispeled by Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I was in terrible misery with rheumatism in my hips and lower limbs. I read so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla that I thought I would try it and see if it would relieve me. When I commenced I could not sit up nor even turn over in bed without help. One bottle of Hood's relieved me

so much that I was soon out of bed and could walk. I had no more pain and I had my appetite and I gained rapidly in strength. I have taken five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and I am as well as ever." Mrs. S. A. LEIFER, Rossmore, O.

Hood's Pills cure liver bills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

VITRIOL THROWER.

A French Tale of Jealousy in the City of Paris.

The Cafe du Progress and the Associations Clustering Around Its Doors.

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Oh! how wicked the woman hiding at the corner of the dark street looked. While anger flashed in her eyes and the serpents of jealousy and hatred gnawed at her heart, Melie, with a trembling hand, held and tried to hide

under her knitted black shawl the little tin milk can filled with vitriol. On the other side of the busy street the sign of the "Cafe du Progress"—Two games of billiards and a glass of beer, twenty-five centimes—Chicken livers every Saturday," illuminated the sidewalk, and the rows of gas jets, which were only lighted on Saturdays and fortnightly Saturdays, made a halo of light around the frame of the door way; the gas jets blazed hither and thither by the night wind. Each time that the glass door was opened, shouts of laughter and gay jests escaped from the tap-room. Anatole was there; Melie had seen him enter; she was sure of that. Anatole, the house painter, who had wronged her, her marriage, and now that she was in trouble, had deserted her. She had remained an honest girl until she was twenty-two years old, and then she had fallen madly in love with him.

Yesterday she had waited patiently for him at the end of his day's work—waited for him to come out of a new house upon which he was working; she had stopped and with tears supplicated him to do her justice. But he was furious at her.

"Enough, enough, my girl! You baby? Am I alone to blame for that?" Yes, he had dared to say that to her face! Now she detested him as much as she once loved him, and she would be revenged, never, never. They could have been so happy had he willed it. She would have rented a little apartment on the "fifth floor" which she knew of at the end of the Faubourg, and from which a glimpse of the distant country and the hills could be seen. She would have furnished the rooms with furniture from Crepin's, and she would have been so good a housekeeper that he would have had nothing to complain of. Anatole was famous in his trade. He could murmur and make ornate letters and earned as high as eight francs a day. She, when times were good, could make from three francs fifty centimes to four francs a day at her sewing machine. Who knows? By the aid of economy they might have been able to set up in business some day. Anatole would have been a master painter, and perhaps, in time, they might have become bourgeois. What a fine dream!

Instead of which she would be a girl mother and her baby would be born in a hospital.

And "Monsieur" was in the cafe! He played a game of billiards! He played a difficult stroke, the cue behind his back, "an officer!" It would not be he who would suffer. No, indeed, there was no danger of that. When he had won the game he would come out with his companions, his face flushed with the wine he had drunk, he would light a cigarette and then he would stroll away, his hands in his pockets, and go in search of his new friend—that horrid red-headed creature whose bangs hung down to her eyes.

But no parallel infamies should not come to pass thus! No! That hand-some faced Anatole shall remember, he shall remember Melie to his dying day! She had bought some vitriol; she was on the lookout for him and presently when he comes out of the cafe, she will take the cover off her milk can, and she will fall in the face!

Now hold that pretty face with its cute little mustache in exorcism. Ah, what atrocious joy she would have felt to have been able to tear him with her nails. The fury of a beast possessed her. She would be sent to prison! Well, so be it! "But thou at least, cursed one, cannot brag about as formerly and grieve the latter

grin on the rascals, dresser in "my long white blouse and thy linen cap set jauntily on thy blonde curls. When she has on her lace cap or a soiled check, thou wilt not fondle the girls any longer. Does thou hear that, scoundrel?"

In the fever of rage and vengeance which possessed her, Melie felt the necessity of walking in motion. She left her post of observation and took a few steps out on the sidewalk.

All at once, beside her, a man's voice murmured sadly: "Good evening, M^{lle} Melie."

Rousing herself from her reverie with a start, she recognized her neighbor, Pere Victor, a mechanic, carrying his little girl, who was asleep on his shoulder. He was a good man, a hard worker, who never drank, and who was without a vice. His mistake had been, in marrying too late in life, a woman too young for him, a coquette, who had abandoned him in order to see life. This sorrow had left him at forty, a white-haired man. He was already called Father Victor and with reason for he lived but for his child, and everyone esteemed and pitied him.

This meeting at such a moment frightened Melie. They both had the same unhappiness, however, she and this poor man.

Father Victor, ignoring the gossip of the house, did not know that Melie had taken a lover. Indeed, no matter how late he went to bed at night, he always heard the "tic, tic, tic" of the sewing machine, and his heart was filled with kindly considerations for this industrious girl.

"Ah! Mam'zelle Melie, you are doing as we are. A little walk before sleeping. As to Georgette," he said, gazing lovingly on the sleeping child, "she has already commenced by taking a little installment."

And with a loving gesture, he bent his head to the child's forehead and softly kissed the blonde curls, which were spread over his lime-stained blouse.

Melie felt a new sensation stir within her. Was she not seen to be a mother? Indeed, was she not one already?

"How do you love your Georgette?" "I love her, as you know full well," replied the old man, "but all the same, a little girl to raise, is not an easy thing for a man to do, but I have learned my trade of mamma."

Faces to face with this good father, his honest man so unhappy and yet so patient, Melie felt her whole nature softening. Yes, to resign herself to work and live for the child, who was to be born to her. She could and she would. But during this time, this time which she called an Anatole, she could not! Still holding the can of vitriol hidden under her shawl, she demanded suddenly and in a husky voice:

"Truly, Father Victor, you have had much sorrow. Have you never thought of vengeance?"

He looked at her in astonishment. "No, never! I had another idea, a bad one also, but I conquered it. Do you know, Mam'zelle, there are some people who, when they are wronged, think but of killing or injuring one who has harmed them. I, when my wife fled, thought but of dying. But that was not possible on account of the little one. And today she consoles me for everything.

for the child, and gave to her mother, Miss Perry, his name and address before returning to America. In 1876 Julia Perry married a man named Ashcroft, whose child some of the heirs alleged Florence to be. Florence was taken to San Francisco immediately after the death of her father. Her striking resemblance to the dead pioneer made Blythe's intimate friends favor her claims. The legal fight for the property began in 1888, and has been kept up ever since.

Miss Blythe married Frederick M. Hickey on September 21, 1892. He is a young man in the insurance business, and both he and his wife are favorites in Oakland (Cal.) society.

ANTEATED CLIFF-DWELLERS.

Mummies of a Prehistoric Race Discovered in Southern Utah.

Charles A. Lang, the explorer from Pittsburgh, and Robert Allen and J. P. Neilson, of San Juan county, Utah, arrived in Salt Lake, Utah, recently with seven well-preserved mummies discovered by them beneath the ruins of the Cliff-dwellers' houses in southeastern Utah. This is the most important discovery of prehistoric remains ever made in that wild and inaccessible region. These mummies are in an extraordinary state of preservation, which is accounted for by the entire absence of moisture from the atmosphere of the high altitudes.

Among the collection is a male of giant stature, two females and two boys. They are not bodies of the Cliff-dwellers, but some race who lived before them, as they were found beneath the ruins of the Cliff-dwellers' habitations and their hair is reddish instead of black, as with the Cliff-dwellers. Besides the skulls are shaped like the Caucasian, instead of flattened at the back like the skulls of the Cliff-dwellers. The bodies were covered with a very curious matting or blanket of wool and feathers, then packed around with cedar bark. With them were found evidences of the existence of hundreds of turkeys. So well preserved are the bodies that the hair is reddish instead of black, as with the Cliff-dwellers. The mummies are in an extraordinary state of preservation, which is accounted for by the entire absence of moisture from the atmosphere of the high altitudes.

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MAINE'S MALE HOUSEKEEPERS.

Strange State of Affairs Said to Exist in Factory Villages.

One of the oddities of life in the Maine factory villages is the class of men who can appropriately be called "housekeepers." In almost any town where much manufacturing is done numbers of these men may be found. If one calls sooner after meal time he will be likely to find them with aprons on, making beds, cleaning and washing the children, cleaning house or cooking. Whether any of them do the family sewing is not so certain.

These men are housekeepers for the simple reason that their wives can earn more working in the mill than they can, and it becomes a matter of money-saving to let them do it. Some of them saw and pile the wood in the yards for the mill, and take care of the garden, and do other men's work around home, as well as the house-keeping, and the arrangement seems to be profitable.

A Fish Drowns an Eagle.

At the mouth of Oronoco creek, four miles above Port Deposit, Md., is a bed of gravel, where shad, rock and herring go to spawn. In the spring and early summer large schools of fish go to this locality, and bald and gray eagles flock to the vicinity for the purpose of preying on them. The water on the Cecil county side is about ten feet deep, and, being clear, the fish are readily seen by their winged enemies. A gray eagle saw a rockfish in the water and pounced upon him, sinking his talons deep into the sides of the fish. When the bird attempted to arise he found the load more than he could carry. He could not release his hold, either. Finally he was dragged under the water and drowned. The eagle and the fish, where the bodies were found, with the hold of the eagle unrelaxed. The fish weighed sixteen pounds, and the bird measured six feet from tip to tip of the wing.

Abolishing the Knout.

The use of the knout by the Russian police as punishment for various offenses is on the eve of abolition. This step, it is stated, is due to the direct intervention of the czar, who, having by some means at length become weary of the excessive and, in many cases, unnecessary use of this instrument of punishment, ordered the governors of the various provinces to specially report on this subject. Women, girls, and even children have not been exempt from this barbarous mode of punishment, which, in many cases, has resulted in the victim being maimed for life.

Why She Docks Her Pigs.

A Georgia girl who raises pigs marks them by cutting their tails off very short. She says it takes a bushel less corn to fatten them thus.

WORTH THE COST.

Fine Compliment of the Gallant Parisian Cab Driver.

A poor cab driver in Paris the other day showed a bit of gallantry to one of the grand beauties who read about might have felt proud to display. There is, it seems, an old law in the French capital which forbids kissing in public places on penalty of a fine. The cabman's hours were long, and he could not get home very often, so he would during the busy season. Once a week she came in from the little suburb where was their home and visited him at his stand in the public streets of Paris.

The other day they met for their weekly chat in front of her restaurant. Delighted to see her, the husband stooped and kissed his wife, and some unfriendly eye saw and reported this offense against the law. The cabman was arrested for kissing in a public place, and fined 100 francs, or \$5 of our money. He paid the fine without a word, telling the justice the kiss was costly though that a very fine compliment.

Left.

The sky is blue, the sea is bright, The waves are dancing with delight, The earth is glad, my heart is gay, Sweet little Somers comes this way.

The sky is dark, the sea is gray, It is a gloomy, doleful day, The earth is sad, and sad am I, Miss Katharine Somers passed me by.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away.

Is the truthful, startling title of a little book that tells all about No-to-be the wonderful, harmless tobacco habit cure. It is written by a California man who has accumulated wealth. In February, 1873, while in London, he met a girl of twenty—Julia Perry. Blythe was then fifty years old. Florence was born December 18 of that year. Blythe discovered

for the young woman whose title to great wealth he is assured will go to her. He died of heart failure while taking a bath in the apartments of Alice Edith Dickerson, who claims to be his widow. The case was involved owing to the pains Blythe took to conceal his antecedents and history. It appears that he was born in Belfast, Wales; left home at the age of sixteen, drifted into Liverpool and afterwards to California, where he accumulated wealth. In February, 1873, while in London, he met a girl of twenty—Julia Perry. Blythe was then fifty years old. Florence was born December 18 of that year. Blythe discovered

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CONDENSED NEWS.

A Collection of Interesting Items on Various Subjects. Especially Prepared For the Busy Reader.

The miners' convention at Albia, Ia., by a vote of 65 to 55, ordered a strike. This will take out 5,000 men.

All the miners at Whitwell, Tenn., numbering between 400 and 500, went out on a strike Thursday. Her striking resemblance to the dead pioneer made Blythe's intimate friends favor her claims. The legal fight for the property began in 1888, and has been kept up ever since.

President Eugene V. Debs was given a great demonstration when he returned to his home at Terre Haute.

The Illinois glass works has shut down at Alton for lack of coal. Two thousand men idle.

The Oklahoma Congressmen denounced the Washington authorities for preventing Coxy from speaking.

The Press-Post and Central Press Association company of Columbus, O., are in the hands of a receiver.

Low state A. P. A. resolved to cut loose from ex-priests who do nothing but denounce the Catholic church.

Advices from Samoa by the way of Sydney, N. S. W., announce that a suspension of hostilities has been agreed to until it is seen whether any of the warships of the British fleet intend to interfere.

The dismantled forts are being rebuilt by the rebels, who declare their intention to resist the forces of the government.

Work has commenced on the electric railroad between Cincinnati and Dayton, Ohio.

A political sensation has grown out of the call for a convention of Louisiana sugar men to oppose the Wilson bill.

A treaty with Russia looking to the cooperation of that government in preventing the sale of life was submitted to the senate.

The treasury department has made a demand upon the North American Commercial company, which has the exclusive contract for the taking of fur seals upon the Pribilof islands, in Alaska, for about \$250,000.

Fires.

Fire destroyed part of Kenwood, a suburb of Albany. Loss, \$200,000.

Bone, Ia., is excited over repeated incendiary fires. Earl Locke's bookstore was destroyed. Locke's loss \$5,000, with \$3,000 insurance on building \$10,000.

A business block, in which was located the Senate office building, and the Insular photograph gallery, Knights of Pythias hall and Jackson's meat market, burned at Kentland, Ind. Loss, \$20,000.

Deaths.

Frank Hutton, editor of the Washington Post, is dead. He was stricken with paralysis several days ago. He was born at Cambridge, O., in 1844, and served in the late Civil War.

One day a solemn and religious Danbury man hailed a charcoal peddler with the query: "Have you got charcoal in your wagon?"

"Yes, sir," said the expectant driver, stopping his horses.

"That's right," observed the religious man, with an approving nod, "always tell the truth, and people will respect you."

And then he closed the door just in time to escape a brick hurled by the wicked peddler.

One day I asked Mr. Bailey if he had any more in Connecticut.

"Lay my life," he exclaimed, "Why, we have a man in Danbury so lazy that he is shoveling a path to the front gate he pinches the baby's ear with the nippers till the neighbors come rushing in to tread down the snow."

Mr. McMansters was buying a home of Mr. Bailey and asked him if the house was cold in the winter.

"Cold?" said Bailey cautiously. "I can't say as to that. It stands outdoors."

"Speaking of the Indian raids," says Bailey: "The Modocs have made another raid on our people and murdered them. If ever our government gets hold of these savages, gets them right where they cannot escape, gets them wholly into its clutches, some contractor will make money."—"Twenty Years of Wit and Humor."

THE MARKETS.

Provision Market.

Apples, green per bushel 1.00-1.50

Apples, red per bushel 1.00-1.50

Butter, common per 100 lbs 10.15

Eggs per dozen 19

Lard, common per 100 lbs 8

Onions per bushel 60-70

Peas per bushel 1.00-1.50

Beans per bushel 1.00-1.50

Wheat, No. 3 Red 45

Wheat, No. 2 Red 45

Wheat, No. 1 Red 45

Wheat, No. 3 White 45

Wheat, No. 2 White 45

Wheat, No. 1 White 45

Wheat, No. 3 Yellow 45

Wheat, No. 2 Yellow 45

Wheat, No. 1 Yellow 45

Wheat, No. 3 Blue 45

Wheat, No. 2 Blue 45

Wheat, No. 1 Blue 45

Wheat, No. 3 Green 45

Wheat, No. 2 Green 45

Wheat, No. 1 Green 45

Wheat, No. 3 Purple 45

Wheat, No. 2 Purple 45

Wheat, No. 1 Purple 45

Wheat, No. 3 Orange 45

Wheat, No. 2 Orange 45

Wheat, No. 1 Orange 45

Come in and be

Pleasantly Surprised.

SURPRISED at the Fresh Assortment. SURPRISED at the Superior Quality. SURPRISED at the Large Variety. SURPRISED at the Low Prices.

Spangler's Grocery Store.

Stock Raisers, Farmers, Lumbermen, Miners, Manufacturers, Merchants.

WILL FIND OPENINGS IN MONTANA! "The Treasure State."

PERSONS looking for locations are invited to investigate the opportunities offered in one of the most prosperous States in the Union. Address the Secretary of the Board of Trade, Kansas City, Mo., Secretary of Board of Trade, Helena, Mont., Secretary of Trade, Butte, Mont., or P. L. Whitney, Secretary of Trade, St. Paul, Minn.

IN THE DAYS OF OUR GRAND-MOTHERS, Sulphur and molasses reigned supreme in the Spring time. Now-a-days we take Humphreys' Specific for the cure of the blood, purify it, and do not Spring-dosing is necessary. For sale by druggists.

ELL PERKINS on the Danbury News Man.

Bailey—James Montgomery Bailey was his full name. He was born in Albany in 1841, fought through the war in a Connecticut regiment, and afterward made himself famous writing for the Danbury News.

Mr. Bailey's wit has a delicious mental flavor. In fact, it is always the bread, thoughtful man that enjoys it. It is not long, hence dialogue, but a flash of thought. The humorist says a poor man came to him with tears in his eyes one day, asking for help for his destitute and starving children.

"What do you need most?" asked Mr. Bailey.

"Well, we need bread, but if I can't have that I'll take tobacco."

One day a solemn and religious Danbury man hailed a charcoal peddler with the query: "Have you got charcoal in your wagon?"

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Wheat, No. 3 Red 45

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of George Sworden, deceased.

THE undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Administrator of the estate of George Sworden, late of Henry county, Ohio, deceased. Dated this 28th day of April, A. D. 1894. E. W. CASHILL, Administrator.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED proposals will be received up to 1 o'clock noon of the 12th day of May, 1894, by the directors of the Florida Milling Company, of Florida, Ohio, for the construction of a hydraulic waterway from canal to river, and the construction of a dam, penstock and waterway for same. The directors of said company reserve the right to accept or reject any or all bids. The party who receives the contract will be required to give bonds for each an amount as the directors may determine for the guarantee of said work. Plans and specifications are on file with the undersigned.

D. G. CURTIS, Secretary. Florida, Ohio, May 1st, 1894.

Insolvency Notice.

ON the 2nd day of April, in the year 1894, the Probate Court of Henry county, Ohio, declared the estate of Peter Rosebuck, deceased, to be probably insolvent and ordered that the creditors be required to present their claims against the estate to the undersigned for allowance, within six months from the date of aforesaid order, or they will not be entitled to payment.

Dated April 2nd, 1894. HENRY ROHRS, Administrator of Peter Rosebuck.

Road Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that a petition will be presented to the Commissioners of Henry county, at their next quarterly session, June 4th, D. 1894, praying for the location of a county road on the following line, to-wit: Beginning at a point about thirty-five rods south of the northeast corner of section 3, town 4 north, range 7 east, Henry county, Ohio, thence running in a southerly direction, crossing thirty-five rods, thence south about sixty rods to the half section line road and thence terminating.

PHILIP BECKLER, Road Commissioner. Napoleon, Ohio, April 18th, 1894.

Road Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that a petition will be presented to the Commissioners of Henry county, at their next quarterly session, June 4th, A. D. 1894, praying for the location and establishment of a county road on the following line, to-wit: Beginning at the southeast corner of section thirty-two (32), town three (3) north, range eight east, in Henry county, Ohio, on the county line between Henry and Putnam counties, running thence north on section line between sections 32 and 33, 21 and 22, 20 and 21, and 19 and 20, township, Henry county, Ohio, and thence to terminate.

JAMES KERRAN, Petitioner. Napoleon, Ohio, May 1st, A. D. 1894.

A Vast Excursion Season Open May 8th and 9th.

All of Kansas