A HEARTY LAUGHIN' TIME.

How We Tried Not to Keep Christmas, and How We Failed.

ONEY wuz skeree
that Chris'mus;
we hadn't a cent
to spare
For foolish and
wasteful presents
that wasn't to eat
nor wear.
Pa he cut'itated an'
guessed it wuz
better so,
But we on'y thought
of th' shillin's an'
not once o' little
Joe.
On'y ez time kep'
ercepin' and
Chris'mus wuz al-
mos' here,
I begun to wish it wuz ever an' gone fer another year;
An' I see that pa wuz bothered, he'd sech an uneasy way,
An' he alwus changed the subjic if the subjic wuz Chris'mus day;
Fer Joe kep' a-talkin' constant what the other boys 'ud git,
An' it made me feel so awful mean I hain't got over it yit;
Fill at last I couldn't stand it, an' the day afore the day
I slipped out awful quiet, an' I tuk the keers away
Clear down to the great big city, jist packed an' gorged with folks,
The hull blin' of um happy an' laughin' an makin' jokes.
I come to a noble buildin' with popcorn strung in strings,
An' big tin horns an' go-carts an' keers an' drums an' things.
The feller wasn't haughty-proud, but 'nd hunt an' sort an' pull,
An' I laid out thirty shillins' an' my arm wuz bulin' full,
When I got back home in the evenin' the house wuz dark an' still,
But the moon wuz a-ridin' noble over to old Tog hill,
I peeked up soft to Joe's room an' slid the latch on the door,
When I give a jump an' my packin's went flyin' to the floor;
Fer there wuz pa a-standin' in front of a painted sled,
An' we heard a hoot, an' there wus Joe a-squattin' up in bed.
'Te give a jump an' landed, an' I thought my bones 'ud breck,

HE GAVE A JUMP AND LANDED.

Er I felt two tight arms givin' a bear-hug 'round my neck,
Sech a time ez we had—sech hollerin'! you could hear us far an' near—
I'll never have a better—if I live till a hundred year.
Oh, neighbors! don't be stingy when it comes to Chris'mus day;
Be clue the hull year thro', but fer pa put away
thoughts away—
Let's have one hearty laughin' time an' let the troubles go—
Fergit your pocket-books an' give your hearts a chance to grow!

—Florence E. Pratt, in Judge.

ROMAIN'S LEGACY.

His Christmas Present to Mrs. Blake and Her Children.

ONLY two days until Christmas! How different this will be from the one I looked forward to this year!" thought Mr. Romain as he restlessly paced the wide porch of his handsome home.

"How pleasant the air is—as warm and balmy as spring! Exquisite, if one had some one to enjoy it with; but I'm lonesome. Poor Tom! How I hoped to see you again, to tell you that the fault was mine in that quarrel; and you are dead—buried only last week, they tell me—and I am back in Old Virginia, with never a child or a chick to bid me welcome."

"Dood-mornin', Mister Man; will you please tum to ye nauction?"

As these words fell on his ear, Mr. Romain turned and saw two little children standing on the steps, a chicken held tightly under the arm of one of them.

They were pretty children, too—a boy and a girl, exactly the same size. Blonde curls crowned each shining head; brown eyes, with long, curling lashes, looked frankly out from under straight, clear-cut eyebrows, and two little pug noses turned up merrily from the little rosy mouths that were always smiling beneath. No, not always; for there was a frightened little quiver about them now, as their owners looked up timidly at the stern, handsome man who was so earnestly regarding them.

"Come to your what?" repeated Mr. Romain.

"To our nauction," the boy explained. "Papa's gone to Heaven, and we's goin' to have a nauction; it's to det money, you see; we's goin' to sell all our sings. Mamma says ye more ye folkes come, ye more we'll det money; and if dere's enough, we's not goin' to sell my wockin' horse. I'se dot Pickie, dis here chickie, safe—me and Rosy take turns holdin'

MR. ROMAIN TURNED AND SAW TWO CHILDREN.

her—but we tan't hole yo horse. I dess we'll do now."

"Did your mamma send you?" asked Mr. Romain.

"Oh, no! she's cryin', an' we dus tought we'd help ask folkes. Please tum, Mr. Man."

And smiling in a friendly but half-frightened fashion, the children trotted down the walk. As their little figures vanished, Uncle Peter came around the house.

"Who are those children, uncle?" queried Mr. Romain, gazing after them.

"Dey's po' Massa Blake chilluns, sah. Yo' 'members I tole yo how Massa Tom done die las' week; well dey's his twins. Dey do say it's scan'lous how Miss' Blake's bein' treated. Massa Tom done sign a note fur a gennoman, an' he can't pay, an' dey is tor be a nauction dere tomorrow, an' Massa Tom not dead a week yet scarsely. I'o' Miss' Blake!"

That night Mr. Romain sat up late in his library, reading over letters and papers he had not seen in ten years—not since the day he had had that quarrel with Tom Blake, for it was that same morning he had received a cablegram calling him to Europe to take possession of a large estate left him, and yesterday he had reached home for the first time since his hurried departure.

"I was just beginning my battle with the world then," he mused; "now I feel like a warrior, battle-scarred and lonely. How enthusiastic Tom and I were then! how close our friendship was!"

And taking up an old letter, a low laugh burst from his lips as he read its witty allusions to an almost forgotten college scrape.

A very different look came into his face as he glanced down the pages of the next letter which met his eye, and read:

"MY DEAR FELLOW: After all, I find I can lend you that money. I have seen old Brown, and he is willing to give it if I mortgage the Meadow Farm. I don't like mortgages, but we must save your home. Brown imagines there is coal under that land. I think not. I'll tell you a secret, though. I know there is under the field adjoining.

"In ten years I hope to have money to open my mining land; meantime I'll use my Meadow Farm to save your home, and you can repay me before the mortgage falls due. I had intended to settle both farms on Nellie as soon as we were married; so if any thing happens to me, my dear boy, you may consider Nellie and her interests your legacy from

"Yours as ever, TOM."

"To think I threw away a friendship like that!" almost groaned Mr. Romain, as he laid down the paper. Then a sudden thought struck him, and he hastily rang the bell.

"Uncle Peter," he said, "who owns what used to be Mr. Tom Blake's Meadow Farm?"

"Old Mr. Brown, sah; he got powerful rich on dat farm. Yo' see, sah, hit's got a coal-mine in it. Oh, yes, sah, he's rich."

"And Tom mortgaged that land to save my old home," thought Mr. Romain, sorrowfully. "I wonder if I could be that the check I sent from England did not get to him in time? In any case he's dead, and Nellie and the children penniless, and—" glancing at the letter again—"a legacy to me!"

"An auction almost at Christmas eve! Why, it seems fairly barbarous," thought Mr. Romain, indignantly, as he entered what had been the pleasant home of his friend Tom, and was so soon to be left desolate under the hands of the auctioneer.

It was early in the day, but already the house was filled with neighbors who had come from miles around to attend the sale; and as Mr. Romain moved among them his ears were constantly greeted with remarks on the foolishness of "signin' for people."

Sick at heart, he entered the little kitchen back of the house, which was as yet unoccupied, save by Mrs. Blake's faithful old colored cook, Aunt Nancy. She was sitting on a split-bottomed chair, rocking herself to and fro, and occasionally wiping her eyes with her blue-checked apron.

"Where is your mistress, auntie?" Mr. Romain asked.

There was a kindly ring in his voice that unlocked the old woman's burdened heart, and she sobbed aloud as she answered:

"Oh, massa, she done took de chillruns, an' gou' to her cousin's Miss Rachel. It just broke my po' ole heart to see 'em go! But Miss' Blake say she couldn't stand it here, an' dey have to go soon sure. Po' things! only de good Lord know what's to come of dem, she say."

"Oh, massa, hit's awful hard on missis, dis is. She went all over de house dis mornin' tryin' to say good-bye to it. De little ones a-clingin' to her kep' a pickin' up things. 'Mamma, dey won't take my wockin'-horse, will dey?' 'Mamma, will de nauction man det my little chair?' dey ask. Missis tried to hol' back de tears an' speak chirk to dem chillruns, but when she come to her own room she say: 'You stay out here, darlings; mamma wants to go in here alone.' I took de chillruns, but presently I peek in de room, an' dere was my po' missis, a kneelin' 'fore massa's big arm-chair, wid her head a lyin' on de big family Bible dat she'd put on de chair; she had her arms around dat, an' she was cryin' softly.

"'Oh, my husband!' she whispered over and over, an' den she say:

"'A father to de faderless, a husband to de widow. Dear Lord, let dis cup pass from me.'

"I shet de do' den. By'm by she come out, all white an' tremblin', but she tried to smile on de chillruns as she led dem down the walk.

"Dose po' little things! Rosy was huggin' her rag doll an' tryin' to hide it under her apun, an' Romain was totin' Pickie, de chicken, clost in he arms. 'De nauction man can't take mamma's chillruns, an' so he can't take ours,' dey'd keep sayin'."

"Romain?" repeated her visitor.

"Yes, sah. Romain; dat's for a frien' of Massa Tom's. Massa not see him for years, but he talk a heap o' Mr. Romain."

"Thank God! Tom forgave me," whispered Mr. Romain, as he left the kitchen in response to the business-like tones of the auctioneer that now rang out clear and cold as he began offering the parlor furniture.

Great was the indignation of one spinster when the first bid of a tall, handsome stranger carried the price far beyond the sum she had mentally decided on, and he secured it without opposition.

Her feelings were soon shared by most of those present, for a similar scene took place over almost every article offered for sale, from Mrs. Blake's piano to Romain's rocking-horse. The stranger outbid every one, and was soon sole possessor.

He even became the owner of the farm and stock, the only active bidder against him being the representative of Mr. Brown for the field adjoining his coal-mine.

Mr. Brown had not expected to meet with any opposition, and so had set the limit his representative was to pay at a very moderate figure. This Mr. Romain instantly outbid, and so secured the whole.

As soon as the auctioneer announced the close of the sale, Mr. Romain asked the astonished and disappointed crowd to please vacate the premises as soon as possible, as he had bought every thing for a lady who would take possession of her property that night.

The people filed slowly out, and Mr. Romain was at last left alone with his lawyer he had brought, the auctioneer and the holder of Mr. Blake's unfortunate obligation. All the claims against the property were very soon met, and then, after seeing the gentlemen depart, Mr. Romain hastened to the little kitchen.

"Go for your mistress, auntie," he said, "and ask her to please bring the children and come back at once. There is a paper she must read."

When Aunt Nancy delivered this message, a few minutes later, to Mrs. Blake, she was greatly surprised; but, with the patience born of deep suffering, she at once called the children to accompany her, and went home, wondering, as she walked along, how she was to endure the agony of seeing her home despoiled of its treasures.

She had dreaded the sight of wagons and people moving her goods, and, as she entered the gate, was astonished to see no one. Only Rollo, the old dog, lay basking in the last rays of the setting sun, and bounded up to meet them. The children ran joyfully up the walk, and at the sight of the rooms, when they entered, cried gleefully: "Why, mamma, may be dere wasn't no nauction!"

Mrs. Blake gave herself no time to think, but hastened from one room to another, seeking the lawyers, until she came to her own room.

How pretty and homelike it still looked! There was her husband's big arm-chair, still drawn up to the table, just as she had left it; the family Bible still lay on its seat, but on it lay something she had not left there, and as she picked it up she read her own name on the big envelope. With fingers trembling so she could hardly use them, she tore it open and read:

"MY DEAR MRS. BLAKE: When you read the inclosed letter, written twelve years ago, by my friend and your husband, I think you will not deny it is my right to give you the inclosed deeds, etc., securing to you your home. He gave me mine.

"I find Mr. Brown hurried this sale to secure the land adjacent to his coal-mine. It is very valuable, and in a few years will make you rich.

"And now, my dear friend, to morrow can not be to you a Merry Christmas, but with brave cheerfulness I hope you will make it to your children not an unhappy one. I am

"Very sincerely your friend, as I was your husband's friend,

"JOHN ROMAIN."

"A father to the fatherless, a husband to the widow." Once again the words fell from the lips of the weeping woman, who for the second time that day knelt by the old arm-chair.

Then clasping her children in her arms, she cried:

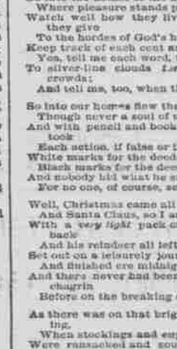
"Thank God with me, my darlings; we have a home once more!"

"And is de nauction clear gone away, mamma?" Romain asked, anxiously.

"All gone, my treasure; every bit gone, thank God!"

"Then," said little Romain, carefully pulling out Susanna Louise from under his apron, "set down, Pickie, and tum on, folkses, an' les have Chrismus!"—Anna Pierpont Sivyter, in Santa Claus.

CURIOUS STORY.



HEARD such a curious story
Of Santa Claus,
Once, so they
say,
He set out to find
what people
were kind
Before he took
presents their
way.
"This year I will
give but to
givers—
To those who
make presents
themselves,"
With a nod of his
head, old Santa
Claus said
To his band of
bright officer-elves.

"Go into the homes of the happy,
Where pleasure stands page at the door;
Watch well how they live and report what
they give
To the hordes of God's hungering poor.
Keep track of each cent and each moment—
Yes, tell me each word, too, they use
To silver-line clouds *for* earth's suffering
crowds;
And tell me, too, when they refuse."

So into our homes flew the fairies—
Though never a soul of us knew—
And with pencil and book they sat by us and
took
Each action, if false or if true.
White marks for the deeds done for others,
Black marks for the deeds done for self,
And nobody told what he said or he did,
For no one, of course, saw an elf.

Well, Christmas came all in its season,
And Santa Claus, so I am told,
With a *very light* pack of small gifts on his
back
And his reindeer all left in the fold,
Set out on a leisurely journey—
And finished ere midnight, they say—
And there never had been such surprise and
chagrin
Before on the breaking of day

As there was on that bright Christmas morning.
When stockings and cupboards and shelves
Were ransacked and sought in for gifts that
were not in:
But wasn't it fun for the elves?
And what did I get? You confuse me;
I *got* and *gave* gifts, and that's true;
But had I suspected my actions detected
I would have had gifts. Wouldn't you?

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Judge.

A Merry Christmas.

Grandest of commemorative days, its every return challenges our inmost seriousness of thankful welcome. On other days men have been born, whose memories are hallowed within the boundaries of States and nations they served—warriors, statesmen, discoverers, men of letters, public benefactors—but on this day we hail as Christmas, a Divine benefactor, a Saviour, was born to the world. His life and memory were to be the blessing and joy of all nations. No tribe, nor kindred, nor tongue was to engross His love or glory wholly in His name. Wide as the globe, over all continents and to all the isles, the Heavenly light of that birth was to spread, until the waste places were made glad and the desert blossomed as the rose.

Gloriously to this end has it spread for eighteen hundred and eighty-nine years, until Christendom is become the heart and life of the civilized world. Wherever savageisms and barbarisms have been dissipated, and nations brought to enlightenment—wherever man is most developed as a human being—there Christmas ought to be most hallowed, for there has the spirit of Christ most wrought its redeeming work. Among the nations most blessed by its divine influences, our own stands foremost. Foremost, then, let us be as a people in reverently welcoming the birth-day of Christ—but still more foremost in applying to the practices of our daily lives those blessed precepts and examples by which the founder of Christmas is regenerating the world.—St. Louis Magazine.

A Christmas Recipe.

Take about eight quarts of unselfishness and unadulterated charity; mix briskly with a liberal supply of generosity, kindliness and forbearing love. Simmer gently over a slow fire of forgiveness, good-will and good-fellowship. Put in a dash of cheerfulness and a plenteous sprinkling of smiles, and serve piping hot with your Christmas dinner.—Judge.

Christmas Stockings.

The old saying that "hanging is too good for them" is never understood to apply to the Christmas stockings.

And talking about stockings: "Stockings be hanged!" says the St. Louis girl, "it is only the Chicago belle who expects to find a grand piano in a sock."—St. Louis Magazine.

SITTING BULL KILLED.

The Notoriously Bad Sioux Indian Killed While Resisting Arrest—Brief Sketch of His Career.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 16.—General Miles last evening received dispatches saying that in a fight near Standing Rock agency yesterday morning Sitting Bull and a number of Indian police had been killed.

The first dispatch was from Pierre, stating that Sitting Bull and his son had been killed, but giving no further particulars.

The other messages were from Standing Rock agency and stated that the Indian police had started out to arrest Sitting Bull, having learned that he proposed starting for the Bad Lands at once. The police were followed by a troop of cavalry under Captain Fouchet and infantry under Colonel Drum.

When the police reached Sitting Bull's camp on the Grand river, about forty miles from Standing Rock, they found arrangements being made for departure. The cavalry had not reached the camp when the police arrested Bull and started back with him. His followers quickly rallied to his support and tried to rescue him.

In the fight that ensued Sitting Bull is said to have been killed. Five of the Indian police were also killed.

The capture was quickly made, and the police were taking the chief out of camp when a body of Uncapapa braves rode up and demanded the release of their leader. They were met by a stern refusal and at once attacked the police, while Sitting Bull, drawing his knife, stabbed one of his captors and tried to break away.

Hard pressed by the swarming warriors the police struggled for a moment and then began firing. Sitting Bull, pierced by several bullets, fell dead in his tracks.

Moved to madness by his death the Uncapapas closed in on the police. For a few moments the firing was continuous, and the troops hearing the din made all speed to the scene of bloodshed.

When they arrived they found Sitting Bull, five of his braves and seven of the police dead or dying. The Uncapapas, having rescued the body of their chief, drew sullenly off and declined to fight the soldiers.

Great excitement followed the death of Sitting Bull. During the forenoon the Indian drums beat loudly and signal smokes shot up from almost every bluff and hill. Messengers rode post haste from camp to camp and several headed for the Bad Lands, to inform the hostiles of the death of their chief.

The Uncapapas openly threaten to exterminate the Indian police and their families, and are closely watched by the troops.

SITTING BULL'S CAREER.

Sitting Bull was born in 1837. His ambush of General Custer first brought him fame. Previous to that he was a "medicine chief," whose name was what never to the white man had he signed a treaty. In the turbulent times in 1874 around his standard rallied the treacherous and discontented of all tribes. He himself was regarded by many as a shrewd coward, and it is said by some that at the beginning of the fight with Custer he fled to a safe retreat where, seeing the awful, uneven conflict being given into, he hurried to his countrymen, he rushed to the front, plunged into the thickest of the fray and established himself a chief. With the malcontents he committed many depredations upon settlers and refused all terms of peace.

In 1876 the order was issued to bring Sitting Bull in or drive him from the country, and in March, 1876, General Crook started up into the Sioux territory with a strong force. He met the Sioux on St. Patrick's day. He was defeated by Crazy Horse and forced to retreat. In May three expeditions pushed into Sitting Bull's country. They were led by Generals Crook, Terry and Gibbon. June 17 Crook was again defeated.

Then it was that Sitting Bull, looking for better quarters and better grazing lands, moved over into the broader valley of the Little Big Horn, the stream made memorable by the charge that Custer made upon its banks. General Terry's scouts came across the trail and promptly reported it to him. The General decided at once to "scout the trail" and in looking for a man to lead he picked out the man who was at the head of his cavalry, the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the Seventh regiment cavalry, Brevet Major-General Custer, of the United States army, a brave, dashing, impetuous warrior, but as the event proved a soldier lacking in judgment to deal with an enemy as cunning as the Sioux. Custer was the ideal leader of the charge, brave to rashness and as ambitious as a Cæsar, but he was not the kind of a leader to "scout a trail." He was too ready to fight.

June 26 was the day named by Terry as the day on which he and Gibbon would reach the valley of the Little Big Horn. Custer was expected from the east the same day. Custer disappointed them. He got there ahead of time—twenty-four hours too soon. The Seventh cavalry was with him. A few miles away was Crook with 2,500 men, but Custer, even if he knew it, would have none of them. He seemed to want all the glory for the Seventh and himself. Sitting Bull's "village" was hidden from sight under the bluffs of the river. When Custer first caught sight of it he drew rein, took off his broad rimmed hat, whirled it about his head and shouted: "Custer's luck! The biggest Indian village on the Continent!" Thousands of wigwams faced the indomitable Seventh.

As he plunged down the slope it was the last that Reno and his men ever saw of him, and soon he was hidden in the clouds of dust.

The story of Custer's charge was never learned from a man who followed him. They all had galloped to their death. The tragic history is but the tale as it was told by Indian scouts and the men who had done the massacre.

Sitting Bull fled for life across the border of the Dominion. Here he stayed until 1880, when he surrendered to the United States on a promise of pardon.

Mutilated by Apaches.

TOMBSTONE, Ariz., Dec. 16.—The bodies of Bridger and Robinson, who were killed by Apaches Saturday, were brought in last night. They had been stripped, robbed and mutilated. Cattlemen and prospectors feel unsafe, as the Indians are believed to still be in the vicinity of the killing. Those men are now coming in for protection. No action has yet been taken by the military.

Expressed His Disapproval.

OMAHA, Neb., Dec. 16.—Carey Judson Warbington, a young bookkeeper, last night struck the painting by Bougereau entitled "The Return of Spring," now on exhibit on at the Art Association rooms in this city, with a chair and tore two rents in the canvas, each about thirty inches long. When arrested Warbington said that he had never seen such pictures in respectable houses, and he felt it his duty to destroy it in the interest of woman's virtue. The canvas is about seven feet long and four wide, was painted in Paris in 1875, awarded a medal in the Salon of 1876, and was valued at $18,000.

Methodist Conferees Adjourn.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 16.—The session of the commission for the revision of the Methodist constitution, held at Roberts' Park Church, has ended. A committee consisting of Bishop Merrill, Revs. D. A. Neeley and Kynett, will select the next place for meeting and notify the members some time next June. The probabilities are that the next meeting will be held at Minneapolis or some Western city. It is hoped at the next meeting to complete a rough draft of the constitution and at the final meeting, just before the conference in 1892, the work will be finished.

Silver Advancing.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16.—Silver certificates have advanced from $1.06 to $1.09 to-day. Heavy purchases of silver are reported both here and in London. The New York bankers have agreed to accept the purchase of all outstanding silver by the Government rather than have a free coinage bill passed.

Murder and Attempted Suicide.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Dec. 15.—Louis Evers went to the house of Richter and killed him by shooting him with a revolver. Evers then attempted to commit suicide by shooting himself, but the pistol did not go off. He was looked up

England's Famous Dog.

A famous dog, which had more than once the honor of presentation to royalty, died the other day at the house of his master, Mr. F. G. Moore, Mayfield, Sussex, England. Mr. Moore was formerly station-master at Lewes, and his dog, "Railway Jack," was known far and wide as a traveler. He began by taking the train to Brighton and Newhaven, and then extended his journeys to London, Dover and Canterbury, and afterward went as far afield as Exeter, Edinburgh and Glasgow—but always returned to Lewes. Once, at Eastbourne, the late Lady Brassey presented "Jack" to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and he was introduced to Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, at Cowes. He was a great favorite everywhere, had three fine collars given him and a silver medal. "Jack" was nearly thirteen when he ended his notable career.—N. Y. Sunday Journal.

Scientific Item.

A.—There is a most remarkable echo in a cave in Kentucky.

B.—What is there remarkable about it?

A.—If you call out, "Hello, Smith!" the echo says, "What Smith do you mean?" no less than fourteen distinct times.—Texas Siftings.

The Battle of Life.

The true hero will endeavor to make the most of life, and to this end the first consideration is a robust constitution. Like a good general on the battle field of life, when expecting an attack from the enemy, will entrench himself in fortifications, so he, when disease is in the atmosphere or hovering in ambush amid climatic changes, will fortify his system against every encroachment the grim monster may seek to make. Many a grand life has been spared for want of timely precaution in the hour of need. When fever and influenza are abroad, when the damp chilly days touch the marrow bones, when effluvia and malaria walk hand in hand, then it is that the system should be fortified by a non-alcoholic superb strengthening tonic alterative of Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla, which keeps the blood pure and the functions regulated, so that disease can not enter the citadel of life.

"SO THE old gentleman kicked you down the stoop when you called to see his daughter. Did he break any things?" "Yes, he broke our engagement."—Philadelphia Times.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that can not be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

[SEAL.] A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

"DOES alcohol affect the blood?" asked the professor of the medical student. "I should think," replied the young man, "that it might have some tendency to get into the jug-ular vein."—Washington Post.

PURE soap is white. Brown soaps are adulterated with rosin. Perfume is only put in to hide the presence of *putrid fat*. Dobbins' Electric Soap is pure, white, and unscented. Has been sold since 1865. Try it now.

JAVA must be a moral place to live in; we never see it advertised except as "pure Java."—Puck.

WELL be found an excellent remedy for sick headache. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Thousands of letters from people who have used them prove this fact. Try them.

IT is fortunate that we are not all rich. Some of us would not know how to act if we were.—Boston Traveller.

COUGHS AND COLDS. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., should try Brown's Bronchial Troches. *Sold only in boxes.*

OF course there are exceptions to the rule "the good die young," but there aren't many of us.—Elmira Gazette.

False Witnesses.

There are knaves now and then met with who represent certain local bitters and poisonous stimuli as identical with or possessing properties akin to those of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. These scamps only succeed in foisting their trashy compounds upon people unacquainted with the genuine article, which is as much their opposite as day is to night. Ask and take no substitute for the grand remedy for malaria, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and kidney trouble.

"DID you ever go through one of those labyrinths?" "No, but I once tried to find my wife's pocket."—St. Joseph News.

THE climate here did not agree with me and I was sick with malaria most all the time. The least exposure gave me a severe cold and my health was miserable. I grew weaker until I began a use of Dr. Bull's Sarsaparilla, when I gained health and strength. I recommend it as the very best strengthening medicine.—*Sarah Walton, Wabash, Ind.*

"BEEN to Brooklyn, eh?" "Yep." "Come across any thing remarkable?" "Yep." "What?" "The bridge."—Life.

A DOSE in Time Saves Rhae of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for Coughs.

Piso's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

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