The Globe-Republican.

D. M. FROST, Publisher.

DODGE CITY, ... KANSAS.

A FARM IDYL.

Thro' the barn lot, to the meadow, singing sweetly, Katie came.
Thro' the fragrant hawthorn hedges, that outlined a long green lane,
To the spring of running water, where the cattle come to drink
Where the blue forgetmenots grow and nod upon the brink:
Katie came with pails a-swinging,
Calling up the cattle, singing
"Coo-e, coo-e, come up Brindle, come up Sukey;
"Coo-e coo-e," like a flute the notes ring clear.
While I, listening, linger, hoping more of those sweet notes to hear.

Now I wonder if, with pencil, I her image could portray,
So that if you chanced to meet her, you would know her any day;
All her pretty airs and graces, and the color of her eyes.
That I need not tell you—you can see it in the skies
When the day is bright and clear, like the one, with pails a-swinging
Katie came to call them singing,
"Coo-e, coo-e, come up Brindle, come up Sukey,
"Coo-e, coo-e," like a flute the notes ring clear
While the wild birds listen, wondering if some strange bird is not near.

There she stands, a pretty picture, with her curling golden hair,
While its rings and tangles almost hide her forehead fair;
Like a peach her cheeks are blooming, and her mouth is like a rose,
Holding pearls in rows full even; with a slight tip-tilted nose.
And a chin, soft round and dimpled like a baby's, holds a charm,
While her sleeves tucked up to elbows, show her softly rounded arm.
This is Kate, with pails a-swinging,
Calling up the cattle, singing,
"Coo-e, coo-e, come up Brindle, come up Sukey.
Coo-e, coo-e;" like a flute the notes ring clear.
And the cows come slowly up, knowing milking time is near.

As the cattle come up to her, Katie pats them with her hand,
For she knows a little petting makes them all the gentler stand.
Now she stoops; the milk is flowing in a steady stream and white,
While the pail is swiftly filling, with a foam like snowdrift light.
All the while is Katie singing,
Soft the flute-like notes are ringing
Out upon the air: "Coo-e, coo-e time is flying,
To their nests the birds are hieing,
Robin soon will come to carry
Back the pails; we must not tarry,
Coo-e, coo-e. Robin's come, and my work is almost done."

Then she leaves the cattle standing, as she quickly turns to go,
Stoops and picks a little daisy, laughing says: "My fate I'd know;"
Robin leaves the pails to help her count the leaves as down they fall.
First, he loves me, loves me truly; last, he loves me not at all;
"Is that so," says Katie laughing. "Well, I'm not at all alarmed."
For all answer Robin takes her unresisting in his arms.
So they both go home a-singing,
Mingling notes like sweet bells ringing,
"Coo-e, coo-e, come up Brindle, come up Sukey,
Coo-e, coo-e," soft and sweet the notes I hear.
Tho' none but Kate and Robin's near.

—L. A. Watkin, in Cincinnati Gazette.

A DESPERATE CHANCE.

John Miller's Noble Dash for Life and Liberty.

No doubt many a young reader has tried to imagine what would be his feelings should he suddenly find himself bound and helpless in the hands of hostile Indians, bent upon putting him to the most cruel tortures which their savage ingenuity could devise.

Such a situation must, however, be so unspeakably dreadful that the mind can but faintly picture the reality. I have never been acquainted with more than one person who had passed through an experience of this description, and he was an adventurous youth, named John Miller, whose home was in the State of New York.

I remember John's appearance distinctly. He was a tall, slim lad, with muscular limbs, and not an ounce of superfluous flesh. No exertion seemed to tire him; he could run like a greyhound, and appeared never to get out of breath.

He was a matchless wrestler, too; as strong in the arms as in the lower limbs. But, far better than all else, he was one of the most intelligent and best natured young fellows imaginable. I knew him both before and after his adventure, and could not help liking him very much.

When about nineteen, in company with three other lads from his neighborhood, our young friend went out to Colorado, in quest of some profitable employment. He would like, he thought, to turn cowboy or miner, or engage in some other occupation with a spice of excitement in it. The excitement he certainly found, although not precisely in the manner he could have wished.

The four youths speedily learned that neither as cowboys nor miners could they stand much chance of arriving at sudden fortune. In the expressive phrase of the region, they were merely "tenderfeet." At the mines hundreds of disappointed men were before them; while the cattle ranges swarmed with more cowboys than could possibly find employment.

In the intervals of prospecting, our young Eastern friends spent their time in hunting; and this they greatly enjoyed, as all had Winchester rifles and considering their limited experience, were very fair shots.

While living in a state of uncertainty as to their future course, they erected a log hut for present convenience, and proceeded to make themselves as much at home in it as circumstances would permit.

From this they made wide excursions into the surrounding country, and having purchased an old mule with a portion of the money they had brought with them from home, they were enabled by these means to convey their game to the mining camps, where they were sure to receive a fair price for it.

Rough as this kind of life was, it had for them its fascination. Their treasury rather increased than diminished, and as the miners supplied them with breadstuff, their living of flour and venison was as palatable as it was substantial.

"You fellows are doing better than we are," said one of the hardy miners, "for you are sure of deer, while we are not sure of gold, by a long mark."

The boys could not help seeing that this was true—for the hard-working men, although they managed to pay for the game they devoured, were really having but wretched luck.

To make matters worse, there presently came rumors of an Indian outbreak; and, although the danger was as yet too uncertain to excite a real panic, it nevertheless caused a considerable uneasiness through the various camps.

The boys, of course, shared the alarm, but, in common with the miners, they resolved to await some more positive intelligence before vacating their quarters.

Meanwhile, they proceeded to hunt as usual, and on the very next day went to a long distance from their camp.

After a time, John Miller became so widely separated from his companions that he was unable to find them. Intent upon getting a shot at a large buck which he had discovered, he had followed the animal through a number of devious windings, only to become completely lost as to the course he ought to pursue in returning.

After wandering for awhile to no purpose, he fired his rifle several times in quick succession, but received no answer. Night came on, and he knew that a longer tramp would be useless; so, kindling a fire and lying down under a tree, he concluded to make the best of his situation till morning.

It was getting late, and he had nearly fallen into a drowse, when what was his alarm to see, by the light of the fire, the brown hand of an Indian reach around the tree against which his rifle stood and snatch the weapon from its place!

Our young hunter had barely time to realize this, when four other savages, two on each side, seized him in their fierce grasp like so many panthers.

The five Indians were immediately joined by twelve others, who had lingered a little in the rear, so that young Miller found himself the center of a circle made up of seventeen warriors.

They were bristling with weapons and turkey quills, and had their faces hideously disfigured by alternate daubs of red and black paint, after the manner of a party of frolicsome boys who have been out berrying. But there was nothing frolicsome here; it was a stern group, and a fearful one.

The savages marched their captive off to a considerable distance before encamping, and then, binding him hand and foot, they laid him upon the ground as helpless as a log, after which one of them, who could speak a few words of English, gave him the consoling information that on the morrow he was to be "staked out," and burned in the true style of the Sioux.

The poor boy well knew the meaning of this. He was to be placed on his back, with his wrists and ankles bound fast to four stakes, set at proper distances, when the red fiends would leisurely proceed to stick his body full of sharp splinters, and, setting these on fire, slowly roast him to death.

His feelings during that dreadful night one can not even imagine. A situation so terrible must be past the conception of any person who has never been placed in it.

In the morning the young captive was unbound with the exception of his arms, and then, in single file, the Indians started off, with him in the middle of their line, taking the precaution, however, of keeping a lariat about his waist.

They had no ponies with them, which was a little remarkable; but, as a scouting party, they may have chosen to travel on foot, because less liable in this manner to attract notice, though, in the meantime, a spare lariat or two might be useful two them.

Presently their path was crossed by a deep chasm, across which an active, unencumbered person might leap by a powerful exertion, and this feat they one after another began to perform with success, springing over like so many huge bull-frogs.

But even here the opportunity for cruelty was too tempting to be lost, and when a number of them had accomplished the leap, those behind signified to the boy prisoner that he, too, must attempt it, pinioned as he was.

They even sought for the purpose a spot where the chasm was a trifle wider. With the long lasso about his waist, and his arms tightly bound behind him, it seemed as if he must surely fail; and the painted demons laughed and yelled at the mere thought of an effort so utterly hopeless.

But the youth did not hesitate. He might be mangled upon the sharp rocks, but would not even this be less dreadful than the terrible death by fire?

With his arms still painfully bound, and a stout Indian holding the lariat, he stepped back a few yards, then plunged forward at a headlong run and leaped with all his strength.

A yell of astonishment and savage admiration broke from his tormentors as they saw his feet fairly land upon the opposite side, although the impetus of the spring threw him flat on his face. It was a feat that they could not have believed possible. He had leaped farther than they, and that, too, while his arms were useless.

The march was resumed, and in a short time the party reached a small level valley shut in by the hills. Here a halt was made, and from appearances the young captive believed that the savages were now about to sacrifice him. Indeed, they even set the four stakes and began to prepare the sharp splinters.

All the while, however, there was going on among them an animated discussion, apparently with reference to their prisoner; and finally the warrior who could speak English addressed him.

"Boy heap jump," he said; "may be boy heap run. Injun make ring" (and he swung his arms to indicate a circle). "Boy stand in middle; if get 'way, get 'way; if no get 'way, burn in fire."

Here was a strange proposition. The captive was to be surrounded at some little distance, and permitted to escape *if he could.*

But must not the trial be a mere mockery of hope? The Indians would take care not to make their circle too large, and at a signal they would close in upon their victim from all sides at once. It would be excellent fun for them, with the chances of the game wholly in their favor.

John Miller saw all this in an instant, yet even such a proposition gave him, for the moment, a sense of relief. He hoped only that they would free his arms, and this they soon proceeded to do, as, of course, they must wish him to run well, in order to heighten the sport which they anticipated.

Two of the band remained with him; one to keep guard over the weapons of which the runners had relieved themselves, and the other to hold the lariat; while the remaining fifteen strode off to all points of the compass, forming a circle that grew wider and wider as they went, until it was not less than forty rods in diameter and, of course, three times as great in circumference. Then facing about, the tall, dark ring of athletes stood ready for the signal to start.

John had watched the widening of the circle with feelings impossible to describe. Every outward step of his enemies had added something to his forlorn gleam of hope. At every stride of their moccasined feet he had caught his breath, praying inwardly that they would not yet turn.

Now the lariat was untied from his waist, and the savage at his side, who appeared to be master of ceremonies, gave a resounding yell. The thrilling crisis had come.

From the wide circumference of a hundred and twenty rods the fifteen runners came leaping toward the center, the two Indians who were already there taking no part except to shout and yell loudly in their enjoyment of the wild scene.

John Miller saw that his only chance lay in dodging suddenly from one point to another. A direct run would certainly be headed off, and he felt that his sole dependence must be upon some quick and unexpected dart like that of a swallow.

He commenced by making a feint toward one side of the ring, then he turned in the opposite direction, as if confused, and next he described a circle.

By this time the Indians had so closed in upon him that it seemed as if the whole must come together in a heap. He had made no decided attempt to break through their scattered line, and they must have feared that their captive was to furnish them no great sport after all in the way of running.

Not until the nearest of them were within thirty feet of him did he make his grand effort—and that effort was like a flash of zig-zag lightning.

First to right, then to left he darted, and plunging under the arms of two stalwart Indians, he was in an instant outside of the circle and speeding away toward the hills.

Yelling in their intense excitement, the whole seventeen warriors pursued him. Surely there could be little danger of his escape; for what was he but a despised stripling of a paleface, while they were the hardy runners of the Sioux?

Their rifles were left at the spot where they had been flung down, and all depended upon their fleetness of foot. They simply put *their* speed against *his.*

It was well for the brave boy that his limbs were strung with such steel-like sinews. Looking over his shoulder, he soon perceived that all of his pursuers were losing ground. In a few minutes he had gained the shelter of the hills and was comparatively safe. The Indians would, of course, return for their guns before following him for any great distance, and the nature of the country would render it impossible for them to take his trail.

After a few hours, he fell in with his three friends, who had been searching for him, and all then hastened to alarm the miners. The several camps were at once abandoned, and their occupants lost no time in fleeing to safer quarters.

John Miller is now a man in the prime of life, and I occasionally hear from him by letter, for we have always kept up a correspondence with each other.

Sometimes he makes an incidental allusion to his extraordinary adventures, but he is no boaster, either in that direction or any other.

I remember, however, that it made my flesh creep to hear the story, as I once did, from his own lips, for he told it much better than I can.—George H. Coomer, in Golden Days.

GAMES OF YOUTH.

Exercises Which Benefit and Games That Injure Children.

Playing marbles and all games that bring the face and hands forward and down tend to degrade children in many ways. In the first place, the position cramps the vital organs, narrows and shortens the front thoracic cavity, and widens, lengthens and bends the back, which is just the reverse of what is desired. It also makes the head shoot forward, all of which are injurious to health and morals. Then, too, these games beget in children a slovenly habit and a fancy for "chancing." Jumping rope should be vigorously excluded from the girls' games. It possesses not one single merit, and is always attended with injury. A little later in life woman's modern ailments are attributed to the climbing of stairs, but truly spring from rope jumping.

Flying kites is good for the boy (and the girl, too) as that brings him into the fresh air with his face toward the blue sky, his arms back and up. Then, too, he may use his poor neglected left hand. This erect position gives expansion to the entire torso, and healthy activity to the vital organs and bronchial tubes, and developes a fine symmetrical physique. Now see the volume of fresh air that can be taken into the lungs. Under these favorable conditions the mental and moral may make rapid advancement. The girl may ride, walk, climb trees, play garden games, trim shrubbery, care for plants and boat row with her brother —Home and Garden.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Never use the white part of a lemon for flavoring. It is bitter.

—When you dry salt for the table do not put it in the salts till it is cold, otherwise it willh arden into a lump.

—White wool hoods and infant's sacques, etc., may be cleaned, if not very much soiled, by rubbing with the hands in dry, clear starch or flour, just as if washing them, and then thoroughly shaking them.—Home Maker.

—Chloride of lime is of little use as a disinfectant unless in solution. The mere sprinkling about a place is ineffectual; but to wash walls, floors and ceilings with it, or infected clothes, is one of the surest means of removing infection.

—If you want a good dressing for the dining-room or hall or kitchen floor try the following; it dries hard, glossy and will not scratch: Good coach varnish, one pint; boiled oil, one pint; turpentine, one-half pint, and mix.—Ladies Home Journal.

—Never wash cups, plates, spoons and knives used in the sick-room with those of the family. Scarlet fever and other infectious diseases have been spread in this way. Do not eat in the sick person's room, or partake of any thing that has stood there.

—Light mustard draughts applied to the throat and chest avert many a threatened cold. Hot milk and water is an excellent drink for one with an incipient cold, and is quite harmless. One may indulge freely in drinking it with no fear of taking more cold on its account next day.—Christian at Work.

—Woolen underwear should remain in warm soap-suds until thoroughly soaked when they may be washed by drawing repeatedly through the hands; never rub them. Rinse in clear warm water and hang where they will dry quickly. While drying shape the garments and never iron them. Castile soap and warm water are the best for washing silk underwear.

—Moss sirup is soothing for a cough and very agreeable to take. Soak separately for half an hour equal parts of Irish and Iceland moss. Put the Irish moss on to boil, covered with water, for an hour and a quarter, then add the Iceland moss and boil for ten or fifteen minutes longer. Strain and add sugar and lemon juice to the taste. Be careful to pour off all the water the moss has been soaked in.—Old Homestead.

—The temperature of milk is of great importance to all persons. Hot liquid stimulates ever digestive agency, and cold liquid has the reverse effect. That is the whole secret of the hot-water cure or custom, and it applies with particular force to milk. There is much in that for the stomach to digest, and therefore it needs to be assisted rather than hampered.—Boston Globe.

THE ORSINI CONSPIRACY.

Attempt of the Italian and His Friends to Assassinate Napoleon III.

On January 14, 1858, Paris was thrown into a whirl of excitement by the attempt of Orsini and his companions to take the life of Napoleon III. The conspiracy of which this was the culmination was carefully planned. A manufacturer in Birmingham, England, was induced to make six missiles of a peculiar shape. Each was oval in form, and provided with twenty-five nipples near one end, with percussion caps to fit them. The greatest weight was at the end on which the caps were. Consequently, when the bomb was thrown it was pretty sure to strike the ground so that an explosion would follow. A Frenchman living in London bought alcohol, mercury and nitric acid; made a detonating compound from these materials, and filled the shells with it. The bombs were smuggled to Paris by the conspirators with the greatest caution, and the authorities were successfully eluded. On the evening of January 14, 1858, the Emperor and Empress were to go to the opera, and Orsini and his accomplices prepared for the occasion. At night, while the carriage conveying the Emperor was passing the point where the conspirators were lying in wait, three loud explosions were heard. Several soldiers were wounded; part of a shell passed through the Emperor's hat; General Roquet was slightly wounded in the neck; two footmen were struck by the flying fragments while standing behind the imperial carriage; one horse was killed; the carriage was shattered, and most of the gaslights in the vicinity were extinguished by the explosion. The Emperor took the matter calmly, and proceeded to the opera as if nothing had happened. The police did their work rapidly and effectively. They arrested Orsini, Pierri, Rudio and Gomey, who were all on the spot where the explosion occurred. Three of the hand-grenades had been thrown, and two more were found on Orsini and Pierri. The fragments of the three shells had inflicted no less than five hundred wounds, and Orsini himself had been struck by one of the pieces. Rudio and Gomey were sentenced to the galleys, while Orsini and Pierri paid the penalty of their crime on the guillotine.—Chicago News.

New Description of the Horse.

The following essay on the horse was lately sent in during a departmental examination in Bombay: Horse is a wild animal of four feet. He has a long mouth; and he is always obedient to men; its food is generally grass and grains. He also is useful to take on his back a man or lady, as well as some cargo. Also he is useful to drive the carriages. He has power to run as fast as he could. He has got no sleep at nights and always standing awaken. Its appearance is very long. Also there are horses of short size but they are called tatoos. They do the same as the others are generally doing. Probably the Arabian horses are always bigers. Thar's no animal like a horse. No sooner they see their guardner or master they always crying for food, but it is always at morning time. They have got assorted colors, namely, white, red, black, dark, sky, and seems very clear as they are washed by the horse-keeper. They have got tail, but not so long as the cow and other such animals. At the point of their tails there are hairs like a bunch."—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE COLOR OF WATER.

Why Some Lakes and Rivers Are Blue and Others Green.

What is the color of pure water? Almost any person who has no special knowledge of the subject will reply at once: "It has no color." Yet every body knows, either through hearsay or by the evidence of his own eyes, that the ocean is blue. Why the ocean looks blue is a question that few who have crossed it have ever sought to solve, and there are, probably, many travelers who, though they have seen most of the famous rivers and lakes in the world, have failed to notice the remarkable differences in color which their waters present. Even the ocean is not uniform in color; in some places its waters are green, or even yellowish. Some lakes are distinctly blue; others present various shades of green, so that in some cases they are hardly distinguishable from their level, grass-covered banks; a few are almost black. The Lake of Geneva is azure-hued; the Lake of Constance and the Lake of Luzerne are green; the color of the Mediterranean has been called indigo. The Lake of Brienz is greenish yellow, and its neighbor, Lake Thun, is blue. New York has both green and blue lakes. The colors of rivers differ yet more widely. The Rhone is blue, and so is the Danube, while the Rhine is green. The St. Lawrence is blue. These various hues are not caused by mud, or any opaque sediment, such as that which makes the Mississippi coffee colored, but belong to the waters, like the golden color of tea, without greatly impairing their transparency. The cause of the difference in the color of lakes and rivers has engaged the attention of many celebrated investigators of nature, such as Tyndall, Bunson, Arago, Sainte-Claire Deville and others. Recently Prof. Spring, of the University of Liege, carefully investigated the question of the color of water, and has reached some interesting conclusions. According to him, absolute pure water, when seen in masses of sufficient thickness, is blue, and all the varieties of color exhibited in lakes and streams arise from the presence in the water of mineral salts of different degrees of solubility and in varying quantities. Water containing carbonate of lime in a state of almost complete solution remains blue, but if the solution is less complete the water will have a tinge of green, which will grow stronger as the point of precipitation is approached. Prof. Spring concludes that, if lime is added to blue water in which so much carbonate of lime is already dissolved that the point of saturation is approached, the water will become green. In proof of this he cites the fact that the water near the shores of lakes and seas, where it comes in contact with limestone, is generally of a greener hue than elsewhere.—Nature.

Probably Made Up For Lost Time.

(Sharply) "Seems to me, Maud, that young Mr. Hankinson staid pretty late last night. Did he have any pressing business?"

(Blushingly) "Not till just before he went away, mamma."—Chicago Tribune.

—A wealthy resident of Pottstown, Pa., possesses an abnormal appetite for peanuts. They form his favorite article of diet, and he often eats six quarts at a time. He says that he eats them scientifically, whatever this may mean, and could eat nine quarts on a wager. He wants some prominent peanut-eater to challenge him.

Its Excellent Qualities

Commend to public approval the California liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs. It is pleasing to the eye, and to the taste and by gently acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, it cleanses the system effectually, thereby promoting the health and comfort of all who use it.

THE world seldom looks to see the kind of tracks you left behind, provided you only get there.—Milwaukee Journal.

Magnificent Catalogue.

The great art catalogue of the Bryant & Stratton Chicago Business College, which contains 112 large pages and which is everywhere creating so much interest, will be mailed to any address upon receipt of stamps to pay postage, 10c. Address H. B. BRYANT & SON, 15 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

WHEN a composer undertakes to score an opera he finds harmony necessary. But the critics don't.—Baltimore American.

JOHN FITZGERALD, of Lehigh, Missouri, writes May 2d, 1889: "I have been trying Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria and think it the best medicine I ever saw. It cured my wife and little girl when nothing else would, and they are both stout and hearty after taking one bottle."

IT is said that a man from the Pine Tree State can be told by the pitch of his voice. —Binghamton Republican.

A SOAP that is soft is *full of water*, half probably, thus you pay seven or eight cents per pound for water. Dobbins' Electric Soap is *all* soap and no adulteration, therefore the *cheapest* and *best*. Try *Dobbins'*.

THE characteristics of the face are dealt with by Phiz-iognomy. —Merchant Traveler.

ALL cases of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, will find relief by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents. Try them.

THE groundhog and the spring poet both came out of their winter quarters simultaneously.—St. Joseph News.

FOR Coughs and throat troubles use "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES." — "They stop an attack of my asthma cough very promptly."—C. Falch, Miamiville, Ohio.

WHEN a man's wife begins to compare him with other men he will do well to stay at home nights.—N. Y. World.

IF you want to be cured of a cough use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

TWO OF a kind that never make a pair—The ideal wife and the ideal husband.—N. Y. Journal.

Do not purge nor weaken the bowels, but act specially on the liver and bile. A perfect liver corrector. Carter's Little Liver Pills.

THE convicted criminal is never allowed to hurry himself. He must take his time. —Binghamton Leader.

I PURCHASE or loan on Endowment Policies. H. A. TYLER, Hartford, Ct. P. O. Box 994.

A MAN can hardly be expected to foot a bill without a little kicking about it.—Baltimore American.

A BOX safety matches free to smokers of "Tansill's Punch 5c. Cigar."

$2,500 Reward for a Lost Cat.

The equivalent in English money of $2,500 was once offered by an old lady in London for the return of a favorite cat which had strayed or been stolen. People called her a "crank," and perhaps she was. It is unfortunate that one of the gentler sex should ever gain this title, yet many do. It is, however, frequently not their fault. Often functional derangements will apparently change a woman's entire nature. Don't blame such sufferers if they are "cranky," but tell them to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which is an infallible remedy for "female weaknesses." It will soon restore them to their normal condition. It is *warranted* to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be returned.

DR. PIERCE'S Pellets, the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills; 25 cents a vial; one a dose.

A DOCTOR practices on his own patients. But a musician practices on the patience of others.—Yonkers Statesman.

DRUGGISTS, you should always have a good supply of Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers on hand. Mothers want these candies for their children and won't take any other.

IF love is blind there is no use wasting gas on it.—Rome Sentinel.

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

WILL a skeleton key open a dead-lock?—Kearney Enterprise.

That Tired Feeling

Has never been more prevalent or more prostrating than now. The winter has been mild and unhealthful, influenza epidemic and fevers have visited nearly all our homes, leaving about everybody in a weak, tired-out, languid condition. The usefulness of Hood's Sarsaparilla is thus made greater than ever, for it is absolutely unequalled as a building-up, strengthening medicine.

That Tired Feeling

"I was very much run down in health, had no strength and no inclination to do anything. I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and that tired feeling has left me, my appetite has returned, I am like a new man." CHAUNCEY LATHAM, North Columbus, Ohio.

"I have for a long time been using Hood's Sarsaparilla, and believe me, I would not be without it. As a spring medicine it is invaluable." E. A. RHODES, 130 Ontario Street, Chicago, Ill.

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J. F. SMITH & CO.,
Makers of "Bile Beans," St. Louis, Mo.

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A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

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