The Squire's Wooing.

Squire Kimball was working in his garden, when Lucy Keene came down the road that beautiful May morning. The sight of her fresh young face set the old man thinking how at one time in his life he had loved her mother, and the daughter's face seemed exactly like the one he had known so well.

"Good morning!" he called out cheerily from his work.

"Good morning!" said the girl, stopping at the fence and shading her eyes with her hands. "My! how your strawberries grow—I don't believe we'll get a pailful out of our patch."

"Well, you tell your ma she can help herself to mine whenever she wants 'em. Tell her I'll come over Saturday and bring some of them with me. But I say, I had a letter from Charley yesterday," with a smile.

"Yes?" she said, blushing and pulling at a daisy in her hand. "You ought to be glad of that, squire. Coming down here?"

"For a few days, that's all."

"Well, don't disappoint us Saturday," as she turned to go.

"I won't," said the squire, going back to his work.

He was very thoughtful, however, all the afternoon, and when Charley arrived he took an early opportunity to corner him.

"I—I've been thinkin' some lately of gettin' a new housekeeper," he stammered, growing very red in the face.

"Doesn't Aunt Sarah want to stay?" asked Charley unsuspectingly.

"I—I meant—ahem!—a housekeeper of—of, of—another kind!" explained the squire rather explosively, wiping his face very energetically after the completion of the difficult sentence.

"I think I begin to understand," said Charley, in great surprise. "May I ask who it is?"

"It's—it's—down the road!" answered the squire, choking considerably over the words and jerking his thumb in the direction of the Widow Keene's.

That's the way the wind blows, is it?" laughed Charley. "I'm glad to hear it. You couldn't do better if you hunted the world over."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said his father, much relieved. "I felt sure you'd like to have Lucy as—as a—a member of the family."

"I haven't the least objection to such an arrangement," answered Charley, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Thank the Lord that's over with," said the squire, drawing a long breath, as Charley strolled off down the path in the twilight. "That's a sensible boy. I wonder, now, that he never took a fancy to Lucy. I s'pose folks'll say I'm an old fool, but I don't care."

About 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon the squire, in his best coat and with a pail of strawberries on his arm, knocked at Mrs. Keene's door.

"Good afternoon," she said, opening the door to her visitor. He couldn't help thinking that her face was almost as fair as it had been 25 years ago, as she welcomed him in.

The squire wanted to say he'd like her daughter, but concluded he wouldn't just then.

By that time he was in the sitting room. Who should he see there but Charley, holding worsted for Lucy to wind and seeming very much at home.

"I—I didn't expect to see you here," he stammered.

Then Lucy and Charley tried hard to look very demure and failed, and finally got to laughing. The squire felt his face growing uncomfortably warm.

"Just see what he brought us," said the widow, displaying the berries. "If you'll hull some, Lucy, we'll have a shortcake for tea. I remember you used to be rather fond of shortcake a few years ago," she said to the squire and smiling till a dimple showed itself in each cheek.

"I know what you're thinkin' of," responded he. "That was a little the best shortcake I ever came across, Hester," and then they both laughed over the recollection of some pleasant event in bygone years. Then Lucy and her mother went to the kitchen and the squire and his son were left together.

"I—I've spoken to her about being one of the family and she's willing," said Charley with a little blush.

"What?" The squire felt hot and cold by turns. "I—I don't understand!"

"You know what you said the other night when you told me you thought of getting her mother for a housekeeper," explained Charley. "I suppose from that you understood Lucy and I intended to be married sometime. We've talked it over and it's all settled.

The squire was speechless for the space of a minute.

"I hope you'll be happy," he managed to say, very faintly, at last.

Just then the window came in.

"I've got the cake baking," she said. "Lucy said she'd hull the berries and set the table, and sent me in to 'play lady,' so I came."

Charley concluded he could hull strawberries, too, and slipped out into the kitchen.

The squire had made up his mind again. If he couldn't have Lucy he'd have her mother.

"What's the use of waiting," thought he. "It might as well be settled now as any time."

A happy thought came to him, as he cast about for words to express his desire with.

"Hester," very suddenly, and with the energy of desperation, "you said if you had anything I'd like, I was welcome to it. I want you!"

"Why, Squire Kimball" cried the widow, blushing so rosily that he felt sure she was prettier than her daughter.

When Lucy came in, half an hour later, to tell them supper was ready, Squire Kimball rose up, blushing like a girl, and said:

"This is your mother, Lucy," pointing to the widow.

"I knew that a long time ago," answered Lucy, laughing.

"Goodness, what a blunder!" cried the squire. "I meant this is Mrs. Kimball, or goin' to be."

"I s'pose I may kiss my father, then," said Lucy, and kissed the delighted squire plump on the mouth.

"And you may give me another for your father-in-law while you're about it," he laughed.

"One'll answer for both," said Lucy, archly.

And then the squire gave his arm to the woman he had meant to marry five and twenty years before and led her out to tea perfectly satisfied with the way things had turned out.

Christmas on the Plantation.

"Bang, snap, fizz, bang!" When first I opened my eyes in the gray December dawn, I almost believed it to be the Fourth of July, for surely it could be naught but firecrackers that were thus noisily saluting my ears. But as the cobwebs of sleep passed upon my brain, I quickly recalled that this was my first Christmas in the "Sunny South," and that I had been told that in some places it was a custom of the light-hearted Africans to welcome the happy day with the gay and festive Chinese crackers.

With considerably curiosity, then, I sprang from my couch and hurried to the window, to gaze down upon the courtyard below, where dozens of black and shinning little "pickaninnies" were squabbling and tumbling over each other in a perfect frenzy of delight, and occasionally being brought to order by a well-aimed cuff from some fat, good-natured "Mammie," who, however, seemed to enjoy the small fireworks as much as the youngest chocolate-hued shaver there. Suddenly the master appeared bowing and smiling upon the broad veranda, when in an instant arose such a chorus of "Cris'mus gif', massa, Cris'mus gif'!" as speedily brought a shower of small coins scattering among the crowd. Then what a frantic scrambling ensued, while for two hours later, the mistress of the household had her hands full, giving out extra rations of butter, sugar, tea and tobacco, to say nothing of bandannas, aprons, ribbons, and large gilt pins and earrings for the young and pretty girls. The whole day, then, was one of feasting and jollification, the men, boys and dogs indulging in that rarest of sports to the true African, an exciting "possum hunt," while in the evening, the negro quarter was a scene of boisterous revelry, as old and young "tripped the light fantastic toe," to the squeaky strains of Uncle Jake's ant que fiddle. Not till the night was far spent did the fun subside, and closed with a "Cake Walk," when in stiff and silent pairs the dusky belles and beaux paraded two by two, and in the end Maum Chloe proudly carried off the cake; for, in negro vernacular, "She never bat an eyelid, and wore a death-like look on her face," two peculiarities which the company evidently considered the height of grace and beauty. Certainly she was a "sight for gods or men," as with shoulders back, and arms akimbo, she marched with the air of a queen, and vainly conscious of her holiday finery, a low-necked gown, gorgeous bandanna, and glittering beads and earrings; which semi-barbaric splendor well accorded with her dark skin, like polished ebony. And as the midnight bells proclaimed that another Christmas was passed and gone, the air resounded with hearty cheers, from many lusty throats, for "Ole massa, ole missus, and the ole plantation!"—*A. C. Sage, in American Agriculturist.*

Just Like a Woman.

"I have had my pocket picked!" exclaimed a middle-aged woman, as she hurriedly entered detective headquarters a day or two ago.

"Where did it occur?" was asked.

"In a store on Woodward avenue, and I know it was a young man who stood near me."

"How much money did you have?"

"I can't say, sir. You see it was this way: I came down to do some shopping. I put my portmonnaie in my pocket when I left home. When I went to pay for the goods in a store it was gone. I think I had about $8."

"Did anyone have opportunity to pick your pocket?"

"I suppose they did."

"Sure you brought the money downtown?"

"Oh, yes."

"And you are certain you didn't lose it?"

"Do you think I'm a fool, sir!" she indignantly exclaimed. "When I say I had my pocket picked I know what I'm talking about!"

"I hope you do, ma'am, but you know——"

At this moment a boy entered the room with the portmonnaie in his hand and said:

"Here's your money, ma. We found it on the stand after you left the house, and Sarah sent me down to the store after you."

The woman and the sergeant looked fixedly at each other for a few seconds. Then he smiled. Then she got red. Then he said he was glad she had found her money, and she retorted:

"I dont believe it! You just wish I had lost it! I'll never come here for help again, never!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Industrious Housewife.

Mrs. E. F., of Lapeer County, Mich., one day this fall prepared breakfast for nine persons, and, after washing dishes, doing her housework and milking four cows she hitched up a two-horse team, drove about half a mile, loaded thirty-five or forty bushels of sugar beets, which she fed, one-half to the cattle and the rest to the hogs. Then she drove to the house, prepared and put dinner cooking, and while the meat and vegetables were boiling on the stove, drove one mile to the cornfield and helped to load a load of corn; then drove back to the house, finished her dinner, and, after washing the dishes and cleaning up things, baked four large loaves of good bread, five pies, stewed a kettle of apple sauce, peeled a pail of sweet apples for pickels, scrubbed three rooms, then went with her husband and helped him load another load of corn. After she came back from the cornfield she prepared supper, and after everything was properly put away and the family was gathered in the parlor, she went to organ and played and sang as sweetly as any city belle—"Dreaming of Home and Mother." After all she did not call it a very hard day's work. —*Chicago Herald.*

How Katie's Father Said Grace.

A South end little girl was taking supper with a playmate a few evenings ago. After the paterfamilias had "said grace" with due solemnity the little hostess turned to her guest and asked: "Does your papa say grace at supper, Katie?" "No," replied Katie, with candor, "but he says something else." This answer, of course, aroused the interest of the elder persons. "What does he say?" was asked the little visitor. "Good Lord, what a supper!" was the sweet and calm response.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

DOMESTIC HINTS.

FRIED BANANAS.

Peel the bananas. Have ready in the frying-pan some butter or clarified dripping. When the fat boils throw in the bananas; fry a light brown, drain well, lay on a hot dish and dust with castor sugar.

BEEF TEA.

Cut 1 pound of beefsteak, into dice, put them into a jar, keep in oven twelve hours. When all the juice of the meat has been extracted by heat, add boiling water till it is of the required strength. Season to taste.

WINTER SPINACH.

After boiling until it is tender, drain the spinach by placing it on a sieve and taking care to have all the water drained out; then chop it quite fine and put it in a frying-pan with good large lump of butter, some pepper and salt; stir it and let it heat for about five minutes; serve it hot, with hard-boiled eggs cut in slices and arranged around the edge of the dish, and lemon in quarters on a separate receiver.

TO COOK WINTER BEETS.

Winter beets should be boiled until tender; leave a good 2 inch of stalk on them so that they shall not "bleed" and lose their rich color. When tender throw them into a pan of cold water and slip off their skins; slice very thin, and keep the bowl they are in over the open teakettle to keep hot. Boil together one-third of a gill of vinegar with two-thirds of a gill of water; you can easily measure these in your gill measure at one time; a tablespoonful and a half of butter, one tablespoonful of brown sugar, one small teaspoonful of salt and saltspoonful of pepper Pour this over the beets; it will be sufficient for a quart or more. Serve very hot.

CURRIED COD FISH.

Three ounces of butter, one gill of cream, one tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of curry-powder, one onion grated, salt and pepper to taste. You can use either the desiccated cod fish or the remains of any cod fish. If the former, soak all night, boil until soft enough to flake in thread-like pieces. About a pound and a quarter of fish goes with the above quantity. Fry the flaked fish in the butter with the grated onion until it is a delicate brown; put it in the the saucepan, add a scant half pint of hot water, and the flour rubbed smooth in it; let it simmer for ten minutes. Mix well the curry with the cream, as you would make starch, beginning with a very little. Add it to the other ingredients, let it boil up once and serve. If you have any white soup left over, mutton, veal or chicken, use it instead of the hot water.

BANANAS WITH RUM.

Peel six or seven large bananas, or about ten small ones, cut them across in thick slices. Put an ounce or two of butter in a saucepan (the amount of butter used must vary according to the quantity of banana—the size of the fruit varies); when it is melted throw in the bananas. There should be just enough butter to moisten and soak into the fruit. If any floats in the saucepan after the fruit is stewed it should be drained away. Stir in two good teaspoonfuls of castor sugar. Heat a gill of double cream, and add to it a tablespoonful (or more if liked) of rum. When the bananas are thoroughly cooked in the butter, stir it in the warm cream and rum. Draw the pan to the side of the fire, and be very careful that it does not boil after the cream has been added. Mix quickly and serve hot with sponge rusks or toast. This makes a small dish, as bananas shrink in cooking. This recipe can be varied by adding to the cream instead of rum a good-sized tablespoonful of the syrup of preserved ginger.

Needs of the Piedmont Region.

The section of country known as the Piedmont Region of the South Atlantic States, embracing large portions of Virginia, North and South Carolina and Georgia, has many possibilities under the new order bound to prevail in that section upon the division of the land into small farms, and the adoption of a system of mixed husbandry.

The need of this section is population. From any point of observation, the eye can sweep the country for miles, and the whole undulating surface looks one vast forest, the proportion of cleared land being so small, and that so scattered about the plantations, that at a distance they are lost to view. It is no wonder that the tendency is so general for the farmers to move into town and run their farms by tenants. Before the war they were able to keep up large establishments, entertain guests royally, and with a retinue of servants, bid defiance to neighbors or the offices of neighborhood. Now with the change, the country must either be settled up by farmers who will combine in making up neighborhoods, and establish the social bonds of society, or the plantations will become estates managed by owners or corporations with a system of tenantry as odious and demoralizing as that of Ireland.

Lands that produce so generously will not be allowed to be idle, and either small farms and prosperity, or large estates and a grinding monoply, will prevail.—*American Agriculturist.*

AFortune-Hunter's Bad Break.

Sweet Girl—Isn't Mr. fortunehunter splendid? He's been such a traveler.

Rich Widow—Splendid, indeed! He's the most unmannerly fellow I ever met.

"Unmannerly?"

"He's positively insulting. I never want to speak to him again."

"Oh, I'm sure there's some mistake. What did he say?"

"He asked me if I'd ever heard Jenny Lind.

The Right House.

Angeline Fitzwilliams—I hope, mum, as I shan't be expected to carry up no coal nor make no beds nor black no boots.

Mrs. Marlboro—Oh, most certainly not. I shall carry up the coal and make the beds myself. And my husband, of course, blacks the boots, and would be most happy to give yours a rub if you leave them outside your door where he can get them.—*Boston Beacon.*

What It Meant.

"What does p. d. q. mean, pa?" asked little Johnny, who is quick at picking up things he shouldn't. "It means the way you will go up stairs to bed," replied old Brown, "if I hear another word out of you the whole evening."—*Judge.*

A GOOD POKER STORY.

Why a Cuban Lost $700 on Two Good Hands.

Last evening there entered a well known poker club uptown a large, rural-looking man of the sort ordinarily termed "pie" by expert manipulators of cards. Around the principal table sat five Cuban gamblers and one blonde Yankee. The large, rural man took a hand in and the game went smoothly on for an hour or so, when there was a jack pot. Everybody passed out until it came the turn of the stranger to speak. He opened the pot for the limit, which was $5. Two others staid in, until it finally came the turn of the Cuban player, who sat next the rural man and who by passing intimated that he couldn't open the pot. This Cuban not only staid in but raised the stranger back to the extent of the limit. The large, rural-looking man consulted his hand and raised again. The other players went out and the Cuban again raised to the limit. The rural man returned the compliment and the pair of them kept raising each other for several rounds. Finally the time came for calling of cards. The Cuban "stood pat" and the rural stranger drew two cards. Then they began to bet. Finally the Cuban "called." He held a flush and the stranger produced four sevens. The game went for about half an hour. Then there was another jackpot. The Cuban passed. The stranger opened the pot. The other people remained in. The Cuban, who had passed, raised the opener. The rural stranger raised again. The other two people passed out. The Cuban raised back and the rural stranger "went for" him. Finally, after they had raised each other a dozen times, cards were dealt. Again the Cuban "stood pat," and once more the rural stranger drew two cards. The betting began and continued for a long time. Ultimately the Cuban "called." To his wild and incredulous astonishment, against his own full hand the rural stranger laid down the identical four sevens he had held before. The Cuban glared at his imperturbable opponent for some moments, and then, throwing down his hand, cashed in his few remaining checks and dashed out of the establishment. The rural stranger turned out to be one of the most expert poker players in the Southwest, and on these two hands he won $708.—*New York World.*

A Kentucky Hermit.

William Davis, known as "Tanner Bill," a very mysterious old citizen of Marshal county, Kentucky, who lives on a farm of 640 acres near Benton. He is a native of South Carolina, and related to Senator Wade Hampton. He has occupied his farm for fifty-two years. A correspondent of *The Paducah Sentinel* has discovered the reason for the old gentleman's early migration and the romance of his life, and writes:

"About the time he arrived at manhood he fell in love with one of North Carolina's fairest daughters. He loved her with all the devotion of a faithful lover, and he soon made it known to her, after the usual preliminaries in such affairs he had the courage to offer her his hand and heart in marriage. She accepted it, and soon he was made to believe that ere long he would enjoy the realization of his happy dreams. But, alas! 'All is not gold that glitters,' and all is not true that women say, either in love or business. She decided that her love for Mr. Davis was not true—that she loved another. This was a terrible stroke on the young Carolinian, and he at once resolved to try his fortunes in a strange land among strange people."

Christmas Among the Esquimaux.

For the benefit of such of our readers as have never spent a winter in Labrador, Alaska or other countries of the far North, we will relate some interesting facts illustrative fo their manner of keeping Christmas.

The winter residence of the esquimaux are made of blocks of solid snow with thin sheets of ice for windows. Thus the glazier in that country carries his material for patching up windows in an ice wagon.

Esquimaux children hang up their sealskin socks Christmas Eve. They, like our own little folks, appreciate a pair of skates or a sled, but in place of candy they long for blubber. When a young Esquimaux wakes up in the morning and finds his stockings full of blubber he is happy. If he doesn't—well he blubbers all the same.

Their Christmas dinner is a rare feast for them. It consists of a chunk of raw whale with a sauce of rose-colored hair-oil, washed down with a flagon of seal's blood. Tallow candles with dip are served as dessert.—*Texas Siftings.*

Capturing Them Unawares.

Mr. Longhair—Are you the gentleman who writes reading notices which begin with something of startling interest and end with a patent-medicine advertisement?

Writer—I do work of that sort occasionally, sir.

Mr. Longhair—Well, I wish you would get me up something about a prize-fight, or a trunk murder, or a church scandal, or any thing the public are especially interested in, and then spring on them: "Are you prepared to die?" "What will you do to be saved?" "Lay not up for yourself treasures upon earth," etc. I'm a tract distributor.—*Puck.*

At the Telegraph Office.

"I want you to send this message to Miss Brown at Galveston. Her mother is not expected to live," said a Texas granger to an Austin telegraph operator.

Operator takes the message, sits down at his table and begins to send it over the wires.

"Hold up! Don't give it to her so fast. She's got heart disease. Go slow. Break it to her gently."—*Texas Siftings.*

Not That Million.

"So you are to be married?"

"Yes, and to the nicest girl in the world! Charley, she's worth a million!"

"You don't say so! Harry, I congratulate you, old boy!"

"Yes; she's worth a mill on of such girls as one sees in society!"

"Oh!" (Charley murmurs as he goes off: "Poor devil, how I pity him!")—*Boston Transcript.*

The Origin of "Chestnut."

Mr. Joseph Jefferson is responsible for the latest explation of the word "chestnut." He attributes the introduction of the word in its slang sense to Mr. William Warren the veteran comedian of Boston.

"There is a melodrama," Mr. Jefferson said to a Press reporter, "but little known to the present generation, written by William Dillon and called 'The Broken Sword.' There were two characters in it, one a 'Captain Zav'er,' and the other the comedy part of 'Pablo.' The Captain is a sort of Baron Munchausen, and in telling of his exploits says: 'I entered the woods of Calloway, when suddenly from the thick boughs of a cork tree'—Pablo interrupts him with the words: 'A chestnut, Captain; a chestnut.' 'Bah!' replies the Captain. 'Booby, say a cork tree.'

'A chestnut,' reiterates Pablo. 'I should know as well as you, having heard you tell the tale these 27 times.' William Warren, who has often played the part of Pablo, was at a 'stag' dinner two years ago when one of the gentlemen present told a story of doubtful age and originality. 'Chestnut,' murmured Mr. Warren, quoting from the play, 'I have heard you tell the tale these 27 times.' The application of the lines pleased the rest of the table, and when the party broke up each helped to spread the story and Mr. Warren's commentary. 'And that,' concluded Mr. Jefferson, 'is what I really believe to be the original of the word chestnut.'"—[Philadelphia Press.

The Right to Hiss.

Perhaps the most interesting of the papers read at the annual meeting of the five academies which collectively form the French institute was M. Desjardins' on the right of dissatisfied play-goers to hiss the performance.

Subject as he is to occasional unflattering manifestations on the part of the audience, the modern actor is never exposed, M. Desjardins pointed out, to the serious bodily risks which his predecessor in ancient times had sometimes to face. The interpreters of the "Bellerophon" of Euripides narrowly escaped being stoned to death by the indignant spectators at the premiere of that unpopular piece. Even in France stones were flung at the actors who failed to please as late as 1596.

It was in 1686, at the performance of a play of Thomas Corneille's, that hissing was first heard. The lieutenant of police, who was no friend to half measures, forbade the sifflet under the pain of death in 1672, but Louis XIV quashed the draconic ordonnance.

A law was passed in 1881 prohibiting any demonstration of whatever sort calculated to "prevent the spectators from seeing or hearing the piece announced," but, as interpreted by the French judges, the enactment does not interfere with the traditional privilege of the play goer to siffler what he does not like, as well as to applaud what he does.—[St. James Gazette.

Woman's Pay in Mexico.

According to the Samana Mercantil of Mexico, wages of working women are pitifully small. They are not eligible to work in shops or places behind the counter in stores. Except for domestic services few avenues are open to them. If a woman owns a sewing machine she can secure employment at making shirts at $1.25 per dozen. She must furnish thread. She can then earn about 50 cents a day, says the Mercantil.

In respect to cigarette makers, their task is 500 cigarettes daily at 2 cents per 100. There are few among them who can make 2,500 cigarettes in one day. The great majority cannot roll more than 1,600 to 1,900 cigarettes, and therefore make but 32 to 38 cents daily.

The matchmakers get 2 cents a gross for filled boxes. They cannot turn out more than fifteen or twenty gross, let them work as hard as they may, and therefore get but 30 to 40 cents for a days' labor.

The above are but the only employments open in the city for laboring girls.

Fortunately the poorer classes in Mexico live with extreme frugality, but at that the wages of women are at starvation rates. It is to be hoped that in most cases they have masculine protection and support.—[Brooklyn Citizen.

Christmas goods consist largely of children's toylets.

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

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. '86.

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

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

The 1888 crop of winter wheat in Texas will be double that of 1887.

Insurance Agents Wanted.

The Mutual Reserve Life Insurance company of New York desires to engage twenty good special and general agents in the West on extra liberal contracts. For terms and territory call on or address B. H. Robison, General Manager, Omaha National Bank Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

A New York paper says hell is just fifty-two miles from that city.

Every person is interested in their own affairs, and if this meets the eye of any one who is suffering from the effects of a torpid liver, we will admit that he is interested in getting well. Get a bottle of Prickly Ash Bitters, use it as directed, and you will always be glad you read this item.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

"London Balm."

A positive cure for Catarrh, Hay Fever and Cold in the Head. Cleanses the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. Heals the sores and protects the membranal linings of the head from fresh colds. Easy and pleasant to use. Soothing, antiseptic, healing. Price 50c. at all druggists.

Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.—[Goldsmith.

Physicians' Test.

The physicians in Lowell, who are testing the Moxie Nerve Food plant on paralysis and nervous exhaustion, in addition to the number already reported, have recovered a Mrs. Brock, of Barnet, Vt., a long time helpless. A Mrs. Cheney, 18 Bleachery Street, Lowell, who was not expected to live. Its greatest popularity springs from the fact that it substitutes stimulants and tonics without harm, and imparts great powers of endurance. The apothecaries are be iged for it everywhere. Large companies are forming for its manufacture all over the world.

The frenzy of nations is the statesmanship of fate.—[Bulwer Lytton.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform you readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

The best cure for dyspepsia is the hunger obtained from outdoor exercise.

The Omaha Type Foundry can furnish new newspaper outfits on short notice. Prices same as in Chicago and freight already paid to Omaha.

The divers' business is going down—for divers reasons.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Men are often heard saying that their aspirations are high, but every time they cough their noses go towards the earth, with indications that they will follow them soon, unless they are wise enough to take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in time.

"Adam the goodliest man of men since born," still could not be called exactly enviable, for when he tilled the ground in the dewy twilight and caught a sharp touch of rheumatism, he had no Salvation Oil for his cure, and no 25 cents to try it.

About $22,000 has been raised for the Hendricks monument at Indianapolis.

A Sure Thing.

There are very few things in this life of which we may be absolutely certain, but this is one of them: that Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" have no equal as a cathartic in derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. They are very small and their action is pleasant. Purely vegetable, perfectly harmless. 25 cents a vial. All druggists.

The South Carolina phosphate mines have been closed.

To Consumptives.

Reader, can you believe that the Creator afflicts one-third of mankind with a disease for which there is no remedy? Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds of cases of consumption, and men are living to-day—healthy, robust men—whom physicians pronounced incurable, because one lung was almost gone. Send 10 cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on consumption and kindred affections. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Senator Hawley is delighted with her new life as a social leader at Indianapolis.

The Beauty of Woman

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