Sweet Charity.

It was a pretty boudoir where Eloise Arnold lay drowsing away, the morning after a moonlight fete at Beechwood; it was elegant to the point of excess in white and gold appointments. Among them Eloise lay clad in a lace gown adorned with pink and blue bows, and a breakfast cap that made her look like a delicate bisque statuette put away in a box.

"What!" exclaimed Adah Bartlett, as she came in in her riding habit. "Not up yet?"

"Oh, yes," said Eloise, smiling up and down again. "Moonlight fetes are very charming, but 'they're hard on the j'ints,' as Mammy Meg says. I have the rheumatism—just fancy—rheumatism in June!"

"I'm sorry," said Adah, with a sympathetic change of countenance. "I wanted you to take a run with me across to Mrs. Bryant's. Walter is home now, you know."

"Is he?" said Eloise. "I think he is such a nice boy. What a blessing it was that Mrs. Bryant had such a son to comfort her when her husband died."

"Yes, Walter is a splendid fellow, and so bright at his books. He brought a gold medal with him from college; but I believe he is not going back next autumn."

"Not going back! Why, what can his mother be thinking of?"

"It is not a lack of inclination on the part of either of them." Adah observed. "They say Walter is just sick at the idea of giving up his degree to go in an office; but you know, Eloise, that Mr. Bryant was very much involved. The farm is mortgaged, and Mrs. Bryant really cannot afford to send Walter to college. She has very hard work making ends meet at home. Oh, I do wish I were rich! What a pleasure it would be to help a young fellow like Walter get his education!"

Eloise laughed outright.

"What a sly minx you are, Adah!" she said, taking her friend's hand. "'Miss Arnold, why don't you do it,' sh? Well," she added, more soberly, "I am rich, they tell me. I have just come into a fortune of three hundred thousand; but being blessed with a penurious guardian, I havn't much chance to exercise charity. Still, I might do something," she said thoughtfully. "I wonder if I couldn't earn some money for him?"

"Earn money!" cried Adah, to whom such a thought had never occurred. "How?"

"Well, I don't know," said Eloise, slowly. "But I have often thought I would better get something to do, just to keep the balance of my mind. I think idleness and luxury would spoil me in course of time. I always said that a rich woman ought to earn money as well as a poor one, if she only gave it for charity. It does one good to learn how hard it is to make a sovereign; one doesn't squander money as thoughtlessly then."

"Dear me!" said Adah. "What a moralist you are?"

"I hadn't thought much about it," said Eloise, gravely; "but you can count on me, Adah. I will do something for Walter Bryant."

"You are a dear generous girl," said her friend, warmly. "It would do me good to help you; but you know I have so many poor of my own to look after. There is my Uncle Bob's family, you know, and——"

"I'd rather do this all by myself, if you don't mind," said Eloise, earnestly.

And Adah went away, wishing there were more girls like her.

When she had gone, Eloise got up and hunted the morning paper. Her rheumatism was practically gone.

"When people have nothing to do," she observed, as she read over all the advertisements for "Help Wanted" in the paper, "they imagine they have all sorts of ailments, when they really have nothing but a lack of purpose."

As her eyes ran over the column of "Females Wanted," she noticed the following advertisement:

WANTED—Some person to teach French orally to a gentleman who is going abroad and is unable to study on account of his eyes. Call between 11 and 3, at 639 Silverdale road.

"That's me!" said Eloise, ungrammatically. "I'll order the phaeton, and—— No, that won't do. They might think it strange if I came in a carriage. I'll put on my plainest dress, and go in an omnibus."

This explained a certain modest, but graceful little figure, that found its way into the room where Mrs. Landell was waiting.

She was a handsome woman, with a hard, proud mouth, and gray eyes, that looked Eloise through and through.

"You are rather young," she said, coldly. "What are your qualifications?"

"My mother was a Frenchwoman," Eloise answered, quietly, "and I was born in France. I learned the language when I was a baby."

"That is some advantage," said Mrs. Landell. "My nephew wishes some one with a correct accent. You can furnish references, of course?"

"I can."

"Very well, I will call Mr. Landell. If you are agreeable to him, and your references satisfactory, I will send you word in a few days, and we can talk about the salary."

She left the room, with a slight inclination of the head, and Eloise waited sometime before a gentleman, with a full black beard, and a green shade over his eyes, came in to talk with her.

In feeling his way to a chair, he almost fell over a low ottoman, and Eloise put out her hands and led him safely to a seat.

"I am almost entirely blind," he said, wearily.

"I am very sorry," was the gentle reply.

He turned his head quickly.

"You are a lady, he said. "I can tell by your voice. I did not want a man. It makes me envious, when I see other men well and strong, with good eyes, while I am——"

He stopped abruptly.

"You speak French?"

"Yes," Eloise answered.

"Well, I can understand a good deal. I want you to talk to me—talk about anything. Tell me what you see in the room."

Eloise glanced around. Over the mantel hung the portrait of a fine-looking man. Her eyes rested on it, and she began fluently in French:

"That picture over the mantel resembles some one whom I know. The hair grows down on the forehead in a very unusual way. One doesn't see that very often."

"It is my grandfather," said Herbert Landell. "Nearly all of the Herberts had that peculiarity. My great-grandfather, Walter Herbert, looked in the same way."

"How very odd!" exclaimed Eloise. "The boy who resembles your grandfather is called Walter, too—Walter Bryant."

"Walter Bryant!" echoed Mr. Landell, with a perceptible start. "What do you know about him?"

"He is a very nice boy," Eloise continued—"very clever and gentlemanly. I am very much interested in him."

"Where does he live?" asked Mr. Landell in the peremptory manner permitted to invalids. "Tell me all about him."

"He lives out of town. His father is dead!" echoed Herbert Landell. "Poor boy. What does his mother do? Has she anything to live on?"

"Not much. Walter has to leave college, and it is a great pity, for he is very smart, they say."

"Ah, that is a pity. I suppose I should have had to leave college if it had not been for my aunt. What a poor beggar I should have been—blind and penniless."

He roused himself suddenly with the recollection that he was confiding rather freely in a stranger.

"I will not detain you, Miss Arnold" he said. "You will probably hear from Mrs. Landall in a few days."

So Eloise left him; but she was sent for soon, and before long became a daily visitor at the Landell's.

Herbert was extremely partial to her society. He saw nothing of the world, could read nothing, and never went out except for exercise.

In this situation, he took great interest in small things, and had soon ferreted out the whole story of Walter Bryant, though Eloise modestly withheld from the fact of her generous intentions.

To him she was simply a clever young girl who earned her living and whom he liked exceedingly.

The summer wore away, and Walter Bryant learned that he had at his disposal another term at college.

"I will accept it as a loan, Miss Arnold," he said, gratefully; "but when I am able, you must let me pay you back."

Herbert Landell did not hear of this; he only learned that Walter was to go back for another term of school at least.

"He must go for good," he said decidedly. "I have made up my mind, Miss Arnold. You must take me to see his mother. I have another proposition to make, too. If my aunt were to ask you, would you—could you—go with us to the continent next month?"

Eloise's face flushed.

"No," she said, quickly, "I could not."

"Why?"

"Because I—I—believe me, Mr. Landell, it is impossible."

A look of intense disappointment came over his face.

"What am I to do without you?" he said bitterly. "Oh, if I were not going blind—if I were not so dependent—I would take you with me. Ah, Eloise, if I could only make you my wife, I would not mind the dark days that are coming."

He buried his face in his hands; but her own soft fingers uncovered his pale cheeks, and her soft arms stole shyly around his neck.

"I—I can't marry you unless you ask me," she whispered. "Oh, didn't you know it was because I could not stay with you, and hide my heart, that I wished to go away? Herbert, I——"

He took her in his arms.

"My darling!" he said, with perfect joy. "I love you so that I cannot refuse the precious gift of your heart. Will you marry a poor blind man, Eloise? I shall not be rich, my darling. There will be just enough for us to be happy on."

"I will marry you," Eloise said, thinking contentedly of her own fortune; but she said nothing.

"I might have had more," he went on, "but I had no right to it. It belonged to Walter—your Walter Byrant. He is my half-cousin, Eloise. His mother and Mrs. Landell were half-sisters to my father; but Mrs. Byrant married beneath her, and my grandmother disowned her. Mrs. Landell inherited her mother's entire fortune, and would have left it to me, but after what you have told me about Walter, I could not be happy and take his rightful inheritance. I have done everything I could to reconcile my aunt and her sister, but never until yesterday have I had the faintest hope of success. To-day, I have the happiness of knowing that the breach of years has been closed. Mrs. Bryant will come here to live while Mrs. Landell is abroad; and Walter will have his own."

"My brave Herbert!" cried Eloise. "I am proud of you. But you need not miss the fortune you have sacrificed. In its place I offer mine. I am the mistress of Cedarcroft."

So her little story came out, too, and Mrs. Landell was so much enchanted at the discovery, that the lost trace of her resentment towards Herbert's rival died away.

Walter Bryant soon became as much a favorite of hers as he was of Herbert and Eloise.

Mrs. Landell did not go broad as she intended, but stayed at home to make Cedarcroft ready for the bride and groom, who took in the continent on their wedding trip.

It was a sunny day when Eloise and Herbert returned.

He was wearing the green shade no longer; but instead a pair of glasses, by the aid of which he was able to see quite plainly.

The great oculist he had consulted, and who had operated on them, said his eyes never would be strong, but they will last a lifetime.

For this Eloise and Herbert are too thankful to be dissatisfied.

"Never in my life,'" observed Adah Bartlett, "have I seen such an instance of the return of bread cast upon the waters; and it didn't take many days, either."

Mother and daughter examining Christmas presents: Daughter—"Are both of these boxes of candy different?" Mother—"No; neither is alike."—*Harper's Bazar.*

THAT TRICKY GULF STREAM.

Its Current Retarded or Accelerated by the Wind.

The officers of the steamship Ardanach, which arrived from Progreso, Mexico, on Thursday, are not the only ones who have had occasion to find fault with the gulf stream in the last week. The Steamer Eureka, from New Orleans, passed along about the same course as the Ardanach and noticed that the current of the gulf stream had almost ceased during a part of the passage, and at one time observed a sudden difference in temperature. Similar reports have often been made before the United States branch hydrographic office in the Maritime Exchange.

Lieut. V. L. Cottman, who is in charge of the office, pulled out a number of reports from captains for the last few days and showed how they had met strong northeast and northerly winds, and this was the cause of the retardation of the current. Lieut. Pillsbury, who had spent much time in studying the gulf stream, had found this to happen often. That the wind so affected the surface of the water had been shown by the drifting of wrecks. The gulf stream was rather uncertain, and on account of this the government charts of the stream had been taken off, as the limits of the current could not be defined with certainty. Capt. Garvin of the steamer Orinoco, who for years sailed over the gulf stream, has held that the speed of the current can never be relied upon. An opposite wind retarded the current or the surface of the current, while a southwesterly wind accelerated it. Cross winds had no effect upon it.

During the coming winter the United States vessel Blake, under command of Lieut. J. E. Pillsbury, will continue to investigate the gulf stream currents, and a valuable report is expected therefrom. She will anchor 500 miles northeast of Barbadoes Island during January and first part of February, and will be in the track of South Atlantic vessels bound to the United States. The last part of February and until May she will be between the West India Islands beginning at Trinidad and ending at the cold Bahama channel. When at anchor she will hoist three balls from the fore-topmast stay, and at night will show three lights—red, white and blue. Shipmasters when in her vicinity are requested to look out for her and keep clear of her. It is expected that Lieut. Philsbury's report will be of value to mariners, and that something a little more fixed will be determined in regard to the gulf stream current.—*New York Times.*

Siamese Twins in Texas.

A San Antonio special says: Joe Cochran is an able-bodied full-blooded negro of thirty years. He is one of triplets and both his brothers are living. Lately he has "taken up with" a negress, about 20 years old, also full blooded, whose name is Anna Watkins. On Wednesday Anna gave birth to three children, two boys and a girl. They have taken kindly to the bottle and are thriving. The girl baby is very nearly the average size, the boys are each somewhat smaller. These two boys came into the world together for the sufficient reason that from the shoulder to the elbow they are closely joined. They have two heads, two necks, four forearms, two bodies and four legs, but are indissolubly joined for life. So far as they have afforded opportunity for observation, they are of two separate minds and temperaments. The pains and wants of one do not affect the other. They are exact duplicates in form and feature. They have been visited by a large number of curiosity lovers, male and female, white and colored, the ladies especially going into ecstasies over "the little ducks." The twins appear to have every chance of living.

A Sorry Picture.

In his lecture on "Immigration" Dr. Bemis gave a picture of the immigrant at the low level to which he has now mostly fallen. On board a steamer of the Allan line at her wharf in Baltimore a large number of these people were gathered to their feed. This was pork and potatoes cooked together in a kettle with copious liquid accompaniment. Gathered in groups on the deck about each kettle, the only knife in possession of each group was used by the first man, who cut off a slice of pork and passed the knife to his neighbor. Making a cup of the meat by the aid of his palm and little finger, the next step was to secure a potato and place it on the thumb end of his hand. Then with the ladle he poured the soup over the potato and let it tickle down to the meat. By reversing his hand and eating from each end of it alternately he was able to eat meat, potato and soup all in one process. The sight of a ship load of people engaged in this occupation must have been inspiring.—*Buffalo Express.*

The Single Diamond Doomed.

Just now there is a good deal of absurd discussion as to what is the "proper" thing in shirt studs—one, two or three. The fact as to shirt studs is that some very fashionable men wear three; many more wear one, and a respectable number wear two, while the great mass who don't worry about such trifles wear what their furnishers see fit to make their shirts with, which is usually one. Beyond question they are at present all correct and all fashionable, in the sense that all are worn by people of good sense and good taste. The slow drift, however, will be toward three studs and away from one.

The Advantages of Travel.

"I should infer, sir," he said to a young man, "from the air of hauteur and easy self-possession which seem to be your distinguishing characteristics, that you have mixed much with the world and have traveled extensively?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man graciously unbending, "I have been an extensive traveler in my time. For the past eight years I've been a brakeman on the elevated road."—*New York Sun.*

A Touch of Winter.

"You fellows don't know what cold weather is," he remarked. "I was out in Dakota once and I came very near being frozen to death. I was driving about twenty miles, and it was so cold that when I'd gone about ten miles I had to get out of the sleigh and break the ice in the nostrils of the horse."—*Buffalo Express.*

PITH AND POINT.

When St. Paul breathes on the thermometer a continent shudders.—*Buffalo Express.*

When the coal mines shut down the mills have to shut up. The whole business is a foul sh affair.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Just as Dakota has declared for prohibition a blizzard comes along and closes up both the home and the saloon.—*Toronto Globe.*

What is the difference between a tube and a foolish Dutchman? One is a hollow cylinder and the other is a silly Hollander.—*Texas Siftings.*

It will make Dakota any warmer to take her into the union the formalities ought not to be delayed on account of politics.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Dr. McGlynn has been telling people in Cleveland how to avoid poverty. He might have said it all in the single word—"Work."—*Philadelphia News.*

Mr. Donnally does not know what the ghost of Shakespeare may Avon hand for him; he should beware the indignation of the bard.—*Buffalo Express.*

An extensive discussion seems to be going on as to "what should the public schools teach." The best things for the public schools to teach are children.—*Nashville American.*

The New York Grant monument committee invites designs for a monument to cost $300,000. Now the committee had better invite designs for raising $300,000.—*Boston Globe.*

Crime is not so rampant as it was. The burglar who broke into a piano store did not carry of a single piano. However, it is barely possible that his daughter plays.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A Chicago preacher is talking about "hurling sinners into the endless despair of the bottomless pit." It is all right for the poor sinner if the pit is bottomless. Falling is easy, but lighting is what scrunches.—*Alta California.*

A Man Who is Down on Mumblers.

"There is one bore that I wish you newspaper paragraphists would pitch into," says M. B. Hudson. "You have pretty nearly succeeded with your jibes and flings in putting a stop to the fellow who used to carry his cane and his umbrella under his arm or over his shoulder and prod people with it. Now, I should like to see you take hold of the fellow with the low, mumbling voice, who talks to people in the cars. I have some acquaintances whom I shrink from meeting on the cars simply because I can not hear more than half they say, and then I have to strain my ears so that it makes my head ache. I don't like to keep asking them over and over again what they have said, so I frequently pretend to hear them when I don't, and I sometimes make distressing blunders in my answers. Only last week one of these acquaintances told me that his brother's boy had died the night before. I only caught the words 'my brother,' 'boy,' and 'last night' and, concluding that a boy had been born to his brother, said pleasantly: 'Is that so? Well, we must make him set up the cigars on that.' Now, fancy how I felt when I learned the next day, that the boy was dead. I wish you would go for these mumblers, who mumble in the cars, or in other noisy places."—*Chicago Times.*

But Yet a Woman.

She was young, she was fair, but she prided herself on being a business woman. Last night she had a beau and went to the theater. He had his tickets, and it was not till after they were seated before the missport plush that hides "Henrietta" at the Union Square that an awful thought broke in upon him, and he said: "Upon my word, I believe I've left my purse at home—changing my clothes you know," and he began trying to go through his pockets as well as he could without gouging the ribs of his neighbors too heavily.

"Oh, never mind," said the lady sweetly, "I guess I have enough for our purposes."

"Well, if you have," replied her companion, brutally, "you are the only woman I ever knew to have a dollar by her."

"You forget that I am a business woman!" this with much dignity.

"Ah, here it is—my purse—after all, but now let us see what you could have done if we had been reduced to your funds," and she drew forth from her plush bag a little Russia leather gimcrack which she gravely and confidently opened, and therein revealed two copper pennies and a one-cent postage stamp.—*New York Graphic.*

Sheep Hints.

The sheep should be let out every day, regardless of weather—at least, cold weather will not hurt them, or even a short time in a light rain or snow, though it is not well that they should be left out long enough for their fleeces to get filled with water. But they need exercise to keep them in good health more than do cattle. And they need a change of air from that in their sheds. Let any one go into a sheep shed early in the morning, especially when the litter is not frozen, and, although it be kept well littered and well ventilated, he will decide that the night is long enough to breathe such an atmosphere. Perhaps if the sheep sheds were cleaned out every day as are cattle stalls it might not be of so much importance; but this is not generally practiced, nor is it advocated by the best authorities.—*Practical Farmer.*

A Country of Fat Women.

As is the case with the sex in all tropical countries, Mexican womanhood comes early. At the age of twelve the senorita is very knowing. At fourteen she is mature. At sixteen she is ready to take up the duties of married life. At twenty she begins to be too plump. At twenty-five she feels the need of art to assist nature. At thirty she has ceased to be interesting for her beauty. Too much flesh, with consequent coarseness, is the usual trouble. An anti-fat remedy ought to have a great run in the land of the cactus.

Of Course It Was Black.

Editor—"How's this, young man? You speak of the fair bride as having hair black as the driven snow. Where were you raised?"

Reporter—"In Pittsburgh, sir."

Editor—"Ah, yes."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Two Omaha Men Divide a "Pot" of $12,500.

Omaha (Neb.) Bee, Dec. 29.

Yesterday evening a Bee reporter had the pleasure of meeting the two happiest men in Omaha. It was at the restaurant and saloon of F. Poppendick, at the corner of Howard and Thirteenth Sts. Mirth and merriment were the order of the day and on making inquiry it was ascertained that William Poppendick, the genial host of the saloon, and Robert Price, wholesale butcher, of Tenth Street, were the joint winners of a fourth share of the third capital prize of $50,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery. 21,301 was the lucky number and was one of four purchased by the gentlemen named for $20. On receiving the list of winning numbers the ticket was at once placed in the hands of the First National bank and yesterday the full amount of the prize, less a small sum for collection, was paid over to Mr. Poppendick and the "pot" duly divided with his partner. "No," said Mr. Poppendick, "the money wasn't here for Christmas, but I ain't kicking about that, it was welcome just the same and will be a good starter for the new year. Ever speculated before—well, not much. I have invested $8 in the lottery on previous occasions but never drew anything." Mr. Poppendick came to this city from Topeka some seven months ago and is well known as a saloon man all over Kansas. Mr. Price has been in business in Omaha for a considerable time. Both gentlemen have received the congratulations of hosts of friends.

The Only Line That Gets There.

It has been well said by a distinguished writer that "the Michigan Central is the only 'Niagara Falls Route' in the country."

It is the only railroad that runs directly by the falls and stops its trains at a point from which all parts of the falls and rapids are in full view. From this point, called Falls View, the scene from the Michigan Central train, whether in summer setting of emerald or its winter setting of crystal, is one of unexampled grandeur and sublimity. As it is on the direct route to New York, Boston, and New England, no east-bound traveler should fail to take advantage of it.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

It is just as dangerous to speculate in kerosene as it is to kindle a fire with it.

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.

People who visit ice palaces must expect a cool reception.

We would be pleased to know of a man or woman who has never had headache or been subject to constipation. As these seem to be universal troubles a little advice may be in order. Why should persons cram their stomachs with nauseating purgative pills etc. which sicken and debilitate when such a pleasant and sterling remedy as Prickly Ash Bitters will act mildly and effectively on the liver, kidney, stomach and bowels, and at the same time tone up and strengthen the whole system, causing headache, constipation and all such distressing evils to quickly disappear.

Calumny is like a coal; if it does not burn it will soil.

FALLS VIEW was unknown until created by the Michigan Central Railroad, which stops its trains at this point to enable its passengers to enjoy the grandest and most comprehensive view of the falls that is anywhere to be obtained. Before that time people came in carriages from the American side to "Inspiration Point," the view from which Howells said was "unequalled for sublimity," but Falls View, being more elevated, the scene from it is much finer. No other road runs to or near this point and through passengers by the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," have this great advantage without detention or additional expense.

Burlington Route—California Excursion.

The last $60 round trip California excursion will be run by the Burlington Route on trains leaving the Missouri river Feb. 16. Tickets are good six months and allow choice of route. Round trip excursion tickets to California points at $80 are sold every day. For tickets, routes, time-tables &c., apply to any agent of the Burlington Route, or to P. S. EUSTIS, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt, Omaha, Neb.

The sheep men would like to lamb President Cleveland.

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

An untimely guest is worse than a Tartar.

Offer No. 174.

FREE!—TO MERCHANTS ONLY: An elegant Carving Set (knife, fork and Steel), in satin-lined case. Address at once, R. W. TANSILL & Co., 55 State Street, Chicago.

A good cat should be a feline around for mice.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

NEURALGIA.

Nerves.—Everyone of the thread-like nerves has each a latent power to cause excruciating pain, the limit of which is simply the limit of human endurance, and NEURALGIA has a few of these fibrous torments all pulsing painfully at once.

CHARACTERISTICS.

Subtile Pain.—Nothing is so subtile in its approach; nothing so flagrant, acute and distressing, and certainly nothing yet discovered so completely subdues its ravages and so permanently conquers its pangs as that above mentioned.

SYMPTOMS.

Symptoms.—Neuralgia is defined to be a nerve disease, the chief symptom of which is an acute pain, intermitting, which follows the course of the nerve branch affected.

TREATMENT.

Treatment.—Apply ST. JACOBS OIL frequently, gently rubbing the afflicted parts; apply to the whole extent of the nerve soreness; keep up a gentle friction until a burning sensation is produced.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

THE CHARLES A. VOGLER CO., Balto., Md.

UNDER OATH!

Carbolic Smoke Ball will cure CATARRH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, DEAFNESS, CROUP, LUNG TROUBLES, COLDS, ETC. Thousands of SWORN TESTIMONIALS prove our assertions.

Catarrh of 5 Years Standing.

CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL CO., Gentlemen.—I have been troubled with catarrh for the last five years, and so bad at times that it was impossible to breath through my nostrils. Your Smoke Ball cured me completely in less than three months. NEWTON HALL, With Omaha Daily Republican. (Sworn to before W. W. Keysor, Notary Public.)

Consumption Conquered.

CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL CO., Gents—I suffered with consumption—had hemorrhages—went to TEXAS for my health. I now believe there is a cure for consumption, and that is the Carbolic Smoke Ball. IT CURED ME. (Sworn to before GEO. H. CARPENTER. R. J. Delano, Notary Public.)

MAIL ORDERS *Carbolic Smoke Ball sent by mail on receipt of price, $2 and 6c. postage. ONE BALL IS SUFFICIENT FOR A CURE. Circulars Free.*

CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL CO., Creighton Block. Omaha, Neb.

Worth, of Paris, has decided in favor of hoops, but they come in use slowly. In this country everybody has decided that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best remedy for coughs and colds, and it's coming fast into general use. Price 25 cents.

Salvation Oil is the greatest pain destroyer of any age or clime. For the cure of neuralgia and rheumatism it has no equal. Price only 25 cents.

A question for butchers; How's your liver?

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.

Too strong a sling is apt to make a man stagger.

ITCHING and irritations of the skin and scalp, burns, scalds, piles, ulcers, poisons, bites of insects and all skin diseases, quickly cured by **Cole's Carbolisalve**, the great skin remedy. 25 and 50 cents, at Druggists.

Some Shetland ponies are cunning little roadents.

Poverty is not a sin—but twice as bad.

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels.

Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health.

It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young.

As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at $1.00 a bottle.

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2.—For each Free Lot an Accepted Free Gift Lot Order has been deposited with the Eastern Agent of the owners of the property. Each of such Free Lot Orders calls for one Lot, and they will be sent to all applicants on payment of 5c. for each Order desired, to cover expense of issue.

3.—If only a portion of the free half of a Block is desired, as many Free Lot Orders as are requested will be sent covering such number of Lots in a Block as the applicant desires.

4.—Applicant must own no other property in the State of California at date of application.

5—No more than 21 Free Lots can be secured by any one person. The reserved portion of each Block will not be offered for sale before July 1, 1888, and then at the price of $20 a lot or $450 for an entire half Block.

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