The Lessons of "Unser Fritz" Case.

The greatest doctors in Europe don't seem to know what ails "Unser Fritz."

Thus are the Garfield and Grant episodes repeated, and public confidence in "expert" medical knowledge is again shaken.

The effect is a revulsion.

Since the fatal days of 1883, many of the doctrines of the schoolmen concerning extensive medication have been abandoned, and all schools of practice are more and more relying upon old-fashioned simple root and herb preparations and careful nursing.—The only reliance known to our ancestors.

These methods and reliances are illustrated to-day in a series of old-fashioned roots and herbs preparations recently given to the world by the well-known proprietors of Warner's safe cure—preparations made from formulæ possessed by many of our oldest families, and rescued for popular use, and issued under the happy designation of Warner's Log Cabin Remedies.

"My son," exclaimed a venerable woman to the writer when he was a boy, "my son, you'r yeller and pale and weak like lookin', you'r needin' a good shaking up with some sas'paril."

A jug of spring sarsaparilla was just as necessary in the "winter supplies" of fifty years ago as was a barrel of pork, and a famous medical authority says that the very general prevalence of the use of such a preparation as Log Cabin Sarsaparilla explains the rugged health of our ancesters.

While Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is an excellent remedy for all seasons of the year, it is particularly valuable in the spring, when the system is full of sluggish blood and requires a natural constitutional tonic and invigorator to resist colds and pneumonia, and the effects of a long winter. Philo M. Parsons, clerk of the City Hotel of Hartford, Conn., was prostrated with a cold which, he says, "seemed to settle through my body. I neglected it and the result was my blood became impoverished and poisoned, indicated by inflamed eyes. I was treated but my eyes grew worse. I was obliged to wear a shade over them. I feared that I would be obliged to give up work."

"Under the operation of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and Liver Pills," he says, "The sore and inflamed eyes disappear. My blood, I know, is in a healthier condition than it has been for years. I have a much better appetite. I shall take several more bottles for safety's sake. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is a great blood purifier and I most heartily recommend it."

A few bottles of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla used in the family now will save many a week of sickness and many a dollar of bills. Use no other. This is the oldest, most thoroughly tested, and the best, is put up in the largest sarsaparilla bottle on the market, containing 120 doses. There is no other preparation of similar name that can equal it. The name of its manufacturers is a guarantee of its superior worth.

While the great doctors wrangle over the technicalities of an advanced medical science that can not cure disease, such simple preparations yearly snatch millions from untimely graves.

Night and Home.

It is night now; and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof elders and children lie alike at rest. In the midst of a great peace and calm, the stars look out from the heavens. The silence is peopled with the past; sorrowful remorses for sins and shortcomings—memories of passionate joys and griefs rise out of their graves, both now alike calm and sad. Eyes, as I shut mine, look at me, that have long ceased to shine. The town and fair landscape sleep under the starlight, wreathed in autumn mists. Twinkling among the houses a light keeps watch here and there, in what may be a sick chamber or two. The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. Here is night and rest. An awful sense of thanks makes the heart swell, and the head bow, as I pass to my room through the sleeping house, and feel as though a hushed blessing was upon it.—Thackaray.

"The Wife for Me."

"The wife for me," he said, "is the old-fashioned girl—the girl who makes a good housewife—who has been brought up to sew and to cook and to wash, and to iron—the kind of girl that they used to have before girls went in for fashionable flummery and accomplishments, and things." "Yes," said she, "I understand. Well, my ideal of a husband is also of the old-fashioned sort. I want one who will shovel snow, put in coal, split kindlings, put in stoves, dig garden beds, beat carpets—and do all the things that husbands used to do before they went in for silk hats, and clubs, and four-in-hands and things." There was a thick, glutinous silence, for a few moments, while he pondered deeply and broadly. "I wonder," he said at last, "exactly how much of an ass I am." "I wonder," she echoed, with a speculative expression in her eyes.

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, and all affections of the Kidneys.

AS A NERVE TONIC, It Strengthens and Quiets the Nerves.

AS AN ALTERATIVE, It Purifies and Enriches the Blood.

AS A LAXATIVE, It acts mildly, but surely, on the Bowels.

AS A DIURETIC, It Regulates the Kidneys and Cures their Diseases.

Recommended by professional and business men. Price $1.00. Sold by druggists. Send for circulars.

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SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL And Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

The only preparation of COD LIVER OIL that can be taken readily and tolerated for a long time by delicate stomachs.

AND AS A REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, ANÆMIA, GENERAL DEBILITY, COUGHS AND THROAT AFFECTIONS, and all WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN it is marvellous in its results.

Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians in the countries of the world.

For Sale by all Druggists.

Send for Pamphlet on Wasting Diseases. Address, SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

I suffered from catarrh 12 years. The droppings into the throat were nauseating. My nose bled almost daily. Since the first day's use of Ely's Cream Balm have had no bleeding, the soreness is entirely gone. D. G. Davidson, with the Boston Budget.

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered 60c. ELY BROTHERS, 235 Greenwich St. New York

PERTINENT POINTS.

It is true that that which we cauliflower by any other name would smell as cabbage.—*Washington Critic.*

Musical hen parties are being given in the east. Meetings of political roosters have been in vogue here in the west for several years.—*Peoria Transcript.*

Satan was the first anarchist of whom there is any record, and the race seems to have deteriorated in intelligence ever since.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

It is denied that Yale is going to abandon the Bob Cook stroke. It's only in the minor details of college studies there that changes are talked of.—*Boston Herald.*

We have escaped the cholera and yellow fever, but chemically prepared cigarette paper is imported into this country at the rate of $1,000 worth a day.—*Albany Argus.*

It is now in order for western papers to publish fairy stories about heroic New York school teachers who by means of a ball of twine, piloted their tender charges across Madison square through a blizzard.—*Toledo Commercial.*

Now that it has come out that Willie Tascott writes poetry we look for his capture as soon as vegetation begins to take on its green. If there is anything a poet can not do it is to keep himself out of sight in the spring-poem season.—*Chicago Times.*

Ground hog (from his hole): "Ah, there!" Greely (from his bureau): "Stay there!" Ground hog: "You bet I will. That's the only reliable prediction you've made this year. Good morning." Tumbles back into his cellar.—*Washington Critic.*

Fearing that some woman may sail in upon us and give us a cow-hiding, we will explain: The winking and blinking of our right eye goes on oftentimes when we are not aware of it, caused by a recent spell, and a long one, too, of neuralgia in that member. *Brownwood (Ga.) Reporter.*

It takes the skins of three seals to make a sealskin sack and boa. And yet the dear, delightful feminine reformers, who eschew the feathers of our forest songsters on their bonnets, will rob three seals of their comfortable winter coats and leave them shivering in an icy climate that they themselves may go warm clad.—*Buffalo Express.*

Adult believers in the so-called "faith cure" cannot be prevented from entailing suffering by a neglect of medical advice when they fall sick; but when poor little children are permitted to suffer and die because their parents have more "faith" than sense, it would seem that the laws are not protecting the helpless to a proper extent.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

A Winter View of Mount Washington.

The Moat Mountains never look more beautiful than when their tops are reflecting the sunbeams through millions of crystals of snow. Between Moat and Kearsarge you have your first full sight of Mount Washington, which is so entirely covered with its white mantle that you can hardly separate it in your thought from the banks of cloud that lie behind it, as the folds of a pearl-white shawl enwrap the limbs of a giant at rest. Mount Washington is always majestic; looked at from north, south, east and west, there is but one opinion of its huge form always in masterly repose; but if there is any choice of times and seasons it is in favor of the winter. There is that in its restfulness which makes you feel as if you never could return again to the cark and care of the life of the world. All mountains clarify the soul, but Mount Washington hushes the spirit and takes the worldliness out of a man as nothing else can. It is a matter of curiosity to note how such imposing scenery influences different persons who have some susceptibility to it. I have watched this constantly during my stay here, as our party has gone to different points from which the entire Presidential range could be seen. Some have nothing to say; others only betray their emotion by a passionate unwillingness to be disturbed; others break forth into raptures; all are kindled in some way beyond their usual moods. The winter view from North Conway is one of the best to be obtained from the east of Mount Washington during the winter. It gives the immense strength which is compressed into the ridges on either side of the ravines; it fills out the sense of majesty which the imagination longs to grasp. Long before you arrive at the Eagle Mountain house in Jackson, which is the only hotel now open in the winter, you have had ravishing views of the monarch of the hills, which fills the soul with delight.—*New York Times.*

He Got the Lesson.

"Got a pencil?" asked a farmer on the market the other day of a citizen. "Now, then, let's figure a bit."

"What on?"

"Well, I come in most every day with something, and generally start for home about dusk. One boy in particular up Grand River avenue has bothered me a great deal by 'hitching on.' The other night I thought I'd give him a lesson. When he got on I grabbed his cap."

"And the boy?"

"He sat down on some bags of oats I hadn't sold and was taking back home, and didn't seem to care much about it. He rode about a mile and then rode off without his cap."

"But what about the figgers?"

"I'm coming to them. He threw out six empty bags worth thirty-five cents each. He slashed into three bags full of oats with his knife and let 'em run out. He threw away a new tea kettle which cost me eighty cents, and he dropped overboard a horse blanket for which I paid $1. Add up these sums, subtract a two shilling cap and see how much I came out ahead.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Speaking Freely.

Minister (making a pastoral call): "It grieves me, my dear Madam, to discover traces of tears upon your face. Remember, Mrs. Hendricks, that he whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. If you would speak freely to me, I might——"

Mrs. Hendricks: "Oh, it is nothing, Mr. Goodman. We are to have fried onions for supper and I have been peeling them; that is all."—*Epoch.*

The Humorist and the Wit.

Humorists are generally walking tombstones. They seem to view the world as their enemy because they are obliged to amuse it, and they take a savage joy in throwing a profound gloom over all with whom they come in contact. Their fun is for the public, individuals cannot be treated to a laugh save at their own expense. Some of the saddest temperaments will make merry with a pen, when to those who do not understand this contrariety of nature the writer is only a dullard, a very stupid person. The wags and the wits in social life are few. Ask yourself how many you know, and in what does their drollery or brilliancy consist, and you will be surprised to find what tame, commonplace people compose the "bright circle" wherein you chance to revolve. Wit is the rarest intellectual faculty; it has lots of immitators, but the real simon-pure wit is an emanation of genius; to be trite, it is born, not made, for cultivation has nothing whatsoever to do with stimulating it. Humor, on the contrary, may be cultivated; raised under glass; brought up on the bottle, and finally launched as the most "amoosing cuss," who might, with only one more turn of the moral machinery, become a crank. Wit is cosmopolitan, humor is American. When we sum up the American humorists the figures stretch out like an electric wire, but our wits are maddeningly scarce, and when they do appear on the horizon little make-believes would fain retire to the back-ground.—*Boston Herald.*

The Coming Sheep.

The New Yorkers are waking up to the idea that we should have more American breeds of sheep. Some of the best breeders of the Merinos are going to try to establish a breed of mutton Merinos.

A Mr. Markham, of Rochester, N. Y., has in his care several full-bred French Merinos from the famous flock of the French government. They were sent here to sell. They are much larger than any American Merinos; have larger legs and bigger heads; the wool is not as fine. They do not have any wrinkles or folds, except it may be a dewlap. These sheep have a value to cross on the American Merinos, to increase the size of the latter. They have been bred in France for a century for size of body and length of staple. Fine wool—that is, exceedingly fine wool—never grows on a large body. The wool may be long and wavy, or it may be well crimped, but fineness of staple is arrayed against a large fleece. It is possible to have a thick fleece on a large carcass by a judicious mingling of blood, such as the Merino and Oxforddown. The latter produce wool long enough for combing and a thicker fleece than the large coarse wools, and when crossed on the Merinos the fleece is long and exceedingly compact. A good sheep can be made by this line of crossing, with a measure of blood, one-fourth Merino and three-fourths Oxford. The face and legs are brown and the head clear, with only a prominent tuft over the eyes.

Mrs. Cleveland's Diamonds.

Mrs. Cleveland is developing a "fad"—a costly one, perhaps, but one full of common sense. It is nothing less than the collection of diamonds, set and unset. Through the love and generosity of her husband Mrs. Cleveland is already the happy possessor of a rare outfit of diamond ornaments. Her wedding gift, her birthday presents, and indeed, on all occasions when Mr. Cleveland desired to give her a pleasant surprise, the gifts have always been diamonds—necklace, rings in profusion, solitaire and otherwise, bracelets, pendants and brooches. In a word, the jewel case of the president's wife holds a princely fortune in rare diamonds.

But the unmounted diamonds are of Mrs. Cleveland's own collecting. Never a trip to New York but she returns with some pretty unset stones. They are not very large of course, and some are of colors, it is true. She has arranged them in little cabinets of inlaid wood. The cabinets are provided with tiny little nests, filled with cotton, and in them the diamonds rest. Each nest has its number and a nest memorandum book tells, after every number, the time and place of purchase and, practical woman that she is, the value of the stone. Mrs. Cleveland's total collection of diamonds, set and unmounted, are estimated as being worth certainly $50,000.

A Mouse on a High Wire.

A queer mid-air spectacle was witnessed one noon recently by a whole boarding-house full of people and throngs of excited school children. A mouse was walking one of the high wires of the Pacific Postal Telegraph Company. It was thought by some that it was his full purpose to leap from the wire into the boarding-house rooms, ten feet or more away. He, however, continued to walk the wire. When he had got thirty feet away from the telegraph pole the mouse grew very timid and scarcely advanced at all. At length he grew bolder, and finaly made the perilous distance of 300 feet to the next pole. The wire must have been at least 20 feet from the ground. A child explained the mystery of the mouse's queer journey by narrating how a black-and-tan dog had pursued it, making it take to the pole. When the mouse had completed his dangerous mid-air trip he climbed down the pole and stepped on the hand of a looker on, who carried him away in triumph. His spirit seemed completely broken by the terror of his jaunt.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

The Latest Swindle.

Parties are traveling through Central Ohio with a new confidence game which is being practiced on farmers and others, by which the schemers have enriched themselves some $6,000. Agents are employed to secure orders for groceries at ruinously low prices. The goods are delivered by the carload, each man's purchase wrapped in a separate package and marked with his name. Collections are made at once. The victim, on opening his package at home, finds short weight or adulterated goods, and in some instances almost worthless stuff. One carload netted the swindlers over $800. Farmers, looking for bargains, are the principal sufferers.—*Lima (O.) Gazette.*

The Finger of Fate.

"Is she not beautiful, cousin Godfrey?"

"Very beautiful, Mercy." The young man looked across the ball-room to a lovely girl who sat in an embrasure near the windows, a flush of excitement on her face.

"Then let me introduce you. I am sure you will find her as charming in mind as in feature. Come."

"No, not to-night," said Dr. Lamer. "The fate of a little child hangs on my hands and I dare not remain longer—no, not even to dance with Valerie Blair," and he left the room hastily before he could have time to hesitate.

Valerie had a chance to speak to Mercy during the evening. "Is it true that Dr. Lamer refused to be introduced to me?" she asked.

"Yes," said the other, "but you must not be angry with him; he left the ball-room to visit a dying child."

"Oh, I'm not angry," said Valerie with a laugh, shaking out her white draperies. "I know what a noble man he is, and that he probably regards me as a soulless butterfly," as she swept away.

Dr. Lamer in the meantime had reached the shabby garret where his charge lay ill. He was surprised to see many changes in the apartment.

On the bed was a heavy quilt, quite new; on the table were a number of paper parcels and some bottles of wine. The chair in which the woman sat was an easy rocker and had entered there in his absence; about the baby was wrapped a soft, warm shawl.

"How is the little one?" he asked, bending over it.

For answer the mother bust into low but passionate sobs.

"Dying—dying, doctor," she said hoarsely, baring the small pinched face on her bosom, that he might see its ashen pallor.

And he saw that she had told him the truth.

"And you are all alone!" he said, pitifully. "Is there no friend—no woman who would stay here to-night?"

"I have no friend; I know nobody; none are kind to the poor, doctor—none but a beautiful girl who came like an angel after you had gone. She was on her way to a ball, but she stayed here almost an hour, and said she would come again in the morning. She sent me so many things, but too late—too late! Poor Jack is worse, and baby, baby!"

She moaned out the word in such a way that Grodfey Lamer's eyes grew dim as he listened.

"How sad," he thought, "when in this city there are women, so delicate and heart-sick, to think that other women who could aid and comfort, spend their nights in dancing and their days in the study of fashions!"

With the bitter thought came the memory of the fair face of Valerie Blair, as he had seen it an hour before, under the gaslight, brilliant with beauty, full of the brightness of laughter.

"How every nerve in her body would shrink from contact with this poverty, of which she is so unconscious, although it is so near her!" he told himself with a curling lip.

Day broke over the city; the east was full of gray mists and fleecy clouds when at last he turned from watching the final quiver pass over the tiny form of the baby, to see the door open, and a slight figure pause a moment on the threshold.

"It is past. Your child is sleeping," he said softly to the poor mother.

And such a low bitter cry as she uttered he had rarely heard, even over a corpse.

"My baby! my baby!"

"It is with the angels," said a sweet, soft voice, so gentle, so reverent, that it was like music. "Be glad for your child. God surely loved her."

Godfrey looked keenly at the stranger.

What! Could it be the belle of the last night's ball—the fair gay-eyed, laughing girl, whose eyes had outshone her jewels, whose face had been fairer than her flowers, clad now in simple garments, her arms about this sister woman who so needed their support, her eyes misty with tears, her red lips tremulous, her whole face full of angelic sympathy. Was he dreaming, or was Valerie Blair before him in the flesh?

Quietly he stole out and down the many stairs, conscious that he had been unobserved by Valerie.

"I wronged her," he told himself, as he went through the cold air of the early day. "I wronged her vilely. She is an angel with God's blessing on her life!"

"A runaway! A runaway! and a lady in the carriage!" shrieked the shrill voice of a newsboy, as Godfrey Lamer was sauntering across the park.

In a moment the young physician was in the way of the flying animal, which was advancing toward him at a mad gallop, rocking a light phaeton, to which it was harnessed, from side to side.

Godfrey rushed forward and seized the reins.

A moment's plunging of the horse, which bore the young man with him several yards; then the danger was past for all concerned, and then Godfrey, relieved by other hands, was baring his head to the occupant of the phaeton,—Valerie Blair.

"You are quite safe now," he said gently, "but I fear you have been badly frightened. May I offer myself as your coachman? You had better not drive your pony until he has forgotten his fright."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Lamer," said Valerie, with a slight smile, although she trembled from head to foot. "I owe you much as it is. If I may add to my indebtedness, I would be so glad to have you drive back for me. Fortunately it is not far."

He took his place beside her. Was it not fated that they should meet, though not in a ball room?

By the time they reached Miss Blair's home they were chatting like old friends.

"I think you saved my life to-day," said Valerie, as she bade him good-by at the door. "I am very grateful Dr. Lamer!"

"There is a way to prove your gratitude, Miss Blair."

"Pray tell me of it."

"Grant me permission to call on you; give me a place on the list of your friends."

A faint flush colored her face under his glance.

"Willingly!" she said softly, earnestly.

Meeting often, such a man and such a woman must fall in love, which, after all, is but finding in each other the strongest kind of sympathy—that similarity of the soul which makes the love eternal.

"Why," cried Mercy, when her cousin told her he was engaged to Valerie, "it is only a few months since you declined an introduction to her."

"I but waited for an introduction at the hands of fate," he laughed. "I did not decline that, cousin."

A California Rabbit-Drive.

Much interest has been awakened by the rabbit-drives which have been conducted so successfully in various localities. On such occasions, everybody that can possibly get away, turns out from neighboring towns and ranches. Vehicles of all sorts, horseback riders, and persons on foot, flock to the general rendezvous. Ministers, teachers, lawyers, doctors, newspaper men and persons of all callings are on hand. A line formed, stretched out as far as the numbers present will permit, and then all hands move slowly toward the distant V-shaped inclosure.

When the first rabbit bounds to his feet, speculation begins at once as to how many will be rounded up. But as the rodents soon begin to bound forward in all directions, the success of the drive is assured. Most of the animals dart away from the approaching line, but a few, crazed with fear, run straight toward their enemies, and generally escape unharmed through the shower of sticks and clods hurled at them.

A witness of these scenes says: "The sport to be gotten out of a rabbit-drive can never be understood by those who have not participated in one. The hopping, dodging, flying rabbits; the whirlwind of swinging clubs; the shouting of men and boys; the shrieking of the ladies when a jack, fleeing for his life, scoots between their feet; the 'shooing' of other ladies who are the sole occupants of the buggies; the sound of trampling horses and rattling vehicles; all these make a scene to be witnessed, not described. * * * Old men, whose limbs had long since lost their vigor, tottered along with the youth rekindled in their eyes, straining every nerve to keep up with the procession, while the nimble 'kid' plunged into the weeds and bearded the jack in his lair. Everything and everybody was on the run and also on the yell."

But when the doomed animals are penned, all real sport is over and cruel slaughter commences. Twenty-five hundred were killed in the Dry Creek drive, and another has taken place where the number destroyed was 7,000. Such inroads upon the rabbits must, it would seem, more than counteract their tendency to multiply rapidly, and as long as popular enthusiasm lasts, the drive will probably be the most effective means of killing them.—*Pacific States Weekly.*

Magnetism in Watches.

The liability of a watch to derangement through magnetism is well understood by those whose timepieces have thus suffered, and by these who have taken the trouble to inform themselves as to the facts about the matter. But there are yet many unbelievers, or rather, to speak more accurately, many who belittle the importance of guarding against the magnetism of watches. It is, therefore, well that the results of a careful inquiry into the subject should be published under the auspices of such an authoritative body as the Western Railway Club. At the last meeting of this club a paper upon the effects of the magnetism of watches was read and was listened to with close attention. The author of the paper presented many interesting facts concerning his topic. He had found that watches were seriously deranged by being brought into proxmity with dynamos and other form of magnets, and that by the use of shields on ordinary watch movements, or by employing special metals in the construction of these movements, the effects of the magnetism might be guarded against. He found that many watches had become to some extent magnetized by the manipulation of parts of the watches while in process of manufacture, although this magnetization was so slight as to be practically harmless; he also found that a very large percentage of all the watches were magnetized to a greater or lesser degree. The idea that the metal of a locomotive is liable to affect watches by self-contained magnetism was hardly borne out by the investigations. The rods, keys, reverse levers and boilers of locomotives were tested for magnetism, and very little was found, not enough to effect the rate of a watch. The keys and levers were found to be more heavily charged, which fact is ascribed to the position occupied by those members. There was not enough of the magnetism in these members, however, to seriously affect the watch movement.—*Railway Review.*

Perverted Intelligence.

The wiles of the criminal classes are often so ingenious that I can't help believing that if those who practice them were to turn their energies into other courses they would attain no small meed of honor and fame. Some little time ago, for example, a burglar was caught red-handed in a strong room, opening a safe with a key that could not have been more perfect had it been supplied by the maker of the lock. The man, after having been convicted, was asked to say how he had obtained the key.

"Nothing easier," he replied. "We knew who carried the key and what it was like, so me and my pals got into the same railway carriage with your manager when he was going home one day. One of us had a bag which he couldn't open. Has any gentleman a key?' he asked. Your manager produced his bunch, and my pal, who had wax in his palm, while appearing to open his bag, took a likeness of the key of the safe. There's the secret for you."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

What the Determination Was.

Inebriate—"Doctor, I think I've got a determination of blood to the head."

Doctor (regarding him critically)—"That isn't what ails you."

"What is it?"

"A determination to get drunk."—*Texas Siftings.*

For strengthening and clearing the voice, use "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES." "I have commended them to friends who were public speakers, and they have proved extremely serviceable."—[Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

In the diocese of London there were 81,894 baptisms the last year.

We ought not to be too anxious to encourage untried innovation in cases of doubtful improvement. For a quarter of a century Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has been before the public and passed through the severest test and is pronounced the most reliable remedy for that disagreeable malady. Thousands of testimonials of its virtues. 50 cents per bottle. By druggists.

The London firemen are dressed in asbestos cloth.

It's Always the Way.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said a gentleman to an acquaintance whom he chanced to meet on the street; "it's always the way." "What's always the way?" inquired a mutual friend of the two men who happened along just then. "Why, just this," replied the first speaker: "You see Smith, here, the last time I met him he had one of the worst coughs you ever heard. He complained of a loss of appetite, of night sweats, of low spirits and other unmistakable premonitory symptoms of consumption. I told him to get a supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery at once. He did so, and look at him now! Did you ever see a healthier looking man? The 'Discovery' has snatched thousands from consumptives' graves. I knew it would cure Smith. It's always the way."

Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife.

She Broke the Engagement

because she saw that he had ceased to love her. Her beauty had faded, her former high spirits had given place to a dull lassitude. What had caused this change? Functional derangement; she was suffering from those ailments peculiar to her sex. And so their two young lives drifted apart. How needless, how cruel! Had she taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription she might have been restored to health and happiness. If any lady reader of these lines is similarly afflicted, let her lose no time in procuring the "Favorite Prescription." It will give her a new lease of life. Sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, of perfect satisfaction in every case or money refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

Wet tobacco applied to a bee or wasp sting will give instant relief.

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 a great power of endurance. The apothecaries are besieged for it everywhere. Large companies are forming for its manufacture all over the world.

Every man likes to talk about himself; a good listener makes a delightful wife.

7 GRAND 7

Excursions at half fare to Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas, via the Wabash Western railway. Excursion train will leave Omaha at 3:15 p. m. as follows: March 6th and 20th, April 3d and 24th, May 8th and 22d, and June 5th. Full information given by calling on or addressing G. N. Clayton, Passenger and Ticket Agent Wabash railway, 1502 Farnam street, Omaha.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—Emerson.

Land Excursion to California.

May 3d and June 15th a land excursion to California will leave Omaha over the Burlington Route. Those desiring lands for farming or fruit raising send stamp for catalogue.

Parties buying land from us will give them free second class transportation one way. C. W. MOUNT, General Agent, Barker Block, Omaha, Neb.

The Peruvian government invites offers for the introduction of the telephone.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

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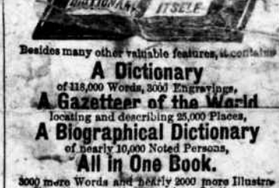

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