"Did'nt Know it Was Loaded."

The young man fell dead!

A friend had pointed a revolver at him.

"He didn't know it was loaded!"

We often hear it stated that a man is not responsible for what he does not know. The law presupposes knowledge and therefore convicts the man who excuses crime by ignorance!

"If I had only known" has often been an unfortunate man's apology for some evil unknowingly wrought, but in a matter of general interest—as for instance that laudanum is a poison, that naphtha is a deadly explosive, that blood heavily charged with a winter's accumulation of the waste of the system—it is one's duty to know the fact and the consequences thereof. Our good old grandmothers knew for instance, that the opening of spring was the most perilous period of the year.

Why?

Because then the blood stream is sluggish and chilled by the cold weather, and if not thinned a good deal and made to flow quickly and healthfully through the arteries and veins, it is impossible to have good vigor the rest of the year. Hence, without exception, what is now known as Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, was pletifully made and religiously given to every member of the family regularly through March, April, May and June. It is a matter of record that this prudential, preventive and restorative custom saved many a fit of sickness, prolonged life and happiness to a vigorous old age, and did away with heavy medical expenditures.

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If you would live and be well go to your druggist to-day and get Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and take no other,—there's nothing like it or as good,—and completely renovate your impaired system with this simple, old-fashioned preparation of roots and herbs.

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Lowell, Mass., July 9, 1887.

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SCHEME OF THE PRINCESS MOLL.

A Racy Story of Feminine Propensities Early Developed.

BY EMMA SHERWOOD CHESTER.

It was not very deep laid, and it did not in the end prove altogether successful, but being a scheme, and devised by the Princess Moll, her brother has chosen to record it. She came to us rather late in our lives, and found, if not exactly a welcome, at least a perambulator in our halls and a bib at our table.

There were four of us in or just out of college when, at the beginning of a long vacation, we were called upon to rejoice at her arrival. "Quite a little princess," mother remarked, when for the first time we stood in a row before her, and presented our compliments, or what mother was pleased to term as such, to the roll of muslin and lace in a bassinet; and somehow from that hour our sister was known as "the Princess Moll."

Tom was in uniform, and I in cap and gown, and for this reason we believed the princess selected us as her favorites from the first. "Gad!" said Tom, with a mixture of horror and astonishment, "look at her make eyes at me. Do they do that usually at her age?"

But Tom is inordinately vain, and the "eyes" of which he spoke were the mere languid roll of a pair of blue optics that might as well have chanced upon me as him.

Well, Moll had come to stay, we discovered, but with the exception of an occasional cry from the nursery or the perambulator under our windows, we heard and saw little of her. Tom went back to West Point, and Winthrop joined the sophomores of Cornell. To Malcom and me, who were engaged in choosing a profession, remained the privilege of becoming better acquainted with the Princess Moll.

She had reached the age of 18 months when I first was called upon to rescue her from a position of peril. Gradgrind, the maid—my mother is English, and calls her American servants by their surnames, to their own mystification and resentment—had "stepped off a piece," and left the perambulator oscillating on a ledge of rock at Newport.

It was a charming day, and the princess was, I observed, as I gathered her from the sand into which the perambulator had eventually plunged, arrayed in her best. She wore a little coat of a silky cloth, and a white plush cap that reared up in the crown in an altogether fetching manner.

Happily no one but Gradgrind, who was instantly threatened with dismissal, received any injury from this mishap; but it was the beginning of a curious alliance on my part with Paincess Moll.

In the extremity of my wrath I banished Gradgrind from the spot. She came back, however, or rather she did not exactly go, and besought me with wringing of hands, not to report her carelessness to my mother. In vain. I was adamant—until she began to cry, when I told her that the thing must never be repeated, and myself adjusted Moll in the coach.

The princess seemed instinctively to perceive that Gradgrind, whom she never appeared to love, had in some mysterious way come off conqueror in this affair, and pouted her disappoval at both me and the maid. When I stepped back to allow the coach to precede me, she made frantic gestures with her hands, which were encased in small white mittens, and fairly drove Gradgrand from her post. She then bent her eyes upon me in an imperious manner, which caused me to cringe.

"Ah, but dear princess," I mentally expostulated, "we are on the avenue, and it is the hour for Miss Reardon's ride, You couldn't—you *wouldn't* have your brother turn nursery-maid here?"

But the mittens continued to beat the air, until, muttering to Gradgrind, "Keep close beside me," I took my place at the helm, and miserably trundled the coach. Moll gurgled triumphantly, as well she might, for it was the successful preface to her scheme. Daily after that she contrived to attach me to her train, until one morning Malcolm, encountering the interesting trio at the gate, demanded,

"I say, is it Gradgrind, or Moll?"

Now Gradgrind, who had a face of the heavy, manly type, and a figure like an encyclopædia, was not the sort of person to call forth that kind of remark, and I could afford to laugh good humoredly.

"Don't you see the fix I'm in—the kind of prisoner of Chillon I've got to be? It's a scheme of Moll's to enslave me, and there's no more escape from her than from Norn. She's had me at the Casino and on the avenues till I'm the figure of the day. She stops at the bazaar, and calls my attention to the rugs; and she even went so far as to demand a Persian lamp, which—heaven help me!—I bought for her, and permitted her to carry home."

Malcolm grinned. "As if she didn't try her little game on me, and as if *I'd* allow myself to be gulled that way! Gradgrind to the Princess Moll, and the Princess Moll to Gradgrind? I'm the slave of no infant." So I was a slave, and to an infant. Well, I had suspected it. But why should Malcolm stand there tapping a racket on his arm, and grinning like a gargoyle? I suppose the fellows of my club looked that way when I passed—and Miss Reardon.

I had discovered the intention of the princess to thwart all possibility of a match between me and the latter, for which she had taken the popular method of making me appear ridiculous in the eyes of the one woman before whom I desired to shine. Only that very morning we had passed her, the princess imbibing the juice of an orange through a column of striped candy, while I wiped the escaping nectar from the front of her coat with my handkerchief. Gradgrind contrived to look provokingly detached from us at that moment too.

Miss Reardon, sweet girl, never so much as smiled, but bowed gravely, and with a lingering expression which would under other circumstances, have filled me with happiness. The princess frowned, withdrew the striped column from her lips, and said, "Go 'way!" in unmistakable accents to the lady who proposed to do her the honor of stopping to look at her.

"Pray don't notice her ill-humor," I urged, terribly abashed for a Ph. D. and a club-man. "She hasn't learned to make distinctions yet. She regards all young ladies as her natural enemies. Would you believe me, Miss Reardon, she is frightfully jealous of me?"

Miss Reardon smiled. "Of you? How singular!"

"Yes. And she absolutely will have me gadding about with her. You can't fancy the kind of machine I am reduced to. I've heard—I've read about the tyranny of woman, but I shouldn't have believed that it commenced at the age of 18 months."

I turned to the maid. "Here, Gradgrind, take my sister over to Violet Patch, and tell my aunt—"

"N-o-o! n-o-o! n-o-o!" shrieked the Princess.

"—That my mother looks for her at lunch to-day, and—"

But the coach was lurching violently back and forth, swayed by Moll's angry objections. "N-o-o! n-o-o! n-o-o!"

"You have—got—to go," I said intensely, catching her hands and holding them in the "firm grasp" of which I have read. "Gradgrind is going to take you to Aunt Mellicent's, and I am going to walk with Miss Reardon."

At this she redoubled her screams, and heaped such terms of infant obloquy upon Miss Reardon that I blushed for my family.

"She doesn't always behave so," I explained, weakly. "It is an absurd fancy she has that my time is exclusively hers. The sooner she is broken of it the better;" and so saying I threw the tiny hands back into her lap and walked resolutely away with Miss Reardon. But I did not enjoy one moment of that walk. The tones of my companion's voice echoed in my ears as baby lamentations. The imploring anguish of Moll's eyes pursued me over every inch of the way. Whether justly or not, I suffered the remorse of a criminal.

"It is very pretty." Miss Reardon remarked, with a touch of irony one day, "your devotion to that child."

"Pretty!" I reiterated bitterly.

"Yes, I suppose it is your choice of a fad. Some run to moose-skin gaiters and some to terra-cotta Derbys. Yours took this form."

"Good heavens!" I protested, "you don't for a moment fancy that it is a matter of choice with me, my dangling after the Princess Moll?"

"Oh, they all make a virtue of their folly. I suppose it is martyrdom to wear salmon-colored gloves or a bangle for dear Marbro's sake."

I fairly groaned. "Oh, that you should so misinterpret me! I swear to you on my honor that I have suffered more from the importunity of that child than tongue can tell. She froze to me from the minute I first committed the fatal mistake of noticing her at all, and to this day she has never once let up on it. What is a fellow to do? She has blue eyes; she has the sweetest mouth in the world; she frowns; she smiles; she wheedles me like a woman of 30. If she were not my sister I should give her poison or bury her under the doorstep, or—But I can't."

"You might get married," suggested my companion. "She would never speak to you again. They never do."

"So you really suppose it would work that way?" I inquired, skeptically. "I'm afraid she would murder me instead. The princess is dreadfully afraid of my getting married—I have discovered that. She thinks she is deep, but she isn't. No, I can see through her. She has the strangest antipathy to the bridal parties that she sees going into St. Paul's. The commands Gradgrind and me to get past them as quickly as possible. She turns that plush cap of hers square away from the bride. Yes, I have discovered that she would seriously object to my getting married."

"So you propose to be tied to her cap-strings all your life?" demanded my companion. "If I were you, I should break away from this bondage before the cord becomes a cable."

"It was never a cord; it has always been a cable," I said, hopelessly. "Besides, I am not sure that I could get married, even if Moll were willing.

"No. You should consider that." Miss Reardon was charming in a Redfern gown—one of those pastorally simple-looking things which cost the fortune of a sultan. "To be able to marry involves two things—love and money."

"I should not have said that; but since you have, why didn't you say money and love?"

"Because love has a tendency to make money—for its object; whereas I have never observed that love of the genuine sort was ever evolved out of mere money.

"Oh, if you put it that way! Then you mean—for I prefer plain arithmetic to algebraic symbols—that if a man wished to marry he would contrive to earn the money to do it."

"That is what I mean. He might have to give up the moose-skin gaiters. He probably would. Very few married men belong to 'the leisure class'; merely to love is an occupation. But, then, my hypothesis was, 'If a man wishes to marry.'"

"By Jove!" I exclaimed, "You know I haven't the gaiters to give up. Do you think we might venture?"

Miss Reardon looked comical. "You mean to ask whether I would advise you to marry without the Princess Moll's consent?"

"Oh, hang Moll! Do you consent?"

At which she burst into a merry laugh. "What would she do to me? Should I dare to drink coffee any more? or open little packages? or go out after dark?"

"You darling! You don't deny it? You do love me!"

As I uttered these words the rumble of a perambulator crossed the pavement, and I glanced round instinctively. What I saw was the crown of a white plush bonnet, turned at right angles with the body of the wearer, and the back of a silky coat.

"She saw us!" gasped Miss Reardon.

"And she will never speak to me again!" I cried, in exultation. "*Vive la liberte!*"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Doctor—"Well, my dear sir, what seems to be the seat of your disease?" Patient—"It doesn't seem to have any seat, doctor. It's jumping up and down all the while."—*Burlington Free Press.*

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

Some More of Mr. Bowser's Squirmings.

"My dear child," said an old aunt of mine the day I was married, "have you got all your husbands love letters?"

"Of course."

"And now that you are married you will probably burn 'em?"

"That's just what I was going to do."

"Well don't. Keep 'em to the longest day you live."

"But why?"

"Because they will be stronger weapons than all your tears, pleadings or arguments. Nothing will bring a husband to time like a sight of some of the love letters he wrote before marriage."

I took her advice, and have always been glad I did. On several occasions I have used them to bring Mr. Bowser down off his high horse, and the fact that they bother his peace of mind is proved by the other fact that he had several times hunted the house over in my absence in hopes to lay hands on them.

Something went wrong at the office the other day and he came home cantankerous. He held in until we got to the supper table, and then broke out with:

"Got any name for these things here?"

"Yes, dear. Those are called biscuit."

"Well, the man who calls 'em fit to eat ought to be shot! Mrs. Bowser, why is it I can never get anything decent to eat in my own house?"

"Why, Mr. Bowser! No one could take more pains than we do. In order that the biscuit might be extra good I went out and made them myself."

"Humph!"

"There was a time, Mr. Bowser, when you raved over my cooking."

"Never! I knew from the day I set eyes on you wading across a mud puddle that you could never cook. You can sing very well—as well as some bad actress—but you can't cook."

"And if I will prove that you once hungered for my cooking you will—"

"I will give you $50 cash in hand."

After supper I went up stairs and brought down several letters. Mr. Bowser had got his nose into a magazine and wanted the matter dropped, but I read to him the following extract:

"And I thought, darling, while eating supper that night, how proud I should be over your delicious cookery when we had a home of our own. The thought of those biscuits alone makes me hungry. Good-bye, my pet."

"Who wrote that?" sternly demanded Mr. Bowser.

"You did."

"When?"

"Three months before our marriage."

"Never!"

"But here's the letter dated and signed."

"It is a base forgery, and the forger must beware! How could I have praised your cooking?"

"You also used to praise my singing, Mr. Bowser."

"Never!"

"Oh, but you did. Let me read:

"And, precious pet of mine, let me again thank you for that beautiful song, 'The Lover's Farewell,' and the exquisite manner in which you rendered it. It drew tears from my eyes, and I was not ashamed of them. You have one of the purest, clearest voices I ever heard.

"Who wrote that?" he gasped.

"You did."

"Mrs. Bowser, don't carry this thing too far! There is a limit beyond which you must not go!"

"Well, here it is, in your own writing and over your own signature. Once in a while you find out a hint that I am very dull. There was a time when you thought different."

"Look out, Mrs. Bowser!"

"Yes, you did! You even thought me the smarter of the two."

"W-what! Am I awake or dreaming!"

"Wide awake, Mr. Bowser. Let me read you an extract from this exhibit marked 'A.'"

"I don't see why you should go back to Vassar. Few young ladies are more accomplished or better educated. All your friends, myself included, give in to you on the matter of grammar in particular. Hope to see you as usual next Sunday, my dear little honeysuckle."

Mr. Bowser sat and looked at me like one terrified.

"And, sir, you often fling out about the size of my feet. I admit they are as large again as I should have ordered from a dealer, although I wear No. 3's with a great deal of comfort. Let me say, however, that your mother wears 6's, your three sisters 5's, and the two girls you kept company with before we met wear full-sized 6's with very broad toes."

"Mrs. Bowser, do you suppose I will stand such insults in my own house!" he shouted as he sprang up.

"Are facts and truths insults? I have been reading from your letters."

"Never! Never! If I ever wrote such stuff I was crazy!

"But here is your signature. You remember you wanted me to sign my name "Rosebud," and you signed yours "Oak Leaf."

"I never did! No power on earth can convince me that I was any such fool as that!"

"Well, perhaps you will remember this sentence. You wrote a few months before our marriage. Listen.

"Oh, my Rosebud, but the heart of Oak Leaf was made a thousand times lighter by the receipt of your loving note yesterday. If those little missives should cease coming I should pine and die."

"And you claim I wrote that!" he asked in a strange voice.

"Of course. You can't go back on your own writing, can you?"

"You assert that those are my letters, do you?"

"Certainly."

"And that I called you fond names and wanted to die for you?"

"That's about the size of it, Mr. Bowser. You wrote me several times that you were as much my slave as if I had bought you. I think you'd have jumped into a well any time I asked you."

Mr. Bowser put on his overcoat and then kissed the baby and said:

"Good-bye, darling! If you never see papa again remember that he loved you."

He went off without so much as a look at me, but about midnight came home very softly and crept into bed, and next day went on his usual hunt after that pile of love letters.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE TWO CLARAS.

Clara the School Teacher and Clara the Horse Thief.

The story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is quite outdone by a recent Kansas revelation! The story of Miss Clara Blalock, of Columbus.

Here is one Miss Clara Blalock, first, a promising school girl graduating with honor in the city schools, and promoted to be a teacher; and here is the same person, the master spirit of a dark conspiracy against the lives and property of the citizens of a great stretch of country.

That women can become criminals of the deepest dye and inspirers of dark and bloody deeds, is true enough, the case of Patty Cannon, which George Alfred Townsend has preserved in his curious novel of "The Entailed Hat," is notable, but with association has come the marks of crime on face and form, in manner and conversation, the young woman has rapidly degenerated into the hag, but never before has a fresh dimpled "school marm," preserving the while the charm which distinguishes the young and pretty "lady teacher" from all other feminines, been found the companion and accomplice of desperate criminals.

The curious feature in this case is, that while Clara, the school teacher, was perfectly good, Clara, the horse-thief was perfectly bad. The letters penned by the same fair hand that wrote copies for the children are filled with the foulest and most profane words, used with design in a sort of cypher. No wicked word ever escaped the rosy lips of the school teacher, and the while her brain must have been filled with the darkest designs and fiendish purposes. When she came to the school house in the morning no shadow rested on her brow from her guilty knowledge that the night before a business house had been burned in the town by her accomplices, and when she had looked over the children's examination papers and filed out her school report, she sat down to write directions where horses should be stolen, and whither in the darkness they should be ridden; to write pages in hideous jargon, of the drama that finally culminated in murder.

Is it not a wonder that this young girl with these terrible secrets within her heart, betrayed nothing, neither by word or deed or manner, or even that deterioration, produced by crime on the soul, eating it as rust does iron? Is it not wonderful that, accustomed as she was to the companionship of desperate men, her own brothers among the number, the very innocence and guiltlessness of the children did not weary and fret her, and she did not reveal herself to them by some bitter curse? But there was none of this; the gentle and decorous school teacher went her innocent ways by day and at night went to her mother's house with its trap-door in the roof which led where the great piles of stolen goods were hidden.

Surely Kansas can always furnish something to interest and startle; but nothing more interesting or startling of late, we think, than this robber school-mistress.—*Noble Prentis, in Newton (Kan.) Republican.*

Nine Remedies in Nine tences.

For a sore throat cut slices of fat, boneless bacon, pepper thickly, and tie around the throat with a flannel cloth. When stung by a bee or wasp, make a paste of common earth and water, put on the place at once and cover with a cloth. For a cold on the chest, a flannel rag wrung out in boiling water and sprinkled with turpentine, laid on the chest gives the greatest relief. When a felon first begins to make its appearance, take a lemon, cut off one end, put the finger in, and the longer it is kept there the better. For a cough, boil one ounce of flaxseed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy and the juice of three lemons; mix and boil well; drink as hot as possible. Often after cooking a meal a person will feel tired and have no appetite; for this beat a raw egg until light, stir in a little milk and sugar and season with nugmeg; drink half an hour before eating. For a burn or scald, make a paste of common baking soda and water, apply at once and cover with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken apply the white of an egg with a feather; this gives instant relief, as it keeps the air from the flesh. At the first signs of a run round, take a cup of wood ashes, put in a pan with a quart of cold water, put the pan on the stove, put your finger in the pan, keep it there until the water begins to boil, or as long as it can be borne; repeat once or twice if necessary.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Made His Pile.

"Father," said the daughter of a Wall street broker, "Dennis McCarthy called on me last night and asked me to marry him, and I consented.

"What!" said the irate father, bouncing from his seat. "My daughter marry a common street laborer? Never!"

"Father," calmly interposed the daughter, "you forget yourself. Dear Dennis is not a common laborer."

"What is he, then?"

"For the past week he has been shoveling snow off the sidewalks."

"Come to my arms, my sweet child. You are wiser than I. Now I can die in peace, knowing that my daughter will be surrounded by the luxuries to which she has been accustomed."

And peace reigned within the palatial mansion, while the wind played a dirge on the outside.—*Peoria Transcript.*

Domestic Afflictions.

Mrs. Hobson (to caller): "Your husband has been dead nearly two years, has he not, Mrs. Amidon?"

Caller, "Yes, quite two years. He caught a severe cold which developed into pneumonia. But I really must be going, Mrs. Hobson." (To dog): "Come Fido, get your blanket on. Dear little fellow, after all the trouble I've had, I wouldn't like *you* to get pneumonia."—*Epoch.*

A Foolish Expense.

Humorous writer (to editor of religious weekly): "Don't you want me to get you up a few jokes every week, Mr. Pious?"

Editor: "No. We can steal all the matter of that sort we want from exchanges."—*Epoch.*

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.

Cucumbers must belong to many secret societies, for they are always giving you the right grip.

Ohio & Mississippi Railway.

The Ohio & Mississippi railway is unquestionably the leading route from St. Louis to Cincinnati, Louisville, Columbus, O., and the East. Its already ample equipment and train service will be greatly increased during the coming season in anticipation of the large amount of travel which will naturally seek this line in attending the important meetings held at points to which it is the direct route, such as the Ancient Order of Hibernians at Louisville and the Southern Baptist Convention at Richmond in May; the Elks Reunion at Cincinnati, the Supreme Lodge Knights of Pythias at Cincinnati, and the Catholic Knights Reunion at Louisville, in June; the Centennial Exposition of the Ohio Valley at Cincinnati beginning July 4th; and the Grand Encampment of the G. A. R. at Columbus, O., in September. For all these occasions low excursion rates will be made and trains with special sleeping cars run through from St. Louis to the place of meeting. Correspondence in regard to rates, through car arrangements for parties going together, &c., should be addressed to A. J. LYTLE, Gen'l Western Pass'r Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

A queer man—a man who makes counterfeit money.

Look the Ground Over.

To enable all parties interested to visit the rich country reached by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway system, and familiarize themselves with the magnificent opportunities offered for settlement and investment, the Northwestern Company will at frequent intervals during the months of March, April, May and June, sell land excursion tickets from all principal points to various points in Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota and Nebraska, at the very low rate of one fare for the round trip. These tickets will be good for return passage any time within thirty days from date of sale, and will be good for stop-over on the going trip. For full particulars apply to the nearest ticket agent, or address E. P WILSON, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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

How to Gain Flesh and Strength.

Use after each meal Scott's EMULSION with Hypophosphites. It is palatable as milk, and easily digested. The rapidity with which delicate people improve with its use is wonderful. Use it and try your weight. As a remedy for Consumption, Throat affections and Bronchitis, it is unequaled. Please read: "I used Scott's Emulsion in a child eight months old with good results. He gained four pounds in a very short time."—THO. PRIM, M. D., Alabama.

Some of the newest piece laces show arabesques and geometric designs, and gold threads are interwoven with them.

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.

A man with a cork leg ought to have a springy step.

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.

Tenderness always makes a woman grateful; a noble manhood compels all her deep instincts of love.—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from the loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York will receive the receipe free of charge.

Always in at the death—the undertaker.

Scenes in the Rocky Mountains.

The scenery in the Rockies is grand beyond description. To give an idea of it the Denver & Rio Grande R. R. has just issued four elegant tint views, showing "Curecanti Needle," "The Portal," "Sultan Mountain" and "The Second Tunnel, Canon of the Grand River." These pictures are on cardboard mounts 11x13 inches in size, and will be sent prepaid to any address on receipt of forty cents in postage stamps for the set, or ten cents in stamps each for any one or more of the views. Address, S. K. Hooper, G. P. & T. Agt., D. & R. G. R. R., Denver, Colo.

Brigadier-General Crook has been made major-general.

Asthma can be cured. Ask your druggist for Laux's Improved Asthma Powder. Trial free. Hottinger's Pharmacy, Lincoln Park, Chicago.

Edward James Holmes, for many years clerk of the supreme court of Iowa, died last week.

Itching Piles.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. Dr. Swayne & Son, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's Ointment can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

The Oregon democratic platform endorses Cleveland's administration.

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

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen: I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience, have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions. Yours truly,

L. L. GORSUCH, M. D., Office, 215 Summit St.

We will give $100 for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75 cts.

Dressy mourning bonnets are made entirely of loops of narrow wattered ribbon, each pointed end finished with a bead.

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 besieged for it everywhere. Large companies are forming for its manufacture all over the world.

The newest silver glove buttons have a tennis ball, racket and slippers suspended from them by three small chains.

SUFFERERS FROM COUGHS, SORE THROAT, etc., should try "Brown's Bronchial Troches," a simple but sure remedy. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.

Four sheep and ten bushels of wheat settled an Iowa breach of promise suit.

Omaha Commercial College.

In attendance 140 students. Fifty of whom work their way, and places for others. Send for College Journal and specimen of penmanship. Address, ROHRBOUGH BROS.

A blind man always feels well.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

100 Doses One Dollar

This is not a catch line only but is original and true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is the very best spring medicine and blood purifier. Now, reader, prove it. Take a bottle home and measure its contents. You will find it to hold one hundred teaspoonfuls. Now read the directions, and you will find that the average dose for persons of different ages is less than a teaspoonful. Thus the evidence of the peculiar strength and economy of Hood's Sarsaparilla is conclusive and unanswerable.

"Feeling languid and dizzy, having no appetite and no ambition to work, I took Hood's Sarsaparilla with the best results. As a health invigorator and for general debility I think it superior to anything else." A. A. RIKER, Utica, N. Y.

"My wife and myself were both generally run down. Hood's Sarsaparilla brought us out of that tired feeling, and made us feel like young people again. It has done more for us than all other medicines together." RICHARD HAWKHURST, Amityville, Long Island, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

ARM AND HAMMER

To Housekeepers and Farmers.—It is important that the Soda you use should be White and Pure same as all similar substances used for food. To insure obtaining only the "Arm & Hammer" brand Soda, buy it in "pound or half pound" cartoons, which bear our name and trade-mark, as inferior goods are sometimes substituted for the "Arm & Hammer" brand when bought in bulk. Parties using Baking Powder should remember that its sole rising property consists of bicarbonate of soda. One teaspoonful of the "Arm & Hammer" brand of Soda mixed with sour milk equals four teaspoonfuls of the best Baking Powder, saving twenty times its cost, besides being much healthier, because it does not contain any injurious substances, such as alum, terra alba etc., of which many Baking Powders are made. Dairymen and Farmers should use only the "Arm & Hammer" brand for cleaning and keeping Milk Pans Sweet and Clean.

CHURCH & CO'S SODA

BRAND SODA

The man who has invested from three to five dollars in a Rubber Coat, and at his first half hour's experience in a storm finds to his sorrow that it is hardly a better protection than a mosquito netting, not only feels chagrined at being so badly taken in, but also feels if he does not look exactly like

Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER

A WET HEN

We offer the man who wants service (not style) a garment that will keep him dry in the hardest storm. It is called TOWER'S FISH BRAND "SLICKER," a name familiar to every Cow-boy all over the land. It is the only perfect Wind and Waterproof Coat is "Tower's Fish Brand Slicker."

and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the FISH BRAND, send for descriptive catalogue. A. J. TOWER, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

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.

ANY MAN

Who is **WEAK, NERVOU