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WOMAN'S LOVE.

Some Queer Exemplifications of the Depth of Feminine Affection for Masculinity.

A lawyer friend of mine was visited at his office one day, says *The San Francisco Chronicle*, by a lady who said she had been badly treated by her husband. She had at one time a few thousand dollars and she met a man who was "broke." He was good looking. She loved him so dearly that she gave him her hand, heart, and bank account. He squeezed the first gracefully accepted the second, and grabbed the third. He started in business and made a fortune, and they had a good time for a year or two. He took advantage of her absence in the east to switch his affections on to another woman. The man was very wealthy, and the poor but brilliant lawyer saw a big contingent fee. He accepted the case for that contingent fee and undertook to put up the necessary preliminary expenses. The case moved along. He was out $20, and she was to come down and sign the papers. She came.

"Are the papers ready?"

"Yes. Here they are madam. If you will put your name there——"

"Well, you can just tear them up."

"Tear them up! Why?"

"I don't want to go on with the case. I love him too well."

"Very well, madam. In that case——"

"I'm very much obliged to you, and I am so sorry you've had all this trouble."

"Yes, madam. My bill will be $50."

"What! You said it wouldn't cost me a cent to begin the suit."

"But you haven't begun the suit, and I am out a good deal for expenses."

"I wont pay it."

"If you don't, it will be $100 to-morrow."

"She wouldn't pay. Next day he sent up a sheriff with an attachment as a threat, at least. She came down, offered him $20, then $30, then she proposed he should take her lace parasol. Finally she paid him $50, gave him a parting shot of polite language, and went out. The curious part of the story was that inquiry elicited the fact that she had gone through the same process, except paying, with thirteen different lawyers in the city, all on the same proposition.

But it really does seem as if a woman never loses her vanity sufficiently to resist a man's effort at reconciliation if he will only do wild enough things. A well-known lawyer told me a few days ago of a story of a late experience.

"I've had a funny case lately. It was a divorce case, and I was counsel for the lady. I never knew two people to abuse one another so. I never knew two people to make such a bitter, hard fight as those two. The property was considerable, and I had it tied up with an injunction. All efforts at compromise were no good; at last, I thought the man was trying to cheat the woman, and so I stopped negotiations for a compromise and prepared to put the case into court. The lady came to see me. It's no use, madam. I'm going to put the case straight through court."

"I wish you would, it's what I want. I never will compromise with that man—never, never, never!"

"All right. You will call here at 10 o'clock to-morrow, and we'll see about the witnesses."

"Next morning at 10 o'clock she was there. She was nattily dressed in great style, and she sat down with a pleased assurance.

"Well, madam, let us proceed."

"I want the case dismissed."

"Dismissed! How's that?"

"Well, we've fixed it."

"You have?"

"Yes. It's all settled."

"May I ask how you settled it?"

"Well, last night he came up to my rooms. The door was locked, and when he knocked I said: 'Who's that?' 'It's me.' 'You can't come in.' He kept knocking. I told him he couldn't come in, and he knocked harder, and I told him louder he couldn't come in, and he kicked the door down and came in, and we sat down and fixed it all up."

It is very extraordinary what impetuosity, cruelty, demonstrations of all kinds a girl will stand when she knows it is love that is driving a man to it; and how much of unforgivable suffering she will forgive after. She had not decided to sail along life's ocean in the same boat with him, but she did not object to a little trip on the other side of the bay. They were two in the boat. He rowed; she held the tiller ropes. When he get her away from the shore he began to tell her he loved her. He was quiet and moderate at first, but he gradually warmed up to the subject. The subject did not respond. She was quiet. He implored her to marry him. She declined. He entreated, he wept, he went down on his knees in the boat. She was immovable. Then he grew kind of fierce, he shook the boat to terrify her into acceptance. She did not accept. He rose up and began to rock the boat very vigorously. It tipped over and they both went in. The young lady got to the surface at once, righted the boat and got in, and when he arrived at the top of the water she had seized the oars and was rowing for shore. He could swim, and he had to. The procession went along until the girl, not noticing, drove the boat into the mud. She could not get on shore without wading. Her lover was nearing her all the time. She feared he was going to do her an injury, but before she could make up her mind to wade he clambered into the boat. They got it off the mud and landed it upon the shore safely. Then they retired to a solitary place in the sun, where they sat and dried themselves, and before they were dry had their arms around one another's neck and she had consented. She knows he loves her because he tried to drown her, I suppose.

A Consumptive's Sudden Death.

Consumption of the lungs sometimes comes to a very sudden and unexpected termination in the following manner: Rather late in the disease the upper portions of both lungs are occupied by a dense deposit of tubercle, together with inflammatory products that render the organs useless for breathing purposes for one-third or one-half their extent. The extent of lung that is still available for breathing becomes more and more limited with each day's deposit of tubercle.

If now the cavity of the pleura (pleural sac), in which the lung lies and expands and contracts in the movements of breathing, should become connected with a cavity in the diseased lung, so that air can penetrate and fill the pleural sac, then, of course, all movements of expansion or contraction of that lung must cease, for there is no room left for the movements of breathing. The opposite lung being already half useless, or even more disabled, the sufferer finds himself deprived of most of his breathing space, and must perish within a very short time, dying actually and literally of suffocation.

There are one or two rare and unusual modes by which valvular disease of the heart may prove suddenly fatal. One of these is the formation of a clot or concretion from the blood upon one of the valves; this being washed away into the circulation, travels along in the blood-current until it reaches a place too narrow for it to pass, where it lodges. This plug—called an embolus—shuts off all blood from the parts beyond, and, if there is no other way for the circulation to reach that region, it becomes starved and decomposes—in the brain it softens. Softening is the common result of embolism of an artery in the brain; but if it should be a large vessel that has become plugged and the parts thus cut off from nourishment of great importance, death may result almost instantly. Such cases are rare; still, they have been known to occur.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Lady Daffodil.

My dainty Lady Daffodil
Has donned her amber gown,
And on her fair and sunny head
Sparkles her golden crown.

The conscious bluebells softly sway,
And catch the yellow light—
And violets, among their leaves,
Breathe low their young delight.

The sweet old-fashioned almond flower
Brightens its pallid red,
And flings its petals, daintily,
Over the garden bed.

Her tall green leaves, like sentinels,
Surround my Lady's throne,
And graciously in happy state
She reigns a queen alone.

And thus, my Lady Daffodil
In gorgeous, amber gown,
Holdeth her court this sun-warm day,
Wearing her golden crown.

—*Mary E. Sharpe, in St. Nicholas.*

The Conductor's Romance.

Come out with me a moment while we pass slowly at first and gradually faster through the street of an old-fashioned town. You will observe that the dapper Pullman car conductor, with his blue uniform and gilt buttons, is also on the rear platform.

Very proper, indeed, you say, for the conscientious conductor to be keeping a lookout for that second section of our train.

Well, I didn't insinuate that the conductor was misbehaving himself, but I must disabuse your mind of the conception that he is looking for nothing more interesting than a locomotive and a train of cars, which the admirable block system of the Pennsylvania road is certain to keep at a safe distance from us. He didn't button up his coat just now and brush it; he didn't set his cap knowingly over his blonde bang, or pull up a tag of his white handkerchief so as to set off his manly chest for the purpose of impressing you or me.

Now please keep still and see what our good looking young guardian in blue is up to.

He is on the platform with us—that is, he has one foot on the platform and one foot on the first step below it. Now comes the critical moment!

Did you see him lift his cap? More, did you see that graceful girl leap out from a doorway, shoot a sheaf of arrows in a second from her eyes, wave a handkerchief and dart back again into the old red brick house with its white portico of wood?

A romance on the rail to be continued, perhaps to the altar, from day to day. That is all.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

The Messenger Escorts.

"We have considerable call for boys to take ladies about," said a manager of one of the largestup-town messenger offices, "but nothing like enough to justify us in keeping young men especially for that duty. We always send the neatest-looking boy we have at hand on such calls, when we know what is wanted, but that is all the difference we make. Many of such calls come from ladies from other cities who are visiting New York and are not familiar with the shops and places of amusement. They get a messenger boy to pilot them about among the stores and carry their packages during the day and to escort them to and from the theater at night. City ladies don't have much use for the boys. You see, they generally have a relative or friend to go with them in the evening, or, if they havn't, they'd as lief be seen going alone as with a messenger boy trotting by their side. A New York lady, who may meet some one whom she knows almost anywhere, doesn't like to risk being laughed at, and it does look kind of funny, you know, to see a finely dressed woman going along with a little shaver in a shabby uniform hitched to her side?"

"Do the boys like such calls?"

"Well, it depends all on the woman. If she's one that will treat a boy well, give him a share of her lunch, and a smile and an extra quarter for himself at the end, the boys like to go with her. If she is the kind that scolds the boy all the time, makes him sit in a chair and watch her eat without getting a bite himself, and finally kicks over having to pay for the whole of the last hour, when she's only had him fifty-five minutes, then the boy doesn't like the job."—*New York Sun.*

Her Hour of Triumph.

Dr. Meanwell—And how are you feeling to-day, Mrs. Moribund?

Mrs. Moribund—Poorly, doctor, poorly. When I am gone, I hope you will look after the health of Johnnie and the baby.

Dr. Meanwell—Oh, I wouldn't take so hopeless a view of the case. You will get better.

Mrs. Moribund—No, doctor; I will not feed upon false hopes. In fact, I don't wish to live. Mrs. Sickles has always tried to make out that her health was more seriously affected than mine. When she sees my pulseless form, and all those rows of empty imedicine bottles on the closet shelves she will have to acknowledge that I came out ahead.—*Puck.*

FACT AND FANCY.

Mrs. Ayer, widow of the pill man, is worth $25,000,000.

Busts of Bismarck and Von Moltke adorn Boulanger's office.

Miss Jenny Flood personally manages her fortune of $5,000,000.

A daughter of Wade Hampton is a professional nurse in New York.

Max Strakosch is prostrated in New York with paralysis of the legs.

Senator Morrill started in life behind the counter of a country store.

Senator Payne has not varied a pound in weight for twenty-five years.

Bishop Wilson is the oldest preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mrs. Hamilton Douglas, of Atlanta, is the only woman lawyer in Georgia.

Sir Charles Dilke confidently expects to return to his former high position.

Saulsbury, of Delaware, is the only bachelor in the United States Senate.

Congressman Kelly, of Pennsylvania, started on his career as a proof-reader.

A circular saw cut Charles Edgar into two slices lengthwise at Burbank, O.

Near Lemars, Iowa, Philip Held shot and killed his mother and then himself.

The street cars of Rio Janeiro are not compelled to turn out for royal carriages.

Queen Christina of Spain has a mania for being photographed with her children.

Dan Rice, the old showman, owns 350,000 acres of land in Texas and New Mexico.

The Emperor Francis Joseph has worn the crown during 40 years of the 58 he has lived.

Rev. Robert Collyer, at the age of 27, came to this country with his bride in the steerage.

King Humbert's favorite recreation is riding on horseback through the parks of Rome.

Sullivan lost none of his brag, it seems. After another defeat he'll want to fight in a barrel.

Mr. Bonner will not put a monument at the head of Dexter's grave. He stops at poor relations.

United States Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, is a millionaire—made so by saw mills and lumber.

Mrs. Hicks Lord will sail for Europe soon to flash her diamonds in the courts of the effete monarchies.

Jenny June (Mrs. Croly) is 57 years old. The first ten years she spent in England; the rest in this country.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong says that to make a Christian out of an Indian is much easier than to make him work.

The wife of President Diaz, of Mexico, has given $500 for a public clock in her native city of Tula, Jamauplias.

The Chinese Minister, accompanied by his suite, will soon leave Washington for a three months' tour through Peru.

Gen. Booth, of the Salvation Army, sold tickets to his daughter's wedding at $5 apiece and realized a handsome sum.

George M. Pullman has a high opinion of women's executive ability and pays them men's wages for men's work.

Ex-Senator Conkling was known by none of his friends of the years of manhood well enough to be called 'Roscoe."

It is charged that Rhode Island has more ghosts than any other State in the Union. Ghosts and clams go hand in hand.

Taken all together, seven feet of snow fell in Minneapolis last winter, and most of it was worn off the sidewalks by strangers.

"I have been a prescription clerk for twenty-six years and this is my first mistake." It was in New Orleans, and he killed his man.

There is an old law on the statute books of Connecticut making it a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of $100, to fish on Sunday.

Oscar Wilde declares that no married man can become a dude, and he might add, that no one of common sense would be if he had the chance.

French flats have had their day in New York. It is about the same thing as hotel life, and one howling baby can disturb a dozen families.

It takes a Chicago belle thirty-five minutes to work a pair of gloves on her hands, and then she must keep every finger straight until they come off.

If the sympathy which is wasted on criminals was bestowed upon the rich they might be brought to look upon the world as not altogether heartless.

The New York *News* offers $100 reward for any well authenticated case of faith-cure. It is a perfectly safe offer. There never has been one—except in somebody's eye.

One branch of the New York Legislature favors electricity as a means of executing while the other doesn't seem to care how, where or when they are got rid of.

"The year 1888 will be a year of war," is the prediction of a seventh son in New York. Show us a year in the last twenty in which there has not been war somewhere.

Lady Colin Campbell will not deliver two lectures in America for $5,000. She doesn't exactly want the earth, but she wants $10,000, and she will want for a good while.

A railroad passenger from New York to Chicago is expected to give the sleeping car porter at least $1 and to spend three more for fruits, candies and reading matter.

It may do you some good to learn that there is no country on the face of the earth without horse-flies and mosquitoes. They are worse in Iceland in summer than in winter.

King Humbert, of Italy, goes out o'nights in disguise to hear what the people say of him, and he often hears criticisms that lead to reforms. He is, in the main, a bully boy.

Pinkerton counts up 138 American boodlers; large and small, in Canada, and he adds that 175 of them would make almost any sort of sacrifice to be restored to home and country.

A Tennessee farmer plowed up a jug containing $900 in gold and went crazy over his good luck. Had the jug contained an even thousand he would probably have died on the spot.

A Pennsylvania mining boss offers to wager $500 against $100 that he can so place one pound of dynamite in the center of a block as to blow every building in it into one grand heap of debris.

King Solomon's wisdom was all right as far as it went, but the trouble is he didn't live long enough to decide anything worth arguing over. This day and age would prove a stumper for him.

If the doctors of Colorado don't report cases of small-pox they are liable to a heavy fine and imprisonment, and if they do report them friends of the afflicted hunt for them with shot-guns.

Prof. J. A. Lintner placed the total number of insect species in the world at 330,000. Of these found in the United States 7,000 or 8,000 species are fruit pests, and at least 210 attack the apple.

The human heart has to do as much work in twenty-four hours as a machine would to lift 125 tons of iron. Just take this into consideration when a fellow forgets to pay back that borrowed money.*

The Dutch are still taking Holland. Probably 10,000,000 acres of land have been reclaimed from the sea during the last two centuries, and the good work is going on at the rate of eight acres a day.

Detectives have already traveled over 12,000 miles in search of Tascott, the Chicago murderer, but thus far not one reliable clew to his movements since the night of the murder has yet been discovered.

Albert Foss, a New Hampshire man, bought him a tombstone and had the fact put on that he died April 2, 1888. On the 2d he took poison and tried to die, but the doctors pumped him out and now he has a useless slab on hand.

Thomas Stanley, a gypsy, lies in the Greenbush (N. Y.) lock-up for having sold his wife to his cousin, in West Troy, recently, for $1. It is stated the wife cheerfully acquiesced in the transaction, and that an agreement was signed by all the parties.

Page county, Va., had probably the most unique fire of the season—a house there having been set afire by the burning swallows that flew out of a chimney, and the fire having been put out with hard cider, several barrels of which happened to be at hand.

WHY HE DOESN'T MARRY?

A Wealthy New York Bachelor Explains the Situation.

"Why don't you get married, old boy?"

The man addressed rested his head on his hands with a hollow groan. His look was haggard, his eyes hollow, his hair *blase*, but his dress was careful in spite of the splitting head he had raised from his pillow that morning. He was old enough to be a father, bald on the temples, with streaks of grey in his thin hair and deep lines in his face. But he was a rounder, and he had been making a night of it. And now it was high noon at Delmonico's and he was trying to straighten out his stomach on absinthe frappe.

The other man was an insurance adjuster, a married man, on $5,000 a year, and he thought his old schoolfellow, with an income double that sum, which he didn't have to work for, quite rich enough to marry and settle down. The other man didn't agree with him. He was old enough to make his follies disreputable, and he was tired of the life. But he was a companionable creature, he said, and failing to secure the comforts of a home looked for society in the shady nooks of the town.

"But at least," said he at last, "the bills are paid. I have a bigger head than if I'd been giving a cotillon in my own house, but I don't have to think this morning of a florist's bill for $5,000, a wine merchant's for $800, a musician's for $200 more, and a milliner's for anything you please. My dear old boy, I'd like to marry, but I can't. I envy you your home and all that, but you happened to find a girl who would do without the accessories to matrimony that all the marriageable women I know require. I would do my part, give up all my clubs but one and the suppers and the theater—boxes and—the chorus, of course, you know—but, hang it all, my economies would only be a drop in the bucket. Let your mind rest on the sort of thing that would be expected of me.

"I have $10,000 a year. As a bachelor it's all any man in his senses needs. Suppose I married. First of all, there's the wedding. I say nothing of new clothes—I've got enough for half a dozen weddings. But there's the presents to the bridesmaids and ushers, the thousand-dollar bachelor supper to the boys, the diamond necklace to the bride herself, the wedding tour, or, worse still, the secluded honeymoon, all costing money. With close economy and an imputation of stinginess from my wife's relatives I might contrive to get married decently for a year's income.

"Well, we come back to town and set up our establishment. We give our house-warming dinners and receive the visits of our—I mean of my wife's friends. We must have at least three women and a man as house servants, and a coachman. Let us suppose my worthy father-in-law gave us our house, furnished well enough before for my mother-in-law's critical eye. We won't be expected to hang our house with pink crepe and evergreens, a la Hicks-Lord, to spend $8,000 on flowers for one reception, like the Morrises, or to ask 100 people to dinner and give them Roman punch frozen in yellow tulips or terrapin to eat out of silver canoes with gold spoons like Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. But may be we've been asked to some of these delectable affairs, and we must keep our end up, you understand, as married people of position. Now, of course, nobody would expect my income to suffice. I must marry a rich girl if I marry at all," and the unfortunate social pauper ordered another absinthe.—*New York Graphic.*

A Hoodoo Ring.

Professional singers are, as a rule, almost as superstitious as gamblers, and gamblers have more hoodoos and mascots than the old Grecian sailors had. Among the things which are generally accepted among grand opera people as hoodoos, sure to bring bad luck, is the snake ring, which a few years ago was worn upon the fingers of so many fashionable persons.

One of the attaches of the French Opera Company, now performing at the Columbia Theater, though not a singer himself, partakes of the superstitions of those with whom he comes in daily contact. Some years ago, before he became convinced that a snake ring is a hoodoo, he purchased a handsome one in Paris for $35. That night his hotel caught fire and he jumped from a third-story window, injuring himself so severely that he was confined to his room for several days.

This pretty nearly convinced him that the snake ring was an unlucky ornament—so nearly, in fact, that he ceased to wear it, but carried it as a pocket piece.

Last Saturday he was walking on Dearborn street in this city, looking up at the buildings and musing along with his hands in his pockets. Without any thought of what he was doing he ran his finger through the snake ring in his pocket, and lo! somebody had left a pile of coal beside an open coal hole. Before he knew it, our French friend stuck his foot into the coal and dived headlong over the pile down through the hole into the basement, bruising and barking himself in a most lamentable way. Of course, when he found himself falling he threw up his hands, and there was the snake ring gleaming and glittering, almost hissing and gibbering on his finger.

Frank Perley, the associate manger of the Columbia, who is not yet convinced of the hoodooing properties of the ring, is negotiating for the purchase of it. He says that the Frenchman has offered it to him for $10, and he is sure that by the time some other accident happens to its owner he will sell it for $2, and then Frank will buy it.—*Chicago Times.*

No Accounting for Tastes.

The telegraph conveys the distressing information that a mad dog has bitten a politician in Texas. We do not recall any other case equally sad—for the dog. Why a mad dog would take such desperate chances can only be accounted for on the theory that a mad dog is an ass, figuratively speading. This is the best evidence we have seen that when a dog is mad he is as likely to hurt himself as any one else. We have no doubt that the next pale that sweeps from the South will bring to our cars the news that this particular dog has died, and died a most horrible death, at last.—*Oil City Derrick.*

SILVER DOLLARS.

Some Valuable Information About Them.

A corespondent asks us to give in the Companion the facts relating to the silver dollar. We comply so far as to exhibit the history of the coinage, without expressing any opinion upon matters which are the subject of political controversy.

The silver dollar was made the unit of money by the act establishing a mint, which was passed in 1792. From that time until 1805 there was coined not quite $1,500,000—an average of little more than $100,000 a year—after which no more was coined until 1835.

From 1835 until 1860 the coinage was $2,700,000, the average being about the same as that 1805. From 1860 to 1873 the coinage was $2,900,000, and the average was about twice that of either of the former periods mentioned.

The exact number of silver dollars coined before 1873 was $7,025,238, an average of $87,500 a year for eighty-one years. In 1873 the silver dollar was dropped from the coinage. The value of the silver it contained was then about $1.03, and the only money in circulation was paper.

An agitation soon began for the restoration of the dollar to the coinage. It was successful in 1878. On February 18 of that year, congress passed over the veto of President Hayes an act providing that not less than $2,000,000 each month should be expended in the purchase of silver bullion, and that this bullion should be coined into dollars of full legal tender value.

This act has now been in force ten years, and there have been coined in accordance with its provisions very nearly 300,000,000 silver dollars. The average has been something more than 28,000,000 a year.

A very large part of these dollars remain in the treasury, but are represented by paper "certificates," which are in circulation. It will interest some of the boys who are mathematically inclined to know that 1,000,000 silver dollars weigh about 59,000 pounds avoirdupois, and the weight of $300,000,000 exceeds 8,800 tons.—Youth's Companion.

The Experience of Mrs. Peters.

Mrs. Peters had ills,
Mrs. Peters had chills,
Mrs. Peters was sure she was going to die;
They dosed her with pills,
With powders and squills,
With remedies wet, and with remedies dry.
Many medicines lured her,
But none of them cured her,
Their names and their number nobody could tell;
And she soon might have died,
But some "Pellets" she tried,
That acted like magic, and then she got well.

The magic "Pellets" were Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets (the original Little Liver Pills). They cured Mrs. Peters, and now she would't be without them.

God may have use for cowards, but has never yet so advertised.

Don't Hawk, Spit, Cough,

Suffer dizziness, indigestion, inflammation of the eyes, headache, lassitude, inability to perform mental work and indisposition for bodily labor, and annoy and disgust your friends and acquaintances with your nasal twang and offensive breath and constant efforts to clean your nose and throat, when Dr. Sage's "Catarrh Remedy" will promptly relieve you of discomfort and suffering, and your friends of the disgusting and needless inflictions of your loathsome disease?

Does the printer's devil darn his socks with a devil's darning needle?

A Square Statement by a Carpenter.

"For years I have had a chest trouble amounting to nothing short of consumption. I saw how others in like condition had been cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and resolved to test its merits in my own case. The results are so plane as hardly to require a bitstock or any auger-ment in favor of this grate remedy. It does awl it claims! It builds up the system, supports and strengthens where others fail." He adx: "My recovery, which is now on a sure foundation, hinges entirely on the compas of this wonderful Restorative, having tried other remedies without a bit of relief."

Yes, John L. Sullivan is back. He brought his mouth with him.

A Bitter Fight Before the U. S. Courts.

The great bottling interests of New England have united to crush the Moxie from the threatened monopoly of the beverage market. Crowds of people are rushing to the rescue, many of them fully recovered by the Moxie after having been helpless paralytics for years. Moxie, so far, is triumphant. The Company put a 75c bottle of syrup on the market, that with ice water makes seventy-five half tumblers of rich nerve food beverage, giving double powers of endurance to the nerve weary, nervous, weakly, tired and overworked, for a paltry three cents per day. Eminent chemists tell the Court it is harmless and rich.

Hazardous marksmanship—Shooting Niagara Falls.

Three Excursions East

Via the Wabash Western Ry. as follows: To the National Democratic Convention and Derby Races at St. Louis. Tickets will be sold June 2, 3, 4 and 5 at half fare.

Session Supreme Lodge Knights of Pythias at Cincinnati, O. Tickets will be sold June 8, 9, 10 and 11 at half fare.

North American Sænger-Bund Festival at St. Louis. Tickets will be sold June 11, 12, 13 and 14 at half fare.

Full particulars by calling at the Wabash ticket office or addressing

G. N. CLAYTON,
Pass. and Tk't. Agent, 1502 Farnam St., Omaha.

As love casteth out fear so does fear cast out love.

TETTER. A member of the Pioneer Press staff, troubled for eleven years with obstinate Tetter on his hands, has completely cured it in less than a month, by the use of Cole's **Carbolisalve**.—*Pioneer Press, St. Paul.*

Let us honor and respect the bee. Once full he makes straight for home.

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.

Were words ideas, what an ideal world this would be.

In another column of this issue will be found an entirely new and novel specimen of attractive advertising. It is one of the neatest ever placed in our paper, and we think our readers will be well repaid for examining the SUPPOSED display letters in the advertisement of Prickly Ash Bitters.

A pocket-book is paradoxical. The smaller the size the greater the sighs.

Sure Cure for Piles.

Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment has cured Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles when all others have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. Sold by Goodman Drug Co., Omaha, Neb.

It's the sense of the meating that Spring lamb should make a legal tender.

FREE By return mail. Full Description Moody's New Taller System of Brass Casting. MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

BICYCLES Largest American Manufacturers' Catalogue on application. GORMULLY & JEFFERY Mfg. Co., 239 North Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

SEND TO L. LAMOS & CO., Chicago, for their Watch, Jewelry or Notion list; it is the cheapest and best place to buy goods

$65 A MONTH & ROARD for 3 Bright Young Men or Ladies in each county. F. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG When in Chicago do not fail to see this Great Panorama.

GOLD Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

$5 to $8 per day. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

GOLD is worth $600 per lb. Petit's Eye salve is worth $1,000 but is sold at 25ca box by dealers

W. N. U., Omaha. 416—21.

"A $2 Washing Machine Free!"

To introduce them we will give away 1,000 self-operating washing machines. No washboard or rubbing required. If you want one send your name at once to The Domestic Co., 418 and 420 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

An unscrupulous poultry fancier is a bad man to get a foul of.

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

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 cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

{SEAL.} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

P. S.—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 all Druggists, 75 cents.

Do the brewers take their malt-ese when they rest?

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.

The widow of the late Chief Justice Waite will live in Cincinnati with her son.

ST JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN.

CURES

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost-bites.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere. Fifty Cents. The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Balto., Md.

B. B. B.

(Botanic Blood Balm.)