DESTINY.

Like a shadow that flies from the sun god, we slip
out of life and are gone.
The place where we were is vacant, for who will
remember till noon,
The drop of dew like a diamond which pleased at
the glimmer of dawn?
And when the singer has left us, who cares to
remember the tune?

In the leaves drift deep in the forest what bird
is seeking the one
Beneath whose shelter she builded her tedious
love cradling nest?
It has lived, it was used, has perished: now lieth
—its use being done—
Forgotten of sunshine and songster in the dust
whence it came. It is best.

But we—we shrink from the leaf's fate, and we
murmur, "Soon they forget;
These friends whom we loved, who loved us and
shared in our pleasures and mirth.
Our names are lost in the silence death bringeth,
and no regret
Endureth for us, low lying in green gemmed
bosom of earth."

Oh, mortal, accept the omen and we live, we are
used, and we fall
As the leaf before us has fallen; we pass from
our place and are not.
The living have grief sufficient; content thee to
fold in thy pall
Remembrance and sorrowful grieving, and be
of the living forgot.
—Clare Beatrice St. George in Chicago Inter Ocean.

SPRINGSTEEL.

"Liar! Coward!"

The unpardonable epithets had been applied—unpardonable in any society, and only to be atoned with blood in the wild code of the frontier.

Instantly the hand of each disputant flew to his revolver, and the crowd before the gambling house bar swayed back on either side for what was deemed the inevitable killing that must ensue.

The quarrel was between Luke Baldwin and Grant Battersby, surnamed Springsteel Grant, until recently "pards" and chums, now, through a moment's difference and those humiliating epithets on the part of the former, apparently transformed into enemies to the death.

Baldwin was a fair faced youth of 22 or 23, frank, generous and impulsive by nature, though at present maddened by liquor and a fancied indignity; his opponent and whilom mentor, a veteran frontiersman, prized as a friend, dreaded as a foe—cool card, iron will, dead shot.

Luke was the cleverer in first whipping out his revolver and bringing it to a murderous level—or was it that the other had purposely delayed the customarily lightning like and deadly movement on his own part?

Luke gave an exulting laugh.

"Springsteel, your game's up!" he sneered. "Lie down and take a bleed!"

"Snap! the treacherous cartridge had failed, the weapon missed fire.

Then, like a flash, the veteran shooter flew to the level, the iron lines of his handsome face tightened and darkened, his gray eyes took on the cold glitter of a steel blade in action.

There was not a movement in the crowd of onlookers. "Springsteel has got him dead, and it's his own fault," was the general, if not expressed, verdict, and you could have heard a pin drop.

The prospective victim was game.

Though deathly pale, he had folded his arms and stood waiting, without hope, but without flinching.

Springsteel's invariable shot was for the heart, and he had never been known to miss or let up.

Was an unheard of miracle working, or was that, indeed, a softness creeping into the iron face, a moistness into the theretofore inexorable eyes?

At all events, the shot was not fired; the weapon was lowered and returned to its receptacle.

"Luke Baldwin," said Battersby, with significant quietness, "for the present I give you back the life you have forfeited, reserving my right to claim on demand the shot that is my due. I could have bored a bullet through you without compunction, but for the photography you wear over your heart. That I could not mutilate—it is sacred."

He turned on his heel and strode away.

Luke Baldwin had sunk into a seat and was looking dazed.

He was regarded as a temporarily fortunate, though none the less doomed, man; for there was no denying the right that Battersby had reserved for himself—a sort of quit claim or death note on demand that was everywhere recognized as the unwritten code of the border, though the circumstances of the indebtedness were at best unusual, and in such a case as this unprecedented.

In fact, Springsteel's unlooked for leniency, apart from the mysterious allusion to the photograph, was the wondering talk of an hour in Hank Hammond's Deadwood hotel.

"Doubtless an old time love scrape between 'em. Mebbe they'd both loved the same gal, an' Springsteel hed given up to the other (though not much on Springsteel's style, eh?), an' then she'd died back there in the states, an' that was why they chummed it together so long up yonder in Scorpion Gulch, though Luke, never anything but a 'freshy,' an' Springsteel old enough to be his dad."

Something like the foregoing was the prevailing impression involved out of the guesswork over the affair, and then it was forgotten.

Partly sobered, Luke Baldwin had sought his room in the top story of the hotel not far away.

He dropped into a chair beside the wash stand—the only other piece of furniture, barring the iron bedstead, with its coarse provisions for a "transient's" accommodation—took a drink from a black bottle that had just been sent up from the bar, and, by the light of a guttering tallow candle, the only artificial illumination with which sky parlor guests were supplied at the Alabama, as the hotel had been rather ironically designated—with or without intention—fell to thinking hard.

How madly he had acted, how narrow had been his escape from death, and with what unexpected magnanimity Springsteel had behaved!

Should he not seek him out at once up at Spanish Peter's pavilion, where he was staying, acknowledge the fault, and beseech his forgiveness?"

No; he knew the man too well.

While true in his friendships as the significance of his surname—as the unapproachable spring steel of Damascus blade—he was also, in enmities, as keen, as implacable, as deadly.

While Grant Battersby had never been known to betray a pledge, neither had he ever been known to pass an insult unresented to the death. And "Liar! Coward!" to be applied to such a man—a man with a long list of deadly encounters to his credit, in not one of which he had failed to "do" for his man!

The young man sighed as he dismissed the idea from his mind as wholly impracticable.

Then he drew from his bosom the photograph and gazed upon it remorsefully.

A lovely face—the face of a woman of 30, or thereabouts—beautiful, yet sad; oh, so sad, so sorrowful, perhaps from a slowly consuming heart break, but with such a divine patience and uncomplaining resignation in the softly shaded cheeks and deep spiritual eyes.

"Poor Madge! Poor sister Madge!" he murmured. "Could you have imagined how your picture was destined to interpose between my heart and the avenger's bullet, how would your own tender heart have stood still as you gave it me, with your pious godspeed, two years ago! What could have been the subtle spell that it wrought upon such an adamantine nature as Springsteel Grant's in my behoof?"

He passed his hand over his brow effectively.

"Once, only once," he resumed, "up yonder in the gulch, did he look upon it, by accident. True, he started strangely then; but directly afterward he merely complimented me coldly on your good looks, Madge, when I told him you were my sister, my only sister and my all on earth. That was all. Could he have been concerned in the cruel disappointment, or misunderstanding, which, I have heard, ruined your maiden hopes of bliss when I was but a child, making your latter years so bitter, and yet so sweet, so motherly to me? Hardly. Though Springsteel has but seldom alluded to his antecedents, I do not think he could have been from our neighborhood in the east. What was your picture's softening influence, then, upon such a man, my sister? Alas! nothing more, I fear, than a passing generous freak in a heart unused to pity. Doubtless that was all; and now my life is his upon demand. No matter. You are to be with me to-morrow, Madge. You are thenceforth to make your home with me, and not another soul the wiser. And when we have become snugly settled in the little ranch that I have been secretly paying for and fitting up, perhaps my misused chum may yet further forgive me those crazy words, and forego the life debt that must be his for the asking."

He laid the picture upon the stand and arose.

"I will go to him!" he repeated. "Yes; I will at least humble myself before him, as is only just, even though he spurn me with contempt. And yet—what is the use? What was my provocation? His stern, but well meant, interference to prevent me losing my pile to a notorious gambler and cheat, who was careful enough on his part—the skulking coward!—not to resent the thwarting. And that was my requital of such kindness. Good lord! torrents of foul abuse, and those mad, those idiotic epithets. I am crazy to dream that he will forgive it—that he will not demand his shot on occasion. Oh, Madge, Madge! to what ruin may our hoped for happiness be doomed by my folly and my madness!"

He took another drink from the bottle, and desperately threw himself on the bed, after merely throwing off his coat and boots.

He presently fell asleep, while softly repeating the words: "Madge, Madge! reunited at last."

He was awakened at daylight by a suffocating sensation, and got upon his feet, coughing and spitting.

The room was fast filling with smoke, the reflection of flames rose and fell before the window, the very boards beneath his feet were hot. He tore open the door. The corridor was full of yet denser smoke, seamed with occasional flashes, cries of alarm were ringing through the lower passages, and there was a crash from somewhere below, followed by a fountain of sparks and flames which he correctly attributed to the fall of a burned away staircase, thus cutting off escape in that direction. He closed the door, staggered across the floor to the window, and hurled the sashes outward by a single pressure of his powerful hand.

He was in the fifth story of the burning hotel, fully sixty feet above the stony street, which was filled with an excited multitude.

They were gesticulating and yelling to him, but that was all. Plenty of useless running about, impracticable vociferations in abundance, but not a thing being done or offered for his relief from the appalling situation!

The flames, which were spouting out of the whole rows of lower windows, flicked upon the sea of upturned faces, and yet more hideously upon his own, which he felt to have grown of an ashy hue, while his heart was beating like a steam pump.

To add to his horror, the passengers were alighting from the eastern mail stage, which had just drawn up before the station, at the edge of the little plaza, nearly opposite, and the second one to touch the ground was a woman—his sister Madge herself.

She looked terrified by the confusion.

Sarcasm of destiny! Had she come at last, all the way from Ohio, with nothing but love for him and hopeful expectations in her heart, only to meet his final glance, his fond brotherly gaze, across this lurid depth, this sea of flames?

Yes! for even at that instant she perceived him—recognized him—and their looks met.

His heart ceased its wild throbbings and then stood still with sympathetic anguish as he marked her bloodless face, her frozen attitude, the indescribable horror in her dilated eyes and parted lips.

Then the crowd undulated and yelled as four stalwart men forced, punched and shouldered their way through it, bearing two long house painters' ladders spliced together, under the swift, self possessed man, who was knotting, even as he gave his orders, a wetted handkerchief over the lower part of his face as a protection against the sirocco breath of the fire test upon which he was about to enter.

In another minute the double ladder was raised against the burning building.

It reached to the window sill of Luke's room.

The young man essayed to crawl out, and avail himself of the saving rungs.

Impossible! He had inhaled so much hot smoke as to be well nigh stifled, his arms seemed to be petrified, his legs chained.

He tottered back from the unsuccessful attempt, and managed to make a despairing gesture.

Then there was a woman's shriek of: "Luke, Luke, my brother! if you cannot come down to me, I shall go up to you. We will at least die together!" and Madge's foot was upon the first rung of the ascent.

She was snatched away by the man with the wet handkerchief over his face.

He gave her one look from his indomitable eyes, thrust her in the arms of one of his assistants, and was then seen, in spite of his powerful and heavy frame, shining up the ladder with the agility of a squirrel.

"It's Springsteel," shouted a chorus of voices; "Springsteel risking his life for the only man who ever insulted him and lived! Hurrah for Springsteel Grant!" And the cheers were roared out again and again.

Luke Baldwin had also recognized him from the first. His rescurer had sped up through the flame tongues vomiting from the intervening stories, apparently without a singeing, and was now on the next to the topmost round, just below the window ledge.

"Can you come out to me?" he called hoarsely.

Luke shook his head.

"I know it looks babyish," he gasped, "but I positively can't. Perhaps it's the smoke I have swallowed, perhaps it's the heat, but I feel myself paralyzed."

Without another word, the rescuer bounded into the room.

The photograph caught his eye, and his first movement was to slip it into his pocket.

"Here, you! grip your hands under my chin," he exclaimed, harshly. "There!" and with a stooping wrench he had the young man's inert body glued to his own broad back. "Freeze where you are now, or we are both goners."

A fresh, roaring cheer greeted his reappearance upon the ladder, hands and feet foremost to the rungs, and with Luke Baldwin sagging between his shoulders like a bag of meal.

In three minutes thereafter Luke was in his sister's arms, ladder and facade had fallen in together amid the lurid emptiness of the fire gutted hotel, and Springsteel had mixed with the crowd, after unceremoniously wrenching his hand from the grateful young woman's soft palmed grasp.

At evening of that day Luke sat up, greatly restored, but still weak lunged and suffering, in the hospitable bed of an adjoining hotel, to which sympathizing acquaintances had assisted his sister in covering him.

Madge was sitting at his side.

Many confidences had been exchanged between them before he had been doctored into the insensibility from which he now awoke refreshed, and her beautiful face lighted up at the change.

"Ah, you are much better."

"Yes, Madge, God be praised!"

"I am glad of that."

"Of course you are, you dear, darling old girl! though I had a close call—the closest, save one—that I ever had, or may ever have again."

"I am glad not only for ourselves, Luke, but—for something else."

"What is that?"

"The brave man who rescued you; he is coming here to see you."

"Oh!" And Luke moved a little uneasily.

"Yes; in answer to my earnest inquiries and persistent messages, he at last sent word that he would come. He ought to be here now."

Her brother made no answer.

"What did you say his name was, Luke?"

"Springsteel. We used to be pards up at the Scorpion, but we—we recently had a—a coolness."

"Ah! so much more noble his devotion in your hour of need, then."

"Y-e-s, I should rather say so."

"Springsteel! Yes, that was the name so many shouted out as he was running up the ladder. What an odd name, and a real pretty and manfully significant one, too!"

"Well—er—it's only a nickname, you know."

"But I didn't know. A nickname?"

"Yes; most of old timers have 'em hereabouts. I suppose he got his from—from—well, you see, though Springsteel is strictly square, and has made his little pile honestly and by dogged hard work, he's also been a—a sort of desperate character, you might say."

"Oh, dear!"

"Oh, mind you, Madge, I don't mean anything criminal, anything vicious, you understand, though he may have stocked a private graveyard of his own, but only—only he's been in tough places, and no man ever got the drop on him yet. Oh, you understand?"

"Only too well, I'm afraid." With a little sigh. "How unfortunate! But what is his real name?"

Before Luke could answer there was a knock at the door, and the man they were talking about stood before them.

Madge had shrunk back, with her face the hue of death, and then she took a step forward, her trembling hands extended, amazement in her eyes, a brilliant color surging in her face.

"Grant—Grant Battersby!" she exclaimed.

He bowed with a rather poor attempt at coldness.

"Madge," he began. "I—I recognized you this morning. But before that I had known you were Luke's sister, through a mere accident—this picture." He produced the one snatched from the blazing room, together with another, much worn, as though by long treasuring, representing her also, but at least ten years younger. "May be you would like to compare the two, Madge."

"How young I was then; how I have changed!" she murmured, hardly glancing at the photos.

"You are more beautiful than ever!" he burst out, and then checked himself. "Ah!—by the way, you were Madge Barkmore then."

"No; I went by the name of a capricious old aunt, who was bringing me up, or rather out, while my brother here, a little boy then, had a home with his uncle, our dead father's brother."

"Ah! then you—you never married that spruce lawyer, Miggles, Mrs. Barkmore (somehow I always took her for your mother) was so set on you having?"

"No, and never meant to," indignantly. "In fact it was my continued refusing him that caused my aunt to alter her will, and she died without leaving me a penny. I tried, oh, so hard! to get word to you about it, after you had rushed away in a passion, taking everything against me for granted. But in vain. Until this hour I did not dream where you were. Oh, how I have sorrowed—suffered—hoped!"

"Madge!" Springsteel's voice was broken and even womanish now.

"Grant! my lover."

Then they were in each other's arms.

"Hurrah!" shouted Luke Baldwin, in a sort of ecstasy. "No wonder that that picture was my safeguard, and I'm out of Springsteel's death debt, I'll be sworn."

"You may well say that, my boy," said he, "since you bring me life, love, bliss to cancel it!"

Luke had to look, after all, for another mistress for that secretly contrived little ranch of his; Springsteel and Madge were married before the week's end and off on a wedding tour.—Nathan D. Urner in Atlanta Constitution.

The Hogs of Mexico.

While hogs are not raised to any great extent in Mexico they pay a good profit. Mexican hogs are a cross between the Spanish porker and the wild hog of the mountains, and, like the wood hog of one-half century ago here in the states, they are rarely attacked by disease. The average weight of those killed is 175 pounds. They are fattened and killed chiefly for the lard, worth 20 cents per pound in Monterey, while fresh pork commands 12 1-2 cents per pound. None is cured for bacon. Bacon is principally used by Americans, and is imported from the United States, bringing 40 cents per pound and sugar cured hams 60 to 75 cents per pound. About five hogs a day meets the demand of the city of Monterey, with 50,000 people. While the people are fond of pork they cannot afford to eat it. There is no desire to improve their stock of hogs by importations of better blood.—Chicago News.

Editors Working the Company.

Talk about editors having hard times; about the worst I ever had was when another fellow and myself ran a paper in Tennessee. We were so hard up that we couldn't afford a fire at our office in winter time, and we actually had no warmth in our apartments. But we were not dismayed. Why? Because we both had annual passes on the railroad, and there was nothing to prevent us from boarding the train when it came through in the evening and riding on it till midnight. Then we would get off, wait for the return train and ride back again. We took turns on the watch so that we wouldn't be carried past our place at 4 o'clock in the morning. Yet there are worse places to run a paper than Tennessee.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Paper Bedclothes.

Paper bedclothes are made at a factory in New Jersey. They are doubled sheets of manilla paper, strengthened with twine, and valuable by reason of the peculiar properties of paper as a non-conductor of heat. They have a warmth preserving power far out of proportion to their thickness and weight.—Boston Budget.

A Great Legacy.

To bequeath to your children is a strong, clean, pure constitution—better than wealth because it will never prove a curse. You cannot give what you do not possess, but mothers will find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a wonderful help—correcting all weaknesses, bringing their systems into perfect condition, so that their children, untainted, shall rise up to call them blessed!

There is not a druggist in all the land
But always keeps a stock on hand

Wanamaker, the great Philadelphia clothier, was employed for years in his father's brickyard at scant wages, and his first work away from home brought him only $1 50 a week. He now has 3,000 clerks to do his business.

A LIVING DEATH.

PECULIAR OUTCOME OF THE ENVIRONMENTS OF OUR GREAT CITIES.

Victims of Paralysis Dragging Their Feet Along the Pavement—Patients Who Are as Helpless as New Born Infants—Sad Case of a Journalist.

On these sunny mornings, when the atmosphere is cool and bracing, one sees here and there on the streets a man crawling along aided by a crutch or a cane. He is usually bent forward, his progress is slow, difficult and painful. His feet drag with a shuffle on the surface of the pavement. His hair is gray, although his countenance may not indicate more than middle age. There are evidences of pain in his features. There are wrinkles and contractions that are the cicatrices of wounds incurred in fierce life struggles. The eyes express a commingling of weakness and despair. His shoulders droop, and his entire figure has a bagginess suggestive of a collapse. On his shrunken lips are hints of a pleading helplessness.

When he speaks it is with hesitation and a muffled tone. His utterances come with difficulty; they are low, choked, broken. His speech halts at short intervals as if at a loss for the proper word. Often he cannot find it, and frequently an unwanted and strange term, wholly without meaning, will thrust itself in the hiatus. Possibly one arm dangles at his side, loose and limp as rope. Possibly one leg is dragged along as if it were a foreign body. Perhaps one side or the other of his mouth is drawn up with a line that spreads out fan shaped into a series of scar like shrinkages. His glance, like his gait, is wabbling and uncertain. Over his face is spread an expression that is a combination of imbecility and hope. He is an object with qualities so peculiar, so individualized, that one easily recognizes him as the victim of some one of the numerous forms of paralysis.

These specimens taking the morning air, assisted by cane or crutch and shuffling along the sidewalk, are getting to be a frequent exhibition. Whether or not characteristic of other points, they are getting to be an increasing feature of Chicago.

The men who no longer crawl out to catch the glow and warmth of the summer sun are nerveless as new born children. Their limbs are inert as masses of gelatine. They are powerless to move their muscles, and have to be lifted, turned, taken up and down like babes. They must be fed, and the wants of nature cared for as if they were puling infants in the nurse's arms.

This new disease is a peculiar outcome of the environment of our great cities. The atmosphere of this region is fixed with a malaria which exhausts, prostrates, paralyzes those whose overworked bodies are forced to inhale it. Its victims are not the old who have reached the allotted span of their life, nor those enfeebled by age or heredity, but the men with active brains, intense energy, boundless ambition and restless effort. It is in the nature of a rot which affects not the green, the immature, but the ripened fruit. It attacks the men who labor by day and dream of work by night; it is a sting which pierces not the drones, but the workers in the human hives.

The idler slowly disintegrates and disappears. He passes from a lethargic life into death with as little consciousness and suffering as attend the natural demise of a mollusk. He is an implement that rusts from disuse; the tireless brain worker is a machine, driven at a high rate of speed, with no stoppages for repairs, which carries a tremendous pressure, and some day explodes and is blown into fragments.

Over a quarter of a century ago there came a young man from an eastern state, who in time located in Chicago. He was finely educated, ambitious, industrious, energetic and ready and willing to devote himself to any honorable employment. He soon secured a situation as principal of one of the public schools.

Further on he gave up teaching and connected himself with journalism. He was for several years a valued attache of this journal, during which time he showed himself capable, indefatigable, prompt, and the possessor of a high order of intellect. Of a religious nature, he later accepted an offer to take charge of a prominent denominational weekly issued in this city, and became its chief writer and managerial assistant, and for many years filled his place with credit to himself and the periodical with which he was connected.

Such was Leander Stone, principal of a public school, reporter on The Chicago Times and afterward one of the powers that controlled the great Methodist journal, The Northwestern Christian Advocate. The face and figure of no man in Chicago were better known than those of Leander Stone during all these years.

A few months ago, having just passed into a ripe middle age and in the very height of his popularity and usefulness, he felt one day a numbness in one of his arms. It extended slowly till the whole arm was involved, and then it crept into the other arm, and so on and on, a little at a time, till it had permeated and possessed his entire limbs and torso. His head alone escaped. The last time I saw him, all below his neck was a dead mass so far as motion is concerned.

Like one of Dante's damned, he was imprisoned in ice to his chin. And yet the savage destiny that has thus imprisoned him did not have the mercy to deprive the inclosed mass of sensation. Along its nerves travel incessant poignant pains, which are beyond reach and beyond remedy. Strangely enough, in this grotesque, unparalleled infliction his head and face remain untouched. His brain is as clear as in his palmiest intellectual days, and he reads with his old avidity and thinks and reasons with his old time clearness.—"Poliuto" in Chicago Times.

Why Deljanof Was Deposed.

To what extent panslavism makes bold to beard the autocrat of all the Russias is shown by a book upon "The Diplomates of Russia During the Nineteenth Century," written by the former secretary of legation, Tatishtshef. The author undertakes to prove, though only between the lines, that the imperial house of Holstein-Gottorp, which is the reigning house of Russia, is, to this day, clinging to its obsolete German traditions, and unable to identify itself with the grand historic goal of the Slavo-Russian empire. And the then minister of education, Deljanof, recommended the book to the libraries of upper and middle schools as most commendable reading for the better educated youth of the land. No wonder, indeed, that Deljanof was forced to go.—Chicago News.

The doctors of Paris now prescribe oyster juice as the most fortifying aliment that weak constitutions, disgusted with every other kind of food, can take.

Would You Believe

The proprietor of Kemp's Balsam gives Thousands of Bottles away yearly? This mode of advertising would prove ruinous if the Balsam was not a perfect cure for Coughs and all Throat and Lung troubles. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Don't hesitate! Procure a bottle today to keep in your home or room for immediate or future use. Trial bottle free at T. J. Casper's drug store, 41 east Main street. Large size 50c and $1.00.

Carp are being distributed in New Mexico, Arizona and Colorado.

Tone up the system and improve the appetite by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It will make you feel like a new person. Thousands have found health, and relief from suffering, by the use of this great blood purifier, when all other means failed.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Good Results in Every Case.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs; had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery. Trial bottles free at Charles Ludlow & Co.'s drug store.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well." Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c per box, by Charles Ludlow & Co.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Charles Ludlow & Co.

A half-inebriate man stumbled into a church in a Montana town the other day just as the minister, whose name was Gallegher, was asking in thrilling tones, "Dare I tell this people here assembled what is the dreadful penalty of sin? I hesitate to do so." During the momentary rhetorical pause which followed, the drunken man steadied himself in the pew into which he had dropped, and called out in cheerful good nature, "Let 'er go Gallagher. I'll stand by yer."

Can't Sleep Nights is the complaint of thousands suffering from Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, etc. Did you ever try Acker's English Remedy? It is the best preparation known for all Lung Troubles, sold on a positive guarantee at 10c., 50c. Frank H. Coblentz, corner Market and High streets.

After All—I cannot say yes, Walter. I shall always be a sis— "Sister to me? No you won't." "Yes, Walter; your brother Charles proposed to me last night and I accepted him."

"ROUGH ON PILES."

Why suffer Piles? Immediate relief and complete cure guaranteed. Ask for "Rough on Piles." Sure cure for itching, protruding, bleeding, or any form of Piles. 50c. At Druggists or mailed. E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J.

SKINNY MEN.

Wells' "Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Nervous Debility. For Weak Men, Delicate Women. $1.

WELLS' HAIR BALSAM.

If gray, restores to original color. An elegant dressing, softens and beautifies. No oil nor grease. A tonic Restorative. Stops hair coming out; strengthens, cleanses, heals scalp. 50c.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK

THE
GREAT REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
RHEUMATISM,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache.
NEURALGIA,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Frostbites, Sprains,
SCIATICA,
BRUISES, BURNS, SCALDS.
For Stablemen and Stockmen,
The Greatest Remedy Known for Horse and Cattle Diseases.

Chronic Cases 40 Years' Standing Cured Permanently
Crippled Cases Throw Away Crutches; Cured Permanently.
Chronic Cases At Once Relieved; Cured Promptly.
Chronic Cases Cured Without Relapse; No Return of Pain.
Chronic Cases Cured; No Pain In Many Years.

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

ARE STILL TRIUMPHANT!

For fifteen years they have steadily gained in favor, and with sales constantly increasing have become the most popular corset throughout the United States.

The G quality is warranted to wear twice as long as ordinary corsets. We have lately introduced the G and R-H grades with extra long waist, and we can furnish them when preferred.

Highest awards from all the world's great fairs. The last medal received is for first degree of merit, from the late exposition held at New Orleans.

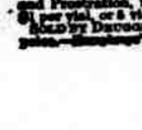
While scores of patents have been found worthless, the principles of the Glove-Fitting have proved invaluable.

Retailers are authorized to refund money, if, upon examination, these corsets do not prove as represented.

For sale everywhere. Catalogue free on application.

THOMSON, LANGDON & CO., N. Y.

HUMPHREYS'
Homeopathic Veterinary Specifics for
HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP, DOGS, HOGS, POULTRY.
Used by U. S. Governm't.
Chart on Rollers, and Book Sent Free.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.



HUMPHREYS'
HOMEOPATHIC
SPECIFIC No. 28
In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for
Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Dr. Alberts next visit to Springfield, Wednesday, January 25, at the Lagonda House.

THE ALBERT MEDICAL INSTITUTE

Superior Street, next to Postoffice, Cleveland O.

Chronic, Nervous, Skin and Blood Diseases
Successfully treated upon
The Latest Scientific Principles.

Dr. Albert

has attained the most wonderful success in the treatment of the cases to which he devotes his special attention, and through years of patient labor and research he has discovered the most infallible method of curing general weakness, involuntary discharges, impotency, nervousness, confusion of ideas, palpitation of the heart, timidity, diseases of the throat, nose and skin, affections of the liver, stomach and bowels—those terrible disorders that make life a miserable existence and rendering marriage impossible.

Marriage.

Married persons or young men contemplating marriage, aware of Physical Weakness or any other disqualifications speedily relieved. He who places himself under the care of DR. ALBERT may confide in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

EPILEPSY OR FITS Positively Cured by a New and Never-failing Method, and a Guarantee given in every case.

A PERFECT RESTORATION GUARANTEED

Organal Weakness

Immediately cured and full vigor restored: This distressing affliction which renders life a burden and marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victim of imprudence. Consult DR. ALBERT at once and you will find the sympathy and relief that you positively require.

Nervous Debility.

Sufferers from this distressing disorder, the symptoms of which are a dull and unsettled mind, which unfits them for the performance of their business and social duties, makes happy marriages impossible, distresses the action of the heart, causes flashes of heat, evil forebodings, cowardice, dreams, short breathings, tiring easily of company, with a preference to be alone, feeling as tired in the morning as on retiring, white deposit in urine, nervousness, trembling, watery and weak eyes, dyspepsia, constipation, pain and weakness in limbs, etc., should consult DR. ALBERT immediately and be restored to health.

A CURE WARRANTED.

Persons Ruined in Health by Unlearned Pretenders who keep Trifling with them Month after Month, giving Poisonous and Injurious Compounds, should Apply Immediately.

REMARKABLE CURES Perfected in old cases which have been neglected or unskillfully treated. No experiments or failures. Parties treated by mail or express, but where possible personal consultation is preferred.

CURABLE CASES GUARANTEED. DR. ALBERT, CLEVELAND, O.

Address with Postage.

☞ Cases and correspondence Sacredly Confidential. Treatment sent C. O. D. to any part of the United States.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE!

A.T.8. AGARIC

Unlike many of the so-called "Cures" will do just what is claimed for it. It is guaranteed to quickly and PERMANENTLY CURE

DYSPEPSIA

ARE YOU A SUFFERER?
DO YOU WANT RELIEF?
IT WILL CURE EVEN YOU!
WILL YOU TRY A BOTTLE?
$1.00 FOR A QUART BOTTLE.
A Small Investment and a Quick Return.
For Sale by Druggists, Wine Merchants and General Dealers everywhere.
SACHS-PRUDEN & CO. DAYTON, OHIO.
SACHS-PRUDEN'S GINGER ALE IS SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY

Says, "Intimit acquaintance with a tru friend always increeses our respeckt fur that friend."

This is the reason why Synvita Blocks continue to make friends as their virtues become better known. Clergymen, public speakers and people in all the avenues of life are a unit in their praise of that wonderful new remedy, Synvita Cough Blocks. They are warranted to cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Tickling in the Throat, Sore Throat and Croup; 25 doses, 25c. Hundreds bear testimony to the remarkably cures of Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Flux, Cholera Infantum, or Summer Complaint and Cholera Morbus, effected by Synvita Blackberry Blocks, 25 doses, 25c. We have stacks of testimonials from mothers, who, after dosing their children with strong medicines for other supposed diseases, have completely cured them by using Synvita Worm Blocks; 25 doses, 25c. After you have tried all the high-priced bottle remedies and have found no relief, buy a package of Synvita Kidney, Blood and Liver Blocks and be cured; 50 doses, 50c. If you want the finest tonic Bitters in the market, buy a package of Synvita Bitter Blocks for 25c, and make ½ to 1 gallon pure tonic bitters.

All these remedies only 1c a dose. No box, no teaspoon, no sticky bottle. Put up in patent packages. Warranted to cure or money refunded. Sold by druggists everywhere. Get a checker board of your dealer free. Send your address on a postal card for a copy of "The Synvita Block," which contains a history of diseases and cures, or send 1c stamp for sample of Cough Block and a copy of The Synvita Block. Address, The Synvita Co., Lock Box 299, Delphos, Ohio.

I WANT AGENTS TO SELL —THE— MISSOURI STEAM WASHER.

To men and women of energy and ability, seeking profitable employment, liberal terms will be given. The Washer works on a new principle which saves labor and clothing enormously. Sample sent on two weeks' trial, on liberal terms, to be returned at my expense if not satisfactory.

$600 to $2.000 A year is being made by competent, shifty, industrious agents.

Intrinsic merit making it a phenomenal success everywhere. Illustrated circulars and terms free. J. WORTH, Sole M'f'r, 1710 Franklin Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

(Washer delivered at $10 to persons for their own use where I have no agent. Ask for particulars about Free Trial.)

HOP OINTMENT

Cures and Removes Tan, Sunburn, Bee Stings, Mosquito and All Insect Bites, Pimples, Blotches, Humors, Birth-marks, and every form of skin blemishes, positively cured on the most delicate skin without leaving a scar, by Hop Ointment. Price 25cts., 50cts. and $1. At druggists or by mail. The Hop Pill Mf'g Co., New London, Conn. Little Hop Pills for sick-headache, dyspepsia, biliousness and constipation have no equal. 25c.

For sale by all Springfield Druggists.

RAILROAD TIME CARD.

Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railway Company—Pan Handle Route.

Under schedule in effect November 13, 1887, trains leave Springfield, central standard time, for Xenia, Dayton, Richmond, St. Louis, Chicago, and all points west and northwest, Cincinnati, Columbus and eastward *6:30 a. m., for Xenia, Dayton, Richmond and Indianapolis †10:30 a. m., for Xenia, Dayton, Cincinnati, Columbus, Indianapolis, St. Louis and Chicago *3:30 p. m., for Xenia, Dayton and Cincinnati †5:00 p. m.

Trains arrive in Springfield at †7:25 and *10:20 a. m., †2:40 p. m. and †5:30 p. m.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

SAM DODDS, Ticket Agent.

Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railway.

GOING EAST.
8 Night Express ... *1.30 am
12 New York & Boston Express ... *9.50 am
2 Cleveland & Eastern Express ... 3.45 pm
4 New York Limited Express ... *9.45 pm

GOING SOUTH.
9 Night Express ... *2.30 am
47 Spg., Cin. & Wes. Ex. ... 6.00 am
1 Cin. Flying Buckeye ... *7.35 am
49 Cincinnati & Indianapolis Express ... 11.08 am
7 Cleveland & Cincinnati Express ... 1.30 pm
35 South & West Express ... 4.00 pm
5 Cinti., Ind., St. Louis & Kan. Ex ... *4.32 pm

ARRIVE FROM EAST.
9 Night Express ... *2.20 am
1 Cin. Flying Buckeye ... *7.35 am
3 Clevelan & Cincinnati Express ... 1.30 pm
New York Boston & Cincinnati Ex. *4.35 pm

ARRIVE FROM SOUTH.
8 Night Express ... *1.25 am
28 Dayton, Springfield Accom. fr't ... 8.55 am
12 New York & Boston Limited ... *9.50 am
34 Cincinnati & Springfield Accom ... 1.40 pm
2 Cleveland & Eastern Express ... 3.45 pm
36 Cincinnati & Springfield Accom ... 6.05 pm
44 New York Limited Express ... *10 05 pm

No. 12 has through sleepers to New York and Boston without change.

No. 4 is the famous limited express, composed entirely of sleepers, east of Cleveland. Through sleepers from Springfield. Makes New York in 20½ hours and Boston in 24½ hours.

G. H. KNIGHT,
E. R. Ticket Agent,
D. B. MARTIN, Arcade Depot,
G. P. A. Springfield, O

N. Y., Penn. & Ohio and Erie Route.

All trains run on Central time—25 minutes slower than city time.

TRAINS LEAVE GOING EAST.
No. 4. New York Limited, daily ... 10:28 a. m.
" 2. Accom., daily ... 3:48 p. m.
No. 8. New York Fast Express ... 9:20 p. m.

TRAINS LEAVE GOING WEST.
No. 3. Cin. & St. Louis Ex., daily ... 2:50 a. m.
" 1. Accom., daily ... 10:10 a.m.
" 5. St. Louis Ex., daily ... 3:48 p. m.

No. 8 has through sleepers to St. Louis. No. 4 runs through to New York solid. No change of cars for any class of passengers.

Free hack to trains to all points east of, and including north Lewisburg.

For tickets to all points and further information, call on J. D. PHELGER, Agent, 72 Arcade.

Telephone call 310.

Indiana, Bloomington and Western Railway.

ARRIVE FROM NORTH.
1 Cincinnati Express ... *1 00 a m
5 Sandusky and Springfield Ex ... 9 25 a m
3 Columbus Mail ... 4 20 p m

ARRIVE FROM EAST.
1 Night Express ... *1 45 a m
5 Chicago, St. L. & Kan. City lim ... 6 40 a m
7 Sandusky Mail ... 10 35 a m
3 Chicago, St. L. & Kan. City Ex ... *5 06 p m

ARRIVE FROM WEST.
2 Eastern Express ... *2 20 a m
4 Atlantic Mail ... *9 45 a m
6 New York Limited ... 4 25 p m

DEPART GOING NORTH.
2 Lakeside Express ... *2 45 a m
4 Put-in-Bay Express ... 10 55 a m
6 Springfield and Sandusky Ex ... 6 05 p m

DEPART GOING EAST.
2 Columbus Express ... *2 35 a m
4 Atlantic Mail ... *9 55 a m
8 Columbus Accommodation ... 6 40 a m
6 New York Limited ... 4 35 p m

DEPART GOING WEST.
1 Night Express ... *2 05 a m
5 Chicago, St. L. & Kan. City lim ... 6 4 a m
3 Chicago, St. L. & Kan. City Ex ... *5 15 p m

Ohio Southern Railroad.

ARRIVE FROM SOUTH.
3 Bainbridge Accommodation ... 9 40 a m
1 Mail and Express ... 4 15 p m

DEPART GOING SOUTH.
2 Mail and Express ... 10 35 a m
4 Bainbridge Accommodation ... 5 20 p m

All trains marked * run daily; all others daily except Sunday. Standard time, which is 28 minutes slower than Springfield city time.

WM. HEFFERMAN,
D. H. ROCHE, Ticket Agent.
General Agent.

MICROBE KILLER!

Is now the rage in Austin, Tex. Mr. Radam, Nurseryman, Austin, Texas, is the inventor. He Cures Every Disease that doctors have failed to cure. Over 500 persons in and around Austin are now using it. Send for circular of his treatment showing sworn statements and testimonials of cures made. Address

WM. RADAM'S, MICROBE KILLER, AUSTIN, TEXAS.

WANTED—LADIES for our Fall and Christmas trade, to take light, pleasant work at their own homes. $1 to $3 per day can be quietly made. Work sent by mail any distance. Particulars free. No canvassing. Address at once, CRESCENT ART CO., 147 Milk Street, Boston, Mass. Box 5170.

AGENTS WANTED

To sell our reliable NURSERY STOCK. Prices low. Unequaled advantages. Permanent employment. SALARY AND EXPENSES or LIBERAL COMMISSIONS PAID. Experience not necessary. Write for terms at once.

HOOKER NURSERIES.
Rochester, N. Y. Established 1836.

FOUNTAIN
—BRANDS—
FINE CUT AND PLUG.
Incomparably the Best.