

GENIUS.

Far out at sea—the sun was high. While veered the wind and flapped the sail; We saw a snow white cutter...

MARY MARLEY.

It became absolutely necessary for the defense to find Mary Marley. She seemed to be the most important witness.

It was clear that Mary Marley must be found, but nobody knew what had become of her. All of the other girls who had worked in the factory with Mary...

Two weeks before the time set for the trial Mary Marley's case was turned over to a detective agency. Three men were set to work to find her, with instructions to spare no expense and to locate her within a week.

Four days passed and the detectives reported no progress. On the fifth day Frank Morgan went to Englewood to hunt for the half brother, the carpenter.

He wandered around the village, looking for houses in course of construction. He interviewed every boss carpenter and contractor, but none knew a carpenter named Marley.

As he was about to leave, Frank said: "Now, you're sure you never heard of Marley?" "Let me think," said the contractor.

"I remember him now; got into some trouble here three or four years ago with his wife. She was divorced from him, and he kidnapped their child here one day. I remember him now—there was a good deal of talk about it."

"What's become of him?" "Oh! bless you, I haven't the least idea. Never thought of him from that day to this."

"You say it created a good deal of talk?" "Lord, yes; everybody in the neighborhood knew of it."

"Well, now, who's the gossip in this community? Let's see some old woman 'round here who knows everybody's business? There generally is in every neighborhood."

"The contractor smiled. 'Now, I can tell you of an old woman whose tongue is loose at both ends; but, of course, I wouldn't want you to give me away. But if there's anything she don't know about what's happened around here for the last twenty years it isn't worth nothing.'

after they was divorced, you know, I don't know what the trouble was between them; but they say she was just as bad as he was, and the Lord knows that was bad enough. I saw her once, an' I declare to goodness—

"Yes, that's all right," broke in Frank; "but I don't care anything about that. Where is he now?"

"Bless you, I don't know. I heard it said he married agin—married some woman from Blue Island—a widder. I believe. An' she's a vixen, they tell me. If he couldn't get along with his first woman, I don't know what he'll do with this one, if all reports are true about her."

"Do you know where she lives?" "Oh, I tell you I don't know the first thing in the world about either of 'em. She's a midwife, an' 'ome to think about it she 'tended a woman that had a baby over here on S—street somewhere, a couple of weeks ago."

"Where does the woman live who had the baby?" "I don't know. I didn't care enough about it to ask. A little bit of a child it was, they tell me, an' ain't expected to live."

"Well, who told you the woman had a baby?" "Sure enough. That's so. It was the Turner girls told me. I don't know how they know. Mebbe they're some relation to her or something. They don't live here, you know. They're just here to school. They live over here on N—street with Mrs. Gage, I know where the house is, but I don't know the number. They're real nice girls and—"

"Yes, yes, I know," said Frank. "I'm ever so much obliged to you. I'll go see if I can find the young ladies." He started for N—street. Here was a hot trail. If he could find the Turner girls and then the woman who had been attended by the midwife, then the midwife herself, the wife of the carpenter, he was in a fair way to learn something of Mary Marley.

He found Mrs. Gage's house without trouble, and inquired at the door: "Do the Misses Turner live here?" "Yes, sir; they are just sitting down to dinner."

Through an open door Frank saw two young ladies at the dinner table. He was so full of his business that he forgot the small formalities of the occasion, and walking into the dining room he said: "Good evening, ladies. Do either of you know a lady who had a baby a few days ago?"

The young ladies blushed, looked very much astonished and half rose from their seats. Frank hastened to apologize. And by a rather lengthy explanation he caused the young ladies to grant him pardon for his brusqueness, and to fully appreciate the importance of the business at hand.

The young ladies did not know where the sick lady lived. It was over on B—street somewhere, but just where they did not know. They had never been in the house. Nor did they know the lady's name. It was a queer name—began with an I—Illington, or Illingsworth, or something like that. They had learned by chance of the birth of the baby, and really didn't know anything about the matter at all.

Frank's hopes sunk, but with this thread of a clew he went over to B—street and began to ring door bells and inquire: "Do you know a man who lives on this street by the name of Illington, or Illingsworth, or some such name?"

And the answer would come: "No, there's no such man lives around here," and the door would close.

Frank was about to give it up. He was cold and hungry, and the hour was getting late.

"Yes, Julia; the man who lives in the cottage just beyond the big brick has a name like that. It begins with I, anyway," said a female voice within the house.

Frank's hopes went up, and he hurried to the cottage. His knock brought to the door a big, broad shouldered man, in his shirt sleeves.

"Good evening," said Frank. "Does your name begin with I?" "Well, you bet it does. My name is Ingeltritz. Come in."

Frank seized the broad shouldered man by the arm and in melodramatic tones inquired: "Did your wife have a baby lately?" "Well—yes—she did," said Mr. Ingeltritz, scratching his head in perplexity and astonishment, "but I swear I don't know what business that is of yours."

Frank hurried to explain that he was looking for the midwife, and asked: "Do you know where she lives?" "Yes, I know where she lives. But she hadn't better come to my house agin. If I had her here now I think I would throw her clear across the street. She abused my wife and nearly killed my baby, and charged me twice as much as she ought to. She's a terror, I tell you!"

By this time he had found the card for which he had been hunting through his pockets. He handed it to Frank. The carpenter's wife lived at No. — Thirteenth street, Chicago.

Frank's feelings were away up in G again. He gave the new baby a half dollar to cut its teeth on, shook Mr. Ingeltritz warmly by the hand and hurried to the station to catch a train.

The carpenter insisted that he didn't know his sister's whereabouts. Frank finally drew out of him that she had an old aunt named Murphy, who lived at Humboldt Park. He seemed to regret having given up this information, for later he declared that the old lady had moved to Milwaukee.

Frank, believing that the old aunt was in Humboldt Park, and depending on this last clew for the finding of Mary Marley, Early next morning he took a cab and drove to Humboldt Park. After much inquiry at the drug stores and groceries he located Mrs. Murphy, and against hope found the old lady in her cottage. "Mrs. Murphy, you have a niece named Mary Marley. Do you know where she is?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes; I see her every once in awhile. She's working for Lawyer K— at No. — Calumet avenue," she replied.

Frank did not throw his arms about the old lady's neck and kiss her, although he felt like doing so. He divided into two his pocket, brought up two silver dollars, and taking the chances of insulting the old aunt put them in her hand, thanked her and jumped into his cab.

He drove at once to the lawyer's residence on Calumet avenue and rang the door bell. A sturdy, fair haired servant girl appeared at the door. He seized her by the wrist and said: "Your name is Mary Marley?" "Yes, sir," said she, a little frightened, "I know it is."

"I'd rather see you than any woman on earth," he exclaimed. "I want you. Put on your bonnet and come with me."

"But I haven't done nothing," she cried, wrenching her wrist from his hand, "and won't go with you."

"I know you haven't. Of course you haven't. Where's your mistress?" Mrs. K— appeared, and after long explanation Frank convinced her that he was all right, and that no harm would come to Mary. Mrs. K— gave her consent, and told Mary she could go if she wished. Then followed another long explanation and much argument and persuasion on Frank's part to induce Mary to go to the lawyer's office with him. Finally she consented, put on her best gown and bonnet, and together they drove to Lawyer Bocker's office.

Frank stepped over into the lawyer's reception room. The door of the private office was closed. He entered, and found Mr. Bocker and Mr. Wall, the defendant in the coming trial, in consultation with the three detectives who had for a week been looking for Mary Marley.

"Well, Morgan," said Lawyer Bocker, "we'll have to give up the Marley girl. We haven't time to reach her. She's married and gone to Florida."

"That's too bad," said Frank. "How did you learn that?" "These gentlemen have just turned in their report," said the lawyer, waving his hand toward the detectives.

"So you couldn't find her?" said Frank, addressing the detectives.

"No," said one. "We run down her half brother, and found from him that the girl was married about a year ago and went to Florida. Just where she is nobody knows."

"Well, now, gentleman," said Frank, "if you would really like to meet the young lady I'll introduce you to her."

He received no answer but a stare from them.

He stepped into the reception room, seized Mary by the hand, led her into the private office, and, bowing with mock dignity to the three detectives, said: "Gentlemen, I have the pleasure of presenting Miss Mary Marley, who recently married and went to Florida."—Paul Hull in Chicago News.

"WORKING ON SPACE." Results of Paying for Newspaper Work "by the Yard"—The Bohemian's Hope. One of the most demoralizing features of newspaper work is the space system as it is practiced in many newspaper offices.

It is neither fair to the writer nor the public. Under the space system the man who knows enough to stop when he gets through has no show. The successful writer is the man who keeps a "big story" going through wearying eternity of verbiage, and who has the skill to write so that it is difficult to cut his matter down.

Thus the public, which pays for the papers, frequently gets a minutely circumstantial and heavily padded account of some matter which might well be condensed into a few lines. Quality does not seem to enter into the question, and brains are sold, like calico, by the yard, and they do not bring much better prices in some markets than in others.

The supply of wordy writers has become so much in excess of the demand that space rates have steadily gone lower and lower.

It is the conscientious man, too, who writes most of the "big stories" for all it is worth—and no more—is handicapped by the facile "fakir," who has the knack of writing columns and saying nothing. Against the business of "big stories" there is in the fact that many of the space rule is in the fact that many of the offices of the writer has no guarantee as to the size of type his matter may be set in. It may be leaded and run down to solid, or a story may be finished in a regular column, and the writer may be made up demand it. The Harper's system of \$10 a thousand words is fairer, and, in a weekly publication, is the only method of fair compensation which can be made.

STORAGE WAREHOUSE.

A MANAGER CHATS A LITTLE ABOUT THE BUSINESS.

A Hundred and Fifty Millions' Worth of Property Stored in New York City Warehouses—Summer Customers—Removing Furniture—Systematic Work.

The storage warehouse for the safe keeping of household furniture and articles of value of every description has become one of the permanent institutions of this city. It is said that the amount of property now in the custody of these storage warehouses will foot up into the neighborhood of \$150,000,000. These warehouses are almost numberless, and are situated in nearly every section of the Manhattan Island, especially where the population is of such a class that makes their presence practically a necessity, and they are of nearly every kind and quality to suit the surrounding classes. Some of them are absolutely fireproof, others claim to be fireproof, but have collapsed in a greater or less degree when put to the crucial test, while the third class makes no pretension in that direction, trusting to chance for the safety of the amount of property in their custody, and the amount of careful watching to prevent their destruction by the flames.

It is at this season of the year that the capacity of the storage warehouse is tested to the limit, and it is during the months of summer that so many city houses are closed while the occupants are away, and in a vast number of instances the owners prefer that their furniture and all other belongings should be cared for in the safest possible place. So to speak the storage warehouse has become the fashionable summer resort for the finest household goods of the city.

Through the courtesy of its manager, a reporter was permitted to examine one of the representative storage warehouses of this city. The building was, apparently, as indestructible as human ingenuity could devise. There was nothing in sight to suggest the fact that even if in some miraculous way they should change to gain admission, for there were visible only stone, cement, iron and steel on walls, floor and ceiling. The various thousands of dollars' worth of hands entrusted to the care of the proprietors were all separated from the others so completely that a fire in one could not communicate with its neighbor.

"What people do you number among your patrons?" asked the reporter, when after a tour of the building, the almost luxurious office of the manager was reached.

"Do you wish me to give you the names of our most prominent customers? Well, I regret that it is against our rules to do so. You can see that it would not be fair to divulge the names of those who favor us with their patronage, and, besides, the legal complications which might result would be likely to be serious."

"Why do the rich store their goods when they have houses of their own in preference to keeping them?" "Well, for various reasons. Many prefer to leave their goods with us whenever they go to the country or seashore, knowing that they will be safer than in their own houses, while others are almost sure to have the streets, or repair places. I have in my mind one of the most prominent brokers on Wall street, who sold his house a week or two ago. It was a sudden transaction on his part, and he made no provision for the disposal of his furniture, so he immediately sent it to us. Another similar case was that of the wife of one of the officers of the Chemical Bank.

The number of people who have gone to the seashore, to the mountains or to Europe this summer has been something wonderful, and within my experience I have never noticed like it, and I fancy, but a small proportion of the pleasure seekers have left their goods with us. There are many of our patrons who do not store their household effects during their three or four months of absence from town, but send us their silverware, bric-a-brac, picture frames, etc., for which we have especially prepared compartments.

"The age has advanced wonderfully with regard to the facility for removing furniture, so that in a measure the annoyance and loss which was occasioned under the old order of things is a thing of the past. Let me illustrate. Suppose that you had suddenly made up your mind to leave the city for an extended absence to-morrow morning, and had no time to attend to the removal of your train down, or to remove your goods today. Your order would have only to be given, and you would be ready to have your furniture taken away, and our vans would be at your house in the morning. You could order your breakfast in perfect comfort, your servants would not have even to make up the beds and the moment after you had started on your journey our workmen would be taking up your carpets, and your pictures, from the walls and carefully packing away your bric-a-brac. In a few hours your house would be absolutely denuded of everything, if you so desired, which would be safely stored away until your return. A day or two later, if you desired, you could telegraph your expected arrival, and the work of taking back your furniture would be carried forward as speedily as when it was taken away. Experienced men, who have been in the business for years, and who are interested in their work, would hang your pictures and arrange your bric-a-brac and furniture, so that the moment you entered your house you would find it in better order than when you left it in better breakfast on the day of your departure."

"What would you estimate as the value of the property in your custody at the present time?" "It is difficult to say that an exact estimate of the amount of property now stored in our warehouses is not over \$25,000,000."—New York Mail and Express.

DESERTS OF AMERICA. The Mud Plains of the West in Midsummer—Uncomfortable Dust Columns. A desert is generally considered as a barren waste of sand, probably on account of our familiarity with descriptions of the sandy deserts of Egypt.

The American deserts, however, are flat and plain, the beds of ancient lakes and are but seldom covered with drifting sand. During the dry season, when not a drop of rain falls on their surfaces for four, five or even six months at a time, they become dry and hard, and broken in every direction by intersecting shrinkage cracks. At such times they bear a striking resemblance to some of the old Roman pavements made of small blocks of cream colored marble.

When in this condition one may ride over them without leaving more than a faint impression of the horse's hoofs on their smooth, glossy surfaces. In the stillness of night—and no one can appreciate the stillness of a desert until he has slept alone with the hoofbeats of a galloping horse on the pavements of a city.

As the summer sun dries the desert mud, the salts that the waters bring to the surface in solution are left behind, and gradually accumulate until they are several inches thick, and make the deserts appear as if covered with snow. This lustrous is especially marked when one traverses the deserts by moonlight.

During the long, hot days of summer, when the dome of blue is above the deserts without a cloud, the strange delusive mirage transforms the landscape beyond all recognition, and makes it appear tenfold more strange and weird than it is in reality. At such times bright clear lakes, with rippling surfaces and willow fringed banks, allure the weary traveler, and would lead him to destruction should he believe them real. The mountains around the desert are also deformed by the mirage and made to assume the most extravagant and fantastic shapes.

During hot summer days the monotony of the desert is varied by dust columns, formed by small whirlwinds, which sometimes reach such magnitudes as to be decidedly uncomfortable to the traveler who chances to be in their path. Many times these columns are 2,000 or 3,000 feet in height, and have an approximate diameter of from thirty to fifty feet. The fact that they are hollow, whirling columns of dust is indicated, even from a distance, by their spiral appearance and by a light line in the center of each. These bending and swaying columns moving here and there across the desert landscape, impart a novel feature to the plain, and call to mind the geni of Arabian tales.

Such in brief are the deserts of the far west during the arid season. In winter they change and become impassable mud plains.—Israel C. Russell in Overland Monthly.

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Emma Abbott on "Artistic Sense." "Can you define the artistic sense, to which you refer?" "Ah, there is the thing. That is what no opera singer can get on without. To define it would be to define art itself. It includes taste and a thousand other things which are indefinable. You know the best of everything is indefinable. But what is the artistic sense? The person who has the artistic sense knows what it is without a definition and the person who has it but cannot understand any definition of it. The person who has it in the greatest degree becomes the greatest artist, the roundest and most symmetrical. Michael Angelo had it, and therefore he was a great painter, a great poet, a great sculptor and a great architect. If he had a voice he would have been a great singer. Adelaide Neilson had it, and therefore she was a great actress. Nature gave her about the greatest part of hands I ever saw on a woman, but it gave her also the artistic sense to learn to use those hands as to make them seem to look perfectly beautiful. If I were to attempt a brief definition of this sense I should say it is that in which prompts us to make beautiful everything with which we have to do. The opera singer must have a beautiful voice, beautiful manners, beautiful costumes, beautiful stage settings, and she must have the artistic sense to know what constitutes these."—Chicago Times Interview.

The Cemeteries of Turkey. Turkish tombs are narrowest at the base, and soon lean and topple. Many lie prostrate, making seats for the living, who are free and fearless neighbors of the dead. Some of the cemeteries are used as pleasure grounds for the soldiery, the crumbling stones mend highways, repair walls, and repeatedly it was seen a hand-some slab stop a hole to keep the wind away or serve as a doorstep to a tumble down hut. Children play in the somber alleys, washwomen hang clothes and stretch lines on the headstones, and ladies with veils of snow drifts and mist, drawn close by henna stained fingers, picnic and sprinkle sweet basil, for remembrance, above the beloved, who have passed from sight to form a great air of resignation in their manner—the virtue which Mohammed taught is the key to all happiness—and they wear no mourning. Sinful if it is to show sorrow for the loss of friends. It is believed that children of over mourning parents are driven out of Paradise and doomed to wander through space in darkness and misery, weeping as their relatives do on earth.—Susan E. Wallace in New York World.

Devotees of the Turkish Bath. "How did interest in athletics affect the business?" "The rapid increase and development of the interest in our door sports has settled for good the future of the Turkish and Russian bath. The interest in these sports has now as they were never able to do before, and I believe if only those persons interested in athletics were to patronize the Turkish bath we should still have a good army of patrons—enough to support all the establishments in existence. The Turkish bath, however, as I have said, has come to be a positive necessity, and I look for the time when it will be included in the modern improvements of dwellings just as now the old sign and metal bath tubs are regarded. All classes of people are interested in and devoted to it. Ex-President Arthur, who used to bathe here at his place, would as soon think of going without his food as his bath. John Kelly never missed an opportunity of going to the Turkish bath. Gen. Grant was a great believer in a good sweat, a cold plunge, a brisk shampoo, a cigar and a nap. So was Roscoe Conkling and others of the same class. Clergymen, doctors, judges, lawyers and editors are among the most regular frequenters of the bath. Actors whose voices go back on them seek relief from the hot vapors of the Russian bath; athletes gain the necessary stimulants from the douche and plunge."—New York Mail and Express.

The Trick of a Thief. A little boy was passing through Rivington street the other afternoon with four new pairs of trousers slung across his shoulder. A man stopped him and asked if he wanted to make five cents. The boy said he did. "Well, go up in that house and ask for Miss Johnston and tell her Mr. Johnston is waiting to see her. I'll hold your bundle till you come down." The little fellow did as requested, but when he returned neither man nor bundle was to be found. There is a gang of such thieves at work on the east side. They have been known to take a pitcher and pennies from a little girl sent after milk. Another of their tricks is to tell a little boy that his coat is dirty and offer to wash it. The boy goes to the washhouse fellow will take off his coat and the thief will make off with it.—New York Sun.

Indian Slavery is in Brazil. Indian slavery is said to have replaced negro slavery in Brazil. Mr. Wells, a great traveler, has returned from the most fertile regions of the tributaries of the Amazon bands of India rubber gatherers carry on an inhuman traffic with many Indian tribes, from whom they acquire captives for their tribes. The lawlessness of their proceedings is fully admitted by the Brazilian government, but over the vast areas in the distant regions through which they roam it is absolutely impossible to maintain any check over them.—New York Sun.

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething, is the prescription of one of the best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and has been used for years with never-failing success by millions of mothers for their children. During the process of teething its value is incalculable. It relieves the child from pain, cures dysentery and diarrhoea, griping in the bowels and wind colic. By giving health to the child it rests the mother. Price 30c a bottle.

"What did Jonah do when he got out of the whale?" Told some fish story, I suppose.

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An Example for Americans. One sees everywhere throughout India one general common characteristic. That is a sort of kindness of disposition, kindness to man and brute. All domestic animals are as gentle and tame as fire-side petted kittens. The cow and ass, the sheep and goat, the camel and horse, the chicken and duck, all seem absolutely a part of the family. Pigeons in flocks are frequently seen whirling in great circles in the cities for several miles, and then swooping down upon certain house-tops. Often several flocks unite and fly together and then separate as people do in dances. I have seen this several times, but one day with an interest I saw men on different houses waving flags and directing the flights of those birds, and by a motion calling them down to them. I thus one day saw six different flocks flying at once—some mingling, then separating—and all done under the orders of their respective owners. They are kept in a sort of coop in the house top, and are thus sent out for exercise. After flying for a half hour or so, they are fed and quietly go into the coop and get pigeons at almost every meal in all cities here.—Carter Harrison in Chicago Mail.

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