

KISSES ARE PLENTIFUL.

Scenes at the Steamboat Piers—Emotional Greetings and Partings.

New York Tribune.—There is no denying that people are fond of watching other people kiss. Young and old, male and female, alike take an interest in it. In the young men it perhaps stirs exuberant anticipations of what he hopes is in store for him some day; in the old man it perchance awakens deliciously sad memories of days that are fled forever. But, so far as analysis can determine, it appears that most men are fond of looking on while osculatory salutations are being dispensed, out of "purecussedness." The young women may peep at the kissing behind a fan and giggle affectedly, and the old woman may protest that she is much shocked, but somehow they all seem to enjoy being on hand when kissing is going on. Observe with what breathless emotion the theatrical audience, composed of all manner of people, watches the receipt and delivery of stage kisses.

The best place to see kissing is on a pier when some big ocean steamer arrives or departs. A big Cunarder is being slowly warped into her dock. The pier is black with people who have come to meet their friends. There are husbands on the lookout for wives, wives expecting their husbands, parents seeking their children and lovers prepared to greet their sweethearts. The big ship on the side nearest the pier is also crowded with human freight. Tokens of recognition have been exchanged. The lips of several young men and women tremble and pucker. The excitement and breezy air lend a fine glow to the cheeks of many of the girls, and their eyes flash and dance like sunbeams. A man can hardly help wishing that he was brother or cousin or sweetheart or something to half a dozen of them.

At length the ship is alongside, and the gang-plank is stretched. Previously there has been a short but sharp struggle to get the vantage ground at either end, which will secure the first exchange of kisses. On the steamer, a buxom matron, fair and forty, has crowded her way to the front, pushing aside some half dozen younger women. She rushes down the plank as though she had received a sudden impetus from the hind leg of a mule. But affection is a great incentive to ability. She is met at the end of the plank by her faithful spouse. Jee-whack! what a hug. "Smack-smack-pop-pop" again and again. She sails into half a dozen small fry, boys and girls, gives each a hug and a kiss and then begins over again. All this is wholesome and sweet, but it is not what the admirer of the art of kissing comes out to see. There is nothing in it to tickle his fancy. But close on the heels of the buxom woman follows a stalwart, bronze-cheeked young fellow who has rather rudely pushed ahead of a bunch of girls. He dives into the crowd until he reaches a pretty girl who is accompanied by an elderly woman, perhaps a maiden aunt. He takes her in his arms—not the aunt, but the pretty girl—and gets in half a dozen before she can gasp, "Oh! George." Then she recovers and gives him three or four. He gets rid of some little more exuberant affection bestowing three or four kisses on the maiden aunt. Observers, however, take no interest in the latter part of the performance. There are things more interesting going on; kisses are now flying around thicker than flies around a sugar-bowl in summer time. "Pop-pop, smack-smack, tish-pish." Every sort of osculatory sound is heard in blended confusion. The bewildered spectator doesn't know which way to turn to catch what is best worth seeing, and is exasperated by the thought that he can not take it all in. Now a pretty girl, with golden hair streaming in the wind flies, rather than runs, down the gang-plank—a vision of exquisite beauty. A dozen pair of eyes are focused on her. She gives her "ma" and "pa" six or seven kisses each, and some burly brothers three or four apiece. Then a young man who had been hanging in the background comes forward and gets only two inaudible kisses of the "touch-and-go" sort accompanied by blushes, but there is a good deal of condensed sentiment in them. The observers with singular unanimity concludes that he is the girl's sweetheart, and cast envious glances at him and wonder if he appreciates his good luck. Their feeling were not much disturbed by the kisses the brothers got. They had all "been there"—more or less—but of the other sort their collective experience aggregated a much smaller amount.

There is some perfunctory kissing, but not much. A sea voyage seems to inspire people otherwise only ordinarily demonstrative to in far osculatory collisions with a great deal of genuine energy, when the port of destination is reached and old friends are greeted. Here a superbly dressed young lady walks leisurely down the gang-plank who furnishes an exception to this rule. She won't display any haste. That would be bad form. She is a proud, languid, emotionless sort of a beauty. She merely presents her cheek to a handsome young fellow who rushes forward to meet her. He looks decidedly disconcerted, as though he would have preferred a salutation of the sort which other girls are so plentifully bestowing. His rueful look doesn't escape notice, and instantly speculation is set at work to account for him. The general supposition is that he is engaged to the girl, that she doesn't care much for him, but has resolved to try matrimony as offering a possible escape from ennui. He doesn't get much sympathy. When the woods are full of genuine warm-hearted girls, he ought to have made a wiser choice.

One notices that a great deal of kissing and embracing between women goes on and it is done with a degree of warmth and vigor which allows no show for the cynics suggestion that they do it merely because it is custom-

ary, though on other occasions it does often look that way.

A good deal of hugging and kissing is indulged in by men. But these are all foreigners or of foreign extraction, although some of them are other respects so thoroughly Americanized that it takes a sharp glance to determine their extraction. The phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon looks at these performances with an air of contemptuous indifference. Nothing can convince him that there isn't always a great deal more genuine feeling shown by a hearty handshake and a careless "How are you old boy?" than can be put into any exchange of hugs and kisses between men.

When a steamer is about to sail there is a great deal of kissing indulged in also, but there generally goes with it a lachrymose accompaniment, often quite copious, that must prevent any man, unless he have a heart of adamant, taking unalloyed delight in it. In fact, it is often a harrowing spectacle and had better be avoided altogether by people of sensitive feelings.

But to witness entire abandonment to the two extremes of joy and sorrow one must witness the meetings and farewells of the poor emigrants. They put no mask on their feelings. Both men and women at parting will often indulge in a genuine "boo-hoo," and floods of tears which would be comically suggestive of one's nursery escapades if one didn't feel too sorry for the poor, simple-minded folk to make the comparison until some time afterward when thinking it over. Tears of joy, too, are not infrequently seen among these poor people. When, for instance, some poor German, who has been out here for three or four years, trying to scrape together money enough to pay for his wife's passage and make a little home for her, at last gets her in his arms at Castle Garden, there is likely to be a summer-shower of tears on both sides. Such a scene is worth seeing and thinking about, but it can't be written about jocosely.

How They Trap Bears in Maine.

Mr. Knapp, Veteran Hunter, in Lewiston Journal.

I usually build a cubby-house in the woods out of old stumps and decayed branches. I sorter pile 'em around, you know, and leave a little opening for the bear to go in, after he sees the consarn and his curiosity is excited. I catch some suckers or other kind of fish in the river and hang 'em up in this cubby. Then I try to fix the trap so that the bear will have to step on the trencher if he gets the fish. A bear never steps on a log in his path, but always steps over it. Usually I fix the trap on tother side of a log or branch so that he will be pretty sure to step over the log and into the trap. A knowing old bear won't go into one of these cubbies. Sometimes after trying to catch an old sheep thief in this way and not getting him, I have caught the old fellow by hanging a string of fish in a careless way on some tree, as if left there accidentally by some sportsman, and putting a strap underneath. Sometimes I find a track where a bear had a habit of fording a brook. I take away the stone in the brook which the bear steps on when he crosses, and put the trap in its place. When the bear feels after the old and familiar stone, his fore-paw is caught in the trap.

Some bears have learned to smell a trap, so we have to kill the smell. We do that by daubing it over with lard and beeswax. I have twelve traps and visit 'em twice a week. The bear is usually caught by the fore-paw. He does n't live more than twenty-four hours after the jaw closes on him, as a general thing. In warm weather when the pelt would soon spoil if I did not get it pretty quick after the critter died. The fur is in the best condition when the bears are housing, late in the fall. Then it is as nice as a Merino sheep's wool. I get \$8 to \$15 a piece for my pelts. The bears spend the winter in the lodges about here and under the stumps. Since we had that hurricane that blew down so many trees, there have been a lot of cozy places for bears around here.

Entertainments for the Century.

Every school district should have a literary society for the long evening. It is a never-falling source of enjoyment, and good is sure to come from it.

Almost every neighborhood has readers and thinkers who can discuss clearly and intelligently all topics of general interest.

Every neighborhood has an organ and singers, and if the music is not very good and the singing not good at all, a desire may at least be awakened for something better.

A taste for good reading, good music, good stories, good singing and for good in all things has been created in country lyciums.

Biliousness may be said and done, but a very wise man once wrote "He who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition."

The amusing things of life play a most important part in bringing about general happiness and general good. Every man and every woman is better for a hearty laugh once in a while.

A literary society for young people, and particularly young people living in quiet rural districts, should always have an element of fun in it; and happily this element is seldom missing in such societies.

It is said on good authority that just before the outbreak of cholera in Teulon the swallows suddenly disappeared from the locality. An officer in the Bengal cavalry said in reference to this that during a cholera epidemic in India he had noticed that, though many of the dead remained unburied, all of the carrion-eating birds had disappeared.

HER REPROOF

Underneath a shady tree
Chanced a youth a maid to see,
To this cool, sequestered nook
She had wandered with a book;
But the heat her senses dulled,
Insects' drone to slumber lulled,
And the author was so deep
She had fallen fast asleep.

Spying her thus slumbering there,
Sweetly innocent and fair,
He stole softly up behind,
Gently o'er the girl inclined,
And, half fearing breath to take
Lest, perchance, she might awake
As the bee sweet honey sips,
Boldly kissed her pouting lips.

Wakened thus, in shy surprise,
The maid cast down her lovely eyes,
And the youth began to try
His task to justify.
"I know," said he that I did wrong,
But my temptation was to strong,
Such a melting mouth as this
Surely was but made to kiss."

Deeper still the maiden blushed,
Rosier yet her sweet face flushed,
Lower down she drooped her head,
As with modest air she said:
"It was wrong, most certainly,
Thus to steal a kiss from me,
I was sound asleep, and you—
Might just as well have taken two!"

—From the Somerville Journal.

TOO MUCH MONEY.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

The long dining room of a pleasant New York hotel was fast filling, at 7 p. m. of a cool autumn day; and the bright gaslight, the soft warmth, the flying waiters, the subdued clatter of dishes and the murmur of conversation combined to make it as cheerful a room as possible.

A party of three sat at a table near its center—a portly gentleman and two young ladies.

If the latter were targets for the wandering glances of the male occupants of the surrounding tables, certainly it was not surprising, since both were, in widely different styles, strikingly pretty. Moreover, they were calmly oblivious of the admiration they excited. They ate their soup with a business-like concentration which bespoke healthy appetites, and a profound indifference to the approval of strange gentlemen.

It was not until the waiter was gracefully removing the soup plates that the silence was broken. Then, Alice Gardner, glancing at her father to make sure that he had fallen into his usual table reverie, turned her blue eyes upon the dark haired, rather pensive faced girl, at her side—her cousin and her father's ward.

"Supposing he comes right on after us, Nettie? Supposing he left the island on the next boat?" she said, half mischievously, "What shall you do?"

Nettie Avery's soft, somewhat romantically gathered a frown; her grasp upon the lemon she was squeezing on her oysters grew rather fierce.

"Refuse him again, if necessary," she said, firmly. "It's no laughing matter," she added, severely, seeing her cousin on the verge of a smile.

"Not for poor Harry, certainly," responded Alice, with a touch of indignation.

Nettie laid down her fork and gazed reproachfully into the other's fair face.

"Shall I never be understood? Shall I never find a sympathizer?" she murmured.

"Not in me," said Alice, with candid promptness. "I don't understand why you have refused as rich, and well behaved, and nice looking, and good tempered, and altogether sweet a fellow as Harry Miller, and all your high flown reasons don't make it a bit clearer."

She looked defiantly at her cousin, who continued to empty her half-shells with the air of a martyr.

"I never could have treated Dwight so," Alice went on, with a fond glance at the diamond sparkling on her left hand; "and I don't see—good gracious, Nettie, there he is!"

Nettie turned with a start. A jolly looking young man was in the act of sitting down at a distant table. His roving eyes fell upon the two young ladies as he unfolded his napkin, and he smiled and bowed eagerly.

"I told you!" said Alice, triumphantly. "I knew it. He followed you on the next boat."

"I am not surprised," said Nettie, in an injured tone. "He has taken away my appetite," she added, plaintively. "I don't care for dessert; I'm going upstairs."

She brushed a stray crumb from her brown satin lap, and left the table; while Alice unsympathetically ordered steak and mushrooms from the waiter.

But she was only half way up the stairs when the bell boy rushing after her, thrust a card into her hand.

"The gentleman wants to see you in the parlor," he informed her. Nettie hesitated. Then she turned and walked with dignity down the stairs and into the reception room.

Harry Miller was waiting near the door.

"I was anxious to see you," he said, as he grasped her hand warmly, "and I didn't lose any time."

Indeed, he held his napkin still clutched in one hand.

Nettie smiled slightly. Then she checked the smile and replaced it with a frown.

"There is nothing to be gained by seeing me, Mr. Miller," she said coldly, moving away from him.

"Don't say so!" said the young man, following her hastily. "I've been thinking it over, Miss Avery, what you said to me at the island—and I can't think you mean it. Because, had as I've tried, I can't understand it any better than I did then!"

"I can go over it again, I suppose,"

said Nettie, wearily, discreetly interposing a chair between herself and her lover. "You are well off, Mr. Miller. I won't say rich; it's a vulgar word, and I hate it. You are well off, and so am I. Now, for two rich—well off—people to marry, and selfishly settle down to enjoying their disgusting money, and never visit hospitals and prisons, nor subscribe to charities, and grow more and more self-satisfied and narrow-minded and hard-hearted—"

Nettie paused for breath, with her dark eyes glowing.

"But we wouldn't need to do all that," said Harry, with something of a gasp.

"But we would!" said Nettie, decidedly. "They all do."

"I'll celebrate our wedding day by subscribing five thousand to a hospital and founding a public library," the young man declared.

But Nettie only frowned.

"I'm to conclude, then," Harry went on, musingly, "that it's because I've too much money. Supposing I make it all over to you. Then I'll be a pauper and it will be a charity in you to marry me."

Nettie regarded him sharply. She was not quite sure as to whether or not he were making light of the subject.

"Yours is a view of the subject which I had never considered," Harry continued, with much gravity. "It would be wrong, then, for a millionaire—with a fortune equal to twice yours and mine together—to marry at all!"

Nettie turned to the door. She was no longer in doubt as to whether he were making fun of her; and she stepped past him frigidly.

"Don't go!" said the young man, with repentant fervor.

"I shall not remain here," said Nettie, severely, "to listen to jokes upon a serious subject—a subject, moreover, upon which my mind is fully made up!"

She swept through the door and up the stairs. The young man stood for a moment staring after her helplessly; but ended by going back to his dinner.

"I've seen him in the parlor," Nettie announced, when her cousin joined her in their room a little later, "and I don't think he'll trouble me again."

Alice took the dish of "frozen pudding" from the waiter who had followed her, and passed it in resigned silence.

"I've brought you some cream," she said, "but you don't deserve it. Such a dear fellow!—almost as nice as Dwight. I can't understand it with all your ridiculous explanations. Money! Why, I'm sure I never should have refused Dwight on account of his money; I think it an additional advantage. Of course you won't confess it; but you've got your queer notions out of some absurd novel or other, Nettie Avery! I haven't the slightest patience with you!"

"You don't understand," said Nettie, regarding her cousin with an expression such as John Rogers might have worn at the stake.

"Indeed I do not!" said Alice, emphatically.

Nettie's prophesy proved true. Mr. Miller did not trouble her again. He bowed to her with great politeness three times a day across a dozen intervening tables, but he did not again send up his card, nor in any way attempt another interview.

"Do reconsider it Nettie," Alice implored, when this had gone on for four days. "Papa is talking of taking us on to Boston for a month or so. This is your last chance."

"Chance!" echoed Nettie, indignantly—"chance! Chance to lose all my principles, all my independence; to sink into a cold-hearted monster, a selfish, purse-proud creature, a mere lay figure for fine clothes?"

"That would be dreadful!" Alice responded, with a wicked glance at Nettie's charming toilet—"shocking!"

"You will never understand," said Nettie, with forbearing meekness.

"Poor Harry!" said Alice, compassionately. "I'd marry him myself if Dwight weren't on the point of dragging me down to the dreadful level you mention. Only it isn't me he cares for."

The next day was Wednesday, and Alice, returning from a solitary walk, flourished two matinee tickets in her cousin's face.

"We've only time to lunch and get ready," she said.

They had hardly time for that, for when they took their seats at the theater, the first act was well under way.

It was a light comedy—a combination of catching songs and mild humor. Nettie was not deeply attentive. She folded her play bill into complicated shapes, and regarded the acrobatic hero absent-mindedly.

Perhaps it was this distraction that caused her, during the intermission, while Alice was industriously studying the synopsis of the second act, to listen more intently to the conversation of two gentlemen directly behind her, or perhaps it was the word "Miller" which she caught.

"Young Miller, you know—in the iron business," the speaker continued. "He's lost every cent he had; no small amount, either. Bad job."

Nettie felt her heart thumping.

"Young Miller, and in the iron business!" Harry was in the iron business—it was Harry they were talking about.

pearance of Mr. Miller himself, buttoning his pale-hued fall overcoat as he stepped briskly into the street.

He bowed pleasantly, and looked considerably astonished, as Nettie placed an impetuous hand on his arm and turned him back.

"I am so sorry for you, Mr. Miller," she began, gently, as he closed the parlor door behind them. "I have heard about it, and I came right off that minute to assure you of my sympathy. Of course, I don't consider that it's anything to regret—losing your money—"

"But I know it must be inconvenient, not having any, and I want to tell you how sorry I am."

Harry's good humored face had grown serious—even solemn. He pushed his hat brim to his lips and coughed.

"Where did you hear it?" he said, somewhat faintly.

"At the matinee," Nettie responded. "Two gentlemen were talking behind me. I could hardly wait to see you."

Harry took a step forward, and stood looking down eagerly into her pretty, flushed face.

"Now, that the cause of your objection is removed," he murmured, "you'll have me, won't you? Promise me! There is nothing to fear now. We shall not become cold, and selfish, and narrow minded, and—What was the rest of it? Promise me—quick!"

How, in the face of such logic, could she resist?

At any rate, when Alice returned from the matinee, her cousin met her with the announcement of her engagement, and the news of Harry's altered fortunes.

"Lost his money!" Alice repeated, incredulously, and subjected the other to a close examination as to the manner of her hearing the news and Harry's treatment of the subject at the end of which process she merely laughed, with strange inappropriateness.

"He's going to take me for a drive to-morrow," said Nettie, passing over this mysterious mirth with gentle dignity. "I told him that it was an extravagance for a person in his position, but he was so anxious to celebrate our engagement. He promised not to repeat it."

She was much annoyed by the appearance, next morning, of a huge red rose-bud, with her lover's card attached.

"He really has no idea of economy!" she said, with a frown.

But she fastened half the bunch at her breast, when she dressed for her drive, and looked herself not unlike a rosebud.

It was a charming little conveyance which bore them up the avenue, and Nettie felt all the exhilaration which a pretty girl, faultlessly dressed, driving in a good looking young gentleman holding the reins, must necessarily feel.

But she forced a look of severity into her soft eyes.

"This is extravagant, Harry," she said—"recklessly extravagant. I shan't go again."

Harry laughed.

Then he grew serious and seemed to be pulling himself together for an effort of some sort.

"It's my own trap, Nettie," he said, "and I intend you shall go off. I've imposed on you shamefully. I haven't lost my money, and shan't in a hurry, I reckon. But that doesn't alter our engagement, mind you. You must stick to your bargain, little girl, he concluded, in tender triumph.

Nettie pulled a bud from the bunch and picked it to pieces slowly.

"Whom were you talking about?" she asked, lifting a bewildered face.

"How should I know?" said her lover, laughing. "There are probably hundreds of Millers in the iron business; I don't keep track of them. But you're irrevocably bound to me, my dear," he went on, gently. "You wouldn't break a solemn promise, would you? You wouldn't make me the most miserable being on earth, simply because I've had the misfortune not to lose my money? Besides, you're just a little fond of me, aren't you?"

Nettie looked up at the overhanging trees, as they entered the park.

Her response was not heroic, but it filled her lover's soul with peace.

"How Alice will laugh," she said softly.

High Life in Washington.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia News tells this story of high life at the capital:

The sensation of the hour is the recent coup of Mlle. Nugeiras, daughter of the Portuguese minister. The young lady is an exceedingly vivacious brunette, with interesting features, typical of the sun land, and noted for her musical culture and chic. She has resided here for several years, is familiar with the customs and language and has taken part in entertainments, receptions and high teas without number.

About two months ago placards were distributed announcing that a charitable concert would be given at Masonic hall to aid the poor. Mlle. Nugeiras displayed remarkable activity in selling tickets at \$1 and \$2 each, according to location. She solicited the members of every legion here, and made it her business to dispose of a large number of seats for cash in hand. The concert occurred as announced and was a full dress affair, the net receipts being \$575. The young lady who had managed every detail, coolly pocketed the money and two days afterward sailed for Europe, to remain, as it was stated, to complete her education. She absolutely refused to give the name of the poor people for whom the concert was given, but dropped hints occasionally that a poor widow with nine children would be the sole beneficiaries. It has been ascertained that there is no widow, poor or rich, in Washington having nine children.

Mlle. Nugeiras kept all the secrets as well as the ducats, and will be able to give points to Americans on how to provide for completing an education. Her friends in the swell society of Washington feel very much chagrined over the unfortunate escapade, and it is the scandal of the town.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
THE BEST TONIC

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

This medicine, combining iron with pure vegetable tonic, cures, and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuritis.

It is an unerring remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation. After Iron medicine do it enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nervous system.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

See the genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Also on other labels only by DRUGGISTS CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

TUTT'S PILLS
25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels constive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back, Pain under the ribs, a heavy feeling of fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Headaches, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Slight dreams, Highly colored Urine, and CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling, that the patient is enabled to increase the Appetite, and cause the body to take on flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their tonic action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 45 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE

GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a Glossy Black by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

the popular favorite for dressing the hair. Restoring the color which gray and preventing Dandruff. Stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. and \$1. sizes at Druggists.

PARKER'S TONIC

The Best Cough Cure you can use and the best known preventive of Consumption. PARKER'S TONIC kept in a home is a sentinel to keep sickness out. Used discreetly it keeps the blood pure and the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys in working order. Coughs and Colds vanish before it. It builds up the health.

If you suffer from Debility, Skin Eruptions, Cough, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Urinary or Female Complaints, or any disorder of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, Blood or Nerves, don't wait till you are sick in bed, but use PARKER'S Tonic to-day; it will give you new life and vigor.

HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

Sold by Druggists. Large saving buying \$1 size.

Wanted

1,000 AGENTS, MEN AND WOMEN.

For JOHN B. GOUGH'S entirely new book—just published. Entitled "LIVING TRUTHS and Heart-ties." A perfect treasury of good things; a series of LITTE PICTURES painted by

JOHN B. GOUGH

can paint them. It gives in permanent form, his best thoughts, his most successful sermons, and his personal reminiscences, and is published. The tenderness of his pathos and the spice of his humor are quite irresistible. A magnificent Royal Octavo Volume, containing nearly 100 pages and 500 Superb Engravings.

WE WANT 1,000 more enterprising men and women to act as canvassers to supply this book to the tens of thousands who are waiting for it. No competition, and it is now out-selling all other books in the world. Ministers, Editors, Critics, etc., give it their unqualified endorsement and wish it Godspeed. Agents, men or women, to make money, and at the same time circulate a thoroughly first-class book. Exclusive territory and very Special Terms given. Send for large illustrated circular containing full particulars, addressed to JOHN B. GOUGH & CO., Publishers, 27 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Henry J. Luders,
—Dealer in—
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
NOTIONS, ETC.

Kieling's Block,
NEW ULM, MINN.

DELAND & CO'S
SODA
Best in the World.