THE OTHER ONE.

Sweet little maid with winsome eyes
That laugh all day through the tangled hair,
Gazing with baby looks so wise
Over the arm of the oaken chair,
Dearer than you is none to me,
Dearer than you there can be none;
Since in your laughing face I see
Eyes that tell of another one.

Here where the firelight softly glows,
Sheltered and safe and snug and warm,
What to you is the wind that blows,
Driving the sleet of the winter storm?
Round your head the ruddy light
Glints on the gold from your tresses spun,
But deep is the drifting snow to-night
Over the head of the other one.

Hold me close as you sagely stand,
Watching the dying embers shine;
Then shall I feel another hand
That nestled once in this hand of mine;
Poor little hand, so cold and chill,
Shut from the light of stars and sun,
Clasping the withered roses still
That hide the face of the sleeping one.

Laugh, little maid, while laugh you may,
Sorrow comes to us all, I know;
Better perhaps for her to stay
Under the drifting robe of snow.
Sing while you may your baby songs,
Sing till your baby days are done;
But oh, the ache of the heart that longs
Night and day for the other one!
—Harry Thurston Peck, in Bookman.

ROMANCE OF RED BUD.

How Deputy Sheriff Billy Hunt Got His Wife.

IT was a bright, sunny afternoon, but the inhabitants of Little Dutch did not waste a thought on the weather. Sunny afternoons are too common a spring feature in southern Kansas to excite even passing comment. Besides, the residents were assembled at the Rose of Kansas for a special and important purpose. The introduction of a meteorological topic would have been so foreign as to be an impertinence, and in consequence loaded with danger.

"As I was a sayin' when interrupted by the gentleman a representin' of the double-O-bar' brand, Little Dutch has got to pull itself together if it expects to retain its standing among the moonicipalities of the once bleedin' Kansas," said the speaker. "It's goin' to be a funny thing in current history if these spike bucks from Winfield, or Arkansas City, or any other town, is a-goin' to come down yere with a whoop an' a yell an' run off our hosses an' we do nothin but stick our noses in the mud an' let on we liked it. If we want to, gentlemen, we can raise stock for the whole southern tier of counties. Jest let the notion go abroad once that all us folks settled at Little Dutch for was to raise hosses for other folks to steal, an' you can string all your money on the proposition that they will be dead willin' to let us do it."

"W'at for is all this war medicine bein' made?" inquired Bill Siddons, foreman of the "double-O-bar" outfit, who had entered the gathering while Burt Francis, a prominent and public-spirited citizen of Little Dutch, was giving his views.

"It's like this, Bill," explained Col. Tom North, who from years of sitting behind the deal box had acquired the repose of manner and gravity necessary to a presiding officer; "it's like this: Some unmitigating an' felonious cuss has run off two bronchos, the same then an' there bein' the property of John Stanhope Wells, more familiar known as 'English Jack——'"

"An' the mauraudin' hoss thief didn't even have the decency to pull the stakes," interjected Mr. Wells who, notwithstanding his name, "English Jack," was a native of Oregon county, Missouri. "He cut the lariats, the hasty-minded villain, an' sp'iled two as good ropes as ever you saw."

"An' the boys got together to discuss ways an' means," pursued Col. Tom North, having suspended his explanation to give Mr. Wells an opportunity to air his complaint, "the majority as law abidin' citizens, strivin' to promote

"IT'S LIKE THIS, BILL."

the material interests of Little Dutch an' as a sort of a much-needed rebuke to hoss thiefs appears to be in favor of hangin' the critter. Bill Hunt, the under sheriff of Cowley county, has the inhuman monster close herded at his house over at Red Bud, an' the general sense of this meetin' seems to be that we rides over this arternoon an' hangs the cuss for the benefit of his morals."

"I'm agin hangin' him as bein' too drastic," said Mr. Wells. "As the owner of them two cayuses which was stoled, I'm willin' to say that the crime carried its own punishment. Though," he added as an aftertnought, "he shouldn't ort to have cut them lariats. This feller that run off the critters is not what you all might call a red-handed desperado, neither. I see him projectin' around yere the day before he run off the bronchos, an' he's a slim, spindlin' critter, with a complexion like a drug store clerk. I 'lowed mebbe he's been readin' books an' started out to be a bad man jist for the fun they is in it. He didn't p'int out like no hoss thief, neither. Bill Hunt finds him as late as six o'clock this mornin' a sleepin'. He goes into camp an' builds a fire all as comfortable an' the same as if he was in a fust-class hotel, instead of ridin' for the nation, the way professional hoss thiefs does."

"That ain't the pint, none whatever," said Burt Francis. "I'm nachally a humane man myself. I argued agin' the stranglin' of the nigger over at Wellington, an' I don't take stock much in hangin' a white man. It's a poor use to make of even a hoss thief. But it's the principle of the thing, an' the howlin' necessity of elevatin' Little Dutch to the position among border towns she is entitled to hold. This corporation received a distinct setback an' has carried a bad black eye ev'ry sence Jim Marshall gits away with the jack pot on a two-ace flush. It was not so much the hand—that would surprise anyone, but it was the lettin' of him go around alive a tellin' folks what marks we all is. Little Dutch has got to win back her reputation if we hangs ev'ry hoss thief 'twixt here an' the Canadian."

This seemed to accord with the general notion. Civil pride is a vast moving power. Mr. Thurston, who presided over the bar, set out the bottle, and the sixteen men who comprehended the greater part of Little Dutch's able male population accepted Mr. Siddon's invitation to irrigate before starting out on their eight-mile ride to Red Bud.

As Tom Thurston locked up the Rose of Kansas and prepared to mount his horse he inquired:

"Suppose Billy don't give up the hoss thief. He's jist been made under sheriff an' he may not think it's law."

"He'll give him up all right," replied the optimistic Francis. "I never yit hear of a law agin' hangin' a hoss thief."

"But you don't know Bill Hunt," said Thurston, swinging into his saddle.

"I'd be more than glad to help you out, gents," said Under Sheriff Hunt, "but you see the boy surrenders to me, an' I'm some sort responsible to the state of Kansas for his well bein'. Wait until I lands him in Winfield. No doubt Scott, which is my superior in office, will turn the boy over to you all. He's just the man to let a band of Little Dutch folks come an' tend to his business for him. He's got a reputation for that, and you'll find him dead easy."

"The hoss thief isn't at Winfield, Billy," said Francis; "he's yere, an' they ain't no need ot you all gittin' gay an' sarcastic neither. We is a band of plain, law-abidin' citizens a doin' of our duty to our corporation. So be decent, Billy, and turn out the boy. We don't want to proceed to any extreme measures, Billy, or take any steps which you might subsequently regret, but we've come for the hoss thief sure." A restive horse pitched against another and two Winchesters rattled. It was a nerve-straining minute or two.

"If you-all git him it'll be through smoke," replied Under Sheriff Hunt, "an' I'm figurin' there won't be many

"LET 'EM COME IN, BILL."

fools left to attend the fun'rals which is likely to prevail as a fashion around yere for the next few days."

"Let 'em come in, Bill, why don't you?" broke in a silvery voice on the war talk. "Let 'em come in. I didn't 'low to hold a reception, gentlemen," continued the bright-faced, vivacious young woman looking out from the doorway over Hunt's shoulder. "I didn't 'low when I came over from Joplin way to visit Cousin Billy that I'd hold a reception the very fust day."

If Hunt was surprised he never betrayed his astonishment, nor did he wink an eye when his joyous young relative proceeded: "I turned that pore little boy loose a half hour ago, Cousin Bill, when I fust see these visitors a-comin'. The boy said some of 'em might feel constrained in his presence, as they was a matter of a couple of hosses outstandin' between him an' them, an' they might feel as if they orter settle with him."

Every hat in the party came off when the young woman first appeared. Said Col. Tom North, as he resettled his sombrero:

"I don't aim to be critical, Bill, but it looks like you all had better give your young wimmen relatives a hint or two on your duties as to the safe keepin' of hoss thiefs. Us Little Dutch people would never have let him git away, Billy," and the delegation rode home.

It was between deals a few months later that Burt Francis remarked to Tom North, who was putting the cards back in the box: "I hear Bill Hunt has married that cousin of his'n we met up with that time we rides over to lynch the boy that stole 'English Jack's' hosses."

"Yes," said North, setting the deal box before him, "I hears ot it. I've seen the girl two or three times. Do you know, Burt, she favors that hoss thief mightily. I saw the kid a-loafin' around yere the day before he runs off the bronchos, and he looks enough like that girl to be her twin. An', Burt, I rides 'round Billy Hunt's house that day an' they wa'n't nary moccasin nor hoof track leadin' from it. An' that dress the young woman had on was Bill's sister's, which she was up in Winfield visitin' when we was thar. I recognized it at once. An' I'm keepin' up quite a lot of thinkin', Burt. Eight lose, queen win; place yer bets, gents."—W. E. Lewis, in Chicago Herald.

He Wanted to Make Sure.

One missionary Sunday at one of the largest Presbyterian churches in Philadelphia, the pastor preached on the distress of the heathen and the beneficent influence of Christianity. A practical business man was moved to place a dollar in the collection. After the service he waited around to speak to the pastor. When he had secured his attention, he said: "Pastor, I gave a dollar to the foreign mission this morning, but I was so impressed by your description of the condition of the heathen races that I would really like to have them get the benefit of that dollar." The pastor looked up inquiringly, and the man added: "Here is ten dollars to pay the expenses of getting the dollar over there."—San Francisco Argonaut.

—Josephine's greatest attraction was her voice. Napoleon fell in love with it even before he knew her. She could not sing, but her conversational tones were exceedingly well modulated and pleasing. She spoke with a strong provincial accent, and it was once said that the emperor spoke an Italian-French patois and the empress a negro-French.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Customer—"Why do you call this electric cake?" Baker's boy—"I 'spose becuz it has currants in it."—Philadelphia Record.

—Miss Gadzley—"Do you suffer much from toothache?" Mrs. Blazzer—"No—that is, not unless my husband has it."—Roxbury Gazette.

—Old Beau—"Miss Flossie, be mine. I would give my life for you!" Miss Flossie—"Well, you may if it's heavily insured."—Brooklyn Life.

—The Wife—"One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives." The Husband—"Well, it isn't the fault of your sewing society, anyway."—Life.

—The Retort Feminine.—He (with superiority)—"I wouldn't marry the best woman living." She (with confidence)—"If you did it would be a very ill-assorted match."—Detroit Free Press.

—Facetious Friend—"Well, have you and your wife settled as to who is to be the speaker of the house?" Young Husband—"Not yet. We usually occupy the chair together."—Pearson's Weekly.

—"It's her disposition to make light of serious things," he said, mournfully. "Yes," replied Cholly Luvlorn. "She even burns the poetry I write about her."—Washington Star.

—Mrs. Rash—"How do you manage to get your cook up so early?" Mrs. Dash—"Well, I hunted up a young and good-looking milkman and hired him to come at five o'clock."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—Friday Luck.—"Here comes the carriage, Maud! Fancy having to go and pay calls in such weather! It's enough to give one one's death of cold!" "Worse than that, mother! Everybody's sure to be in!"—Boston Budget.

—"What is this?" thundered the chairman; "here is a newspaper report of an 'anarchist washed ashore.' Who has broken the rules of the society?" "He was dead," replied a member, "or he never would have submitted."—Harlem Life.

—Stern Parent—"You tell me that you love my daughter and wish to marry her. But how do you expect to live on eight hundred a year?" Loving Swain—"Oh, come, now, your income must be more than that!"—Boston Transcript.

—Dialogues of the Future.—Master—"Oh—will you get me my boots?" Maid—"If what?" Master—"Oh, if you please." Maid—"If you please what?" Master—"Will you kindly get me my boots, if you please, miss?" Maid—"That's better. No, I won't!"—Pall Mall Budget.

—Mr. Jay (of Boomville)—"I tell you, sir, our town is a great place. We are making innovations right along. A year ago we built a town hall, then we put in a trolley line, and now we are erecting a hospital. We go right ahead from one thing to another." Mr. Citiman—"From the trolley line to the hospital, I suppose."—Harper's Bazar.

—Gus, while not precisely a coward, is averse to getting into trouble if he can avoid it. Not long ago a big stout man kicked Gus' dog off the sidewalk on Harlem avenue. "You couldn't have done that last week," said Gus, defiantly. "Why couldn't I have kicked the dog last week?" "Because I only got him yesterday."—Texas Siftings.

HE WAS MODEST.

But He Said a Good Word for Himself Even So.

Modesty is a great virtue, but there is a time when it does not seem to be the best quality in a man, and that is when a man is a soldier. A certain amount of self-assertion is required in a soldier to convince others that he is all that a warrior ought to be. An amusing story is told in this connection of an English general who was one day reviewing a cavalry corps. Stopping before a magnificent-looking fellow in the ranks, he addressed him with:

"Which is the best horse in the regiment?"

"No. 40, sir," was the reply.

"What makes you think No. 40 is the best horse?" asked the general.

"Because he's a good walker, a good trotter, a good runner, and a good jumper. He has no viciousness, is graceful of action, and is just the right age for good service."

"Those are good reasons," said the general. "Now whom do you consider the best soldier?"

"Tom Jones," replied the soldier. "Because he is a man of honor, obedient, neat and attends strictly to his duty."

"Who rides the horse?" asked the general.

"This same Tom Jones, sir," was the answer.

"And where can I find Jones?"

"I am he, sir," replied the soldier.

The general laughed, and gave the man a sovereign. Nor is it to be doubted that he afterwards kept an eye upon Jones and No. 40 to see if the man and steed were not worthy of a more conspicuous place than they thus occupied.—Harper's Young People.

He Was Excused.

A young man at a social party was vehemently urged to sing a song. He replied that he would first tell a story, and then if they still persisted in their demand, he would endeavor to execute a song. When a boy, he said, he took lessons in singing, and one Sunday morning he went up into the garret to practice alone. While in full cry he was suddenly sent for by the old gentleman. "This is pretty conduct," said the father, "pretty employment for the son of pious parents, to be sawing boards in the garret on a Sunday morning loud enough to be heard by all the neighbors. Sit down and take your book." The young man was unanimously excused from singing the proposed song.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Very Tired Indeed.

It has remained for a little girl in Brooklyn to nearly, if not quite, equal a famous witticism of Leigh Hunt. Of course, she spoke in childish innocence where the English essayist and wit used his ripened intellect. Hunt, in describing an exceedingly warm day, it will be remembered, spoke of it as one which tempted him "to strip off his flesh and sit in his bones." The dear little Brooklyn miss had been romping and running all day. Toward nightfall her father met her. "Are you not very tired, little one?" he asked. "Oh, not so very tired, papa," she replied. Then, in a burst of confidence, she whispered: "Only I do feel as though I'd like to take my legs off and carry them awhile."—N. Y. Herald.

COMPLETELY PARALYZED

Physicians Are Astounded by a Peculiar Case.

A Young Man Stricken with Landry's Paralysis and Yet Recovers.

[From the Times, Philadelphia, Pa.]

Stricken with Landry's Paralysis, and yet cured. That means but little to the average layman but it means a miracle to a physician. Such is the experience of O. E. Dallimore now a resident of Madison, N. J., and a rare experience it is.

"Yes, it is true that I had Landry's Paralysis," said Mr. Dallimore to a reporter, "or else the most celebrated physicians of London were mistaken.

"It was on the 15th of March, this year," he continued, "when I was in New York city, that I first felt the symptoms of my trouble. I experienced difficulty in going up stairs, my legs failing to support me. I consulted a physician who informed me that I had every symptom of Locomotor Ataxia, but as the case developed he pronounced it a case of Landry's Paralysis and knowing the nature of the disease advised me to start for my home and friends. I gave up my work and on April 1st started for London, Ont. A well-known physician was consulted but I grew rapidly worse and on Saturday, April 7, several eminent physicians held a consultation on my case and informed me that I was at death's door, having but three to six days to live, still I lingered on, by this time completely paralyzed, my hands and feet being dead, I could hardly whisper my wants and could only swallow liquids. Oh, the misery of those moments are beyond all description and death would really have been a welcome visitor.

"Now, comes the part that has astounded the physicians. Rev. Mr. Gondy, a clergyman who visited me in my last hours, as he supposed, told me of the marvellous cures of paralysis that had been performed by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I started to take the pills about April 28 and a week after that felt an improvement in my condition. There was a warm, tingling sensation in the limbs that had been entirely dead and I soon began to move my feet and hands, the improvement continued until May 28 when I was taken out of bed for a drive and drove the horse myself. By the beginning of July I was able to walk upstairs alone and paid a visit to Niagara.

"Slowly but surely I gained my old health and strength leaving Ontario for New York on October 11 and be ginning my work again on October 26, 1894. Cured of Landry's Paralysis in eight months." To confirm his story beyond all doubt, Mr. Dallimore made the following affidavit.

Sworn and subscribed before me December 3, 1894. AMOS C. RATHBUN,
[SEAL.] *Notary Public.*

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

GEMS FROM GREAT MINDS.

THE monuments of the nations are all protests against nothingness after death; so are statues and inscriptions; so is history.—Lew Wallace.

SOME men are born to feast and not to fight; whose sluggish minds, even in fair honor's field, still on their dinner turn.—Joanna Baillie.

IT is no great part of a good man's lot to enjoy himself. To be good and to do good are his ends, and the glory is to be revealed hereafter.—S. L. Prime.

ALTHOUGH men of eminent genius have been guilty of all other vices, none worthy of more than a secondary name has ever been a gamester.—Landor.

LIFE! I know not what thou art, but know that thou and I must part; and when, or how, or where we met, I own to me's a secret yet.—Mrs. Barbauld.

THE aggregate happiness of society, which is best promoted by the practice of a virtuous policy, is, or ought to be, the end of all government.—Washington.

HISTORICAL FACES.

BEACONSFIELD'S face was a puzzle even to his intimates. It was impossible, by watching it, to gain any insight into his feelings or emotions.

POE had a long, thin face, with a small, almost invisible, mustache. His features gave little indication of the habits of dissipation that blighted his life.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, had red hair and a cross eye, and, in spite of the encomiums of her contemporaries, is believed not to have been a handsome woman.

BURNS gave little indication of his genius in his features, which were those of the typical Scottish peasant. The only good point in his face was his eye.

GREAT MEN'S READING.

COWPER read only his Bible and his prayer book.

HALLAM said that Livy was the model historian.

CHOPIN rarely read anything heavier than a French novel.

AUBER hated reading, and never read save under compulsion.

CÆSAR BORGIA had a library of works relating mostly to art.

TITIAN read his prayer book and the Metamorphoses of Ovid.

VOLTAIRE'S favorite classical author was Juvenal, the satirist.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, April 22, 1895		
CATTLE—Native Steers	$4 80 @	$6 00
COTTON—Middling	6⅞ @	7
FLOUR—Winter Wheat	2 40 @	3 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	6⅝ @	6¾
CORN—No. 2	.... @	55
OATS—No. 2	22 @	23⅛
PORK—New Mess	13 50 @	14 00
ST. LOUIS.		
COTTON—Middling	.... @	6¾
BEEVES—Fancy Steers	5 75 @	6 15
Medium	4 50 @	5 50
HOGS—Fair to Select	4 65 @	4 85
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	3 25 @	4 50
FLOUR—Patents	3 00 @	3 10
Fancy to Extra do	2 40 @	2 80
WHEAT—No 2 Red Winter	.... @	58¼
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	.... @	43
OATS—No. 2	.... @	31
RYE—No. 2	56 @	58
TOBACCO—Lugs	3 00 @	8 00
Leaf Burley	4 50 @	12 00
HAY—Clear Timothy	9 00 @	11 50
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	13 @	16
EGGS—Fresh	.... @	10¾
PORK—Standard Mess (New)	.... @	12 50
BACON—Clear Rib	6⅝ @	6⅞
LARD—Prime Steam	.... @	6⅝
CHICAGO		
CATTLE—Shipping	5 00 @	6 25
HOGS—Fair to Choice	4 70 @	5 05
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	3 75 @	4 15
FLOUR—Winter Patents	2 50 @	2 85
Spring Patents	3 10 @	3 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	61⅛ @	61½
No 2 Red	57⅞ @	58¼
CORN—No. 2	45⅝ @	45⅞
OATS—No. 2	.... @	28⅛
PORK—Mess (new)	12 27½ @	12 40
KANSAS CITY.		
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	4 50 @	5 95
HOGS—All Grades	4 40 @	4 80
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	.... @	57½
OATS—No. 2	28½ @	29
CORN—No. 2	.... @	45
NEW ORLEANS.		
FLOUR—High Grade	2 50 @	3 00
CORN—No. 2	51 @	52
OATS—Western	.... @	35
HAY—Choice	15 50 @	16 00
PORK—New Mess	.... @	12 25½
BACON—Sides	.... @	7⅛
COTTON—Middling	6¾ @	6⅞
LOUISVILLE.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	63 @	64
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	46½ @	47¼
OATS—No. 2 Mixed	31½ @	32¼
PORK—New Mess	13 00 @	13 50
BACON—Clear Rib	7½ @	7¾
COTTON—Middling	.... @	6⅞

—By a somewhat remarkable coincidence three divisions of the Pennsylvania system are of equal length. These are the Chicago & Logansport division, the Indianapolis & Vincennes division and the Pittsburgh & Altoona division, each 117 miles in length. This equality in length was the result of mere chance, as there was never any attempt at uniformity in establishing such division points.

—Hose wagons are steadily supplanting hose reels for use in fire departments. When a new hose apparatus is ordered it is generally a wagon. In the wagon the hose is simply laid down in folds. The wagon may not be so picturesque as a jaunty four-wheeled hose carriage, but a well-built hose wagon is by no means a bad-looking vehicle, and is found to be more useful in service.

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

WIFE (to unhappy husband)—"I wouldn't worry, John; it doesn't do any good to borrow trouble." Husband—"Borrow trouble! Great Cæsar, my dear, I ain't borrowing trouble; I have it to lend."—Colorado Sun.

The Dinner Bell

Sounds but a mockery to the dyspeptic. He hears it, of course, but his stomach does not respond to the call. He "goes through the motions" and suffers afterwards for the small amount of victuals he partakes of. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters alters his condition into one of ability to eat plentifully, digest heartily, and assimilate thoroughly. Malaria, rheumatism, constipation and biliousness are conquered by this world-famed medicine.

MISS OLDACRE (who has still got skittish ways)—"Isn't it sad, captain, when a woman perceives that she's grown older?" The Captain—"Yes; but it's more sad when she doesn't perceive it."—Judy.

This Means Business.

On the principal lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway passenger trains are electric lighted, steam heated and protected by block signals. With these modern appliances, railway traveling at high speeds has reached a degree of safety heretofore unknown and not attainable on roads where they are not in use. Electric lights and steam heat make it possible to dispense with the oil lamp and the car stove. Block signals have reduced the chances for collisions to the minimum by maintaining an absolute interval of space between trains.

A TRUE knight is fuller of bravery in the midst than in the beginning of danger.—Sir P. Sidney.

IF the readers of this paper will look for the lock, they will find a secure way of reducing their shoe bills, by buying the Security School Shoes, which are only sold for cash at one price, the lowest ever made for so good a shoe. Look for lock in this paper.

A PATH may look pleasant and yet be filled with footprints made by the cloven hoof.—Ram's Horn.

AFTER physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—RALPH ERIEG, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1893.

STUDENT—"Professor, which is the logical way of reaching a conclusion?" Professor—"Take a train of thought, my boy."

FRUGALITY is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.—Burke.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER is the purest and strongest baking powder made. It has received the highest award at the U. S. Gov't official investigation, and at all the Great International Expositions and World's Fairs wherever exhibited in competition with others.

It makes the finest, lightest, sweetest, most wholesome bread, cake and pastry. More economical than any other leavening agent.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

MANCHESTER people are not yet posted in sea-faring lingo. Thus, a Manchester ship canal hand was overheard shouting at the top of his voice to a captain: "Are you bringing in the blunt end or the sharp end of that ship?"—Tit-Bits.

"KIND hearts are more than coronets,"
But somehow with the belles,
In choosing mates for life, it is
The coronet that tells.
—Washington Star.

COMPENSATION.—He—"That's Mrs. Grizzshaw who lectures on bimetallism. I've heard her. How exasperatingly clever she seems to be!" She—"Yes, but how consolingly ugly!"—Punch.

A CONVERT.—Visitor (in Maine)—"It's against the law to sell this stuff, isn't it?" Drug Clerk—"Yes." Visitor (who has just had some)—"It ought to be."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

"HOW'S YOUR infant son?" "First rate—just like a student." "How so?" "Sleeps in the daytime, kicks up a row at night."—Fliegende Blatter.

"I DON'T think your arguments against Wagner are sound." "Well, if they are not, that's where they differ from Wagner's music."—Harper's Bazar.

What an ordinary man eats and the way he eats it would be enough to give dyspepsia to an ostrich—unless the ostrich were wise enough to assist his digestion from time to time with an efficient combination of vegetable extracts. Such a preparation is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are the pills par excellence for those who sometimes eat the wrong things and too much. They stimulate action in all of the digestive organs. They stop sour stomach, windy belchings, heartburn, flatulence and cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, sick headache and kindred derangements.

Once used they are always in favor.

NOTHING recalls to the mind of the married man the joys of his single life so vividly as to find that the baby has been eating crackers in bed.—Texas Siftings.

IF thou hast wanderings in the wilderness and find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor.—Lowell.

HANGING and wiving go by destiny.—Shakespeare.

I was afflicted with catarrh last autumn. During the month of October I could neither taste or smell and could hear but little. Ely's Cream Balm cured it.—Marcus Geo. Shautz, Rahway, N. J.

CATARRH
ELY'S CREAM BALM
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