MAX STADLER'S BIG PRIZE.

The Great Clothing Merchant's Investment of One Dollar Yields $12,500.

A *Daily News* reporter dropped into Max Stadler & Co.'s well known clothing establishment at Broadway and Grand st., a few days ago to purchase a suit of clothes. He was surprised to see all the salesmen and bookkeepers congregated in a little knot, of which the senior member of the firm was the central figure. The latter held a telegraph despatch in his right hand that read like this:

NEW ORLEANS, July 20, 1889.
MAX STADLER, *New York:*
One-five-one-six-six drew fifty thousand.
M. A. DAUPHIN.

In the other hand Mr. Stadler held one-quarter ticket No. 15,166 in the July drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, and the above telegram, which was in reply to one of inquiry sent by Mr. Stadler, assured him that he was just $12,500 richer than he was before he secured the little ticket.

"For a long time," said Mr. Stadler, there has been an elderly gentleman coming in here each month with Louisiana State Lottery tickets for sale. Last month I thought more out of friendship than anything else that I would buy a dollar ticket. I did so and won $10. This month I invested the $10 in two one-quarter tickets, one of which as you already know, has drawn $12,500."

Mr. Stadler took his ticket to his friend, Manager Hoey, of the Adams Express Company, for collection. Yesterday he received the money all right and generously drew his check for a handsome sum in favor of the old gentlemen that sold him the ticket, and promised to make him a present of $100,000 if he draws the capital prize of $300,000.

A feature in recent drawings has been the good fortune that has attended the customers of the Louisiana State Lottery in this city and vicinity. Not long since two Brooklyn plasterers had the good fortune to draw $15,000 upon an investment of $1 each, they having agreed to go shares on what they won. There was E. Amsden, the printer at 137 8th street., who drew $5,000, and Cassagnac & Vieu, the feather merchants at 3 West 3rd st., who drew $2,500, and the restaurant keeper on Bleecker st., who struck a big prize, and whose luck led most of these mentioned into going into the lottery.—*New York Daily News*, August 7.

A Boy of The Present.

"It appears to me," said another man in the party, "that the youngsters now adays go ahead much faster than they did when I was young. Now, for instance, the other day I overheard my small son call his little sister a 'chippy.' I reproved him for so doing, when he answered, 'All boys is kids, and all girls is chippies,' as though wondering at my ignorance of the current vernacular. When I awoke the other morning I found the boy wide awake in his crib beside the bed. As I turned to look at him he saw that my eyes were open, and he said to me: 'Pa, I've got a new one for you.' Of course, I naturally expressed a desire to hear it. Resting himself upon one elbow, he looked me square in the face and recited this:

"'A big bull pup with a curled up tail,
A very small boy with a big tin pail;
They tried this scheme, but it would not do,
And they buried the boy where the daises grew.'

"Well, of course, I howled. If I had ever had the nerve to spring such an epic on my own father when I was his age I would have been obliged to stand up to my meals for a week. It only goes to show the precocity of the youth of the present day."

The Value of a Home.

A city which has the largest share of individual home owners has the smallest share of dangerous classes. A man who owns a home, or who is successfully trying to own a home, can never be turned into an Ishmaelite, a Bohemian or an anarchist. In struggling against the tenement house system, and in struggling for a home, heroes are made out of common clay. No man can rent a home. Let every means which business enterprise can devise to further home-owning be encouraged. There was never an age nor a day when it was truer than now that "There's no place like home."—Lewiston, Me., Journal.

An Injured Veteran.

Journalist—I would like to get a pension.

Pension Agent—Were you injured while you were in the army during the war?

Yes, I was a newspaper correspondent, and I did so much hard lying that I strained my conscience, and as everybody connected with the army is getting pensions I thought I'd just file my claim. —Texas Siftings.

New Reading.

It was a Connecticut boy who surprised his teacher in reading the other day, by his interpretation of the sentence, "There is a worm; do not tread on him." He read slowly and hestatingly, "There is a warm doughnut; tread on him!"—Christian Register.

E. A. ROOD, Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured my wife of catarrh fifteen years ago and she has had no return of it. It's a sure cure." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

ST. JACOBS OIL
FOR LAMENESS AND SWELLINGS.

In the Hip. Tiles, Fulton Co., Ill., June, '88. Three or four years ago was taken with Lameness in hip; was in bed part of time; tried several doctors without benefit; was cured by three or four applications of St. Jacobs Oil. WM. HARPER.

Always There. Palmyra, Mich., May 19, '88. Have used St. Jacobs Oil for lameness with best results; have handled it for twelve years; always in stock. S. F. WHITMARSH, Druggist.

Swellings. Little Chute, Wis., May 21, 1888. Suffered three years with swellings from impure blood; cured by external use of St. Jacobs Oil. No return in five years. ARNOLD VON HANDEL.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Hop Plasters
Ease Pain Instantly.
A New England Household Remedy.
The virtues of Pyrox Hops, Hemlock, Pain Balsam, and Extracts, prepared and spread on white muslin.
Feels good the moment you put on, and seems to drive pain by magic.
Quicker Relief Known for Backache and all Aches, Pains, or Inflammations, Lameness, or weakness in any part of the body.
Wonderfully soothing, pain-killing, healing all people in attending. Used by thousands with marked and astonishing results.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
HOP PLASTERS are sold by all drug and general stores, price 25c., 5 for $1, or postage free of the proprietors, Hop Plaster Co., Boston, Mass.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Generous Newsboys and Their Noble Work.

Chapters About Famous Places—Stories About Wise Animals and Smart Boys.

A Bad Beginning.

Old Mother Fox one evening looked
From out her den of rocks.
"Come here, my pretty Bushy Tail,"
She called her little Fox.
"You're getting larger every day,
You're growing strong; I feel
'Tis time that you should leave your play
And should begin to steal.

"YOU'RE GETTING LARGER EVERY DAY."

"The farmer's eye is quick and keen,
The chicken-roosts are high;
The Rabbit, he is fleet of foot;
The Partridge, she is sly.
If you would live upon your wits,
You must be very sly;
You'll have to watch before you pounce;
You must be very sly."

"I'VE REALLY LEARNED TO STEAL."

"Yes, mother," said young Bushy Tail,
"I know just how you feel,
But I've begun to prowl about;
I've really learned to steal.
The Rabbit runs, the Partridge flies,
The Chicken-roosts are high,
But I shall wait a chance to pounce;
I shall be very sly.
I mean to live upon my wits;
I shall be very shy."

So off they both together went,
And left their den of rocks;
And which one of the two was worse,
The big or little Fox?

Jimmy Joyce's Philanthropy.

Little Jimmie Joyce has shown a great interest in the Fresh-Air Fund ever since it began to be talked about this season. As it happened, last week some of his friends were sent away by means of the fund, and their brilliant accounts of country life set Jimmie's young mind to work. The lad does a good deal of thinking anyway, for one so young, and this time his active mind hit upon something which seemed to him very practical. Accordingly, Wednesday morning, when he went to the Daily News boys' room in the rear of the Daily News building, he marched up to Philip O'Connor, the veteran paper-distributor, and held a ten minutes' conversation with him.

"It strikes me that we fellers might take up a kinder collection," he said, "and we might send some one to the country, too." Phil fell in with the idea, and, when all the boys came in, before giving them their papers, he made the following announcement: "Boys, some of the fellows wants to start a subscription among you for the purpose of sending some of the poor to the country. Now, what do you think of it?"

"That's the stuff," "Let 'er go," and a score of like exclamations were given by the boys in answer.

So it was that the Daily News boys' fund was started. Jimmie Joyce's name headed the list with 10 cents after it, and by night many names were added and $5.55 was raised. Thursday $1.75 was added to the list, and yesterday 87 cents was handed in by "Shorty," who had spent the previous afternoon on the north side collecting it from the boys. The fund had now grown to $8.17, enough money to send four "kids" to the country for a two weeks' vacation.

It now became necessary to appoint a committee to see that the money was disposed of properly and that the right persons were benefited by it. Accordingly, a meeting was held and all the boys attended, regardless of the papers they might have sold. The alley, through which the little fellows come to get their papers was thronged. Tom Black acted as a chairman and "Reddie" introduced a motion that a committee of four be appointed to attend to the proper disposal of the money. The motion was carried and Frank Kohlhoff, better known as "Yorkie," James Cotton, Frank Bremer, and Frank Shultz were appointed.

Now comes a question not easily decided: "Who shall we send?"

"I think 'bout as good as we could do would be to send four poor boys," suggested "Bricktop" John.

"No; better send poor girls," said another.

"What's the matter with haff and haff?" asked Bob Jackson.

An hour was spent discussing this question, but no agreement could be reached, so the boys referred it to the committee they had selected.

"Yorkie" then proposed that the persons sent to the country by them be called the Daily News boys' boys," or "girls," as the case might be, or both, for that matter, and the motion was unanimously carried.

The committee lost no time in disposing of the duties intrusted to him, and met immediately after the other meeting had adjourned:

"Yorkie" acted as spokesman, and regarding the question as to who was to be sent to the country said: "Fellers, I tink we'd better take the gals out, 'cause yer know they don't nohow git to see much any way. Yer know we kin take the car and go off fer a day jist when we wants, but they can't do it. It's my opini'n we'd better send 'em off. What der yer think 'bout it?"

"Yorkie's" eloquence was not lost upon the other three, and they finally decided that "the Daily News boys' girls" should go for the proposed vacation.

The boys then visited the management of the Daily News Fresh-Air Fund, and requested four deserving girls be sent on the newsboys' account. The request was promptly acceded to, and four girls will be elected to go to Williamsport, Ind., in answer to invitations from Mrs. R. M. Claypool and Mrs. Slifer of that town, both of whom had previously sent word to the benevolent organization that they would gladly entertain two young girls during the two weeks' vacation. And so "the Daily News boys' girls" will start for their trip next Tuesday morning, and the lads, one and all, feel glad that they have been the means of benefiting the poor and making others happy.—Chicago News.

How the Bears Were Made.

On the wide, barren plain south of the Yukon Mouth there once lived a little boy with his aunt. They were all alone, not even having any people living about them in any direction so far as they could travel in a day. One summer day the boy took his skin canoe, or kyak, and told his aunt that he was going away to the Great River (Yukon) to find where people were living.

Then away he paddled and came in time to the Great River, up which he steered his course until he came at last to a large village.

As the boy drew his kyak upon the shore the people ran down to him and smashed his canoe to pieces and then tore his clothing into rags and beat him almost to death. And here the poor boy, having no kyak, was compelled to stay all through the summer, the object of the spiteful blows and harsh treatment of the entire village.

As the autumn moon filled, one of the men in the village felt pity for the friendless one and made him a little kyak and told him to go and find his people again.

Then the boy paddled away again, and after a long time returned to his aunt's place.

When he reached home he was surprised to find that many people had come there during his absence and a village now stood about his old home.

Then he drew his kyak upon the river bank and went straight to his aunt's house and entered.

The old woman was inside, and when the poor boy went in, all ragged and so starved and beaten that he looked like a skeleton, she was very much frightened.

When the old aunt's fright passed away she was able to recognize him, and with cries of pity for his suffering and of anger at his cruel enemies, she heard his story. When he had finished, the old woman made him bring her a piece of driftwood, and from it they carved a small wooden image of an animal with long teeth, and long, sharp claws; and they colored it on the sides, with some white on its neck. Then they took the image to the edge of the water in the little river and the old woman said her magic words to the image and told it to go to the place where the bad ones lived who had treated her boy so evilly, and to tear and destroy all the people he could find. The image lay quite still, not stirring. At this the old woman took it out of the water and let her tears drop on its back, while she told it: "Now, go! Kill and tear the bad ones who beat my boy," and put it into the water again. Just when she finished, the image moved slowly across the river and crept up the other bank. By the time it reached the top of the bank it had grown to a big animal, and turned and looked back at the old woman, who cried out to it: "Go, tear and destroy."

The animal went away to the bad village, where it found a man getting water from the river, and quickly tore him in pieces. After this, for a long time, the savage one kept about this place until half of the people had been torn by him and all of the others began to desert it. The savage one then swam across the Great River and wandered far across the earth plain, even beyond the broad river, always raging to destroy everything in which it found life.

Here it turned back, and one day came upon the river bank where it had started. He looked, and seeing the people, became at once filled with rage and began to tear up the earth with his sharp claws, and then swam the little river. The villagers ran away crying with fear: "There is the old woman's dog, and now we will all be eaten. Make the old woman go and stop her dog."

The old woman heard the cries and went out, and as soon as she saw the animal she went to meet it. The savage one was passing by without trying to touch her, but she caught it by the long fur and said: "Do not hurt these people for they have been good to me and have given me food when I have been hungry." At this the savage one became quite gentle and she led it into her house.

When they were inside she told the animal that he had served her well and done all of her bidding, but that from this time forth he must not hurt people unless they first tried to injure or abuse him in any way. She then led it outside and sent him away, and since then there have always been bears.

The Highest Volcano.

The highest active volcano in the world is Popocatapetl, thirty-five miles south of Pueblo, Old Mexico. It is 17,784 feet high, the crater is three miles in circumference and 1,000 feet deep. When Cortez conquered Mexico Popocatapetl was in a state of active eruption, the smoke being visible for 500 miles in every direction.

One of Cortez's men, Francisco Montano, was the first man to ascend to the summit. Up to 1875 but two white women, Mrs. John W. Foster and Mrs. Arthur Terry, had ever gazed into the awful crater. Since that time several lady tourists have made the ascent. The figures of General Casper Ochor, the owner of the great smoking mountain, show it to be 19,523 feet high; 17,784, the figures given above, are those used by most geographers.

The Biggest Town.

London, with an area somewhat indefinite, is the largest city in the world. Her postal districts extend over a scope of 144 square miles; that of the police over 690 square miles. The population in 1881 was something over 4,000,000. It stands on four counties, covering the most of each. It has 1,500,000 foreigners from every quarter of the globe, and it is said to have more Catholics than Rome herself and more Jews than all Palestine. Within the limits of the city there is a birth every five minutes and a death every eight minutes, day and night. Each year adds 45,000 to the population. There are 7,000 miles of streets and 1,260 miles of street railway within the city limits. Each year an average of 28 miles of new streets are opened.

A Dog Habit.

It has been remarked that dogs turn around several times before lying down. The habit is supposed to point to the time in canine history when the dog was wild and inhabited jungles or tall grass. Then it was necessary to turn several times in order to twist the grass into the porper position for pressing down into a comfortable nest. The habit became fixed and the modern dog has not outgrown it.—Kansas City Journal.

A Very Deep Hole.

A subterranean passage has been discovered in the Santa Fe river, three miles northwest of Hot Springs, Fla. A spot about fourteen feet in diameter has been found having no bottom. The water in this particular locality is unlike that surrounding it, having a decidedly bluish cast. Rails pushed a short distance down into the hole disappear never to return. All attempts to find bottom have thus far failed.

Truths differ. Sometimes they are told to a man's face and sometimes behind his back.

"Too Particular."

The current number of one of the magazines reads the world at large and the American people in particular a lesson on carelessness in conversation, taking as its text the remark of the delinquent who transformed a well-known quotation into this: "There is no Watahisname but Thingummy, and Whatyoucallit is his prophet." The magazine declares that such thing should not be.

But, after all, how delightful it is to converse with a man who makes his quotation this way; you are instantly at home with him; you feel that he doesn't know any more than you do; you know that at your worst you can do as well as he can. But the man who always has a quotation absolutely correct to the very pauses—the very capitals—and tells exactly where it occurs—the book, yea, the chapter—and says as plainly as if he put it in so many words that he actually knows the date of both the birth and death of the author, this man is—at least, he is quite another creature. With the one you can lean back, cross your feet and enjoy yourself; with the other you sit up on the edge of your chair and vainly ask yourself why you did not study some ten or fifteen times harder at school and become an intellectual giant. Theoretically absolute correctness is beautiful but practically it is a weariness of the flesh.

Our magazine friend reasons that to attain perfection in speech, not only in quotations but in other things, the training should begin in youth; that, in fact, as the twig is bent the child is inclined—though we cannot guarantee the absolute correctness of this quotation. When the child's rocking-horse treacherously throws him off and bumps his head against the piano-stool, his remarks should do no violence to the precepts of the great Lindley Murray; he should occasionally sit up in his cradle, remove his teething ring from his mouth and conjugate a verb. But this sort of a child is not the one that anybody cares to cultivate, nor is he the one that makes his mark in the world when he grows up. Who cares to be approached by the 10-year-old boy who announces that, "owing to the inclemency of the weather, I have to-day remained at home instead of attending school as usual?" But, on the other hand, who can for a moment resist the one who comes in with a shout and says that "it's pouring cats and dogs, so I won't have to go to no school to-day, and I'm jolly glad of it and hope it'll rain tomorrow?" The latter is a boy, the former an interesting young person; and twenty years later you will find the boy at the head of a prosperohs business with the young person as his book-keeper.—Ex.

Brains in Demand.

"I hear a good many young fellows," said an old New York merchant, recently, "growling nowadays that the chances to make a fortune in this city are all gone, that is, for men whose only capital is their brains. They look around at the great business houses already established and consider the fierce competition in every branch of trade, and their hearts fail them. The truth is that there never were such chances to make money as now for young men of real ability in this city. It is a hard place, of course, for men of mere average talent to get along in, but brains are needed here as never before. Merchants who have built up great trades and want to 'let up' a little in their labors, must have smart men to whom they can safely entrust details.

"The complaint that the 'bosses' relatives are put over the heads of the more deserving clerks is not true. That scheme is playing out and will not work. No wise man will risk his business in the hands of an incompetent son or nephew if he can get a better and more faithful employe to attend to it. It would pay him better to pension the relative. These men get salaries that were unheard of in my day, and although the prices of land have risen greatly since then, the opportunities for a young fellow to secure a home of his own, were never better that they are in New York today.—New York Tribune.

A Man of Expedients.

Of all the dispositions with which moral man may be born, there is no other that on the whole is so likely to assist him to make his way through life satisfactorily as that of being born a man of expedients. Whatever gifts of wealth one may chance to inherit, he is sure sooner or later to come to grief, unless he inherits also the art of managing them. It is by no means enough to get a fortune; it is necessary to use one's wits to preserve it. But fortune is, after all, only one of the innumerable elements of which life is compounded, and as it becomes every year necessary to have a large fortune to hold one's own among the wealthy of the land, so does it become every year of less importance whether one does have a fortune, since there is constantly a larger proportion of people who do not have the enormous amount which goes to make up the modern fortune, and the majority will assert itself, even to the extent of breaking away from the demination of wealth.

In every department of life, in the greatest affairs with which he is called upon to have to do as well as in the most minute, there is room for the display of this faculty of being prepared for the emergency. To be a man of expedients it is necessary to have much mental dexterity, much power of adaptability, and wide versatility of resource. Indirectly there is needed a large imagination, and the man of expedients is above everything else, perhaps, a man of imagination. He is able to put himself in different relations to any given problem, and if the first does not furnish him solution of any difficulty that may perplex him, he is capable of looking the whole matter over from a new standpoint, and thereby selecting some hitherto unsuspected means of escape from the entanglement which annoys him.—Ex.

A Happy Medium.

Have aim in life and set your sum
And stick to it, whatever come.
Don't lounge about, a-chewing gum,
And be a good-for-nothing chum,
But strike a happy medium.

Don't work too hard or you'll become
A nervous wreck with feelings glum,
With sleepless nights, and aching thumb.
Don't slave to death to grab each crumb,
But strike a happy medium.

Swept on by tides of wrong and rum,
Don't drift and drift, like worthless scum,
And make the fairest land a slum,
Lend ear to truth and not be mum,
Oh, strike a happy medium.

Oh! sweet is this, that there are some
Who roar not loud, or keep not dumb,
Who rightly work, who work and hum,
And thus deserve their sugar plum,
So strike a happy medium.
—E. B. Blackwell, Chicago Times.

When Robert Was a Boy.

John W. Burdette, for many years editorial writer and business manager of the Burlington Hawkeye, is a younger brother of the famous humorist. He says: "Bob always bubbled over with fun, and his stock of stories was exhaustless, even when a child. He could make us a good fairy tale or adventure at a moments notice, and his younger brothers were always after him for 'just one more story, Bob,' whenever we got him alone. At bed-time we were especially annoying to him. After we were all cuddled up—for we slept three in a bed—Bob would tell us a score of stories, and we constantly begged for one more until he would become weary. I guess that some of Bob's best stories were told to us in those days. I would not like to say a thousand times for fear of exaggeration, and if I said less than a thousand times it might not be up to the number of occasions when Bob was obliged to kick us both out of bed and roll himself up in the blankets and go to sleep in spite of us, for we never tired of hearing him, no matter how sleepy and tired he might become. Yes, if one-hundredth part of the fancies, witticisms and inventions which Bob entertained his little brothers with could be printed, the world would call him a genius of the most marvelous kind; for the thousand tales of the Arabian Nights were never more interesting than those winter nights' tales of my good brother Bob. There was never a better brother."

Clean Milk.

When we look upon the beautiful whiteness of milk we are led to believe it is absolutely clean. It seems so natural to believe that anything so white and pure-looking must be clean. When we remember, however, that water that seems perfectly clear and sparkling to the naked eye may contain the worst impurities, we are prepared to hear and understand that apparently clean white milk may be impure. We recently had exhibited to us the residuum cleaned out of apparently pure milk by an ingenious system of centrifugal cleansing employed by one of our condensed milk companies. This residuum consists of blood, putrescent matter, hair, dust and other impurities taken from the bottom of one of these centrifugal cleansers. The question suggests itself, may not the continued use of milk containing such impurities be the source of typhoid and other fevers just as much as impure water? And if this is so, why should not the same prophylactic care be exercised in cleansing milk as in distilling water? Here is a fresh apportunity for microscopical and bacteriological investigation, to which we shall again refer.—American Anatyco.

Color of the Hair and Eyes.

M. Topinard has been making a statistical inquiry into the colors of the eyes and hair in France, and from his 180,000 observations he deduces many interesting results, one of the most curious being that where the race is formed from a mixture of blondes and brunettes the hereditary blood-coloring comes out in the eyes, and the brunette element reappears in the hair. To this tendency probably is to be attributed the rarity of a combination of light hair with dark eyes. Several observers have asserted that the American people, who are pre-eminently a mixed race, are becoming a dark-haired and blue-eyed nation, and if this be true, such a development must be owing to the working of the new law formulated by M. Topinard.

Both Going to Dinner.

Business man—"I had two urgent engagements to make to-day, one with an Englishman and one with an American."

Friend—"Yes."

Business man—"The Englishman told me he would meet me at 8 o'clock this evening, after he had dined, the hour for which was 5 o'clock."

Friend—"And the American?"

Business man—"Oh, he said: 'I'll meet you in ten minutes—as soon as I've had dinner.'"—Chicago Globe.

Little Elephants.

Two diminutive elephants arrived safely the other day in the British section of the universal exhibition, where they stand opposite each other, apparently guarding the entrance to one of the central courts. No household canary could possibly be tamer than these handsome little pachyderms, which are about five feet high and carry gorgeous howdahs, richly decorated, as well as other trappings, with colored enamels and gold. Even the tusks, the points of which have been sawn off, are profusely gilt.

Mrs. Popinjay—"What does your husband think of your new hat?" Mrs. Bleboon—"He hasn't looked at it yet. The bill has attracted his entire attention for the past two days."—Burlington Free Press.

MRS. HARRISON AIDED HIM.

How the First Lady of the Land Interceded for a California Convict.

Mrs. Harrison expressed great surprise when she read the account in the morning papers of John F. Elliott, the San Quentin prisoner who was pardoned through her intercession. She received a letter from him a year ago in which he sent a poem composed by himself on the battle of "Resacca." He did not ask for pardon, but said in the letter that he had reduced his term from seven to five years by good behavior. A lady who was with Mrs. Harrison in Indianapolis at the time wrote acknowledging the letter, and later sent a letter asking the prison authorities about John F. Elliott's character. The chaplain, William H. Hilt, answered, and in his letter used the words: "I know Elliott well, and can show you that he is deserving and not one of the criminal class. He has been unjustly sent here by rank perjury. I hope he may be pardoned before the expiration of his sentence." Mrs. Harrison became interested in the case, as everything pointed to the fact Elliott was trying to reform. Reasoning that his sentence would expire in November and a pardon two or three months before his time would give him once more a fair standing before the world, she sent copies of the letters in her possession to Senator Stanford, together with a request for him to look into the case. The papers were transmitted through him to Gov. Waterman, and John F. Elliott became a free man. This is the first instance of an intercession on Mrs. Harrison's part, although she says she has demands constantly that move her to pity.

CUT RATES TO THE WEST.

Cheap tickets to all points in Kansas, Colorado, Indian Territory (Oklahoma) Texas and other States and Territories in the West will be sold by the Santa Fe Route from Chicago and other points along the line, on August 6 and 20, September 10 and 24 and October 8.

For particulars ask your Ticket Agent or write to John J. Byrne, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Santa Fe Route, Chicago, Ills.

An apparent stack of four $20 gold pieces, in the center of which is a miniature watch movement, is an oddity recently introduced, and as yet seldom seen.

There is a man in our town
And he is very wise, sir,
Whene'er he doesn't feel just right
One remedy he tries, sir.
It's just the thing to take in spring
The blood to purify,
He tells his friends, and nothing else
Is he induced to try
because, having taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to cleanse his system, tone it up, and enrich the blood, and finding that it always produces the desired effect, he considers that he would be foolish to experiment with anything else. His motto is, "Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good." That's why he pins his faith to the "Golden Medical Discovery."

Walking advertisements for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are the thousands it has cured.

Mrs. Mary S. Baker, of Sidney, O., has been arrested and held to the grand jury for using profane language.

A Fairy Tale.

A famous woodsman once boasted that he could find his way through a wilderness and return by the same path. Being tested, he carried with him a slender thread, which should serve as a guide for the return trip. Reaching the end of his journey, he lay down to rest. While he rested came the genius of industry and breathed upon his thread and changed it to two shining ribbons of steel. It was a railroad. Throngs of people whirled past him in luxurious cars, and he read upon the train the mystic legend: "Wisconsin Central!"

The United States new cruiser, Yorktown, has been thoroughly tested and found to be first-class in all respects.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Postmaster Paul, of Milwaukee, who, by the report of the Commissioners, had violated the civil service law, has resigned.

If Dobbins' Electric Soap is what so many insist that it is, you cannot afford to go without it. Your grocer has it, or can get it, and you can decide for yourself very soon. Don't let another Monday pass without trying it.

The leading school book publishers deny that there is, or that there is to be, a school book trust.

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