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TOM HOOKER—"Oh, yes! Her people were as poor as church mice; but since her marriage to wealthy John Gotmore she has 'risen.'" The Visitor—"Easy? I should say so! Why, she hasn't a single thing to do all day but sit and worry."—Puck.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

HUSBY—"How do you suppose the saying, 'There is nothing new under the sun,' ever originated?" Wife—"Really, I don't know, unless some woman who wore a bonnet like mine said it to her husband."—Household Words.

A Trip to the Garden Spots of the South.

On January 14 and 28, February 11 and March 10, tickets will be sold from principal cities, towns and villages of the north, to all points on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and a portion of Kentucky, at one single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good to return within thirty days and will allow stop-over at any points on the south bound trip. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he can not sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O., J. E. Ridgely, N. W. P. A., Chicago, Ill., Geo. B. Horner, D. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

"Scare folks," said Uncle Eben, "gits de reputation of bein' great leaders, when, as a matter er fack, dey is jes' bein' shoved forward f'um behind."—Washington Star.

Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

"One soweth and another reapeth" is a verity that applies to evil as well as good.—George Eliot.

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Manifests itself in many different ways, like goitre, swellings, running sores, boils, salt rheum, pimples and other eruptions. Scarcely a man is wholly free from it, in some form. It clings tenaciously until the last vestige of scrofulous poison is eradicated from the blood by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands of voluntary testimonials tell of suffering from scrofula, often inherited and most tenacious, positively, perfectly and permanently cured by

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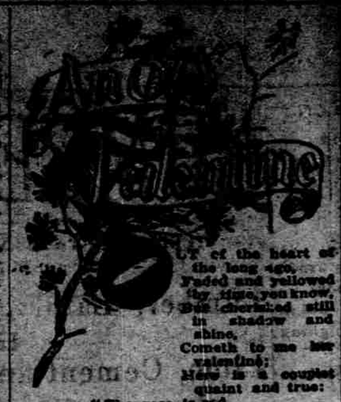
CATARRH

is a LOCAL DISEASE



"IT'S illigant 'nd that's the truth, but none too illigant for the widdy McFadden," cried honest Donald O'Dillon [illegible] rapturously surveyed the bit of [illegible] covered with roses, tulips and poppies. "And the varses, Barney, read 'em again."

"As swate as tulips and roses,
Thy pretty, fair maiden, are you;
As bright as the sun in the heavens,
As dewdrops, tender and true."

"That describes the widdy, precisely," interrupted Donald, excitedly.

"I come to you hoping, yet faloting,
Your valentine fain I would be;
If 'tis yes, keep on with your smiling,
If 'tis no, return this to me."

"Ye've foine taste, Barney, me b'y, 'nd when yer turn comes 'nd yer courten some swate crather loike the widdy, I'll do as much for ye. And now if ye'll jist do me the favor to present it this avening, I'll count this a foine day's work."

"Present it yourself, Donald."

"Faith, 'nd I'm that bashful I'd blush meself into a faver; ye won't go back on me now, Barney. Ye naden't go in unless ye plaze; ye kin wait at the door fer the answer."

Simple Donald had never even heard of the courtship of Miles Standish else he might have thought twice before sending a stalwart youth, ten years his junior, to do his wooing for him. In his eyes, Barney Casey was naught but the "lad" brought with him from the old country; I doubt if he ever knew he was 23.

"I've got to see Rodger about thrading work to-morrow, anyway," Barney said, slowly, after a moment's reflection. Barney always said everything slowly.

"So ye'll have."

When Barney went out, Donald carefully scrubbed his hands and then took up the precious bit of pasteboard that Barney had ridden seven miles to procure. Eagerly he examined it over and over, trying to read from memory that wonderful poem.

"It's a foine thing to be a scholard like Barney," he mused, longing to really read the mystic words.

"It was a lucky day fer me whin I coaxed him away from old Baily; 'nd a lucky thing for the b'y.

"This'll fetch the widdy, I reckon; she's a sinsible woman, a very sinsible woman." Then he carefully folded the card in a bit of paper, and, just at dusk, Barney started on his mission.

"What'll I say?" he queried.

Donald reflected awhile, then answered pompously: (Donald could be pompous when he had only Barney to face.) "Till her ez ye've brought her a valentine 'nd I want ter know if I kin come over to-morrow night."

It was only a 20-minute walk for a youth like Barney, to the widow McFadden's claim, and all too soon he found himself at the door.

"Wish Donald O'Dillon 'ud do his own courtin'," he muttered, as he paused for a moment to glance through the uncurtained window.

"It makes home outen a place ter hev a woman around," he continued to himself, as he watched the widow deftly washing the supper dishes. She looked buxom enough in the uncertain light of an open wood fire and one tallow candle. A sound very like a sigh escaped Barney's lips as he gave a vigorous thump on the door.

"Come in," called the widow, thinking the summons was from her little boy, who had gone to the barn a few minutes before.

Somewhat abashed, Barney walked in, looking shyness [illegible] McFadden gave a little [illegible] as he [illegible] product [illegible] chair.

"I brought you a valentine."

[illegible] fairly tingled over such [illegible] story, [illegible] out of Barney's [illegible] and he rather enjoyed them [illegible] in the chair, [illegible] for once, [illegible] Barney [illegible] illustrated [illegible]

[illegible] the widow [illegible] Barney apostrophized something after this fashion:

"The howly saints preserve me, what niv I done! To think of her taken me up loike thim! I'm a ruined man—Donald 'll niver forgive me. Faith 'nd if he strokes me dead I won't blame him—poor soul! Bliss her purty face, but she's illigant though. Barney Casey, yez was born to luck. Howly Moses! it's not mesilf ez can go home the night. I b'lave she means to marry me, sure, 'nd it's mesilf that's long sighed fer her in sacret, but knowen ez Donald hed his eye on her I'd niver hev tried courten her fer mesilf. Faith 'nd I belave courten and popping the question is a bit o' bizness ivery man had oetter attind to for himself."

It took almost an hour for Barney Casey to go over the way that, earlier in the evening, had been traversed in 20 minutes. When he came in sight of the shanty and saw Donald pacing impatiently about within he fairly cursed the pretty widow and his own good fortune. Donald paused to stir up the fire, and Barney hurried in while his back was toward the door; but when Donald turned a face full of expectancy upon him he sank onto a stool, covering his face with his hands.

"By all the saints, Barney, don't tell me she refused," groaned poor Donald, his arms hanging helplessly by his side, his lower jaw dropping, his whole attitude one of fear and suspense. It was then that Barney, lifting his head, fully realized how much his news would mean to his benefactor. Like a flash came the remembrance of all this man had done for him, of the miserable existence he had snatched him from, of the many times he had gone hungry that he might be fed, of the almost mother love he had given him; and a sudden resolve formed in his soul. Indeed, at that moment this untutored Irish lad (madly in love with the widow as he had long been) arose to the heights of a hero.

"It's all right, Donald, b'y" (he felt as if he himself had aged years in the last two hours); "she didn't send the valentine back, and she said ef yez could come over [illegible]."

[illegible] forgot for a time [illegible] Barney was and how [illegible] he first [illegible]

"I BROUGHT YEZ A VALENTINE."

"This is a great surprise to me, Mr. Casey, being most agreeable one. Leave keep the valentine," she added, shyly, extending the ticket toward him.

He took it, when she could he doff his face like scarlet and his heart beating so loud he was sure she must hear it.

"I shall tell Donald 'tis yez, thin?"

"Certainly yez may."

"He said ez he would come over ther morrow evening."

"Any time he likes."

A boyish whistle in the "near" distance caused the widow's blushes to deepen.

"'Tis Rodger," she said, sweetly. "Shall I till the b'yes to oict 'nd have done?"

"Yez kin use yer plashure," drawled the youth in some surprise, feeling rather gratified than otherwise that she should treat him so kindly and consult him so deferentially.

There was a stamping of feet outside, and two ruddy Irish lads, the one ten, the other about 16, came noisily in.

"Hillo!" shouted Rodger, the elder, catching sight of Barney; then he stared in astonishment as he noticed his step-mother standing beside him, smiling and rosy, a large card in her hand.

"Is'e a litter ye've got, sure?" he asked.

"No, b'ys, it's no litter, it's a valentine; 'nd a great joy has come to yer mither 'nd yez, sure, this day; 'nd now I'll introduce yez to yer father, that is to be, Barney Casey, sure."

"Hooray!" cried little Dan, throwing up his cap and turning a somersault; but Barney did not notice anything that was going on; he simply tried to open his lips to say something to correct the awful mistake, but no words came; indeed he could not think of a single thing to say, but his bronzed face grew actually pale, and he trembled like [illegible] a chill. [illegible] Barney, [illegible] "'nd you'll come a [illegible] at Donald's" and the widow's sweet exclusiveness completely covered his confusion and the opportunity was gone.

He forgot his errand with Rodger, and escaped as soon as possible, though they all seemed loath to leave him go.

Once alone in the keen night air, poor Barney was too happy to think clearly. Donald was too happy to think of anything but the future, Barney too miserable and too anxious to go to the outcome of his one chance for the morrow. Donald fell asleep toward morning and the younger man, dressed noiselessly, slipped out of the house, running every step of the way to the McFadden claim. He was firmly afraid his courage would forsake him or his nerve fail him. Possibly the widow did not look quite as youthful and enchanting in the cloudy morning light, her hair badly rumpled and her toilet carelessly made. Rodger was "doing chores" and Dan was still asleep. Everything favored the wretched confession poor Barney had to make. The widow listened in surprise, but seemed not half as much put out as the poor fellow had supposed she would; in fact, he had no need for the long list of arguments he had arranged to help win the "lost cause."

"'Nd the b'ys," Barney added. "Donald must niver aven surmise there was a mistake."

"I'll manage them—leave it to me," she answered, confidently.

"And after all a match between Donald and mesilf is more fitting," she added; "the loikes of yez should wait for some swate young gurl."

Barney was home and had the fire kindled before Donald fairly awoke from pleasant dreams that were but a continuation of his waking ones. Donald found the day as long as ever impatient lover did, but evening came at last and early twilight saw him on his way; nor was there aught in the widow's greeting to make him surmise that her dreams of the night before had been of other than himself.

There was a wedding in a fortnight, but Barney steadfastly refused to make one of the happy family at the McFadden claim. The widow's house was much more comfortable and pretentious than Mr. O'Dillon's, but Barney declared "the owld shanty" was good enough for a bachelor like himself.

All this is two years past and now Barney is fixing up the shanty, while carefully hidden away is a valentine, ten times finer than the one Donald sent the widow, intended, we mistrust, for the pretty daughter of a neighbor living a couple of miles beyond the widow's claim.

"All is well that ends well," and as Donald O'Dillon has been [illegible] times heard to say: "It jist takes a valentine to 'fetch 'em.'"—Velma C. Melville, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

Details of a Tragedy.

To Helen, fairest sweetheart mine—
Beloved for her grace divine,
I sent a pretty valentine.
"Your loving Joe!"
Was signed below.

'Twas lace and cupids—sachet scented,
And cost three dollars, fifty cents,
But then I didn't mind expense—
I loved her so
Intense, you know.

To Kate—a girl I fairly hate—
A girl a century out of date—
I sent a comic picture straight;
The ugliest yet
That I could get.

An ape it was in redingote,
A ruffled collar 'round the throat,
And kid gloves on. Below I wrote,
With pencil blue:
"It's just like you!"

And now—ah, me—too late, too late!
My life is wrecked! I simply wait
For death to pass me through his gate
For Katie's sent to Helen straight—
The one for Helen went to Kate!
—Kate Field's Washington.

My Valentine.

It lies before me on my desk,
All framed in paper laces fine;
I found it in my morning's mail,
And knew it for a valentine.

Oh, hazel eyes, so deep and wise!
Oh, rosy lips that dare not laugh!
What valentine could equal it—
My little daughter's photograph!

I kneel and kiss your dimpled hand
Oh, winsome little maid of mine!
To think of all your blithe young world
You chose me for your valentine.
—Etheldred B. Barry, in Our Little Ones.

Real Sufferer.

"Poor man!" exclaimed the kind hearted woman of the house. "You have met with some affliction, have you not?"

"Yes'm," sympathized Mossly Wraggs, pausing with the end of huckleberry pie half way to his mouth. "I've been disappointed in love, ma'am, an' me kidneys is troublin' me terrible."—Chicago Tribune.

The Reason Why.

Do you suppose that St. Valentine was selected as the patron of all lovers because he lost his head [illegible]

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, February 8, 1896.

CATTLE—Native Steers	$4 30	@	$4 70
COTTON—Middling	....	@	8¼
FLOUR—Winter Wheat	3 50	@	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	....	@	81½
CORN—No. 2	35	@	36
OATS—No. 2	....	@	25¾
PORK—New Mess	10 00	@	11 25
ST. LOUIS.			
COTTON—Middling	7⅞	@	8
BEEVES—Fancy Steers	3 75	@	4 00
Medium	3 15	@	4 25
HOGS—Fair to Select	3 90	@	4 25
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	2 50	@	3 50
FLOUR—Patents	3 75	@	3 85
Fancy to Extra do	2 80	@	3 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	74½	@	74
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	26¾	@	26½
OATS—No. 2	19½	@	19½
RYE—No. 2	34	@	40
TOBACCO—Lugs	3 00	@	8 00
Leaf Burley	4 50	@	12 00
HAY—Clear Timothy	9 50	@	12 50
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	12	@	16
EGGS—Fresh	....	@	11
PORK—Standard Mess (New)	....	@	10 62½
BACON—Clear Rib	....	@	5½
LARD—Prime Steam	5	@	5½
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping	3 20	@	4 75
HOGS—Fair to Choice	3 90	@	4 30
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	2 50	@	3 75
FLOUR—Winter Patents	3 40	@	3 55
Spring Patents	3 10	@	3 35
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	65½	@	66½
No. 2 Red	69½	@	70½
CORN—No. 2	28½	@	28¾
OATS—No. 2	....	@	20
PORK—Mess (new)	10 37½	@	10 50
KANSAS CITY.			
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	3 25	@	4 35
HOGS—All Grades	3 65	@	4 05
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	77	@	74
OATS—No. 2	....	@	18¼
CORN—No. 2	22½	@	23
NEW ORLEANS.			
FLOUR—High Grade	3 80	@	3 25
CORN—No. 2	32½	@	33
OATS—Western	....	@	26
HAY—Choice	18 00	@	19 00
PORK—New Mess	....	@	10 25
BACON—Sides	....	@	6½
COTTON—Middling	....	@	5
LOUISVILLE.			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	75	@	76½
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	30	@	30¾
OATS—No. 2 Mixed	22½	@	22¾
PORK—New Mess	10 75	@	11 25
BACON—Clear Rib	6½	@	6¾
COTTON—Middling	....	@	8

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