KILLED BY A MANIAC.

Two Lives Sacrificed by the Deed of an Escaped Lunatic.

John W. Greator, the Crazed Instrument of the Awful Deed.

Terrified Passengers Fly the Train and Lock Him on the Inside

George Gibson, the Peoria Whisky Man, Indicted on Six Counts.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Feb. 17.—The Pullman palace car on the Iron Mountain passenger train from St. Louis, due here at 2 o'clock this afternoon, was the scene of a dreadful tragedy at noon to-day as the train was pulling out from Bald Knob station. Isador Meyer, a traveling man for the Foster-Hilson company, of New York, had just transferred from the Memphis train and was sitting in his seat when a man who sat eating lunch suddenly drew a pistol and fired, killing Meyer instantly. Conductor E. W. Leech, of St. Louis, was on the platform, and, hearing the shot, pulled the bell to stop the train. The man thereupon turned and fired at Leech, the shot hitting him in the head. He fell to the platform dead. All the passengers rushed from the car, one of whose doors was locked by the porter, the murderer locking the other, leaving it with no other occupant than the dead drummer and his murderer. Soon people ran to the train from the town, many of them armed and succeeded in capturing the murderer. It is ascertained he is an insane man named John W. Greator, from Vincennes, Ind., a liveryman, who two weeks ago was taken home from Fort Worth, Tex., in shackles, insanity having developed. After remaining a few days he managed to leave home, and was returning to Texas when the tragic affair occurred. Meyer's remains were brought to Little Rock on the train which arrived several hours late.

IN A BOSTON COURT.

Story of a Man Who Won in a Lottery, But Lost a Bride.

A romantic story was revealed in a Boston court the other day in a contest over the $500,000 estate of the late Samuel Welch, who lived in so many places that the probate judge doesn't know where to locate his legal residence. For years a fine-looking brick house on Elm street, Somerville, has remained untenanted, its windows and doors heavily barred against entrance by any one except the possessor of the key. All sorts of ghost stories have been conjured up about this house, and everybody who lived in the neighborhood was convinced that the house was haunted. It had that reputation, anyway, and timid women and children always went a block out of their way to avoid passing it at night. The ghost stories vanished in the light of to-day's revelations. That house was built by Mr. Welch years ago with the proceeds of a lottery prize which he had drawn. He was engaged to be married to an estimable young woman, and the wedding day had been appointed. When the intended bride heard that the foundation of his wealth had been laid through a lottery investment she refused to marry him. Mr. Welch immediately barred up the house, which had just been completed, and would never give his consent to it being occupied. He then led a roving life in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, where he passed the greater part of his time. Mayor Pope, of Somerville, was to-day appointed administrator of the estate, which he will distribute among a large number of heirs.

THE DEAR GIRLS.

The reason Nature did not put it in woman's power to swear is probably because, after a fresh line of hung-up clothes had fallen in the mud, no appropriate remarks would be left for the man whose hat had just been blown off by a high wind.—Philadelphia Times.

Visitor—What do you think, Miss Jennie? Last night I dreamt I saw you dead in your coffin. Miss Jennie—You don't say so! What kind of a dress did I have on?—Texas Siftings.

The muffs were marked eight dollars, but
It seemed that price was high,
For while the ladies looked at them,
None seemed inclined to buy,
But soon those muffs like hot cakes went,
The ladies stood in line
To get them, for they'd been marked down
To seven ninety-nine.

—New York Press.

Married Man— Why don't you get married, Miss Jones? You are getting to look like a 'back number'—will soon be an old maid. Miss Jones—If I was as easy to please as your wife was I would have been married long ago.—Texas Siftings.

I stood before a lovely maiden once,
I trembling stood, though she was kind as fair;
She raised her hand and from my raven locks,
In mimic anger pulled the first gray hair.

My head has long been gray as wintry dawn,
I'm oft before her and I tremble still;
For now, alas! she looks as if she could
Pull out a fistful with a hearty will.

—New York Herald.

Anxious Mother—As I passed the parlor door last evening I saw Mr. Nicefello's face very, very close to yours. Lovely Daughter—Y-e-s, ma, he's so near-sighted.—Good News.

A clever little housekeeper told me the other day that she has a large trunk in the garret marked "Things I do not want." When she comes across anything she thinks good for nothing, instead of throwing it away, she consigns it to this trunk. And what then, do you think? She says, further, that when she wants anything she doesn't have she goes to this trunk and is sure to find it.—Boston Traveler.

"Where are you going, my pretty fair maid?"
"I'm going to church, kind sir," she said.
"Why go you so often, my pretty maid?"
"The minister's young and unmarried," she said.

—New York Herald.

She let him flounder along through his proposal until he said something about her being his "household angel through life." Then she asked: "At angel's wages, I suppose?" "How is that?" "My board and clothes. That is all the angels get, is it not?"—Philadelphia Times.

"My dear, you look beautiful in your winter outfit!" "Oh, yes, I notice I always look well to you in the old styles just about the time the new season's fashions are coming in."—Fliegende Blatter.

Mr. Blingo—We may as well talk over this question of getting the house painted. Mrs. Bingo—But, my dear, it doesn't need to be painted for at least a year yet. Mr. Blingo—True. But you have got to decide what color you want.—Munsey's Weekly.

Ethel—I shall never consent to marry any but a handsome man. Maud—Then you may be said to have an "aye" for the beautiful.—New York Herald.

"What are you reading, darling?" "A letter from mamma." "And what does she say important?" "Don't know. I haven't come to the postscript yet."—Philadelphia Times.

Richfellow—That Miss Forundred belongs to the blue bloods, doesn't she? Rival Belle—Yes, indeed. You just ought to see her nose on a cold day.—New York Weekly.

Maiden—It seems to me society is useful only to people who want to get married. Matron—You mistake, my dear. It is equally useful to people who are married and want to forget it.—New York Weekly.

Pretty Girl—Did you see the way that man looked at me? It was positively insulting. Big Brother—Did he stare? Pretty Girl—Stare! Why, no. He ran his eyes over me and then glanced off at some one else, just as if I wasn't worth a second thought.—New York Weekly

RYAN THE CHAMPION.

Continued From First Page.

straight body blow. Ryan landed one on Needham's face. Ryan again poked his left in Needham's face after some seconds' sparring.

Round Twenty-Two—Both men came up pretty fresh. Ryan led and fell short. Needham led and both men clinched, Needham having the better of it; each man led several times, but without result. Ryan got in a right and left on Needham's face and body.

Round Twenty-Three—Thus far not much has been done to either, though Ryan seems the fresher of the two. Needham led viciously with his right but could not connect, Ryan showing phenomenal agility. No more blows struck.

Round Twenty-Four—Ryan got in another left on Needham's face, driving him to the ropes. Ryan landed a rib roaster with his right. Ryan then got in another one on Needham's face, following it up with a hot one in the stomach. Ryan got in his right and left, driving Needham across the ropes. This was Ryan's round.

Round Twenty-Five—Needham was getting vicious. He got a rib-roaster and retaliated on Ryan's neck. Ryan got in one on Needham's stomach and followed it up with one on Needham's face. Ryan led and landed lightly on Needham's face.

Round Twenty-Six—Needham led, but was hit in the face in return. Needham got one in on Ryan's body, some in-fighting followed, with honors about even.

Round Twenty-Seven—Ryan rushed right and left, getting in three good blows and driving Needham against the ropes. Needham is practically using his left hand altogether.

Round Twenty-Eight—Not a good blow was struck, both men appearing weary.

Round Twenty-Nine—Very little fighting was done this round, Ryan doing most of the leading.

Round Thirty—Some fierce fighting followed after a little sparring, Needham getting the worst of it and being forced across the ropes. Not another blow was struck during the round.

Round Thirty-One—Needham got in a good one on Ryan's neck; Needham got in two cocking right and lefts. Needham was off guard and received a hot one on his left jaw. Needham forced the fighting, and in a clinch Ryan tried to throw him. Needham's lip is swollen as the result of a straight right-handed smash. Another hot exchange followed as time was called. This was the best round of the fight, and the audience is beginning to evince some vigor

Round Thirty-Two—Needham's face showed signs of punishment. Ryan made a vicious lead, which was stopped, but a minute later got one in on Needham's ribs. Just at the call of time Needham received two punches, one in the face and one in the ribs.

Round Thirty-Three—Needham landed three good ones on Ryan's body. Ryan got one by landing on Needham's wind. Light sparring ended the round.

Round Thirty-Four—Ryan opened with an awful right, which sent Needham to the ropes. Needham followed, and the fighting became furious for half a minute. Needham got in a swinging right hander on Ryan's neck, following with a wicked body blow.

Round Thirty-Five—Needham got in an upper cut on Ryan's face with his right, but no other blow was struck.

Round Thirty-Six—A bet of $100 to $550 on Needham was offered without a taker. Ryan got in another right hand smash, following it up with a left on Needham's ribs. That was all the fighting done.

Round Thirty-Seven—Needham led and landed, and Ryan slipped to the floor. Needham got in two slashing right-handers. Ryan retaliated with his left. Ryan hit him right and left. The fighting was fast and furious, and ended in Ryan's favor. The men are still in good condition, although Needham's face shows signs of heavy punishment.

Round Thirty-Eight—Needham's face showed evidences of the great punishment received in the last round. Ryan uppercut, but missed. Some light sparring ended the round.

Round Thirty-Nine—Needham got in a right-hand rib roaster, but this was all that happened during the round.

Round Forty—Needham opened hostilities with a swinging right-hander, but nothing else was done during the round.

Round Forty-One—Ryan touched Needham lightly on the stomach and followed it up by giving Needham an awful smash in the face. Needham's condition appears to be improving, and there is every prospect of the light being a lengthy one or a draw, as both men are really in as good shape as when they commenced, showing wonderful staying powers after hard fighting.

Round Forty-Two—Ryan hit Needham again in the face and planted another on the left side of his antagonist's face.

Round Forty-Three—Needham got in two corkers, one a heavy upper cut on Ryan's face. Several leads without effect and some sparring ended the round.

Round Forty-Four—Ryan made a right hand swing, and Needham avoided it by ducking. Sparring and a few ineffectual leads terminated the round.

Rounds Forty-Five, Forty-Six and Forty-Seven—Not a blow was struck in the forty-fifth round, and the forty-sixth and forty-seventh were about the same.

Nothing was done in the forty-eighth.

In the forty-ninth Ryan led, but missed, and the men sparred the round out.

In the fiftieth Ryan punched Needham lightly in the jaw. Needham led, and got a little the best of it. Ryan rushed Needham, but did nothing. Needham rushed in return, with the same result, and the fiftieth round ended without damage to either man.

Round Fifty-One—Both men exchanged right-handers, each landing in the neck. Ryan made an ineffectual upercut and rushed Needham, but without hurting him. Ryan led, and Needham slipped and fell while ducking. The rest of the round was consumed in sparring.

[The fiftieth round has been fought and the fifty-first started. Sporting men pronounce the fight thus far one of the most scientific battles ever fought in the country. Not a foul has been hit or even claimed; no brutality or anything else has occurred to place this noted battle in the line of brutal fights. It was science from the start to the finish of the fifty-second. At 1:05 o'clock the men are again entering.]

Round Fifty-Two—Ryan rushed Needham to the ropes without effect and narrowly escaped a knockout blow, and Needham led and got in two smart blows on Ryan's head and neck, ending the round.

Round Fifty-Three—Ryan led, but fell short. Ryan rushed and some fierce fighting took place over the ropes, both men hitting several hard blows. A clinch followed, Needham apparently getting the worst of the encounter. Ryan led with a left swing, Needham punching him in the body, light sparring ending the round.

Round Fifty-Four—After sparring nearly two minutes Ryan made an ineffectual lead, the only attempt at a blow made during the round. Both men are weary and their work is becoming listless.

Round Fifty-Five—Ryan made a strong rush, banging Needham against the ropes, but appeared to lack strength to strike an effective blow. Some infighting followed, and then the men clinched. Needham led viciously, but failed to land. Ryan led and landed his right lightly on Needham. Ryan thus far does not bear a scratch.

Rounds Fifty-Six, Fifty-Seven, Fifty-Eight, Fifty-Nine and Sixty—In the fifty-sixth and fifty-seventh nothing happened. In the fifty-eighth, after two minutes' sparring, Ryan led, but the blow was warded off. In the fifty-ninth both men led and clinched, and some short-arm fighting followed. In the sixtieth Needham opened with a right and left-hand smash in Ryan's face. Needham made a vicious right-hand swing which was ducked. Sparring ended the round. At the end of this round, 1:30 a. m., the referee announced that though the fight was to be a finish he would make a decision and make the men fight. This light speech stirred up the latent energies of the fighters as well as pleased the crowd. Betting showed signs of rising and a bet of $100 that Ryan wins the fight found no takers at even money.

Round Sixty-One—Needham landed on Ryan's neck lightly, and Ryan followed suit with the same success. Needham reached Ryan's face, and the men clinched. Ryan led, touching Needham's face, and followed it up with a hard one on the same place before time was called.

Round Sixty-Two—Needham seemed in the best of condition and heavy blows were exchanged on the face and neck. Needham used his left and clinched. Needham reached Ryan's ribs, and led with his right, but could not land. Ryan poked his left in Needham's face.

Round Sixty-Three—Ryan got in a right-hander on Needham's breast, and Needham got a heavy swinging righthander on Ryan's neck, evidently trying to get a knock-out blow. Light sparring followed.

Round Sixty Four—Ryan rushed, and hot fighting followed, both men getting about equal amount of punishment. This seemed to exhaust the strength of the men, and nothing more was done.

Round Sixty-Nine—Both men got it in the face amid great enthusiasm. Needham caught another in the same place. Needham attempted another knock-out blow, but failed.

Round Seventy—Nothing was done and the men simply walked around. The referee said he could not decide the fight, as the rules said it was to a finish.

Round Seventy-One—Both men appeared more lively. Ryan rushed and Needham slipped and avoided the blows. Sparring ended the round.

Round Seventy-Two—Needham forced the fighting and got in a good one on Ryan's neck. The men walked the round out.

Round Seventy-Three—Needham led but missed. Ryan rushed and got in a good one on Needham's head, driving him almost over the ropes. Needham led but missed, and then got in a left hand swing of Ryan's neck, but it lacked force. Both exchanged heavy blows ending the round.

Round Seventy-four—Needham forced the fighting, but did but little damage. Needham got in a smash on Ryan's face and Ryan returned it, almost scoring a knock down. The round ended without any further fighting.

Round Seventy-Five—Ryan gave Needham and awful blow in the neck and both men got excited, clinching savagely. Cries of foul were raised and not allowed. Ryan fouled and hot fighting followed against the robes with more cries of foul. Ryan got first blood amid frantic cheers and some desperate in-fighting followed, in which both men struck any number of foul blows and lost their temper.

Round Seventy-six—Both men came up to fight, Ryan leading with his left and some execution. Ryan used his left again and knocked Needham down. A clinch, and Needham was knocked down again. Ryan uppercut right and left knocking Needam down repeatedly, and the call of time only saved him from being knocked out. As it was, he was carried to his corner in a dazed condition, and before time was called again his seconds threw up the sponge.

The fight is universally considered one of the greatest ever fought in the country, fighting by the rule in almost every round. Needham made a plucky fight, being knocked down repeatedly in the last round coming up, but only to go down by a vicious uppercut. The exact time of the fight was five hours and five minutes. Every one is perfectly satisfied with the manner in which it was conducted and the good order maintained throughout, no smoking was tolerated even before the contest, and the air was pure and good. Needham was considered invincible by the talent in the Northwest, and the result was a sad surprise to the knowing ones. Needham is badly punished, especially about the face, while Ryan escaped without a mark on his person. The Chicago delegation went wild over the result of the fight, and shouted themselves hoarse. To escape from his friends Ryan fled from the ring over the ropes and reporters' tables, while the friends and backers of Needham led and partially carried him from the ring. This fight will go down in the history of pugilism as the greatest fight of the age. At 2:50 Ryan was comparatively in good condition. Needham was badly punished, but was able to be placed under a hot shower bath.

FOR A WALKER.

Gus Guerrero to Have a Benefit at Washington Rink.

A benefit will be tendered Gus Guerrero, the pedestrian, next Saturday night at the Washington rink, Minneapolis, just before he starts for New York to compete in the six-day race at Madison Square garden. Arrangements have been made to present a varied programme of interesting sports. The principal event will be a five-mile race between Guerrero and Hegelman. The Spaniard agrees to give Hegelman $50 if he can beat him that distance. Both men are very fast at five miles, and will make a great race. Another game of indoor base ball will be played. There will be three other races. One will be given for policemen, $10 to the first and $5 to the second, providing there are four starters and three to finish. The distance is one mile. Another will be given for firemen, three miles, $10 to the first and $5 to the second. The third is open to local amateurs, three miles, for purses as above. A band will be in attendance.

Looking for Al Johnson.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17.—C. A. Prince and Arthur Ewing, of the Boston association club, and Wagner Brothers, of the Philadelphia association club, waited until 1 o'clock at the Murray Hill hotel here this afternoon expecting to have a meeting with Von der Ahe, Barnie, Cohen, Bennett and others of the Western contingent of the base ball men, but the latter did not arrive. While waiting the two had a serious talk with Al Johnson, of the Cincinnati club, trying to get him to swing his club in line with them, but he had received a dispatch during the day telling him to hold off and he did so. President Byrne and H. B. Talcott, of Brooklyn, were looking for him at 11 o'clock last night.

AT THEIR FACE VALUE.

But Their Real Worth Is Often Far Below the Beautiful Appearances.

New York Sun.

At a fashionable evening gathering a philosophical matron said: "One reason why so many of our American marriages turn out badly is because vanity is at the bottom of them. Men don't marry for real companionship, not for any valuable qualities of mind and soul which they may perceive in a woman, but in order to become the owner of a pretty wife. What a senseless worship of lovely faces! What a metamorphosis of the world of affection into the domain of doldom! A spell is set upon the homely girl, while her pretty sister, no matter how vapid and vacant her mind, now shrewish her disposition, how waspish and arrogant she may be, is swarmed about by men. It should matter very little to a man how plain his wife may be if she has the qualities of noble womanhood. The wise man has no desire to exhibit a pretty doll to the public gaze, to be congratulated as the husband of a pretty wife, to be told twenty times a day that his wife is the handsomest woman in the town. Bah! I have no patience with these men folks; but Oh, how I do rub my palms together when I read of the cuttings up of the tricksy little wooden dolls which become malicious the moment age or ailment rubs the rud from their waxen faces!"

Within ten minutes a curious illustration of the subject was given. Two girls sat with their backs to me. The rear view of their figures disclosed a close similiarity in graceful outlines. Each creature was a beauty in symmetry, and each wore a dress which completed the perfection of her configuration. They were as like as twins in their shapeliness, but not in their behavior. One sat motionless. Not the faintest shrug of a rounded shoulder, not a sway of the slim waist, not a wag of the dainty head broke the complete inactivity. She was silent, too, except for a few pointless, witless, and even inappropriate monosyllables in response to what was said to her. Her duplicate in shape was contrastingly vivacious. She talked, not only fluently, but there was uncommon wit and humor in her remarks, while her voice was musical, and her body, as observed from behind, was instinct with pantomimic eloquence. What puzzled me was the fact that the six men who stood in front of those girls were giving about 80 per cent of their heed to the nearly dumb and quite inert one, and proportionately disregarding the brainy one. As soon as might be, the writer went round to the front. The reader has already guessed the mystery. The girl of mind had an ugly face, while the girl of more matter had a positively beautiful visage.

Movements of Steamships.

LONDON—Sighted: Teutonic and Cuba, New York.

NEW YORK—Arrived: Italy, London.

BOSTON—Arrived: Columbia, from Liverpool.

PHILADELPHIA—Arrived: Main, London.

MOBILE—Arrived: Ethiopia, from New York.

An Artistic Finish.

Washington Post.

She was looking at an equine study.

"I must say," she commented, "that I admire the painstaking and delicate care displayed in that picture. I appreciate the artistic finish."

"So do I," replied her escort. "If there's anything I like, it's a good horse and a good jockey coming down the stretch for all there is in them. To my mind, there's nothing like an artistic finish."

The Queen's Rebuke.

Philadelphia Record.

A fact but little known is that besides Lord Kingsale and Lord Forester, there is another individual who has the curious prerogative of remaining covered in the presence of the British sovereign—namely: The master of Trinity college, Cambridge. Anent this a curious anecdote has been narrated. A superstition prevails concerning the necessity for exercising the right or losing it altogether, so when on a certain occasion the queen visited Cambridge university, the then well-known and highly popular master of Trinity kept his hat on during the proceedings. The queen apparently did not notice the circumstance, and the master began to feel uncomfortable. At length, just as her majesty was about to depart, he deferentially approached and said: "Your majesty has perhaps wondered that I should appear so far wanting in respect as to keep my hat on all day, but—er—perhaps it has escaped your majesty's memory that Lord Kingsale in Ireland, Lord Forester in England, and also the master of Trinity have a right to keep their hats on in the presence of their sovereign." "Quite so—ahem—but not in the presence of a lady!" was the freezing rejoinder.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Drink Moerlein's Export.

Assignee Sale

Of Dry Goods by Auction at 110 East Seventh street.

The Only City Ticket Office

Of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in St. Paul is at 184 East Third street, Drake Block; F. H. Thorn, Ticket Agent. People wishing to patronize this strictly first-class line should bear this fact in mind. It is the only road running vestibuled, steam-heated and electric-lighted trains between St. Paul and Chicago. Tickets and time tables may also be procured at the Union depot.

If You Want Bargains

In Dry Goods attend the Assignee's Sale by Auction at 110 East Seventh street.

Angostura Bitters are the best remedy for removing indigestion. Ask your druggist for the genuine, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

Use Pillsbury's Best.

Receives the highest award everywhere

Important Announcement.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is arranging to secure ten or twelve couples to go to Old Mexico via Grafton's Superb Tours. The route is via Chicago & Alton Railroad, from Chicago. The plan is to furnish a Pullman Car to run from St. Paul on the entire tour and back to St. Paul. The excellence of these personally conducted tours is so well known that further comment is unnecessary. For further particulars call at ticket offices, 184 East Third street, St. Paul, or Guaranty Loan Building, 119 Third street south, Minneapolis, or address W. H. Dixon, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 184 East Third street, St. Paul.

Attend the Auction Sale

Of $15,000 worth of Fine Dry Goods and Cloaks at 110 East Seventh street.

MARRIAGES, BIRTHS, DEATHS.

MARRIAGE LICENSE ISSUED.

Oscar Carlson.....Jennie Danielson
George L. Spencer.....Martha Holt

BIRTHS REPORTED.

Mr. and Mrs. K. E. Redmond.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. John Ross.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Anderson.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Nick Mock.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Carl Anderson.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. John Leslie.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Cruger.....Girl

DEATHS REPORTED.

John Galvin, St. Joseph's hospital....50 years
Conrad Kerst, St. Joseph's hospital...36 years
James Lamalle, 95 Alabama.....4 months
Thomas Adams, 459 Toronto av.....50 years
Wolfgang Meidenger, 119 Robie.....1 year

DIED.

KERST—In St. Paul, at St. Joseph's hospital, Feb. 16th, at 7:30 p. m., Conrad A. Kerst, age thirty-six years. Funeral from Assumption church, Wednesday, Feb. 18th, at 9 o'clock a. m. Friends are invited.

DIBBLE—At Aiken, South Carolina, Feb. 16, Mrs. Charles P. Dibble, mother of Charles A. Dibble, of this city.

COOLEY—In St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 16, 1891, D. C. Cooley, aged sixty-six years. Funeral from Central Park M. E. church Thursday, Feb. 19, at 2:30 p. m.

MERRILL—In St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 17, 1891, Rensselaer C. Merrill. Born in McHenry county, Illinois, May 19, 1843. Funeral from family residence, No. 10 Harvester avenue, Thursday, Feb. 19, at 2:30 p. m. Friends are invited. Salem, South Dakota, and Lake City, Minn., papers please copy.

TILESTON—In St. Paul, at the family residence, No. 155 West Third street, at 7:45 o'clock Monday night, W. M. Tileston, in his sixty-eighth year. Funeral from Christ church at 2 o'clock this afternoon. Friends are kindly requested to omit flowers. Washington, D. C., papers please copy.

ROYAL

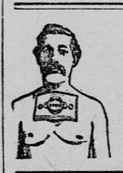
BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder Highest of all in leavening strength.—*U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17. 1889.*

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

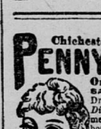
I. O. O. F.—MEMBERS OF EXCELSIOR Lodge No. 60, I. O. O. F., will meet at Odd Fellows' hall Thursday, Feb. 19, at 1:30 p. m. to attend the funeral of Brother R. C. Merrill, of Excelsior Lodge. Conveyances will be at the hall for use of members attending. F. E. Hall, Secretary.



Forty-five highest awards have been received by Seabury & Johnson from different International expositions for the superiority of their Porous Plasters and other goods. Benson's Plasters have many competitors but no rivals. It is not a nostrum. Get the Genuine.

Chichester's English Diamond Brand.

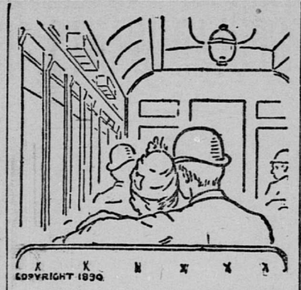
PENNYROYAL PILLS



Original and Only Genuine. SAFE, always reliable. LADIES ask Druggist for *Chichester's English Diamond Brand* in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. *Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations.* At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," *in letter,* by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. *Name Paper.* Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, Sold by all Local Druggists. Philada., Pa.

PILES.—Dr. H. Waite, Specialist; 11 years in Minneapolis. Why suffer when cure is mild and certain Ask hundreds of leading citizens of St. Paul Minneapolis and the Northwest as to the treatment and cure? Pamphlet free. 1127 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA "BEST & GOES FARTHEST."



In the train of diseases that follow a torpid liver and impure blood, nothing can take the place of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Nothing will, after you have seen what it does. It prevents and cures by removing the cause. It invigorates the liver, purifies and enriches the blood, improves digestion, builds up both strength and flesh, when reduced below the standard of health. For Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Scrofula, or any blood-taint it's a positive remedy. It acts as no other medicine does. For that reason, it's sold as no other medicine is. It's *guaranteed* to benefit or cure, or the money is refunded.

AMUSEMENTS.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH

WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, February 19-20,

COTTLOW-MARX CONCERTS

Directed by PROF. RENEY, of Chicago.

Astonishing Musical Phenomena!

MISS GUSSIE COTTLOW, only twelve years old, plays the piano LIKE D'Albert.

MASTER CARL MARX, of fourteen, plays LIKE Sarasate.

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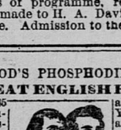

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