THE LATEST ART WORKS.

A MONUMENT to Schliemann, the discoverer of Troy, is to be erected in Schwerin, Germany.

A STATUE of Cromwell, to be made by Thorneycroft, has just been ordered by the British government. It will be set up at Westminster.

THE Duchess d'Uzes is at work on a colossal statue of the Virgin Mary, which she intends to place on a rocky mountain peak on her estate.

A MARBLE medallion portrait of John Couch Adams, the discoverer of Neptune, has just been set up in Westminster Abbey, close to the memorials to Isaac Newton, Darwin and Herschel. Around the medallion is carved the name, with the inscription: "Neptunum Calculo Monstravit, A. S. MDCCCXLV."

A VELASQUEZ lately presented by Lord Savile to the National Gallery in London, representing a betrothal, is believed by him to be the last picture painted by the artist, and to contain portraits of himself, in his dress as a knight of Santiago, of the poet Quevedo, and of Velasquez' favorite slave, Juan Parega.

TWO GRAND OLD MEN.

EVERYTHING in the way of room ornamentation, such as curtains, lambrequins, tidies, etc., is disliked by Prince Bismarck. Even the sight of a lampshade annoys him.

GLADSTONE looks forward to the future without fear of death. In declining to do some litearry work recently on account of press of other business, he agreed to begin the task in the latter part of 1896.

GLADSTONE said recently to an interviewer that he was too old a man to have an opinion of any kind on the "new woman," and that "his ideal woman had not altered in the last three-score years and ten."

MR. GLADSTONE is passing the time in arranging his correspondence, and making extensive notes regarding the principal episodes in his career for the assistance of his biographer. The ex-premier is in excellent health.

"You used to do a little trading on 'change, didn't you, Higgs?" "Yes." "Were you a bull or a bear?" "Neither, Blobbs. I was a lamb."—Chicago Tribune.

DOCTRINE is nothing but the skin of truth set up and stuffed.—H. W. Beecher.

Nervous Prostration

Is due to impure and impoverished blood. The true way to cure, is to purify the blood. Read this:

"My wife was troubled with palpitation of the heart, numbness, dizziness and general nervous prostration. Our home physicians failed to give her relief. Then she decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking a half dozen bottles, we saw a decided improvement. She has now taken about eighteen bottles and feels the best she has for years. She looks so much better that people wonder at her improvement." O. C. HIMES, Cedar Creek, Indiana.

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Is the only True Blood Purifier prominently in the public eye to-day. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25 cents.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

Private Brown.

BY CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD.

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CHAPTER XI—CONTINUED.

Turning her clear eyes full upon his face, in low, musical tones, she replied:

"Mr. Thornton, you are a man of wise judgment, and one who can fully appreciate the proprieties of life. Please allow your better judgment to rule and do not be offended at what I am going to say. I have, as you surmised, purposely avoided meeting you as I once did. If you will try to fully understand me I will frankly explain my position. To our little world here you are known but as a private soldier in the ranks, on the same footing with your comrades."

"Yes, but you know—"

"Pardon me a moment. I know what others do not. Knowing you but as a private soldier, what would be the verdict of the official circles were it to become a matter of gossip that the daughter of the commanding officer was in the habit of meeting you on terms of social equality? It would be looked upon almost as a crime by those who regard the social barrier between official circles and the ranks as impregnable. Now, my friend, with all candor I will say to you that I hold Mr. Edward Thornton in the highest esteem and feel honored with his friendship. I believe him to be my equal in everything that goes to make up true manhood and womanhood, and entirely worthy of my highest regard. But as long as he is unfortunately compelled to move in a sphere of life beneath that in which I am placed I must not allow my regard for the gentleman to overstep the line drawn by the hand of propriety and myself descend to his temporary level. I think I have correctly interpreted your nature, my good friend, and I believe you would suffer any personal disappointment cheerfully rather than in the least degree compromise myself or draw upon me the rebuke of my friends. Do you not think it best that we should see less of each other?"

"Miss Sanford," he replied, "I fully appreciate the stand you have taken, and your action increases my regard for you. It has occurred to me at times that by evincing a friendship for one far beneath you in the social scale you might be chided by your friends for disregarding the rules of military etiquette. I would suffer as keenly as yourself were you to be in the least compromised by your association with me. Am I to understand, then, that the meetings which have afforded me so much pleasure are to be discontinued?"

"Not altogether. I trust we may meet at times and that we will remain good friends. The day will come, Mr. Thornton, perhaps sooner than we expect, when you will cast aside your soldier character and reenter your proper sphere in life, and when it does come I hope to yet be numbered among your friends. I will at times be pleased to see your sketches, and, believe me, though propriety demands a less display of friendship, I yet hold you in the highest esteem and will do all I consistently can to lighten the load you bear. But we are nearing papa. Will you sketch to-morrow? I think I will take a ride down the Mesa trail."

"I will, Miss Sanford, at my old rock seat. Before we part I must express my thanks and gratitude to you for this conversation. My heart will be lighter, for, though I may but seldom see you, I will feel that you are my friend. God bless you."

"Thank you, Mr. Thornton. Why, how pleasantly papa is smiling. That means a good-natured scolding for me."

"Aha! you little truant," the colonel cried. "Your tastes are very eccentric, I must say, Miss Sunshine. You run away from your old ogre of a father to accept the attentions of a young officer, then discard him for a private soldier of better looks and, damme, I must say, more soldierly bearing. I thought you would never get to me, you rode so slowly with your new escort."

"O, papa, my poor pony was so tired I could not push him. This is Private Brown, the young artist of whom I told you."

"Private Brown, eh? Oho! I see it now. This is the young man who was recently brought to my attention through the proceedings of a court-martial, and I can understand why Vandever cut and run when he saw him approaching. He feared the man's temper might again lose step, and the dose be repeated. Eh, Sunshine?"

"O, no, papa. Mr. Vandever did not know the young man was approaching us. He chose to return to the fort by another route, that is all."

"That's all, eh? Well, you don't know whether he saw him or not. I am inclined to think he did. But now for home. This insatiable, unreasonable, tyrannical appetite of mine demands immediate attention. I thank you, Brown, for the trouble I put you to in chasing this runaway. You can go your own way now. Come, daughter."

"Instead of being a trouble, sir, I assure you it was a pleasure to be able to serve you in even so slight a manner."

Brown saluted the officer, raised his cap to Alice and galloped away toward the fort.

"Why, how infernally courteous the fellow is!" said the colonel, gazing after the retreating figure with admiring eyes. "And how soldierly his bearing. He's a handsome dog, too. See how he sits on that horse, daughter—how like a knight of old he poses in the saddle. I believe Colby told me he had him booked for promotion, and by Jupiter I'll see that he doesn't forget it. A pleasure to be able to serve me, eh? I like that. No wonder he knocked that popinjay off his dainty feet."

"And Capt. Colby says he distinguished himself in several actions with the Indians, papa."

"Distinguished himself? Of course he did. My experienced old eyes cannot be fooled, Sunshine, and they see a soldier in that man—a soldier who will do a duty when he sees it. There, his cap has fallen off. Now watch him. See that mount? Precise! Precise! Soldierly in every move, just as I mounted in my younger days. Now, damme, I need a step-ladder and a horse that will stand as solid as the Rock of Ages until I get a firm seat in the saddle."

Alice's face glowed with much pleasure to hear her father bestow such praises upon her hero. Thinking the opportunity a favorable one to yet further advance him in the estimation of the colonel she said:

"And don't you remember, papa, he is the man I told you of who was an honored, respectable gentleman in civil life, and who was induced to enlist while in an irresponsible condition."

"I recall some such story, but the army's full of martyrs, who all have fairy stories to tell. You mustn't listen to them, Sunshine."

"But if his story should prove to be true, papa, could not his discharge be secured?"

"Discharge such a man as that? Not by a jug full. We need more such men when soldier material is so scarce. We can't spare a good soldier in these days, my dear. Did the fellow ask you to plead for his discharge?"

"No, papa. On the contrary he said he regarded his present condition as a deserved punishment for wrong doing in allowing himself to drink until irresponsible for his acts, and that he would manfully serve his time and do his duty as a soldier to the very best of his ability."

"Tut, tut. All moonshine. If he does not desire a discharge why do you ask if one could be secured?"

"Because I feel that it is unjust to compel such a man to live a life of servitude in the ranks when he would be such a useful member of society, and I thought if there were a possibility of securing his release I would broach the subject to him and might gain his consent to be restored to his friends. I'm sure he has been punished enough, papa."

"You allow your sympathies to lick your judgment into smithereens, girlie. The fellow has been amusing himself telling you a cock and bull story, and were you to go to him and hand him a discharge he would laugh at you and refuse to accept it. Pay no attention to such chaff, daughter. Damme, I like the fellow's appearance, though, and I'll see Colby and give him a hint that there is good non-commissioned timber there."

CHAPTER XII.

The following afternoon Alice rode down the mesa trail and her heart throbbed with pleasure when she noted that Brown sat in his accustomed place, his sketch book on his knee. She approached him with a smiling face and extended her hand when he rose to greet her.

"Worshiping at the shrine of art, as usual," she said, as he assisted her to dismount. "And what study have you chosen to-day? But before we discuss your picture I have something very pleasant to tell you. Papa thinks you a model soldier."

"He does? Well, it is indeed pleasant to receive a compliment from such a source. So you discussed me after I left you yesterday?"

Alice told him all that had been said, excepting the references to his discharge from the service.

"It will be hard to convince the colonel of the truth of my story. I did not know that you had made him acquainted with the circumstances of my enlistment."

"Oh, didn't I tell you? Well, I told him, or, rather, started to tell him, once, but he scouted at the idea and bade me not listen to such stories from the soldiers."

"He will not always laugh at it," Brown replied, with a tinge of resentment in his voice. "The day will come when he will believe in me, and—But let us discuss some other matter. I have something very serious to say to you to-day, Miss Sanford, and I trust you will hear me through before condemning me. I have given the matter most serious thought, and have determined to pursue the only manly course my judgment presents. In justice to you, in justice to myself, in obedience to the promptings of manhood, I have determined to unbosom my soul to you, and for the moment may I ask you to forget that you are listening to the words of a private soldier and look upon me as Edward Thornton, a man of whose friendship you have no cause to feel ashamed.

"Miss Sanford, I speak to you now as one who feels that he is your equal in life, as nearly as man can equal the beautiful womanly flowers which God in His goodness sends to gladden the world. Since my first meeting with you on this, to me, sacred spot the knowledge that you have been my friend has flooded my life with purest sunshine. I had grown to look for your coming with a yearning which I could scarcely understand, and I could feel my soul go out in gladness to you at your approach, and when, after the unfortunate affair which shut me from your presence for a time, I returned here day after day and you came not, my heart was troubled and my life seemed cast into impenetrable gloom. Yesterday your welcoming smile dispelled the clouds, and I left your side my heart dancing with resurrected joy. In my blanket bed last night I reviewed the happy hours I

"PAPA THINKS YOU ARE A MODEL SOLDIER."

had spent in your society, and as the details of our meetings grouped themselves in a beautiful picture in my brain I determined that another sun should not set before I had laid bare my heart to you.

"Miss Sanford, if I have been nourishing a false hope in my bosom I should know it ere that hope has so firmly taken root that it would wound me almost to the death to pluck it out and cast it away. Day by day, as the tender, creeping vine entwines itself more closely about the supporting oak, a feeling of affection for you has grown in my heart, and reason and manhood tell me that should it be rooting there only to wither and die beneath the blighting frost of disappointment it should be killed in its weaker life. My friend, were I but an ordinary soldier with no fair prospects in the life before me I would not insult you by asking you to listen to such a confession, but as I will some day step from the ranks into an honored place among my fellow men, as, on the burial from sight of Private Brown the humble soldier, Mr. Edward Thornton the gentleman will be resurrected, I feel that I do not in the least encroach upon the lines of propriety by what I am going to ask you. My little, my valued friend, the bud of affection now growing in my breast is fast bursting into the full blown flower of radiant love, and I must ask you if when I am restored to the world and can lay before you every proof that I am a man worthy of you, I may hope to win your love and some day ask you to be my wife?"

"Mr. Thornton, I—I—this is so unexpected. I don't know what to say to you. I believe in you. I believe you are sincere in all you say, and that you are actuated only by the purest motives. I have learned to think very highly of you. You have awakened in my heart a feeling new to me, but O, I should not listen to you now. Give me time to think. My brain is whirling with this strange revelation. Mr. Thornton, I—I—do respect you above all men. I feel toward you as I never before felt toward a man. You seem very near and—and—dear to me, and—O, I cannot tell you what I feel. I cannot express my thoughts."

He gently took one of her hands and holding it between both of his own, said to her:

"Miss Sanford—Alice, I believe I hold a warm place in your purest of womanly hearts, and the belief floods my soul with a joy almost boundless. Just a word from your lips, just one little word telling me I may hope some day in the future to win you, and my soldier life will pass as but a dream from which I will awaken into a heaven of joy and rapture. Will you give me this hope, Alice?"

"O, Mr. Thornton, I can no longer stifle the words which rise from my heart. I *do* love you; I have long loved you, and have nightly prayed to my Father in Heaven that the social barrier between us might melt away that I might not so fear my love was hopeless. Yes, my king among men, you may

"WILL YOU GIVE ME THIS HOPE, ALICE?"

hope, and when you are restored to the world I will be as proud to proclaim your love for me as I am now proud to possess it."

"May Heaven bless you, my dear girl, for that assurance. It will be the guiding star to lead me from this bondage to the freedom of independence. I have dared to paint the most glowing mental pictures of our future, for I have long felt that you would some day come into my life and reign as queen over my heart and home. Your father is growing old, my dear one, and will no doubt soon be satisfied with the proud distinction he has won by lifelong service of his country, and will seek retirement that he may pass the evening of his life in peace and quietude. I will be able to lay wealth at your feet, and in a lovely home somewhere, with that good old man as our especial care, we will live surrounded by a halo of love which no clouds can ever dim. Is not the picture a pleasant one to contemplate?"

"Beautiful! Beautiful!" she replied, her face glowing with the new joy which filled her heart, "and I pray the dear Lord that no cruel blow may fall to crush our hopes. Will you not now use every endeavor to secure your discharge from the service?"

"You must be patient, dear one. I must have time to think what is best to be done. And now, Alice, we both have a part to play. It must never be known that a word of love has been spoken between us. I fully realize your position, and know but too well the reproach which would be cast upon you were it to become known that you had placed your affections upon a private in the ranks, and we must guard well our secret until I can come forward as a man and claim the dearest prize God ever held within the reach of lover's eager hand. Take one assurance to your heart, my darling. I will never claim that prize until I can do so as one who stands your equal in social life, and who can face your father as man to man and ask him for the priceless treasure he so dearly loves."

"O, I fear I can never hide my love," she replied in tremulous voice. "When I see you my eyes will tell the story plainly as words, and when I address you in the presence of others my voice will proclaim that which prudence bids me conceal. I will be very happy, Edward, yet very impatient for the day of your deliverance to come. Will you not try to hasten it?"

"Yes, Alice, I will. After a day or two when I have had time to fully formulate my plans I will write to my aunt, and the dear old soul will follow any suggestion I may make looking to my release. It will not be long ere I can claim my—my—little—wife."

Her breast was filled with a strange rapture, and a smile of radiant joy lit up her fresh young face. For more than an hour they sat there upon the rock lost in a blissful dream of love, he painting bright pictures of a future alight with roseate happiness, she drinking in his every word with rapturous delight. The sun slowly sank behind the San Mateo peaks, flashing back great showers of golden light to tinge the fleecy clouds with rare colorings of transparent loveliness. More and more brilliant grew the radiant colors as the great orb of day withdrew its face from the grand panorama of plain and mountain, until the whole western skies hung as a golden canopy above the mighty range. The lovers sat and gazed upon the wondrous picture in blissful silence until Alice softly whispered:

"It is an omen of good, my beloved. A forecast of our future when our marital skies shall be ever tinged with golden radiance from the never setting sun of love."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRAISED THE COOK.

The Major Explains Why He Has No Praise for Culinary Artists.

"Now, major, you must not praise the cook in her hearing," Mrs. Max said: "You will only spoil her and make her demand an increase of wages."

"Not much," the major replied emphatically. "I had a little experience in that matter which taught me a lesson. It was before we were married, my dear, and before I resigned. Our regiment was with Gen. Howard, chasing the Nez Perces Indians across the mountains in Montana and Idaho. One of our lieutenants had been stationed at the Presidio in San Francisco, and the mess made arrangements with him to bring a Chinese cook. My, how that cook could cook! The beggar brought along in some mysterious manner the most unexpected things. I remember one day—we'd had a venison roast the day before—that adorable celestial gave us a venison stew with pickled walnuts! All the officers in the mess appreciated this; but bless me! how they jumped on me when I said to the cook: 'Plenty good stew, Chung, plenty good.' All said I was a fool."

"Major! How could they?" said Mrs. Max.

"Oh, that's only mess-room talk. Everybody calls everybody a fool at a mess dinner. Well, as I was saying, all the boys said Chung would strike for higher wages, get impudent or haughty, and leave if we praised him. So they laid out a scheme. Whenever he brought in a particularly good dish we were to turn up our noses and make mean remarks. That would keep Chung in a proper and lowly spirit, and generally promote harmony and discipline. The next day he gave us some mountain quail roasted in envelopes of bacon; and, really, my dear, I wish your cook could roast a quail like that. The boys all said 'ugh!' or 'pish!' or 'tush!' and the last one threatened to throw the dish away. Chung regarded that with calm exterior, but after dinner he appeared swaddled in every one of his jackets, and bade us good-by. We were nearly frightened to death, and asked what ailed him.

"'You no like my cooking, me no cook,'" that heathen answered.

"We assured him we would try and stand it, and he grinned and said we could stand it for just ten 'dalla' more per lunar month. Of course, we felt silly, but there was nothing to do but pay it to him. That made seventy dollars a month. They were the biggest lot of fool officers I ever saw, for they insisted on their scheme. One day Chung brought in a tenderloin of mule——"

"Mule? Major!"

"Yes; we were down in the bad lands then, hundreds of miles from any settlement, and mule was pretty good. You never happened to eat a young mule, I suppose? Of course not. Well, he had seasoned the mule with a kind of little pepper he had found, and it was immense. Then those fool boys went through the same idiotic performance. The last one the dish was passed to turned up his nose to his eyebrows and said: 'Oh, blazes!'"

"Major!"

"I was not the man, my dear. Chung had watched the proceedings to the end, silently, but when the remark I have quoted was made Chung turned on his heel, and he, too, said—"

"Major!"

"No, not 'major,' but the word you object to. After dinner he appeared again, all dressed up in his Sunday clothes, and bade us good-by. We remonstrated, but it did not work. We threatened and he pretended not to understand. Finally we asked him how much. "One hundred dollar month," answered Chung, with never a ghost of a smile.

"We paid it. Since then I've believed a little praise to the cook, judicially administered, approaches G in domestic economy."

"I'm sure," Mrs. Max remarked, after a thoughtful observation of her finger nails, which are very pretty, "I'm sure I don't see why you didn't advertise for another cook."—N. Y. Advertiser.

LETTERING ON BANKNOTES

Great Care Is Taken to Have It Done Perfectly.

Lettering may be described under three heads—large lettering, such as bond titles; small lettering, like that done on coupons, cards and tickets; and script or writing. Some engravers can do good work in all of these branches of lettering, but in large establishments each man is kept employed at that style in which he excels.

In bonds and stock certificates the titles and script are usually done on the plate from which they are to be printed, but there is a lot of small work, common to jobs of that kind, which is done on what are called "dies" or "bedpieces," and transferred from the rolls to the plates. This will be more fully described later.

In large lettering a drawing of the outline of the letters is made on paper to get the shapes, curves and spacing correct. A tracing of this outline is then made on gelatin, and, after filling this with vermilion, a thin coating of wax is laid on the plate and a transfer of the gelatin tracing put on the wax. Next the outline is carefully marked through the wax on to the plate; the wax is taken off and the artist is ready to begin his cutting.

Lettering on bank notes, if there is to be more than one note on a plate, is engraved on "dies" or "bedpieces" and transferred to the plate. This insures the exact duplication of the material of each of the notes, and also makes it possible to reproduce and retouch the work at any time.—C. W. Dickinson, Jr., in Popular Science Monthly.

Origin of "Viz."

The contraction "viz." is a curious instance of the universality of arbitrary signs. There are few writers who do not appreciate the fact that the little contraction may be used in "good-form" writing of all kinds, but there are probably even fewer persons who have any idea of its origin. It is a corruption of the word videlicet, the terminal letter of which was formerly made in the shape of a "z," but was never intended to represent that letter, being simply used as a mark or sign of abbreviation. It is now always written and expressed as "z," and will doubtless continue to be so used as long as written language exists. It is, however, as we have said, one of the many arbitrary modes of expression used by the masses, who never give a thought as to their origin.—St. Louis Republic

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

NEW FURNISHING EFFECTS.

Artistic Decorations and Color Schemes for Drawing and Dining Rooms.

Always in the autumn it is that the home woman studies tone and color for her best room, for in this apartment lie all her best pieces of old fashioned furniture and her choicest bric-a-brac.

At a well furnished country house, when at all seasons of the year visitors come and go, this delightful apartment is a harmony in tints of warm grays and cream white. The walls were covered with a paper resembling an old fashioned cashmere shawl; that familiar figure which suggests the palm, in which tones of different grays predominated. The frieze, of excellent depth and quite beyond the average, was in colors of a darker gray, making the combination harmonious and effective.

The floor was of curly birch, that now fashionable wood, and so well laid was it that not a seam was visible. But to insure comfort, warmth and coziness two or three Japanese rugs were thrown here and there.

The furniture, light in character and weight, was of pure white, decorated with narrow bands of gold; the most prominent piece, a Louis XVI. table, occupying the center of the room. There were small, well covered sofas, tete-e-tete chairs and a number of those convenient stools of Turkish make. In one corner was a substantial divan, broad and of good length, over which was thrown a small rug whose tints of dark and light delicate browns were the bit of color in this pretty apartment.

On the walls were etchings, framed, many of them in gray silk and plush, some in pleats, some in puffs, some in narrow, unobtrusive gold bands.

At the windows were inside curtains of Swiss muslin, with a pattern of gray dots. The hangings at the doors and windows were of gray silk damask in stripes, and were held in place by ebony poles.

New ideas in paper present themselves at every turn for dining rooms, and especially designs in which rich Pompeian figures. This tone for a room is one in which palms, india-rubber plants, greenery of all kinds, is a good decoration.

An artist who is a genius in the art of furnishing gives us some fine points on color tints. For this season, he declares, for the dining room, fruit in its various stages is just the thing, and if rightly done is an excellent device. For the walls proper the orange tree, with stems, leaves and blossoms, on a grayish blue background, is a delightful combination. The dado should be deep red. Between these two plans of decoration a line in black and gold should be well defined.

The ceiling for this room, if paneled in curly birch, is a superb finish, and if well treated will last for many years. Among the new departures for ceilings, where the dining room is fine and spacious, burlaps in tapestry colors are used. These gorgeous goods can be purchased for sixty cents a yard, but, of course, are above the price of the moderate decorator.—N. Y. Herald.

RAIL RUMBLINGS.

THE summit of Mount Vesuvius can now be reached by a cable railway.

THE Pennsylvania is preparing drawings for a compound freight locomotive.

AT the end of March last year there were 519 compound locomotives on the Prussian state railroads.

OF the thirty-eight street railway companies in New Jersey only four paid a dividend last year.

A MAP recently issued by the New York Central shows that the Grand Central station is located in the exact center of the metropolis.

UNDER the new rules of the Pennsylvania company all train men hereafter employed must be five feet nine inches tall.

THE steam railways are suffering from the competition of the trolley roads, and now the cry is raised that the trolleys are being painfully depleted of their traffic by the bicycles.

THE whole length of Russian railroads is now twenty-three thousand one hundred and thirteen miles, of which twenty thousand eight hundred and thirty miles belong to the government and are under the control of the ministry of ways of communication.

IN all, the length of the track laid on the Siberian railroad is now one thousand and twelve miles, which is less than one-quarter and more than one-fifth of the whole length of the Siberian main line (four thousand five hundred and fifty miles).

SHUN equally a somber air and vivacious sallies.—Marcus Antonius.

Dr. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PELLETS

CURE SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, POOR APPETITE, *and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Of all druggists.*

ONCE USED ALWAYS IN FAVOR.

DR. PULSER—"The action of winking is not without its use; people wink to keep the eyeball moist." Soda Water Clerk—"Not much they don't. The people who come in here wink to keep their throats moist."—Life.

$100 Reward, $100.

The reader 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 on 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.

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