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Is the best remedy for all complaints peculiar to women.

A MEDICAL BOOK worth \$100, sent for 10 cents in sealed envelope.

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Letters for advice marked "Consulting Department" are seen by our physicians only.

ZOA-PRORA MEDICAL CO., H. G. Colman, Sec'y, Kalamazoo, Mich.

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Calling for Rock Island Brewing Co., Beer.

The Best Beer Made, On Tap everywhere.

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The Rock Island Brewing Company, successors to George Wagner's Atlantic Brewery, I. Huber's City Brewery and Raible & Stengel's Rock Island Brewery, as well as Julius Junge's Bottling Works, has one of the most complete Brewing establishments including Bottling department in the country. The product is the very best. Beer is bottled at the brewery and delivered to any part of the tri-cities, and may be ordered direct from the head offices or Moline avenue by Telephone.

BOWSER IS LAID UP.

HE MAKES THE MOST OF AN AILMENT COMMON TO ALL.

Mrs. Bowser's Patience is Taxed to the Utmost and the Doctor is Called In, but After a Week of Terrible Suffering Bowser Recovers.

[Copyright, 1893, by Charles B. Lewis.]

When Mr. Bowser walked into the house the other evening, Mrs. Bowser knew that some calamity had occurred or was scheduled to occur at an early date. His figure was all humped over, his legs dragging as he moved, and on his face was a look of desolation and despair.

"Mr. Bowser, what on earth has happened?" she exclaimed as she met him at the sitting room door.

"I'm laid up!" he gasped in reply.

"Laid up! Have you been run over or banged off the car?"

"N-no. It's on the back of my neck!"

Mrs. Bowser is a very practical woman and never loses her head. She got him seated in a chair and had his collar and tie off inside of 30 seconds. She found a red, hard swelling and asked:

"Do you mean this spot here?"

"Yes! I could hardly get home! I suppose it's blood poisoning!"

"It's nothing but a boil, Mr. Bowser! Why, I thought from the way you acted that you..."

"Nothing but a boil!" he moaned. "Nothing but something which will cause me the most intense suffering for several weeks and then result in my death!"

"It may be a little painful," she soothingly observed, "but it needn't lay you up at all. Don't you remember when I had that felon on my finger?"

"I'd rather have 40 felons than this boil! Let me lie down before I faint away!"

Mrs. Bowser helped him over to the lounge and got his coat, vest and shoes off, and that was the beginning of a week full of business for her. It wasn't a large, generous proportioned boil, built on the mansard roof, and dormer window style. On the contrary, it was a one story affair covering a small extent of territory—just such a boil as a 6-year-old boy likes to have on hand and rub against the fence when another boy is proudly showing off a stubbed toe or a sore finger.

Mr. Bowser, however, had the idea that it was as large as a dishpan and as painful as a broken leg, and Mrs. Bowser thought it wiser not to underestimate him.

That evening he had to have toast and jelly and wine and a pouched egg, and when Mrs. Bowser got his socks off and rubbed his feet with alcohol he feelingly remarked that if the calamity had to come it was better that he should be the victim, as he could stand the pain so much better than she could.

Before going to bed Mrs. Bowser had used at his suggestion camphor, arnica, whisky, bay rum, hot water, chloro-

form liniment and two or three patent pain killers. After getting to bed he suggested brandy, witchhazel and a flaxseed poultice, and he turned over to go to sleep with the remark:

"Some husbands suffering what I do wouldn't care how much trouble they made, but I don't want any one to put themselves out for me!"

Next day Mr. Bowser had a stiff neck, as might be expected. As a consequence Mrs. Bowser had to help dress him and put on his socks and shoes. As a further consequence he insisted on lying on the lounge and moaning and groaning a large share of the time. Mrs. Bowser assured him over and over again that she knew about boils and how to bring them to a head, but he could not rest easy until a doctor had been called in. The doctor professionally assured him:

First—That it was a boil.

Second—That it was a small boil.

Third—That flax seed would bring it to a head.

Fourth—That it would burst in due time.

Fifth—That a one story boil on the neck was never known to break loose and tear the human system up by the roots.

Mr. Bowser felt in better spirits after that—at least for 10 minutes. Then he suddenly exclaimed:

"Great lands, but suppose we have a conflagration in this town while I am in this helpless and suffering condition!"

Mrs. Bowser reassured him on this and several other points and watched that flaxseed poultice with all the solicitude he could desire. He looked over the morning paper and failed to find an item headed: "Terrible Calamity! An Eminent Citizen Confined to His House With a Boil!" He was going to declare that he would stop his paper and add that the so called enterprise of reporters was all a sham and a delusion, when Mrs. Bowser checked him with:

"You see, dear, they were probably afraid of its influence on the stock market, and it was very wise in them not to say anything to unsteady business."

For five days Mr. Bowser sighed and moaned and groaned and talked of boils, and for five days Mrs. Bowser extended a wifely solace and sympathy. On three different occasions, when cheeky peddlers rang the front doorbell, she returned to Mr. Bowser to say that she thought it best not to admit any reporters until he was stronger. Several of the neighbors called, but she posted them in the hall, and they didn't hurt Mr. Bowser's feelings by declaring that they had rather have five boils than one soft corn.

On the morning of the sixth day Mr. Bowser was out of bed before her. She asked after the boil, and he turned on her with:

"Boil! Boil! Mrs. Bowser, now that the crisis has passed, I will say to you that the carbuncle which threatened my life burst during the night, and the danger no longer exists. Knowing what a nervous, helpless creature you are, I didn't say much about it. In fact, I led you to believe that nothing whatever ailed me except a touch of rheumatism, and thereby avoided any commotion around the house. It was a merciful providence that sent the awful suffering to me instead of you, Mrs. Bowser, or I

should now be a widower! We will now go down to breakfast."

And as he left the house for the office he halted a moment on the step to say:

"Just think of it! You would have been sent and buried by this time, while not a trace of my awful sufferings and narrow escape can be seen!"

CRUSHING ABRAHAM.

An Occasion Showing the Superiority of Mind Over Matter.

I sat on the seat with the colored man who drove me down to the railroad depot with a shackled old wagon, and as we left the hotel he said:

"Boss, if yo' kin dun say ober a few big words of de way down, de ole man will be 'streemly disoblaged to yo'."

"How big words do you want?"

"Can't git 'em too big, boss. I've a powerful hand to 'member big words an' git 'em off when a calamitous occasion predominates."

"Do you expect to find use for some of them this morning?"

"Reckon I does, sah. My son Abraham works down to de depot, an' whenever I stuns around he tries to show off ober me

ABRAHAM'S EYES HUNG OUT.

an' make me feel small. He'll try it on dis mornin' for suah, an' I jest want to be dun fixed to paralyze his deshabitability. Spit 'em right out, boss, an' de ole man won't forget yo' when de watermillumy sezun cumms ag'in."

We had about half a mile to go, and before we reached the depot I gave him a large and choice assortment of Webster's longest. When we drew up to the platform, Abraham was there, and also a dozen white people waiting to go out on the train. It was a good opportunity for the son to show off, and he realized it and came forward and waved his arm and shouted:

"Yo' dar, ole man, hain't I dun toled yo' 'bout 400 times not to sugacinate dat stupendous ole vehicle in de way of de omnibus? Sun ole niggers doan seem to hev no mo' ideal of de consequentiality of recititude dan a squinch."

"Was yo' spokin' to me, sah?" stiffly demanded the father as he stood up and glared at Abraham.

"Of co'se I was."

"Den, sah, I want yo' to distinctly understand dat when de co-operation of de imperialism seems to assimilate a disreputable infringement of hereditary avariciousness I shall retract my individuality, but not befo'—not befo', sah!"

Abraham's eyes hung out, his complexion became ash color, and his knees bent under him as if the springs were about to give way. It was a long minute before he could utter a sound, and then he reached for my trunk, with the muttered observation:

"Beh! de Lord, but thins an' gits so mixed up dat I can't dun tell whedder I'm his son or his ladder!"

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A Few Facts Showing Up Colonel Smiley in His True Light.

NOT A MYSTERY.—A local correspondent of an eastern paper has been telegraphing large chunks of news regarding what he pleased to term the mysterious disappearance of Colonel Smiley. He says the colonel, who was a resident of the town for two years, suddenly vanished off the face of the earth, leaving not a footprint behind, and he hints at foul play. We fall to see any mystery about it. The facts in the case are very brief. Colonel Smiley came to this town to open a bank. When he discovered that our ways of banking differed from eastern ways, and that failure was followed by a hanging, he concluded not to go into banking. He fooled around for a spell and then originated "The Great Territorial Town and Farm System." He wanted to provide every criterion in the United States with a town lot, or a 40 acre farm for the trifling sum of \$2.

We hadn't any particular objections until we made a personal investigation and discovered that he was the syndicate, and that his assets consisted of about 75 cents worth

of office furniture and a mountain of solid granite belonging to the United States. We had something to say about it in THE KICKER, and the colonel sued us for libel, laying damages at \$100,000. We made a second investigation and felt it our duty to state that his office furniture wasn't worth over half a dollar. He sued us again, laying damages at \$25,000. Three weeks ago a Chinaman came over here from Prescott to find the town lot he had bought of Colonel Smiley for \$2.

The colonel dodged the poor heathen for a couple of days, and he finally came to us. On general principles we don't like the chap from the Celestial Empire, but in this case we felt it but just to explain to him that he had been washed, ironed and done up.

The colonel began a third suit, putting the figure at \$125,000. Two weeks ago a deaf and dumb man dropped in on us to find where his 40 acre farm was situated. We could only point to the mountain of granite, but he tumbled. The colonel instituted another suit, but it was only for \$50,000 this time.

One day last week we went up to Colonel Smiley's office to see if he had increased his assets. As we entered the door he attempted to draw on us, but he was too late when he could pull his gun we had a con-

pile of persuaders leveled on him, and he caved. We sat down and had a little talk with the colonel and found that he had been laboring under a great mistake—two of 'em. In the first place, he felt it his duty as a patriot to bring the population of this territory up to the point where she would be taken into the Union as a state, and his plan was to offer real estate at bed-rock prices. In fact, he was offering bed-rock itself. In the second place, he was a case who never fully appreciated the power of the press. His idea was that when an editor got cantankerous he could be bought up for about \$2.50 or scared out of his boots by a libel suit. He was hugging the fond delusion that our hair was standing on end, and that we were waiting for a dark night to skip the country. It was almost painful to witness his awakening to the true facts in the case. He had been here two years without even knowing that we had a private graveyard with 11 mounds in it! He had passed the spot two or three times and seen us at work cutting the grass and training the vines, but supposed it was a field in which we planted such dead half breeds as got drunk and froze to death on the streets in the winter!

We had something to say to Colonel Smiley about his assets, and that stone mountain, and his libel suits, and we found that he was quite anxious to agree with us. We suggested a change of climate and fixed the date of his departure at 8 o'clock in the evening, and he favored the change and thought he could get ready by 7. We don't know the exact minute of his going, but we are sure he went. For reasons of his own he didn't go round hiding the public goodly, and he probably stepped very high and very softly as he went down the alleys. While it is true that Colonel Smiley seems to have vanished off the face of the earth, there is no particular mystery about it. He has simply vanished from one spot to appear in another. No one blew him up with a bomb or enticed him to a lonely spot and cracked his skull. We can't say that he was in the best of spirits when we last saw him, but his general health was never better, and if nothing interfered he walked at least 30 miles that night. We have no objections against correspondents of eastern papers making as long a "string" as they can, but in case of sudden and mysterious disappearances in the future it will be as well for them to call around at THE KICKER office and get the inside facts. It can be depended on that we are always more or less mixed up with such cases.

A WISE INDIAN.

No Woodland Bride for Him After What He Heard.

There was a gurgling, chuckling, cackling noise from the thicket in front—such a sound as you have heard issue from the lips of a traveling root and herb doctor as he got the crowd warmed up to pay a dollar a bottle for his blood medicine.

The maiden started. She did not start for home, but just gave a little jump.

"Ugh! Wagh! Wagh!" came from the thicket, accompanied by demonic chuckles of the most fiendish description.

The maiden was about to start some more, but before she could do so an Indian chief broke cover and stood before her with a ferocious expression playing over his countenance.

"White Wolf, I know you!" exclaimed the maiden, trying hard to repress the emotion which thrilled her.

"Yes, the white maiden knows me!" he chuckled, "and knowing me she realizes her fate!"

"You will bear me away to your wigwam?"

"I will!"

"And obligate me to wed you?"

"I am one of the obliging kind!" he grimly replied.

"Have you no pity?" she asked as she looked into his gleaming eyes.

"None whatever!"

"Then I suppose I must go with you and be your woodland bride, but I shall insist on taking this along to hang on the wall of our cute little wigwam."

"To what does the white maiden refer?" asked White Wolf.

"To this half finished painting," she replied. "I came out from the city to paint a few landscapes. Here is one which I started two days ago. I think it just the cutest, sweetest, nicest little gem ever turned out by my hand. Observe that cow in the foreground! See how natural the waters of the brook glide along! You can fairly see the leaves!"

"Wagh!" shrieked White Wolf. "And must this go with you?"

"It positively must. I'll finish it up some day, and you can make a rustic frame for it, and we'll hang it!"

"Never!" he interrupted. "I'd just as soon think of abducting a white maiden who had taken 24 lessons at a cooking school! Young woman, farewell!"

"Are you going?"

"I am."

"And won't you bear me away to your cute little wigwam beyond the blue mountains?"

"No! Never! Heep big Injun! Injun know everything! Injun make no mistake on white maiden who paints a cow's hind legs under her shoulders!"

"I think you are just as mean as ever you can be!" pouted the white maiden as she painted another white spot on the neck of the cow. But he dashed into the thicket and rushed on and on, to be seen never again.

In Black and White.

As I was going down the street I saw two bootblacks. One was a black bootblack and the other a white bootblack, and both had black boots, as well as blacking and blacking brushes. The black bootblack asked the white bootblack to black his, the black bootblack's, black boot with blacking.

The white bootblack consented to black the black boots of the black bootblack with blacking, but when he, the white bootblack, had blacked one black boot of the black bootblack with blacking, he, the white bootblack, refused to black his, the black bootblack's, other black boot with blacking unless he, the black bootblack, paid him, the white bootblack, the same as what he, the white bootblack, got for blacking other people's black boots, whereupon the black bootblack grew still blacker in the face, called the white bootblack a blackguard, at the same time hitting the white bootblack's black boot with blacking, and he, the white bootblack, had already blacked with blacking.—Exchange.

What He Enjoyed.

"Do you enjoy holidays?" said Johnny's uncle.

"Yes, sir."

"What do you enjoy most about them?"

"Bein' able to stay home from school without bein' sick."—Washington Star.

A Little Deceit.

Clara—Us girls are getting up a secret society.

George—What's the object?

Clara—I don't know, but I'll tell you

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.
"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
Dr. G. C. Cronon, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. Accura, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

Dr. J. F. Kitchener, Conway, Ark.

Allen C. Smith, Free, Doctor, Mass.

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"DIRT DEFIES THE KING." THEN

SAPOLIO

IS GREATER THAN ROYALTY ITSELF.

BALD HEADS!

What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald.

Skookum Root Hair Grower

Is what you need. Its production is not an accident, but the result of scientific research. Knowledge of the disease of the hair and scalp led to the discovery of how to treat them. Skookum contains neither minerals nor oils. It is not a dye, but a delightfully cooling and refreshing tonic. By stimulating the follicles, it stops falling hair, cures dandruff and grows hair on bald heads.

Keep the scalp clean, healthy, and free from irritating eruptions, by the use of Skookum Root Hair Grower. It destroys parasitic insects, scabs, food on and destroys the hair.

If your druggist cannot supply you send direct to us, and we will forward promptly, on receipt of price. Growers, 50c per bottle; 3 for \$1.50. Soap, 50c per jar; 6 for \$2.50.

THE SKOOKUM ROOT HAIR GROWER CO., 57 South Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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1803 Second Avenue.

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Telephone Rock Island or Harper Hotels for 'bus or express wagon and you will receive prompt attention.

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Heating and Ventilating Engineers, Gas and Steam Fitting, SANITARY PLUMBING.

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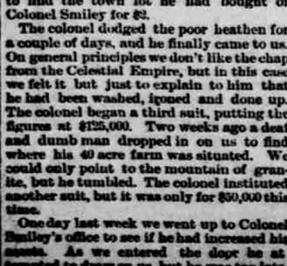
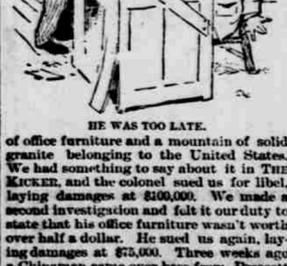
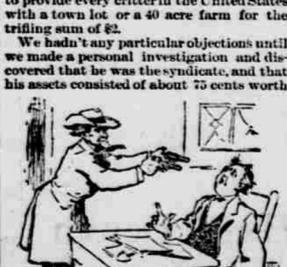
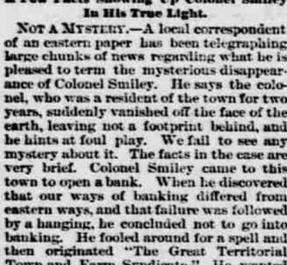
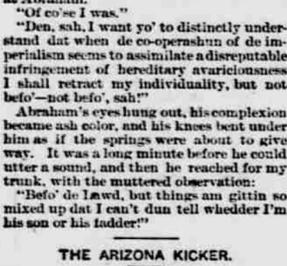
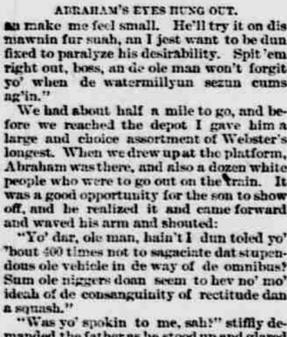
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ROCK ISLAND



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