The Tramp's Sacrifice.

July, Wellington Seymour stood by his that hymn after you!" front gate resting himself after a hard Mr. Seymour started at her words, Supervisor, and a deacon of the church and retired to bed. Before her hus-over the hill; he owned an hundred band returned she was sleeping soundacres of valuable land, which he work- ly. ed himself, and the pretty frame house all were enjoying in their own way the shook his head. beautiful summer hour between sunset and darkness

toil; for, though rich and prosperous, gotten it." he was one of those who deem manual bronzed and sunburned with exposure; a rural negliborhood as this who were awake. accustomed to study character by the features had seen that there was something more than gravity in Mr. Sevmour's face. There was a restlessness upon hearing an unfamilliar voice. While the fact had not become a subject of remark, it had certainly been noticed by these few that Mr. Seymour did not often appear to be at ease.

As he continued to stand at his gate, a man passed by on foot who neither bowed nor spoke to him. He was a stranger, clothed in tattered and dusty garments. He walked slowly past, using a long staff, and appearing very much fatigued. His hair and beard were long and unkempt; his face bore the unmistakable marks of dissipation and excess. He was, in short, a tramp; one of a class which Mr. Seymour note of his face. He did not see that had turned his eyes from the unpleasant object. The man walked a rod past the gate, and then suddenly wheeled and came back. He stood right in front of the farmer and leaned heavily on his staff.

"Sir," he said, "I am very tired and very hungry. Will you feed me and lodge me to-night?"

"You look like a tramp," the farmer replied. "You know the penalties you are liable to suffer."

"Yes, I know," the wayfarer cried. His dark eyes snapped viciously, and road long before you are up." there was a ring to his voice that startled Mr. Seymour. "I am an outcast, an Ishmaelite-not because I am vicious, but because I am vicious and ment, and then thrust his hand into his poor. The law makes it an offense to pocket. be poor, if you are bad. Perhaps it is right; but I am too much exhausted it; you are welcome to it." low-man in distress. Twenty-five miles have I walked to-day; nothing have I eaten since noon. I have been refused relief at half a dozen farm-houses, and to get a rest for my poor bruised feet. Well-are you heartless, too?"

Those piercing black eyes were fixed on the farmer's face, with an expression that haunts him to this day. A very brief struggle in his breast ended by his throwing open the gate. "Come in, poor fellow," he said.

I'll take care of you t ll to-morrow." The tramp entered. A few words from the farmer to his wife explained the matter to her, and she went to the kitchen to provide something for the poor waif to eat. The man went to the pump, washed himself, brushed off the dust, and then went into the kitchen and sat down to the table. The meal that he ate may have its parellel among those of his kind; the Seymour homestead had certainly never witnessed such consumption of provisions by one person. While he was eating, little Winnie came into the kitchen, and, with the confidence that is him and laid her hand on his arm. He looked at her kindly.

"What is your name, little one?" he asked.

"Winifred. They call me Winnie,

for short." He wiped his mouth- and, most unromantic in this connection, but certainly true, there was a tear in his eye. which he dashed away with the back of his hand. Of what could he be thinking? Perhaps, of his own youthful days of innocence; perhaps, of words read long ago, but lately forgotten-"for of such is the kingdom of heav-"Would you kiss me, Winnie?"

She looked up into his face, bearded face, and found a very tender expression in his eyes, and she kissed him without hesitation.

The mother's heart was also softened by this little episode; so when the man had finished his meal, she said to "I will make you up a bed on the

floor, in the room above this." "You are very kind, ma'am," he replied, "but, really, I don't think I

could sleep in a made-up bed. So many years as I've slept in a hammock at sea, and on the ground under the trees in foreign lands, and in the fencecorners and in hay-lofts in my own country, have just about unfitted me for sleeping like a Christian, in a clean bed. Your husband can show me the way to the barn, and I'll warrant that I get a night's rest there."

Mrs. Seymour left him sitting there when she had removed the dishes and gone into the sitting-room. The servant girl and the two hired men looked into the kitchen, and, seeing who was its occupant, withdrew. The brief evening passed; Mr. Seymour, according to his usual custom, had offered up his evening family prayer, and he then sang a hym, while his wife accompanied him on the organ.

"What is that?" he asked, when he had finished. Both listened, and heard the tramp in the kitchen singing a verse like her, Wellington?" of the same hymn.

"He is a queer fellow," said the

had been a sailor, and couldn't sleep Near sunset of an evening of the last in a bed. And to hear him singing

day's labor in the harvest-field, by and walked the floor. Then, remarkwatching the people who passed on the ing that he would go and show him road. They all bowed or spoke to him; his bed in the barn, he left the room. no man in the town was more highly His wife was wearied with the hourespected or better known. He was its hold labors of the long summer day,

There was no sleep for Wellington just behind him. His wife was at this Seymour on that long-remembered time sitting on the piazza, and their night. The face and the voice of the only child, Winnie, was racing up and tramp effectually drove slumber from down it, somewhat boisterous with the his pillow, wearied as he was. When high spirits of childhood. The family he showed him to his nest in the barn and the help had eaten supper, and he had asked his name, but the man

"Name!" he cried, "what should want of a name? Names are for people Wellington Seymour was forty-six who can honor them. I suppose I had years old. His hands were hard with one, once; but I have pretty near for-

The farmer walked the floor of the labor a divinely imposed duty. He was sitting-room for an hour, trying to compose himself, and to drive that face and and the trials and duties of life, as well | that voice from his mind. The effort as its sorrows, had given a grave and was useless, but it so added to his exthoughtful aspect to his face. An ob- haustion that he hoped he might sleep. server would have added ten years to The clock struck twelve, and, after his real age. The few people in such that, one; but Mr. Seymour still lay

Exhausted in body and mind, he rose and went out into the open air. There was a brilliant harvest-moon in the heavens, and he saw from the side about his eyc. Sometimes he started piazza a dark figure moving slowly down the hill-side back of the house and across the fields. He watched the movements of this figure, and was surprised to see it advancing straight toward his outbuildings. When the man was hidden from sight behind the barn, Mr. Seymour cautiously darted out to reconnoiter. He placed his hand on the man's arm just as he was entering the barn. It was the tramp.

"What does this mean, sir?" sternly demanded.

"Don't be alarmed," said the man. I'm neither house-breaker nor barnburner, I assure you. But-many years ago I used to know this neighborhood, hated-or would have hated had his and I haven't seen it for thirty years. I christian principles allowed such a feel- couldn't sleep a wink to-night, and ing. He looked coldly at the man as started to rove around-for that's my he went by, merely observing that he disposition. I've been all over your was a tramp, without taking particular farm, and a fine place it is. And I see you have a cemetery up there on the the man stared hard at him, after he hill. It's your first wife, I take it, and your two children who are buried

"Yes." "Then you've seen sorrow as well as prosperity?"

"God knows I have!" Seymonr answered, with a great sob. "My very heart-strings were torn by the loss of the three who fill those graves."

"Well, well; life is pretty much the same-sorrow everywhere. Good-night and, for that matter, good-by. I shall be out of your hay-mow and on the

Mr. Seymour's face showed great surprise, and not only surprise, but relief. He eyed the man sharply for a mo-

"Here is five dollars," he said. Take as when he is broke.

appeal to you as a man to help a fel- waited until the farmer was out of stamped on it, while something like an grew calmer, picked up the money, and whipped off from wagons where I tried put it in his pocket, and clambered up again to his bed in the hay.

Mr. Seymour was still unable to sleep. About daylight he heard the click of the gate-latch, and, peering through the blinds of the open window, he saw the tramp standing outside. He stood there motionless for at least five Tom?" minutes, and appeared to be taking a survey of the entire premises. Then he turned and moved off down the

A look of intense relief came to the farmer's tired face.

"I was foolish to be so disturbed." he thought; "merely an accidental resemblance." Then he lay down to sleep; and when the breakfast bell rang, an hour later, he was in a sound

Wellington Seymour awakened, ato his meal, and went out among the harvesters, like one who has escaped from a threatening peril, and who can hardly realize the fact of his escape. All natural with some children, went up to that had happened to him since the previous evening seemed like an unpleasant dream. The men in the field remarked that he was a whole hour late-something before unheard ofand that he did not talk as usual. At ten o'clock Dr. Beard's horse and buggy dashed up the road and halted opposite the field where they were all at work. Mr. Seymour went instantly out to the road, with a premonition that he was urgently wanted. It was even so. The messenger told him that

at Oldfield Crossing, an hour before, a tramp had tried to catch a ride on a freight train; that he had fallen under the wheels, and was now dying, with both legs crushed: and that he had begged the doctor to send at once for Wellington Seymour, for he could not die without seeing him.

Mr. Seymour waited not an instant; not even to put on his coat, which he had left back in the field. He took his seat in the buggy, and in thirty minutes the fleet animal had brought him to the station. An excited crowd blocked the entrance to the freight house. Doctor Beard and several others came forward as Mr. Sermour stepped to the ground.

"He can't live half an hour," said the doctor. "I sent for you, because he calls for you all the time-and he seems to be in his right mind, too. Who do you think he is?"

"He is my brother," said Mr. Sey-

"The crowd fell back as he advanced and in a moment he and the doctor were alone with the dying tramp. A sheet had been thrown over h's mangleil limbs. His fading eyes lighted as he saw Mr. Seymour by his side, and he held out his hand to him.

"You didn't know me last night, Wellington?" he said. "No. Winfield -not surely; but I suspected. Why didn't you tell me-why

not speak out? "And make you miserable?-you, and your wife, and that dear child, whose face is so like our mother's! Is she not

"She is, indeed; but-"He refused myjoffer of a bed moments, brother; let me talk. Do Herald.

over the kitchen, and wants you to you remember those old days, when WORSE THAN SMALL POX. show him the hay-mow. He said he father and mother and you and I were so happy there at the old nomestead? Of course you do. You were ten years younger than I, and a little wild, because you were a boy; and father made his will, leaving everything to me, but charging me to be kind to you. And how things have changed! I became the wanderer, the sea-farer, and at last the tramp; you stayed at home, and when father died-when did he die, Welling-

"Three months after you went away. He died suddenly, and never altered the

"Yes, yes; I remember. All this I learned at Lennox, yesterday; I saw the record of the will, and learned that you had all the property, because I was to turn you out, and take possession of my property. You softened me, Welmy property. You softened me, Wellington, by the way that you received vertising. They have challenged the me; you, and your wife, and that blessed child. Still, I was irresolute. Unable to sleep, I went out in the moonlight, and visited all the dear old familiar places on the farm; and I saw the graves of your dead. Then I was decided: my heart was not hard enough to disturb you. I meant to go in peace, and leave you unmolested.'

Wellington Seymour was completely unmanned. The tears flowed freely down his face as he held his brother's

"You might have come back and lived with us," he said.

"You don't know me, brother" said the dying man. "I ran away from you this morning because I did not wish to injure you. I am a vicious being, dissolute past all hope of reformation; and "You don't know me, brother" said do you think I could come and cloud the happiness of such a home as yours? God will be merciful to me, brother. He is calling me to a better home."

For a moment he lay silent, with his eyes closed. Wellington still held his hands, and sat by him, too full for

You know the chestnut tree, Welly?" said the tramp, opening his eyes. "Yes, of course; we've clubbed it many a time. Last night I saw it, and I thought that some time I should like to rest under it. The time has come sooner than I expected. I'm not fit to sleep beside your dead. Bury me under the chestnut tree-will you, Welly?"

"But, Winnie-"My last request, brother!"
"Yes, Winnie—I will."

"Kiss me, Welly." "The strong man stooped his head: the tears fell from his eyes; the arm of the poor tramp was thrown around his neck; and thus, even as in the years long gone, he had fallen to sleep in the embrace of his brother, did Winfield Seymour enter into his final rest. - Chi-

His Splendid Memory.

They were an impecunious crowd hanging around a street corner in Austin, hoping that some friend would come along and offer to treat, for they were very dry. And you will notice

A friend did come along after a while, The tramp took the money. He but he was no better fixed than the rest of them in a pecuniary way; but he had sight, and then threw it down and resources in wit and invention that it is formed, these diseases, in a mamade him wealthy that day. It was oath broke from his lips. Presently he Tom Anjerry, recently suspended from the University of Texas for playing pranks on the faculty.

"What's up?" asked Tom, observing the anxious countenances of his friends. "We are hard up," replied one of the fellows. "We have been waiting here, hoping some friend would come along and invite us to beer. Can you go it;

"I'm broke, too," said Tom; "but will see what I can do. Follow me." Then Tom led the way to a neighboring beer saloon and ordered the beer for the party. "I tell you," said Tom, as they were absorbing the beverage, memory is one of the greatest gifts to man. Without it we would be deprived of recalling the past, which is half the pleasure of living. All men of intelligence have good memories. Here is gence have good memories. Here is in the system as a health regulator, our friend, the barkeeper. You have only to look at him to see that his mem-

ory is first-class." The barkeeper blushed a little at the implied tribute to his intellect. "You have a good memory, have you

not?" said Tom. "I have, indeed," promptly replied the man behind the bar.

"It is no trouble to you to remember things." "Not at all."

"Then," said Tom, "will you please remember these drinks? They are on

the barkeeper, realizing the situatation at a glance, "but don's play that game

again." — Texas Siftings. Table Land of Tennessee. There are peculiarites of climate that are not easily accounted for. Perhaps were any of them to be left out, the charm would be gone, but altogether make it a remarkable place. The altitude is but a little over 2,000 feet, but there is such a delightful breeze sweeping over the pleateau, uninterrupted by surrounding heights, that no vestige of malaria could possibly lurk there. Then the water, while I mpid and pure as spring water can possibly be, is strongly impregnated with the minerals that underlie the mountains. If there is disease of any kind in the system, these waters will bring it to the surface, either in the form of boils or a fine eruption, which is not agreeable at the time, but which leaves the der a Douglas, tender and true, India patient well at last. It must be the climate and water combined that do this, for until a few years past the diet was certainly adverse to health, being confined to bacon and corn bread. With the new civil zat on, all of the comforts and manners of the outer world have crept in, and as wild game abounds, the table need never be limited. Indeed, I think the menu of a supper given there a few weeks ago would compare favorbly with any one in our larger towns, beginning with oysters and ending with Neapolitan cream.—
Cor. New York Sun.

Hints for the Household.

Ink stains on mahogany furniture will disappear if treated as follows: Procure a carpenter's chisel and gouge out the spots thus soiled. The holes may be filled up with putty. To remove stains from the character; inher t "Wait; hear me. These are my last a fortune of \$1,000,000. -Norristown company.

L Great Danger Which Menaces on financia The Brompton Hospital for con sumptives in London, reports that

consumptives are victims of constipat-

ed and inactive kidneys. Consumption is one of our national ing the last eight years that kidney troubles are not only the cause of more than half of the cases of consumption, out of ninety out of every hundred other common diseases. They who have taken this position, made their and their proof that they have discovheld to be dead, and you were my sole red a specific for the terrible and heir. Last evening I came to you with stealthy kidney diseases, which have my heart full of bitterness. I meant become so prevalent among us, is wise and convincing.

We have recently received from them

medical profession and science to investigate. They have investigated, and those who are frank have admitted the truth of their statements. They claim that ninety per cent. of diseases come originally from inactive kidneys, that these inactive kidneys allows the blood to become filled with aric acid poison; this uric acid poison n the blood carries disease through every organ.

There is enough uric acid developed

n the system within twenty-four hours to kill half a dozen men. This being a scientific fact, it requires only ordinary wisdom to see the ef-lect inactive kidneys must have upon the system.

ed and dormant, the warning comes later on, and often when it is too late, because the effects are remote from the kidneys and those organs are not suspected to be out of order. Organs that are weak and diseased

are unable to resist the attacks of this poison, and the disease often takes the form of and is treated as a ocal affliction, when the real cause of the trouble was inactive kidneys. Too many medical men of the present day hold what was a fact twenty years ago, that kidney disease is in-urable, according to the medicines authorized by their code. Hence, they gnore the original cause of the disease tself, and give their attention to use less treating of local effects.

They dose the patient with quinine,

morphine, or with salts and other physics, hoping that thus nature may ure the disease, while the kidneys continue to waste away with inflamma-tion, ulceration and decay, and the victim eventually perishes.

The same quantity of blood that

passes through the heart, passes through the kidneys. If the kidneys are diseased, the blood soaks up this disease and takes it all through the system. Hence it is, that the claim is made that Warner's safe cure, the ony known specific for kidney diseases, cures 90 per cent. of human ailments because it, and it alone, is able to maintain the natural activity of the kidneys, and to neutralize and remove the uric acid, or kidney poison, as fast as it is formed.

If this acid is not removed, there is inactivity of the kidneys, and there that a man is never so horribly, thirsty sis, apoplexy, dyspepsia, consumption, heart disease, head-aches, rheuton, heart disease, heart d will be produced in the system paralymatism, pneumonia, impotency, and all the nameless diseases of delicate

kidneys, passing all through the system and becoming lodged at different weak points, is equally destructive, although more disguised. If it were possible for us to see into

the kidneys, and how quickly the blood passing through them goes to the heart and lungs and other parts of the system, carrying this deadly virus with it, all would believe without hesitation what has so often beer stated in advertisements in these columns, that the kidneys are the most important organs in the body. They may regard this article as an advertisement and refuse to believe it. but that is a matter over which we have no control. Careful investiga-tion and science itself are proving betion and science itself are proving yond a doubt that this organ is, in act, more important than any other ed, for the least sign of disordered ac-

MARKETS.

CHICAGO:—Wheat, No. 2 spring, 76 to 78c; No. 3 spring, 70 to 71c; No. 2 red, 78 to 79c. Corn, No. 2, 36% to 38%. Oats, No. 2, 24%. Rye, No. 2, 54c. Barley, No. 2, 50 to 52c. Flax seed, No. 1, \$1.09. Timothy seed, prime. \$1.83. Pork, \$20.10 to \$20.50. Lard \$7.75 to \$7.85. Butter, creamery, 25 to 31c; dairy, 24 to 28c. Eggs, 14 to 14%. No. 2 chicago, 94c; No. 1 hard, 97%;c ungraded red, 87% to 96%; No. 3 red, 91c; No. 2 red 93c; No. 1 red 95c; No. 1 white, 93c; extra red, 92%c. Corn, ungraded, 48 to 49%; No. 2, 49%c. Oats, mixed Western, 37 to 42c. Eggs, Western 16% to 16%c. Butter, creamery, 29 to 30c. Minneapolis:—Wheat, No. 1 hard, 80c; No. 1 Northern, 76c; No. 2 Northern, 74c. Corn, 37 to 38c. Bran, \$12. Oats, No. 2 white, 32c. Rye, 48 to 52c. Corn meal \$15 to \$16. Hay \$7.50 to \$9.00. Flax seed, \$1.00. Sr. Paul:—Wheat, No. 1 hard, 80c; No. 1 Northern, 78c; No. 2 Northern, 74%c. Corn, No. 2, 40c. Oats, No. 2 mixed, 29%c; No. 2 white, 3c. No. 3 white 30c. Barley, No. 2, 48c. Rye, No. 3, 48c. Ground feed, No. 1, \$15; No. 2, \$14. Corn meal, coarse, \$14.50. Baledhay, No. 1, \$8.00; timothy, \$10. Flax seed, \$5c. Fimothy seed, \$1.75. Clover seed, \$4.30. Dressed hogs, \$6.50. Potatoes, 50c. Eggs, fresh 20c.

20c.
DULUTH;—Wheat, No. 1 hard, 75%c.
MILWAUKEE:—Wheat, 76%c. Corn, No. 3, 40c.
Dats, No. 2 white, 31%c. Rye, No. 1, 57c. Barley, No. 2, 50%c. Pork, \$20.10. Lard, \$7.90.
Butter, dairy, 18 to 22c. Eggs, 15c.

The most noted convert to Catholirism of recent years is that of John Ruskin. He brings to the church only the prestige of his name, having disposed of all his property with the exeption of a sum in the funds, which is a vigorous tory, but a home ruler also, after his own fashion. "Ishould like to see home rule, in my sense of ruling, everywhere," he said the otherday. "I should like to see Ireland under a king of Ireland; Scotland ununder a rajah and England under her queen, and by no manner of means under Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright."

It is expected that a call for \$10,000,000 It is expected that a call for \$10,000,000
3 per cent. bonds will be made in a few
days to mature May 1. The amount of
these now subject to call is \$29,889,850.
There are \$5,560,900 of past due 3s still
outstanding. There are also outstanding
\$9,390,960 in bonds of the 140th call
which will mature April 1. The total redemptions under the open calls to date
amount to \$3,111,900. According to
present indications the entire 3 per cent.
loan will be extinguished during the present fical year ending June 30. The surplus
in the treasury is \$21,000,000.

Walter F. Lawton, a New York dealer in where r. Lawton, a New lork dealer in fertilizers, absconds with over \$1,000. 000 liabilities. It is charged that Law-ton has absconded to defraud his cred-itors; that he has disposed of his property and taken a large amount of money with him. Lawton was a director of the Delta Azotin company, and was entrated with Azotin company, and was entrusted with \$100,000 in notes to discount for the

An Indian Ghost.

Ventura (Cal.) Free Press. The most weird story we have heard is told by two well-known young men of this place; who were on a prospectover fifty people out of every hundred ing tour near Cobblestone mountain, at the northern boundary of the countains at the northern boundary of the countains. ty. One cold night they were simultaneously awakened about two o'clock

by the noise of crackling brush that liseases, and report goes to prove what has often been said in our columns durhas often been said in our columns durby the fire. She was dressed in a robe of gayly colored material that nearly reached her feet. A glistening neck-lace, evidently of gold and silver, en-riched her neck, and, hanging pendant from this were a number of bear claws. Her black hair reached below her waist. In her ears were large hoop ear-rings of gold.

Upon seeing the form one of the young men instinctively reached for his rifle by his side. When the figure saw the motion she motioned for him not to fire, and moved down the trail. beckoning to them. Before disappearing from yiew she again beckoned, but they were too dumb-founded to follow. The next morning they followed the trail, and, after much difficulty, traced the footprints to the base of a high cliff about a mile from their tamp. The rest of the story told is to this effect: "The next morning we discussed the matter, and determined to inves-tigate. So the next night we took our blankets and went to the base of the cliff. At about midnight, the same hour, the figure appeared to us; we saw a bright phosphorescent light on the brow of the cliff, and I am sure we heard a voice calling 'Meeneah! Meen

An old Indian tradition is to the effect that many, many years ago an Indian maiden—Meeneah, the only daughter of a chief—was lost in this region and starved to death near the place called Squaw Flat. It is said that many camping parties have seen the phosphorescent light spoken of in the vicinity where the young men were camped.

Sealskins.

There is a popular notion that the sealskin as we see it at the furrier's is just as it is taken off the animal, says a writer in All the Year Round Nothing, however, could be more contrary to fact. Few skins are less attractive than this at first, as the lur is completely covered and hidden by the dull graybrown and grizzled overremoved, and this is an operation requiring a very great amount of pa-tience and skill, with a consequent increase in price. The unharing is effected by warmth and moisture, which softens the roots of the over-hair and enables it to be pulled out, or by shaving the inner side very thin, which cuts off the roots of the hair, which penetrate deeply, and leaves untouched those of the fur, which are very superficial. Whichever method is employed, the hair must be taken off unifomly or the fur will never lie smoothly, but always have a rumpled look, which can never be corrected by any subsequent treatment. This will explain to some extent the cause of the high price of sealskin jackets and cloaks, and also the cause of the different prices one hears of, as a good many

CATARRH. Not a Liquid or Snuff. skins are more or less spoiled in the HAY-FEVER dressing. Another cause, too, is the quality of the dye, and the workmanship employed in its use. The liquid color is put on with a brush, and the points of the standing fur carefully covered; the skin is then rolled up, fur inside, and then, after a little time, hung up and dried. The dry dye is then removed and a further coat apwomen. If the poisonous matter is separated from the blood, as fast as it is formed, these diseases, in a majority of cases, would not exist.

It only requires a particle of small-pox virus to produce that vile disease, and the poisonous matter from the lide. The dry dye is then removed and a further coat applied, dried, removed and so on, till the requisite shade is obtained. One or two of these coats are laid on thick and pressed down to the roots of the fur, making what is called the ground. From eight to twelve coats are needed to produce a good color. No months payorite . first-class sealskin is expensive. It REMEDY is just as true now as ever it was; but in these days of universal cheapness one is apt to forget that, if you want a really good thing, you must pay a for THROAT& LUNG DISEASES Thousands

good price. Commissioner of Deeds for all the States, Mr. G. E. Reardon, Baltimore, Md., writes that he suffered for a long time with rheumatism which yielded to no treatment until he applied St. Jacobs Oil. have been Cured and in every House

Dr. Schroeder, the greatest authority is Germany on the diseases of women, from overwork at Berlin recently.

Ex-Congressman Weaver Post Office De partment, Washington, D. C., considered Red Star Cough Cure a remarkable reme dial agent. It contains no narcotics and costs but twenty-five cents.

Congressman Butterworth of Ohio writee the Toronto Mail in advocacy of reciproc-ity between the United States and Canaity between the United States and Canada, in the interest of obtaining what I am perthe interest of obtaining what I am per-suaded five-sixths of the people of both countries desire, could for one year extend the privileges heretofore enjoyed by but now denied to our fishermen, all causes of attrition would be removed and the re-sult would be an adjustment of differences by full reciprocity and a renewed prosperi-ty to us and to them which we have not hitherto known. This would probably inhitherto known. This would probably in volve a little sacrifice of pride, but the act would be met on this side by a like spirit of compromise and adjustment.

At the investigation of the Forest Hill railroad disaster in Boston, Harian W. Brack, who was in the habit of traveling over the road, created a sensation by testifying: He observed several loose nut and several rods without nuts on the bridge. He gave notice of the fact at the superintendent's office twice, but the de-lects were not remedied. This was as far

Disorders which Affect the Kidneys Are among the most formidable known. Di abetes, Bright's disease, gravel, and other com plaints of the urinary organs, are not ordinarily cured in severe cases, but they may be averted by timely medication. A useful stimulant of the urinary glands has ever been found in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine which not only affords the requisite stimulus when they become inactive, but increases their vigor and secretive power. By increasing the activity of the kidneys and bladder, this me icine has the additional effect of expelling from the blood impuritles which it is the peculiar office of those organs to elimate and pass off. The Bitters is also a purifier and strengthener of the bowels, an invigorant of the stomach, and a matchless remedy for billousness and fever and ague. It counteracts a tendency to premature decay, and sustains and comforts the aged and infirm.

Dr. Frank Abbott, one of New York's leading dentists, takes in \$30,000 a year.

Is There a Cure for Consumption?

We answer unreservedly, yes! If the patient commences in time the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," and Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," and exercises proper care. If allowed to run its course too long all medicine is powerless to stay it. Dr. Pierce never deceives a patient by holding out a false hope for the sake of pecuniary gain. The "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured thousands of patients when nothing else seemed to avail. Your druggist has it. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption with numerous testimonials. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. John Ireland of St. Paul, father of Bishop Ireland, died on the 18th at the age of 73.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets''—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and bilious attacks: By Druggists.

The Jamestown, Dakota, brewery caugh The Jamestown, Dakota, brewery caught fire on the 17th in the engine room from a defective flue. The flames were well advanced when discovered, and the building was entirely consumed. The cellar was filled with beer. Six hundred barrels were saved. The brewery was built in 1881 by Henry Donner, and is now owned and operated by Philip Bauer. The loss is about \$25,000; insurance, \$14,000,

Pierre Sclider Milon, an Italian, who distinguished himself in battles under Napo-leon Bonaparte, died in Philadelphia, aged ninety-nine years.

Thousands of women bless the day which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" was made known to them. In all those was made known to them. In all those derangements causing backache, dragging-down sensations, nervous and general debility, it is a sovereign remedy. Its soothing and healing properties render it of the utmost value to ladies suffering from "internal fever," congestion, inflammation, or ulceration. By druggists.

A general break-up of the Missouri river, above the mouth of the Yellowstone, took

There is a constant effort on the part of that grim monater "Discase" to become master of mortal man. Only a careful observance of natural laws can render his elforts unavailing. Yet too often injudicious excesses, sudden changes, too great exposure, improper food or other abuses of nature open the gateway and Disease gains a victory. Sometimes its mastery is so complete that Nature of herself can never effect a dislodgement. In such instances reinforce nature with a judicious use of Brown's Iron Bitters and we guarantee, in a short time, all disease will be vanished. Alabama's defaulting state treasurer is captured in Texas. Expresses his gratitude.—Albert A Lar-

Expresses his gratitude.—Albert A Larson, of Kirkman, Ia., in expressing his gratitude to the proprietors of Allen's Lung Balsam, writes: "I firmly believe my wife would have died of consumption, if not for the timely use of your balsam." Buy the \$1.00 bottle for Lung Disease. The Y. M. C. A. of St. Paul secure a site The Combination of Ingredients used in

such as to give the best possible effect with safety. They are the best remedy in use for Coughs, Colds and Throat Diseases. . It is pretty well understood that ex-Postmaster General T. L. James is to be one of the two Republican members of the

Spring Medicine

build me up. My wife also, after much physical prostration, found in its use new life and lasting benefit Upon our little girl, who had been sick with scarling fever, its effect was marvellous, entirely removing the poison from her blood and restoring her to good health."

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